

ONION GROWERS ELECT OFFICERS.

D. A. WALKER ENDORSED FOR MEMBER OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF GENERAL ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the onion growers of the Cotulla district was held here Wednesday. Officers were elected for the ensuing year, as follows: H. B. Steadham, President; W. A. Kerr, Vice-President; J. H. Gallman, Secretary. After routine business, a general discussion of methods of the general Association was taken up.

There is almost universal dissatisfaction among the growers in regard to many features of the general association, through which channel the crop is marketed. A special effort was made to get John H. Davis, president, and Roy Campbell, salesmanager, here, but without success. T. A. Austin, manager of the warehouse system, and D. A. Walker, representative of the Cotulla district on the Board of Directors were present. Mr. Austin made a statement of the number of cars handled by the Association, the territory in which they were sold, and the price they sold for. He also stated that there had been a number of cars to arrive at destination in bad condition, and he had ruled that these cars should be cut out of the pool. These were cars that were passed on by the inspector at loading points and in many instances were second inspection at Galveston, and found to be o. k. This statement brought forth a stream of questions, and statements from some of the growers that he, Austin, had in explanation of the pooling system in a meeting at Cotulla before shipping began, stated that when a manifest was issued by an inspector to a grower for a car of onions, that car of onions then became the property of the Association.

Several growers expressed themselves as dissatisfied with features of the management of the general association. D. A. Walker, representing the Cotulla district on the board of directors was called on. He said he would tell the growers a few things he "had found out and seen" since he had been a member of the Board. His language was plain. Nobody could misunderstand his remarks of condemnation on some methods and features of the organization. He submitted evidence to confirm his statements. Especially was his criticism severe of what is locally known as the "Five Thousand Dollar Committee."

Mr. Walker urged the importance of all growers attending the annual meeting at Corpus Christi. At the conclusion of his talk the following resolution was introduced by W. E. Rock,

Jr., seconded by W. M. Shaw and was adopted.

Resolved: That the Cotulla Onion Growers Association endorse the course pursued by D. A. Walker as a member of the Board of Directors of The Southern Texas Truck Growers Association, and do recommend and respectfully ask that the members of the Southern Texas Truck Growers Association reelect him as a member of the Board of Directors from the Cotulla district at their annual meeting to be held at Corpus Christi on August 1st."

42 BALES GINNED TO DATE.

Up to last night the Cotulla gin had ginned 42 bales of cotton this season. None of the cotton has come off the irrigated farms, as the crop generally on the irrigated farms was planted after the onion crop was taken off and is late. J. W. Bruten has had ginned ten bales the largest number from any one grower. The price has been tumbling for a week. The lowest figure yesterday was 11.75.

BOUGHT TAYLOR PROPERTY.

John W. Willson recently purchased the property of Mrs. S. Taylor on the North side of the square, consisting of six lots and three buildings. The building used as a boarding house is being remodeled by I. W. Peters and when the work is completed, Mr. Peters will open up a boarding house.

It is the intention of Mr. Willson to put up a two or three story brick building at this place later on.

ELECTION RETURNS.

In the election last Saturday La Salle county went wet by 79 votes. A light vote was cast in the county. Following is the vote cast in each precinct:

	For	Against
Cotulla	91	109
Encinal	12	84
Millett	25	7
Artesia	9	5
Woodward	8	6
Dull Ranch	2	5

Majority wet, 79.

The election was very quiet throughout the county. At Cotulla fifty-one Mexicans voted, which indicates that the white vote is decidedly pro.

BAND CONCERT ENJOYED.

The entertainment at the Auditorium under the auspices of the Band Boys was one of the most enjoyable affairs of the season. A splendid program was rendered, consisting of band music, violin, piano, trombone, cornet, duets and solos, reading by Mrs. J. W. Murray and a whistling specialty by Mr. Givens of San Antonio.

Railroads Make Cheap Rate To Corpus Christi.

On account of the meeting of the Southern Texas Onion Growers Association at Corpus Christi, August 1st, the I. & G. N. and S. A. & A. P. have put on the very low rate of \$5.25 for the round trip from Cotulla. This rate is good for trains leaving Cotulla on 31st and good until August 4th for return.

A large number of growers, some with their families, will take advantage of this low rate. Besides the growers many others, will go along and spend a few days away from business.

MET WITH MRS. SIMON COTULLA.

On Tuesday, July 25th. Mrs. Simon Cotulla in her pleasing way, received and entertained the Baptist Ladies Aid Society.

The lovely breeze from the north made every one feel good therefore we had a goodly number present as visitors, we had Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Ed Cotulla, Mrs. Graham and Miss Alma Tarver, and we were very much encouraged when the last two Ladies mentioned gave us their names to enroll. After receiving our new members we looked over our cook book and priced it at 40 cents and received that afternoon two orders for the book.

As we only had the one, we let the biggest talker have the book.

After all business was finished we had our beautiful lesson on Solomon building the Temple and also had one or two good papers. Our Social hour was very much enjoyed by all and especially when our hostess served the nice cream and cake, it a late hour the Society adjourned to meet with Mrs. M. T. Davis, August 1, 4 o'clock.—Rep.

MRS. GEO. COPP HOSTESS.

Another delightful meeting was held by the ladies of the Presbyterian Union in the hospitable home of Mrs. Geo. Copp. The devotional period was conducted by Mrs. Chevalier in which she engaged all present. The business was a local nature. During the social hour Miss Jessie Copp sang sweetly several selections, to the delight of every one, while Miss Alice rendered several Mexican pieces. Those who do not attend these meetings are missing a great deal.

A cool refreshing lemonade and home made cake was passed. Every meeting we think the very best, and the sun had to warn us the time for departure had arrived. Our next meeting will be with Mrs. W. A. Dougherty, Aug. 3.

Reporter.

RECIPROCIITY WITH MEXICO IS PROPOSED.

Washington, July 28.—Reciprocity with Mexico similar to Canadian reciprocity is proposed in a resolution introduced today by Representative Burleson of Texas calling on President Taft immediately to start negotiations with Mexico "looking to freer commerce between the two countries."

LOCAL FORCE GAVE GOOD SERVICE.

In handling the election returns last Saturday night the Southwestern Telephone Company gave Cotulla the returns from a large number of counties, and furnished bulletins until after midnight. Four operators were on duty at the exchange and they worked untiringly to furnish the news so eagerly sought.

BAND PLAYED LAST NIGHT.

The band played on the square last night for their first time without their regular instructor, Prof. Davidson, who left yesterday for Bay City. The boys expect to keep up the work and will have a business meeting Tuesday night. It is generally understood that they will elect Jim Merriman temporary director.

Fall Gingham

We have just received a big shipment of Fall Gingham and we invite you here to inspect the excellent line.

Korrek Shape
Don't Wait
Look at Them Now!

Be sure your foot is properly fitted and other troubles will look small to you.

The pleasure of a pair of
Korrek Shape Oxfords
will make your every day life a joy indeed

Anatomically designed "Korrek Shape" Shoes cannot help but fit any foot. Yours is no exception. Let us prove it.

BURT & PACKARD CO., Makers
Brockton, Mass.

Five and Ten Cent Counter Bargains

K. Burwell.

New! New! New!

Large line Fall and Winter Samples on Display at our New Quarters in the Landrum Building.

Fine Mechanic, with World-wide Experience

Makes the Suit.

W. W. WILSON,
The Merchant Tailor, COTULLA, TEXAS.

THE COTULLA RECORD

C. E. MANLY, Proprietor
COTULLA, TEXAS

MUSHROOMS AS FOOD.

Professor F. E. Clements, the state botanist of Minnesota, has attracted attention by his estimate in a recent bulletin that the annual waste of mushrooms in the United States equals in value the entire agricultural product of the country, says the Manchester Union. It is easy for an enthusiast in any line of thought or endeavor to lose the sense of just proportion, and it may perhaps be taken for granted that Professor Clements has permitted himself to be carried away by the contemplation of the waste of a natural food product which is more or less abundant everywhere and which has an unquestioned food value. Beginning with early summer and continuing until late fall, the production of mushrooms in woods, pastures and waste places is something enormous, and a large proportion of them are not only edible, but nourishing. In so far as they are not made use of—and a small proportion of them is ever gathered—they of course, represent a loss of possible food supply, but some account must be taken of the cost of collecting and distributing them to consumers, as well as of the danger from some species which are harmful and of at least two which may be classed as deadly. These are easily distinguished, to be sure, by any one who has made a study of the mushroom tribe, but until Americans, as a rule, are much more familiar with the subject than at present, a great proportion of the edible varieties will continue to go to waste.

Basing calculations on the estimate that the number of American tourists in Europe in a season is 300,000 and that the average individual expenditure by these tourists is \$750, some one has easily figured that about \$225,000,000 of American money is spent abroad in the course of a season; and this does not include the cost of steamship tickets. Bankers who handle the letters of credit for wealthy American tourists are quoted to the effect that \$3,000 is a fair average for the value of these letters, says the Manchester Union. Among tourists of the wealthy class, says the report, it is common to place from \$25,000 to \$75,000 in the hands of the bankers, and, as a rule, fully two-thirds of the amount is drawn. Possibly the major premise of this main proposition has been overdrawn; possibly the minor premise; possibly both—and possibly neither. In any event, it must be admitted that \$225,000,000 is a tremendous sum of American money to be taken to Europe and left there in a single season.

An appeal for American-made rubber tires is made by the United States consuls in Germany, who say that a rich market is being overlooked by the people at home. These advance agents of trade point out that in some of the cities on the high road of tourist travel there are for sale but two makes of automobile tires, and those of French and German brands. The use of the bicycle as a means of transportation is reported on the increase, and, as if to add to the field for exploitation, many of the smaller cities are just beginning to awake to the advantage of rubber tires as a part of the fitting of general vehicles.

An ungalant New Jersey farmer dressed up his scarecrows in hobble skirts and basket hats, and declares that the crows are too panic-stricken by the fashionable frights to come near his fields. Many men will think more of the intelligence of birds after this display of the crows' antipathy to hobble skirts.

A Chicago teamster has been sentenced to one year in the penitentiary for stabbing a horse to death because the animal would not stand quietly beside a hitching post. No doubt he deserved what he got, but if he had merely killed a man he might be out on small bail.

Since the means of identification by finger and thumb marks, New Jersey burglars are wearing gloves. It is a pity more commendable ambitions are not equally quick to take up-to-date advantage of all the resources of the age.

A Connecticut woman has been cured by a surgical operation of her mania for playing the piano. Demands for similar operations will probably now come pouring in from all parts of the United States.

Blue paint, we are told, will drive away flies. If red paint would do the same a good many of our citizens would be willing to give up their sleep and make the town immune.

Fifteen Philadelphia bakers have been arrested for dyeing their pies. Yet anyone who has tried to eat a Philadelphia pie will realize the necessity for disguising them.

HER ONLY WEAKNESS

By M. DIBBELL

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"What I particularly admire about Isabelle Ivan is her perfect poise," remarked Allen Linthrop to Bert Harland, his special crony. "In all the months of our acquaintance I have never seen any exhibition of nerves. And I have been with her when a mouse, a cow, a snake and a heavy thunderstorm appeared on the scene—not all at once, of course, but upon four separate occasions. She was not in the least ruffled by one of them, but retained her usual calm."

His friend was becoming accustomed to these eulogies of the young woman mentioned, and answered good-humoredly:

"In fact you begin to think that at last you have found the perfect woman, and I suppose the next step is to discover if she will not change her final initial from I to L."

"It would be the best step I ever took in my life if I could win her consent to that change," declared Allen with decision.

"But suppose you should discover that there really does exist something of which Miss Ivan is afraid—I mean something within the everyday list of happenings; wouldn't you have to form your opinion of her all over again?" asked Bert.

"I shall never have to alter my opinion for any such reason," Allen asserted in positive tones. "I have full faith in her freedom from all the usual feminine fears."

When duty forced Bert to leave him, Allen started out for the Ivan home, and lost all sense of time in pondering over the perfection of the fearless Isabelle. So deep was he in this pleasant musing that it only gradually dawned upon him the usual quiet at that hour had become a pande-

monium. Mingled human and canine howls and growls indicated a lively dog fight in progress nearby.

The aroused dreamer rushed around the corner of the high hedge just ahead of him, and beheld at a short distance two well-matched bull terriers in fierce combat. A very small boy held the end of one dog's leash, and hopped up and down screaming, "Oh, he'll kill Billy! He'll kill Billy!" over and over at the top of his lungs.

But what winged Allen Linthrop's feet to reach the spot was the sight of Isabelle tugging away at the other dog's collar, in the vain endeavor to separate the combatants.

"Don't be scared," she called to the child as Allen neared them. "Billy is all right, and I'll soon make them stop fighting."

Here Allen joined the fracas and quickly hauled the dogs apart.

"Look's to me as if Billy were quite able to hold up his end of the log," he said, as the nameless terrier slunk away, with a decided limp, and streaks of blood showing on his coat. Billy looked in much the better shape, and his small master required Allen's assistance to prevent his following the retreating foe.

The youngster thanked Billy's deliverer with ardor when peace was at last restored. "Billy never fought before, and I was afraid he wouldn't know how," was his final remark.

Allen laughed as he replied, "I guess Billy knows it all without teaching."

"I think we will get Billy home as soon as possible," said Isabelle. "Freddie and I were taking a walk, but we were not looking for an attacking enemy." She smiled at small Freddie, without a trace of agitation in her manner.

Allen's admiration of this brave young woman deepened.

"I shall be your guard of honor, to see that you have no more assaults," he said.

Freddie lived on the outskirts of the town, only a short distance from Isabelle; and they soon saw him safely housed, still holding firmly to Billy's leash, while the non-fighting terrier wore an expression of patient meekness, hardly in keeping with his recent actions.

"Would you like to drive out to Rose farm tomorrow and get some roses?" queried Allen later on, when leaving Isabelle. "There is a splendid showing of all sorts, I am told."

"Indeed I shall—I love roses." When his chum dropped in to see him that evening, Allen proceeded to give him an account of the dog fight, ending by saying triumphantly, "So you see, Bert, here is another bugaboo disposed of—nearly all women are afraid of bull dogs."

"It certainly looks as if Miss Ivan were the exception to the general rule of womankind," acknowledged Bert. "But how are you to play the role of protecting strength, if there is nothing from which to protect her?"

"I know she was glad of my help this afternoon," answered Allen. "But she did not have to go into hysterics to show it, and that is an unusual characteristic."

The following afternoon Allen stopped his handsome pair of bays at Isabelle's gate, and the couple were soon speeding on their way to the great Rose farm. The horses were fresh, and before the ten miles to their destination were covered Allen had another proof of his companion's fearlessness.

The railway cut through a deep gully at one point of their route, and as they neared the track, a shrill "Toot! Toot!" sounded from an approaching train. The whistle and the young horses, and together they bolted down the hill. Allen tried his best to check them, but failed; and they flew across the track at such close range that the engine almost grazed the rear wheels.

Gradually Allen regained control of his team, and at the first possible instant he turned to Isabelle. Her lips were firmly set, but she had not made a sound, nor was there any look of terror on her face. She met his gaze and smiled.

"You should be proud to own a pair of horses that can outrun a railroad train," she observed quietly.

Allen answered, "I am far prouder to be honored with the friendship of such a brave woman." He spoke so feelingly that Isabelle hastened to change the subject.

"Oh see! The roses are coming in sight on that next slope," she informed Allen with delight; and the mass of color was well worth their effort.

On reaching the farm the young people alighted and wandered through the beautiful place. Field after field full of the most perfect roses, their admiring eyes, and the assistant who went with them plucked for Isabelle a rose from each bush, thought particularly lovely, until arms were filled.

As they turned back Isabelle said, "I should like to keep on gathering roses forever—this is my ideal happiness."

Part of the roses were tucked under the seat of the light buggy, and the rest Isabelle insisted on carrying herself. "They are so beautiful, I must look at them," she said, as the obliging assistant handed her the bunch.

They started homeward with every indication of harmony. The bays evidently felt that they were now on their good behavior, and went with a smooth, even pace.

They had just passed over the railroad track, and were ascending the hill down which the team had bolted when a cry of terror broke from Isabelle, and the bunch of roses she had been holding so tenderly, were scattered broadcast on the roadside.

"What has happened?" asked Allen in real alarm, and uttered at a loss to account for the look of horror on Isabelle's pale face.

"A big black spider!" she exclaimed. "It was coming right at me over the roses!"

Allen proved himself a real man; for he did not laugh, but said soothingly:

"A spider would not hurt you, child, and he is surely gone now with the roses."

Almost as swiftly as it had come, the fear vanished from Isabelle's eyes, and she smiled. "I have always been afraid of spiders, and now you will think I am a coward!" She buried her face in her hands.

The horses were walking slowly up the steep ascent, and Allen dropped the reins to take Isabelle's hands. Gently he drew them away, and disclosed a very wee-begone countenance.

"I am truly glad to find that you have one little weakness, dear, but I have been fearing you would never listen to such an ordinary person as myself. But that spider has given me courage to tell you I love you with all my heart, Isabelle, and to see you will give me the right to protect you from the one thing you do dread."

The look of love in his eyes won the victory, for Isabelle answered softly, "If you had laughed, then, it would have hurt me more than you can guess. But you were so good. I know you would make an ideal protector."

A Comparison.
"A horse is a man's truest friend," said the lover of animals.

"He's more like a relation than a friend," replied Farmer Centosel.

"He makes me think of my boy Josh; allus ready to eat, an' habble to kick if you put him to work."

Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union of America

Matters of Especial Moment to the Progressive Agriculturist

Pure water is an essential to good health.

A safe bridge is cheap neighborhood insurance.

There is a lot of solid comfort in an old friend.

A soft answer and a hard fist turneth away wrath.

Happiness seldom comes to us from the efforts of others, but from what we do ourselves.

Nothing will cure a balky horse or a balky man like going away and leaving him alone.

It is poor business telling your troubles to your neighbors. Nobody likes to see a sore toe.

The gasoline engine serves a very useful purpose, but do not expect it to run the whole farm.

Let no man imagine for a moment that he ever owned a piece of land of inexhaustible fertility.

A gallon of gasoline is just as good as four quarts of champagne and does not cost nearly so much.

Everybody is against the country's extravagance, but wants the economy to begin on the other fellow.

Anybody can sit in the shade and dream of good times, but success only comes from sweating in the sun.

We all have to pay for what we get either in labor or money no matter whether we live in Utah or Ohio.

We have seen a light-minded bull spend hours trying to break into the next field, and after leaving large sections of his hide on the barbed wire fence find the grass not half as good as it was in the old pasture.

Farmers who imagine they can get rich by buying commercial fertilizers instead of using stable manure might as well deed their farms to the fertilizer trust and go after a job on the railroad. This will save time and a great deal of hard work.

Conservation of the Soil
Discussed by Many Speakers and Writers at Present Time—What the South Needs.

(By G. H. ALFORD.)
Conservation is discussed by many writers and speakers at the present time. The conservation of timber, coal and so on, means holding onto what we have and should receive the attention of all thinking people.

The greatest asset of the south is not the timber, the coal, iron, nor the water powers. The greatest asset of any nation is the soil fertility. Our forests may be wasted and new forests will soon take their place, but if the plant food in the soil is removed by cropping or by washing the results will be fearful. A poor soil will not grow crops. Small yields means poor people.

The growing of one crop year after year means a poor soil and a poor soil means poor people, poorly paid teachers, preachers, doctors and so on.

Our rule ought to be a legume every year on every acre of our cultivated land. If acid phosphate or ground phosphate rock were liberally supplied, and the above suggestion followed, our soils would grow richer, would grow better crops every year and there would be thousands of tons of feed rich in protein for good stock.

It is not at all necessary for us to stop growing other crops in order to grow legume every year. A crop of corn and peas can be grown on the same land in one year. A crop of cotton and peas, peanuts or crimson clover can be grown on the same land in one year. Tobacco, sugar cane, rice and potatoes may be grown on the same land with a legume every year. These crops can be laid by with a legume or vetch or some clover can be sown after the crop is removed.

FARMERS' UNION IS STRONG
Various Conflicts It Has Passed Through Conclusive Proof It Is Permanent Organization.

The experience through which the Farmers' Union has passed and its ability to maintain its position through the various conflicts through which it has passed, is conclusive evidence that this is a permanent organization, says the Farmers' Union News. It has been predicted, since Newt Gresham organized his first local, that the Farmers' Union would not live more than one more year.

Some members of the organization have been caused to grow cold, indifferent, and sometimes quit because of this prediction.

The Farmers' Union is nearly ten years old—to the chagrin and disappointment of the false prophets, whose predictions have failed to materialize.

The accomplishments of the Farmers' Union of the last year added to its stability, and made more permanent its foundation.

Some of the things we started out to secure have been realized. Hence, there is no more fighting along that line; but there are other things to be accomplished, and so long as the Farmers' Union keeps pace with the needs of the masses, just that long will its continuance be secured.

T. R. KECK

Yellow Pine Lumber, Cypress Shingles, Builders' Hardware, Corrugated Roofing, Fencing, Sash, Doors.

Lime, Brick, Cement, Barbed Wire, Windmills, Studebaker

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FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

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Front St. Cotulla, Texas

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Prairie Hay, Sorghum, Alfalfa, Corn, Oats, Chops, Bran, Cotton seed meal.
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Cor. Center and Main Sts. Cotulla, Texas

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Strictly First-Class Cold Baths

The Kind of Shaves You Like
Modern Style Hair Cuts
SHAMPOO MASSAGE
W. L. PEASE, Proprietor

WELLS DRILLED

Shallow wells up to 350 feet deep put down. Can give you information as to depth necessary to go, quality and quantity of water usually found in any of the country around Cotulla.

G. A. MANLY

COTULLA, TEXAS

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Will Practice in all Courts.
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New Buildings, Repair Work, Counters and Shelving
CEMENT WALKS
If you don't figure with me we both lose money
Will Work Anywhere

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Will practice in all courts
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Eyes Tested FREE
Will call to accommodate the aged, etc.
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In reading matter that your money can buy is your local paper. It keeps you posted on the doings of the community.
This Paper
GET MARRIED ANY TIME, but send us your orders for wedding invitations. We have the latest styles, lowest prices, and do best work. Remain at this office.

THE SWAG OF THE TROPIC DAWN

By Bernard Meer

(Copyright, by Joseph H. Bowles.)

FIVE days a week Bostwick, the banker, sat in his high-backed office, through the glass door of which he could survey at a glance the long line of the bank's outfitting, the fretted, tessellated mosaic, with its glittering ceiling domes, and the massy pillars of onyx, that chilled and frightened the common person who, by any accident, happened to find his way into the plutonic precincts of the bank itself.

Bostwick lived up town in one of the handsomest houses in New York. He sported a line of touring cars, for which he had paid the usual \$14,500 per car, any one of which, even without the use of its bonnet, was sufficient to make the average man feel low and contemptible in his own opinion. He contributed lavishly to the campaign funds of both parties, and was just a trifle bothered whenever the president of the United States would say anything strong enough to attract the attention of the public at large. He sometimes would condescend to utter a few words on the business situation to the National Commercial Drummers' association, or to some other equally important organization, and his thoughts on such occasions were carefully considered by all the business interests in all parts of the country, and were cable to London, Paris, and Berlin to be carefully considered there.

When Bostwick took his annual little jaunt to Europe he paid for his cabin accommodations a price that would buy a suburban home for one of his clerks; tossed to the head steward a hundred-dollar bill, and flung to the other serfs on the boat a fat bundle of fives to divide among themselves.

Bostwick was as solid with all the ministers of all the denominations as the Apostle Paul himself; perhaps a little more so; and when he went to church on the Sabbath his refined susceptibilities were never assailed by anything he did not care to hear. His name was always well up in the lists of those who gave to religion or to charity; and he took an active interest in all forward movements that aimed at the thorough reform of corrupt political life, and at the swift and signal punishment or the prompt extinction of crime.

In the course of several years of consultation for himself an estimate of his own position in the world, in which he figured himself as one of the pillars of the social fabric and one of the necessary organs of the nation's industrial vitality.

The fundaments on which this estimate were based were these: He had financed some of the biggest tunnels in existence; he was the controlling hand in a score of street railroad systems in as many American towns; he was a partner in nearly everything that had been paying twenty per cent. on the par value of the stock before it was watered; and when he wanted to know how many were the companies, corporations, concerns, and coalitions in which he was one of the big chiefs, he had to send for his personal bookkeeper to supply him with the facts.

And yet, do you know, I never particularly cared for Bostwick, not even before Longwood told me that story about the Tropic Dawn, when Bostwick had tried to squeeze him in the panic of 1907, and came very nearly running Longwood over on the rocks, when a little money and a little time would have floated him out clear and fair into safe and open water.

Considering that he was a pillar of the social fabric, Bostwick had the queerest face you ever saw. His eyes were set so close together that he had to have the frame of his eyeglasses built on a special model. His ears were large and stood well out from the side of his head, and one of them was a good bit lower than the other. His face below the nose was so long that you would just naturally look at it in wonder; and if you drew a line through the point where the middle of his mouth ought to be, you would find that the mouth was about twenty-five per cent. too far on the left side of the diagram.

Before the panic of 1907 Bostwick was known in business as the "friend of the little fellows." Merchants and manufacturers whose myriad traveling men radiated from New York like the light of the vernal sun had learned to depend upon Bostwick as they depended upon the regularly recurrent sequence of the spring and the fall trade. Did Bostwick agree to give you cash at discount on the notes you brought in from your customers up to a hundred thousand or more, he would smile on one side of his face and let you double the account—if you found yourself doing a business greater than your capital safely warranted. Did you need a little money for a proposition that figured out a quick return, although a little risky for a really conservative and moss-backed old timer, Bostwick would take your notes for it and let you have the cash. Did you fall for a million, Bostwick would take you over, set you up on your feet, and let you have enough coin to begin your life anew.

Therefore, I say, Bostwick was the hero if not the demigod of the "little fellows" whose payrolls did not run

up higher than forty or fifty thousand a week, and who, in their own confidential opinion, formed the backbone and the stomach of the country's manufactures and trade.

Now Longwood, whose printing and binding plant had been cleaning up its seven per cent. for a matter of twenty years, since Longwood had bought into it to become finally its sole proprietor, was one of the first of the little fellows for whom Bostwick telephoned in the early days of the panic and informed, with a wicked look in his close-set eyes and a vicious frown on his slanting forehead, that they could not get another dollar until they had "cut down their discount to where they could see a little light."

"Cutting down his discount," which, in common human speech, means converting credit into cash, was just about as pleasing and as possible a proposal for Longwood as would be an invitation to eat up and digest the machinery in the ten prodigious stories of his own printing and binding plant. And Longwood, for the first time in his business career, was learning what a panic really means to the man who is compelled to crawl into the bank on his knees, instead of walking into it with a bag in his hand and taking what he needs for ready money transactions.

When Bostwick wanted to be mean he would wrinkle up his face as if he were trying to look at the sun. His raised upper lip displayed a row of yellow teeth, the general effect being one of depression in an infinite degree to the party who was second in the contract.

While the printer and binder was staring into the black abyss of absolute failure, he was simultaneously figuring on the close contiguity and the quick continuity of the results that he knew would follow the smash. When you are kicked out into the street a pauper at the age of fifty-five, with a wife twenty years your junior, who has stuck to you just for the sake of the money, and who will abandon you like a shot the very moment the touring car and the house go up in the flames, and particularly when you have a little falling for the liquor, the prospects are, if a financial panic happens to be overshadowing the world, that you will rapidly degenerate into a greasy hobo, upon whose mystic atmosphere of total irresolution and of being in strange places neither gods nor men can smile.

That was the way it came up to Longwood, or at least that is the way he told me it came. But as he was swallowing the brackish thought, and trying to reconcile himself to the notion of that sort of thing as an everyday diet, with the poorhouse and the dissecting table at the end of it, his attention was suddenly diverted by the sight of Bostwick's right ear. The top of the ear was customarily obscured by the rather long hair of the banker, and in the careless motions he had been making with his hand Bostwick had accidentally brushed the hair aside, and Longwood for the first time observed that about half an inch of the top of the ear was missing.

Longwood could hear Bostwick's voice telling him about the "reduction of discount," and "money on three's," and other things of the kind that everybody talks about when a panic is in the land, but he was not paying the slightest attention to what the banker was saying. He was trying with all the vigor of his brain to reconstruct in his imagination a thing the dim, gigantic outlines of which flung their shadows across the background of his memory, as if the thing itself had happened to him in a vague past in some other life on some other planet, a thousand years before the world was created, when banks were not and the reduction of discount was a theory yet to be tried.

In the very middle of it he felt a strange apoplectic choking and the oncoming of a storm in his head; and when the storm and the choking had cleared away he looked Bostwick squarely in the eye and laughed aloud.

"You think it's a joke, do you?" Bostwick said to him, with his solar grin and yellow teeth well to the front. "Well, you will damn soon find that it isn't."

He rose and began to finger the papers on his desk as a clear invitation to Longwood to take himself away.

"Bostwick," said Longwood, as if he were recalling a pleasant little incident of a hunting trip in the Canadian wilds, "I wonder whatever happened to the fellows that came that time for the men of the Tropic Dawn? I'm hanged if I wouldn't like to know."

He had his eyes trained on Bostwick's face and the face blanched under the fire. And then did Bostwick in his own turn train his eyes on Longwood's features and stare at them with the penetration of the subtlest and most quick-acting poison. But it was clear that Longwood to him was a totally indecipherable writhing. He gently moved himself round to his chair and let himself lapse into it, with a perceptible shaking of the knees.

"The Tropic Dawn?" he queried, looking away from Longwood as if to try out his memory. "The Tropic Dawn business was a long time ago."

I suppose you mean the fellows that were picked up. Yes, it was a long time ago. Outlawed long ago."

His eyes were still trained on Longwood's face, his memory wringing itself without the slightest sue.

"What do you know about the Tropic Dawn?"

"Not much," replied Longwood, "but enough to know that a man has got to keep reading all the time if he doesn't want to fall behind the news of the day. I was never aware, for instance, that murder was ever outlawed. Guess they must have passed that law out there in the last year or two."

"Sit still, Longwood. Don't go just yet. I want you to tell me about the Tropic Dawn. It's funny, isn't it, how a man's memory will get the best of him?"

Now the story that Longwood told to Bostwick was not precisely the story he told to me. Longwood was a business man who had a knack of getting prices which his heavier competitors would not even dream of asking, and I fancy that he kept his business wits about him on that important day—the most important day since his mother gave him birth. But you will never be able to understand how the game was spread between them until you have learned what Longwood did in San Francisco twenty years before; for it was then that he came by the money that gave him his little start—I mean after he lost his job in Boston and went out to the coast with all his belongings converted into ready money.

To Longwood's fancy San Francisco, while he still had money, was a Garden of Eden in which men had been placed for the sole purpose of seizing with both hands the pleasures of the world and the flesh. When the ozone poured in from the ocean, and the crystalline weather cordialed his brain and his spinal cord, the shacks of which Market street was built were turned by the sun into palaces of mere joy. The restaurants, with their lights and linen, were, for him, the supping rooms of kings. The painted women who clustered in the streets of evenings were the dainty princesses of a fairy realm.

When his money was all gone he began to realize that the geographical position of San Francisco had been chosen for the quick accomplishment of one or the other of two specific things: Suicide or seafaring. And



"TELL THE FIVE THAT THE BARGAIN WAS BROKEN AND THE PENALTY PAID."

when Longwood, indorsing the second alternative, started to walk to the water front in search of a job as a sailor before the mast, he was clothed in the raiment of a tramp.

On the whole, he seemed to be glad of it, anyway. Printing and binding—up to that time—had not been for him the golden purse of Fortunatus. He knew the business well; knew it from the tannery up; knew it in its practical and theoretical phases; the printing part, the binding part, the finance. But nothing was doing in San Francisco in that line, and so far as Longwood was concerned, nothing was doing in San Francisco in any line at all, if you made an exception of suicide and seafaring.

And even at that, as he neared the water front, it became questionable with Longwood whether suicide would not be preferable to seafaring—all things weighed. Two months of pawning and selling had picked him clean of his clothes and of every other thing of value he had; and a similar term on the bad whisky and Spanish free lunch they were offering at the Slavonian homes for the friendless near the water front had mottled his face and imparted to his eye the alertness and permanent anticipation you see on the visage of the man without a name. San Francisco had danced him on her knee, kissed him and sang to him. And now he was hustled and shoveled about, not because he was counted as worth the shoveling, but merely because he seemed to be in somebody's way.

What an accommodating town, to be sure! In the days of his pre-natural joy the lustrous weather touched him with its wand of gold and quickened the streams of his blood.

Seafaring? Yes. To be kicked by the mate—actually kicked; to say nothing of falling from the top of a mast some day to find your home in the bounding deep. He was trying to use himself to the thought when he felt a touch on the shoulder and heard a voice in his ear.

"Did you sign with the Tropic Dawn?"

"He was a man you would never

love for his open and sunny sentence, having on the contrary a general aspect of a walrus dripping and new-seated on its wadded throne. He had not questioned Longwood with his eyes, but with a stupid stare—stupid and aiming—while waiting for the answer, into the thick mist and sifting in that were blowing in on a soft breeze from the bay. The style of a dress, whatever it may have been, was hidden by his glittering rain coat; and his sailor helmet conspired with the coat to obliterate all traces of a neck.

"Why do you ask? Have you got a job?"

He motioned to Longwood with his hand rather than with his head, and waddled swiftly away along the pier front, never turning to see whether he were followed or not, and never drawing a breath until he swung into a barroom called the Cove Rest, half filled with men who were comforting themselves with tart glasses of steam beer and with ale whisky sold by the measure as an encouragement to the trade. On he went to the back door, which he pushed open with his foot, and then he went down the steps that led to the cellar.

At sight of the black pit below Longwood paused, forgetting for the moment that his negligee outfit was the union card of his perfect safety; but down he followed on the heels of his guide until he was stopped by the bulk of him where he was standing in the darkness knocking softly.

When a door opened Longwood could see a light so thickly shrouded in tobacco smoke that it seemed to be a mile away. It came from a coal-oil lamp that swung from the ceiling over a table about which three good men were sitting with glasses and liquor for all; and as Longwood pushed past his companion and into the room, the man who had opened the door for him banged it shut, turned the key, seated himself at the table, and looked around at his friends.

"Five!" he said, filling himself a drink and pointing to a chair. "Set down and get busy with the booze."

There was a false front on the whole affair; an appearance of ease and good fellowship that covered over the fluttering heart of canker and expectation. It was the dismal phantom of conversational politeness such as you see at the race track

when the horses are coming through the stretch and the bettors are propping themselves up with the broken reeds of hope. Longwood drank and waited. The door-opener led the way.

"Men," he said, "I have drank good liquor in every latitude and close to near every longitude in the world, but this here liquor is the best liquor I ever tasted."

He spoke of the liquor, but he was not thinking of it.

"This here is good liquor," added another of them, not seeing it and not thinking of it, "but it ain't the best of the fine by a bug ways. It ain't got the taste that mo-qua has got. Mo-qua is the Chin-Chin champagne, and I once drank it in Canton, but it'll put you to sleep for four days if you snuff up enough of it at a setting."

It was gritty work—this polite conversation—gritty and unprofitable for plain blunt men accustomed to the alternatives of speaking their minds or remaining dumb like the beasts. But they played the game, though with the obviousness of infants.

"Did you ever see such fine weather as we're having these days?" spoke a third. "This here weather is enough to make a man contented with his lot in life if he was a convict—a Chile. It makes me think of when I was a little child on my own mother's knee at home, so it does."

The door-opener was dragging at his pipe.

"I was wondering if all you men has weapons," he said. "Not that you're going to need them special, only I've always been in favor of a man having a weapon on him, if it's nothing but a lady's pen-knife, especially when you're going to be introduced to strangers."

And then followed another round of the weather.

"Speaking of weapons," resumed the door-opener, "I once knowed a man who got hurt fearful in Callao by not having a thing on his person but a Portuguese in an argument about whether the king of England wasn't the pope of the Protestant church."

The weather man absently swallowed a few ounces, staring hard at the door.

"Bellington is a thing I never bother with," he said.

"Bill didn't bother with it neither," assented the door-opener. "He was a good man. Bill was his name. His name was Bill Brown. Come from Kentucky. He was drunk when he died. But he was a good man."

"There was a vessel in the stream yesterday," the weather man ventured, "that was four months out from Santiago with ten inches of barnacles and the master dead in the cabin. The biscuits was full of weevils."

"I see a Whitehall for sale for \$25 this morning," said the door-opener, with his head cocked to one side, listening with his entire body.

It was indeed a hard and gritty game; a game of dismal emptiness, ghastly pretense, and mocking unreality—the poisonous thin vapor that swins over the crater's rim before the volcano belches up its world-destroying fire. Longwood figured that if a man should happen to get himself killed in such a place and in such a company it would be the equivalent of wandering away unseen to the heart of the Sahara desert.

But a knock at the door steadied them.

"There he is now!" exclaimed the door-opener, and he let in an individual in a loosely fitting storm coat—a man of a social species different from that of the men who were sitting here. He had about him a way that Longwood recognized as that of the business man in a transaction with laborers; a pragmatic, self-composed air that said as plain as words, "I am over here on my side of the fence, and you are over there on yours."

He winked hard as his eyes were assailed by the tobacco smoke, and he coughed a little, stepping gently into the room. He took up the sixth and vacant chair by the back and placed it before him as if he were about to deliver a lecture; and his eyes having become adjusted to the fog of the smoke, he deliberately looked at each of the five men in turn, trying, it would seem, to recall whether he had ever seen them before.

They were staring at him as if their eyes would fall out of their heads, so still that you would hardly believe they were breathing.

"I come," he said, "by agreement with your principals to close up a little profit-sharing investment that was embarked upon a few months ago, and I am pleased to see that your principals have been as true to their word thus far as I have been to mine. The agreement—and I take you all as witnesses of what I am going to say—provided that after our last business meeting previously to the last investment, we would never again seek to see one another on the forfeit of our lives. The profits are to be divided equally, share and share alike, and I take it that the men here present are all duly qualified and authorized to act as agents with full power."

They fidgeted in their seats and grunted their replies in the affirmative.

"I have the profits here under my coat," he went on, "but it will be necessary first—as a mere formality, you understand, a meaningless formality—to ascertain whether you have all been supplied with the password agreed upon. I will ask that each of you withdraw with me or a moment in order to get this little matter off our hands."

The door-opener was nearest to him, and when the two removed themselves a few feet from the circle and put their heads together, Longwood felt his life slipping away from him, although it was a blessing that neither of them had the voice of a baby, and that Longwood had all his life been fortunate for his over-acute sense of hearing. He could make out in the challenge of the stranger the single word, "sign;" and in the response of the door-opener the two words "ask" and "job;" and it occurred to him then that the caprice of the hideous hazard was playing directly into his hands.

Could this be the challenge and the nimble password that had caused the walrus man to pilot him into this black diverticulum of danger? A challenge and a response that had been thrust upon him, by accident or better or worse?

Did you sign with the Tropic Dawn? Why do you ask? Have you got a job?

He would try the issue in any event, while commending his soul to its maker. Try it he did and make good. But the game was not yet begun.

"I will state it right and fair," continued the stranger, resuming his lectorial attitude at the back of the chair. "Right and fair. We are to place the profits on the table and count them out, share and share alike, in five shares, and no man is to lay his hands on any part of them until they are all counted and divided so that each can see that no man is getting more than his share and no man less. If any man lays his hands on them before the count is made he is to suffer the penalty agreed on by the principals in the speculation, for I take it for granted that I am doing business with men who have power to act."

He thrust one of his hands into the front of the storm coat, drew out a wallet of leather as big as a hat, and placed it on the table.

"I may say," he added, as if it were a bare afterthought, "that the total amount of the profits was a hundred thousand dollars."

The words were not uttered when the door-opener jumped up, kicked his chair behind him, and clapped his left hand on the wallet.

"You're a liar, mister!" he roared.

"You're a thieving liar of the eternal fires! It wasn't no hundred thousand, it wasn't! It wasn't no such thing! If you want to know how much it was for a betting proposition, it was two hundred thousand, and not a centime less! Ain't I right, men?"

Their knives were at the stranger's throat like a semi-circular collar of glittering spikes, the points directed inward. He looked them round and smiled at them as you smile at children that are angry at something they do not understand.

"If I had a baseball bat I would beat you with it," he calmly chided with an indulgent little laugh. "Do you think that I don't know how to count money? Take down your knives and let us get to work and count the money!"

They all fell back, but nobody seemed to have observed what was done, at first, between the door-opener and the stranger. What they saw and heard a moment afterwards was the door-opener's knife singing past the head of the stranger, and the stranger's head tipping like a shuttle from one side to the other, while the hammer of the forty-eight which the stranger was holding point-blank at the door-opener's heart was so deftly "fanned" by the palm of the stranger's right hand that the three shoos sounded almost like one. As he backed to the door of the thick and pungent haze, he gently addressed himself to the four men before him.

"Tell the Five," he said, "that the bargain was broken and the penalty paid."

And the door hid him from sight. They were looking at the wallet on the table.

"Men," suggested the weather man, "it's my heartfelt motion that we count this here goods and divide it fair and square into four equal parts, which'll make a quarter of a part extra for each man, and let the big five do the double-entry bookkeeping on it if it suits their fancy. I never see a cleaner job in my life."

They counted it and split it into quarters of twenty-five thousand. Neat and nice goods it was—all in clean new slips of yellow which told the bearer that there were deposited in the treasury of the United States so-and-so-many dollars in gold, to all of which this document certified. But as Longwood, with his own share in the pocket of his coat, was about to pass toward the door, his eye fell on a queer thing that lay on the chair of the stranger.

What's this?"

The weather man took it, inspected it, and gave the table a tremendous volar slap.

"What do you think of that?" he cried. "Did you ever see the like of that? It's a walrus man's key, isn't it? He'll die with strangulation from laughing. He took it off as clean as a whistle! As clean as if he was the visiting doctor at the hospital!"

But what did Longwood do, after he had broken his first fifty for a complete now outfit, and his second for a sleeper on the first train for the east out of Oakland, and later, after he had bought into the printing and binding plant, which was then a small affair of its kind, but an affair that promised well if handled under careful management?

Longwood naturally worried.

Of evenings when he would go home and lay aside the business cares of the day, he would figure for hours on the problem of the five, and the Tropic Dawn, and the man with the forty-eight. What was the Tropic Dawn? A ship, no doubt, that had been worked for the old game—although there were objections to that theory too. Still, if it were assumed that it were a ship, with a consignment of specie, or something like that, and a substitution of the goods, with the big five scuttling her at sea and getting away on a boat, and the lecture fellow doing the dirty work for the consignor, with a payment of marine insurance, and so on. But he was never satisfied with that ingenious explanation.

Longwood grew fast and prosperous, and one day after he had acquired complete control of the plant, so that he could have a little holiday for himself without danger of being robbed by his partner, he took a trip to San Francisco and put up at the Palace hotel. You must understand that the Tropic Dawn had become for him a problem that cried out for clearness, but he would never trust the business to any mere erring human agency. He would look into it with his own eyes; and the first night he was in San Francisco he took it up with the clerk of the hotel.

"What was that business about the Tropic Dawn?"

He put the question as a bold chance.

"The Tropic Dawn? Don't you know about the Tropic Dawn? She was blown to silvers as she was passing the presidio on her way from stream to sea. Blown to silvers. Some of them said it was her boilers, and some of them said it was nitro-glycerine. Whichever it was, she was blown to silvers as she was going from stream to sea."

Longwood thoughtfully made his way to a chair by the log fire in the lobby.

Blown to silvers with nitro-glycerine?

It was a fine problem—to let alone! But that was how Longwood—figuring what was coming to him if they compounded the interest on his own share of the swag that Bostwick had kept back from him—agreed with Bostwick that he would settle for a reasonable amount of stock in a bank and an unlimited line of credit on his paper.

Count on his paper.

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HUMUS IMPORTANCE IN SOIL IMPROVEMENT

No matter which of the various methods may be selected for increasing or maintaining soil fertility, humus plays an important part. It performs many functions in the soil which are essential to plant growth. It influences the action of the soil towards heat, light, moisture, penetration of roots and its behavior toward the implements used in its cultivation, and directly or indirectly it controls to a larger extent the four essentials to plant food, water, nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash.

Numerous experiments have shown that the decline in the crop producing capacity of the soil is not the result of the removal from the soil of nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid, but is due in many cases to getting the soil out of condition through the loss of humus. For proof of this assertion we may analyze soils taken from some of the abandoned farms of the east, and from the fertile prairies of the west, and yet there will be but a small difference in the amount of plant food that these soils contain. In the former soil a plant would actually starve, while in the other it would find an ideal condition. Remove the humus from the prairie soil and the plant would be in the same condition as the plant that was in the former soil.

The most important difference, physical or chemical, between the composition of old worn-out soils and the new soils of similar character is in the amount of humus they contain.

Humus, as ordinarily obtained from the soil, contains from 4 to 12 per cent nitrogen, hence, we can readily see how a loss of humus results in a loss of nitrogen. Some of our agricultural spell binders will preach sub-soiling, dust mulch, deep plowing, lime, potash, phosphoric acid and the use of commercial fertilizers, summer fallowing and various other methods, but when we get right down to common sense and consider the whole matter in a true and practical manner we are not long in discovering that any and all of these processes are dependent upon an adequate supply of humus in the soil.

Bare summer fallowing is practiced by many and is beneficial to the succeeding crop in many instances, as it increases the amount of available nitrogen in the soil, but it is a very ex-

travagant practice, for a larger per cent of the nitrogen made available is lost by soil washing and by escaping into the air before it is needed by the succeeding crop. Sub-soiling is valuable in many ways and instances, for it enables the roots of plants to go deeper into the soil in search of certain mineral elements in the sub-soil, but on most soils it adds very little to the amount of available nitrogen.

Dust mulch conserves moisture and acts on somewhat the same principal as a cover, thus preventing the escape of nitrogen into the air through evaporation. Deep plowing and thorough cultivation aid in nitrification, and the longer the soil has been cultivated, the deeper and more thorough should be its preparation.

The application of lime adds no actual plant food, but aids in the reduction of the nitrogen in humus to available forms and corrects the acidity of the soil. Potash and phosphoric acid may be used with profit on many soils that are well supplied with humus and nitrogen, and this practice is finding great favor in some of the Southern States, where the farmers depend upon the legumes as a source of nitrogen and humus.

Commercial fertilizers should not be used at all without a sufficient supply of humus in the soil. The injudicious use of these fertilizers stand as a barrier across more than one man's path to success, and will, in many cases, lead to soil ruin faster than any system of cropping that may be followed.

We may grow all the nitrogen that we want. If clover or alfalfa will not thrive, grow peas, for they are about as good as clover, so far as the supply of nitrogen is concerned. Legumes are better suited for plowing under to form humus than any other class of farm crops, because in addition to supplying humus forming material they add large amounts of nitrogen to the soil.

On farms where live stock is kept, and the crops fed out and the manure returned to the fields, there will be little danger of the humus supply going out, for the various kinds of food grown to feed animals will make it necessary that a variety of crops be grown and some definite cropping system followed.

And another Mexican revolution is predicted.

The thirty-second legislature will convene in special session Monday morning. Needless to say a warm time is looked for.

The anti pulled Joe Bailey out in the lead over Cone Johnson in 1908, but in 1911, when the anti needed help, where! oh where was Joseph?

Last Saturday was a bad day for Joseph Weldon Bailey. His home county voted against his doctrine of the home rule and the Democrats refused to follow to his leadership on a vote on the recorder. Bailey's star is waning.

Everybody had an inning Saturday night and Sunday while the election returns were coming in. The anti would lead a while then it would look like certain victory for the pros. Then the tide would turn. And then it would turn again. When it was finally announced that the anti had won, it was a hard matter to convince some pros and some of them are doubting it yet.

Saturday's election is over. Was it the ending or the beginning? The man with a long vision will tell you the latter. The anti have undoubtedly won out in the count but with a majority of less than ten thousand in a vote of approximately 470,000, is not a victory to crow over, and the closeness of the contest points to anything but quiet times in Texas for the next year. It has already been announced that Thos. H. Ball, the pro leader, will be a candidate for governor. It is believed that there will be no split in the pro ranks on Ball, and with a solid prohibition vote, the most optimistic anti will admit that Colquitt may be a one-term governor.

At a meeting of the local onion growers of the Cotulla vicinity Wednesday it was evident that the growers stand almost as a unit in the condemnation of many features of the general association through which the crop is handled. The management was severely criticized. The individual grower, it was alleged was treated with indifference and no information as to what was "going on" was ever furnished him. It was claimed that no attention was paid to requests or demands for information from the head of the Association, and among others this instance cited: Just before the onion crop was harvested this association passed a resolution asking that the sales manager furnish daily market bulletins. This resolution was sent to the sales manager by the Secretary of the local Association, with the request that it be complied with. There was not even the courtesy of a reply. There was no bulletins. Cotulla has always been loyal to the Association—the only solid place in the district—but from their expressions they don't like the trend of things and unless there is a change the result will be hard to forecast.

WHAT SATURDAY'S VOTE MEANS.

From Houston Chronicle.
 Another factor in bringing about the close returns in Saturday's election was the vote secured by the prohibitionists from men who do not believe in State-wide prohibition, but who took this opportunity to voice their protest against the politicians who have used the liquor traffic to build up a gigantic political machine in this State.

The voters who are prohibitionists from a moral standpoint, or from a standpoint of conviction, were aided by voters who saw a chance to register their disapproval of machine rule.

The leaders in Texas politics have used the whisky traffic as an asset for years, and have thereby aroused thousands of citizens who do not favor State-wide prohibition, but who aligned themselves with the prohibitionists rather than seemingly aid a crowd of conscienceless politicians who controlled the offices and political welfare of Texas.

"Take the saloons and breweries out of politics" was the slogan of the prohibitionists, and to many voters it simply meant, "Vote against the liquor traffic and you thereby vote against the

men who have secured office through pernicious influence, and who have so long intimidated the best citizenship of the State."

The Chronicle does not believe that the voters referred to chose the best method of showing their resentment of machine politics; but the Chronicle is in hearty sympathy with those who deplore the conditions that resulted in this State from the high-handed methods of political tricksters and whiskey-controlled officials.

That these politicians and office-holders can easily be shown of their power and that they have lost their influence, has been thoroughly demonstrated, consequently the prohibition election despite its deplorable turmoil and unrest, has done something for the State and for the people.

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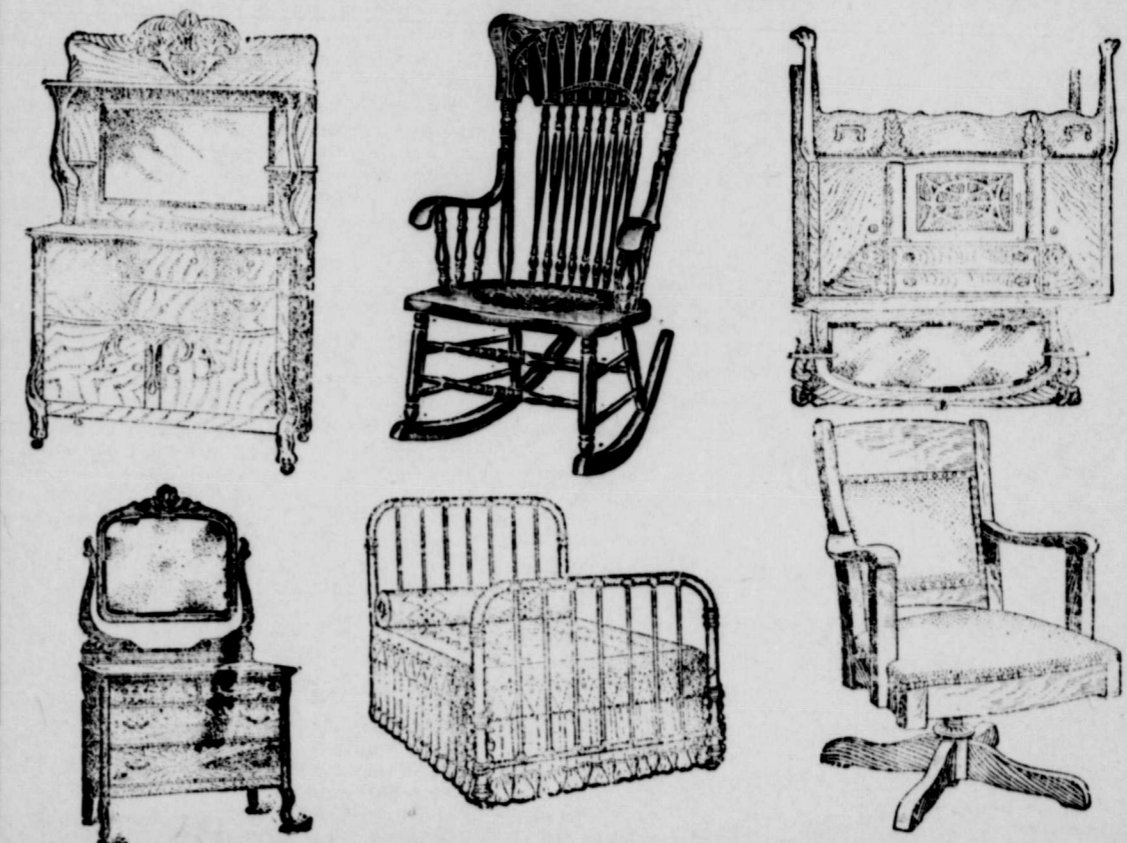
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jeweled, tested, guaranteed for both timekeeping and wear; in beautiful gold-filled cases, either plain or fancy engraved and selling for only nine dollars. Everything else in this store at similar values.

Horger & Windrow.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL ITEMS

J. J. Burris was up from Artesia during the week. The Odd Fellows had a rousing meeting Tuesday night.

Meet me at the fountain—Horgan & Windrow. W. A. Kerr went to Laredo on business Thursday.

Prof. R. A. Taylor is spending a few weeks at Bigfoot.

Dr. McCain of Louisiana was in Cotulla Tuesday. He was here on business.

H. W. Earnest of the Millett Mercantile Company was in Cotulla on business Tuesday.

J. M. Cline and daughter of Millett were in Cotulla Monday. Mr. Cline brought down the ballot boxes.

Messrs. W. H. Jacobs, J. M. Ellison, C. O. Harris and W. C. Held were in Cotulla Wednesday to attend the meeting of the onion growers. The same spirit of dissatisfaction prevails in that neighborhood as here in regard to holding up of returns and other features of the management of the organization.

Walter Daniel made his first appearance before a Cotulla congregation in the Methodist Church Sunday before last. He occupied the pulpit both morning and night, his discourse at both services was excellent. Walter has attended the State University for the past four years, but only last year he decided to enter the ministry. He expects to go to Vanderbilt this fall.

T. A. Austin of Laredo was in Cotulla Wednesday. He attended the meeting of the onion growers here on that day.

July will soon be gone and no rain for the month which makes three straight months without rainfall of consequence. Two of these months, May and June is considered the rainy months of this section. Such conditions are unprecedented.

A young white boy about eighteen or twenty years of age and a Mexican of about the same age attracted considerable attention in a little episode that might have been serious, Thursday morning. Apparently both had been associating with John Barley. The Mexican carried a box, said to contain 4 quarts of whiskey. Just as the Northbound train pulled out they made a run for it. The white fellow hung on, but the vestibules were closed and "hangon" was all he could do. The Mexican handicapped by the box of booze, could not get up on the car steps. Running alongside he managed to slide the box on the step and about that time lost his hold and was thrown violently to the ground. The train by this time was moving at a rapid rate, and for some reason the white boy turned all hold loose and ploughed up the cinders down the embankment. When he recovered and discovered that the booze was speeding Northward on the steps of the coach, a gloom was cast over his countenance. The Mexican fell among the rails near the North switch and it was almost a miracle that he did not roll under the wheels.

PROGRESSIVE FARMING.

If all other lines of business had adopted the ideas of many farmers that the old system of farming could not be improved, we would still be using the forked stick, with a one earred ox, one man driving and one holding the plow, while the old reep hook would still be used instead of the modern binders and the old flail instead of the threshing machine. A remarkable condition is that farmers have had their machinery improved on but will not listen to the soil culture theories, conservation experiences and results of demonstration work.

EXPERIMENTAL FARMS.

One of the wisest laws enacted by the 32nd, or any other Legislature, was the one which authorized the Commissioner's court of any county to make an appropriation of not to exceed a thousand dollars to be used in farm experiment and demonstration work.

Every county in Texas will make a good investment by appropriating the whole thousand dollars and demonstrating to the farmers what crops and what manner of cultivation will be most successful to local conditions and to educate the farmers to farm by the most improved methods and to discontinue the system of the long ago.

HEAVY SHIPMENT OF TOMATOES.

The shipment of fruit and truck from East Texas during this season is one of the heaviest in years according to the reports from that section of the state. From the Jacksonville district alone, fourteen hundred car loads of tomatoes have been shipped.

The season first opened early in the spring. The territory producing this amount of tonnage lies within a radius of 30 miles of Jacksonville and includes Tyler, Alto and other well known fruit sections.

The fruit and truck farmers of Texas supply a large percentage of the products for the principal markets of the north and west and Texas products are always in demand with the consumers of other states.

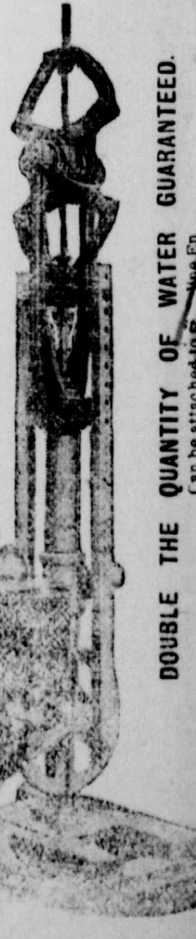
Want Land To Sell, must be good agricultural tract and can use large or small tracts but only from owners direct. We have been very successful in selling La Salle County Lands and can sell yours if you really want to sell. JNO. H. GRIST, Austin, Texas

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



A Note To You.

Cotulla, Texas, July 29, 1911.

These notes are not written with the idea in view of asking you to come here expecting to get something for nothing. Neither will you expect to get nothing for something! Everybody seems to be from Missouri nowadays and we know we must show you why it will pay you to trade with us.

The goods we will show you are right in quality and price, and our patrons may be assured of the best values.

Yours truly,

HORGER & WINDROW.

A HOUSE PARTY AT SHAMROCK FARM.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Keck opened their beautiful home, Shamrock, to a party of their friends last Saturday and Sunday. Many of the crowd had already shared of Mr. and Mrs. Keck's hospitality at other times, and all heard of the "good times we have had at Keck's, so it was with the utmost pleasure that we set out for their place on Saturday morning, leaving all the excitement of the election behind.

After a hot, dusty drive, we reached Shamrock Farm at 12 o'clock. The cordial greetings and cool porches made us forget the sun and the dust, and we were in a very amiable frame of mind, lounging in comfortable rockers, planning little larks and talking of the good times in store for us, when Mrs. Keck announced dinner. And such a dinner! If you have had the pleasure of eating at Mrs. Keck's table, you know what a feast was in waiting for us, if you have not enjoyed that pleasure, you should cultivate her acquaintance.

In the afternoon each guest followed his own pleasure; two found the greatest enjoyment in sitting on the porch, whispering and sighing, utterly oblivious to the fact that other people inhabited this old world; the others passed the time in games and music. Just at the proper time, when we were beginning to tire of our own music, Mr. Keck, from somewhere in the back yard, began a song that was real music in our ears. "It is watermelon time" was the name of the song, and at the sound of the first notes there was a general stampede in his direction. Great watermelons, two feet in length, were cut, and the crowd "feasted bountifully." A trip to the dam and an hypnotism exhibition by Mr. Keck closed the day for us in the first hour of Sunday morning.

At Mrs. Keck's suggestion we held Sunday School Sunday morning. And, although there was considerable uneasiness among those who had forgotten their "Golden Text," still we spent a good hour together—especially was the discussion by Bro. Woolls enjoyed. Soon after Sunday School, a good old Methodist dinner of chicken and other like edibles was served. Everybody seemed to be strong in the faith, at the dinner table at least. The shadows were growing long when we finally took our departure, carrying with us pleasant thoughts of our host and hostess and many happy memories that will remain through all life.

The guests were: Misses Fannie Woolls, Clara McCall, Sallie, Ruby and Ora Rock, Madie, Ina and Edith Daniel. Messrs. Jess Rock, Robert Johnston, Hint and Walter Daniel and Rev. T. G. Woolls.

"ONE OF 'EM."

CALOMEL MUST HURT YOUR LIVER.

Every Time You Take This Powerful Drug You Are In Danger. Take Dodson's Liver Tonic Instead.

Calomel is made from mercury, and while mercury has many uses it is a dangerous thing to swallow. If calomel stays in the system very long it salivates. Even when it works naturally, its after-effects are often bad.

Gaddis' Pharmacy has a liver medicine called Dodson's Liver Tonic which is positively guaranteed to take the place of calomel. It stimulates liver just enough to start it working, and does not make you sicker than ever—as calomel often does. Dodson's Liver Tonic wont force you to stop eating or workin after taking it. It is as beneficial for children as adults.

Try a bottle today under Gaddis' Pharmacy guarantee. You know this store is reliable. Gaddis' Pharmacy.

East Heights lots for sale on easy terms. High and cool. Good water.—C. E. Manly.

BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Little Bobby Lucile Johnston was the happy intertainer of a number of her little friends in commemoration of her fifth birthday at the residence of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Johnston, Monday afternoon, July 24th, from 4:30 to 5:30. Anna Knaggs assisted Lucile to intertain and was equal to the occasion to keep the little people busy and have a real good time. After a number of interesting games and plays, the prize to be given, which was a silk hand-bag, was awarded to Mildred Manly, which was given the little people by Miss Rumsey. Refreshments was then served to the delight of all. Many beautiful presents were presented to Lucile and her little friends will long be remembered by her. Those present were:

Anna Knaggs, Gertude and Mary Seefeld, Alice Sutton, Ruth Tarver, Thelma Hicks, Clarence and Mildred Manly, Rita and Charlie Montgomery, Ver na Peters, Idel Galbrath, Paul and Roy Cotulla, Glen Bartlett, Winnie D. and Gladdis Simpson and a number of larger children who came as visitors.

EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.

As regularly as Sunday comes a cheery welcome awaits you at the Methodist Sunday School. The school meets at ten and preaching services at eleven. There are suitable departments for all, old and young. We endeavor by good fellowship and cordiality, spirited singing, earnest prayers and faithful Bible study, and a variety of general exercises to please and help all who come among us, either as members or visitors. Come next Sunday and see for yourself. You will find a hearty welcome.

J. M. Lynn, Pastor. R. H. Seefeld, Supt.

Let Horgan & Windrow be your druggists.

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

F. A. FRANKLIN

BLACKSMITH AND TINWORK

PIPE THREADING

AUTOMOBILE AND GAS ENGINE OILS

Cotulla, 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 agents for states. 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 of 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 tones for which Epworth Pianos and Organs are celebrated—after you are convinced that—all in all—it's one of the best-looking, sweet-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 the organ you desire. You may select the plan that's easiest for you and we will loan you, no matter where you live. I guarantee each sample piano and organ to be as fine as those I made for the famous song-writer, Prof. E. B. Krell, Prof. E. H. Gaddis, 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 say, "Send me free Epworth Offer, Plans of Easy Payment and the 27 sample books which look, sound or cost." Address: W. D. Montgomery, 211 Washington St., Chicago. E. B. WILKINS, Vice-Pres., Williams Organ & Piano Co., 211 Washington St., Chicago

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.

OTTUMWA WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Ottumwa, Iowa.—"For years I was almost a constant sufferer from female trouble in all its dreadful forms; shooting pains all over my body, sick headache, spinal weakness, dizziness, depression, and everything that was horrid. I tried many doctors in different parts of the United States, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than all the doctors. I feel it my duty to tell you these facts. My heart is full of gratitude to you for my cure."—MRS. HARRIET E. WAMPLER, 524 S. Ransom Street, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Consider This Advice.
No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous medicine, made only from roots and herbs, has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, confidential, and always helpful.

The Summer Toast.
In all her business life the bit of work she is now completing has been most pleasant, says the free lance stenographer.

"I have been typewriting toasts on paper napkins," she said. "A society of club women who have planned to do a lot of outdoor entertaining this summer expect to use thousands of paper napkins, and I have had the job of typewriting a toast on each napkin. It is a pretty idea, and I tried to meet the charming sentiment of the ladies halfway by using a good non-copying ink, but in spite of that precaution I am afraid that many a guest will leave the lunch table with a purple smudge on her face."

Their Native Heats.
Dr. Eugene Fuller, president of the American Urological association, said at a dinner in New York, apropos of Independence day:

"We must all try to be as truthful as George Washington was. I am afraid we have not, of late years, upheld the reputation for truthfulness that George Washington gave us. I am afraid that we have published to the world, through our yellow press and by other means, a good many tall stories.

"Thus an English teacher once said to a pupil:

"What is a miracle?"

"Please, sir," the little pupil answered, "it's something that happens in America."

Varying Prices of Lobsters.
Lovers of lobster ought to get a lot of comfort out of a recent paragraph in the famous old Kennebec Journal, which says that the crustaceans are "dirt cheap." However, the Journal adds, "they are not as low in price as in the old days, when they sold six for 25 cents, but the price has fallen to 18 cents a pound, which is decidedly different from the figures that were being quoted early in the spring. Then they were being bought alive for 50 cents a pound from the fishermen, and the price in Boston and New York soared to 80 cents a pound and, in some cases, beyond."

A SPOON SHAKER.
Straight From Coffeedom.

Coffee can marshall a good squadron of enemies and some very hard ones to overcome. A lady in Florida writes:

"I have always been very fond of good coffee, and for years drank it at least three times a day. At last, however, I found that it was injuring me. I became bilious, subject to frequent and violent headaches, and so very nervous, that I could not lift a spoon to my mouth without spilling a part of its contents.

"My heart got 'rickety' and beat so fast and so hard that I could scarcely breathe, while my skin got thick and dingy, with yellow blotches on my face, caused by the condition of my liver and blood.

"I made up my mind that all these afflictions came from the coffee, and I determined to experiment and see.

"So I quit coffee and got a package of Postum which furnished my hot morning beverage. After a little time I was rewarded by a complete restoration of my health in every respect.

"I do not suffer from biliousness any more, my headaches have disappeared, my nerves are as steady as could be desired, my heart beats regularly and my complexion has cleared up beautifully—the blotches have been wiped out and it is such a pleasure to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

MAKING GOOD ROADS

UNITED STATES AWAY BEHIND REST OF THE WORLD IN THIS WORK.

EVOLUTION OF THE HIGHWAY

Awakening of the People to Necessity for Road Improvement Slow Process—State Governments at Last Aroused—Vote Money for Work.

By HOWARD H. GROSS.

Is it not strange that in this country, where we have the largest aggregate of wealth that the world has ever known and where we have achieved the greatest success in human history along certain lines of endeavor, that we have failed to keep pace with the march of progress, and that we are a century behind the rest of the world in the matter of handling public roads?

The conditions of the highways in America are a great surprise to the foreign traveler, who has been used to smooth, hard roads throughout his land. Upon his arrival in New York he is overwhelmed by the immensity of the buildings and the gigantic scale upon which everything is done. A day or two in the metropolis prepares him to believe that Americans can do anything and accomplish anything. The resources of the country seem to be boundless. In this frame of mind he starts his journey westward, and



Splendid Trap Road Near LaGrand, Ore. This splendid road is near LaGrand, Oregon. It is built of Trap Rock and proven of inestimable benefit to the stretch of country. (See next page and page built. Photo supplied by the United States Office of Public Roads.)

from the railway window he can see roads that are practically bottomless and teams struggling through the mire that is nearly knee deep. He is perfectly amazed that such conditions should obtain. He cannot understand why it should be so in a country that has such marvelous resources. The fact is that America is the only country in the world that is rich enough to stand the drain, handicap and the losses that bad roads impose.

Again, may we ask, why is it that in this land, where so many great successes have been scored in so many fields that we have utterly failed in dealing with the highways? In the writer's opinion the reason will be found in certain fundamental misconceptions. They date back to colonial times. In the early days the people settled along the water courses, in the valleys. Farming was done in a primitive way. It was the day of the homestead. The hand loom and spinning wheel were found everywhere. The people lived very simply; what they wore, they made; what they ate, they raised. The community was self-centered and had very little to do with the settlement over the hills in the next valley. The spirit of

home rule was everywhere dominant. The roads were regarded purely as local concerns. They were just so roads as the people cared to build and whether good or bad it was one's business but their own.

Thus the concept that the highways were purely a local matter and did not concern any one outside of the immediate vicinity became firmly established and held undisputed until about 20 years ago, when a Jersey man made a discovery that was far more important than finding the north pole, and that was that roads were public property—they belonged to all the people and as such it was the state's duty to take up the question of highway improvement and not leave the whole burden upon the township where the amount of taxable property was limited. It was shown that the world's food supply had to pass over these roads and that, as roads increased the cost of delivery, made the food supply intermittent instead of constant, and that bad roads produced a heavy burden to every one and was a serious economic error.

Movement was started for state aid in road building. It met great opposition, and principally from those who would most greatly benefit from it—the farmers. They feared it was a scheme to take the roads out of their hands, and no telling where the would land or what taxation would be put upon them, but the movement grew because it was right. In two or three years after the people had had the experience of building roads under the plan, had used and paid for them—they found it was a splendid investment and that instead of adding to their burdens the good roads took many burdens off. The plan became so popular opposition died out and

ment authorizing the issue of \$50,000,000 of bonds for state aid in road building. Thus the wave of progress goes on with increasing momentum, and it will eventually sweep the whole country.

When one looks back over the campaign for good roads in any community he finds that when the subject was first brought up scores of good people became frightened at the expense, and they were loud in denunciation of the proposal, saying and believing, that it meant the confiscation of their property. That they never could stand the tax and that good roads spelled ruin. In every case, however, where the plan was proceeded with by state aid, the people were surprised that they had the roads and that they did not feel the tax, that, in fact, more and more roads were demanded, up to the lawful limit. Thus it has ever been, and probably will be, for years to come.

Good roads mean more social life, more pleasure, less drudgery. They mean better schools, a more enlightened and intelligent citizenship, they mean progress and civilization.

GRADES AND GOOD ROADS

Highways Traveled by Heavily Loaded Vehicles Should Be Kept Down to Three Per Cent.

A one per cent. grade on a road means a rise of one foot for each hundred feet of distance traveled up the hill. A ten per cent. grade means ten feet rise in each hundred feet so traveled. A one per cent. grade, then, means that in traveling up hill one mile an ascent is made of 52.8 feet, while a ten per cent grade means a rise in altitude of 528 feet in a mile. Accurate tests have shown that a horse which can pull 1,000 pounds on a level road can pull only 810 pounds on a rise of one foot in fifty, and on a rise of one foot in ten he can pull only 250 pounds. These facts show that the greatest load that can be hauled over a road is the load which can be taken up the steepest hill on that road, or through the deepest mud hole. It is therefore advised that all highways traveled by heavily loaded vehicles should be kept within a three or four per cent. grade if practicable. To do this may require a change of location to get around hills, always keeping in mind that the lower the grade the larger the load may be hauled and the cost of haulage kept at the lowest point.

Teaching School Girls to Swim.

In the apparatus in use in Germany for teaching school girls how to swim the pupil is supported in such position as to leave the legs and arms free to perform the movements of a swimmer. The body is hung in a wide belt, suspended from an overhead rail, while the feet are attached to a pair of ropes running over pulleys and adjustable to various requirements.

The pupils thus suspended are then taught how to perform the movements of the breast stroke until the action becomes almost instinctive. There is a decided advantage in teaching these movements in such a way instead of in the water, for the pupil is not distracted by the fear of a ducking. It is not at all easy to learn the swimming movements even out of water, hence the advantage of acquiring this knowledge until it becomes almost instinctive before entering the water.—Scientific American.

Discouraging the Obvious.

At the special meeting of the Any Old Time club the man in the mackintosh was late.

"You are fined the cigars," they told him.

"Well," he said, "if you can find any cigars on me—"

They rose as one man and put him out.

There are limits.

The Pink Marble Personal.

While the Japanese are rapidly assimilating western business notions, they have not yet entirely divested themselves of Oriental extravagance of expression in their advertisements, especially those of a personal nature, as the following, which some time ago appeared in a Tokio newspaper, will testify:

"I am a beautiful woman. My abundant, undulating hair envelops me as a cloud. Supple as a willow is my waist. Soft and brilliant is my visage as the satin of flowers. I am endowed with wealth sufficient to saunter through life hand in hand with my beloved. Were I to meet a gracious lord of good taste, I would unite myself with him for life, and later share with him the pleasure of being laid to rest eternal in a tomb of pink marble."

Easy-Going Individual.

I. R. Sherwood, Democratic congressman from Ohio, tells this story: A man had for years employed a steady German workman. One day Jake came to him and asked to be excused from work the next day. "Certainly, Jake," beamed the employer. "What are you going to do?" "Wait," said Jake slowly. "I think I must go by mail today's funeral. She dies tomorrow." After the lapse of a few weeks Jake again approached his boss for a day off. "All right, Jake, but what are you going to do this time?"

Division Extraordinary.

At the Zoological park it became necessary to cut down a large tree. A log about twenty feet long was one of the results. Dr. Hornaday, the director, gave orders to one of the workmen, a stalwart Irishman, to split the log with a small charge of dynamite, into two halves and scoop out each half for a trough to be used in feeding some of the animals. Later in the day the son of Erin appeared at the director's office, much excited, and stammered: "Th' dynamite has blowed that log into 'tree halves.'"

Utilization of Waste.

A distinguished chemist once observed that "My lady writes tender sentiments to her lord with ink made from an old copper coffee pot on paper made from waste products, which is adding so enormously to the wealth of the world, furnishes many such fantastic adaptations.

"Give me," Dr. Long said, "the sewage of New York, and I will return you yearly the superior milk of 100,000 cows." The waste soapuds from

AN ODD ENDOWMENT

Philanthropist Gives Kansas College a Cemetery

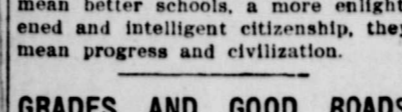
In Time This Unique Gift is Expected to Net More Than One Million Dollars to Beneficiaries.

Topeka, Kan.—Nearly all college have large endowments of money, securities and real estate given by friends and by people interested in the cause of education. The funds are all invested in bonds, stocks and real estate, which do exceptionally well if they return more than five or six per cent. on the investment. Many religious organizations have similar endowments. But Washburn college of Topeka and the Topeka Young Men's and Young Women's Christian associations have one of the most novel endowments in the country. It is a cemetery and as far as known this is the only college in the United States which numbers among its chief assets a share in the profits of a cemetery. Many churches have cemeteries, but the Topeka Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. are believed to be the only non-sectarian religious organizations with an endowment of this kind.

A. B. Whiting, a Topeka merchant, decided to leave a permanent endowment to the two Topeka institutions. He selected \$25,000 as the beginning of his endowment and then began casting about for some plan of investment which would actually net the greatest income to the three institutions to which he desired to contribute. He investigated all kinds of business ventures, bond and stock returns and real estate investments and finally decided upon a cemetery as the best possible investment for the college and Christian associations. His investment of the modest endowment is expected to return to the college and the two young people's associations considerably more than a million dollars before the sources of revenue from the sale of lots in the cemetery are cut off.

Mr. Whiting bought the Mount Hope cemetery grounds, 160 acres, one and one-half miles west of Topeka. The land alone cost \$16,000 and left \$9,000

Cemetery Entrance and Donor.



Cemetery Entrance and Donor.

to begin the improvement work. This was four years ago and the permanent improvement work of the cemetery has been going on ever since and will continue forever. The property has been deeded to a board of trustees, of which Mr. Whiting is president and also general superintendent of the cemetery. This board has been incorporated for 1,000 years and it is bound to maintain the cemetery forever. No grave can ever be neglected, as under the terms of the charter the board is compelled to set aside a certain part of its revenue to go into a perpetual care fund, the interest on this fund being sufficient to care for the property.

The college and the Christian associations receive two-thirds of the entire sum obtained from the sale of lots in the cemetery, and they can use the money for any purpose they decide. No one except the actual workers in the cemetery receive a salary and no dividends except to the college and Christian associations are declared. The college receives about one half of the total amount received from the sale of lots. The Young Women's Christian association receives the next largest share and the Y. M. C. A. the next division. All the rest of the money from the sale of lots and the amount received for opening graves and caring for lots goes into the perpetual care fund of the cemetery.

Dog Saves Boy From Cow.

Rushville, Ind.—A shepherd dog that has been for several years the companion of John McKibben's son saved the life of the boy by holding a cow that had attacked him until McKibben went to the rescue. The cow had knocked the boy down several times and was stamping him with its front feet when the dog interfered, grabbing the cow by the nose and holding it.

Elbert Hubbard Loses Locks.

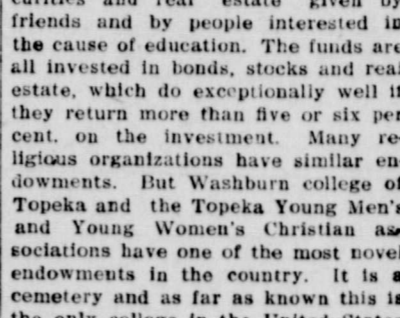
East Aurora, N. Y.—On a bet of \$500 with William Marion Reedy of St. Louis, Elbert Hubbard invaded the village barber shop and let the local hair destroyer apply the horse clippers. Fra Elbertus emerged minus the flowing locks he has worn for years. The \$500 was paid to him immediately.

LIBBY'S

Sliced Dried Beef

Old Hickory Smoked Highest Quality Finest Flavor

In sealed glass jars at your grocer Ask for Libby's



THE MARTYR.

Polly—So Mrs. Highmere's husband has developed bad habits. How did you hear about it?

Dolly—Oh, Mrs. Highmere invited us all to an afternoon tea so she could tell us how she suffered in silence!

Might Help.

Mrs. Willis (at the Ladies' Aid society)—Now, what can you do for the poor boys at the front?

Mrs. Gillis—I was reading today where the soldiers are always making sorties. Now, why can't we get the recipes for those things and make them ourselves and send them to the boys?—Puck.

Grandfather's Fault.

Father—Why, when I was your age I didn't have as much money in a month as you spend in a day.

Son—Well, pa, don't scold me about it. Why don't you go for granddaddy?—Silent Partner.

FREE



MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS

TRADE MARK

A trial package of Munyon's Paw Paw Pills will be sent free to anyone on request. Address Professor Munyon, 534 & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. If you are in need of medical advice, do not fail to write Professor Munyon. Your communication will be treated in strict confidence, and your case will be diagnosed as carefully as though you had a personal interview.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, they do not grip, they do not weaken, but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. In my opinion constipation is responsible for most ailments. There are 26 feet of human bowels, which is really a sewer pipe. When this pipe becomes clogged the whole system becomes poisoned, causing biliousness, indigestion and impure blood, which often produce rheumatism and kidney ailments. No woman who suffers with constipation or any liver ailment can expect to have a clear complexion or enjoy good health. If I had my way I would prohibit the sale of nine-tenths of the cathartics that are now being sold for the reason that they soon destroy the lining of the stomach, setting up serious forms of indigestion, and so paralyze the bowels that they refuse to act unless forced by strong purgatives.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverish it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it.

These pills contain no calomel, no dope; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. They school the bowels to act without physic.

Regular size bottle, containing 60 pills, 25 cents. Munyon's Laboratory, 534 & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia.

NOT WARNED BY HER PEARLS

Empress Eugenie Did Not Profit by Superstition Attaching to Her Bridal Necklace.

Various are the superstitions attached to precious stones, and the prognostication of the lady who commented on the Empress Eugenie's bridal pearls has certainly ample justification in later years.

"It was a Spanish lady," says Jane T. Stoddard in her biography, "who as she admired the pearl necklace worn by the youthful sovereign quoted with melancholy foreboding that proverb of her country, 'The pearls which women wear on their wedding day are a symbol of the tears which they will shed.'"

"I think it is Maeterlinck who says somewhere that luck really means the possession of a sixth sense which warns one of coming disaster or danger. The Empress Eugenie must surely have been possessed of the faculty, though I feel she did not profit by it."

Old Map of America. Claude Vautin, an English mining engineer, who has been prospecting in Peru, returned the other day on the steamship Zacaipa. Besides looking after mining property, he has been collecting interesting antiquities of the country.

One of the most interesting things he brings back with him is a map of South America made by the Jesuits in 1692. It gives an outline of the land as far north as Cuba and is apparently accurate. Its purpose is evidently plain, for every missionary station in the country at that time is indicated on the map, and the line of travel necessary to reach them is marked out. This map was obtained by Mr. Vautin at Puno, Peru.

Another interesting collection he brought back is the death masks of the Incas. These were hammered out of metal and placed over the faces of the dead. Three of these obtained by Mr. Vautin are of sheet gold.

The Grandest Old Bore. Methuselah chuckled. I remember a summer just like this 700 years ago," he cried. Abashed, the others slunk away.



SPRING FAG, Stretchy, Drowsy, stupid, tired, head-achy —not sick, but don't feel good."

Just a few signs that you need that most effective tonic, liver-stirring Spring Remedy—

OXIDINE

—a bottle proves.

The Specific for Malaria, Chills and Fever, and a reliable remedy for all diseases due to a torpid liver and sluggish bowels and kidneys.

50c. At Your Druggists
THE BUREAU DRUG CO.,
WACO, TEXAS.

Why Suffer

the tortures of indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the hundred and one ills that spring from a disordered stomach when you can

Use

Grandma's Tea and in a short time rid your system of all poisonous matter and make yourself feel like a new person? It costs only 25 cents a package, is pleasant to take, so that children like it. Go to your druggist today and get a package of

Grandma's Tea

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

W. Wood

When the Crop Is Laid By the homeseeking farmer will have the time to personally investigate. He cannot afford to pass the great, solid opportunity offered to secure a home in the fertile

Spur Farm Lands

covering 673 square miles, now being subdivided and sold in quarter sections and upwards direct from the owners—no selling commission to load the price—\$12 to \$18 per acre, one-fifth down, balance 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Wonderful cotton country—No boll weevil. Healthy climate, schools, churches, railroad through lands. Lands being rapidly occupied. For free illustrated pamphlet, address Chas. A. Jones, Manager for S. M. Swenson & Sons, Spur, Dickens County, Texas.

DAISY FLY KILLER placed near the traps and bits of flies, mosquitos, cockroaches, hatters, wasps, bees, etc. Guaranteed effective. Guaranteed safe. Guaranteed to kill. Guaranteed to keep. Guaranteed to last. Guaranteed to be the best. Guaranteed to be the only one. Guaranteed to be the best. Guaranteed to be the only one. Guaranteed to be the best. Guaranteed to be the only one.

CARRIE NATION PASSES AWAY

Saloon Smashing Made Her Famous—She Realized a Fortune From Selling Hatchets.

Leavenworth, Kan.—Carrie Nation, the Kansas saloon smasher, who recently died here, was born in Kentucky in 1846. Her maiden name was Carrie Moore and as a girl, it is said, she was absolutely fearless. In her early life she married a man addicted to intoxicants, which created in her an intense aversion to the saloon. When he died she determined to devote her life to the suppression of the liquor traffic. Later she moved to



Mrs. Carrie Nation.

Kansas and married David Nation, who sympathized with her temperance principles.

During her career Mrs. Nation wrecked hundreds of saloons, using a hatchet, which became as well known as she. She was absolutely without fear, invading saloons, demolishing mirrors and furniture and assailing bartenders and proprietors without regard for her own safety. She had many narrow escapes from injury and was roughly handled on several occasions.

So great is the extent of her fame that down in the heart of the Panamanian wilderness, there is a wayside native saloon, with the rough sign conspicuously displayed:

"All Nations Welcome Except Carrie!"

Carrie Nation regarded herself as a woman with a mission. She declared that hers was the right hand of God and that she had been commissioned to destroy the rum traffic in the United States. The emblem of her mission was a hatchet, and her campaign against the saloon was country wide. She suffered imprisonment, abuse, ridicule, was even called insane, and at the end of nine years retired with money enough to enable her to buy a farm in Arkansas. A good deal of her money was derived from the sale of souvenir hatchets and the remainder from lectures.

HISTORIC OLD FORT SNELLING

Man Whose Name Fortification Bears Was Father of Minnesota's First White Child.

St. Paul, Minn.—February 10, 1819, Lieut. Col. Henry Leavenworth then in command of the Fifth U. S. Infantry was ordered to proceed with his regiment, 98 officers and men, to the mouth of St. Peter's river and erect a fort. The regiment arrived September 3, 1819, and preparations were made to build the fort, but the work was not actually commenced until August, 1820, when Col. Josiah Snelling, of the Fifth, arrived.

The corner stone was laid and in October, 1822, the troops moved into the log fort which Col. Leavenworth had named Fort St. Anthony, but in 1824 upon the recommendation of Gen.



Old Round Tower.

Winfield Scott its title was changed to Fort Snelling. In 1830 stone buildings were erected for a four company post, a stone hospital was begun and some preliminary work done on a stone wall surrounding the fort. These improvements were not completed until 1849. Col. Snelling's child was the first white child born in Minnesota.

The stockade which bounded the camp of the 1,600 Indians captured at Camp Release, who were not adjudged guilty of any crime that would warrant death or long imprisonment, was located just under the guns of Fort Snelling on the Minnesota river bottom. This was their place of confinement during the winter of 1862 and 1863.

Crow Whips Blacksnake. Bangor, Pa.—In a remarkable battle between a crow and a blacksnake at the Hazel sandpit, at Mount Bethel the bird vanquished the reptile. The crow evaded the fangs of the snake and pecked the reptile's eyes out.

CURED SORES WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED

Woman Acts as Benefactress to Children

Mrs. W. Linsky, of Salem, Mass., writes, telling of the wonderful results from the use of Resinol. In her own words the letter reads:

"I have used your Resinol Ointment for five years, as two different doctors recommended it. I have given it to a number of children with sores that they could not find a cure for, and it was always sure to cure them. I would not be without it."

Resinol is the indispensable standard remedy for all skin troubles, from the common pimple, cut, scald, boil or sore, to carbuncles, felons, eczema, erythema, herpes, barber's itch, psoriasis and every abrasion of the skin from any cause. Resinol Ointment can be instantly applied and its effect is instantaneous. It is put up in screw-top opal containers, selling at fifty cents or a dollar, according to size. It has the approval and recommendation of thousands of our best physicians, and hundreds of thousands of families are never without it. Another indispensable necessity is Resinol Soap, one of the finest, most soothing and refreshing toilet soaps in the world. It is a preventive of most of the skin troubles, including blackheads, pimples and chapped hands. It is especially adapted to the tender skin of infants and children. Nothing is better for shampooing and cleaning the scalp and for the prevention of falling hair. The ointment and soap are sold by all druggists.

Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

NOT FOR MRS. PILKINSTON

Wife of Husband, Drafted for the War, Looked With Disfavor on Proffered Substitute.

Mr. Pilkinston, a small farmer in Pennsylvania, was drafted for the service of his country during the Civil war. His wife, though she possessed but a small stock of information, was one of the best conjugal partners, and she was much troubled at the thought of parting with her husband. As she was engaged in scrubbing off her doorsteps, a rough looking stranger came up and thus addressed her:

"I hear, ma'am, that your husband had been drafted."

"Yes, sir, he has," answered Mrs. Pilkinston, "though, dear knows, there's a few men that couldn't better be spared from their families."

"Well, ma'am, I've come to offer myself as a substitute for him."

"A what?" asked Mrs. Pilkinston, with some excitement.

"I'm willing to take his place," said the stranger.

"You take the place of my husband, you wretch! I'll teach you to insult a distressed woman that way, you vagabond," cried Mrs. Pilkinston, as she discharged the dirty soapuds in the face of the discomfited and astonished substitute, who took to his heels just in time to escape having his head broken by the bucket.

IN AGONY WITH ITCHING

"About four years ago I broke out with sores on my arms like boils. After two months they were all over my body, some coming, and some going away. In about six months the boils quit, but my arms, neck and body broke out with an itching, burning rash. It would burn and itch, and come out in pimples like grains of wheat. I was in a terrible condition; I could not sleep or rest. Parts of my flesh were raw, and I could scarcely bear my clothes on. I could not lie in bed in any position and rest. In about a year the sores extended down to my feet. Then I suffered agony with the burning, itching sores. I could hardly walk and for a long time I could not put on socks.

"All this time I was trying everything I could hear of, and had the skill of three doctors. They said it was eczema. I got no benefit from all this. I was nearly worn out, and had given up in despair of ever being cured when I was advised by a friend to try Cuticura Remedies. I purchased Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent, and used exactly as directed. I used the Cuticura Remedies constantly for four months, and nothing else, and was perfectly cured. It is now a year, and I have not had the least bit since. I am ready to praise the Cuticura Remedies at any time. (Signed) E. L. Cate, Exile, Ky., Nov. 10, 1910.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 21, K. Boston.

Father Loses an Excuse. "Don't you regret seeing your children growing up to face the responsibilities of the world?"

"Yes," Mr. Biggins said; "it's a little disappointing to find my boys so big that he is no longer an excuse for my going to the circus."

The Supreme Test.

Brownly—Is Jones contented? Townly—I should say so; I never heard him complain of the way his child is taught in school.—Harper's Bazar.

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?

Thousands suffer from sick or weakened kidneys without knowing the cause. If you have backache, headache, urinary disorders, look to your kidneys—give the help the kidneys need. Mrs. R. E. Scott, 302 Front St., Baker City, Ore., says: "For twelve years I was a sufferer from kidney trouble. My back ached terribly, the kidney secretions were in awful condition and my bladder badly inflamed. I grew so bad I was bed-fast and was so thin I looked like a skeleton. Doctors failed to help me and I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me permanently and I am now as well and strong as anyone."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by druggists and general storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Too Dangerous. In the struggling days at Tuskegee, Booker T. Washington found that he would have to use an old chicken house for a schoolroom.

"Uncle," he said to an old colored man, "I want you to come down at nine o'clock tomorrow morning and help me clean out a henhouse."

"Law now, Mr. Washington," the old man expostulated, "you-all don't want to begin cleanin' out no henhouse 'youn' yere in de day time."—Success Magazine.

Eat for the Fun of it. According to Mr. Herbert W. Fisher in World's Work food is of no use to us unless we enjoy it. Mr. Fisher does not, however, recommend us to be gluttons. He says the less we eat the more pleasure we shall get. The principle is that if we eat little we shall taste much. And the taste of food, not the amount, is, after all, the lure of it.

PRYSELAS AND CHILBLAINS relieved and cured by the use of Hostetter's Bitters. It is an old established and well known remedy for Eczema, Tetter, Ground Itch (the cause of Hookworm Disease), Infant Sores, Head-Clashes, Chafes and other forms of skin diseases.

R. Maxwell, Atlanta, Ga., says: "I suffered agony with a severe case of eczema. I tried six different remedies and was in despair, when a neighbor told me to try Shuprine's Tetter-Soap. It is worth of your Tetter-Soap I am completely cured. I can't say too much in its praise."—Tetter-Soap at druggists or by mail 50c. ap. J. C. Shuprine, Savannah, Ga.

Love, which is the essence of God, is not for levity, but for the total worth of a man.—Emerson.

MILLIONS OF FAMILIES are using SYRUP OF FIGS and ELIXIR OF SENNA

FOR COLDS AND HEADACHES, INDIGESTION AND SOUR STOMACH, GAS AND FERMENTATION, CONSTIPATION AND BILIOUSNESS, WITH MOST SATISFACTORY RESULTS.

NOTE THE NAME
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
IN THE CIRCLE
ON EVERY PACKAGE OF THE GENUINE

THE WONDERFUL POPULARITY OF THE GENUINE SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA HAS LED UNSCRUPULOUS MANUFACTURERS TO OFFER IMITATIONS, IN ORDER TO MAKE A LARGER PROFIT AT THE EXPENSE OF THEIR CUSTOMERS. IF A DEALER ASKS WHICH SIZE YOU WISH, OR WHAT MAKE YOU WISH, WHEN YOU ASK FOR SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA, HE IS PREPARING TO DECEIVE YOU. TELL HIM THAT YOU WISH THE GENUINE, MANUFACTURED BY THE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ALL RELIABLE DRUGGISTS KNOW THAT THERE IS BUT ONE GENUINE AND THAT IT IS MANUFACTURED BY THE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY.

NOTE THE NAME
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
PRINTED STRAIGHT ACROSS, NEAR THE BOTTOM, AND IN THE CIRCLE, NEAR THE TOP OF EVERY PACKAGE OF THE GENUINE. ONE SIZE ONLY, FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. REGULAR PRICE 50c PER BOTTLE.

SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA IS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THE NEEDS OF LADIES AND CHILDREN, AS IT IS MILD AND PLEASANT GENTLE AND EFFECTIVE, AND ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM OBJECTIONABLE INGREDIENTS. IT IS EQUALLY BENEFICIAL FOR WOMEN AND FOR MEN, YOUNG AND OLD. FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. ALWAYS BUY THE GENUINE.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Mamma's Angel Gets Busy. Fond Mother—And has mamma's angel been a peacemaker today? Mamma's Angel—Yes, ma. Tommy Tuff was a-lickin' William Whimpers, an' when I told 'im to stop he wouldn't, an' I jumped in an' licked the stuffin' out o' both o' 'em.

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BULLY THE SYSTEM Take the OLD STANDARD GHOVER'S TANKI-BEE CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking. The tonic 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 druggists for 25 cents. Price 50 cents.

Work is not a man's punishment; it is his reward and his strength, his glory and his pleasure.—George Sand.

Mrs. Snow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 50c a bottle.

Gie chums are almost as thick as a fat man.

PERFORMING POLICE DUTY.



Officer Muldoon—That fellow's flirting with every servant girl on my beat. I'd run him in if I could charge him with some offense.

Chalker (the milkman)—That's easy. Charge him with impersonating an officer!

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 *Dr. J. C. Foster* in Blue or Red Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

A woman has about as much use for a man who doesn't admire her as a fatted calf has for a prodigal son.

THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS



You will find the Bitters a beneficial remedy in every way in cases of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Costiveness and Cramps. Try it today and see.

W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 29-1911.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Acts directly and peculiarly on the blood; purifies, enriches and revitalizes it, and in this way builds up the whole system. Take it. Get it today. In usual liquid form or in chocolate coated tablets called Sarsatabs.

JUST ONE Bond's Liver Pill

at bed time CURES Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Colds, Malaria, etc. They are mild, safe and effective. One is a dose.

TRY ONE TONIGHT.

Your druggist can supply you, or send 25c to

Bond's Pharmacy Co. LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

25 cents, or 5 for \$1.00, by mail. A free sample on request.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM Cleanses and beautifies the hair, restores a luxuriant growth, prevents hair from falling out, restores gray hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp disease, a hair falling, itching and itching. 50c and 10c bottles.

CONSTIPATION

a new treatment. No drugs or heavy purgatives. German discovery; new to America. Relieves habitual constipation quickly and completely. Worth \$100 but I will send it to any sufferer on receipt of \$1.00. Circulars free. M. W. McONNELL, 3099 WESTON BUILDING CLINTON, IOWA

Thompson's Eye Water

Give quick relief to eye irritation caused by dust, use or strain.

Texas Directory

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

KODAK FINISHING

Mail orders have prompt attention. All kinds of supplies. KODAK PHOTO SUPPLY CO., 1012 Capitol Ave., Houston, Tex.

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HARDWAY & CATHEY

Institute of Texas, seven 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 consume any other Genuine Keeley Institute of Texas with any of the many reputed ones. Write for particulars. J. H. Keith, Manager, 1518 Hughes Circle, Dallas, Texas.

CLEANING, DYEING AND LAUNDRY WORK

We have finest laundry in the United States. Finest cleaning and dyeing work in state. Model Laundry 482 to 606 Prairie Ave. 501 to 515 Smith St. SHIPPERS WANTED. HOUSTON, TEX.

Hotel Brazos

HOUSTON, TEXAS Is a Comfortable Hotel.

J. A. ZIEGLER GENERAL BROKER

Specializing in F. O. Cotton Selling. Potatoes, Onions, Apples, Pecans, etc., to the wholesale trade. Now ready to contract for Seed Potatoes.

Splendid Opportunity for Young Men in Houston

The Houston Electric Co. wants men for street car CONDUCTORS and MOTORMEN. Must furnish A-1 references and pass physical examination. Age limit 21-45. Apply in person or write

HOUSTON ELECTRIC CO. HOUSTON TEXAS



"Oh, you can never fool my Ma, I know just what she'll say, That that's as much like Faultless Starch, As night-time is like day."

FAULTLESS STARCH

FREE with Each 10c Package—An Interesting Book for Children

COLT DISTEMPER

Can be handled very easily. The stain is rapid, and all others in same line, no matter how long they have been on the wall, are removed by using COLT'S LIQUID DISTEMPER. Give one liberal coating of it to the wall, and the stain will disappear. One bottle guaranteed to cure one case. Do not let a bottle go to waste. One bottle of distemper and barrel of paint, or sent express paid by receiver. Call ahead here to purchase through. Our free booklet gives every thing. Local agents wanted. Largest selling house ready to advance—write for particulars.

SPORN MEDICAL CO., Cincinnati, O., and other cities, U. S. A.

Death Lurks in A Weak Heart

10 Years is fluttering or weak, or "REVIVINE." Made by Van Vleet-Mannfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn. Price \$1.00



THE HOME
Of Quality Groceries

WE ARE
Insistently Insistent
On The Quality Of
The Goods We Purchase.

And Particularly Particular
In Our Dealings With Our Patrons,
PROVE IT!
SIMPSON & SONS.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL ITEMS

Musical instruments at Gaddis' Pharmacy.

Going to Corpus with the onion growers?

Let us show you our line of fine watches, Horger & Windrow.

L. A. Kerr went up to the Alamo City Thursday.

Nyals face cream for sun burns at Gaddis' Pharmacy.

Miss Alma Coleman spent the week in Pearsall with relatives.

A new line of ladies hand bags, Gaddis' Pharmacy.

Mr. Hopkins of Dilley was in the city during the week.

Nunnally's candies fresh by express, Gaddis' Pharmacy.

Remember the Ice Cream Supper at the Park Friday night, Aug., 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Held of Millett attended the band concert here Thursday night.

Miss Ollie Turner of Asherton is here visiting relatives and friends.

We want to do your Jewelry and watch repairing, Horger & Windrow.

Miss Mae Howard of Devine is in the city on a visit to Mrs. Glenn Bartlett.

Purity and quality is given in a Tailored Suit at W. W. Wilson's.

We have the nicest and cheapest line of stationery ever shown in Cotulla, Hoger & Windrow.

Come to the supper at the Park and get delicious home made cream and cake.

FOR SALE—840 ft. 6 1-4 casing at 40 cents per ft. Also a large team of mules.—F. M. Burkett.

There will be no preaching services at the Presbyterian church tomorrow, on account of the pastor being out of town.

W. W. Wilson, the merchant tailor is now making and selling the best and highest quality Suits ever sold in Cotulla.

Miss Clara McCall has returned to her home at Leasville, La., after a pleasant visit at the Lake Grove Farm.

See those nice gold handled umbrellas at Horger & Windrow's.

Arthur and Helen Engelkin returned to San Antonio yesterday after spending a week at the Cotulla ranch.

The Union Prayermeeting will be held in the Presbyterian church Wednesday evening. Services beginning at 8:15. All cordially invited to attend.

Moved—Who—W. W. Wilson—The Merchant Tailor—Where—To the Landrum Building.

Dr. Glenn Bartlett has been absent from the city for several days. He is in Chihuahua, Mexico, on business.

William and Claude Landrum returned home Thursday from Laredo, where they spent a week.

Ladies and gentlemen, call and see large samples for fall and winter suits. W. W. Wilson maker of clothing that fits.

J. A. Johnston reports cotton picking going on at the Riverdale farm. He was in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Knotts spent several days here this week with Mrs. Reed. They returned to Corpus Christi yesterday.

Be on hand with your soda water ticket 5 o'clock August 1. Gaddis' Pharmacy.

There will be preaching at the Methodist Church Sunday, the only service in town, you are cordially invited to be present. J. M. Lynn, Pastor.

W. W. Wilson, the merchant tailor, will make your new fall suit in Cotulla. See our new and complete line, sales made almost daily.

Let Horger & Windrow be your druggists.

Mrs. L. W. Gaddis and children left Thursday for El Campo where they will spend a few weeks with Mrs. Gaddis' parents, Rev. and Mrs. B. H. Passmore.

Mrs. T. H. Poole and children left Tuesday for Dallas, where they will spend a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Hazel Davenport.

Mr. and Mrs. Givens of San Antonio was here Thursday night to attend the concert. Mr. Givens was on the program as a whistler and his work was excellent.

Leroy Williams of Jeff Davis county was here this week shaking hands with his old friends. He has been out in West Texas for about a year and says the range is in fine shape.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hill and children left Monday for Webb, their home, after spending several days here, during which time they enjoyed an outing on the Nueces.

A moonlight ride down to Rockwood August 8th, where the Ladies of the Baptist Aid Society will serve home made ices and cake for the benefit of the church and school building. Come spend a jolly evening with us. Come.

JOS. MCMAINS HEAD.

J. W. McMains, over 70 years died at Gardale Tuesday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. A. Herma. He had been sick for several weeks.

"Joe" McMains is widely known throughout the southwest Texas and was among the first settlers of this section. For twenty-five years he has been engaged in farming and stock-raising.

He leaves a wife and several sons and daughters to mourn his loss.

The remains were interred in the Millett cemetery.

AUCTION SALE NEXT SATURDAY.

Auction Sale next Saturday, August 5th, at the Little Green Grocery on Front Street, beginning at 10 a. m. consisting of household and kitchen goods, bed room sets, chairs, wardrobe, skillets, grubbing hoes, pitch fork, grinding stone, odds and ends, dishes, pans, and cook stove. Come in and inspect the goods and buy what you do not want and give the Market Master the grand banner and he will show you the slight of feet.—Ex-Market Master.

Everything on sale during the week at private sale at low figures.—M. M.

Miss Mary Kerr visited friends at Millett first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Dybie came in from San Antonio yesterday.

Roy Campbell returned last Saturday from Laredo where he has been for the past month.

Mrs. Francis Hamberlin returned Wednesday from a brief visit to Mrs. J. T. Holt at Pearsall.

Mrs. B. J. Pate returned Wednesday from a visit to relatives at Rogers. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Willidm.

The Cook Books put out by the Ladies of the Baptist Church are now on sale. You should have one. They contain some 30 recipes and are being sold for 40 cents.

The most lasting material in this country for holding and carrying water is Cypress. The nature of the wood is such that worms will not eat it. It stands our climate better than any other wood (iron not excepted.) Where iron rusts in the water, Cypress becomes slick and affords no resistance. There are Cypress tanks in Cotulla that were put here more than 20 years ago. Now this is to tell you that you can get a six inch Cypress pipe with one inch and half shell for 29 cents f. o. b. Cotulla. I have been to the factory and seen the pipe made and if you are in need of a pipe line of any size let me figure with you for a Cypress pipe line.

MATT RUSSELL.

Prof. Davidson, who has been instructing the band since January 1st, left yesterday morning for Bay City, his home. The band boys regretted extremely to see him leave. Since coming here in January Prof. Davidson has been steadily "on the job," and has not visited home once. Tuesday night he informed the boys that he was getting rather homesick and would like to be relieved for awhile, at least. The boys hated to see him go of course, but agreed to accede to his wishes. Prof. Davidson has done a great deal for Cotulla in the musical line and has started a work that we believe will be kept up. He made numerous friends while here and none of us will ever forget the good work he has done in starting off the band.

C. C. FAWCETT & CO.

FOR CORRECT STYLES IN NEW GOODS.

Work Clothes.

Our line of men's and boys Work Clothes is large and complete and a close inspection will convince you the quality and prices are right.

Skirts.

For Skirts see our goods and get our prices on a finished Skirt, made especially for you, fit and style guaranteed.

Trunks and Suit Cases.

A new line, from the cheapest to the best Trunks, for every purse. See them before our line is broken. A new and snappy line of Suit Cases, Valises, and Hand Bags. Just the thing you will need on your trip.

Shirtwaist.

See our new line of Shirtwaist, white linen, hand embroidered one, some in colors and some pure white, also messeline butterfly style in navy and mixed.

They All Wear Just Received

Iron Clad Stockings



Because: They fit so well, look so neat and wear so long. Besides they are comfortable (no seams to annoy) and the price is within the reach of all. Ask for Cooper, Wells & Co's. Iron Clad No. 1. We recommend them.

A new line of the Celebrated Iron Clad Hosiery for Men, Ladies, Misses and Children. These Hose will be sold under a strict guarantee. Any hose not proving satisfactory will be cheerfully replaced or money refunded. One trial will convince you that Iron Clad will save half your Hosiery bill in one year.



Iron Clad Stockings
The soft clinging fit and like finish appeal to ladies who wear them. We GUARANTEE every pair of IRON CLADS to give satisfactory service.

PRICE 25 TO 50 CENTS.

Always Call for Tickets as they Save You 5c on each Dollar Purchase.

C. C. FAWCETT & CO.

We Invite Your Attention

To the line of Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Notions, Mens Hats, Etc., that we carry. Absolutely the best. Positively the lowest prices.

Come around today and let us convince you.

Our Groceries are always complete. Fresh and up to date.
GIVE US YOUR ORDER.

Trice Brothers.

Mrs. S. Taylor and daughter Miss Ruth, have moved to Austin.

FLY KNOCKER

Best fly dope ever handled to Conkey's Fly Knocker. We know it keeps flies out of stables and off of grazing stock. Qt. 35c, half gal. 60c, gal. \$1.00. Money back if you want it. Must satisfy.

Horger & Windrow.

LOST—Gent's watch and chain, hunting case, 15 jewel Waltham, American movement. Liberal reward—L. S. Johnston.

Twins were born to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Simms last Tuesday, 25th. Both the new arrivals were boys.

A good shower of rain fell fell down the river about five miles Saturday night. S. T. Hall reports over an inch at the Bermuda Farm, which was very acceptable to his cotton crop.

Lice kill your profits quickly and surely. Don't tolerate the pest in your chicken yard. Get Conkey's Lice Powder, 25c. You can have a trial package and a valuable poultry book—no charge by calling at Horger & Windrow's.

The ladies of the Methodist Missionary Society will serve Ice Cream Supper at the Park next Friday night Aug., 4th. The band will play and there will be a general good time. Every body cordially invited to be present.