

The Cotulla Record.

VOL. 13, NO. 37

COTULLA, TEXAS, DEC. 2, 1911

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

SOME PRELIMINARY WORK IS DONE.

Land Owners Talk About Irrigation Project.

Engineers ran some preliminary lines on the proposed Cotulla Irrigation district this week and Mr. Sylvester stated to the RECORD that the work was very satisfactory, and thoroughly convinces him that the greater part of the land that is expected to be included in the district can be watered. There is no question in his mind but what the project is feasible. Next week they expect to run a line from the reservoir site Eastward across the railroad, and get an idea about where the canal will cross the railroad.

The office of the organization is being flooded with mail from people who are eager to be included in the district. Letters from owners of land even ten miles from where it is possible to run the canal, want their land included.

WHAT LAND OWNERS SAY.

J. L. Steadham, owner of 640 acres of river land 8 miles South of Cotulla, in speaking of the proposition said, "I have investigated this proposition because I was interested to the extent that irrigation men below, be fully protected as to water rights. I am satisfied that we will. I think this the greatest project that has ever been attempted to be in promoted this section of the country. It looks feasible and if a survey proves

city in a few years and the land under the irrigation ditch worth ten times what it is today. Just say for me that I hope it will be a go, and will do all I can to make it go."

H. Talens, of the Holland-Texas Farm, one of the largest irrigation projects on the Nueces river, located ten miles South,

said: "Since the movement for this irrigation district was started I have given it considerable thought. At first I didn't exactly favor it, but since I have investigated it I believe it practical and think it a great proposition, that will make valuable a vast body of land surrounding Cotulla. I have several hundred acres of land that I would like to include in the district, but I am on the West side of the river."

L. W. Gaddis, proprietor of Gaddis' Pharmacy said: "The project is a great one and will be a winner. I would like to get all my land in the district, and believe most of it will come under the proposed ditch.

NOTES FROM MILLETT.

Millett, Texas, Dec. 8—Several changes have taken place in our community recently.

Messrs. Roe and Cox of West Va. each with their families have moved in and expect to make this their home. They say they will rent one year and look around before buying homes. If they are satisfied several other families will follow.

Miss Rose Held, a sister of our townsman W. C. Held, was married Thanksgiving day to Mr. Butler of San Antonio, and both are here visiting at the Ranch.

The Ladies of the M. E. Church have bought a nice piano for the use of the church. They are also getting up a Cantata for Christmas.

Cotton is about all in. Misting rain this morning. Business very quiet.

Returned From Grand Lodge.

Mayor C. F. Binkley returned last night from Waco where he went as a delegate to the Grand Masonic Lodge. He reports a pleasant trip.

Sweetest Sweet Potatoes sold by F. I. Rock.

GROWERS ESTIMATE LITTLE DAMAGE.

Onions Do Not Show Bad Effect From Cold.

Yesterday the RECORD communicated by phone with onion growers in different parts of the Valley relative to the damage done by the cold in the latter part of November. Sufficient time had elapsed to give them a good idea as to the extent of the damage. The consensus of opinion was that the damage has been very light, except in spots where the land was extremely low and seed beds dry, and in these places conservative growers think the damage will be 15 to 25 per cent, as some small plants were killed outright. Transplanting will be delayed but as the cold covered all the onion belt, it will be delayed everywhere and this can not be counted as a damage.

Following is a few expressions given the RECORD by growers in different parts of the Valley.

J. P. Daniel of the Lake Grove Farm said, "Our onions were all transplanted and freshly watered and the cold had no apparent effect on them. They have started to growing nicely."

A. D. Riddle of the Nebraska Farm, above town, said: "I do not think the damage to my seed beds will amount to anything. The tops were nipped a little, but they are recovering from that."

Ham Russell, on the River farm said: "I don't think there was but little, if any damage. No plants were killed, only the tops frost bitten a little. My seed beds were on high ground and were not affected as bad as those in very low lands."

At the Rock Farm the cold seemed to affect the plants a little more than on some of the

other farms. This is accounted for on account of the beds not being watered for some time, and being on low land. The plants are coming out rapidly and the growers do not consider the damage much. It will have the effect of delaying transplanting.

E. D. Cohenour: "It seems that the cold hurt in some places worse than others. I do not estimate the damage to my crop much, except that it will delay transplanting. Some small weak plants were killed, but thrifty plants are showing up fine."

WILL PLANT TEN ACRES LETTUCE.

Arthur Lieske and wife of Peoria, Ill., have moved here and Mr Lieske is improving some land up the river. He will grow ten acres of lettuce this season and in the spring put in a good acreage in canteloupes.

Mr. Lieske and Mr Rees expect to make carload shipments of lettuce during the winter.

The dailies now report that Reyes has gone to Washington instead of Mexico.

RED CROSS SEALS ARE SELLING.

Mrs. Thomas Appoints Local Committee—Sales Progressing Nicely.

Mrs. Covey C. Thomas, who is chairman of the Red Cross Christmas Seal Committee, completed the organization for Cotulla this week by appointing Mrs. J. B. Trice, Mrs. L. W. Gaddis, Mrs. C. E. Neal, and Mrs. S. Cotulla. These ladies will assist in the sale of Seals which will continue up until Christmas Day.

Seals are also on sale at the Postoffice, K. Burwell's, Gaddis' Pharmacy and W. H. Fullerton & Son.

The Committee reports that comparatively good sales have been made this week and they hope everybody will be using Red Cross Christmas Seals by next week.

With the sale of Red Cross Seals in progress in almost every state and city of the United States, The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis is issuing valuable instructions to its fifty thousand paid and volunteer workers engaged in selling the seals, and to the millions who will buy these holiday stickers for use of their Christmas mail.

The Post Office Department has approved of the Red Cross Seal design, and they may, therefore, in accordance with order No. 5020 of the Post Office Department "be affixed to the reverse side of domestic mail matter." Red Cross Seals must be placed only on the back of

going through the mail. They may be placed anywhere on matter going by express. As many seals may be used on the back of a letter or package as may be desired. Everyone is urged to use them liberally, since every seal is a bullet in the fight against tuberculosis.

WE CAN PLEASE YOU

Many people are coming to this store to buy their Fruits, Nuts, Candies and other things for the Christmas Feast. They are delighted with the quality of Goods we have. They are fresh and the best.

We can please you. Call and let us show you that we can, and make an examination of our Grocery stock. We would like to convince you why it would pay you to trade with us.

TRICE BROS.



SALE STILL ON

We have sold a great many but we still have left a number of First Class Heavy Coats and Sweaters for Ladies, Misses and Children.

Remember that these goods are going at Closing Out Prices, and that you will get a whole winter's wear out of them. We don't want to carry any of the stock over until next season and we are making prices that will be sure to move them.



Ladies, remember that we carry an excellent line of Suits and Coats. If for any reason we cannot please you out of our stock, we will order your Suit or Skirt from one of the best houses in America. Fit Guaranteed.



We have a splendid line of Boys Suits and this is the place to fit them out for Christmas. All sizes. All prices.

K. Burwell.

DANGER SIGNALS.

Sick kidneys give unmistakable signals of distress. Too frequent or scanty urinary passages, backache, headache and dizzy spells tell of disordered kidneys.



Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Mrs. M. A. Gambelin, Russellville, Ark., says: "I was in such bad shape from kidney disease that I gave up hope of recovery."

"When Your Back Is Lame, Remember the Name—DOAN'S." 50c. all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS POST CARDS FREE. Send stamp for five samples of my very choice Gold Embossed Christmas and New Year Post Cards.

People who take the will for the deed never break into the millionaire class.

Do You Feel Bilious? Your Liver Needs Assistance. TRY HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. It has a toning and invigorating effect on the liver, stomach and bowels.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. ACTS LIKE MAGIC. J. J. Patterson, M.D., Marshall, Ala., says: "In my practice I have found that Mexican Mustang Liniment acts like magic."

IF YOU HAVE Nalaria or Piles, Sick Headache, Constipation, Dumb Ague, Sour Stomach and Belching; if your food does not assimilate and you have no appetite. Tuff's Pills will cure these troubles. Price, 25 cents.

KEYSTONE WALL AND CEILING. DOES OR LINE PAINT; LOOKS LIKE WALL PAPER; YOU CAN WASH IT. A beautiful illustrated book of 4 colors and 100 designs for 25 cents.

PISO'S. IS THE NAME OF THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS.

FEATHER BEDS \$10. NEW FIRST CLASS 40 lb. FEATHER BEDS. THE STORES FURNITURE COMPANY, BURLINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

Petints Eye Salve. STOPS EYE ACHE.

Texas Directory. McCAINE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY. Houston, Texas, operates the largest force of competent detectives in the South.

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HARDWAY & CATHEY. Hotel Brazos. HOUSTON, TEXAS. Is a Comfortable Hotel.

Records on Selection. Are you experiencing difficulty in buying records on catalogue? It is hard to judge by titles. We want to try a plan by sending records to you on selection.

Summer Parties

"No," said the girl who had been two months at a summer resort. "I can't say that I feel rested. You see, I had to work so hard dodging parties!"

"When I first settled down at Cumagen Woods I thought I had a breathing space ahead of me. Every woman and girl there said things like this: 'Isn't it perfectly heavenly to get out of doors and be close to nature and drop all the rush and worry and social doling that one has to suffer in town?'"

"She nearly had nervous prostration over the lettuce because, as she said, the farmers didn't care whether they did as they said they would. They regarded the desire for lettuce merely as one of the silly vagaries of the summer residents and she knew if the lettuce farmer took it into his head to go on a picnic or drive to town that day he'd do it, and then what should she do with forty women coming?"

"It was about 110 degrees in the sun," she said. "I walked by any house in the place you could hear mutterings and grumblings from the unhappy women within who were trying to curl their hair and get into their party clothes. All of them were wondering what Mrs. Pink wanted to give a party for, anyway, and wasn't it horrid having to go?"

"Then Sally Casey arrived one day and asked me to an afternoon bridge party. The weather was perfectly ideal, the kind that makes you want to run bareheaded through the woods and shout because you're alive. But we sat all that glorious afternoon indoors quarreling over cards and I was sick two days from the stuff I ate, and a woman who didn't get the prize said that the woman who did cheated."

"By that time every woman in the place caught the entertaining fever. There were invitations out for nearly every afternoon and evening, because every one was afraid that if she didn't give a party she wouldn't be asked to the others, and, of course, no matter how much you hate to go you nearly die if you don't get the chance to go. Nobody had any time to do anything but whitewash her shoes and press out her dress-up dresses and shampoo her hair."

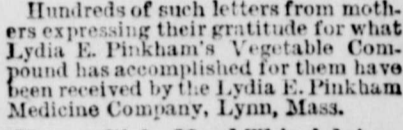
"There were sewing parties and card parties and luncheon parties and corn roasts and watermelon parties and teas, and people got thin and haggard and dyspeptic and cross and quarrelsome, and above it all rose the wail at each party: 'Why did she take it into her head to give a party and make me climb out of the hammock and get into tight clothes and sacrifice myself?' Yet we were all scared to death for fear there would be a party that we would not be asked to."

"But a great and bitter rebellion was seething within me and one day I found a soul who could understand. Catherine Smith and I fairly wept as we both talked at once and confessed how we hated summer parties when we wanted to rest from the effects of the winter parties."

MY DAUGHTER WAS CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"I send you here, with the picture of my fifteen year old daughter Alice, who was restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was pale, with dark circles under her eyes, weak and irritable. Two different doctors treated her and called it Green Sickness, but she grew worse all the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and after taking three bottles she has regained her health, thanks to your medicine. I can recommend it for all female troubles."



Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, free.

EVEN IN THE DEEP.



Mr. Sunfish—I hear that Mr. Black Bass couldn't get on the police force. Mr. Fel—No, they drew the color line on him.

MRS. SELBY AND PRIZE BABY

"I have always used Cuticura Soap and no other for my baby and he has never had a sore of any kind. He does not even chafe as most babies do. I feel sure that it is all owing to Cuticura Soap, for he is fine and healthy, and when five months old, won a prize in a baby contest. It makes my heart ache to go into so many homes and see a sweet-faced baby with the whole top of its head a solid mass of scurf, caused by poor soap. I always recommend Cuticura, and nine times out of ten the next time I see the mother she says: 'Cuticura.'"

How Fido Lost Out. "My girl used to think a lot of her pug dog, but I've managed to get the edge on him since we married. 'How did you work it?' 'Fido wouldn't eat her cooking, and I did.'"

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM

The public has an inconsiderate way of remembering the prophet when the prophecy fails, and of forgetting him when it comes true.

Pain and Swelling seldom indicate internal organic trouble. They are usually the result of local cold or inflammation which can be quickly removed by Hamlin's Wizard Oil.

It is much easier for us to forgive some one for being an enemy to our friend, than for being a friend to our enemy.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Compound Granules.

FATE AND THE FLETCHERS

Intervention That Made It Certain for Senator's Death Had Not Struck.

Senator Duncan U. Fletcher of Florida bought his berth one night on a long car on the way south from Washington. Pulling back the curtain of a lower nine, he saw that his was already occupied.

An hour later the train was wrecked. The car in which the stranger occupied the lower nine fell through a trestle, and that Fletcher was killed. The senator's car was not damaged at all.—Popular Magazine.

VAIN EXPERIMENT.



Daughter—Pa, why do you let the fringes go out every evening Mr. Rance comes to see me? Father—I am trying to freeze out the fringes of love, my deluded daughter.

Tree Destroyers.

swain to the ground, swarm a cut down the finest bearing quickly and neatly as a beaver sever the trunk of a young tree. Besides that, when other scavenge they nibble the bark of apple trees, and can destroy a planted orchard in a short time. They also are a great enemy to spruce, but why they eat a mystery, as it is not found they even eat the tenderest shoot.

Teacher Did Not Know.

It was in the primary class of a school in a western city and the date was the 22d of February. "No," who can tell me whose birthday it is?" asked the teacher. "A little girl arose timidly. 'Well, Margaret, you may tell us,' said the teacher. 'Me,' was the unexpected reply. 'Everybody's' Magazine.

GROUND ICH (THE CAUSE OF HOOKWORM) CURED

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

Youth and Age.

"The difference between youth and age has never so well put," said Rev. C. W. Penlow, in an address at an Ocean Grove beach meeting, "as by a playwright who once wrote: 'Youth, which is forgiven every thing, forgives itself nothing. Age, which forgives itself everything, is forgiven nothing.'"

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children

teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

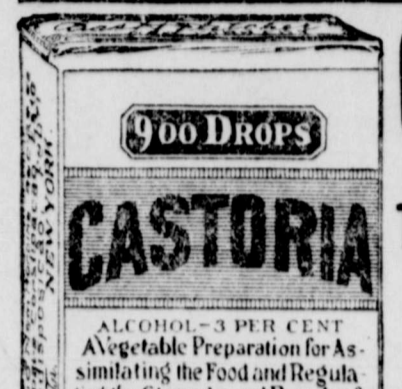
A Question of Art.

"Was that play you speak of highly artistic and poetical?" asked the girl who poses. "I don't believe it could have been," replied the girl who is frank. "I understood and enjoyed every word of it."

Could Wardly Hear

Senses of Taste and Smell Were Also Greatly Impaired.

"I was afflicted with catarrh," writes Eugene Forbes, Lebanon, Kansas. "I took several different medicines, giving each a fair trial, but grew worse until I could hardly hear, taste or smell. I was about to give up in despair, but concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking three bottles of this medicine I was cured, and have not had any return of the disease."



CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fitch. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA. A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP. THE CENTRAL COMPANY, NEW YORK.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fitch. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA.

Sick and Ailing?

Backache, headache, weakness, nervousness, general depression, and distress of mind. Weakness—keep many women from finding much pleasure in life. They could be spared such suffering, and live in comfort, if they would only benefit by the experience of others, who have been helped to health and happiness by Cardui, the woman's tonic.

TAKE CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic. My head troubled me, and I had a pain in my left side. The physician who treated me gave me no relief. After taking Cardui, I am now well. Cardui has helped me very much, and I recommend it to all suffering women. Cardui is a purely vegetable, mild, gentle-acting tonic, for women. Its wonderful success, in treating cases of womanly weakness and disease, during the past 50 years, is due to the fact that it goes to the cause of the trouble and helps nature build up the womanly strength in a simple, natural way. Try Cardui. It will help you.

From Nature's Garden

NATURE IS THE HOME OF EVERY INGREDIENT OF GRANDMA'S TEA. GRANDMA'S TEA is a Nature's Remedy; it acts mildly and surely, in harmony with nature. GRANDMA'S TEA purifies the blood—pure blood means a rosy complexion. GRANDMA'S TEA cures constipation and all irregularities of the bowels. GRANDMA'S TEA is prescribed by doctors in every case where indigestion, weak stomach and a torpid liver are indicated. AT ALL DRUGGISTS, 25c.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

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

SPORN'S DISTEMPER. Pink Eye, Eptzootic Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever. Sure cure and positive preventive, no matter how long as any age are infected or exposed. Liquid given on the tongue, acts on the blood and cleanses, drives the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in dogs and sheep and Cholera in poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures Jaundice among human beings, and the Kidney remedy. See and try a bottle, 25c and 50c a dozen. Get this out soon. Show to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free Booklet, "Distemper Causes and Cures." Special Agents wanted. Chemists and Bacteriologists GOSHEN, IND., U. S.

You Look Prematurely Old. Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA GREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, \$1.00, retail.

THE MISPLACED PIGMENT

AN ADVENTURE OF PETER CREWE—"THE MAN WITH THE CAMERA EYES"

By HAROLD CARTER

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The Chief of New York's police department was seated in my office, twirling his hat uneasily upon his knees.

"We've got to find the man who killed Lord Pemberton," he said. "It ain't that I'd go a step further for a lord than for a plain man. But the press has taken up the matter on both sides of the water, and our reports are at stake."

"And your men are baffled?" I inquired.

"They can't get hold of the least clue," answered the Chief of Police. "I was thinking, if you could get your friend Crewe to help us—"

"Why don't you ask him?" I interposed.

"O, come off, Mr. Langton," answered the police chief with easy familiarity. "He'd jeer us out of the place. You know, he'd do anything for you, but he's had it in for us ever since we took the credit for finding that pretended suicide that came over here to swindle the life insurance people. Now if you'd induce him to assist us—"

The murder of Lord Pemberton had been a crime of remarkable brutality. Pemberton, who was the worthless son of an ancient English family, having disgraced himself and his title in England, had been expatriated in return for an annual stipend, which he has spent regularly, as soon as it arrived, in low haunts of New York's gambling quarter. He had in particular honored Delancey's gaming house with his presence and had lost his income regularly there as soon as it arrived. A week or so previously, having remained after the departure of the rest of the patrons, he had been brutally murdered by an employee, for the sake of a few hundred dollars which still remained to him, and his dismembered body had been found the following day in a cellar, quite by chance, at the time of a police raid on the establishment.

What was most singular in this case was the fact that the murderer, though known by sight, had succeeded in completely eluding the detectives. His name was Jackson—but that was probably an alias, the attention of all the frequenters of the establishment had been especially attracted to him by reason of his unusual pallor, his curly flaxen hair, which covered his head like a mop, and his remarkable glassy, bloodshot eyes. After the commission of the murder he had walked out of the building and had been swallowed up amid the population of the great city.

"You think he's still in New York?" I asked the Chief of Police.

"Sure he is. New York's life and meat to them gamblers. Why, any place outside would be hell to him, not to mention that they'd spot him sure."

"Have you anticipated a disguise? He would naturally dye his hair, for example."

"That hair's a wig," answered the police chief promptly. "Else he'd have dyed it long ago. We ain't calculating on the flaxen curls, but we did hope to lay hands on him through some of his associates. However, he's vanished like a puff of smoke."

The story interested me. In my capacity as a police lawyer I had been instrumental in solving many mysterious crimes, often through the aid of Crewe, who possessed the peculiar optical power of never forgetting any man or thing that had once impressed itself upon his retina. Accordingly I broached the subject to Crewe and he consented to meet the police chief.

"In trouble again, Mr. Brenner?" Crewe asked jocularly. "And you want me to get you out?"

"I guess you've sized up the situation pretty well, Mr. Crewe," Brenner replied. "Where is the man? Who's hiding him and why don't they give him up for the reward?"

"Before answering you," said Crewe, "I should like to examine the premises of the gambling house. I suppose they are just as they were after the murder?"

"Nothing's been touched," said Brenner, "except that we had the body removed for burial. We don't have to produce that in court, you know."

"Quite so," said Crewe. "Suppose we go at once, then."

We set off in the direction of the West Forties and soon arrived at Delancey's, which was a very modest-looking brownstone building. Brenner unlocked the front door with a key which he took from his pocket and we went up to the gaming room on the second floor. The tables, with their roulette wheels, Faro layouts and bacarat packs, still remained as they had been at the time of the raid, while the floor was strewn with chips. Except for an accumulation of dust everything was as it had been.

At the back of the room was a small lavatory, containing the usual sink with its hot and cold faucets, a pile of towels, a piece of soap on a chain, and a much-used and not very clean brush and comb. Crewe entered and examined these things rather minutely.

"We ought to find evidences of flax-

en hair," said he, taking up the brush. From his pocket he drew a little microscope, through which he examined it carefully. Then he turned his attention to the comb, from which he drew several short, curly strands.

"This was evidently the property of the murderer," he remarked to Brenner.

The police chief looked at them. "I guess you're right, Mr. Crewe," he replied. "But that won't help us much."

Crewe, who had been examining the hairs through his microscope, handed them to Brenner.

"This may be vital evidence," he answered. "Keep it, in any case, until the trial."

The chief of police, looking at Crewe doubtfully, placed the relics in his pocket-book.

"You speak very positively, Mr. Crewe," he rejoined. "How do you know that there will be any trial? How do you know that you will discover the murderer?"

"I have discovered him already," Crewe answered. "I know him by his hair. I have encountered him upon the streets a dozen times at least. He lived formerly in the West Sixties, but has since moved, I think, to West One Hundred and Thirty-third or Thirty-fourth. Of course I did not follow him home."

"How can we get him?" Brenner asked incredulously.

"By searching the saloons of that district. Brenner, this man has escaped you because the detection is too easy, not because it is too difficult. There is only one man who could possibly have committed this crime, and to lay hold of him is really absurdly simple. Tonight I hope to find him for you. But first I should like to look through your photographs in the Rogues' Gallery."

"That's easy," Brenner answered. "Come straight along with me and you can look your fill."

We left the house and went to police headquarters, where we soon found ourselves within the long room upon whose walls hang photographs of all the known criminals in New York city. Crewe passed along, resting his eyes for a moment on each.

"You have some duplicates here," he remarked, pointing to two apparently different photographs which hung on opposite walls. "That man, who is described as 'Buck the Tiger' for instance, is the same as Charlie James, who got off with Elmira Reformatory instead of a life sentence in the penitentiary."

He made similar remarks concerning many of the photographs, pointing out resemblances or making comments upon the history of the originals. Finally, having completed the circuit of the room, he came back to us.

"Our murderer appears here twice," he said, "each time as a first offender."

"Who is he?" cried Brenner quickly.

"If I should show you you would disbelieve me," answered Crewe quietly. "I will say, however, that he has been arrested once for burglary and once for manslaughter. In either case he was convicted, and each time he escaped with a trivial sentence as a first offender of presumably unblemished character. Now, sir, if you will meet us this evening at seven o'clock, at the entrance to the Ninety-Sixth Street Subway station, we can proceed upon our mission."

This appointment having been made, we separated, Crewe to go to his home, I back to my office, where I waited in some trepidation until it was time for the appointment, too excited even to partake of dinner. Punctually to the moment Crewe arrived at the place appointed and, shortly afterward, the Chief of Police came on the scene.

Crewe was quite roughly dressed on this occasion. He wore a dusty derby hat, an ancient suit that had evidently seen much service, and a collar not too clean. The Chief of Police glanced at him in some astonishment but said nothing. We emerged from the subway at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, and proceeded for a few blocks northward until we found ourselves in the negro quarter. Hardly a white person was to be seen upon the streets.

"Now, Brenner, I want the saloons of this neighborhood searched systematically for the murderer," he said. "Get a dozen policemen from the local station and let them go about the work methodically in four parties of three."

"But all the people of the neighborhood will get wind of it," urged Brenner, "and our man will escape—if he's here."

"Brenner, you must get out of that habit of arguing," said Crewe coldly. "Remember, I'm your inspector and captain and boss in general, all rolled into one. Otherwise I throw up the case."

"O, well, if you feel that way about it—"

"Now let me ask you a question. How many fashionable negro boarding houses are there around here—places where a stranger could go and find good quarters and a studious, refined class of inmates?"

"There's only two," the Chief of

Police answered. "There's Sadie Jones' place, on West One Hundred and Thirty-ninth, and there's Lizzie Washington's, on the next block, across the road. But they wouldn't take white men there."

"We will chance that it's Lizzie's place," said Crewe. "If not, we can repeat operations tomorrow."

"Yes, when he's taken fright and flown," retorted Brenner.

"He may take fright but he can't leave," said Crewe.

"Because he can only find refuge hereabouts. Now, Mr. Brenner, if you will get busy with your dozen detectives, put them on their job, we will wait for you here. Hurry to the local precinct station and order out your men to search the saloons. How long will it take you?"

"Half an hour," said Brenner.

"Then we will expect you at the expiration of that period," said Crewe. He snapped his watch and turned on his heel. Brenner, after a searching look, left us abruptly and disappeared in the direction of the station house.

"Crewe," I hazarded, "you are sure you are not working under a misapprehension? You know that the murderer is a white man and not a negro? A colored man could wear a flaxen wig, but nothing on earth, no dye that ever existed, could turn a black man white. Why should he take up his abode in the negro quarter?"

"All in good time," Crewe answered, smiling. "Langton, you haven't learned to trust me yet."

"I do implicitly. But in our former cases I have at least been able to conjecture your motives. While now, I confess, they are entirely shrouded in obscurity. How do you come to know this murderer by sight?"

"Because," said Crewe, "he is not

component of a formula for catching criminals who elude the vigilance of police chiefs," said Crewe. "Now, Brenner, suppose you lead the way to Lizzie's boarding house, where the swart negroes dwell. And, by the way, when we arrive there I want you to stand at least twelve yards away from me, and to engage in conversation. Try to get that detective look out of your eyes, Brenner. Langton, when I nod toward you you will rush up and empty the contents of the second bottle over the handkerchief upon my hand. I repeat this for the third time, because it is essential to the success of our manœuvre. Brenner, you can follow Langton in my direction and have your gun ready, for I am unarmed. Now that is all."

He left us and took up his station immediately outside the colored people's boarding house. We remained in pretended conversation a short distance away. I noted how Crewe gradually assumed the attitude of a drunk man. He staggered slightly, nimbled once or twice, and leaned against a street lamp, from which coin he kept up a running commentary upon the appearance of the negroes hurrying by.

Another thing I noticed was that the passing pedestrians seemed all to be hastening in the same direction. Brenner explained the cause to me.

"They've got wind of the police search," he said, "and a thing like that scares the life out of these darkies. Innocent or guilty of any crime, they don't like the proximity of the police. And I wonder that your friend Mr. Crewe hadn't sense enough to understand that, even if he is on the right trail, which I greatly doubt, he is doing his very best to defeat his object by instituting this search. By

blanching—not white, but blanching, and of a deathly, sickly pallor, almost as that of leprosy.

Crewe suddenly stood up and spoke with sharp authority.

"I want you, Jackson," he said, "for the murder of Lord Pemberton."

He snatched off the blue glasses as he spoke, revealing a pair of glassy, bloodshot eyes. The man before him seemed to cringe. With his crisp, negro's hair, his ghastly eyes, and that piteous cheek that even now grew whiter, he became an object of horror to the crowd. They bolted in terror. But even as Crewe laid his hand upon the captive the man suddenly whipped out a revolver and thrust it into Crewe's face. I heard the report; the next thing that I saw, through a cloud of drifting smoke, was Crewe, with blood running down his face, engaging in a desperate hand-to-hand encounter with the murderer. At that moment Brenner intervened with his patrolman's nightstick. Two blows, and Jackson lay at our feet senseless. At the same instant a couple of patrolmen broke through the crowd and scattered them.

"You disobeyed me, Brenner," said Crewe reproachfully, wiping the blood from the slight flesh wound upon his cheek. "What orders did I give you last?"

"To have my gun ready, because you were unarmed," answered the chief of police sheepishly.

Brenner and Crewe were seated in my office with the district attorney on the following day. So far, although the identity of the criminal had been clearly established, though

the dye had been partly scoured from his face and hands, the manner in which Crewe had discovered Jackson remained as mysterious as ever.

"It is an extremely simple explanation," said Crewe to the three of us. "Do you remember that I examined the flaxen hairs upon the brush under a microscope?"

Brenner nodded his head.

"You are, no doubt, aware that there is a marked and distinctive difference between a cross-section of a negro's hair and that of a Caucasian's? The one is spherical, the other cylindrical. This distinction is invariable, and is the cause of the 'kink' which many negroes are so anxious to have removed. I had already suspected that Jackson was a negro."

"But he didn't," cried Brenner. "He's white—he's a blonde."

"He is of purest negro birth," retorted Crewe. "When you mentioned the flaxen hair and the deathly pallor and red eyes I knew the man immediately. He is an albino negro, and the only one in this city. Albinos are occasionally met with among the negro race. The condition is due to an entire absence of pigment in the skin."

"I had, then, merely to search for one man out of four millions. I knew him well by sight. I recognized him in the Rogues' Gallery, both as a white man and as a black. Although a negro cannot whiten himself, it is the easiest matter for a person with a white skin to become black. Walnut juice, for instance, will readily effect this metamorphosis."

"Posing as either white or black, Jackson would live among either race and, after the commission of a crime, would take up his residence among the other. As a black man he was sentenced for manslaughter; as a white for burglary. You see now, gentlemen, why it was imperative that Jackson should take up his residence in the negro quarter while the hunt was on, and dye his hair and skin. Furthermore, I knew that he would seek out a boarding house where he could exist in the comfort that he was accustomed to. You see, the search had already narrowed itself down to a choice between two houses."

"I knew that the systematic searching of the saloons would drive him to take refuge at home through fear of chance questioning by the detectives. I waited at Madame Lizzie's till he should arrive. The blue glasses gave me the clue; my recognition of his face was a practical certainty; my happy application of my patent scouring fluid convinced me beyond all doubt. As I said, the discovery was really too easy."

"But how could you recognize a white-fleshed man when his face was stained with dye?" asked Brenner.

"Recognition is a matter of form, not color," answered Crewe. "As a matter of fact I saw—and I was blind. Everything to me is gray."



Brenner intervened with his patrolman's nightstick.

merely one in a thousand but one in a million. Once seen, it would be impossible to forget him."

"You mean his curly flaxen hair and glassy eyes?"

"We are wasting time," said Crewe impatiently. "You'll see it all in due course. Now, Langton," he continued, searching in his pockets and bringing out two phials, a large and a small one, "you have a very important task to perform for me." He took the stopper from the larger utensil and emptied the contents into his handkerchief, which he bound around his hand. A strong and unmistakable odor of turpentine arose. "Yes, that is turpentine," he said, "and it forms a base for the second chemical." He handed me the little phial, which contained a clear, rose-colored liquid.

"When I signal you with a nod," he said, "you will smash this upon my handkerchief. Hold it with care, for it is extremely fragile. At the signal, do not delay a moment, but smash the bottle upon the handkerchief around my hand."

A few minutes later Brenner came puffing up to us.

"I have obeyed your orders, Mr. Captain-Inspector," he said to Crewe, with a little touch of malice in his tones. "A dozen detectives, patrolmen are at work searching all the saloons methodically, and already the news has spread through this section of No. 100 street. I have no doubt that all the criminals are already in full flight southward. Unless ours has turned into a tree," he added, "but what have you done to your hand, Mr. Crewe? Turpentine?"

George he is acting that drunken man monly well!"

Too well, it seemed to me. I felt that, should any patrolman chance that way, Crewe would stand an even chance of passing the night in a police cell. He had begun to mope some of those passing him. He caught hold of one man's coat, and as the victim turned angrily upon him he released him and laughed into his face with a vacant expression. The man hesitated a moment, as though meditating an assault, and then, with an angry curse, hastened away.

The door of the boarding house opened and a colored woman in an evening gown shrieked at him shrilly. "Go away from there," she called, "or I shall send for the police. We don't want no white trash round here, scurrying away respectable colored folks."

Crewe took off his hat with an expression of majestic intoxication.

"I bow to your demand, Mrs. Sadie Jones," he remarked, bending almost to the sidewalk.

"You ain't Mrs. Jones; I'm Mrs. Elizabeth Washington," the woman cried. "You will, as you will," replied Crewe soothingly. He moved away a dozen paces and turned slowly back to resume his post. But Mrs. Washington was still at the door.

"You go 'way, go 'way," she screamed, "I shall call for help." At her defiant tones a number of negroes emerged from the house and began scrambling down the steps toward Crewe, while passers by in the streets stopped inquiringly and, seeing a white man in a condition of evident intoxi-

REVIVAL OF FAMOUS FAIR

Students in Paris Parade on Anniversary of the Lendit, Celebration of Centuries Ago.

American students must envy their European brothers the excuses for getting up celebrations and anniversaries. The students of the university of Paris this year determined to revive the famous fair of the Lendit.

From the twelfth century to the sixteenth, this annual fair, held in the plain of St. Denis, was the occasion of much festivity. The official connection with the university was that the whole student body, headed by the faculty and the rector, went in procession to buy enough parchment to last for the year.

It was hardly possible to carry out the festival exactly, but at the close of the college year, one Saturday evening, heralds, accompanied by torch bearers and trumpeters, went through the Latin quarter announcing the coming pageant. And next afternoon a fantastic procession started from the Pantheon.

First came a squad of archers and mounted trumpeters, then the herald of the city on foot. Behind him appeared the rector of the university, with a mounted man carrying his banner, the provost of the parchment sellers, professors and members of the faculty in their robes.

Then came a merry column following the "King of the Basoche," who was mounted on a donkey and accompanied by his clowns. This column consisted of the students of the four nations—France, Anjou, Picardy and Normandy, each with its band of music.

While the only object of the pageant was fun, it was correctly costumed, the frescoes of the Sorbonne furnishing all the information needed. The participants and the crowds of spectators enjoyed it so much that it may be made an annual affair.

Dean of London Bar 100 Years Old.

A Gordon Hake, the dean of the London bar, celebrated his one hundredth birthday recently at his home at Brighton. Mr. Hake is a master of five languages—Greek, Latin, French, Italian and Spanish—and reads Horace, Virgil and Montaigne.

He attributes his long and healthy life to plenty of riding—he had for years a favorite horse named Daisy—and to walking and to abstemious living. He has never cared much for modern varieties of dress.

The Rev. T. G. Hake tells a good story of his father's rough and ready toilet. Dr. Charles Hanson once called on him at his chambers and asked permission to put on his barrister's wig and gown. "Now," he said, "lend me a looking glass." He was handed a razor—the nearest approach to a mirror possessed by his friend.—Notes.

The Cotulla Record.

Established 1898.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

Entered in the Post Office at Cotulla, Texas, as second class mail matter.

C. E. MANLY, Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription: \$1 per Year; 50c 6 months; 35c 3 months. Advertising Rates on Application.

PUBLISHERS NOTICE.

On January 1st, 1912, the subscription price of the COTULLA RECORD will be advanced from \$1 to \$1.50 per annum.

From now until Jan. 1st new subscriptions will be received for \$1, and old subscribers who pay all arrears, can get renewal one year at the present rate of subscription, one dollar.

C. E. MANLY, Publisher.

The political wrangle in San Antonio is assuming proportions that look serious at long distance.

A hunter down at Cuero recently killed a rabbit that had horns. Wonder what kind of booze that fellow got hold of?

It is now reported that Reyes has crossed the Mexican border and unless the Madero government manages to capture him, no doubt within a short time there will be something doing across the Rio Bravo. We venture to say that Senor Reyes receives a warm welcome.

At the beginning of the New Year the subscription price of the RECORD will be advanced to \$1.50 per annum. This action is made necessary owing to the fact that all printing materials have advanced 40 per cent in price during the last five years. Nine tenths of the country papers acted wisely in advancing their rates three years ago. When the actual cost of produc-

tion sounds like a joke. Equipment costs money and the wear and tear is heavy. New type and machinery must be replaced from time to time. We do not believe we have any readers but who wants us to make a legitimate profit and we cannot do this at the present price of material, at a dollar subscription rate. In raising the rate we will possibly lose a few subscribers. We expect that, but the number will be small, and the greater portion of them will be non-resident readers. We have always endeavored to put out a creditable paper, and we don't think there are many of our subscribers but who are satisfied that in the paper they have gotten value received. We will continue to give you your money's worth.

Getting ready for Christmas makes these weeks in December full of pleasant labor and anticipations. The majority of people are not millionaires. They do not have full purses with which they can go to the shops and buy their Christmas presents, without re- to cost. They have a little money and it requires a good deal of planning, of invention and loving thought, to make it go around. Often times the money is only enough to buy raw materials, from which patient and skillful fingers will fashion the gifts. If we could look into many a home we should see the children planning some surprise on Christmas morning for father and mother, and the parents in turn consulting how to manage to give the boys and girls what they want. It is this mutual thoughtfulness for others that imparts to these December days a peculiar atmosphere. It will soften the heart of the crustiest old bachelor to go into the Christmas shops and over- hear the consultations among purchasers as to what they shall get.

GRAPE GROWING IN LOUISIANA.

By W. A. Daugherty, 20 years with U. S. Agril Dept. now located at Cotulla, Tex.

Referring to my article last week on grape growing in the Pecos Valley Texas, I would help to show that grape growing in Southwest Texas is not an experiment, but an assured fact, as the statement of fact part of the article was taken from the report of the State Irrigation Farm at Pecos on their grape work. It speaks for itself and can be taken as the result of grape growing at one altitude and the title of this article would imply a much lower altitude thus showing a condition for grape growing par excellence in Southwest Texas, provided soil, water and management conditions were as they should be.

The Long Bell Experiment Farm at Bon Ami, Louisiana, is and has been conducting a lot of very valuable experiments in and along various lines of Horticulture and especially grapes—some are of her Munson's hybrids and also of the Vine Fera type, the plantings I am informed embrace five acres and the past year was the third year from planting and results are beginning to be evident. The results of the second year were after cutting out a great deal of bloom to give the farm people all and more grapes than they had any use for—1500 vines were planted, that is 300 vines to the acre, they more ofener run from 450 to 550 to 600 vines per acre, all depends on the soil conditions, so that 300 vines gave them plenty of room, the plantings must have been 16 feet apart as they should be for commercial purposes. "You will remember this is an experimental case" and I am inclined to think my informer has in some way made a mistake in regard to the plantings in some way

that it may be correct as I am sure they are, take the 1500 vines and you will see the returns are fairly good. The Hybrid varieties put out were Early, Brilliant and Bacon others Wapanneke, R. W. Munson, Muensebe and Ataka a while California variety along with others of the same or Veri Fera type. The yield of grapes for the past season from these vines was 11,000 pounds. They were shipped in 3 pound baskets, 2,800 four basket crates being the yield. Most of these were shipped and some were sold at home, and the prices brought were satisfactory. The net prices ranged all the way from 15c to 90c a basket, making an average of something like 50c a basket.

I want to ask is there anything growing in La Salle county that can match it. If so I have failed to find it. These same acres referred to gave more than enough yield to pay for the land, vines, fencing and planting per

NO VACATION.

WILL CONTINUE RIGHT THROUGH THE HOLIDAYS.

The Tyler Commercial College of Tyler Texas, has arranged this year, as usual, to accommodate all its students who desire to continue their studies during the Christmas holidays. Those who especially desire to return to their home to spend Xmas, will be excused on Friday evening Dec. 22nd, and will be expected to take up their work again on or before January 1st, 1912. Usually about four hundred student remain and work right through the holidays.

New students may enroll at any time during the Xmas holidays. We advise all to enroll as early as possible. There is nothing to be gained by waiting until January first. We have

no term openings, our school is the same one day as another, just like a bank, R. R. or business house. The student's work is principally all individual instruction, and each and every student is pushed each day to his capacity. Slow students are not overcrowded trying to keep up with fast ones, and fast students are not held back and discouraged on account of slow ones. It would really be better to roll and get started before big January rush. Upon arriving in our city, come direct to the College, where you will be given prompt attention and choice of nice boarding places with private family at a cost of from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per week for board and lodging. Tuition for a complete, unlimited life scholarship of Bookkeeping, Shorthand, or Telegraphy is \$50; any two courses combined \$95. If you have not read

the first commercial crop, and I have so far failed to find anything in La Salle county to beat it but they can beat it. I do know there is no soil in the State of Louisiana that can beat La Salle County, Texas, for California grapes if the soil is properly prepared and the condition you must always rigidly consider along with the character of the soil, physical condition, etc. The soil of Louisiana is in a general way a Phylloxera soil, which means grapes must for success be ed on resistant roots which means more expensive stock, while from experimental work in grape growing it has been proved that the Phylloxera does not live in a sandy loam soil and this is distinctly the character of the soil in Southwest Texas. Nowhere in all the State of Louisiana have they a soil equal to La Salle County soil for Bell grapes and yet the Long Experiment Farm at Bon Ami Louisiana, produced grapes that gave returns of over \$500 net per acre, not gross, but net returns—think of it you try can you beat it. You have, but you can do as we better if you were to work the same lines. Of course we would not do for us all alike, or we might all live on grapes and yet the Valley people have 3000 grapes and we here would know it, unless someone ested like myself could get the reports, read last article on grape growing the returns per acre at per pound and what grapes growing here sold two ago at three times that and I have paid five times for grapes here in our

within a week but this statement alone made from Bon Ami is a good report and absolutely within line and should satisfy of our fruit growers to think. The yield in this case averaged about seven pounds per vine for the entire planting, but of course there was no uniformity in yield so far as the varieties were concerned. It was not a matter that the vines are or were capable of in two more years, but it shows for itself and possibilities that can be considered and expected and it is as hazardous by one half as average trucking crop. This I know from hard experience and not from theory.

I see by the papers of Nov. 22, 1911, that the Malago grape of California is just beginning to move. The Texas and Louisiana Grape crops are disposed some 30 days ago and now some very late varieties may still hanging on the vines but I do it very much. You can read maybe what this would mean to the Texas grower in the markets.

Substantial Holiday Gifts

If you are looking for Gifts that count, Gifts that will be appreciated for their real value and usefulness, Gifts that will be a constant reminder of the good judgment of the doner, you should pay a visit to our store and allow us to show you how easy it will be for you to make a selection from our Furniture, Hardware, and Gents' Furnishing Department. We have not the time this week to list the special attractions that we have to offer in each of these departments but next week will prepare a list of some of the specialties that we wish to show you.

Don't wait for our Next Ad. We can Show what we have you better than We can tell it. OUR SUGGESTIONS WILL HELP YOU IN MAKING YOUR SELECTIONS.

A Line About Our Grocery Department.

Remember that we are buying and selling more Groceries than any other firm in Cotulla. Each month's sales show an increase over those of the previous month, and during the past twelve months we DOUBLED our number of customers.

If you are one of these customers, you know the reason; if you are not, we can convince you.

Cotulla Mercantile Co.

"What's the Price of Potatoes?"

Or corn, or cotton, or wheat? Rural Southwestern Telephone Service keeps the up-to-date farmer in touch with every market, and enables him to sell at best prices—it brings the comfort of close association with neighbors, and the profit and safety of immediate communication with town or city. You may build your own line and operate your equipment.

Write for booklet today

The Southwestern Telegraph & Telephone Company Dallas, Texas



our large, beautifully illustrated free catalogue, write for one; it will give you full particulars and detailed information regarding America's largest and greatest and greatest commercial school. The school that gives you an education for which the business world promptly and gladly pays cash.

Southwest Texas has truly been a land of sunshine recently.

TAXPAYERS NOTICE.

Tax payers of La Salle county are hereby notified that I will be at the following places on the dates given for the purpose of collecting taxes due for the year 1911.

Millett, December 14, 1911.
Woodward, " 21, 1911.
Artesia, " 28, 1911.
Encinal, Jan. 4, 1912.

T. H. POOLE, Tax Collector, La Salle Co., Tex.

REMEMBER YOUR LAST DOSE OF CALOMEL?

YOU PROBABLY RECALL THE AFTER-EFFECTS OF THE CALOMEL MORE THAN YOU DO THE SICKNESS YOU TOOK IT FOR.

You do not have to go through this again.

Next time your liver gets sluggish and inactive, we suggest that you go to Gaddis' Pharmacy drug store for a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic, a vegetable liquid that will start your liver as surely as calomel ever did and with none of the after-effects of calomel. It is absolutely harmless both to children and adults and demands no restriction of habit or diet.

Gaddis' Pharmacy guarantees Dodson's Liver Tonic to take the place of calomel, and will refund your money if it fails in your case.

FOR SALE.

32 acres of land, 2 miles from Cotulla, excellent frontage on Nueces river, abundance of water, 23 acres cleared and under fence. The best proposition on the Nueces river for a track and onion farm. For particulars write C. E. MANLY, Cotulla, Texas.

Whoez'ng in the lungs indicates that phlegm is obstructing the air passages. Ballard's Hore-Hound Syrup loosens the phlegm so that it can be coughed up and ejected. Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Horger & Windy.

Onions Damaged In Laredo Section.

From Laredo Times.

It is feared that as a result of the recent cold spell in this vicinity the onion crop in the country contiguous to Laredo has suffered to a considerable extent. At first it was believed that the part of the crop which had been transplanted and not sufficiently watered the day before the first freeze had been damaged and that the seed beds had escaped injury, but later developments indicate that the conditions were just the reverse. It is estimated that before the freeze came about 20 per cent of the onions in the seed beds had been transplanted and that 80 per cent remained in the beds. It now seems that the beds were the ones that suffered and that the young crop has been damaged to the extent of about 25 per cent. While some of these sets may eventually revive and be transplanted, an authority on onion culture states that many of the damaged plants will produce nothing but a scallion growth, which is practically worthless for marketing purposes. The transplanted crop, it appears, in some instances had the tops burned by the freeze, but the bulb escaped injury, hence this will not affect or stunt the growth, but all the plants damaged in the beds will probably be a loss, or the crop will be injured to the extent of 25 per cent.

WOMAN STABBED ON TRAIN.

Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Lynn and Miss Mamie Wildenthal were on the "boll weevil" out of San Antonio a few nights ago, and were witnesses to considerable excitement. A well dressed woman, heavily veiled, got on at San Antonio and rode to Devine. She inquired of a passenger if a tall black-mustached man was aboard and such a person was in the smoker. Both parties got off at Devine. The woman got back on the train and reentered the coach when the train was a few miles out. Suddenly she began to scream and the conductor rendered her assistance. He called on some of the ladies in the car and when her dress was opened it was discovered she had been stabbed directly over the heart, and her clothing was saturated with blood. She made the statement that a man had stabbed her and gave his name.

The wound did not reach the heart and was not dangerous. The woman was taken from the train at Moore and given medical assistance.

She was well dressed and had the appearance of being a refined woman.

CHRISTMAS BALLS.

The young men of Cotulla will give a series of Holiday Balls at the Skating Rink building. Five hundred invitations were issued this week, and it is expected many young people from neighboring towns will be here.

The first ball will be on the 22nd inst. On the evening of the 26th there will be a masquerade. The third will be on Dec. 28th and the last Jan. 1st.

FOR SALE

3-4 in. Galv. Pipe	at	51-2c.
1 "	"	8c.
1 1/4 "	"	11c
1 1/2 "	"	12 1/2c
2 "	"	15c
2 1/2 "	"	20c
3 "	"	35c
4 1/4 " I. J. Casing	"	\$25.79
4 1/2 " " "	"	\$30.60
4 3/4 " " "	"	\$31.43

W. L. CRAWFORD,
Dilley, Texas.

Thanksgiving Down At Rockwood.

By the Gunters chain eight miles from Cotulla a little white school house sits on a hill with a gushing fountain of water that seems to invite the thirsty traveler to rest and refreshment. At this school house a few citizens met and decided to celebrate Thanksgiving day with a game dinner. On motion a couple of gentlemen were chosen to select

alternately from the nimrod of the neighborhood twelve men on either side. Capt. Stedham represented one side and Capt. Claude Rock the other. The side securing the most game was to have the privilege of eating at the first table and the defeated side was to serve them at table. In due time dinner was announced. Several long tables, groaning with an endless variety of good things greeted the hungry, the losing side walked up to their places with white

caps and immaculate aprons ready to serve the winners. One thing that especially attracted our attention was the conspicuous absence of Stand Back Dickey. A special table was set for the children and Dickey did not have to wait. The viands were too numerous to mention. One thing was very evident the ladies of Rockwood are very pious people, I do not mean that their piety is of the spiritual sort, but rather of the mince and pumpkin variety.

After dinner Rev. H. M. Rowland preached a most delightful sermon.

While making thus our offering Our hearts with holy zeal aglow, In spirit and in truth may sing Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

Before the good-byes were said, we had an interesting rifle practice. I think that it was conceded that "Grandpa Rock" carried off the honors.

T.

Why is our meat shops like a minstrel performances.



Because of our conundrums and musical stunts!



HORGER & WINDROW
Center St. Cotulla, Tex.

The Gift Maker's Great Opportunity

Our New and Beautiful Line of Holiday Goods full of Choicest Selections for the Christmas Trade is Now Ready for the Inspection and Approval of all who are looking for Presents.

USEFUL PRESENTS — BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS — APPROPRIATE PRESENTS.

We have New Novelties in nice but inexpensive goods. We have choice and more costly gifts, but in all grades and all prices we can supply you

Come Early and Get First Choice

26 Piece Set of Silver from \$10.00 up.
Knives and Forks, from \$4.00 per set up.
Silver Syrup Pitchers, \$2.50 up.
Childs Knife and Fork Sets, 50c up.
Everything in Silverware is here.

Cut Glass makes a beautiful and lasting Present. See our assortment.
Tumblers, \$3 up; 8 inch Bowls, \$5 up; Celery Dishes, \$2 and up; Bread Trays, Olives, Cream and Sugar, Vases, Etc. Also see our China, one of the choicest lines ever displayed in Cotulla.

Our Stock is generous in variety and includes only goods of approved worth and superiority. You cannot help being pleased with our POPULAR AND IN EVERY WAY DESIRABLE LINE.

Our Very Reasonable Prices will Delight You. Toyland and Doll Headquarters. Come Early and make your Selections while the Stock is complete. We store purchases for you.

Horger & Windrow's Drugstore.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL ITEMS

Dell Ballard of Pearsall has accepted a position with the Cotulla Mercantile Co.

Capt. Giles who recently purchased the Earnest Lake Farm is having a dwelling house built. M. C. Cox has the contract.

W. E. Campbell of Big Wells was here Tuesday. He said that town was building fast, and much improvement was being made in the country surrounding.

Horger & Windrow have put in a beautiful and up to-date marble front soda fountain. It is about the finest in this part of the country.

Chas. E. Neal made a trip up to Big Wells first of the week. Everything is on the boom up there he said, and a large acreage will be planted in onions this season.

Lame back may come from over-work, cold settled in the muscles of the back, or from disease. In the two former cases the right remedy is Ballard's Snow Liniment. It should be rubbed in thoroughly over the affected parts, the relief will be prompt and satisfactory. Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Horger & Windrow.

Miss Bobbie Mabry came down from Dilley Wednesday on a visit to friends for a few days.

Heartburn is a symptom of indigestion. Take a dose of Herbine in such cases. The pain disappears instantly. The bowels operate speedily and feel fine, vigorous and cheerful. Price 50c. Sold by Horger & Windrow.

W. L. Shillings, the gin man was in our office Tuesday and left a notice to all farmers notifying them that he would run the gin on Dec. 14, 15 and 16 for the last time this season. Parties who have cotton should have it ready for the gin at this time or they will be inconvenienced.

J. G. Childers and son J. G. Jr., came in from the ranch Tuesday morning and left for Temple their home. They took with them two fine bucks and three wild turkeys. These are the finest wild turkeys that have been seen in this vicinity in quite a while.

Sickly children need White's Cream Vermifuge. It not only destroys worms, if there be any but it acts as a strengthening tonic in the stomach and bowels. Price 25c, per bottle. Sold by Horger & Windrow.

C. W. Wheeler returned to Big Wells Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Preston returned to San Antonio Wednesday after a week's visit to relatives here.

John Pool cleans, presses and alters clothing at reasonable prices. Have that old suit cleaned up and made like new again.

J. M. Ramsey of Artesia was in Cotulla Tuesday. Mr. Ramsey said a good rain was needed just now for the range. Weeds are up out of the ground good, and cold weather has checked their growth. A little moisture would start them again.

Rev. and Mrs. Jno. M. Lynn returned Monday night from Yoakum where they went to be present at the marriage of Rev. Lynn's niece, Miss Florence to Jas. Donnelly. Rev. Lynn performed the marriage rites. The bride visited at the parsonage two years ago and will be remembered by many of Cotulla's young people.

E. W. Myers of Chicago, arrived here last week. Mr. Myers is associated with his father-in-law, Mr. Foster, in the onion growing business nine miles down the river. They opened up their farm the past summer. Mr. Foster was in town Wednesday and stated they had finished transplanting.

GIN NOTICE.

The Cotulla Gin will run Dec. 14, 15 and 16, 1911, for last time this season. All parties waiting cotton ginned please take notice. W. L. SHILLINGS, Mgr.

Rev. Hamilton returned from Encinal Monday, where he preached Sunday.

A State Bank has been organized at the new town of Fowler with a Capital Stock of \$10,000.

J. T. Maltzberger was in town from his ranch Tuesday. He is able to walk on his foot, and says he will get benefit of a portion of the hunting season yet.

Judge Camp of San Antonio, accompanied by Mrs. Camp, were among the arrivals on Wednesday's train. They went down to the La Motta Ranch where they will be guests for ten days and Judge Camp will take his annual hunt.

Gas in the stomach comes from food which has fermented. Get Rid of this badly digested food as quickly as possible if you would avoid a bilious attack; Herbine is the remedy you need. It cleanses and strengthens the stomach, liver and bowels, and restores energy and cheerfulness. Price 50 cents. Sold by Horger & Windrow.

CLASSIFIED.

FOR SALE—House-hold goods bookcase, chiffonier, pedestal dining table, birdseye maple dresser, couch, sewing machine, Refrigerator, iron bed, springs, and mattress. This furniture is in good condition and will be sold at half price. Horse and Buggy also for sale, one mile East of Cotulla.—F. MORROW.

FOR SALE—One mule 15 hands high. Inquire this office.

FOR SALE—About 40 head of good stock hogs. Bargain if taken at once.—L. N. WONDER.

Anyone desiring Automobile supplies of any kind call at W. W. L. Crawford's, at Dilley, Texas.

FOR SALE—Four good Jersey milk cows with calves and one fine Jersey bull. Inquire at Record Office.

FOR SALE—Large amount of cabbage plants. U. S. crop short. High prices expected.—Holland-Texas Agricultural Co., Cotulla, Texas.

FOR SALE—One Jersey cow and calf; also yearling bull and heifer. Inquire at this office.

FOR RENT OR SALE—380 acres 2 miles East of Cotulla, 60 acres in cultivation, 2 wells, will also rent same to a good party.—ADOLF HOLZ, New Braunfels, Texas.

FOR SALE.—About 75 head good Jersey milk cows. Price \$75 each. Will sell all or one.—W. L. GULLEY, Millett, Texas.

ONION SETS, A No 1—Will have few acres of sets for sale, first come first served.—D. A. WALKER, Cotulla, Texas.

FOR SALE—566 acres of good land at \$11.00 per acre, one third cash, balance on easy terms. 5 miles North of Woodward on the C. & U. R. R. and 9 miles West of Millett on the I. & G. N. Three miles from church and school. For further information address, F. S. Moffett, Millett, Texas.

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

JNO. H. GRIST, Austin, Texas.

FOR SALE—At a bargain my 25 h. p. boiler and duplex pump.—MATT RUSSELL.

NOTICE—My office will be closed the greater part of January and all of February.

N. D. Cushin.

THE COTULLA RECORD

C. E. MANLY, Proprietor
COTULLA, TEXAS

QUIZZISM.

A new "quiz" every day! The "quiz" is quite the rage as a popular autumn fad. A free-bridge quiz set the example for a hospital quiz, and we have even had a quiz of a club manager as to cocktails. "Quiz" has taken the place of "investigation," which was too narrowly official in its connotation. The jurisdiction and field of the quiz is limitless, says the St. Louis Republic. Quiz sounds shorter than investigation, but the sound is deceptive. There is no end to quizzing. The origin and history of the term are instructive. It is related that one Daily, manager of a Dublin playhouse, laid a wager that a word of no sense or meaning whatever should be the common talk and puzzle of the city within 24 hours. In consequence the letters q u i z were chalked on all the walls, and needless to say he won. It rapidly acquired the meanings of a riddle, an obscure question, an enigma; one who quizzes others; an odd fellow. Webster defines the verb form as to puzzle, to run upon, to ridicule or make sport of; to look sharply and mockingly at, to peer at, to eye suspiciously. We should say that it slightly hints of prying also. A quizzier is defined as "one who quizzes others, or makes them the object of sport by deceiving them"—rather a harassing sort of person, is it not? Finally the habit of quizzing is termed quizzism.

In the northern part of India sheep are put to a use unthought of in European countries. The mountain paths among the foothills of the Himalayas are so precipitous that the sheep, more sure footed than larger beasts, are preferred as burden carriers. The load for each sheep is from sixteen pounds to twenty pounds. The sheep are driven from village to village, with the wool still growing and in each town the farmer shears as much wool as he can sell there and loads the sheep with the grain he receives in exchange. After his flock has been sheared he turns it homeward, each sheep having on its back a small bag containing the purchased grain.

Dr. Fisher, a physician practicing in Paris, has turned his attention to the matter of sleeping reform. After a series of experiments he has come to the conclusion that the orthodox way of sleeping is wrong, and advocates a complete reversal of the existing order of things. You must have your head on a level with or lower than your feet. If pillows are to be used they must be under the feet instead of the head. The result, he claims, will be amazing, being a sure cure for insomnia as well as a preventive for the nightmare. To prevent any inconvenience by too sudden a change the pillows should be gradually reduced and finally placed under the feet.

Heretofore in Germany the telegraphic rate throughout the empire has been about a cent a word, with a minimum of twelve cents. The other day an innovation was instituted, enabling residents of the great cities to send letter telegrams at night deliverable the next morning at a rate of approximately a twentieth of a cent per word, the minimum of twelve cents for each dispatch, however, being retained. Undoubtedly the letter telegram will be much availed of by business houses.

Aviation may not be entitled to rank as a science as yet, but it is more than luck. If the bold experimenters are still flying in the face of Providence, it would, nevertheless, be also flying in the face of a long series of magnificent records to deny that remarkable progress has been made in the "art." How true this is must be readily granted when it is recalled that less than eight years have elapsed since the first feeble flight was made on the sands of Kitty Hawk. In North Carolina, at which time only two men could be called aviators.

An unwary husband in Chicago taught his wife to box, and when she disciplined him by a good thrashing he sued for divorce on the ground of cruelty. Which, as feminine comment has it, was just like a man.

Hod carriers in some parts of South America receive \$3,800 a year in the money of the country, and perhaps they can make a living selling the currency to numismatists.

One of the greatest pieces of detective work in modern times was performed by one of Uncle Sam's customs officials. He discovered thirty pockets in a woman's skirt.

A tramp comet is said to be headed this way, but we refuse to sit up all night to give it a handout.

Possibly it is called "Indian summer" because football rooters carry on like Indians.

Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union of America

Matters of Especial Moment to the Progressive Agriculturist

Few people think, almost everybody talks. Where there is ill will there is also a way.

You can't rob an educated man of his tools! Time is money. Like this, it waits for no man.

The gilded youth is too frequently a gold brick. The thrasher is an extraordinary noisy machine.

The workman who is always tired should be retired. A young man learns new wrinkles; an old man gets them.

Many a budding genius has developed into a blooming idiot. Co-operation in buying feeds is a big money-saving proposition.

The law of graft, like that of gravitation, is always in operation. It is putting a premium on theft when a thief steals premiums.

A hen wastes an immense amount of energy in cackling. Do you? You can't stand well with your friends if you persist in sitting on them.

When the married man meets an old flame he should be careful not to be a moth.

The theory that it is never too late to mend influences some of us never to begin.

Don't mistake a swelled head for self-respect, nor your wishbone for backbone.

Many a fellow who has nothing to do but mind his own business doesn't even do that.

Many a man attracts no more attention than a thermometer on a pleasant day.

Curiously enough, the hookworm never attacks the middleman. It wants something easy.

Loving your enemies would not be such a heathen chore if they were not such an ornery bunch.

You can never tell what a woman is going to do. And if you could, she would probably do something else.

The farm is really a manufacturing establishment for the production of food stuffs. It is the farmer's business to make the largest and most profitable output possible.

CO-OPERATE TO SELL FRUIT

Growers' Work Does Not Cease Until Money Is Safely Deposited—California Example.

For the benefit of the fruit industry I would urge that as growers we take a broad view of the marketing problem. In the first place it has been clearly demonstrated that a fruit grower's business does not cease when the fruit is grown; it only ceases when money for the crop is safely in the bank, and then only to begin again in the preparations for a new crop. This thing of turning one's crop over to some outside commission house to sell, although sometimes coming up to expectations has, nevertheless, so frequently ended in financial disaster to the growers concerned that enlightened communities have long since evolved the better plan of marketing through associations of growers, says a writer in an exchange. By this method, a sufficient quantity of fruit is brought together to enable the association to employ its own managers and salesmen. These men are interested only in getting as much for the growers as possible. The largest and most notable example of this in the United States, or the world, perhaps, is the California Fruit Growers' exchange, which has its agents in every large market in the United States and Canada, and a representative in Europe. Then there are fruit growers' associations in Florida, Texas, Washington, Oregon, Utah, Idaho and Colorado.

Berlin Sells Own Food.

With a view to mitigating the conditions resulting from the extraordinary rise in food prices the city of Berlin has gone into business as a wholesale food merchant.

According to the plan adopted by the city council, agents have been sent to Geestemunde, the great fishing center on the North sea, to contract for the purchase of carloads of sea fish.

Plan for Next Year.

Now is the time to plan for next year. Plan the rotation so that the land will rapidly increase in fertility, the pure-bred stock on the farm will be well fed, the family fare sumptuously every day in the year on the products of the farm, and one or more money crops will be grown.

Little Nonsense Relished.

Farmers are men, and a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest of us. No one likes to be lectured and preached to all the time nor to feel that when he goes to a state fair he must perforce be serious from morn till night and fill his head with nothing but instruction.

GAIN MADE BY CO-OPERATION

Successful Marketing of Farm Depends on Education of Farmer Along Selling Lines.

This summer has seen early potatoes reach top-notch prices. Some of the farmers, however, heard that James Brown, who was a commission man in Philadelphia several years ago, but who failed, by the way, said that potatoes would go higher, even for the unprecedented price of \$4.25 per barrel. He believed that Brown knows what he is talking about. They do not stop to consider that the present price is unusual and remarkable, writes C. C. Holloway in the Orange Judd Farmer. They know absolutely nothing of the potato outlook farther north; in fact, they know nothing except the local market and local conditions.

The farmer has a great deal of human nature in him; he is tickle like all other classes of the human family. The farmers' produce exchange has become well established in various parts of the country. The farmer who is a member is supposed to support the organization by shipping his produce through it, yet it is not a buyer or speculator stock in a fairly reputable looking book and says cash and no risk exchange is left in the hole, and is fortunate enough to have a good opening and can afford to buy in competition. At one small town affairs like the above condition had been in vogue for a two. Potatoes were selling at ranging from \$4 to \$4.35, with a local representative of the exchange buying the majority. When the offer of the exchange learned the high prices paid by the local representatives a misunderstanding occurred whereby the responsibility shifted to the latter, who sold at very near cost. Immediately the speculator dropped prices to \$3.50. It was truly pathetic and denigrating to watch the hard-earned farmer eye with doubtful misgiving as he examined the book and when he would bid \$3.30 or hear the following dialogue:

"Is that the best you can do?" "Yes."

A long pause, after which I guess they're yours."

What else could he do? He abandoned the exchange; he was in touch with any dealer or commission merchant, and besides, probability could not load a calf. It is out of the question to think of forming a general farm trust or combine on account of diversity of products, the number of producers, the vast amount of territory covered, and many other too numerous to mention. Co-operation in successful marketing of products depends upon the education of the farmer along selling lines, a close study of conditions supply and demand. When the important department of the calling of agriculture let him and unswerving in his fidelity.

IGNORE WALL STREET EARS

Farmer Should Devote More Time to Raising His Own Farm Products and Less to Cussing.

Let us not devote so much time to cussing the Wall street boys. We are to blame for the low prices of cotton. We are the successful producers. We have no business to plan for the future of our land in cotton, corn, oats, bacon, lard and sorghum. We plant too many acres in cotton and thereby force the price down. We buy farm products on credit and are forced to dump our cotton on the market in the fall and thereby force the price down. Let's prepare to live at home, stay out of debt and pay cash as we go.

Good Roads Bulletin.

The United States department of agriculture has just issued a bulletin No. 94 on the prevention of dust and the preservation of roadbeds. Address the secretary of agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Bulletin on Grasses.

The Kansas experiment station at Manhattan has issued bulletin No. 175 on grasses. It contains much valuable information on many different varieties of grasses, their uses and production.

JUST BEFORE THE TROUBLE

How Could the Listener Know What His Friend Was Trying to Say?

If any man ever admired his wife, that man was Howler. And when the Fitzboodles asked Mrs. Howler to get up and sing "There is a Garden in My Face" the husband glowed with pride.

No matter that she had a face like a hippopotamus and a voice like an elephant, he sat beaming as she sang, and could not refrain from bending over to his neighbor and whispering: "Don't you think my wife's got a fine voice?"

"What?" said his neighbor, who was a little deaf.

"Don't you think my wife has got a fine voice?" repeated Howler.

"What?"

"Don't you think my wife's got a fine voice?" roared Howler.

"Sorry!" returned the neighbor, shaking his head. "Can't hear a word you say. That awful woman over there is making such a frightful row singing."

Caring for Consumptives.

There are now four special methods by which consumptive workmen in the United States are being cared for. In such cities as Albany, Elmira and Binghamton, N. Y., the unions support a separate pavilion or hospital. In cities like Hartford, New Britain and South Manchester, Conn., the workmen contribute towards the maintenance of a fund for the care of consumptives. The employers also contribute to these funds. There are also two national sanatoria for the treatment of tuberculosis owned and operated by labor unions; one by the International Typographical union, and the other by the Printing Pressmen and Assistants' union. In Massachusetts, Illinois and elsewhere large corporations and manufacturers have agreed voluntarily to care for all their consumptive employes for a limited length of time.

Silent Innuendo.

"That woman always speaks kindly of others."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "but she always does it in such a way as to imply that she is making some terrible mental reservations."



Faint?

Have you weak heart, dizzy feelings, oppressed breathing after meals? Or do you experience pain over the heart, shortness of breath on going up-stairs and the many distressing symptoms which indicate poor circulation and bad blood? A heart tonic, blood and body-builder that has stood the test of over 40 years of cures is

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

The heart becomes regular as clock-work. The red blood corpuscles are increased in number—and the nerves in turn are well fed. The arteries are filled with good rich blood. That is why nervous debility, irritability, fainting spells, disappear and are overcome by this alternative extract of medicinal roots put up by Dr. Pierce without the use of alcohol. Ask your neighbor. Many have been cured of serofulous conditions, ulcers, "fever-sores," white swellings, etc., by taking Dr. Pierce's Discovery. Just the refreshing and vitalizing tonic needed for excessive tissue waste, in convalescence from fevers or for run-down, anemic, thin-blooded people. Stick to this safe and sane remedy and refuse all "just as good" kinds offered by the dealer who is looking for a larger profit. Nothing will do you half as much good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Came Easy.

Representative James T. Lloyd of Missouri was discussing the president's belief that the extra session of congress would not try to revise the whole tariff law.

"He had about as much to go on," said Lloyd, "as the man who approached a banker with a request to lend him money on a note. He wanted five hundred dollars."

"Sure," replied the prospective borrower, mentioning the indorser's name.

"But has he got any money?"

"Lots of it," answered the other. "He wins it at poker."—The Sunday Magazine.

A Word of Wisdom.

"No, me dear," said Mrs. Maloney to the charity worker when the topic had turned upon the question of married women taking upon themselves the support of the family when the husband is out of work. "Don't yeez ever begin annyting of that kind if you so hap yeez should one day have a husband av your own. In the event av that happening an' he should come home an' fall to cryin' because he was out av a job, do yeez sit down an' cry until he foinds it ag'in. Moind that, now."—Woman's World.

Some men have a well-seated prejudice against giving up their place to a woman in a crowded car.

Longevity Personified.

Senator Benjamin F. Tillman relates an amusing anecdote about a colored man named Jeff, who has been with a neighboring South Carolina family since before the war.

"One day," said Mr. Tillman, "his mistress was rather surprised when old Jeff asked to have a few days off to go, as he put it, 'up to de old state of Postin', to see his aunt."

"Why, Jeff," said the lady, "your aunt must be pretty old, isn't she?"

"Y'em," he replied, "yes'm; mah aunt must be pretty ole now—she's 'bout ah hundred an' five years ole now."

"One hundred and five years!" exclaimed his mistress, "what on earth is she doing up there in Boston?"

"Deed, I's dunno what's she's doin', ma'am," rejoined old Jeff, in all seriousness, "she's up dere livin' wid her gran'mother."

Scouting at Home.

"No, thanks," says the man with the grizzly mustache. "I'd like to indulge in a little game of poker tonight, but I think I'd best go home."

"Nonsense!" says his friend. "What's changed you all of a sudden?"

"Well, you see, my son has joined the Boy Scouts, and the little rascal has become so shrewd that he can tell by where my hat is just what time I came in the night before."—Judge.

We Get a Slap

The big coffee trust, made up of Brazilian growers and American importers, has been trying various tactics to boost the price of coffee and get more money from the people.

Always the man who is trying to dig extra money out of the public pocket, on a combination, hates the man who blocks the game.

Now comes a plaintive plea from the "exasperated" ones.

The *Journal of Commerce* lately said: "A stirring circular has just been issued to the coffee trade." The article further says:

"The coffee world is discussing what is to be the future of coffee as a result of the campaign of miseducation carried on by the cereal coffee people. We have before us a letter from one of the largest roasters in the South asking what can be done to counteract the work of the enemies of coffee.

"The matter should have been taken up by the Brazilian Gov't when they were completing their beautiful valorization scheme."

Then the article proceeds to denounce Postum and works into a fine frenzy, because we have published facts regarding the effect of coffee on some people.

The harrowing tale goes on.

"Where a few years ago everybody drank coffee, several cups a day, now we find in every walk in life people who imagine they cannot drink it. (The underscoring is ours.) Burly blacksmiths, carpenters, laborers and athletes have discontinued or cut down the use of coffee; as there is not a person who reads this and will not be able to find the same conditions existing among his own circle of acquaintances, is it not well for the Brazilians to sit up and take notice?"

Isn't it curious these "burly" strong men should pick out coffee to "imagine" about? Why not "imagine" that regular doses of whiskey are harmful, or daily slugs of morphine?

If "imagination" makes the caffeine in coffee clog the liver, depress the heart, and steadily tear down the nervous system, bringing on one or more of the dozens of types of diseases which follow broken-down nervous systems, many people don't know it.

But it remained for the man who has coffee, morphine or whiskey to sell, to have the supreme nerve to say: "You only imagine your disorders. Keep on buying from me."



POSTUM

This is one of the highest compliments ever paid to the level-headed, common sense of Americans who cut off about two hundred million pounds of coffee when they found by actual experiment (in the majority of cases) that the subtle drug caffeine, in coffee, worked discomfort and varying forms of disease.

Some people haven't the character to stop a habit when they know it is killing them, but it is easy to shift from coffee to Postum, for, when made according to directions, it comes to table a cup of beverage, seal brown color, which turns to rich golden brown when cream is added, and the taste is very like the milder grades of Old Gov't Java.

Postum is a veritable food-drink and highly nourishing, containing all the parts of wheat carefully prepared to which is added about ten per cent of New Orleans molasses, and that is absolutely all that Postum is made of.

Thousands of visitors to the pure food factories see the ingredients and how prepared. Every nook and corner is open for every visitor to carefully inspect. Crowds come daily and seem to enjoy it.

We quote again from the article: "These figures are paralyzing but correct, being taken from Leech's statistics, recognized as the most reliable."

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Michigan

SOCIETY

Edited by MRS. LILLIAN TRICE.
Telephone No. 10.

A PRIZE WON.

Two weeks before Thanksgiving Mr. Fullerton, Superintendent of the Presbyterian Sunday School, offered a prize to the pupil giving the three best reasons for being thankful, in three sentences, with three words to the sentence. The Prize to be a beautifully bound Oxford Bible. In order no partiality to be shown, the cards were numbered and corresponding numbers placed upon the names, then the names were cut off. A committee was appointed consisting of Miss Burwell, Messrs. Miller and Hamilton to examine the cards and make a decision. They did not by any means find it an easy task for there were many good reasons given, but they had to center upon one as only one prize was offered. After much thought they decided Miss Florence Taylor had presented in the most concise way, three of the best reasons for being thankful, namely: For The Bible, For Christian Home, For Sunday School.

We congratulate the young lady in winning so valuable a gift for their were about 35 contestants. This an honor she should receive with much pride.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

The Domestic science pupils under Miss DeWitt's supervision

are making rapid progress in their art. They dispensed delicious chocolate after the entertainment on Wednesday evening to a goodly number, and the young ladies graciously served each guest admirably. A greater compliment can not be possessed by a young lady than a thorough knowledge of the culinary art. The school counts itself indeed fortunate in securing one so efficient as Miss DeWitt as instructor.

Miss Burwell will entertain in honor of Mrs. Chevalier Tuesday afternoon, hours from 3 to 6 o'clock. Invitations issued for last Thursday holds good for the day named.

LECTURE SUNDAY NIGHT.

Rev. Hiram Boyless Phillips, a blind Methodist preacher will lecture at the Methodist Church, Sunday night at 7:30 on the "Problem of Human Happiness." He comes most highly recommended. You cannot afford to miss such a treat. No charges will be made, but a collection will be taken for Rev. Phillips.

John M. Lynn, Pastor.

AT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Rev. H. W. Hamilton will conduct regular preaching services Sunday morning at 11, but will not preach in the evening and invites his congregation to go with him to the Methodist Church to hear Rev. Mr. Phillips who will deliver a lecture on "Human Happiness" at that hour.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

If you want some sweet potatoes, phone F. I. 10.

Mrs. R. A. Taylor and children went to Big Foot yesterday.

You can see the candle burn, but oh! you diamond ring.

What to give and where to get it—Gaddis' Pharmacy.

When you find you are "just out" Call No. 9, to replenish your stock. W. H. Fullerton & Son.

WANTED—Small place on shares near town. Address RECORD OFFICE.

Buy your Christmas Goods where you get satisfaction, quality, style and price. That means at Gaddis' Pharmacy.

Gaddis' Pharmacy always carries the best line of Christmas Gifts.

Dr. R. A. Goeth of San Antonio was among the arrivals on yesterday's train. He will spend several days at Goeth Bros., farm at Harris Lake hunting and fishing.

Ladies when you entertain, use Maraschino cherries to make pretty dishes. Phone No. 9. W. H. Fullerton & Sons.

Would like to buy short bale of cotton in the seed.—H. C. GUINN.

Pleasing presents in a profusion of varieties for all Xmas shoppers at economy prices. Gaddis' Pharmacy.

DAFFYDIL CONTEST.

The Daffydil Contest at Gaddis' Pharmacy will be extended to Saturday, 23rd. Get busy. Dozens of Daffydils are coming in.

If Mathewson likes to play ball, will the candle stick to the diamond?

If the candle will burn because it is sperm, will the diamond—ring?

Buy your Sweet potatoes from F. I. Rock.

NOTICE SHERIFF'S SALE.

The State of Texas, County of La Salle:

By virtue of an order of sale, issued out of the Honorable District Court of Travis County, on the 3rd day of October A. D. 1911, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of Falstaff Manufacturing & Mercantile Co., versus R. Lehman, No. 27547 and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell for cash, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's Sales, on the first Tuesday in January, A. D. 1912, it being the 2nd day of said month, before the Court House door of said La Salle County, in the town of Cotulla the following described property, to-wit:

Lots one L17 and two L27 in block "A" of the town of Encinal in the county of La Salle, State of Texas, levied on as the property of R. Lehman to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$1012.88 in favor of Falstaff Manufacturing & Mercantile Co., and costs of suit.

Given under my hand, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1911.

T. H. POOLE, Sheriff.
By B. WILDENTHAL, Deputy.

The Church Ladies.

The Ladies Aid met with Mrs. Allen this week. Eleven members an one visitor present. After seeing what interesting meetings we have, this visitor joined our Aid. Devotional Exercises conducted by our president.

A Talk on the "Jubilee" by Sister Rowland made us all more enthusiastic for the Mission Cause she suggested that we appoint an afternoon for "Pray Service" to pray for our Missionaries of the offering we are to make to China this month.

Following up the same theme, Mrs. Cotulla gave us a splendid paper on China.

An account of proceeds of oyster supper was estimated about \$31 was cleared.

We wish to thank the people for their patronage; next meeting of Aid is to be with Mrs. Binkley.

MRS. OBETS, REPORTER.

TO OUR FRIENDS IN COTULLA.

After several years stay with you, we are going away, but we could not go without expressing our appreciation of the many kindnesses shown us by the good people of Cotulla. We had learned to love you; we go away praying Heavens richest blessings on you.

Mr. and Mrs. Zack Leonard.

On merit alone we solicit all or part of your hay, grain and grocery trade. Prompt and courteous attention and fair treatment extended to one and all.

We Feed Everything

Every day brings us a new customer—the band is growing—growing fast.

Have you joined? There is a reason for this increase. Learn it—then you will join—our band of satisfied customers.

We can please the most critical, tempt the delicate, satisfy the coming and make your Xmas feast a success.

W. H. Fullerton & Son.

"THE QUALITY GROCERS"

Grain, Hay, Chickens, Eggs, Cotton Seed, Products, Etc.

BIG CLOSING OUT SALE BEGAN YESTERDAY

Attention Everybody!

C. C. FAWCETT & COMPANY

Positively Going Out of Business.

Big Sale Now On and Stock Will Be Sold by

The C. P. Salvage Company, of Chicago.

≡ C. C. Fawcett & Co. ≡

BIG CLOSING OUT SALE WILL END DEC. 20TH.

Remember that Santa Claus Headquarters is HORGEB & WINDROW'S. Everything shown that's up to date.