

# The Cotulla Record.

VOL. 13, NO. 45

COTULLA, TEXAS, DEC. 16, 1911

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

## IMMENSE RESERVOIR CAN BE CREATED.

### ENGINEERS ESTABLISH SOME IMPORTANT FACTS.

Engineers of the Irrigation District did some work at the proposed dam site this week, and took levels in an Easternly direction, crossing the railroad North of town and established as a fact that the fall of the land is sufficient to carry the water, by a high line gravity canal to the proposed district. The levels showed that water can be taken from the canal on the West side of the railroad track.

Levels taken show that the points on the hills on either side of the river at the proposed dam site are about 70 feet high, with a gradual ascending slope for several miles back. That a vast reservoir can be created is a certainty.

A detailed survey of the reservoir and the irrigation district will be a big job and require a number of engineering parties. Work will be carried on rapidly and those who have not as yet sent in their share of the preliminary expenses are urged to do so at once, as only those who help bear these preliminary expenses can expect to have their land surveyed for inclusion within this district.

#### VIEWS OF PRACTICAL MAN.

E. A. Keck, a resident of La-Salle county since 1882; in the irrigation business on the Nueces for ten years, and regarded as one of the most conservative and practical citizens of the county, was interviewed by the RECORD yesterday in regard to the subject:

"What do you think of this proposition?" was asked.

"I think it the biggest project that has ever been undertaken and am gratified to see the progress that is being made. Its success will make valuable thousands of acres of land that is today non-productive and it will be the making of Cotulla. It will be of more value than half a dozen railroads. If we get the proposition, we won't have to bother about railroads; they will come to us."

"Have you seen the reservoir site and do you think sufficient water could be stored to irrigate 50,000 acres of land?"

"I was with the engineering party Saturday when levels were taken at the proposed dam site. A dam can be built 70 feet high, from one hill point to another, and then higher if necessary, as the hills slope gradually upward. I believe that a dam 70 feet high will create a lake covering not less than 10,000 acres, and that is a vast amount of water and will irrigate a vast body of land."

"With your knowledge of the

overflows that annually come down the Nueces, do you think there would be any question as to the water supply for such a reservoir?"

"Absolutely none. I have lived here since 1882 and know from observation there is a vast volume of flood water that annually go down the stream. There would be very few years that such a reservoir would not be filled twice a year, and often more than that."

"What effect do you think the creating of this lake would have on the river below?"

"With such a vast volume of storm water harnessed, there would of course be some seepage, and in my opinion would make a better stream below than it is at present."

#### METHODIST CHRISTMAS TREE.

We expect to have a Christmas tree on Saturday night before Christmas. Any one is at liberty to put on presents for their children and friends. At that time we desire the children to bring the banks in which they have been collecting money and that with a collection that will be taken at the church will be given to the orphans.

There will be a short program rendered, and Santa Claus is expected to be present.

All are cordially invited to attend.

R. H. Reefeld, Supt.  
John M. Lynn, Pastor.

#### Horger & Windrow Make Societies Generous Offer.

Horger and Windrow have made arrangements with the ladies of the Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist Churches to conduct the sales of their store Dec. 19, 20, and 21, and receive 10 per cent of all cash taken in. Help a good cause along and buy your Christmas goods, medicines, etc., on one of the dates given. The Ladies will benefit by your shopping.

#### Winners of Prizes at Fawcett's Store.

The premium ticket contest at Fawcett's store closed at noon yesterday. B. Wildenthal, Jr., won the diamond ring; Miss Mollie Lacy, gold head parasol; Mrs. Chas. Obets, diamond watch; Miss Bess Manly, \$5.00 gold piece.

FOR SALE—Gentle horse, works single—E. C. STACY.

FOR SALE—Jersey cow, hive of bees, Sewing machine, 50 mesquite posts, few household goods, cheap—F. A. Franklin.

WANTED—A good renter with force enough to work about 25 or 30 acres of land under irrigation.—W. B. Stanfield.

Nunnally candies, fancy boxes and baskets, 10c to \$10.00.  
Gaddis' Pharmacy.

## The Church Ladies.

### METHODIST AID SOCIETY.

The Womans Home Missionary Society of the M. E. Church met at the Church Dec. 7th. After the usual devotional service, and business session, the election of new officers, were all re-elected, no changes made except, recording and corresponding secretaries; these officers desiring a change, the society voted on allowing them to exchange offices. The officers elected are as follows: Mrs. T. R. Keck President, Mrs. Glen Bartlett 1st. Vice Pres. Mrs. L. W. Gaddis 2nd. Vice Pres., Mrs. E. A. Keck 3rd. Vice Pres. Mrs. Payton Kerr, Rec. Sec. Mrs. J. M. Lynn Cor. Sec. Mrs. Clem Graham Treasurer, Mrs. Frank Mowen Press.—REPORTER.

### MEET WITH MRS. REES.

The Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church will be entertained by Mrs. Rees on Wednesday (Dec. 26th.) Ladies all meet promptly at 3 p. m. Those having conveyances, please see that all have a way to get out. Election of officers, all members be present.—Reporter.

### BAPTIST AID SOCIETY.

An exceedingly pleasant meeting of Ladies Aid met with Mrs. Fred Binkley this week. I think if those absent members had ever enjoyed Mrs. Binkley's hospitality, they would have made "a mighty effort" to have been present.

Quite a number were present, eleven members and one visitor.

After Scripture reading by Mrs. Binkley, we were lead in prayer by Sister Rowland. Splendid readings, by Mrs. Geo. Tarver and Mrs. Binkley.

Contributions were not only made to "China" but to several charitable purposes, here at home.

These ladies are earnest, Christian workers, doing what they can for Christ's cause. I am sure we feel better for these meetings and all members should attend when possible.

Next meeting to be with Mrs. Simon Cotulla.—Reporter.

### Benefit Sale for Societies.

Through the kindness of Mr. Windrow, the three missionary societies are to have a per cent of his cash sales on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of next week. We want to urge all, especially our Baptist friends to help run up his sales on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, of next week.

Mrs. H. M. Rowland, President Baptist Aid Society.

Fire works, all kinds at Gaddis' Pharmacy.

## SUBSTANTIAL GIFTS

are the kind that are most appreciated. This store offers many successions to the gift giver. From our big line of Men's and Women's Furnishings you can find something appropriate for the old and the young, the big and the little. Come in and let us show you.



Nice Coat or Sweater

For your wife, daughter or sister. A welcome gift, and we are selling them at greatly reduced prices. Just drop in and let us show you.



A nice Suit

Boy's Suits.

Plenty of Clerks to wait on you Promptly.

# K. Burwell.

**Church Ladies Benefit.** 10 Per Cent of the Cash Receipts of our store on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 19, 20 and 21, will go to the Baptist Ladies Aid Society, the Presbyterian Missionary Society and the Methodist Home Mission Society. We have made arrangements for these three Societies to take charge of our store on the dates above mentioned, and they will receive 10 per cent of all cash taken in by us either on account or cash sales. Buy your Christmas Goods, Medicines and other things you need in our line on those days and your Society will receive the benefit. Remember dates. **Horger & Windrow's Drugstore.**



# The Peril of Magellan Strait

## NARRATIVE OF CAPTAIN ADAMS "Detective-Diplomat"

By H. M. EGBERT

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

I HAD left the foreign office in deep dejection after an unhappy hour spent in the company of the secretary for foreign affairs. In vain I had pleaded, in extenuation, that I had only obeyed the orders which another had issued. A diplomatic scapegoat had to be obtained in order to save England from humiliation at the hands of a powerful neighbor—and I had been chosen. Upon the threshold of my career, the diplomatic service seemed to be forever closed to me.

"I'm sorry for you, Adams," said the foreign secretary, Sir Edward Grey, to me, "heartily sorry. But the element of luck has evidently deserted you. If you are really anxious to continue to serve your country, however, I might be able to make use of you at some time in the secret service, which constantly requires the aid of gentlemen having a certain social status, with training in the legitimate branch. And, to facilitate matters—since you are in favor with his majesty in spite of your misfortune—I will ask him to appoint you as one of his couriers-at-large."

Who has not heard of the king's couriers—that small band of private gentlemen who carry his majesty's private dispatches among crowned heads and statesmen? A king's courier often bears the peace of Europe in the little black leather wallet which, whether he sleeps or wakes, must never leave his person until its contents have been delivered in safety to their destination. He is the unofficial, as the ambassador is the official, representative of his sovereign; deeds of the most hazardous nature often fall to him to perform; and never, by any chance, whether he fail or succeed, does he receive public acknowledgment.

A few days afterward I received notice of my appointment. The salary was small, but sufficient to enable me to continue to keep on my bachelor apartments in Half Moon street, Piccadilly, where I resided with Talbot, my ex-soldier servant, who had attached to me as my valet when I held a

position, mainly of German origin, who would have everything to gain by the outbreak of hostilities between Japan and America—in which England would be compelled to join, as Japan's ally, by the terms of the treaty. The influence of this group, though powerful, is not sufficient to bring about a war. They intend, therefore, that the voyage of the fleet shall be attended by such incidents as shall kindle the anger of America to the explosion point and bring about the results that they desire. Remembering how the destruction of the Maine precipitated the war with Spain, it is their intention that the flagship of Admiral Evans shall be destroyed by Japanese treachery during the passage of the fleet through the straits of Magellan. More than one vessel they will not injure, lest their less leave America too weak to fight Japan. This act will force America to declare war, and England will be compelled to take up arms against her. Hence it is of the utmost urgency that this murderous scheme be foiled.

"But how is it to be accomplished?" I inquired.

Sir Edward Grey threw away his cigar and continued in hurried, agitated tones.

"We received information this morning, an order, to which the name of the minkado has been forged, has been placed in the hands of a Japanese military attaché at Rio Janeiro, by name Kitachi. It states that he will consider himself responsible only to his emperor; that he will proceed immediately to Punta Arenas, the little Chilean town upon the straits of Magellan, and the center of the sheep-farming industry. Thence he will proceed to a tiny harbor, known only to the Japanese survey, that lies like a cleft among the frowning cliffs which rise sheer from the waters. There he will set up his camp and make his preparations, and, at the precise moment of its passage, he will destroy the flagship of the American admiral by means of the new secret Japanese torpedo, which can be controlled and guided during its flight by means of wireless telegraphy. There will occur one moment of panic; then the great ship will plunge and plunge to her grave, and the almost impenetrable waters, carrying all her crew to destruction. Captain Adams, the future of England lies in your hands."

With these concluding words he dismissed me.

The American fleet was preparing to set sail from Hampton Roads that very afternoon. On the following morning I could reach a Cunard steamship which would land me in New York on the sixth day. Thence a fast passenger ship would carry me to Rio close at the heels of the squadron. Every day's spent in that port would be a clear day's gain thereafter. I hoped to reach Punta Arenas a full week ahead of the fleet, allowing for delays and coaling; and this I actually succeeded in accomplishing. It was about one month later when Talbot and I, standing side by side upon the deck of the little sheepboat which brought us southward from Rio, perceived, through a drenching rain, the fearful heights that bordered either side of the straits of Magellan, and the little town looming up white against a background of barren hills, bordered with dripping forests.

"Begging your pardon, sir, might I ask whether our stay in this burg is liable to prove a long one, sir?" asked Talbot.

I could not but smile at the faithful fellow's misery. After the long sea voyage our terminus certainly did not appear very attractive—and Talbot was a cockney of cockneys. But the thought of the work on hand quickened me to a condition of seriousness.

"Talbot," I said, "you and I are going into a hard game. I saw his eyes brighten. Talbot was with me in Afghanistan, when for three days we two and a wounded lancer kept 50 Afghans at bay. Henceforward," I continued, "until the danger is over, you will kindly address me as an equal."

"All right, old man," said Talbot easily, instantly falling into the spirit of his instructions. It was, in fact, an ancient understanding between us. So soon as we passed beyond the boundaries of the conventional in which fortune had made us master and servant, Talbot would show himself the fine comrade that he is, by my request.

"Hadden somewhere among those cliffs," I said, "is a little bay. There's a man there, playing with dangerous toys. We've got to get him and break his toys. Sarvee?"

Talbot grinned. "What ho!" he answered, in his inimitable cockney dialect.

It was arranged that I should pass as a sheep purchaser, or as a wealthy Englishman who desired to look over the sheep runs with a view to making an investment. Talbot was a gold prospector whom I had met on the voyage. In this way we calculated that we could best make our investigations of the surrounding country. Upon our arrival good news cheered us. The fleet had just sailed from Rio, where it had been delayed overtime. It

would not enter the straits for several days. This allowed us additional time to make our plans.

A visit to the English consulate gave scanty information. To my question whether there were many Japanese around Punta Arenas the consul answered that it was impossible to answer.

"The territories are quite unorganized," he answered. "There may be ten, there may be fifty, scattered all the way between the mainland and the Horn. The land is most imperfectly known, and inhabited by tribes of hostile savages who make periodic raids upon the sheep-runs. There's over 20,000 square miles of forest and bog. And, talking of bogs, let me warn you not to stray off the beaten path, or you'll be trapped sure."

Then he unexpectedly added something which made my heart leap.

"There's a little Chink or Jap fellow passed through alone last week. Said he was going gold-washing along the straits, but he had a curious outfit—some kind of patent machinery, he claimed."

And this information was worth a gold mine to me. For, now that I knew the direction in which Kitachi had gone, it was obvious that, by following the general contour of the land, I must come upon the secret cove.

So far neither Talbot nor I had noticed any signs of espionage. This seemed strange. Sir Edward Grey had informed me that the syndicate which was backing Kitachi in his murderous plot was of vast wealth and ramifications. It seemed incredible that they had permitted us to get thus far in safety; that they had not suspected an attempt was being made to frustrate their scheme. Or had they merely tolerated our approach thus far in order to make the more sure of our destruction?

The question was soon to be answered. Talbot and I had engaged a single, large room at the top of the little mining hotel that looks out over the waters. We retired to rest that night early, having taken the precaution to close the window and bolt it. Under my pillow I had placed my loaded Colt automatic pistol. Fastidiously by the day's work, I fell quick-

ly asleep, and dreamed that I encountered Kitachi under all sorts of impossible conditions, but principally engaged with him in wrestling matches upon the summit of those fearful cliffs, while the American squadron, hove into view, miles down beneath us. I remember Kitachi got his arm under my neck and was about to throw me over the brink—when suddenly I awakened with a start to find one part of the dream real. An arm was certainly coiling under my neck, but ever so softly, the fingers wining their way down deep beneath the pillow. The habits of ten campaigns had taught me one essential of the adventurer's life—to wake noiselessly. I opened my eyes the least possible amount—enough to see that dawn was breaking in the customary eternal fog and rain. And at my side I saw a tawny figure that squatted there, while the fingers worked toward the pistol which was but two inches further on. I measured the distance, and suddenly shot my arm from under the bedclothes. The guess was accurate. My fist caught the intruder beneath the ear and bowled him over. Instantly I whipped out my pistol, which he had so nearly obtained; but not before the figure, pulling himself together, vanished with a bound through the window, from which the glass had been carefully dissected. I discharged the magazine into the darkness, but without effect, except to rouse the other occupants of rooms in the hotel.

"One of those thieving Oma Indians," was the general comment. Such events, it appeared, were far from uncommon in Punta Arenas. The natives were expert "second-story men." I listened skeptically, being more concerned in attempting to soothe Talbot, who was reproaching himself bitterly for having been sunk in "stinkin' slumber," as he described his sleep, while my life was endangered.

On the next day we were to start upon the trail—Talbot ostensibly to prospect for gold. I considered a choice location for a sheep-run. We hustled ourselves the remainder of that day securing four stout little Shetland

ponies, which we loaded down with our impedimenta, intending to adopt the customary method of the country and to walk beside them, since riding over the yielding bogs is almost impracticable for man and beast. It had been our intention to go alone, trusting to our campaigning experience. Now, however, we determined to engage an escort. Three ex-miners, who had flung away their hard-earned gains in a week of debauchery at Punta Arenas, were easily persuaded for money to accompany us as a protection against anything we might encounter. We started off on the next afternoon through dripping undergrowth, following so far as was practicable, the line of the shore. At nightfall we camped upon the borders of a stretch of open land, and arose after a period of sleeplessness and general drowsiness to find the pale sun struggling through the fog drifts and the eternal line of the cliffs still firm and unbroken. Now ensued a dreary tramp across a spongy bog, in which horses and men sank to their fetlocks and ankles. A little way ahead of us was a clump of trees, the scattering opening of the forest.

Suddenly a naked, bronzed figure ran out from the trees, lifted a bow at us, and began fitting an arrow to the string. He drew the string. The distant twang floated across the still air, and an arrow buried itself in the ground 100 yards in front. The Indian, having missed his mark, began to run aimlessly in the direction of the wood.

"Catch that fellow!" I shouted, leaning upon my pony. The others followed suit, and, spurring the beasts, we galloped in pursuit. All at once my pony tripped and fell under me, throwing me heavily. I was stunned for the moment; when I recovered my senses I found that his leg was broken. I attempted to rise, but my feet sank into the bog.

All were in the same plight. Kneedeep, they labored painfully toward each other from where their horses stood, mired to the thighs. With infinite difficulty Talbot made his way to my side; the rest were 50 yards away—they might as well have been three miles.

"Well, old chap, they've copped us good," said Talbot.

"Wh-e-e-e-ew!"

"Well, Talbot," I said cheerfully, "there's only one thing to be done. Your shirt's older than mine—give me a piece!"

"Not while I can fire another shot, Adams," replied Talbot sulkily. "Surrender? What for?"

"Because our position's hopeless," I retorted. "We can't get away, and if we could they'd catch us again. Talbot, they'll release you. It's me they want. Make a flag out of your shirt."

"You be damned," retorted Talbot sulkily. "Say that again and I'll bash yer blasted face in."

"Silence!" I shouted. "I'm commanding officer here, my man. I order you as your officer to hoist that flag."

"O, ord right," said Talbot sulkily. I heard the z-z-z of linen in the tearing. And then, slowly, Talbot hoisted the white flag on his rifle barrel.

A moment later a little squint-eyed Japanese tripped out of the wood and beckoned to us.

"This way, gentlemen!" he shouted, pointing to a line of coarse tussock grass that grew near and, as I now perceived, formed an excellent pathway through the morass. "Fling down your rifles!" he added. "Now your pistols! So!"

At a signal from him three Indians stepped forward from among the trees and bound us, after which we were led along a narrow trail that seemed to disappear right over the face of the cliffs. In places the path was so narrow that we literally clung to the side of the precipice. Presently it widened out; we were descending a wooded chine that led to the little cove, on which already we could hear the booming of the sea-rollers. A turn disclosed it to us. A neat little military house, the emplacement of the Indians, and a large shed, surmounted by a high pole for wireless transmission, stood just at the boundary of the high tide, fringed with coarse seaweed and almost washed by the spray. At the emplacement we were halted.

"What are you going to do with us?" I asked Kitachi.

The little man turned round and looked at me quizzically.

"Do you know why I spared your lives?" he asked.

"And murdered our companions," I retorted bitterly.

Kitachi shrugged his shoulders. "I obey my emperor," he said, saluting at the word. "Their lives are nothing, my life is nothing, and yours are nothing, to be weighed in the balance with his command. I spared yours because, gentlemen—you are to be the torpedoes!"

"What?" I cried.

"Since you will never leave this spot alive, I will explain the matter gladly. The principle of the new dirigible torpedo is different entirely from that of any other. It is not only directed, but is set in action from the shore; in other words, instead of being discharged at a high rate of velocity, it proceeds at a constant and leisurely speed through the waves, until within aiming distance of its target. Then, and then only, does the operator on shore detonate the charge and hurl the missile into the vitals of the ship. Now you will readily see that, proceeding at such a low rate of speed, a torpedo of metal would simply sink below the surface of the waves. We must make use, therefore, of something of the same relative gravity as water—in other words, the human body. Now, when you are increased in a hollow shell of aluminum, and discharged at a constant speed of some ten miles per hour, you will make your course half submerged, and, when the charge is detonated, you will hit the flagship betwixt wind and water—exactly on the water line!"

"What, make a torpedo out of me?" cried Talbot, advancing upon the Japanese with whirling fists. I pulled him back with difficulty from the Japanese's revolver.

"While there's life there's hope, Talbot," I whispered. Kitachi heard.

"You have until tomorrow morning at ten, gentlemen," he answered briefly. "At that hour the flagship will be passing abreast of our station. They are now nearing the entrance; you see, I am picking up their position by means of wireless." He seemed inhuman, disconcerting, a living intelligence not subordinate to the human emotions of man, but dedicated wholly to his duty.

"Will you be paroled until tomorrow, or will you be tied?" he asked. We gave our parole. Apparently Kitachi had entire confidence in it, for he merely indicated a tent in which we were to sleep and went into his house.

I shall never forget the horrors of that night. At ten in the morning we were to die, to fulfil the forged communication to Kitachi. And, this being so, and escape impossible, he had placed us upon our honor as soldiers and servants of our king, knowing that he held us thus more securely than if ropes bound us. All night we heard the thunder roaring in the sky, and saw the lightning flashes, and heard the heavy downpour of the rain. It seemed eternity before the darkness yielded to the diffused grayness of dawn and an Indian brought us our breakfast of the Japanese army ration of rice and fish. We swallowed it with an effort.

"Might as well eat something before we kick the bucket; what, old boy?" said Talbot.

At nine Kitachi came for us and announced that our parole was ended. At a signal, we were seized by Indians and, before we understood what was occurring, our arms were bound round our knees, and we stood trussed and helpless. Kitachi entered the shed and threw open the wooden wall on the shore side, disclosing a complicated arrangement of batteries and prominent



ly asleep, and dreamed that I encountered Kitachi under all sorts of impossible conditions, but principally engaged with him in wrestling matches upon the summit of those fearful cliffs, while the American squadron, hove into view, miles down beneath us. I remember Kitachi got his arm under my neck and was about to throw me over the brink—when suddenly I awakened with a start to find one part of the dream real. An arm was certainly coiling under my neck, but ever so softly, the fingers wining their way down deep beneath the pillow. The habits of ten campaigns had taught me one essential of the adventurer's life—to wake noiselessly. I opened my eyes the least possible amount—enough to see that dawn was breaking in the customary eternal fog and rain. And at my side I saw a tawny figure that squatted there, while the fingers worked toward the pistol which was but two inches further on. I measured the distance, and suddenly shot my arm from under the bedclothes. The guess was accurate. My fist caught the intruder beneath the ear and bowled him over. Instantly I whipped out my pistol, which he had so nearly obtained; but not before the figure, pulling himself together, vanished with a bound through the window, from which the glass had been carefully dissected. I discharged the magazine into the darkness, but without effect, except to rouse the other occupants of rooms in the hotel.

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"While there's life there's hope, Talbot," I whispered. Kitachi heard.

"You have until tomorrow morning at ten, gentlemen," he answered briefly. "At that hour the flagship will be passing abreast of our station. They are now nearing the entrance; you see, I am picking up their position by means of wireless." He seemed inhuman, disconcerting, a living intelligence not subordinate to the human emotions of man, but dedicated wholly to his duty.

"Will you be paroled until tomorrow, or will you be tied?" he asked. We gave our parole. Apparently Kitachi had entire confidence in it, for he merely indicated a tent in which we were to sleep and went into his house.

I shall never forget the horrors of that night. At ten in the morning we were to die, to fulfil the forged communication to Kitachi. And, this being so, and escape impossible, he had placed us upon our honor as soldiers and servants of our king, knowing that he held us thus more securely than if ropes bound us. All night we heard the thunder roaring in the sky, and saw the lightning flashes, and heard the heavy downpour of the rain. It seemed eternity before the darkness yielded to the diffused grayness of dawn and an Indian brought us our breakfast of the Japanese army ration of rice and fish. We swallowed it with an effort.

"Might as well eat something before we kick the bucket; what, old boy?" said Talbot.

At nine Kitachi came for us and announced that our parole was ended. At a signal, we were seized by Indians and, before we understood what was occurring, our arms were bound round our knees, and we stood trussed and helpless. Kitachi entered the shed and threw open the wooden wall on the shore side, disclosing a complicated arrangement of batteries and prominent

among the machinery, two huge, coil-like oval structures of aluminum, each about the length of a man.

When I came to die my last memory will be of standing there, beside Talbot, bound, on the beach, listening to the waves, and straining my eyes for the thin wisp of smoke that would indicate the approach of Admiral Evans' flagship and announce our imminent death.

Ten o'clock tinkled from a clock in the Japanese officer's house. We looked hard out to sea. The mists lifted; now we could see the frowning cliffs opposite and, in the distance, the white houses of Punta Arenas. But no ship came. The clock tinkled 11 and then 12. A wild hove throbbed in my heart. Suddenly the electric instrument began to click. Kitachi turned impassively to the machine. It was not Morse, but the secret Japanese method of communication, and neither of us understood, though we concluded it was the signal for the ships to enter the strait.

As Kitachi stood reading I saw his body stiffen gradually, until he seemed to be a figure of wood. When the last click ceased he came up to us and stood watching us with a peculiar smile.

"You're very lucky!" he said, and turned aside to mutter to the chief Indian. Immediately the ropes were taken off our limbs, and we remained looking at Kitachi in amazement, free, yet hardly daring to hope.

"These Indians will escort you as far as the sheep trail where they met you yesterday," he added. "Go—you are free."

"Free?" I stammered.

"Yes, gentlemen," said Kitachi wearily. "The vessels of the American fleet passed through the straits last night. The magnetic storm, unusual for this time of the year, was caused by an event which only occurs once in long periods—and last night it happened and luck overthrew all my plans. There was a shifting of the south magnetic pole, due to some unknown combination of heavenly bodies, which caused my instruments to pick up the fleet in a wrong region of the compass. But my emperor does not permit chance to overcome his will. I have failed; all is over." He threw up his hands and walked slowly into his house.

I whispered to Talbot to wait and ran after him. My heart was touched with pity. After all, he was merely obeying what he fancied were his emperor's commands; and he had treated us as an officer and a gentleman should do. Now, perhaps, he would believe me if I told him the truth about the conspiracy.

I knocked at the door twice; then, as no answer came, I opened it and entered. Kitachi was sitting, Japanese fashion, upon the floor, wrapped in a rug, his shoulders curiously bowed. He looked up at me patiently as I entered, but made no sign.

Gradually, however, as I unfolded the story, an expression of horror came over his features. He groaned; he tried to rise. As he did so the rug fell from him and I saw that his under side was stained with blood and that a short sword lay between his knees, hilt down, point upward. Even as I looked Kitachi's features composed themselves, his eyes closed, and he fell forward, transfixed upon the weapon with which, in the old feudal style, he had performed the sacred rite.

Sick with pity, I ran out, to find Talbot at the door.

"All right, old boy?" he asked. Then, seeing the answer in my eyes, he saluted me, soldier fashion.

"Begging your pardon, sir," he said; "I think we ought to be moving."

Vanity of a Lion.

The intricacies of a great man's character are often simplicities to his wife. Once when the present poet laureate had paid a visit to Tennyson, his immediate predecessor, Tennyson walked with him as far as the gate which led to the highway. There, says Alfred Austin in his recent "Autobiography," while the elder poet stood leaning on the gate a party of wide-eyed sight-seers appeared.

"What a vulgar people the English are!" Tennyson exclaimed. "They come here to watch for me, and when they see me they say quite loudly: 'There's Tennyson!'"

Mr. Austin afterward repeated this to Mrs. Tennyson, who smiled tenderly but archly.

"My husband would be much more annoyed if the people didn't come," she said.—Youth's Companion.

He Came Down for Hensel.

Former Attorney General William U. Hensel, the Lancaster lawyer who was the guest of the Terrapin club at a dinner in the Bellevue Stratford, is one of the best-known attorneys of the state. He is a brilliant orator and is in demand for his speech-making abilities.

It is told of him that a prisoner in the Lancaster court was about to be tried, when the man asked who was counsel for the prosecution.

"Mr. Hensel," was the reply.

"That settles it; it's all off. I plead guilty; no use being tried."—Philadelphia Record.

Good Idea.

Posterity will not have to depend upon what it can read through the covers of books for its knowledge of the present age if the plans of the newly-organized Modern Historic Records association are carried out. The association proposes to use the phonograph and the moving picture machine to preserve for posterity the words and acts of the nation's great men. One set of all pictures and records will be stored away for at least 100 years in the vaults of the association.



## SUFFERED TWENTY-ONE YEARS FINALLY FOUND RELIEF

Having suffered for twenty-one years with a pain in my side, I finally have found relief in Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. The physicians called it "Mother's Pain" and injections of morphine were my only relief for short periods of time. I became so sick that I had to undergo a surgical operation in New Orleans, which benefited me for two years. When the same pain came back one day I was so sick that I gave up hope of living. A friend advised me to try your Swamp-Root and I at once commenced using it. The first bottle did me so much good that I purchased two more bottles. I am now on my second bottle and am feeling like a new woman. I passed a gravel stone as large as a big red bean and several small ones. I have not had the least feeling of pain since taking your Swamp-Root and I feel it my duty to recommend this great medicine to all suffering humanity. Give your name to MRS. JOSEPH CONSTANCE, Avozelles Par., Marksville, La. Personally appeared before me, this 15th day of July, 1911, Mrs. Joseph Constance, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact. Wm. Morrow, Notary Public.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

**Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You**  
Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

**Till Then.**  
"Will you be mine?"  
"Yes, till we are married."  
"Till we are married?"  
"Yes; then you'll be mine."  
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

Whenever the devil has a minute to spare he sets another trap for the boy.

### Any Distress After Meals?

Have you heartburn?  
**TRY THE BITTERS**  
Do you belch or bloat?  
**TRY THE BITTERS**  
Do you feel bloated?  
**TRY THE BITTERS**

### Hostetter's Stomach Bitters

is 58 years old and has helped thousands back to health. It tones—rebuilds—nourishes.

### MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

**CURED HIS PILES.**  
Mr. J. W. Dickson, Taylor, Cal., writes: "Mexican Mustang Liniment beats all things as a cure for Piles. I am 75 years old, but only found out about three years ago that your liniment was so good for piles. I hope others will try it."  
25c. 50c. \$1 a bottle at Drug & Gen'l Stores

### MONEY IN TRAPPING

We sell you how and pay royalties. Write for weekly price list and references.  
**M. SABEL & SONS**  
LOUISVILLE, KY.  
Dealers in Furs, Hides, Wool  
Established 1860.

### PISO'S Best for COUGHS & COLDS

**Pettis Eye Salve**  
FOR ALL EYE DISEASES

### TEXAS LANDS

all kinds, all prices, easy terms. Complete Land & Development Co., Dallas, Tex.

### DRUG STORES

(single) for sale and trade in all states. R. F. HARRIS, Dallas, Tex.

### Texas Directory

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

### Hotel Brazos

HOUSTON, TEXAS  
Is a Comfortable Hotel.

### Records on Selection

Are you experiencing difficulty in buying records from catalogue? It is hard to judge by titles. We want to try a plan by sending records to you on selection, so you can hear them played before buying, and return those not wanted. Send for catalogue of records you use and receive our proposition. HOUSTON PHOTOGRAPH Co., 919 Capitol Ave., Houston, Texas

## WOMAN RUNS A BANK

### Sister of Jane Addams Heads Kansas Institution.

Located in Girard Twenty Years Ago and on the Death of Her Husband Became the Bank's President

Girard, Kan.—The morning sunlight filtered through the little window in the back office of the State Bank of Girard, and the bars across the window cast a network of shadows on the floor. The woman who sat in the heavy office chair behind the desk was fifty-eight years old, but her face showed scarcely a wrinkle, and the white in her hair glistened now and then by way of proof that it once was gold. The woman was Mrs. S. Alice Haldeman, and she is the bank's president. Mrs. Haldeman has another claim to distinction, for she is the sister of Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago.

"Well, yes, I'm the president," she admitted to a visitor, "only I don't run the bank myself; we all run it together—the two men and I."

It was 20 years ago that Dr. and Mrs. Haldeman came to Girard. The physician's health was poor, and the move was made on this account from the home of their childhood in Illinois.

"My husband became interested in the banking business shortly after we came here," Mrs. Haldeman said, "and he founded a bank of his own. We are the oldest bank in the county and have weathered three panics."

"Dr. Haldeman died five years ago," she added, "and—with the last words he ever spoke he asked me not to leave the bank. So I took charge, and I'm very glad that I did, for I love the work. But, pshaw, it's not interesting to tell you about myself—"



Mrs. Haldeman and Her Bank.

Just ought to know my sister, Jane, or my daughter, Margaret."

Although her name seldom is written in connection with that of her sister, Mrs. Haldeman has done a great deal of work at Hull House.

"I usually spend about three months of every year there," she said, "just to be with Jane and the girls she is helping through life; I have learned to love them all, and I look upon Hull House as my home. Home, that is, since my daughter has gone."

Mrs. Haldeman's daughter has been on the stage for several years. She won't play in any east in which work must be done on Sunday, and wherever it is possible she goes to Sunday school and teaches a class.

"Do I find life here in Girard tedious? No things move fast enough for me, with my club work and bank letters and reading."

The walls of Mrs. Haldeman's house are lined with shelves and on these are crowded hundreds of books. Above the shelves are pictures, drawings and paintings; of these last there is a life-size oil painting of her sister, Jane. Marble busts are set on pedestals and the grand piano is littered with books of classical music.

On the center table there was a book of photographs and Mrs. Haldeman leafed through it slowly while she talked. They were old pictures of the old days, most of them showing scenes of the Addams home at Cedarville, Ill.

At one of the pictures Mrs. Haldeman paused.

"That's the old mill at home," she said, and added after a moment, "Jane and I used to play hide-and-go-seek in that musty old place. Jane was the greatest little bunch of enthusiasm you ever saw, and she always was asking people to forgive her for the naughty things she fancied she had done."

And as she turned the pages of the book and saw once more the faces and scenes of the past her eyes became moist.



## HEADACHE

is just a symptom.  
It is Nature's way of showing a derangement of the stomach, liver or bowels. Help Nature with the best system-cleaning tonic.

## OXIDINE

—a bottle proves.

The Specific for Malaria, Chills and Fever, and a reliable remedy for all diseases due to disordered liver, stomach, bowels and kidneys.  
**50c. At Your Druggists**  
THE BEEHIVE DRUG CO., WACO, TEXAS.

## Successful Farmers Use

**Sign of Quality**

### "BULL DOG" BRANDS FERTILIZER

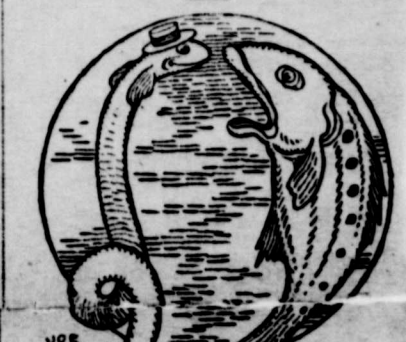
For all purposes. If you want to increase your yields at LEAST 100% try these fertilizers of PROVEN WORTH

Manufactured only by the **NEW CLEANS ACID & FERTILIZER CO.**  
921 Canal Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.  
Free Pocket Memorandum Book for the asking.

### DO YOU HAVE MALARIA OR HOLMAN LIVER PAD?

You can't have both. No experiment. Proven by forty years' test. Price, \$2.00. Which do you prefer, Malaria or \$2.00? Booklet, "Foggy in the Air," sent free. T. S. TOLDS & CO., 42 Broadway, New York.

### TIME TO MOVE.



Mr. Eel—What is your hurry, Mr. Rock?  
Mr. Rock—I just heard some one up above say "Get the hook."

### BABY'S ECZEMA AND BOILS

"My son was about three weeks old when I noticed a breaking-out on his cheeks, from which a watery substance oozed. A short time after, his arms, shoulders and breast broke out also, and in a few days became a solid scab. I became alarmed, and called our family physician who at once pronounced the disease eczema. The little fellow was under treatment for about three months. By the end of that time, he seemed no better. I became discouraged. I dropped the doctor's treatment, and commenced the use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and in a few days noticed a marked change. The eruption on his cheeks was almost healed, and his shoulders, arms and breast were decidedly better. When he was about seven months old, all trace of the eczema was gone."

"During his teething period, his head and face were broken out in boils which I cured with Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Surely he must have been a great sufferer. During the time of teething and from the time I dropped the doctor's treatment, I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, soothing, etc. and when two years old he was the picture of health. His complexion was soft and beautiful, and his head a mass of silky curls. I had been afraid that he would never be well, and I feel that I owe a great deal to the Cuticura Remedies." (Signed) Mrs. Mary W. Ramsey, 224 E. Jackson St., Colorado Springs, Col., Sept. 24, 1910. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 5 L, Boston.

Same.  
Friend—What were your sensations in the wreck? Victim—Just the same as in football. Three coaches passed over me, and then the doctors came.—Puck.

If it is safe to trust God in any case, it is safe to trust him in everything.

### THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

the old, reliable, vegetable, liver medicine, has been in successful use for just such troubles.  
Mr. Anthony Wilson, of Logoootee, Ind., says: "For a long time, I suffered from liver troubles, and finally took down with a bad case of malarial fever. People around here said I would not live long; but I took Thedford's Black-Draught, and it has fooled them all. My liver trouble is now gone for good." Try this remedy for yourself. At all drug stores.

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Send 3c stamp for five samples of my very choice Gold Embossed Christmas and New Year Post Cards; beautiful colors and loveliest designs. Ask Post Card Club, 211 Jackson St., Chicago, Kansas.

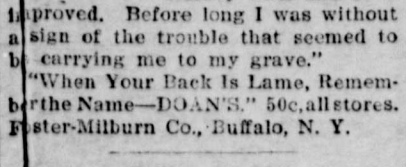
If every man had all the money he wanted, the devil would get us all.

Tired, Sick and Discouraged.

### Doan's Kidney Pills Brought Health and Cheerfulness.

Mrs. J. P. Pemberton, 854 Lafayette St., Marshall, Mo., says: "For years I suffered with Bright's disease which doctors said was incurable. I grew so weak, I had to take to my bed. Kidney secretions were suppressed, I became terribly bloated, and finally reached the point where I took no interest in life. It was then I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and soon improved. Before long I was without a sign of the trouble that seemed to be carrying me to my grave."

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



### WELL, WELL.



Look—They say that famous marble artist was once a plain farmer's boy. I wonder where he developed his talent.  
Look—Probably drawing water down on the farm.

No Need to Hurry.  
Theatrical folks love to tell of a western manager, now prominent in the business, who made fame and fortune as proprietor of a small variety house in San Francisco.

The thrifty German had accumulated considerable money, and was out to open a new theater. Several days before the first performance the entrance was packed, and the singer in trying to reach the front or became hopelessly imprisoned in the crush.

"Here, here," he yelled, "peoples, peoples, it's me—it's Mr. Warner!"  
No one appeared to take any notice of him he again yelled at the top of his voice:

Ready Permission.  
An uptown manufacturer and his wife were motoring through the country in Bucks county, the wife saw an apple orchard, with several trees laden with bright red fruit. Her month watered for apples and she induced her husband to stop the car and go into the orchard.  
As he put his foot inside he encountered a man. "May I have some apples?" he asked.  
"Sure, help yourself," replied the other.

"How much will I owe you?"  
"Oh, nothing, nothing at all. I don't own the orchard," said the man.—Philadelphia Times.

"Nothing More Dangerous  
Than a neglected cough," is what Dr. J. P. Hammond, professor in the Eclectic Medical College, says, "and as a preventive remedy and a curative agent, I cheerfully recommend Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein, for colds, Whooping Cough, Consumption, etc."  
At druggists, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle.

Age of an Egg.  
In a glass of water the fresh egg will assume a horizontal position. The egg of three to five days makes with the horizon an angle of 30 degrees. The angle increases to 45 degrees for an egg eight days old, to 75 for one of three weeks, and at 30 days the egg rests on its point.

Diphtheria, Quinsy and Tonsillitis begin with sore throat. How much better to cure a sore throat in a day or two than to be in bed for weeks with Diphtheria. Just keep Hamlin's Wizard Oil in the house.

The man in trouble has as much right to believe that God will help him as he has to believe the sun will rise tomorrow.

**TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM**  
Take the Old Standard GILBERT'S BILE BEAN CHILL BONG. You know what you are taking. The formula is plain, gives very little trouble, showing it is simply quinine and iron in a tasteful form, and the most effective form. For grown people and children, 50 cents.

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Send 3c stamp for five samples of my very choice Gold Embossed Christmas and New Year Post Cards; beautiful colors and loveliest designs. Ask Post Card Club, 211 Jackson St., Chicago, Kansas.

If every man had all the money he wanted, the devil would get us all.

An Early Frohman.  
First Medical Manager—How's your latest miracle play?

Second Ditto—Fine. Thought it would be a failure, though, till we hit on something that's got the women coming in droves.

F. M. M.—How so?  
Second Ditto—We lost the baby that we used in the Solomon and the Two Mothers' baby scene, and have been using a lap-dog ever since.—Puck.

Important to Mothers  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years.  
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The man who succeeds must work hard, but not so hard as the one who fails.  
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle.

We show how much of the Bible we believe by the way we trust God.

## Aids Nature

The great success of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in curing weak stomachs, wasted bodies, weak lungs, and obstinate and lingering coughs, is based on the recognition of the fundamental truth that "Golden Medical Discovery" supplies Nature with body-building, tissue-repairing, muscle-making materials, in condensed and concentrated form. With this help Nature supplies the necessary strength to the stomach to digest food, build up the body and thereby throw off lingering obstinate coughs. The "Discovery" re-establishes the digestive and nutritive organs in sound health, purifies and enriches the blood, and nourishes the nerves—in short establishes sound vigorous health.

If your dealer offers something "just as good," it is probably better FOR HIM—but pays better. But you are thinking of the cure not the profit, so there's nothing "just as good" for you. Say so.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in Plain English; or, Medicine Simplified, 1008 pages, over 700 illustrations, newly revised up-to-date Edition, paper-bound, sent for 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only. Cloth-bound, 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

## W. L. DOUGLAS

\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 & \$4.00 SHOES  
WOMEN wear W. L. Douglas stylish, perfect fitting, easy walking shoes, because they give long wear, same as W. L. Douglas Men's shoes.  
**THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS**  
The workmanship which has made W. L. Douglas shoes famous the world over is maintained in every pair.  
W. L. Douglas shoes are warranted to hold their shape, fit and look better and wear longer than other makes for the price.  
**CAUTION** The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom.

## 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.**

## Liver Troubles

Headache, dizziness, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, bad complexion, are all signs of liver trouble—of clogging up of the natural health-channels, by overflow of bile, indigestion, and similar troubles. If you suffer from any of these disagreeable symptoms; if your meals don't taste right; if your appetite is poor; if the food you eat doesn't digest; if you have chills, fever, malaria, etc., the first thing to do is to purify your system with a general, cathartic, liver medicine.  
For more than 70 years

## THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

the old, reliable, vegetable, liver medicine, has been in successful use for just such troubles.  
Mr. Anthony Wilson, of Logoootee, Ind., says: "For a long time, I suffered from liver troubles, and finally took down with a bad case of malarial fever. People around here said I would not live long; but I took Thedford's Black-Draught, and it has fooled them all. My liver trouble is now gone for good." Try this remedy for yourself. At all drug stores.

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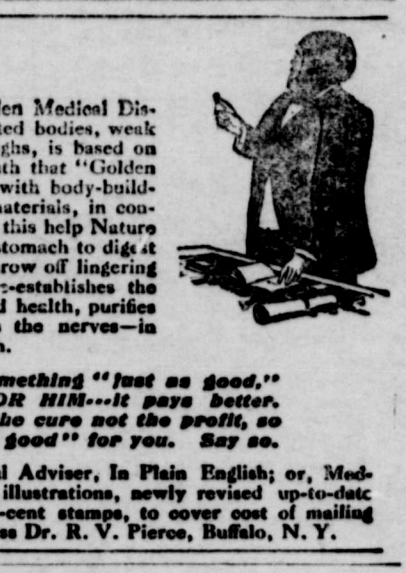
## Catarrh

One of the most common of blood diseases, is much aggravated by the sudden changes of weather at this time of year. Begin treatment at once with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which effects radical and permanent cures. This great medicine has received

**40,366 Testimonials**  
in two years, which prove its wonderful efficacy in purifying and enriching the blood. Best for all blood diseases.

In usual liquid form or chocolate tablets known as Sarsatebs, 100 doses \$1.  
**Tut's Pills**  
enable the dyspeptic to eat whatever he wishes. They cause the food to assimilate and nourish the body, give appetite, and **DEVELOP FLESH.**  
Dr. Tut's Manufacturing Co., New York.

**KEYSTONE** FOR WALLS AND CEILING  
DOES ONLY ONE PAINT. LOOKS LIKE WALL PAPER. YOU CAN WASH IT A Dozen Times. Send your name and address to the KEYSTONE VARNISH CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 48-1911.



## W. L. DOUGLAS

\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 & \$4.00 SHOES  
WOMEN wear W. L. Douglas stylish, perfect fitting, easy walking shoes, because they give long wear, same as W. L. Douglas Men's shoes.  
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Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, \$1.00, retail.



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C. E. MANLY, Editor and Proprietor.

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Advertising: Rates on Application.

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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 Irrigation District.

Every day now brings developments that make the irrigation district project look like a sure go. We are glad indeed to see the people lending their support to the enterprise and realize the great importance of such a project.

This is purely a cooperative proposition. The owners of land within the proposed district are advancing the funds with which to make the survey and cover other necessary expenses of the formation of such a district. A land owner in the district may stay out or come in, as he prefers, but from the tone of the letters that are pouring into the office of the organization, not many desire to be left out.

Engineers have up to this time determined that water can be taken from the bottom of the reservoir and begin watering land on the west side of the railroad, and that the fall is sufficient in an easterly course to beyond the Startz ranch to cover all the land with the exception of a few high points. A detailed survey must be made of the reservoir to determine the number of acres that can be irrigated. The proposed district is expected to embrace about 50,000 acres. When a complete survey is made it can be determined whether this amount of land can be covered. That remains to be seen. Engineers say that an ideal place has been located for a dam site. They estimate a dam sixty feet high will create a lake that will cover six thousand acres of land. A survey must prove this.

We believe it is a matter of finding storage capacity, and if this is accomplished, we do not think there is any question about the water. We do not know of any government statistics on the volume of flood water that annually passes down the Nueces, but from actual observation for a period of twenty years we are convinced that there is enough water that annually flows to the gulf to irrigate a vast area, if conserved.

Men who have studied the question will tell you today the problem of irrigation will have been solved when immense dams "from hill to hill" are built. Reservoirs must be created where it is practicable, large enough to store water enough to last from one flood to another.

Look at the immense project on the Medina river—the largest in Texas and is attracting the attention of the whole country. A proposition that will cost \$8,000,000 and backed by English capital. The people who are putting their money back of this are convinced of the water supply.

The Cotulla project on the Nueces will have a water shed ten times as great as that of the Medina. The projects are not 150 miles apart and the rainfall practically the same.

It is not a question about the water. It is a question of storing it, and engineers say this

can be done and practical men who have looked into this proposition say the same.

In this semi-arid country one acre under irrigation is worth 25 without it. To make the country prosperous, and settle it with substantial people irrigation must prevail. The RECORD stands for progress, and from the figures of engineers we have at hand on this project and our knowledge of the situation we believe it practical, and the greatest thing yet attempted for the development of the Cotulla country and for that reason give it our support. A comprehensive survey may change our views, and if so we will unhesitatingly say so.

The success of such a project to Cotulla cannot be estimated. It will bring us waterworks and the best water, and enterprises of many kinds. With forty or thirty or even twenty thousand acres under irrigation on the North and East side of town added to the hundreds of acres already under irrigation to the West and South will make this the queen city of this section. We will have no rivals. Every citizen of the town should be interested; every land owner of the proposed district should be interested, and just take it from us they are interested. This is a big proposition, but this is a day of big things in Texas, and mark our word, it is only the beginning of what is to come in this great land of the Southwest.

Texas again sets the pace for plans for a state's advancement. This time it is the Welfare Commission. Towns and cities have heretofore undertaken development along systematic lines, but never before has the movement been statewide. Texans have shown their ability to rise above more community levels by the organization of the Texas Welfare Commission. The commission will have for its aim the industrial and commercial uplift of the entire state, and in this is unique. There is no other state in the Union that has any such organization.

Where in all humanity is there greater longing, dearer expectation, sweeter hope than in the heart of a child on Christmas morn. But in all the earth there is no look so sad, no sob so stinging as are called forth by the empty stocking.

The booster "bulls" the market of success, while the knocker is a "bear" on his own prosperity. Boost your town and state and your business will profit accordingly. —Fowlerton Reporter.

A dollar spent in patronizing home industries will eventually come back to the spender. But the dollar that is sent away from home is given such a solar plexus blow that it can't "come back".

### GOOD ROADS.

The Cotulla Record is agitating the question of voting road bonds for La Salle county. We wish you every success, Manly, though you already have better roads than we have in Frio. A person can easily tell the dividing line between the two counties, though most of our roads south of the river is in fairly good shape. Some sweet day, after the new road law for Frio county is passed, we are going to vote a hundred thousands dollars worth of road bonds and build boulevards all over the county. But until the people are confident the road building will be in charge of competent engineers, and conducted in a way to obtain the best results with the least expenditure, many of our best citizens will fight the measure. Give us good roads and our population will easily double in ten years. —Pearsall Leader.

# Special Holiday Attractions

## LADIES LISTEN!!!

We appeal to the Ladies first, primarily, because we believe in showing the Ladies preference; and secondarily, because we feel honored to have you call at our store.

*Your Husband, Father, Sweetheart, Brother or Friend has a present at our Store but is simply waiting for you to buy it for him.*

We have just received the most elaborate line of TIES ever shown in Cotulla.

We have in neat Holiday Boxes.

Ties with Sox to match.

Ties with neat Stick Pins and Clasp Pins to match.

New and pretty Mufflers, a variety of Styles.

Attractive Silk Handkerchiefs.

Did you ever know a man to have too many Sox? Whole one, we mean; not the "Holy" kind; or too many ties, the kind made to wear? If you'll call to look at them, you'll agree with us that they're pretty.

We're offering a special discount of 25 per cent on Woolen Shirts. If you want to keep your husband's heart warm, you must keep his body warm as well.



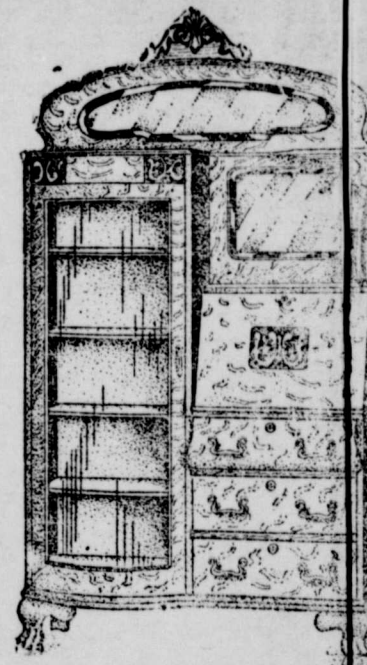
## NOW YOU MEN!!!

If you properly appreciate your wife, and want her to think more of you than ever, gladden her heart by getting her one of our Blue Flame Oil Stoves at \$6.50, \$9.00 and \$12.50. These will insure a quick meal, a good meal, and a pleasant meal.

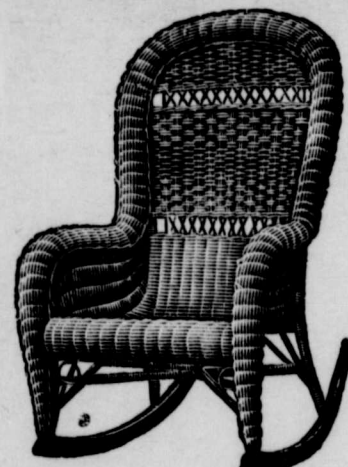
Do you complain when the bread is hard? It's your fault if it's hard when it can be kept fresh and soft in one of our Sanitary, w enameled Bread Boxes, at 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25. The bread that is made at home will be better. Flour is kept in one of our flour boxes at \$1.00.

Don't growl at your wife if the Coffee isn't good. Buy one of our Percolators, the kind that "Perk."

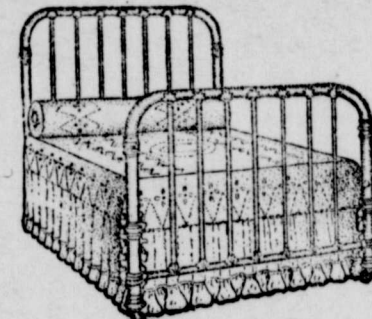
Gladden her heart with a new Dresser, the kind with a mirror in it that will not distort the features, but will give a true reflection, 12.50 and up.



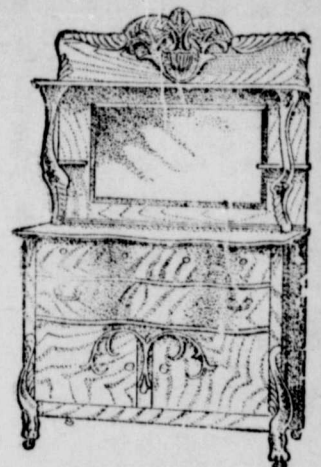
Book Case and Writing Desk, \$18



Wicker Rockers, \$5.00 and up.



Iron Beds, \$3.00 and up.



Side Boards, \$25.00.

Cotton Mattresses from \$5.00 to 12.00.

Dining Tables, 12.50, 15.00 and 22.50.

Should you wish anything in the Furniture Department that we have not in stock our large, illustrated catalog will help you.

WE HAVE WHAT YOU WANT FOR CHRISTMAS COOKING

# Cotulla Merc. Co.

### A Thought Worth Considering

Parents whom selecting a school for their son or daughter to attend, or young men or women depending upon their own judgment, should take into careful consideration the moral surroundings in which they will be placed when attending school. Our large cities are full of saloons and their accompanying evils. The business college located in these cities cannot control their students when out of the school rooms, therefore there are left to roam the streets at will and

get into all kinds of company. The Tyler Commercial College is located in the beautiful and healthy city of Tyler, Texas, a town of 12,000 inhabitants, with no saloons or their accompanying evils. Our large crowd of 1500 students annually are controlled with perfect ease, both while in and out of school. The school is opened each morning with exercises that strengthen the moral character of every student within its walls. Lectures from prominent business men from various parts of the United States upon the necessity of truthfulness and honesty in

a true business education; lectures by some of America's reatest orators, men of extensive travel and careful study. These morning exercises are made interesting, inspiring and encouraging. They cause our student body to determine to be honest, to be upright, to be industrious, to be ladies and gentlemen who will make the highest type of citizenship. A business education without the proper moral training is a failure, yet there is not another business college in the state that spends five minutes on the moral training of its students. The moral training given by the Tyler Commercial College

has been indorsed by various religious bodies, by prominent business men and presidents of railroads. It is the aim of this institution to see that every student leaves morally strengthened as well as with a practical knowledge of Bookkeeping, Business Training, Shorthand, Typewriting, and Telegraphy. Write for our large beautifully illustrated free catalogue, read it carefully and obtain full particulars. It costs no more to place your son or daughter in America's largest and most successful business college than it does in some small, inferior institution, with all the temptations of the larger cities.



# Prepare For The Holidays



You will want your Clothing to look clean and neat during the Holidays, and to be sure that they will be just like you want them, be sure and let **JOHN W. POOL** the Tailor, put them in proper shape.

**John W. Pool**

## WHY NOT BUY AN AN IRRIGATED FARM?

We are selling the BLACK RANCH in farms from Ten Acres up, and now is your chance to get a farm in one of the best Irrigation districts in Southwest Texas. The Black Ranch has always been considered one of the best tracts of land in this part of the country. This land will be irrigated from the River and artesian wells. We are building a large cement dam across the river which will furnish a large body of water and will irrigate thousands of acres of land. Parties buying this land will secure a lifetime water right in this dam.

The prices range from Thirty dollars to One Hundred Dollars per acre. We will put down well or establish pumping plant and pipe line if purchaser so desires. Write or inquire for particulars.

**Go-Operative Land Company**  
Cotulla, Texas, or 223 Gunter Bldg. San Antonio, Texas.

## WILSON COUNTY FARMS FOR SALE

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

**E. B. CHANDLER,**

102 E. Commerce St. San Antonio, Texas

D. A. WALKER, Pres. J. H. GAULMAN, V. Pres. H. B. MILLER, Cashier.

## COTULLA STATE BANK

GUARANTY FUND BANK

Your Business Solicited. Cotulla, Texas.

## TRUE ECONOMY . . .

means the wise spending of one's money—making every dollar do full duty and getting in return an article that will satisfy you in every way.



The **WHITE**.

is a real bargain because it is sold at a popular price; because it gives you the kind of sewing you delight in; because it will turn out the work quickly and thoroughly and give you a life time of satisfactory service; because its improvements will enable you to do things which can't be done on any other machine; because it will please you with its fine finish and beauty of its furniture. In short you will find the White reliable and desirable from every point of view.

Be sure to see the White dealer who will be glad to show you how good a machine the White is. If there is no White dealer handy, write us direct for catalogs. We do not sell to catalog houses. Vibrator and Rotary Shuttle Machines.

**WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO., CLEVELAND, O.**

## Accident Insurance

See C. E. MANLY.

## Big Ranch Deal.

W. T. Hill, ex-sheriff of La Salle county, has sold all his Webb county holdings to T. A. Coleman. Deeds have been filed with the County Clerk at Laredo conveying 16,968 acres of land, 1,144 cattle and 44 head of horses and mules. The total consideration connected with the deal was \$138,888.00.

This is one of the largest ranch deals made in Webb county for some time.



## FIRE

is an awful thing, and always comes at an unexpected time. Winter is here and the dangers are increased. Be prepared. Don't let the flame get you on the run.

## INSURE

against loss in the best, reliable companies, such as the

**London & Liverpool & Globe Southern National, St. Paul, American Central.**

**C. E. Manly, Agt**

## R. B. ROBUCK

DRILLER

of Wells from one to three hundred feet.

All Kinds of Windmill Work a Specialty  
**PHONE NO. 45.**

COTULLA, — TEXAS.

## J. F. RIPPS

Planting time for field and garden seed, Alfalfa, Barley, Oats, Wheat Rape Seed, Beets, Cabbage, Lettuce, Mustard, Onions, Parsley, Peas, Radishes, Ruta Baga, Spinach, Turnips.

With every \$1.00 order one 25c package Sweet Pear free.

**J. F. RIPPS SEED AND PAINT STORE**  
New Phone 370. 528 Market St. SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

## Dr. R. L. GRAHAM

Physician and Surgeon

Office at Horger & Windrow's Drugstore

COTULLA, TEXAS.

## L. S. JOHNSTON

Physician and Surgeon

Office at Horger & Windrow's Drugstore.

Attention to Surgery and Diseases of Women.

COTULLA, — TEXAS.

## 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 " " " " " 25c  
3 " " " " " 35c  
4 1/4 " I. J. Casing " \$25.79  
4 1/2 " " " " " \$30.61  
4 3/4 " " " " " \$31.43

**W. L. CRAWFORD, Dilley, Texas.**

## HUNTING NOTICES.

**NOTICE**—All parties are strictly forbidden to hunt or otherwise trespass in what is known as Black and Cartwright pastures. **JOHN B. HENDERSON.**

**NOTICE**—The pastures known as the Rock Waterhole and Cotulla pastures are posted according to law, and anyone caught hunting or otherwise trespassing therein, will positively be prosecuted.

**SUTTON & DAVIS.**

**Notice**—Hunting is strictly forbidden in the Altito pasture. We will positively prosecute those caught to the full extent of the law. —**LANDA & STORY**

**NOTICE**—Positively no hunting will be allowed in my pasture this season. All gates are posted and anyone caught will be prosecuted to the limit. —**J. R. BELL, JR.**

**NOTICE**—Anyone caught hunting or otherwise trespassing in my pasture, known as the old Swift pasture, East of Artesia, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. —**W. N. Lane.**

**NOTICE**—Anyone hunting, fishing, hauling pear or wood or otherwise trespassing in any of my pastures, including Butler pasture, will be prosecuted. All previous permits are hereby canceled.

**JOS. COTULLA.**

**POSTED**—My pasture is posted according to law and all parties are hereby forbidden to hunt or otherwise trespass therein. Violations will be prosecuted. —**J. J. HUNTER, by J. T. HUNTER.**

**NOTICE**—Our pastures in Dimmit, La Salle and Frio counties known as Cochina, San Roque S pastures and Burns Ranch, are posted according to law. Anyone hunting or otherwise trespassing will be prosecuted.

**J. G. Childers, Jr.**

**POSTED**—My pastures are posted according to law and all hunting or trespassing therein is strictly forbidden. Parties violating this warning will be prosecuted. —**Covey C. Thomas.**

**NOTICE**—Positively no hunting will be allowed this season in any of my pastures, and any person caught hunting or otherwise trespassing will be prosecuted.

**Mrs. A. Burks, by J. W. Baylor, Mgr.**

**POSTED**—My pastures are all posted according to law and hunters are warned to keep out. Anyone caught will be prosecuted.

**Jno. T. MALTSBEGER.**

## TIRED RUN-DOWN PEOPLE

**A North Carolina Man Suggests a Remedy**

Greensboro, N. C.—"For a long time I was so run down and debilitated that I could hardly drag around. My appetite was poor and I could not sleep nights. I had tried different so-called tonics without benefit. I was advised to try your cod liver and iron tonic, Vinol, and I am so glad I did, for it gave me a hearty appetite, I soon commenced to sleep soundly, and I feel strong, well and more active than I have for years. Every run-down or debilitated person should just give Vinol a trial." **K. Allbrook.** What Vinol did for Mr. Allbrook for every weak, run-down or debilitated person in this vicinity. To show our faith we will furnish the medicine free if it does not do as we claim. Come in and get a bottle on these terms.

Horger & Windrow.

## The Borrowed Dollar.

Debt has been pictured by many writers as a hard taskmaster and the borrowed dollar is the most abused of currency, but it is nevertheless a development dollar, as it possesses volume and activity, two of the most important factors in our progress to a greater degree than any other form of legal tender. When in the hands of operators not familiar with its purposes and habits, it sometimes creates havoc and ruin, but it has rescued many a sinking enterprise, has performed deeds of industrial heroism and it has been the burden bearer of industry.

No man or animal possesses the active instincts of the borrowed dollar. When in bad hands it quickly returns to its owner or moves rapidly on through the channels of trade until it finds a competent hand to guide it where it can glorify its creator without being railed at by incompetent owners or incapable directory. It has fought our battles, built our cities and developed the industry and commerce of the country. During times of prosperity efforts have been made to drive it from circulation but during adversity, we send emissaries to plead for its return and it is sought after by every important enterprise in the country.

Idle dollars, like idle men, are no good to a community but the charge of vagrancy can never be made against the borrowed dollar. No one will borrow money and let it lie idle. Idleness is its mortal foe and is certain destruction. The borrowed dollar must move rapidly on its journey and return heavily laden with the fruits of its toil or it will perish. No other form of currency possesses such compelling forces of activity as the borrowed dollar.

We are already heavy borrowers. No accurate figures are available, but estimates furnished by county clerks, bankers and other reliable sources, justify the following estimate:

Farm Property	\$200,000,000
City Property	100,000,000
Public Service and Utility Corporations	400,000,000
Public Debts	100,000,000
Miscellaneous	300,000,000
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$1,000,000,000</b>

An effort to separate the borrowed dollar as between home and foreign proved futile, altho it is important information in this discussion.

The borrowed foreign dollar is the most constructive dollar on the financial horizon, as it combines activity and volume and brings new money into the state.

## The Development Dollar.

There is no part of our circulating medium so important to our progress as the development dollar. It is the empire builder. It is the most active, generous and peaceful of our legal tender and it is constantly seeking to develop our latent resources. It opens our mines, builds our factories, our railroads and our large industrial enterprises, and it is always a busy dollar.

Its inordinate desire for activity and its forgiving spirit makes it a target for legislation and rather than lie idle, it will submit to most any legislative handicap and plead guilty to most any charge, provided it is permitted to return to its appointed task without delay. Its generosity makes it the most popular dollar in circulation for wherever invested, it makes a free and equitable distribution of values to adjoining property. It wields a powerful influence in civilization. It has forced governments to sign treaties of peace and at its bidding nations have sprung into life or sunk into oblivion.

Its presence in a country is a sure sign of prosperity and its absence a most withering blight. Trice our development dollar to its source and we have located the money centers of Europe and America and we are drawing from them a million dollars per day and putting it into the industrial life of the State.

The domestic dollar can never develop Texas. It is already at work; at least as much of it as cares to labor. A dollar that withdraws from one investment and embarks in another has added nothing to the volume of our circulating medium or increased the amount of our property. It is the foreign dollar that adds volume and brings new property into the State. Property is the basis of prosperity and a dollar that moves into the community brings with it as much community prosperity as the dollar taken from the soil. We must look to the foreign dollar to build Texas. There is no other way.

## Texas Farm Mortgages.

According to the Federal Census for 1910, we have 416,377 farms in Texas, and only 131,161 of these farms are owned by the farmers who operate them; we have 219,106 tenant farmers, 2,378 farms operated by managers and 63,832 farmers who partly own their farms.

There are only 32 per cent of the farmers of Texas who now own their farms, and in 1900 there were 38 per cent of our farmers who owned their farms, free from debt, showing a decrease of six per cent in the number of farmers who own their farms. In the absence of detailed reports, we can only speculate as to the causes that have led to this undesirable result.

We have opened up during the past decade 64,187 new farms and a portion of the increase in indebtedness will undoubtedly be found in this item. A large number of immigrant farmers have come to us and, as a rule, they buy farms and make only partial payments. The young farmer starting out in life may be justified in buying a farm on credit, but certainly there is no good business reason why the Texas farmers who have been farming for years should be in debt or why a tenant farmer should not, in the course of time own his farm and if such results cannot be reasonably hoped for, then there is something wrong with our economic system.

Uncle Sam has given us facts and figures, but he leaves us to solve our own problems. When we consider that 352,545 farmers have rented or have mortgaged farms, we get a conception of the tremendous importance of the problem. The question would seem to justify thoughtful consideration at the hands of our foremost economists, if indeed it does not warrant the attention of the Legislature.

Next to the importance of a bountiful Providence in getting the farmer out of debt, is cheap money.

No farmer can pay 10 or 12 per cent interest and prosper and no other line of industry can thrive under such a handicap. Texas should secure access to the cheap money markets of the world by removing such legislative restrictions as may exist and pass such laws as will encourage the flow of cheap money into Texas.

## The Texas Dollar.

The Texas born dollar, taken from the soil and from the bowels of the earth, is the most honest dollar in circulation and has more prosperity in it than any other form of legal tender. It spends the week days at the markets and goes to church on Sunday and has few bad habits. It builds our homes, churches and school houses and when these tasks are completed its love for the fireside leads it to prefer doing chores for the family rather than embark in the gigantic enterprises of the 20th century civilization.

It takes special delight in buying the baby a new dress; providing ease and comfort for the home and taking the family on a summer vacation. It is timid and clannish. It will shy at a railroad or a factory like a young colt at a locomotive. As a rule it avoids foreign company and seeks select companions; it travels only in well trodden paths and when it wanders in new fields it soon becomes frightened at the strange sights and goes scampering to the land of its birth.

Along with the noble traits of character, it has inherited some of the frailties of human nature, and one of the most pronounced is idleness. We have \$279,000,000 on deposit in our banks, some of our specie hides in tin cans buried in the back yards and occasionally a roll of bills is snugly tucked away in the hoary of the family; the idle dollar seldom moves except to run from the tax assessor. Then we have dollars which are inclined to wander; probably \$100,000 per day leaves the State seeking foreign investments, but like the prodigal son, they usually return after having sown their wild oats and they come home to us broken in spirit, subdued in courage and other evidences of a misspent life and in some instances bring with them a severe case of hook worm. In any event they are too cautious to step outside the bank vault. Many a dollar is now chained to foreign investments that is sadly singing home, sweet home.

The Texas dollar can never develop Texas. The volume is entirely too small and it lacks courage. But with all its faults we love it still and the Texas dollar is a welcomed guest wherever and whenever it appears.



# THE COTULLA RECORD

C. E. MANLY, Proprietor  
COTULLA, TEXAS

## CRINOLINE REDIVIVUS

It is told in Paris and London newspapers that fashionable women have dared to promenade Bond Street, the Rue de la Paix and the Avenue de l'Opera in crinoline skirts and that this style is certain to supplant very soon the hobble skirts which are now so popular and so confessedly unband-some. Up to date they are not the hoop skirts of the '60's, when they grew so wide that it was with some difficulty the wearer could enter any door less spacious than that of a church. It is encouraging to be told by foreign dressmakers who are responsible for the revival of the crinoline that so far the new skirt is only two yards in circumference, while the extreme hobble affair is one and one-quarter yards, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. It is said in favor of the new gown that it gives far more freedom in walking than that so narrow at the bottom of the skirt that it would seem ill-advised to practice gymnastics to walk in them at all. Two dress gowns which have been described present in the one "blue charmeuse with black tulle ruchings trimmed with jet," and the other a dream of "white net over pink satin, inset with Milanese lace, and the bodice in strict keeping with the crinoline revival, fitted with early Victorian fichu." There you have it! Could anything be more appealing, with the exception of a bathing frock?

The "ripeners," who paint the green orange and dress the unripe banana with a deceptive yellow, may soon be without occupation. More scientific methods of shipment by expeditions routes have made it less necessary to pluck fruits and vegetables in the unripe stages, and, of course, the process of sweating them into a semblance of ripeness is inherently deceptive. Also fruits preserved with benzoate of soda may before long be forbidden by the overruling of the American Remsen board by the judgment of more eminent chemists and physicians abroad, says the New York Times. Dr. Wiley's restoration of power came upon the day of the receipt by the department of agriculture of a full copy of the report made by the referee board of the Prussian government sustaining Dr. Wiley's report, based upon experiments with his "poison squad," that sodium benzoate is harmful when used in preserving foodstuffs.

There can be little doubt that there are too many books written and published, if not read. But there is the widest diversity of tastes for which to make provision. In literature, as nowhere else, one man's meat is another's poison. It would be the most difficult thing in the world for a censorious committee to determine what books shall live and which must die. The law of the survival of the fittest among printed volumes must take its own course, unaided and unhampered. The centuries themselves constitute the unerring final arbiter.

Whistling has been forbidden in the midshipmen's dormitory at the Annapolis Naval Academy. Each offense is to be punished by the imposition of twenty-five demerits. It is said that the tendency of the young men to whistle ragtime music instead of traditional naval academy tunes has brought about the new order.

Cleveland has a wealthy manufacturer of 94 who goes to his work every day. This adds emphasis to the fact that, though few men work for their health, many might do so with profit.

Word is sent out by the United States secret service that a new spurious \$10 bill is in circulation. Be on the safe side by getting your money in change.

A woman in Alaska has been pardoned from jail so that she can get in her fuel for the winter. And yet cynics say the old-time chivalry is dying out!

There has appeared in the market an automobile with eight wheels, and the man who cannot afford to buy one tire will at once get busy asking what's the use.

If the hooptskirt does come back it will encounter some new experiences in the rush hour crush on the elevated.

Cradles, self-rockers and others, are declared to be bad things for babies. Neighbors prefer them to hearing the old man sing.

Since the diamond fan cries "Play ball!" and the golfer shouts "Fore!" the aeroplane operator might say, "Look out below!"

Anyhow, the faithful hen is doing her best to prevent the demolition of the law of supply and demand.

# A Vagabond Dreamer

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

"You are trespassing on my property!" came a voice from the moon light.

Blair scrutinized the clump of bushes. He had supposed the white thing flitting about there to be a slim beam from the moon.

"But the gardeners never come down here and uncle is away, so it is all right." The voice was nearer to Blair than before.

He shaded his eyes and looked more closely. A low ripple of laughter accompanied his search.

"Here I am." She had parted the bushes and still Blair felt that a wedge of moonbeam had squeezed down through the trees. He stared at her with his hand shading his eyes.

"I can't see whether or not I like your eyes," she said half petulantly.

Blair obediently dropped his hand and turned toward the light that came from the small door of his caravan. The dreamer's look was in his eyes and the dreamer's whimsical smile on his lips.

Molly looked at him with grave eyes for a moment. "What are you doing here?" she asked, edging nearer to him.

"Looking for fairies—like you," he said in the tone of one speaking to a child.

"I am eighteen." She resented his tone. "And then what do you do?"

"I weave them into fairy tales."

"I suppose that you mean you are a writer and that your name is in all the big magazines?"

"About that," he smiled.

"Couldn't I just have one peep into your caravan?" she asked. "It looks so cozy."

"It is cozy." He was amused at her quaint curiosity. "I will have to lift you up on the step."

"Isn't it darling?" She turned toward him. "I didn't know gypsies had such exquisite—"

"But I am not a gypsy," put in Blair, and in the darkness a strange bitterness crept into his eyes. "If I were I would shut that door with you inside and lash up my ponies!"

"Oh, wouldn't that be lovely!" She clasped her hands joyously. "But poor uncle would never get over it."

"He has managed to survive other losses." Again that pained bitterness swept into the vagabond's eyes.

"You know he is not really my uncle." She had not noticed his re-

mark. "I have lived here only five years. I'm adopted and Uncle Gray is going to give me all his money," she cooed naively.

"So I understand," Blair said.

"You have heard of me?" Molly's eyes opened wide.

"I have heard of the protégé of John Gray—yes. But I had not known she was so—grown up," he finished lamely.

"Well—beautiful then." He looked deep into his eyes.

She returned the look wonderingly. "Oh, oh—I feel such a funny little thrill inside—here!" She clasped both hands over her breast; and stood gazing at him.

Blair turned swiftly away from the innocent awakening in her eyes.

"Perhaps you had better come down from my caravan." His own voice was a trifle husky. "Or I will be tempted to become a gypsy and run off with you."

"But I don't want to come down. I feel happy—I want to sing—and dance—and—" She broke off abruptly and that wondering look swept Blair's own.

Blair was silent for a moment while he struggled against the tumult in his heart. This witch had breathed on hidden chords; he felt strangely unaccountable for his actions, his words.

"You are tired," he said finally, "and little girls should be in bed at this time of night. Come!"

But Molly Ashwell stood still and looked down at the arms extended to lift her from the step, then her eyes traveled up to the face on which the light shone full.

"Do you know," she stated, "that you look very much like Uncle Gray?"

Blair turned swiftly from the glare of the lamp. "Come!" he said, and his voice held a note of command.

With a little hurt look in her eyes Molly put out her hands. For a breathing spell the universe seemed hung in mid-air. Molly tore herself free then and fled in the darkness.

Blair watched her go, a moonbeam darting from path to path and finally into the old rose garden and up the great stone steps between the guarding fens and out of his sight through the French windows.

For a long moment he sat staring at the windows through which she had gone. Finally he arose, untethered his horses, hitched them to the caravan and drove off into the night.

"She is too wonderful," his lips repeated. "I could not withstand her long."

Three years came and went before Molly Ashwell and the Vagabond Dreamer met, three years in which her eyes had worn a peculiar, brooding look—a look which John Gray had tried in vain to fathom or to lighten.

"You are not so happy looking yourself," she had chided him on one occasion.

He had grown a shade paler.

"I have cause—a terrible cause for being miserable—but I deserve it," was all he had said.

She glanced quickly at him now as they sat in the theater. The curtain went up on a new play. The scene was an interior.

"It is almost exactly like our drawing room!" exclaimed Molly breathlessly and waited for confirmation of her words.

John Gray neither answered nor seemed conscious of her presence.

As the play progressed Molly felt the peculiar tension that held John Gray. After a spasmodic clutch of the hands on the chair arms he remained as one turned to stone.

The play was the old, old story of the son who had frequented the stage doors and had been turned away from home by an irate parent. In this case the son had lived in the theatrical atmosphere merely as a stepping stone. He had run away from home to go on the stage that he might gain intimate knowledge of stagecraft.

The strong plot woven in this fabric was neither here nor there at that the close of the last act the author was called forth.

He came from the wings.

"My son!"

John Gray sprang to his feet and held out a pair of shaking arms toward the man on the stage.

"My Vagabond Dreamer!" came a girl's voice through the hush that followed the meeting of father and son.

Regardless of the excited audience, the two men met and the older man clasped the other in his arms as if he was still a very small boy.

A suspended breath held the audience.

Finally the quiet tones of the vagabond went out to answer that unasked question.

"My father and I have been long estranged—I am too happy to say more, except that I thank you for receiving my play so kindly."

During the thunder of applause that followed a slim little figure slipped quickly out of the theater and into the great limousine that crept up to the curb at her call.

Her heart was beating painfully in dull, miserable beats.

"Nobody loves me," she wept softly into the kindly cushions.

She sat huddled and broken, neither seeing nor hearing the excited crowd that came forth from the theater.

It seemed ages before the two men arm in arm appeared. Molly dried her eyes hastily and peered out as they approached.

The younger man glanced at the car. Then Molly saw his hand go up to shade his eyes. He made a quick movement.

She was very near him and the limousine had turned into a darkened street when next she heard his voice.

"Mine! All mine," he whispered against her lips.

"Can we go in the caravan?" Molly asked by way of answer to his question of a moment later.

When the Worm Turned.

He was quite evidently from the country, and he was also quite evidently a Yankee, and from behind his bowed spectacles he peered inquisitively at the little Jew who occupied the other half of the car seat with him.

The little Jew looked at him deprecatingly. "Nice day," he began softly.

"You're a Jew, ain't you?" queried the Yankee.

"Yes, sir; I'm a clothing salesman."

"But you're a Jew?"

"Yes, yes, I'm a Jew," came the answer.

"Well," continued the Yankee, "I'm a Yankee, and in the little village in Maine, where I come from, I'm proud to say there ain't a Jew."

"Dot's w'y it's a village," replied the little Jew quietly.—Detroit Journal

Certainly Not.

"Her only adjective is 'cute.'"

"Oh, well, even at that, she ain't half as tiresome as the man whose only adjective is 'classy.'"

## DREADED MAN-EATING SHARK

Vicious Monster of the Deep Attains Enormous Size and Devours Almost Anything.

San Francisco, Cal.—This shark was caught in the vicinity of the Hawaiian Islands. There are many species of sharks, this being of the "white" variety, known as the "man-eater," and therefore the most dreaded of all monsters of the deep. They attain great size, one having been caught 37 feet in length. The body is covered with a hard skin, and is grayish-brown above and whitish below.

These sharks often follow ships for days to feed upon any animal substance that may be thrown or may



Caught in Hawaii.

fall overboard, and often their indelicate voracity will swallow things indigestible. A lady's workbox was found in the stomach of one, and the papers of a slave ship in that of another. Human beings are frequently its prey, a fact which makes bathing or diving in tropical seas a dangerous pursuit.

This variety of shark is capable not only of biting off the leg of a man, but of snapping the body in two, and has been known to swallow a man alive. Its head is large, the mouth large and wide; furnished with terrible teeth, which are triangular in form, sometimes two inches in length, sharp-edged and serrated. When not in use they are laid back in the mouth, nearly flat, but when used for biting, they are brought up by means of muscles with which each jaw is independently provided.

This shark is often captured by means of a great hook baited with a piece of meat and attached to a chain, as the shark's teeth readily bite through any rope. When the shark is hooked and hauled on board, great care is necessary to avoid danger both from the mouth and from the wonderfully powerful tail.

## MAY YET BE BRITISH QUEEN

Little Daughter of Russia's Czar May Be Wedded to the Prince of Wales.

London.—It is rumored that Princess Tatjana, second daughter of the Czar of Russia, is the destined bride of Edward Albert, the young Prince of Wales. They are second cousins, the maternal grandmother of the princess, Grand Duchess Alice of Hesse, being a sister of the late King Edward.

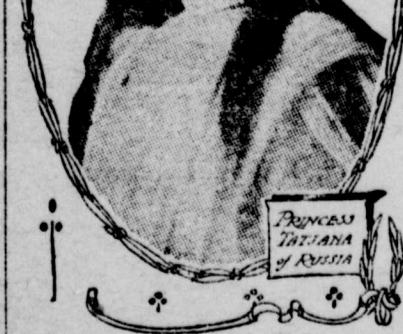
They are indeed doubly second cousins, for Prince Albert's grandmother, Queen Alexandra, and Princess Tatjana's grandmother, the Dowager Empress Dagmar of Russia, are sisters of the present King Frederick of Denmark.

The Czar Nicholas of Russia and King George of England, sons of these sisters, have always borne a remarkable resemblance to each other, accentuated by the similarity in the cut of their beards, and by the low stature common to both.

The Prince of Wales is 17 years of age, while the princess is only 14.

Toadstools Kill Three.

Chicago.—Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Letch and their son, Le Roy, were found dead in their home in Irving Park, a suburb. Physicians declare they had died from toadstool poisoning.



Princess Tatjana of Russia.

Princess Tatjana's grandmother, the Dowager Empress Dagmar of Russia, are sisters of the present King Frederick of Denmark.

The Czar Nicholas of Russia and King George of England, sons of these sisters, have always borne a remarkable resemblance to each other, accentuated by the similarity in the cut of their beards, and by the low stature common to both.

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# HORTICULTURE

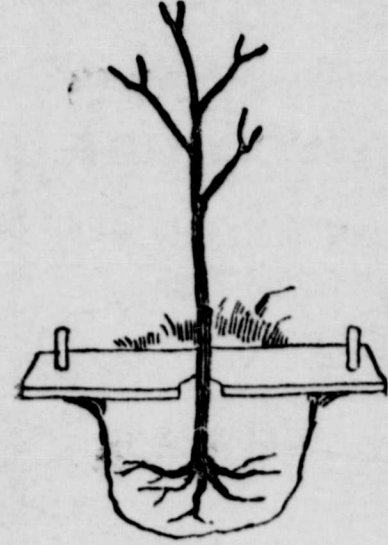


## DEVICE FOR PLANTING TREES

Piece of Board About Seven Feet Long With Notch in Middle Will Be Found Convenient.

After the ground has been laid out for the planting of trees, by means of stakes straight in all directions, the device as shown in the cut will be a great help in getting the trees exactly where the stake has stood.

Take a board about seven feet long, notch it on one side in the middle,



Device for Planting Trees.

Having an inch hole bored through the center near each end. Lay down the board with notch to the stake. Insert pegs through the end holes into the soil. Lift one end of the board and swing around. Now the hole should be dug. When ready to receive the tree, swing back the board in place. In planting, place the tree in the notch so that it will bring it exactly where the stake stood.

## JAPANESE PLUM QUITE HARDY

Particularly Popular With Eastern Growers on Account of Early Maturity and Plumpness.

Plums of the Japanese variety are popular with most growers, particularly in the East, because they are hardy and come on early. Many of these varieties are the earliest in the market, and as they are always of good color, either cherry reds or light yellows, they sell readily and bring good prices.

They will grow well on almost any kind of decent soil, and do not need to be particularly coddled, although



Four-Year-Old Tree.

they should have all the care that any good fruit tree deserves.

These trees were planted four years ago in soil from which pine scrub had been grubbed only a few weeks before. The trees are bearing well and show fine color and great vigor.

The Japanese plum differs from the domestic varieties in that its leaves are longer, thinner and smoother, and it has a greater tendency to produce lateral fruit buds on the annual growth. Its fruit is mostly short, round and plump.

The Japanese plum is less liable to injury from curculio and black-knot than the domestic variety. Mr. Fullerton says that up to this time his trees have shown no signs of disease or attack from insects of any kind.

## GRAPES FRESH ALL WINTER

French Growers Cut Bunches in Such Way That Part of Vine Can Be Placed in Water.

A clever French process by which vine growers in France are able to market fresh outdoor grapes through the winter is thus described: Bunches of the finest grapes when ripe in autumn are cut in such a way that each bunch a piece of the vine ten or six inches long remains attached. From this piece the stems of the bunch hang, an arrangement vitally necessary to the success of the operation.

A large number of the wide-mouth bottles, filled with water, is ranged in a cellar and in the open end of each is inserted the pieces of vine stem, the bunches of grapes hanging outside. The grapes do not touch the water, but are thus supplied with moisture through the vine stem, which is immersed in water. By this process choice varieties of table grapes are kept in perfect condition for the whole winter.

## MULCH SMALL FRUIT VINES

Among Many Advantages It Prevents Growth of Weeds and Adds Needed Humus to Soil.

A successful West Virginia raspberry grower gives the following reasons for mulching:

It prevents the growth of weeds. It retains moisture in the soil. It adds humus, one of the necessary elements.

It keeps the fruit clean and prevents mud at picking time.

It saves labor, the cost of mulching an acre with forest leaves or straw not exceeding \$15.

It prevents deep freezing. It makes the fruit more solid for cultivation and better for shipping purposes.

It prevents the baking of the soil caused by tramping at picking time.

It has the disadvantage of encouraging mice and establishing a surface root system. However, we have not noticed any serious damage from either of these effects.

The cost of growing raspberries by nature's method, as I like to call it, is not very great. Picking is a nice job where there is no mud, no weeds and where the canes have been properly pruned.

Don't leave any old canes standing in the field.

## DESTRUCTIVE WEB WORM

Insect Will Quickly Destroy Tree and Should Be Burned as Soon as They Appear.

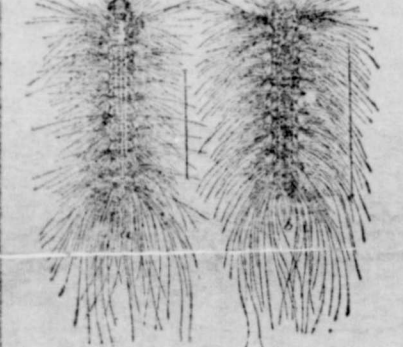
In the fall the unsightly webs of this insect are seen all over the land. The adult, a little white moth, lays its eggs on the leaves of fruit and other trees and plants early in summer.

The young caterpillars spin the protective web. They are of a pale yellow, with long hairs, two black rows down the body, and a black head.

These worms will quickly destroy a tree and should be burned as soon as they appear, because after they have eaten the leaves they drop to the ground and spin a little cocoon within



a-Fall Web Worm. b-Caterpillars. c-Pupa. d-Moth.



which they hide themselves and then change back to the chrysalis state.

There are two broods of this insect in the south every year and one in the north.

Spraying with Paris green when the worms are very young will destroy them. London purple is also used with success. When they are discovered in large numbers the limbs containing the worms should be cut off and carried out of the orchard and burned.

The caterpillars will first eat all the leaves within the web, then those nearest by, often defoliating the entire tree. The worm is noticeably set with tufts of bristle-like projections.

This insect is sometimes confused with the tent caterpillar which appears in the spring and builds its web in the forks of the limbs.

# HORTICULTURAL NOTES

Plum trees at ten years should produce one bushel.

Cherry trees at eight years should produce one bushel.

Pear trees at twelve years should produce three bushels.

Apple trees at fifteen years should produce three bushels.

Ringing or girdling the vine may sometimes be used to advantage.

Promptly gather up and burn all brush and rubbish in the orchard.

Don't permit the strawberries to go into winter quarters filled with weeds or grass.

An orchard will live longer, bear better and be more profitable by being well cultivated and enriched.

Straw is recommended by almost every farm publication as a winter covering for strawberry plants.

It is said that cherries cannot be grown profitably at any great distance from large bodies of water.

The city dealer profits by the laziness of the grower, by grading and repacking his badly assorted fruit.

When spraying do not work with bare hands. They'll be sore if you do. Put on a pair of rubber gloves.

Very few pears are at their best if allowed to ripen on the tree. A good rule is to pick when the seeds have turned brown.

# METHODS FOR ERADICATING INJURIOUS BITING INSECTS

Constant and Concerted Warfare Must Be Made Against Little Pests—Arsenate of Lead May Be Purchased Ready Prepared and to Use—Other Recipes.

(By GLENN W. HERRICK, Mississippi.)

There are many kinds of insects that pester the farmer and fruit grower and all of them, taken together, may be divided into two great groups dependent upon the kind of mouth parts they have and the manner in which they attack plants. The insects of one group have jaws and bite off bits of plants and swallow them. They are known as the biting insects. The members of the second group have a bill or sucking tube which they insert into the tissues of plants and suck out the juices. These are the sucking insects.

The grasshopper is a familiar example of the first class of insects, for it has biting mouth parts, composed of two pairs of jaws, one of which is hard and black and easily seen with the eye. With these jaws the grasshopper bites off pieces of leaves, stems, etc., and swallows them much as a cow or horse would do. Very many insect pests have biting mouth parts like the grasshopper and eat parts of plants. For example, the caterpillars, or "worms," on cotton, tomatoes, cabbage, etc., the June bugs, fig-eaters, potato bugs, etc. All such insects are known as the biting insects.

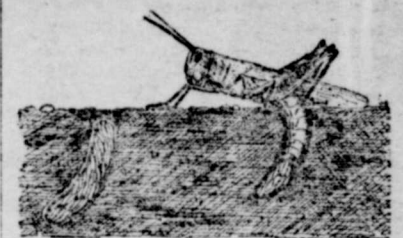
It is plain that an insect that bites off pieces of leaves and swallows them stands a relatively high chance of being killed by putting some poisonous substance upon the leaves before they are eaten. It is absolutely necessary to know what kind of an insect is causing the injury—whether it is a biting or sucking insect. This is the first point to determine.

Probably Paris green is one of the best known poisons for biting insects. It is rather expensive, difficult to buy unadulterated and is quite liable to burn the foliage of plants if applied too strong.

It can be applied dry as follows:  
1 pound of Paris green,  
25 pounds of slaked lime or flour.  
The two should be thoroughly mixed and may be sifted on the plants from a thin muslin sack, preferably in the morning while the dew is yet on.

Paris green may also be applied in water, which we believe is a better method than the dry one for most plants. Quick lime is added to prevent burning of the foliage and the poison is used in the following proportions:

1 pound of Paris green,  
200 to 300 gallons of water,  
2 pounds quick lime.  
Slake this lime in a little water and add the Paris green. Stir thoroughly



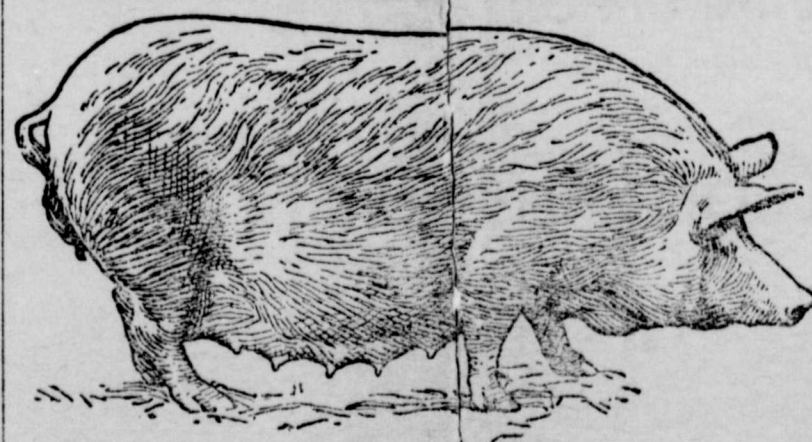
The Way the Female Grasshopper Places Her Eggs.

and then add the proper amount of water—for potatoes 200 gallons of water, and for peaches 300 gallons.

Arsenate of lead is a combination of arsenic and acetate of lead and is better than Paris green, because it sticks to the foliage better, will not burn the leaves, and remains in suspension longer. It can be made as follows:

11 ounces acetate of lead (white sugar of lead),  
4 ounces arsenate of soda,  
50 gallon water.  
Dissolve the acetate of lead in 4 quarts of water and the arsenate of

# TAMWORTH ADAPTED TO BACON



The Tamworth hog is not as popular in the United States as it deserves. A few pigs of this breed were brought over from England about 20 years ago, but until the last three or four years it was not regarded favorably.

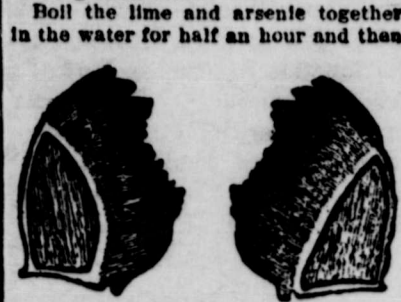
The appearance of the Tamworth is somewhat against it. Its rather long head does not impress farmers favorably, and there is a general belief that it costs more to bring a Tamworth to maturity than almost any other type. Experiments show, however, that this claim is based mainly on prejudice, for the Tamworth in Canada has proven itself to be an excellent and economical feeder. This breed is especially well adapted

to bacon, because of its light shoulder, its length of side and a tendency to produce a greater portion of lean meat than many other breeds.

When the Tamworth is crossed on breeds of more fattening tendencies, and with finer bone, say the Berkshire, it makes an excellent bacon hog. It is claimed by some breeders that the Tamworth is the best bacon hog in existence, but this may be taken with a grain of salt.

Damage by Rats. The rat family came over to this country in the Mayflower, and it now costs the people of the United States \$10,000,000 a year to feed the

tribe.



The Biting Jaws of a Grasshopper.

dilute with 200 gallons of water for spraying.

Arsenate of lime may also be prepared by boiling two pounds of white arsenic and eight pounds of sal soda in two gallons of water for 15 or 20 minutes, or until the arsenic and soda are dissolved. This constitutes a stock solution which may be kept in a sealed jug for a long time. When ready to spray, slake two pounds of quick lime, take one pint of the stock solution and mix them both with 40 gallons of water.

## SEASON WOOD BY ELECTRICITY

Method as Pursued in France Described in British Technical Paper—Does Work Well.

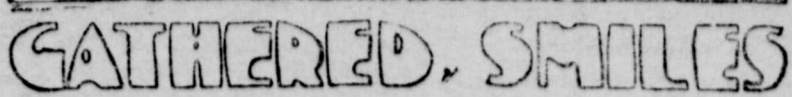
The following item from a British technical paper concerns a new process of seasoning wood by electricity in France:

A large tank is filled with a solution containing 10 per cent. of borax and 5 per cent. of resin, with just a trace of carbonate of soda. In the bottom of the tank is a lead plate which is electrically connected to the positive pole of the dynamo. The timber to be treated is stacked on this plate, and when the tank has been filled another plate is superimposed and connected to the negative pole of the dynamo. When the current is switched on it passes through the stack of wood between the two plates, and in its passage it is said to deposit borax and resin in its place, completely filling all pores and interstices. When the process is completed the timber is removed and dried, after which it is ready for use. It is claimed that the timber submitted to this treatment, no matter how green it may be, becomes completely seasoned.

## Protect the Silo.

Wherever possible the silo should be located in a sheltered place, as it has a great bearing on the extent to which the silage will freeze. A silo that is built on the west side of a barn, where it is exposed to the coldest winds, even if it is built with double air spaces, will freeze more than one half of solid concrete if it is sheltered.

# GATHERED SMILES



## BREAKING IT GENTLY.

A lady who had recently moved to the suburbs was very fond of her first brood of chickens. Going out one afternoon, she left the household in charge of her eight-year-old boy. Before her return a thunder-storm came on. The youngster forgot the chicks during the storm, and was dismayed after it passed to find that half of them had been drowned. Though fearing the wrath to come, he thought best to make a clean breast of the calamity, rather than leave it to be discovered.

"Mamma," he said, contritely, when his mother had returned; "mamma, six of the chickens are dead."  
"Dead!" cried the mother. "Six! How did they die?"  
"The boy saw his chance."  
"I think—I think they died happy," he said.

## Success at Sea.

A youthful Canadian, who is possessed of the romantic idea of "going to sea" is meeting with much parental opposition.

"The sailor never amounts to any thing, my boy," urged his prosaic father. "He works hard, has few holidays and never achieves great success."

"That's where you're mistaken," exclaimed young Canada, triumphantly. "Look at King George! He started out as a sailor and now he's got to be the head of the empire."—Kingston Whelp.

## A Stock Story.

"When I was a barefoot lad," said Dr. Dustin Stax, "I had to spend a good deal of time minding the stock on father's farm. I'll never forget the day when father told me to take a rope and hold a couple of bull calves."

"What did they do?"  
"The scorch'd my hands with the rope and then turned around and stepped on me."

"Unruly disposition?"  
"No. Wonderful instinct. They recognized me at a glance as a small stockholder."

## REASON ENOUGH.



Philomena—Why do you call him a dog?  
Virginia—Because he is a proficient in the higher branches.

A Hard Job.  
It is easy to hustle  
From morn till night,  
But it's hard to do nothing  
And do it right.

One Alternative.  
"Why do you wish to go on the stage?" inquired the manager.  
"I want to get a millionaire husband."

"Well, the stage is overcrowded just now. Be a trained nurse."

## An Explanation.

Visitor—How old are you, my poor fellow?  
Prisoner—Fifty.  
Visitor (thoughtfully)—Didn't you say 45 at the trial?  
Prisoner—Yes; but the judge gave me five years.—Puck.

The Modern Idea.  
"What did your friend say after the study class took up Dante's Inferno?"  
"She remarked that it was a pity when Dante made his celebrated visit to the infernal regions that picture post cards had not been invented."

## In Disgrace.

Mother—Tommy, why don't you play with Frank any more? I thought you were such good chums?  
Tommy—We was, but he's a moity coddle. He paid ter git inter ther ball grounds.—Suburban Life.

## Strange Coincidence.

"Funny thing about that collision with the joy riders."  
"What was that?"  
"They bumped into the electric trouble wagon."

## Strange, Indeed.

Margaret—Isn't it strange?  
Katherine—What?  
Margaret—That many a woman who has bleached her hair wants to keep it dark.—Life.

## Impossible.

"Did I understand you to say she was a woman of talent?"  
"Yes—she has done some splendid things."  
"I can't see how that may be. She wears her hair in such a becoming way."

## One Horrid Rough Resort.

"Don't rough it too much on your summer vacation," said Dr. Phineas T. Raycroft, the hygienic expert of Des Moines. "See that you get plenty of baths and plenty of good food. Otherwise your vacation will be apt to do you harm."

"I once thought of spending my mid-summer holidays in the Tennessee mountains. So I wrote to a mountaineer whose picturesque homestead had been highly recommended to me, and in the course of my letter I asked the man if there was a bath in his house."

"In reply he said:  
"If you want a bath you had better take it before you come!"

## WAS UNWARY.



Mr. Catfish—Have they found out the cause of Willie Trout's mysterious disappearance?  
Mr. Sunfish—Yes, using the baseball term, he was caught on a fly.

## Hobbled.

"Don't suffer in that irksome dress!" I asked the hobbled maid.  
She was a patient girl, I guess.  
"I cannot kick," she said.

## It's No Use.

He was telling her about a book he had just read.

"The absolute sincerity and directness of the author," he said, "are above all praise. I don't know when I've read a book that seemed so helpful, so uplifting, so purely inspiring."  
She had been regarding him with a rapt countenance. Now she spoke.  
"George," she said, "I have just thought of a way to trim my winter hat!"

## A Critic Disappointed.

An orator, having written a speech which he intended to deliver on a certain occasion, gave it to a friend to read and desired his opinion of it. The friend, after some time, told the author he had read it over three times, the first, it appeared very good, the second indifferent, the third quite insipid. "That will do," said the orator, very coolly, "for I have only to repeat it once"—Life.

## Appreciation.

"If I were to die I suppose you would marry a young woman?"  
"Thanks."  
"Why do you thank me?"  
"For complimenting me by supposing that I could get a young woman to have me after the wear and tear I've had to suffer."

## Not Much of a Game.

"I can't for the life of me understand why anybody should wish to play chess."  
"It's a great game—perhaps the greatest intellectual game there is."  
"Yes, but it affords no opportunity whatever for breaking speed records."

## THOSE FEMINE CRITICS.



Miss Critic—So she was led to the altar at last.  
Miss Spite—Led! Led! I guess you didn't see her. She didn't have to be led! When she started down the aisle you couldn't have headed her off with a regiment of cavalry.

## Where She Excels.

She may not be able to hit a cat. Nor, hammering nails, come nigh, but she can securely spike on a hat. And the wildest wind defy.

## Comforting the Old Man.

Mother (in a very low voice)—Tommy, your grandfather is very sick. Can't you say something to cheer him up a bit?  
Tommy (in an earnest voice)—Grandfather, wouldn't you like to have soldiers at your funeral?—Coming Nation.



# SOCIETY.

Edited by Mrs. Lillian Trice.

Telephone No. 10.

## FRIENDSHIP.

"Awake new friends but keep the old,  
Those are silver, those are gold.  
New-made friendships like new wine,  
Age will mellow and refine.  
Friendships that have stood the test,  
Time and change, are surely best;  
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,  
Friendships never know decay."

## MISS BURWELL HOSTESS.

The home of Miss Kate Burwell was a scene of much enjoyment on Tuesday afternoon, the guests having been invited to pay honor to Mrs. Chevalier. The Parlor, Library and dining rooms were artistically decorated in ever-greens. Mrs. Edgar Keck stood in the hall giving a cordial welcome to the guests and conducting them to the hostess and honoree. After paying their respects they passed on in an informal manner, greeting here and there as there was no especially arranged receiving line. Miss Burwell makes an ideal hostess as she gave thought that her plans might be well arranged and carried out. She selected as her theme for the afternoon, "Thanksgiving," a most fitting subject complimentary to the honoree. As a toast-mistress, Miss Burwell was perfectly at home.

To introduce the subject she spoke of the landing of the Mayflower and the fitting thank offerings our Pilgrim fathers made. 'Twas Governor Bradford of Plymouth Colony, who instituted the first Thanksgiving in 1621. Mrs. Wheeler in a beautiful manner spoke 'Why we should be thankful as a Nation,' comparing our home life to that of days

of yore, showing it was the love and freedom of thought and mind that brought these blessings. For our Nation we were most thoughtful which made possible the privileges we enjoy in the freedom of worship. "As a church," Mrs. Jones that we should be most thankful. The great work being done in home-land as well in foreign lands and shows the church is alive to the commission, "Go Ye." Many illustrations we find in the bible history of the thank offerings brought yearly as tokens of love to their (our) God. It was always the best that was brought, as nothing short of the best was counted worthy. "The first fruits," So it was down the ages, and even today we should follow their worthy example. From some of the women of the bible who had cause for much thank offering, were Hannah, Esther and Ruth. The character of Hannah giving unto the Lord her son Samuel, in return for the gift he gave her to bless her declining years was most beautiful, showing a complete yielding to Devine love. Esther's character was brought out beautifully by Mrs. Riddle. Esther, the queenly queen, willingly to sacrifice self for her people, when she appeared before the King with fear and trembling lest her request be not granted, she had much to be thankful for, after the deliverance of her people. Ruth was portrayed by our hostess in a beautiful manner. Mrs. Chevalier, for whom all

this was made possible, responded in a most touching manner. She has lived past her four score years and fully knows well the great measure for which we should be most thankful. For such friendship and demonstrations of love that was shed abroad in the heart of her hostess, was to her over-powering at times. Miss Jessie Copp and Miss Stucky sang sweetly "Count your blessings." It gave inspiration to the beautiful talks. Miss Burwell could not close this love scene without having sang "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in christian love." With the assistance of the Misses Copp, Gilmer and Stucky, the hostess passed a plate laden with Baked turkey, Cranberries, Perfection salad, bread and butter sandwiches with coffee, chocolate, tea and to the guests liking. Miss Burwell made all who were privileged to enjoy this beautiful function feel the spell of her cordial hospitality. There were present other than the Presbyterian Union. Madams. Reese, Keck, Gilmer, Mowan, Wheeler, Stanfield and T. H. Poole.

## MOTHERS CLUB.

The Mothers Club met at the School Auditorium Friday afternoon and enjoyed a most interesting and well prepared program. Miss Henderson's paper on "The Child's Stick-ability" was full of good points, impressing the lesson to always see that the child finishes work when begun. The habit of allowing the child, whether at home or at school, to fall into the habit of half doing was most detrimental to the character of the child. Train up a child in the way he should go, is a well laid founda-

tion best to build upon.

Miss Gardner's paper on the 'Obligation of Pupil to Teacher' was well brought out, using the crowning feature of love for it is a demonstrated fact love begets love. The confidence and love gained by the teacher draws the pupil in close touch and perfect harmony as the result.

Many good talks were heard from other members along the lines brought out. Miss Woolls music was greatly enjoyed. These meetings are open to everyone and the mothers will give you a cordial welcome and have in waiting an interesting program.

On account of the Christmas festivities and many being out of town, the next meeting will be January 5th.

There will be no meeting of the Presbyterian Union until on Dec. 28th, when Mrs. Trice will entertain.

## MRS. EDGAR KECK HOSTESS.

Mrs. Edgar Keck was hostess to thirty one children on Wednesday afternoon. The little ones, thru Mrs. Keck's kindness, have formed themselves into a band of earnest workers in the interest of missions, in the Methodist church. It was beautiful to look into their bright innocent faces as they were engaged in the devotional service. 'Even a child shall lead them,' many of the older grown would have been put to shame. The occasion was the opening of the "mite boxes" which occurs the end of every quarter. It was with large anxious moments they counted the contents of every box as they were opened. The amount gathered on this occasion was \$5.04. Mrs. Keck could not let this

company part without the social feature, which is very necessary to cultivate, so she served candy and fruit to their delight.

The moulding of the heart and mind is one of the grandest works in which one can be engaged. It is a purposeless life which has no object in view. These little ones love Mrs. Keck and look forward with much pleasure to their meetings.

## Accidents.

The friends of Mrs. Wm. Steele will regret to learn of the sad accident which befel her on Tuesday night. She fell from her gallery and broke her collar bone and sustained other injuries. In the care of loved ones and a goodly physician we are in hopes she will be restored speedily to her former self.

Grand Ma Evetts was taken sick on Monday night and much

alarm was felt when the attending Physician pronounced it blood poison. It was only a slight cut sustained a few days previous and little was thought until Monday late. So intense was her suffering it thru her into an unconscious state, the Physician remaining with her the night. We are glad to report she is now at this writing doing nicely, and a speedy recovery is hoped for. Grandma Evetts is one of the pioneers of this country, hence she has many friends who regret this attack.

While returning from Sunday night service Mrs. Rone was thrown from her buggy, her horse getting frightened at some trivial thing, and narrowly escaped losing her life. With the best of care she is able to be out, sustaining some bruises, for which friends will be glad to learn.

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