

The Crockett Courier.

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MOTTO: "QUALITY, NOT QUANTITY."

CROCKETT, TEXAS, FEBRUARY 17, 1916.

VOLUME XXVII—NO. 4.

TROUBLE AGAIN ENCOUNTERED IN PROSPECTIVE OIL FIELD.

Problems of Bringing in a Well are Many and Known Only to Those Familiar With Oil-Field Operations.

The drillers in the Houston county oil field, 14 miles east of Crockett, are again in trouble. We do not know what the trouble is. Oil-field operators seem to understand it, but this editor, who knows nothing of digging an oil well, or any other kind of well for that matter, does not. There is water trouble, sand trouble, mud trouble, strainer trouble, casing trouble and other troubles. The problems of bringing in an oil well are many and are known only to those familiar with oil-field operations. Reports from the field say that the oil is there, but that sand and water are interfering and that the strainer has become impaired. These difficulties will be overcome in time, however, and the Courier hopes to yet report a producing oil field in that section. The drill is down to a depth of 840 feet, and if the oil strata now encountered does not prove to be in paying quantity, after being tested, the drill will be put down deeper. Experts believe the oil is there and advise deeper drilling.

Oil in paying quantities was first found at Corsicana in 1896. The first well produced 22 barrels daily from a depth of 1030 feet. This may indicate that the Houston county driller has not gone deep enough. During 1897 the total production of the Corsicana field was 66,000 barrels from 47 wells. That field is still producing a small amount of oil.

Conditions which led to prospecting at Spindletop were gas seepages and sour water at the base of a prairie mound two miles from Beaumont. These conditions have been found in a well in the Houston county field. In 1892 Patillo Higgins made three unsuccessful attempts to bring in an oil well at Spindletop. Captain A. F. Lucas of Washington, who was finally interested in this prospect, moved a rotary rig from Corsicana to Spindletop. Drilling to a depth of 1200 feet, he struck oil that flowed at the rate of 40,000 barrels daily. This was in 1901 and was the first oil gusher in Texas. It was the beginning of "wild-cattling"—promiscuous oil prospecting.

The surface indication that brought Sour Lake into the limelight as an oil field was a spring containing sulphur water and oil. The first well drilled there was in 1892 and had a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels. Sour Lake has four or five stratas of oil sand at depths of from 900 to 2700 feet.

Gas escaping through pools of water led to oil development at Humble, where in 1905 the D. R. Beatty well of 10,000 barrels a day was brought in. The largest well

brought in at Humble was the E. F. Sims well of 14,000 barrels daily. In May, 1915, ten years after the discovery of oil at Humble, a well was brought in at a depth of 3000 feet that produced from 12,000 to 14,000 barrels a day.

Local Institute.

The next Teacher's Local Institute will be held at Creek, February 25th and 26th. The first session, as usual, will begin on Friday night, 7:30 o'clock.

The program is as follows:
Friday night:

1. Music.
2. Welcome address—W. L. Bridges.
3. Response—J. H. Gilbert.
4. An Ideal Lesson on Phonics—Miss Adell Smith.
5. Should the County Board of Education have the authority to appoint the County Superintendent—J. N. Snell, County Superintendent.
6. Importance of Regular Attendance—J. H. Rosser.

Saturday, 9:30 A. M.:

1. School Discipline—Mr. Wakefield.
2. Co-operation of Teachers and Trustees—Claud Audler.
3. Primary Methods discussed by Miss Lillian Punch.
4. Should a Trustee Receive Any Compensation for His Time Spent in School-work—N. A. Gant.
5. Benefits and Evils of Local Institutes—Round Table Discussion.

Saturday, 1:30 P. M.:

1. How May Time be Economized in the Use of a Library—John Clanton.
 2. Importance of Correlation of Geography With History—A. D. Morgan.
 3. Parent and Teacher's Club—Mrs. John McConnell.
 4. Kind of Athletics in the Rural Schools—W. A. Reese.
- Saturday Night:
1. A Summary of the Advancement and Progress Made by the Schools in the Last Decade—J. C. Scarborough.
 2. Definition of a True Teacher—Miss Johnnie Duran.
 3. The Need of Specialization Among Our Teachers—Elton Driskill.
 4. Benefits Derived from Attending Summer Normals—J. H. Rosser and B. F. Freeman.
 5. The "Million Dollar Appropriation" discussed by J. N. Snell.
 6. Graduation and Promotion—J. E. McRee, Herbert Burton and Frank Pate.

On Saturday morning February 28th our transfer wagon will leave the depot in Crockett at 10 o'clock; those who wish to come in the wagon will please be ready on the time mentioned above.

Miss Rassic Butler,
Miss Annie Lois Taylor,
C. W. Butler Jr.,
Committee.

The editor is rather run down. The other day a correspondent wrote to him for advice on journalism. He was told, among other things, that he must write only on one side of the paper. And now he has written to ask which side.—Exchange.

Constipation.

When costive or troubled with constipation take Chamberlain's Tablets. They are easy to take and most agreeable in effect. Obtainable everywhere.—Adv.

LOVELADY GETS HOUSTON COUNTY SUMMER NORMAL.

Is Highest Bidder Over Crockett and Grapeland—Faculty Selected and Success Assured.

The Houston County Summer Normal Committee—composed of J. N. Snell, county superintendent, R. J. Dominy and W. H. Tomme, teachers—met in Crockett Saturday to arrange for the summer normal. It was known in advance that the normal would be awarded to the Houston county town making the highest bid. There were three bidders and each competitor was represented by a delegation of citizens. The bids, which were from Lovelady, Crockett and Grapeland, were opened at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon and were found to be as follows:

Lovelady, \$802.50.
Crockett, \$686.00.
Grapeland, \$606.30.

The award went to Lovelady. Lovelady is to be congratulated not only on securing the normal, but on its fine financial showing. Crockett and Grapeland are hustlers when it comes to getting things for themselves, and therefore their hats are off to their neighbor, Lovelady, when she beats them.

The executive committee immediately selected the faculty, which is as follows: J. N. Snell of Crockett, conductor; M. R. Martin of Leon county, W. A. Reese of Trinity county, J. H. Rosser of Porter Springs, R. J. Dominy of Jones' School House, C. T. Sims of Grapeland, W. H. Tomme of Lovelady, N. A. Gant of Weldon and Mrs. A. J. McLemore of Kennard as instructors.

An able faculty was selected and the success of the normal is assured.

House Party.

Never before has the H. T. Club been so royally entertained as it was last week at the country club on the Burton plantation, nine miles from Crockett. The guests were conveyed in automobiles to the scene of pleasure Tuesday afternoon, where they remained until Wednesday afternoon. As they neared the plantation little pickaninnies dotted the wayside like blackbirds. At the entrance gate to the driveway the black "mammies" and their older sons and daughters welcomed the party and took charge of the bundles. The sight took one back to the stories of slavery-time, with Aunt Fanny sitting in the kitchen door churning and looking the very picture of the true, old-time "mammy," and the rest of the colored folks at their respective duties, the children playing about the door.

The Burton home, which had been the scene of so many notable hospitalities in days gone by, was most cheerful and comfortable on this occasion, with its brightly burning logs in the huge fire places. Tables were ready for games which were enjoyed until dinner was announced. Then came a grand march to the dining room, led by Mrs. R. E. McConnell. Golden jonquils gave effective adornment to the table, which was presided over by two attractive maids, Misses Maude McConnell and Mary Ellis. Covers were laid for fourteen, appropriate cards marking the places. The menu was generous and appetizing,

consisting of oysters, turkey, barbecued pig, with the many things that go to make a most elaborate repast, ending with ice cream, cake, cheese and coffee. The guests were not seated long before Mrs. Norris arose and with her glass of clear, sparkling water from the spring gave a toast to the most charming of hostesses, Mrs. A. B. Burton. Then the music from a hidden orchestra floated through the room and gave the only needed effect to make things complete, and the charming informality which marked the occasion made it altogether delightful.

During the evening the orchestra continued to furnish pleasing music of the old-time kind, and the hours were filled with song and merriment. The club quartette, consisting of Mrs. J. P. Hail, Mrs. John Ellis, Mrs. Johnson Arledge and Mrs. J. L. Jordan, gave some enjoyable numbers, and Mrs. John Foster and Mrs. Dan McConnell furnished wit and repartee. Mrs. W. V. McConnell conducted the program, assisted by Mrs. J. D. Woodson.

The next feature was the initiation of the new member, Mrs. W. G. Cartwright. This is always a lengthy and tedious ordeal. Mrs. Hail, the club soloist, was very careful in testing the candidate's ears, and Mrs. John Ellis (Ella Speed) tested thoroughly her bravery, while others tested her disposition, patience, etc., and it was not until the guinea serenade began under her window at the dawn of a perfect day that she was given the hand of fellowship and admitted as a full-fledged H. T. The next day a banquet was held in her honor and she was voted the next hostess.

As the day passed and the cars returned to bring the party back to town, goodbyes were reluctantly said, after persuading Mrs. Burton to promise a return trip in the near future. Souvenirs of the occasion were cans of ribbon cane syrup, bags of potatoes and peanuts, eggs, butter, and other articles produced on the plantation. A Guest.

ARRESTED ON SWINDLING CHARGE BY CROCKETT OFFICERS.

Man Taken from Train Saturday by City Marshal Monk and Sheriff Spence. Wanted at Galveston.

On a telegram from the Galveston chief of police, City Marshal Jim Monk and Sheriff Bob Spence arrested a young white man named William Pearson on I & G. N. train No. 2, the "Sunshine Special," Saturday afternoon at 4:09 o'clock. The man's railroad ticket was from Galveston to Texarkana. The city marshal had received a wire from the Galveston chief to meet the train on its arrival here and make the arrest, also wiring description. The officers boarded the train and found several men whom the description fitted, but Pearson acknowledged to being the man wanted. The train started, but was stopped to let the officers and prisoner off.

Pearson was taken to jail and held under instructions from Galveston. On Sunday John F. Rowe, a member of Galveston's city detective department, arrived. He said that Pearson was wanted on a swindling charge. Pearson and another man had a contract requiring the use of considerable money. Pearson's partner entrusted him with money to the amount of sixteen or eighteen hundred dollars and he skipped out with it. The detective returned to Galveston with his prisoner Sunday night.

How Mr. Davis Got Rid of a Bad Cough.

"Sometime ago I had a very bad cough" writes Lewis T. Davis, Blackwater, Del. "My brother McCabe Davis gave me a small bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. After taking this I bought half a dozen bottles of it, but only used one of them as the cough left me and I have not been troubled since." Obtainable everywhere.—Adv.

Try Courier advertisers.

NOTICE

WE HAVE on display a full line of new spring shirt waists. We are also showing the first line of spring coat suits of the season, and will receive regularly from week to week new styles as they come out.

We will endeavor to get our patrons just what they want. Remember, if it's to be had we can get it for you and will take pleasure in doing so.

See these new suits now and get your choice.

YOURS TO PLEASE

Jas. S. Shivers & Company

The Crockett Courier

Issued weekly from the Courier Building.

W. W. AIKEN, Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Obituaries, resolutions, cards of thanks and other matter not "news" will be charged for at the rate of 5c per line.

Parties ordering advertising or printing for societies, churches, committees or organizations of any kind will, in all cases, be held personally responsible for the payment of the bills.

In case of errors or omissions in legal or other advertisements, the publishers do not hold themselves liable for damage further than the amount received by them for such advertisement.

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of the Courier will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the management.

GARRISON RESIGNS AS SECRETARY OF WAR AND PRESIDENT ACCEPTS.

Washington, Feb. 10.—Secretary Lindley M. Garrison resigned today because President Wilson would not "irrevocably" support the continental army plan and because he opposes the administration's plan of setting a definite time for Philippine independence.

President Wilson accepted the resignation and has not selected a successor. The president himself probably will take personal charge of the administration's national defense plans in congress.

Assistant Secretary Breckinridge also resigned as a mark of loyalty to his chief, whose views he shared. The president accepted his resignation. Both take effect immediately. Major General Hugh L. Scott, chief of staff of the army, automatically becomes secretary of war ad interim.

It is known that one of Secretary Garrison's principal reasons for his conviction that only a federal con-

tinental army instead of a reorganized national guard could be the main military dependence of the nation, was his belief that some day the United States may be called upon to defend the Monroe doctrine and in that event he foresaw the national guard might not be available for use outside of the United States before a declaration of war.

Upon the contention on the one hand that the continental army, or ultimately, universal service, was the nation's only reliance, and the position on the other that no one plan could be enforced upon congress, President Wilson and his secretary of war parted official company.

The circumstances which led up to the resignation are detailed in the secretary's correspondence with the president, which was made public tonight by the White House. The president, the letters disclose, believes that the training, organization and control of a military reserve should be under immediate federal direction, but is not "irrevocably or dogmatically committed to any one plan."

He wrote Mr. Garrison that he could not force any specific plan on congress and added:

"I must welcome a frank interchange of views and a patient and thorough comparison of all the methods proposed for obtaining the objects we all have in view."

Mr. Garrison's contentions that only the plans of the war department could be considered seemed to the president "wholly unjustifiable." Mr. Garrison considered "reliance upon the militia for national defense as unjustifiable and imperiling the nation's safety." In resigning he wrote to the president:

"It is evident that we hopelessly disagree upon what I conceive to be fundamental principles." Mr. Garrison characterized the

Clark amendment to the Philippine bill providing conditionally for the independence of the islands within four years "an abandonment of the duty of this nation and a breach of trust for the Filipinos."

The president replied it was his judgment that the Clark amendment was "unwise at this time," but added "it would clearly be most inadvisable for me to take the position that I must dissent from that action should both houses of congress concur in a bill embodying that amendment."

He said he must withhold judgment until the final action was before him in definite form.

President Wilson has supported the continental army scheme and continues to believe that it is the best plan for strengthening the army. He has made it plain, however, in speeches and in talks with congressional leaders that the main thing is to get a larger reserve for the United States army and that the details must be worked out through "common counsel."

The president and Secretary Garrison have been close personal friends since the administration came into office and have stood together on practically every question.

Secretary Garrison has been a leading figure in President Wilson's official family ever since the administration began. To his urging has been ascribed in part Mr. Wilson's determination to carry to the country his plea for adequate national defense.

This May Interest You.

If you suffer with pain in your back or side, stiff and sore muscles or joints, or rheumatic aches, or have symptoms of kidney trouble such as puffy swellings under the eyes or sleep-disturbing bladder ailments, you should know that Foley Kidney Pills have benefited thousands in like condition. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

"The Garden of Allah."

The Garden of Allah, the big spectacular play made from Robert Hichens' novel, by that author and Mary Anderson de Navarro, will be the attraction at the Prince Theatre in Houston February 24 for a limited engagement of four nights and Saturday and Sunday matinees.

The dramatization of the Hichens' novel is backed up and fortified in a superb pictorial and realistic manner. The massive beauty of the settings and effects is utilized to drive across the footlight the essentials of the romance between "Boris," the renegade monk, and "Domini," who becomes his bride.

The story of the play follows the novel, a fact that many thousand readers of the book will follow with enjoyment. The glowing and beautiful descriptions of various scenes described by Mr. Hichens in the book are also closely followed. In fact, the authors, managers and producers spent many weeks in Morocco, where the scenes are laid, to get the desired atmosphere. Many animals were also brought over to America—camels, goats, donkeys, pigeons and other livestock.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the animate beings brought over are the Bedouins—a fierce tribe from the desert to the number of thirty or more. These Bedouins, or Arabs, are the best fighters and riders in all Africa. Their heroism has been proven in many clashes with the French troops. To this day the Arabs refuse to be conquered, and a report of trouble in Morocco would depopulate the Arab contingent now with the Garden of Allah.

Prominent among the members of the cast presenting the dramatic portion of the play may be found Mr. Lawson Butt, Mr. Howard Gould, Miss Edyth Latimer, Miss

Estelle Thebaud, Mr. Albert Andrus, Mr. William Jeffrey and Mr. Leo De Valery. The company in its entirety consists of over one hundred and is exactly as seen for a year at the Century Theatre, New York City.

Special excursion arrangements will be in effect during the above engagement. 2t.

Has Used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for 20 Years.

"Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been used in my household for the past twenty years. I began giving it to my children when they were small. As a quick relief for croup, whooping cough, and ordinary colds, it has no equal. Being free from opium and other harmful drugs, I never felt afraid to give it to the children. I have recommended it to a large number of friends and neighbors, who have used it and speak highly of it," writes Mrs. Mary Minke, Shortsville, N. Y. Obtainable everywhere.—Adv.

Because your own little patch of sky is over-clouded is no reason why your friends should share the gloom. Move on, get out of the shadows and into the sunshine. Just the effort will make you feel better.—Lloyd.



TAKE HALL'S CHILL TONIC EUCALINE

You will not have the best if you fail to get EUCALINE for Malaria, Chills and Fever. It acts on the liver and bowels and relieves the system of the cause, pleasant to take.

FIFTY CENTS YOUR DRUGGIST TAKE HALL'S CHILL TONIC

—to discontinue an advertisement is taking down your sign. If you want to do business you must let the public know it. I would as soon think of doing business without clerks as without advertising.

—John Wanamaker.

—and John Wanamaker stores are about the busiest in their home towns.

—take a tip from John, brother, he's used the medicine.

Man-Talk to Men

By J. R. HAMILTON

Former Advertising Manager of Wanamaker's, Philadelphia

Since the beginning of organized society everything without a name has ended with a question mark. The very reason why marriage itself has been able to maintain so much sentiment amongst civilized races is that it gave to our children a name.

There is no virtue in a name itself, except that it throws the light of investigation upon whatever the name stands for.

Now the object of this article is simply to get you to remember the names of the articles you buy or at least the names of the people you buy them from. Because that is the only way of increasing good business methods in this city.

In this last twenty years business men have discovered a new method of establishing a name. They do it through advertising.

Now again there is no special virtue in advertising except that it does two things. First, it sells goods cheaper, because it sells more of them. And, second, it shortens the time that it formerly took to establish a name. There are just as honest business men who do not advertise as there are who do. That is not the point. The point is that they are not as good business men and that you do not have any way of telling whether they are honest or not.

Now there are a great many advertisers in this paper today and every day who have established for themselves, or for their products, a good name. There is a lifetime of hard effort attached to the signature of many of these ads, so you cannot possibly do better than to read this advertising for whatever you wish to buy.

When a man or a product has an established name, you know where to go, if the quality does not live up to the guaranty.

So turn to the advertising in this paper today; read it, buy from it, and you will know that if at any time the thing you buy isn't right, the man with a name will make it right.

(Copyrighted.)

CABLES UNDER THE SEA.

They Vary in Weight and Type and Use Very Little Current.

Each submarine telegraph company has in service a fleet of cable ships, the units of which are stationed at different ports for quick access to the different sections of the cable.

Let us take, for example, the cable stretching from San Francisco to Manila, a distance of 10,010 miles. This cable is divided into four sections—San Francisco to Honolulu, Honolulu to Midway island, Midway island to Guam and Guam to Manila. The cable lies on the bed of the Pacific, which in places runs from three to five miles in depth, the latter depth being found off the island of Guam. Sufficient slack must be paid out in laying a submarine cable to allow every part to rest on the bottom of the ocean, however irregular the bottom may be.

A cable varies in thickness and type, according to its position and the nature of the ocean bottom in the locality where it is laid. The "shore end" of a cable, meaning a section laid close to land, is always thicker than a section out at sea. Ordinarily the diameter of a shore section runs about two and a quarter inches, while a section laid in deep water runs about seven-eighths of an inch in diameter.

About seven strands of copper, comprising a single conductor, form the core of the cable. Over this core are laid coatings of gutta percha, a layer of jute or oakum and an envelope of composition rubber. Over this strands of strengthening wires are wound on, and tarry rope and tape are wound about the whole. The average cost of a cable complete is about \$1,000 a mile.

A surprisingly small amount of current is required for operating a submarine cable. One of the hardest worked of the Atlantic cables requires only fifty volts pressure at the sending end, and all that comes out at the receiving end is twenty-millionths of an ampere. Signals are transmitted simply by alternately charging and discharging the cable, which works much like a Leyden jar. One of the fastest of submarine cables transmits about eighty words a minute.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Generosity.

"No," said Mr. Macoswish, the autocrat of the little Scottish school, "you'll recite that poem afore a' the

class, Wullie Macnortie, an' see that ye gie it in perfect English." The youthful William declaimed with such ability that the dominie was moved almost to tears—nay, he even rewarded the diligent scholar with a halfpenny. "It wis weel done," he said, "near as weel as I could hae done it maself. Iishmir Macalister, we'll hear ye neest." The recitation of Macalister was given in even more perfect English than the last. The dominie was delighted. "Laddie," said he, in an ecstasy of satisfaction, "if I had that bawbee back again I'd gie't tae ye!"

The Naughty Trumpeter.

The swearing habits of the soldiers annoyed Lord Wolsley, who became president of a society for the suppression of improper language. One day, when he was inspecting an Irish garrison commanded by an officer renowned for his purple flowers of speech, the trumpeter, ordered to sound the "Charge," sounded the "Retreat" instead. The officer's mouth had opened to volley forth appropriate denunciations, when he caught Wolsley's eyes fixed icily upon him. He hesitated, choked, stared wildly around, then bellowed, "Oh, you naughty, naughty trumpeter!"—London Chronicle.

John Ruskin, Tea Salesman.

John Ruskin once set up as a tea merchant. In 1874 he opened a shop in London in order, as he termed it, to "supply the poor in that neighborhood with pure tea in packets small as they choose to buy without making a profit on the subdivision." Ruskin actually decided to paint the sign for the shop, which he placed in charge of two old servants of the family, but could not make up his mind as to the design, and before he could do so the experimental shop failed, and Mr. Ruskin's temporary role as a retail trader came to an abrupt termination.

Identity.

At this moment somebody, somewhere, is waiting for somebody else. Somebody is pacing about nervously or sitting with calm, staring eyes and despairing soul, while the person causing the trouble is unconcerned.

Somebody, now, somewhere, is waiting for somebody else. Would it be unwise and unpatriotic to venture the statement that the somebody waiting is a man?—Life.

Letting Them Worry

A Case Where the Old Folks Were Entirely Too Willing

By LOUISE OLNEY

Perplexed, he gazed at Sallie. Her blue eyes flashed welcome, but her words turned him down. All summer she had been refusing to be seen with him. This time it was the club dance. As they had been friends from babyhood, he asked for reasons.

"Sallie, what's the matter? If you really hate the sight of me I'll keep away if it kills me, but somehow I don't believe you do. What have I done? Or is it Tracy, or don't you care, or what?" In the little summerhouse he faced her, his dark eyes snapping. She tossed her fair head, but her face was serious.

"Tracy, indeed! You ought to see he's crazy about Mary Trevor! No; you have not done anything, Robbie, only"—She fingered her rose in embarrassment.

"Only what, Sallie? Tell me. I can't stand this much longer."

"Well, I should think you would hate it, too, this being managed."

"Referring to our precious families' very apparent plot to get us married? That certainly is the limit!" He spoke coolly. She nodded, flushing with anger as he continued: "I don't blame you, Sallie. I hate it too. I"—But she turned on him like a little tiger, leaping to her feet to face him.

"Why don't you go away, then? Do you think that I—am you asking me everywhere because you think I"—For answer he swept her suddenly into his arms, holding her face to his—a happy face, for she had always loved Robert Martin.

"Dear, you must know how I want you—now, always! But why couldn't our people be decently reluctant? It's all so horribly planned! We both hate being maneuvered into marriage. Mother suffers if I look at Mary—sweet girl, but not you."

"And dad gets apoplectic at mere sight of Tom—who is everything dad and I don't want—but when he and mother greet me at breakfast with that repressed 'Haven't you got something to tell us?' air I could gleefully announce Tom as their future son. That would be real revenge. Not that Tom wants me." The two looked up just in time to see Sallie's mother carefully steering the children away from the summerhouse. It was maddening. Sallie stamped her foot.

"I simply can't be engaged to you, Bob, with the family smiling benignly and all the old pussies purring over the fitness of the match! I can't!"

"Wait till you're asked," he retorted, grinning. "Sallie, we want each other, but we must let them worry. They simply must worry awhile! Did you know that poor old Tracy hates me because he thinks I want Mary?"

"Stupid boy! Anybody could see where her heart is by the way she hates me when I chasten dad by going out with Tom. Wonder why he asks me."

"To get even because I play Mary's little lamb to bother mother. You see, Mary's family goes no farther back than Adam. I suppose yours and mine antedate old Eden. I say, Sallie"—But he saw Tom Tracy going past with his machine and ran after him with a shout. The two men talked a long time before Robert came back to Sallie.

"Get your veil and things and come for a spin. We'll stop for Mary, have lunch at some little town, have dinner at Baxter, call on my minister Uncle John and get home by moonlight."

"And a chaperon?" Though the four had always known each other, Sallie was going at least to mention proprieties. Bob's wise eyes twinkled.

"I think I can hunt up a young married woman somewhere," he remarked, but refused explanation till Tracy left the car to persuade Mary. Then Bob did his gallant best to make things clear. He succeeded. Sallie got in front with Tom, leaving Mary to an apparent-

ly all too devoted Bob, while they paraded past their respective homes, for he it said that the Trevors and the Tracys had long wished Mary and Tom to like each other.

It was rather too late that night to please Sallie's father when Tom left her reluctantly at her own door. And Bob, mother questioned, said he had been motoring with Mary.

That was the beginning. During August the four were inseparable, and the parents worried. The only apparent comfort was that the couples remained together. How could they know that partners were changed the minute they got from under surveillance? The girls were airy, radiant, innocent, the young men calm, impervious to comment or question. Never passing the bounds of propriety, they still baffled home attempts to regulate their movements.

Tom was always with Sallie, Bob in the wake of Mary. The couples weren't matched to suit the elders; but, from fearing they were engaged, they began to fear they were not. This was because the young people were beginning to excite social comment by reason of several escapades, obviously innocent, apparently accidental. They all came home one day dripping wet from overturning their canoes and swimming out, and another night they walked home ten miles after the motor broke down—by arrangement. It was first one thing, then another. Finally the parents compared notes. They decided that there was only one thing to be done—interview the four together and insist on less public devotion or an announcement of engagements.

The young couple knew of this, and the evening the council was to occur at Sallie's home they promptly absented themselves. The meeting began, and after much polite sparring it was decided to make the best of the Tom and Sallie and Rob and Mary arrangements. The old folks showed a touching resignation. All they would insist on was a knowledge of the facts.

At this juncture Tom and Sallie strolled in, followed by the other two, all showing a delightful surprise at the parental presence.

"It looks like a council of war," commented Tom, while his father glowered, and then began the attack, followed by Sallie's father and the interpositions of the others.

"If you are engaged," Mrs. Trevor finished, "we insist on having it properly announced. If you are not—well, you ought to be. I hope you understand our point of view."

A silence followed, broken only by a nervous little giggle—the giggle Mrs. Martin would not like in a daughter-in-law. Finally it was Bob who spoke as the four stood under the chandelier in the usual couples.

"We are sorry—not for ourselves, but for you—that we are not engaged. We fully appreciate your assembled wishes. But we don't see how we can be engaged. It is, in fact, impossible." He looked at Tom to finish, and that young man rose to the occasion. He was even a bit dramatic as he faced the four fathers, the four mothers, sitting in stern conclave, but visibly softened by the well bred, beautiful young quartet before them, young people charming and, after all, old enough to know their own minds. Thomas spoke to his own mother.

"The fact is, we all hate nonsense. We hate planned matches and being engaged to order with diamond rings to advertise the fact, and the society pussies purring and fashionable weddings preceded by 'showers' of stuff that only a fire or some other special dispensation of Providence can rid you of. And then"—he took a lawyer-like tone befitting the junior partner of the firm of Tracy & Tracy, "we cannot be engaged because"—he paused for effect and got it, for a sudden suspicion sent the parents as one to their feet—"because we are already married," he finished leisurely, "a month ago at Baxter, by Robert's uncle John, who also hates fuss and feathers." With a quick movement Tom moved—past Sallie—and took Mary by the hand, leading her to his mother, and Bob had Sallie by both hands, looking at her only, forgetting the others.

And when it finally became evident to the bewildered families that the right children were together—that Sallie had married Robert, that Tom had married Mary—the relief went far on the way to forgiveness for the elopement.

"But why elope?" Sallie's father finally asked. "I think I may say for my friends that these marriages will make us ultimately happy—that they are, in fact, just what we desired. What was the real trouble? We were all quite willing." But a chorus of laughter greeted him—happy young laughter.

"That was just the trouble. You were too willing!" It was Sallie who had spoken from the shelter of her young husband's arm. Then everybody laughed.

GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES.

Work of Uncle Sam's Board That Revises and Corrects Them.

An obscure but important government institution is the United States geographic board at Washington. Not many people know of its work, which consists in determining for the government departments the correct names that are used in postal guides, in official reports and on maps.

A great many things interfere with uniformity in geographical nomenclature. The postoffice department sometimes calls a postoffice by a name that does not correspond to the name of the town where that postoffice is.

Then there is the corruption of a name that comes with time. London's "Rotten Row," which was originally "Route du Roi," is perhaps as remarkable an example as can be found anywhere. Thus Coanjoek bay, in North Carolina, becomes by local usage Coinjack; Minster, in Ohio, becomes Minister, and Roland, in Michigan, becomes Rowland. Sometimes these corruptions are so generally accepted that they take the place of the original. Thus Valcken Eylandt (Falcon island), named by the Dutch in 1614, is corrupted into Fawknor's island, then Falkner's island and finally Falkland's island. The accepted name at present is Falkner island, and this name has the sanction of the geographic board.

Where there has been an absolute change from one name to another the board consults local feeling, and if the verdict is nearly unanimous it follows local usage. Usually such changes are in the direction of greater refinement. Thus Hog island in Maine has become Appledore island, and Hog island in Long Island sound is now known as Center island. Sometimes the desire to change a name is inspired by other motives. The people of Virginia, wishing to honor the memory of the first state geologist, attempted to change the name of Elliott knob to Rogers knob. But, since the first name was well established, the board gave it sanction, and Elliott Knob is now official.

In some cases confusion arises because explorers have "discovered" the same spot and given it different names. Cape Disappointment, on the coast of Washington, got its name from Meares in 1788. Four years later Gray named it, Cape Hancock, and for some time it was known indifferently as Cape Hancock or Cape Disappointment. The original name has now been restored.

The board exists only by virtue of executive order and has never been recognized by congress. Its members are officials from a few of the departments and bureaus at Washington, who serve without compensation.—Youth's Companion.

Fooled the Doctor.

It is not only with big drinkers that doctors have difficulty in determining the treatment of patients. Big smokers need special consideration. The late Sir Edward Burne-Jones when in failing health was asked by his doctor how many cigars he smoked a day. "Six," was the answer. "Well, you had better smoke no more than three," the doctor advised, and the artist was wont merrily to relate that the prescribed number happened to be exactly the quantity he had been in the habit of smoking.

Downing Street, London.

Despite its shortness Downing street, London, contains not only the prime minister's residence, but also the treasury, foreign office, colonial office, the office of the chancellor of the exchequer and that of the privy council. It was built on a swamp, and the ground under the big houses is sown thickly with aged blackened wooden piles.

How Many Women Are in Trouble Today?

By J. R. HAMILTON

Former Advertising Manager of Wanamaker's, Philadelphia

All of you women whose husbands have told you you have been spending too much money, please stand up. Great Scott! Every married woman in America is on her feet.

All you who are earning your own living and spending as much as you earn please stand up.

Now we've got the rest of them.

"Well," you say, "now that you've got us standing here what are you going to do about it?"

I'm going to give you the first law of business:

Cut your expenses down first, and then find out how you can do it afterward.

Every big institution carries what it calls a "butcher."

When the expenses of that institution begin to eat up the profits the "butcher" issues a sweeping order to cut down so many hundreds of dollars a day. He doesn't ask how it can be done. He knows it has to be done if his business is going to continue, and he leaves it to the people under him to find out how.

This cutting seldom if ever ruins a business. It simply sharpens the wits of those who are left.

Now let's take your case. Instead of taking the money that you think you ought to have, suppose you take the money that you have actually got. In your case, being both "butcher" and buyer, you naturally have to sharpen your own wits.

Therefore the first thing you begin to do each day (just as you are going to do now in a minute or two) is to open this paper and see what special inducement each store is offering in the things that are necessary for you to buy. You look for the clothes, and the shoes, the children's dresses and suits, the underwear, the house needs, and all of the various necessities and luxuries demanded in your standard of life.

The next thing to do is to cut out all those snobbish, exclusive, little nonadvertising concerns, who find it somehow beneath their dignity to sell their goods at less than a profit of several hundred per cent.

The third thing you do is to reckon up your savings at the end of a week or two.

And the fourth thing you do is to stand amazed at the amount you have saved in spite of the amount you have bought.

Now of course this is letting you in behind the scenes.

There isn't a buyer in any store who doesn't have to bring himself up with a jerk or get brought up with a jerk every once in a while, and who doesn't also stand amazed at what he has been able to accomplish with a smaller amount of capital and a greater amount of energy and a little extra thimbleful of brains.

Now don't tell anybody you have been behind the scenes, but just dig into the advertising in this paper quietly for the next few days; cut out the "dropping-in-anywhere" method of shopping; make a business of your household expenditures, and see if this little financial plan doesn't relieve your terrible money strain.

(Copyrighted.)

His Unkind Fling.

"I saw him holding her hand," said her small brother, whereat all the other members of the family looked up.

"Yes," she replied calmly; "he has been studying palmistry."

"Oh!" said the small brother.

"He was reading the story of my life," she persisted defiantly.

For a moment it looked as if she had subdued the small brother. Then he remarked, "You must be pretty old, sis."

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"It was a long story."

"Don't be absurd, Tommy."

"And a continued story."

Distant Neptune.

The period of man's whole history is not sufficient for an express train to traverse half the distance to Neptune from the earth. Thought wearies and fails in seeking to grasp such distances. It can scarcely comprehend 1,000,000 miles, and here are thousands of them. When we stand on that, the outermost of the planets, the very last sentinel of the outposts of the King, the very sun grows dim and small in the distance.

Money.

What is regarded as one of the best definitions of money was given by Henry E. Beggs of Sheffield, England, who was awarded a prize offered by a British weekly for the following philosophical wisdom:

"An article which may be used as

a universal passport to everywhere except heaven and as a universal provider of everything except happiness."

Needed It.

"Say, mister," said the man in the upper berth to the occupant of the lower, "quit that music, will you? What do you think this is, a concert hall? The rest of us want to sleep."

"Why, the car is so stuffy," said the warbler, "I was only humming a little air."—Exchange.

Couldn't Frighten Him.

An Indian maharajah once received Lord Clive, the famous soldier, in his palace court. Presently in sprang two whopping big Bengal tigers, as big as ever grew. They rolled and sprawled and romped all over the court, growled, spit and struck at each other. All the time the rajah slyly and snakily stole glances at Clive to see if it would scare him green white. After a little the tigers were driven out. Clive smoked his cheroot all the while.

Letter Boxes in France.

The modern French letter box has the shape of a pillar, profusely ornamented with the conventional lily. The whole box or stand is fashioned after a plant, and the top resembles a bird. The body is surrounded by floral wreaths or festoons, and the base is formed by large leaves. The boxes are placed against buildings and have a very pretty effect.

MY LADY DAFFODIL

How She Came to Wear a Yellow Gown That Night.

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

In Miss Priscilla's garden there was a clump of daffodils.

"I am going to pick all of them," said Judy Perkins, who was Miss Priscilla's niece.

"Please don't, Judy," said Miss Priscilla faintly.

"Why not?"

"Because," was Miss Priscilla's woman's reason.

Judy looked at her. "Tell me," she urged. "You are blushing, and you can't have any secrets from me, Aunt Pris."

Miss Priscilla beamed. It was such a new delight to be bossed by this beautiful being, who had come all the way from Europe to see for the first time her father's sister.

"Tell me," Judy repeated, and drew the little lady down beside her on the garden bench.

Judy listened intently while Miss Priscilla stammered out her little romance. "So you and he always sat on this bench by the daffodil bed, and you wore a little yellow dainty gown, and he called you 'My Lady Daffodil'?"

"Yes," Miss Priscilla's voice was dreamy. "And he used to quote some verses that ended:

"And then my heart with pleasure nits
And dances with the daffodils."

"Why didn't you marry him?" Judy murmured.

"There was a misunderstanding," Miss Priscilla said, "and he went away, and I haven't heard from him since, and that was twenty years ago."

Judy enveloped the shabby black figure in a big hug. "Dear Aunt Pris," she said, "and you have been alone and lonely all these years, while I have been having a good time."

"You couldn't know," Miss Priscilla said, "that after father and mother died I invested all of my money in a mining scheme that failed."

"No; we didn't know," Judy said, "and you have scrimped and saved and gone without pretty things while I have simply squandered piles of money on gowns."

"The one you have on is a beauty," Miss Priscilla said. "You look like a rose."

Judy laughed. "The rose and the daffodil," she sang. "We belong in your garden, Aunt Pris."

"Miss Priscilla," said some one from the other side of the fence, "may I have a rose from your garden?"

"I told you last night you couldn't, Bobbie," Judy retorted.

"Don't quarrel," Miss Priscilla expostulated. "Come up presently and have lunch with me."

As she left them Judy stood looking after the slender, old fashioned figure. "Did she ever tell you about the daffodils, Bobbie?"

"No."

"He was her lover, and he went away—and his name is Constantius Mercer."

"Do you know," Bobbie said, "there's a man at the hotel named Mercer—C. Mercer?"

Judy grasped his hands across the fence. "Bobbie, boy," she said, "suppose it should be the same one—and suppose he is coming back here to look up Aunt Pris?"

"She must have changed awfully in that time," Bobbie said. "She isn't very pretty now, you know, Judy."

"She's beautiful," Judy said defiantly. "Her hair is lovely, and her eyes—"

"Constantius is probably old and bald and ugly—but of course that doesn't count. Well, one doesn't exactly look for beauty in a man—"

"If one did one might be disappointed," Judy murmured pointedly. Then she went on, "If it is Constantius he'll probably be over this evening, Bobbie."

"Why?"

"Because she said he always came at twilight, and—and lovers don't forget such things, Bobbie."

"Don't they?" Bobbie demanded with some interest. "Will you remember that I always came at high

noon in time for lunch, Judy?"

"Aunt Pris," Judy said, a little later when they were at lunch, "I'm going to get the dinner tonight, and I want it late. Bobbie's coming, and I'm going to put on style."

Bobbie looked up in amazement, but Judy's eyes warned him. "You are to come at 7:30," she said. "I want to show you what a fine cook I am."

After Bobbie left Miss Priscilla protested.

"Please," Judy began, "let me get the dinner and—and I want to dress you up and have you play lady for once in your life. You are going to wear a pretty gown tonight," Judy said decidedly. "Come on upstairs and choose one, Aunt Pris."

Once in Judy's room that enthusiastic maiden dumped on the bed a dozen gowns before she found the one she sought.

"There," she said at last, as she took down a fluttering, fluffly thing of pale yellow chiffon. "Put that on and see how you look, Aunt Pris."

"Oh, my dear," Miss Priscilla protested. But Judy commanded, and soon Miss Priscilla was incased in the wonderful gown.

"But your hair's wrong," Judy decided and pulled out hairpins and curled and patted and puffed the shining brown locks into a wonderful coiffure—topped with a gold comb.

"Why, it's just the way I used to wear it," Miss Priscilla said.

"And now you are to take a book and go down to the garden seat and stay there until I call you to dinner."

A half hour later Bobbie appeared at the kitchen door.

"Judy," he said in an awed voice, "I didn't know clothes could make such a difference."

"What?" asked Judy, abstracted. She was deep in the mysteries of mayonnaise.

"Miss Priscilla is down by the daffodil bed in a yellow gown, and she looks like a girl with her hair done that way. And Constantius is headed for the garden. He is a good looking old duffer, Judy."

"I hope he has piles of money," Judy said.

"I'll run back and dress," Bobbie said. "But I wish you'd let me get the Lady of the Roses if he gets My Lady Daffodil, Judy."

"Go away," said Judy, but her eyes were kind.

There were golden shadows across the grass as Bobbie went toward the gate, and Miss Priscilla's gown made a spot of gold in the dusky corner where the daffodils grew. And at the gate Bobbie met Constantius, but the man scarcely bowed. His eyes were on that golden spot in the dusky corner.

Miss Priscilla turned, started up, and her eyes were like stars.

"My Lady Daffodil," he said softly.

"Connie"—she gasped, and then Bobbie fled.

And when he crept back later he found shades on the silver candlesticks.

He produced a great bunch of daffodils, and Judy put them in a silver bowl in the center of the table.

"Judy, this is my old friend Constantius Mercer," said a happy voice. Constantius held Judy's hand and looked down at her. "Priscilla and I have been wondering how you happened to make her wear that yellow gown today."

"A little bird told me you were at the hotel."

"A little bird?"

"Bob-o-link," said Bobbie from the other side of the table.

"Oh," and Constantius grasped the other's hand. "I told you I knew Miss Perkins?"

"Yes," said Bobbie, "and I told Judy, and thereby hangs the tale."

But Constantius was not listening—hand in hand with Miss Priscilla he was looking at the daffodils that nodded under the golden light.

And Judy, watching the old lovers, turned her eyes presently on her young lover and then her hand went out to him, and behind the backs of the others he bent and kissed her.

A Poor Player.

Griggs—So you got home from the club at midnight. Well, I suppose you told wife you had to work late at the office. Played upon her sympathies, eh?

Briggs—Well—er—yes, but either her sympathies were out of tune or I'm a darned poor instrumentalist. —Boston Transcript.

TEMPLES OF EGYPT.

Edfu Sacred to Osiris, and Kom Ombo to the Crocodile God.

In journeying to Assuan from Thebes the traveler cannot fail to be impressed by the two beautiful temples of Edfu and Kom Ombo. The former, situated almost midway in the journey, is of special interest because it is the best preserved of all the Egyptian temples. It was a center of the cult of Osiris, whose death and rising again were celebrated every spring within its close.

The festival began with deep mourning. Processions of priests marched around the walls deploring the death of their god in the contest with the evil one. In the sanctuary lay the mummy personified by a priest, while a priestess who represented Isis wept over her dead lord and begged for his return. At last the resurrection morning came, the mummy arose, and joy reigned among the worshippers. Again processions formed upon the walls and, marching with banners and musical instruments, proclaimed the risen lord to those who stood about.

A few miles away is Kom Ombo, the beautiful temple of Sebek, the crocodile god, whose devotees hated the worshippers of Osiris as fiercely as in later times the followers of the prophet hated the Coptic monks whom they found before them in this very valley. Like Edfu, it dates from the days of the Ptolemies, who built both buildings on ancient sites.

The rulers of that time were Hellenists, but their architecture was that of ancient Egypt, so firmly rooted in the land were the old dynastic traditions. Persian, Greek and Roman came and carved their names upon the temples, but left no mark upon the unchanging spirit of Egypt. Not even today is there any alteration, for still the houses in the villages are built as of old, and over them rise the pigeon towers, veritable pylons, exactly like the towered gateways of the ancient temples. —William Warfield in Travel.

His Bad Break.

"I think I must have made a bad break last Sunday," mused the fellow who seldom goes to church.

"You see, I got an alumni catalogue of my old school and in looking through it I found that one of my classmates was the pastor of a Cleveland church. So I called him up, and he said that he was still preaching and that if I wanted to meet him I should come to church on the following Sunday morning, which I did.

"He introduced me to his wife, and she took me into the pew with her. Well, during the sermon I got very drowsy. I was nodding in the middle of the sermon, and the parson's wife touched me on the elbow.

"You seem very sleepy," she whispered. "Try some of my smelling salts."

"No, thank you," says I; "I'd rather sleep!" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Celebrated Goat.

On April 28, 1772, there died at Mile End a celebrated goat. She had been twice round the world, somewhat of a feat in those days, once on the discovery ship Dolphin, under Captain Wallis, and once on the Endeavor, under Captain Cook. She was admitted to the privileges of an in-pensioner of Greenwich hospital by warrant of the lords of the admiralty, but before she could avail herself of the honor she died. Dr. Johnson wrote a couplet which the distinguished animal for some time wore round her neck.—London Opinion.

A Careful Witness.

"Be careful, sir—be very careful—and remember that you are on oath!" ominously said the pinfeathery young attorney, whose brow bulged like the back of a snapping turtle, addressing a witness. "Now tell us, sir, was every pane of glass in the west window broken when you passed the house?"

"They were on the outside," was the cautious reply. "I didn't enter the house to see whether they were also broken on the inside."—Judge.

Sure Sign of Progress.

"How's Brown getting along nowadays? I haven't seen him in some time."

"Neither have I."
"Then he must be doing all right if he hasn't been around to touch either of us."—Detroit Free Press.

The Crockett Courier

Issued weekly from the Courier Building.

W. W. AIKEN, Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Obituaries, resolutions, cards of thanks and other matter not "news" will be charged for at the rate of 5c per line.

Parties ordering advertising or printing for societies, churches, committees or organizations of any kind will, in all cases, be held personally responsible for the payment of the bills.

In case of errors or omissions in legal or other advertisements, the publishers do not hold themselves liable for damage further than the amount received by them for such advertisement.

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of the Courier will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the management.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

RATES

Congressional	\$15.00
Other District Offices	10.00
County Offices	5.00
County Commissioner	3.00
Precinct Offices	2.50

TERMS—CASH IN ADVANCE

The Courier is authorized to make the following announcements, subject to the action of the democratic party:

- For District Judge
B. H. Gardner
of Anderson county
John S. Prince
of Henderson county
- For State Senator
J. J. Strickland
of Anderson county
- For County Attorney
Sonley LeMay
J. L. Lipscomb
- For County Clerk
A. S. Moore
O. C. Goodwin
- For District Clerk
John F. Gilbert
Barker Tunstall
- For Tax Collector
C. W. Butler, Jr.
W. N. (Will) Standley
- For County Treasurer
W. M. (Willie) Robison
Ney Sheridan
- For Sheriff
R. J. Spence
- For Commissioner, Prec. No. 1
E. E. Holcomb
- For Commissioner, Prec. No. 2
J. C. Estes
S. A. (Silas) Cook
J. E. Bean
- For Commissioner, Prec. No. 3
Aaron Speer

JUDGE B. H. GARDNER MAKES REPLY TO JUDGE PRINCE.

Palestine, Texas, Feb. 10, 1916.
To the Democracy of the Third Judicial District.

In reply to the Athens Review and to Judge Prince, I, as a candidate for District Judge, have to say:

As to the so-called second term custom:

In a letter published in 1904, in which I argued that there was no second term custom relating to a four year office, I made this statement: "I am not contending that a man should be given only four years as district judge, but I wish to make plain that there is no second term custom in this district, at least as to judge."

In 1908, when I was running for a second term, and was opposed by a gentleman from Athens, I was promptly reminded by my opponent of my position in 1904, and I announced in print and in speeches, that I would not contend for any such custom, but would "stand before the people on my merits as a man and an officer."

At that time the Athens Review did not contend for a second term custom, but supported its neighbor and fellow townsman, and so did Judge Prince. They are now in no position to talk second term custom against me.

As to the claim that Judge Prince will carry his home county "almost

unanimously," I have to say that I recently visited that county, and I am well pleased with the situation there, even more than in any previous race.

I do not care to raise any issue as to expenses, but if elected I will, as in the past, look out for the state in the matter of expense, as well as for the counties and individuals.

The claim of Judge Prince that he has had few reversals is catchy, but very misleading. It will be noted that he does not say anything about the number of appeals and affirmances.

The changes in the rules and the law, which took place about the time I went out of office and he went in, have had the effect of greatly reducing the appeals and the possibilities of reversals. In other words, in the matter of appeals and reversals the path of the district judge under the old system was one of thorns, as compared to one of roses under the new system.

Some of the changes I refer to were expressly made to prevent reversals. See rule 62a, adopted November 15th, 1912, and acts of legislature early in 1913, pages 113 and 278. See also 165 S. W. 126. Also see suspended law acts of 1913, on page 8.

My record, though, under the old system was an unusually good one.

If you wish further information I refer you to any well informed lawyer in the district, not excepting the one who gives as his reason for opposing me that I am "too hard on the lawyers."

In conclusion I have to say that though the system, as it now is, favors the judge on appeal, I shall not take advantage of that fact to override the law. I believe in a government of laws, and not of individual will, and that this rule should apply to judges as well as individuals.

Respectfully submitted,
Adv. B. H. Gardner.

Strickland Endorsed by Railway Journal.

The Texas Railway Journal, published in Fort Worth with state wide circulation, and specially in the interest of organized labor, carried in its February number the following relative to the candidacy of Hon. J. J. Strickland, who seeks the nomination from this district for State Senator:

HON. J. J. STRICKLAND
CANDIDATE FOR THE STATE SENATE FROM THE PALESTINE DISTRICT.

The Journal is glad, indeed, to know that Hon. J. J. Strickland has consented to make the race for State Senator from the Palestine district, and realizing the sacrifice it is to any man to serve in the Texas legislature, we sincerely hope he may have no opposition in his aspirations.

Mr. Strickland served two terms in the lower house of the Texas legislature and at which time he made an enviable record, not only in the interest of organized labor, but for the whole people of the state. His record in favor of EVERY measure offered by organized labor is there for any man to see who wishes to, not only his vote, but his voice as well, was always in evidence when the people's rights were in jeopardy. The Journal is for him and hopes to see him in the State Senate next year.—Advertisement.

Cut This Out—It is Worth Money.

Don't miss this. Cut out this slip, enclose with five cents to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for lagrippe, coughs, colds and croup, Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Try Courier advertisers.

J. J. Bishop Announces for Re-election.

From the Athens Review.

The Review is authorized to announce J. J. Bishop as a candidate for re-election to the office of district attorney, the position he is at present filling for the first term. Mr. Bishop has made an enviable record in this office, and one that challenges the commendation of the people of the entire district. The highest test of efficiency is work accomplished and judged by that, no one can deny that Mr. Bishop deserves an endorsement of his record by a unanimous re-election and without opposition. The term of his office is only two years and nearly a year yet remains of that term, but the work he has done even now is worthy of approval. Since he went into office there have been tried in the district court 91 felony cases and out of these there have been only 16 acquittals. Out of this large number nine were appealed and only one has been reversed.

Mr. Bishop, though not his duty to do so, follows his appealed cases to the higher court. In the case that was reversed his business engagements were such that he couldn't follow it up to the higher court and it was reversed.

If this record does not warrant a re-election, even if such a course were not the usual custom, we know not what would warrant a re-election to the second term.

Though it has been rumored that he would have opposition, we know nothing of it. But it does seem it would be a piece of reckless political procedure for any one to tackle such a record against an official offering for a second term with so commendable a record behind him.

From our knowledge gleaned from his home people, he will get their almost unanimous support, if not entirely so. Having labored so diligently and efficiently in the discharge of the duties of this office he is clearly entitled, by all democratic usages and precedents, to a re-election and the Review will be woefully disappointed if the people of the district do not so regard his candidacy.

Hurrah for Bishop!
Advertisement.

The belief in limitations, that we cannot rise out of our environment, is responsible for much wretchedness. Until you erase "fate" and "can't" and "doubt" from your vocabulary, you cannot rise.—Franklin Monthly.

—when you want
what you want
when you want
it, come here.

The McLean Drug Company
The Rexall Store

GREENVILLE COTTON OIL MILL.

Will Engage in Crushing Peanuts and Manufacturing Oil and Cake.

A Banner representative in talking to P. W. Plunkett, manager of the Greenville cotton oil mill, is advised that the coming year will see a new industry in Greenville, namely, the crushing of peanuts, for the purpose of manufacturing peanut oil and peanut meal. Most of the equipment necessary for crushing peanuts is already installed in this mill. Such additional machinery as is necessary for the manufacture of peanut oil and peanut meal will be installed in ample time to take care of next season's business.—Greenville Banner.

Carry the Message to the People.

The Galveston News says the Galveston postoffice has been swamped with 824 mail sacks containing 17,000 catalogues of an eastern mail-order house. This mail was received from the Mallory line for parcel-post distribution throughout Texas. The receipts of the Galveston postoffice were enhanced \$1080 by the shipment. If the merchants of Texas fully realized the amount of advertising done by the outside mail-order houses and the tremendous amount of business being obtained from Texas in this way, they would no doubt make stronger efforts in reaching out for this business for themselves.

The amount of money obtained in Texas by outside mail-order firms is enormous. This business is developed in a scientific and business-like way. It is not obtained by sitting still and waiting for it to come around. Not every merchant can get out a catalogue—the expense is too great, but every merchant has access to the advertising

columns of his county newspaper, and the county newspaper will carry the message to the people of his trade-territory.

Commissioners Reject Health Plan.

Dr. W. B. Collins, representing the State Board of Health, and Dr. P. W. Covington, the International Health Commission, appeared before the Houston county commissioners' court Wednesday in an effort to have a supplementary appropriation made by the county to carry on certain health work in the county, according to plans previously outlined and published. The International Health Commission will contribute a certain amount where counties agree to make supplementary appropriations. The commissioners, taking into consideration the county's finances and after going thoroughly into the matter otherwise, decided to not adopt the plan of the International Health Commission. Rejection was on the ground that the county had insufficient funds to properly carry out the undertaking.

What Children Need Now.

In spite of the best care mothers can give them this weather brings sickness to many children. Mrs. T. Neureuer, Eau Claire, Wis., writes: "Foley's Honey and Tar cured my boy of a severe attack of croup after other remedies had failed. It is a wonderful remedy for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough." It stops lagrippe coughs. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Action is Natural.

P. S. Meehan, Hancock, Mich., writes: "I have given Foley Cathartic Tablets a thorough trial and can positively state they are the best laxative I ever used. Their action is natural, no pain or griping, and they clean the system in fine shape." Stout persons say the buoyant, free feeling they bring is a blessing. Sold every where.—Adv.

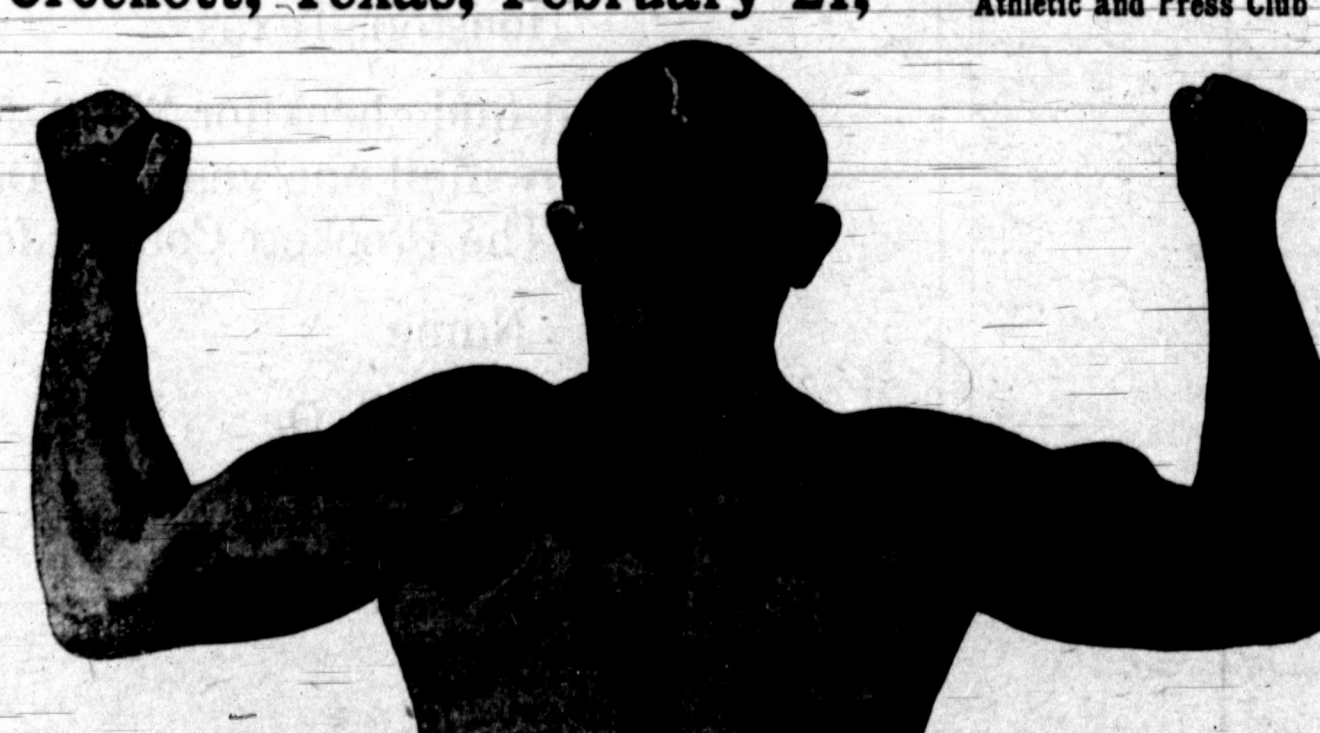
World's Championship Wrestling Match

PET BROWN, Champion of the World, and
RAY ZIMMER, Challenger of the World.

GRAND FINISH MATCH
—NO LIMITED TIME

Wrestling Match

Crockett, Texas, February 21, Under Auspices of the Crockett Athletic and Press Club



PET BROWN, CHAMPION MIDDLE-WEIGHT WRESTLER OF THE WORLD

The opportunity may never afford itself again for local fans to witness a real world's championship event. The affair will be clean and the ladies are cordially invited. Good preliminaries. Admission: Ringside, \$1.50; Reserved Seats, \$1.00; General, 75c; Ladies, 50c to any part of the house. Starts at 9 O'Clock—Just After First Picture Show. Reserved Seats on Sale at Monzingo & West's (Dinty's Place)

Three Weeks

Beginning Saturday
February 19th

To make room for our big spring line,
we will sell a special lot of our regular

\$1.50 Shirts for \$1.00

as long as they last. We have a nice line and they are all good, up-to-date patterns and the colors are guaranteed—a chance to stock up on shirts and save 50 cents on each.

We also have about 50 pairs of misfit trousers in sizes that will fit the largest to the smallest man in Houston county. These trousers are from \$5.00 to \$9.50 values, and we are going to sell them at from \$1.50 to \$4.00 less than the original prices. Also about 10 misfit suits at a bargain.

If you need shirts or trousers, now is your chance.

John C. Millar

Tailor and Men's Outfitter

Local News Items

W. E. Mayes' Will Contested.

The will of W. E. Mayes, which has heretofore been filed for probate, will be contested by Mr. Mayes' half-brother, George A. Mayes of Crockett. The will leaves all of the estate to the widow, Mrs. Mayes, and her children and grandchildren, Mr. Mayes himself having no children, and makes no provision for any of Mr. Mayes' brothers or sisters. In the probate court last week Mr. George A. Mayes, with his attorneys, appeared and asked that the will be set aside. A hearing has been set for March 14, when the contest will be tried on its merits.

Barker Tunstall for District Clerk.

Barker Tunstall authorizes the Courier to announce him as a candidate for the office of district clerk. Barker, as he is best known to our people, was born and raised in Houston county. For the benefit of any who may not know him, we will say that he is now in middle-life and a man of family. He was educated in the public schools of the county, including the Crockett public school. His educational qualifications, as well as his other qualifications, are excellent. He hopes to meet every voter in Houston county during the campaign, and is making the race strictly on his merits as a citizen and his qualifications for the office, intellectually and morally. He will appreciate your support, and if elected promises to faithfully discharge every duty.

Crockett Boy in the Navy.

In an official bulletin issued by United States Marine Corps, Washington, appears the name of Charles W. Martin as having qualified as a marksman in that branch of the government service.

Charles is a son of Q. Martin of Crockett and enlisted in the Marine Corps at Fort Worth June 15, 1915. He is now serving at the marine barracks, Norfolk, Va.

Considering the fact that Martin is scarcely more than a recruit, his performance in gunnery is considered by Marine Corps officials as little short of marvelous, and they expect him to break many marksman records before his enlistment expires.

Silas Cook for Commissioner.

S. A. (Silas) Cook's announcement as a candidate for the office of county commissioner, precinct No. 2, appears this week in the Courier and will appear in other papers of the precinct later. Mr. Cook is a farmer and has lived all his life in the Porter Springs community. He is a loyal democrat and loyal to everything else that is right—faithful to every trust—and he solicits support on this basis. For five years he has served as a member of the county board of trustees and has helped to handle some of the difficult problems which have confronted that body. He feels that the broad experience that office has given him ought to help him in the management of the county's affairs generally. His aim will be, if elected, to lessen the expenses of the county by an economical administration of the county's affairs.

Social Events.

Mrs. B. S. Elliott gave a "shower" party Wednesday afternoon for Mrs. Henry Berry, one of the season's brides. The girl friends of the bride, who was Miss Susie Carlton before marriage, were entertained in a most pleasing manner by the hostess. The "shower" feature of the entertainment was also an enjoyable success.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Earle Porter Adams entertained the girl friends of her sister, Miss Florence Kennedy, to make pre-nuptial announcement of the marriage of her sister to Mr. Alton LeMay, which occurs at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Dan J. Kennedy, on Wednesday afternoon of this week. The affair was elegant in its simplicity and enjoyable in its entirety.

J. C. Estes for Commissioner.

The Courier this week presents to the democratic voters of commissioner's precinct No. 2 the name of J. C. Estes as a candidate for county commissioner. Mr. Estes is no stranger to the people of his precinct, having resided on his farm for many years among them. Two years ago he was a candidate for this office and was defeated only by the narrow margin of three votes. This he considered as sufficient endorsement to entitle him to again enter the race. Mr. Estes is a conservative yet successful citizen. He is not only a practical farmer, but a practical man in every sense of the word and a life-long democrat. His long experience in the successful management of his own affairs will be a help to him in a practical and common-sense management of the county's affairs.

Coming Our Way

Are new customers every day—those we used to see at other drug stores. Why, a great many say: "I thought I would try you awhile. I've been giving the other fellow all of my business, and I think it's time to let some one else have some of it." Why, friends, every individual is free to buy where he pleases. You can buy where it suits you best, and if you want to give the Crockett Drug Company a show at supplying your wants, what of it if the other fellow does say: "I see you are trading somewhere else?" We are sure you wouldn't be so selfish that you wouldn't want to see the other fellow getting some business. We know that four drug stores are too many for Crockett, but if they can all live, so much the better. Come and see us one in awhile and we will be grateful for it. Your friends,

It. Crockett Drug Company.

J. E. Bean for County Commissioner.

J. E. Bean places his announcement with the Courier this week as a candidate for county commissioner, precinct No. 2. Mr. Bean is a farmer and lives in the Grapeland community. He is one of the county's staunchest democrats. Born and brought up in the country, he knows what hard work is and knows that nothing can be accomplished without it. As a young man, when his period of early schooling had been completed, he engaged actively in farming and surveying and has followed these pursuits until this day. He has held the office of county surveyor for one or more terms, but is not now holding any office. He was not a candidate at the last election, if the Courier remembers correctly. He is in the race to stay and wants to see every democrat in his precinct before the primary.

Lose no opportunity for improvement. Let the old year see the death of thy faults, the New Year the birth of fresh endeavor. Then indeed will the future years bestow on thee content of mind, and well-filled coffers.—Old English Saying.

W. C. MUNN COMPANY

EXCURSIONS FREE

To Houston on the Munn Plan

SATURDAY, February 19
SATURDAY, February 26

Dinner Free to All Excursionists.

Do Your Buying at Munn's

If you live the following distances from Houston your railroad fare both ways will be refunded on the purchase of the amounts opposite the number of miles:

If you live within 10 miles and buy	\$12.50
If you live within 20 miles and buy	\$25.00
If you live within 30 miles and buy	\$37.50
If you live within 40 miles and buy	\$50.00
If you live within 50 miles and buy	\$62.50
If you live within 60 miles and buy	\$75.00
If you live within 75 miles and buy	\$92.50

And so on.

If you buy only half these amounts your fare will be refunded one way.

Main Street, Capitol Avenue and Travis Street, Houston, Texas

Shot Negro and Surrendered.

Leonard Arnold, a young white man living in the Arbor community, southeast of Crockett, telephoned Sheriff Spence Monday evening that he had shot a negro and wanted to surrender. The sheriff went to Arnold's house Monday night and returned Tuesday morning with Arnold, who made bond for his appearance before the next grand jury. The bond was fixed at \$500 by Justice of the Peace Callier.

Richard Majors, a tenant on Arnold's place, was the negro shot. Arnold had been trying to get Majors off of his place and the negro had been obstinate in leaving. Arnold went to Major's house to see him about moving, and was met in an insolent and threatening manner. Majors was armed and when shot by Arnold his pistol dropped from his right hand to the ground. He was shot in the face, but has a chance to get well. A revolver was used.

Arnold is a young man of excellent reputation and the reputation of Majors is said to be bad.

U. D. C. Report.

The D. A. Nunn Chapter, U. D. C., met in regular session at the residence of Mrs. W. B. Page, with the president in the chair. The minutes were read and adopted. The treasurer being absent, no report of her work was given. Dues were paid to the amount of \$3.00. Mrs. C. L. Edmiston became a member of the chapter, and we are

indeed glad to welcome her into our organization.

Reports of the state convention held at Austin were given by the delegates who attended.

A motion by Mrs. W. C. Lipscomb, with a second by Mrs. G. Q. King, that the secretary be instructed to draw up resolutions of endorsement of the International Health Commission and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the county commissioners' court, was adopted.

A motion by Mrs. W. B. Page, seconded by Mrs. W. C. Lipscomb, that Mrs. I. A. Daniel be elected poet laureate was unanimously adopted.

No further business the meeting was taken in charge by the historian, Mrs. Nunn, and the following interesting program was given:

Paper, Virginia Heroes—Mrs. D. A. Nunn.

Resolutions of Sympathy—Mrs. Earle Adams.

Solo, O Dry Those Tears—Miss Simpson.

Paper, R. E. Lee—Mrs. Jno. Millar.

Paper, Jackson—Miss Lipscomb.

An original toast to Mrs. Nunn was given by Mrs. I. A. Daniel.

This number closed the program, and adjournment was taken. A social hour was enjoyed, during which time our hostess, in her most charming manner, served delightful refreshments.

The Chapter will meet in regular session at the residence of Mrs. Jas. Shivers February 26 at 3 o'clock p. m. Reporter.

ONE BIG SALE

I have 176 samples that sell for \$20.00 for coat and pants, made to your measure. To start the spring season off, I am going to offer to let you take your pick of them for

\$16.50

From 10 a. m. to 4 p. m., Saturday. After this time they will cost you the regular price of \$20.00.

JOHN HORAN
The Tailor

Candidates and Others

You'll remember the quality and service long after the price is forgotten, if you have your printing done by the Courier Job Department.

What Do You Want to Know About Us?

A Convenience For You

In every community there is one drug store which, by reason of its superior service, draws trade from a very extended territory.

Our Store Is of This Class

The high quality of goods and ideal service have caused our trade to extend to surrounding communities.

We can serve you as well by mail as though you came in person.

Try our Parcel Post Service.

Phone 47 or 140

Bishop Drug Company
Prompt Service Store

Local News.

Drugs and jewelry at the Rexall Store.

W. G. Cartwright returned from Chicago Friday.

Mrs. S. M. Monzingo returned Thursday from St. Louis.

See the new things in Royal Society at T. D. Craddock's next week.

A complete, up-to-date abstract. tf-adv Aldrich & Crook.

J. W. Reynolds of Route 6 was among Friday's callers at this office.

T. D. Craddock will supply you with garden seed and seed potatoes.

The waterworks plant got afire Saturday night with but little damage.

J. O. Grounds of Route 1 was among callers at this office Thursday.

Ben Tunstall of Kennard is at home from the D. & D. Institute, Austin.

Callaway & Moore have a new awning at the front of their furniture store.

For men, the Buckeye shoe, the best work shoe on earth, at Jas. S. Shivers & Co's. tf.

Nat Wetzel of Houston was here Wednesday, again looking into the oil situation.

See my seed corn and onion sets before you buy. It. Johnson Arledge.

See the beautiful shirt waists, skirts, and all the new things in piece goods at T. D. Craddock's.

Wood for Sale.

Telephone 250 for any kind of wood—delivered on short notice. tf. J. D. Woodward.

B. B. Monzingo of Lovelady was among the number remembering the Courier last week.

Sweet potatoes at the Big Store—50 cents per bushel while they last. Jas. S. Shivers & Co.

For Sale—One gentle buggy mare, six years old, at a bargain. tf. J. G. Beasley.

Mrs. Thomas Self, Miss Mary Lee Benedict and Mrs. Marshall visited in Houston this week.

Don't fail to see that line of new shirt waists, skirts, dresses and coat suits at Jas. S. Shivers & Co's.

The best hog fence is the Kokomo. T. D. Craddock sells it—also barb wire, nails and garden wire.

Miss Reba Rich of Lovelady visited Misses Otice and Maude McConnell Friday and Saturday.

Eggs are going down, but I still want them and your poultry. Bring them to me. Johnson Arledge.

We will sell them for 50 cents per bushel while they last—sweet potatoes. Jas. S. Shivers & Co.

Mrs. Silas Douglass of Arbor is among the number sending in subscription renewals since last issue.

Everybody wants to spend their money where it will do the most good. Then go to T. D. Craddock's.

Mrs. A. H. Wootters and Miss Delha Mildred Wootters were recent visitors to Houston and Huntsville.

"Uncle" Tom Lagway, an old-time colored subscriber, called Saturday and renewed for the Courier.

L. A. Berry of Kennard and John Brooks are among the number remembering the Courier since last issue.

T. D. Craddock carries the best line of serviceable work shoes in Crockett. Try a pair and be convinced. 2t.

A meeting of the Glenwood Cemetery Association is called for Friday, March 3. A full attendance is urged.

Supply your kitchen with beautiful aluminum ware, with no cost to you, by trading at T. D. Craddock's. 2t.

Dr. T. M. Sherman of Kennard and J. O. Monday of Lovelady were among the visitors in town Monday evening.

Boys, buy a good, first-class \$3.00 Beacon shoe from T. D. Craddock and get a watch free. Every boy needs a watch. 2t.

Miss Nell Beasley, attending the Huntsville Normal, was at home with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. S. T. Beasley, for the week-end.

The Courier is very much gratified at the way subscriptions and renewals are coming in. It is an incentive to renewed effort.

Straight and crooked neck ribbon cane, seed corn and fancy big German millet just in.

It. Johnson Arledge.

R. L. Dominy of Pennington, on his way to the Huntsville Normal, where he is a student, was among visitors at this office Monday.

Our ladies' and men's line of summer-weight underwear cannot be excelled in the town. 2t. T. D. Craddock.

L. B. Wootters of Santa Fe, N. M., and J. Valentine, city secretary, have sent their checks with request that we keep the Courier coming.

Famous Nancy Hall sweet potatoes for seed at \$1.25 a bushel for ten days only. J. P. O'Keefe, 2t. Lovelady, Texas.

S. H. Rook is preparing to move to Plainview, where three of his daughters are living, and has arranged for the Courier to follow him.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Morgan of Kennard visited in Crockett Monday. While here Mr. Morgan was a pleasant caller at the Courier office.

T. D. Craddock is receiving daily beautiful spring goods in all lines—dress goods, notions and ready-to-wear—and solicits a portion of your trade. 2t.

Dr. W. D. McCarty of Grapeland, L. J. Smith of Route 5 and Hon. John LeGory were among those remembering the Courier Saturday.

Remember, we have a full line of misses' and children's school dresses and ladies' house dresses at the Big Store. 2t. Jas. S. Shivers & Co.

Crockett Is Dry.

Crockett is so dry the waterworks burned the other night, but "Dinty's Place" continues to improve in hot and cold drinks and lunches. It.

J. A. Strozzi has returned from Brewster county, where he has been living since last fall. He called at the Courier office Wednesday morning and reported an interesting trip.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our thanks and heartfelt gratitude for the many acts of kindness shown us by friends and acquaintances during the recent illness and death of our beloved mother and grandmother.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Lancaster, Mrs. L. V. McGar and Grandchildren. It.

Action is Natural.

P. S. Meehan, Hancock, Mich., writes: "I have given Foley Cathartic Tablets a thorough trial and can positively state they are the best laxative I ever used. Their action is natural, no pain or griping, and they clean the system in fine shape." Stout persons say the buoyant, free feeling they bring is a blessing. Sold every where.—Adv.

Real Estate and Loans.

We have real estate for sale and we would like to examine any vendor lien notes you may have for sale.

CALL ON US AT OUR PLACE OF BUSINESS.

Warfield Bros.

Office North Side Public Square.

CROCKETT, TEXAS

Some of the young men of Crockett complimented the young ladies with a dance Thursday evening. An orchestra was secured from a company that was playing at the Queen Theater.

P. C. Clark of Grapeland Route 2, W. H. Hall of Kennard Route 1, A. E. Hart of Lovelady and J. W. Hooks of Crockett Route 1 were among the number remembering the Courier Saturday.

Mrs. J. O. Monday and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Monday of Lovelady were here Thursday to meet Mrs. W. B. Smith of Longview, who arrived on the Sunshine Special and is now visiting in Lovelady.

Seed Potatoes for Sale.

Parrott Yams, extra fine grade, 75 cents per bushel at my place, two miles from Crockett on the Lovelady road. 2t.* C. H. Hayslip.

The Crockett lodge of the Knights of Pythias entertained visiting Knights Thursday evening. Knights attended in a body the Queen Theater, after which a lunch and cigars were enjoyed in the lodge rooms.

Hayes and Robert Salisbury, students of the Huntsville Normal, were at home with their parents Sunday and Monday, and had as their guest George Prewitt of Henterson, also a student of the Normal.

The stockholders of the Crockett Drug Company held a meeting February 16 and re-elected all directors and officers. It was the company's first anniversary, and a most satisfactory showing was made for the year.

Some people, I find, complain of the hosiery they buy not lasting. Buy the Iron Clad line from T. D. Craddock and you will not only quit complaining, but on the contrary will ever praise the Iron Clad hose for durability. 2t.

For Rent.

One nice five-room cottage, with water connections and electric lights, now occupied by Mr. Callaway, opposite Jim Smith's. Apply to

A. M. Decuir,

2t. At Crockett Drug Co's.

Getting business with good business stationery is good business for you. If you are cultivating the right class of trade, the kind that appreciates "good printing," there is no reason the Crockett Courier job department cannot co-operate with you to good advantage.

We are Loaded

On talcum powder. The fellow who sold it to us informed us that the manufacturers would stop its manufacture, hence we bought all he would let us have—the best kinds, too. Now we want to unload. Yo Zo Talcum Powder, large can, excellent quality, this week only, 10 cents a can. Dr. Hobson's Borated Talcum, a perfect luxury, at 10 cents for a large can. Phone 91. Our delivery service is at your beck and call. Yours for service, It. Crockett Drug Company.

After Lagrippe—What?

F. G. Prevo, Bedford, Ind., writes: "An attack of lagrippe left me with a severe cough. I tried everything. I got so thin it looked as if I never would get well. Finally, two bottles of Foley's Honey and Tar cured me. I am now well and back to my normal weight." A reliable remedy for coughs, colds, croup. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Mrs. Lucy L. Taylor, mother of Mrs. C. Lancaster, died at the Lancaster home Saturday morning. Mrs. Taylor was 84 years old and died of grip and pneumonia. The remains were shipped Sunday morning to Walker county, where the funeral was held. The old home was in Walker county.

Automobiles have been registered since last report as follows: Deupree & Waller, No. 135, a Ford; T. S. Tunstall of Kennard, No. 136, a Ford; B. R. Barclay of Kennard, No. 137, a Ford; G. L. Bolton of Augusta, No. 138, a Ford; C. A. Moore of Augusta, No. 139, a Ford; C. W. Evans of Belott, No. 140, a Ford.

Many Thanks

Is what we owe our many patrons in Crockett and Houston county. Both the people in town and the good farmers in this community have been very generous to us in this past year. February 15 last was the end of our business year, and we are truly proud that it was a success. We paid our stockholders a nice dividend, friends, and you helped us do it. We thank you. We did this and didn't overcharge anybody on their prescriptions. We tried to fill all of them for twelve and a half cents an ounce, and in many instances cheaper, and we must confess that it is as much as we care to charge any time—with few exceptions. We consider our business in its infancy. We are growing—the records show it. Help us along this year that we may be proud we are living in the best country and among the best people in Texas. With best wishes, we are
The Crockett Drug Company,
It. Sherman & Decuir, Managers.

Do You Find Fault With Everybody?

An irritable, fault-finding disposition is often due to a disordered stomach. A man with good digestion is nearly always good natured. A great many have been permanently benefited by Chamberlain's Tablets after years of suffering. These tablets strengthen the stomach and enable it to perform its functions naturally. Obtainable everywhere.—Adv.

Highest aim is quality. It Relieves, Purifies and Strengthens. Take Admire Tonic Sarsaparilla when your blood is out of order and your system needs strengthening. Take Admire Tonic Sarsaparilla when you are troubled with Malaria and are having Chills and Fever. Admire Tonic Sarsaparilla stops Chills and Fever promptly, relieves the system of Malaria, Purifies the Blood and restores Vitality to the weakened body. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Ask for it. For sale by Crockett Drug Co.

Now Feels Entirely Well.

A. H. Francis, Zenith, Kas., writes: "I had a severe pain in my back and could hardly move. I took about two-thirds of a 50c box of Foley Kidney Pills and now feel entirely well." Middle-aged and older men and women find these safe pills relieve sleep disturbing bladder ailments. Sold everywhere.

PHONE STAR R.34.01
ENGRAVING COMPANY
1206 1/2 HOUSTON PRESTON

Red Top Cane Seed

Farmers, spring seeding time will soon be here. Buy your RED TOP CANE SEED now. We can make immediate shipment at 75 cents per bushel, sacked in two-bushel sacks. Send us your orders. We handle all kinds of feedstuffs in car lots.

HENDERSON & CO., DALLAS

WATCH FOR THE Opening Announcement IN NEXT WEEK'S PAPER

We will have the most exclusive line of Tailored Hats ever shown in the city.

The Vogue Millinery