

APOLLO

By FANNIE L. WALTON.

Marcia Brewster gave a cheery "Who! Who!" as she closed the heavy outside door and stood within the warm rays of the sitting room lamp.

"Any mail, mother?" she asked, after she had greeted the little woman, who had risen at her entrance.

"Yes, a letter for you." The name of Howard P. Loring appeared in one corner of the business-like envelope. It was a lawyer's letter and contained a single sheet of finely printed text—a proof slip of the citation of the will of Marcia's old friend, Mrs. Alexander.

At the top appeared, in larger type, this notice: "No attention need be paid to this citation unless the person to whom it is sent desires to object to the allowance of the will."

The thought that she, Marcia Brewster, was a beneficiary in a will was so strange and so sudden that she could hardly realize her good fortune.

"Mother!" she called in an excited voice, "Mrs. Alexander must have left me something! This letter is from a lawyer. Oh, do you suppose it is a hundred dollars? Perhaps it is five hundred! If only it were a big thousand we could pay off the mortgage and have two hundred left over."

Two weeks dragged by; meanwhile Martha told of her good fortune to a few intimate friends, who hoped the gift would be a goodly sum, but no more news from the lawyer. At last she could bear the suspense no longer.

"I wonder if it would be proper to telephone and ask the amount," she soliloquized, "or would it appear like vulgar curiosity?"

She did not want to appear greedy before the cultured Mr. Loring. Marcia thought of him again. The last time she saw him was at Mrs. Alexander's funeral. He was Mrs. Alexander's nephew, and every time she visited him, generally Thanksgiving and Christmas, he sent back a kindly message of greeting to Marcia.

"If you only lived where you two could see each other often, things might be different," Mrs. Alexander was wont to say, who, like many another old lady with nothing to do, was interested in the ways of youth.

Marcia finally decided she would not telephone, but call at Mr. Loring's office and ascertain just the sum she was to receive. The following day found her inquiring of a neat-looking stenographer if Mr. Loring was in.

"Did you have an appointment?" asked the business-like young woman.

Marcia answered, feeling more embarrassed every minute.

After a little delay, Mr. Loring made with the kindly manner that, as he talked, quickly put pretty Marcia at her ease. Very soon he was seated at his desk with the copy of the will before him. This is what he read aloud:

"To my young friend, Marcia Brewster, I give the marble statuette of Apollo." That was all, and the dignified lawyer paused and looked straight into the blue eyes of the disappointed girl opposite him.

He must have read their thoughts, for soon he added in somewhat softened tone with a trace of apology, "My aunt was a little peculiar at times, Miss Brewster, but," he added, "I know she was very fond of you."

One year later. Another front door opens and closes and a gentleman comes in quickly from the gathering darkness. No other object in the attractive sitting room into which he enters receives one-half the attention as a certain marble statuette of Apollo. It is owned by one Marcia Brewster Loring, who now comes eagerly forward to welcome the newcomer. In her beautiful home her heart daily sings for joy and gratitude over the good fortune that she says her little god brought her—the coming into her life of another Apollo, this time the true god of love.

Burrheads Eat Groundhogs. John Burrheads, the dean of nature writers, spends his summers at Woodchuck lodge in the Catskills. This season he has displayed with pardonable pride a handsome coat made of the woodchucks which he shot or trapped the year before.

The farmers in that vicinity have always been pestered with these rodents, and Mr. Burrheads is giving them an object lesson in how to turn their hind drances into traps, for he has a bag of woodchuck skins before his feet on the veranda, and the coat for comfort in cold evenings, while a young 'chuck occasionally forms a savory item of the midday meal.—From a Bulletin by Houghton Mifflin Company.

Explaining Crooked Road. For the benefit of automobilists who have wondered why the road from Exeter to Hampton, N. H., is so crooked, it is explained that when the first settlements were being made in New Hampshire, a bear made a night raid on that part of the Hampton settlement known as Wigwam row, and men in pursuit the next morning followed its tracks in the light snow to its watering place at Squamscott falls, and built the road accordingly.—Boston Herald.

Of Course. "The club members seem to have a great deal to grow about." "Well, ain't it the duty of an efficient steward to provide that?"—Lou Little.



When the pigs had nothing to do in the shed and when there was nothing around to eat and they had slept enough they grunted and squealed at each other.

"It was different when it was summer and we were out-of-doors for we could always look about in the mud in the hope that there would be something else," said Grandfather Porky.

"But here it is different," said Miss Ham.

So they had decided that the best thing they could talk about was the food they had had and the food they were going to have.

"We'll call our talks meetings," said Grandfather Porky, "which is a superior and fine way of speaking. And we will have meetings when we don't have food."

"That will be the way we will do." And all the pigs agreed that that was the best way to do.

So they were holding a meeting in the shed on a cold winter day.

Porky Pig was the president, who called the meeting to order, and Brother Bacon was the chairman and Sammy Sausage the secretary and the other pigs were the members of the committee who always attended the meeting.

They didn't always know what each one was supposed to do, but when they didn't know they went ahead as though they did and none of them knew if they made mistakes or not, so it was quite all right.

"I call the meeting to order," said Grandfather Porky Pig, on this cold winter's day.

He pounded on a wooden bucket in his winter house, using his little twisted tail to pound with.

"And," he turned to Sammy Sausage, "the secretary will now read the minutes of the last meeting."

"What are minutes?" interrupted a member of the committee.

"Mr. Secretary," said Porky Pig, "there is a question which one of our members wishes to ask and will you propose the motion that it should be answered?"

"All those in favor of having the question answered," said Sammy Sausage, "will say 'Aye.'"

All the pigs squealed "Aye."

"Those who oppose say 'Nay.'"

There was not a sound. So Sammy said in a shrill, squeaking voice: "The Ayes have it."

"Then," said Grandfather Porky Pig, "I will read the minutes of the last meeting."

meeting you will find that we explained what was meant by the word minutes.

"Just read the minutes over, and we will all understand."

So Sammy Sausage, making a bow to Grandfather Porky Pig and another to Brother Bacon, said: "Ladies and gentlemen are not present, therefore allow me to address this meeting of squealing, grunting, greedy pigs, of which I myself have the honor to be a part."

"I will read the minutes of the last meeting and at the first part of the last meeting some one asked what minutes are."

"But I will go back and read all of my minutes. The meeting was called to order a week ago Thursday when there was no food and when the pigs had all slept enough and when there was nothing else to do."

"Grandfather Porky Pig called the meeting to order and Brother Bacon acted as the chairman and I, Sammy Sausage, as the secretary."

"After the meeting was called to order the minutes of the last meeting were read, which together with an explanation of what minutes were, took up all the time of the meeting and it was voted as a successful meeting and the motion was seconded."

"Minutes, as we said in the last meeting, were reports of what happened always at the meeting before, and at the time they were duly understood."

So Sammy Sausage went on reading the minutes of the last meeting how they had spent practically all their time reading the minutes of the meeting before so that any members not present at the meeting before would know what had happened.

And when the meeting was over on this day they had simply read the minutes of the meeting before and that was all, but Porky Pig said it was quite right, for a real meeting wasn't a real meeting unless they used up all their time in reading what had happened at the meeting before.

He Pounded. He entered the place. At a telephone desk bearing the sign "Information," he stated his mission.

"See Miss Dennison about that," said the youth at the desk, "that's her at the first office. She has charge of the solicitors."

John removed his hat and entered the little office, jauntingly, with a slight grin. Again she smiled, again John felt his heart warm up.

"I was the sign," he said, a trifle awkwardly, swinging his hands towards it.

"I know you did," replied the young lady. "You are a prompt caller."

"I have to be, you see," smiled back John, "seeing that I have no work. Tell you, miss, I don't know whether I will do or not, but I'm desperately ready to try."

"And not get discouraged, if at first you don't succeed?" challenged Miss Dennison playfully. "Keep on smiling under all circumstances."

"I always do that," declared John. Miss Dennison became all business at once. She explained their system of canvassing in detail. John listened attentively, then thoughtfully. Then he said:

"You couldn't let me have one of the smiling pictures with the sample, could you? I have an idea, you see."

"That's good. Originality pays," responded the girl. "You shall have one, certainly."

John Bartley's idea was based on a system of smiles.

He struck out for the suburbs. At the first house at which John stopped his mistress was seated on the porch. John began diffident, he wound up eloquent. First he showed the picture. He declared that smiles meant health, wealth and happiness. He claimed that any one using his carpet sweeper could not help but become satisfied, well high gay over the economic, sanitary and labor-saving features it represented. He sold one sweeper. The purchaser gave him the address of a sister. The sister sent him to a neighbor, the latter to a cousin, the cousin to a friend. By nightfall eight sweepers were sold—all on smiles. "Fifty cents commission on each, four dollars. Hurray!"

The Winning Smile

By FREDERICK CLARKE

(Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

For a week John Bartley had lived on two dollars and a half. The week ahead, unless he secured employment, would start with an empty pocket-book and no credit. The situation was a desperate one.

Still, John smiled. It was a habit with him, and no gloom or disappointment could change it or daunt him. A natural-born optimist, energetic, ambitious, clean cut in his character and habits, he had come from a little country village two months previous, full of enthusiasm and hope.

As he reviewed the sixty days in question just now, he was forced to confess that they had brought neither comfort nor encouragement.

"Wish I'd stayed at home now," he soliloquized, as he walked thoughtfully down the street. "Two weeks' work out of two months won't do at all. I hate to go back and confess myself beaten, though."

It was the unfriendly ways of city folks that hit John the hardest.

Every succeeding day John had felt more and more friendless.

One morning, his worst morning yet, for he had lived up what he had earned three weeks previous, John was passing a large establishment given over to the manufacture of an improved carpet sweeper. In its office windows was a large advertising picture. It showed the delight of one of their clients in using their device. A neat, pretty-faced girl was running the machine in the picture and looking up, her face all abeam with smiles.

A girl, neat and bright as a new gold coin, had swung aside the paste-board sign, and was bent close to the great plate glass window pasting a written sign upon it. She glanced to look up. She must have been both kind-hearted and a reader of human nature. She started yet wistful expression of the face of John amused, interested her. She smiled at him in a pleasant, friendly way. It was like a benison to his thirsty, longing soul.

Then the girl disappeared, and then almost mechanically John read the sign: "Solicitors wanted—liberal commission."

He entered the place. At a telephone desk bearing the sign "Information," he stated his mission.

"See Miss Dennison about that," said the youth at the desk, "that's her at the first office. She has charge of the solicitors."

John removed his hat and entered the little office, jauntingly, with a slight grin. Again she smiled, again John felt his heart warm up.

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"And not get discouraged, if at first you don't succeed?" challenged Miss Dennison playfully. "Keep on smiling under all circumstances."

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Every morning John reported to Miss Dennison, every morning that encouraging smile of hers arched him for a day of striving and victory.

He learned that her name was Mabel. He discovered that she lived with an invalid mother. With his first new suit of clothes, promptly gained, he was prompt still to be

ROUP IS MOST DESTRUCTIVE

Disease is Usually Caused by Drafts in Poultry House and by Lack of Fresh Air.

Roup, one of the most disastrous diseases the poultryman has to combat, is usually caused by drafts in the henhouse and lack of pure air. Every crack should be closed, if it allows the air to blow over the roasts. Also an opening near the top should be provided, so that the impure air may escape.

it appears that georgette crepe and feed heads were made for one another, and it is used as to try to keep them apart. In the new blouses for fall and winter they show their fitness for each other as set forth in the model pictured here. Beads in two colors make a rich and very tasteful embellishment for this blouse.

The plain tailored suit always finds admirers among the most tastefully dressed women, and when it contrives to be original and clever they become its enthusiastic devotees. Claiming these two factors in dress distinction, the smart suit, pictured here, invites scrutiny.

SKIRTS ARE UNCHANGED



In the matter of styles for separate skirts designers appear inclined to get well enough alone. The new utility skirts for winter are still made of striped or plaid materials, and are usually plaited either in box or side plaits. Their resemblance to summer skirts ends when fabrics are considered. These are heavier and in warm, rich colors.

"What is Threaded Rubber?"

Threaded Rubber Insulation is made up of sheets of rubber, each pierced by 196,000 tiny threads. The rubber insulates each plate from its neighbor to circulate freely.

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation stays on the job month after month unaffected by acid and without a sign of splitting, cracking or perforation. It lasts as long as the battery plates and helps the battery give more miles of uninterrupted service per dollar.

You'll need a battery one of these days, so the time to get your battery information is right now. We'll be glad to show you a Threaded Rubber Battery inside and outside and tell you why it saves you money.

MEMPHIS BATTERY CO.

Willard Batteries

MEMPHIS AFTERNOON AND NIGHT WED. OCT. 12

Advertisement for Gentry Bros Shows and Wild Animal Arena. Includes text: 'ALL NEW THIS YEAR', '32ND YEAR OF SUCCESS', 'LARGER BETTER THAN EVER', 'SUPERB STREET PARADE', 'PERFORMANCES 7 & 8 P.M.' and illustrations of animals and performers.

Cheap Lands

for sale and trade, on easy terms, located in Wheeler and Collingsworth counties. Suitable for cotton and all other crops.

A. S. MARTIN, Shamrock, Texas

Great Moments in a Great Picture



Julio enlists

He had seen no reason to don a uniform at first, for it was not his country at war. And when he did enlist, it was from a greater force than merely being lonely without his boulevard companions. It was the first time in his life anything but pleasure had actuated him. Why he changed can only be understood after seeing

Metro's

Rex Ingram Production

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE

Adapted by June Mathis from Blasco Ibañez's Novel

SPECIAL ORCHESTRA

Prices:

Matinee 2:30, 50c to \$1.—Night 8:30, \$1 to \$1.50. War tax added.

Monday and Tuesday, October 24 and 25, TWO DAYS ONLY

Majestic Theatre

October 6, 1921.

DE OF ROAD BOND ELECTION

STATE OF TEXAS, COUNTY OF HALL.

the resident property tax voters of Hall County, Tex.

KE NOTICE that an election be held on the 25th day of October, 1921, within Hall county, to determine if said county issue bonds and if a tax shall be levied in payment thereof, in accordance with an election order entered by the commissioners court on the 15th day of September, which is as follows:

At this the 15th day of September, 1921, the commissioners court, all county, Texas, convened in regular session, at the regular meeting place thereof in the court house at Memphis, Texas, all members of the court, to wit:

- A. McIntosh, County Judge. Combest, Commissioner of Precinct No. 1. W. Blanks, Commissioner of Precinct No. 2. A. T. Weatherly, Commissioner of Precinct No. 3. A. Christian, Commissioner of Precinct No. 4.

ing present, came on to be considered the petition of S. T. Wilson and 275 other persons, praying that bonds be issued by Hall county in the sum of \$10,000, bearing 5 1/2 percent rate of interest, maturing at such times as may be fixed by the commissioners court, serially or otherwise, not to exceed thirty years from the date thereof, for the purpose of constructing, maintaining and repairing macadamized, graveled paved roads and turnpikes, or any thereof, and whether or not a tax shall be levied upon the property of said county, subject to the interest on said bonds and to provide a sinking fund for the redemption thereof at maturity:

appearing to the court that the petition is signed by more than fifty of the resident property paying voters of said Hall county; and

further appearing that the amount of bonds to be issued will not exceed one-fourth of the assessed valuation of the real property of said Hall county; and IT IS THEREFORE CONSIDERED AND ORDERED by the court that an election be held in Hall county, on the 25th day of October, 1921, which is not less than thirty days from the date of the order, to determine whether or not the bonds of said county shall be issued in the amount of \$10,000, bearing 5 1/2 percent rate of interest, and maturing at such times as may be fixed by the commissioners court, serially, or otherwise, not to exceed thirty years from the date thereof; and whether or not a tax shall be levied upon the property of said county, subject to taxation, for the purpose of paying the interest on said bonds and to provide a sinking fund for the redemption thereof at maturity.

the said election shall be held in accordance with the provisions of Articles 640 to 641, inclusive, of Chapter 18, Revised Statutes, 1911, amended by Section 1, Chapter 10, Acts of 1917, Regular Session. All persons who are legally qualified voters of this State and of this county, and who are resident property taxpayers in this county shall be entitled to vote at said election, and all voters desiring to support the proposition to issue bonds shall have written or printed on their ballots the words: "For the issuance of bonds and levying of the tax in payment thereof." and those opposed shall have written or printed on their ballots the words: "Against the issuance of bonds and levying of the tax in payment thereof."

the polling places and presiding officers of said election shall be as follows: At court house in North Memphis, Voting Precinct No. 1, with J. Watts, as presiding officer; at the Farmers State Bank in Memphis, Voting Precinct No. 2, with F. E. Leary as presiding officer; at the Eli Schoolhouse in Eli, Voting Precinct No. 3, with T. M. Cox as presiding officer; at D. C. Hall's Barber Shop in Memphis, Voting Precinct No. 4, with F. O. Adams, as presiding officer; at Green's Garage, in Estelline, Voting Precinct No. 5, with T. E. Baker as presiding officer; at Baylor Schoolhouse in Bay, Voting Precinct No. 6, with J. Davis as presiding officer; at Parrell Schoolhouse in Parrell, Voting Precinct No. 7, with J. Cope as presiding officer;

At First National Bank in Turkey, Voting Precinct No. 8, with J. H. Gipson as presiding officer; At W. O. W. building of Lakeview, voting Precinct No. 9 with J. W. Watson as presiding officer; At Brice Schoolhouse in Brice, Voting Precinct No. 10, with F. M. Saehse as presiding officer;

At Lodge Schoolhouse in Plaska, Voting Precinct No. 11, with J. T. Dennis as presiding officer;

At Hulver Schoolhouse in Hulver, Voting Precinct No. 12, with J. A. Edwards as presiding officer;

At court house in South Memphis, Voting Precinct No. 13, with F. O. Young as presiding officer;

At Weatherly Schoolhouse in Weatherly, Voting Precinct No. 14 with Joe A. Weatherly as presiding officer; and

At Deep Lake Schoolhouse in Deep Lake, Voting Precinct No. 15, with E. H. Duke as presiding officer;

The manner of holding the said election shall be governed by the general laws of the State of Texas regulating general elections, when not in conflict with the provisions of the statutes hereinabove referred to.

Notice of said election shall be given by publication of a copy of this order in The Memphis Democrat, a newspaper published in the county, for four successive weeks before the date of said election, and, in addition thereto, there shall be posted other copies of this order at three public places in the county, one of which shall be at the courthouse door, for three weeks prior to said election.

The county judge is hereby directed to cause said notices to be published and posted, as hereinabove directed, and further orders are reserved until the returns of said election are made by the duly authorized election officers and received by this court.

Given under my hand, with the seal of the commissioners court affixed, this 16th day of September, 1921.

W. A. McINTOSH, County Judge.

W. ONA MORTON, LAWYER

Office with Leak & Fitzgerald, Cable Bldg., MEMPHIS, TEXAS



Barnes Filling Station Where Service is Good.



CITY FEED STORE Phone 213

New Photo Folders and Frames

Styles and prices to please all. Have you had the baby's Photo made recently.

W. D. ORR The Photographer in Your Town

EACH MONTH HAS ITS JEWEL

Almost Universal Belief in Marvelous Properties Attached to the Various Precious Stones.

The ancients attributed marvelous properties to many of the precious stones. There is a significance attached to the various stones in making birthdays, engagements and wedding presents. The different months and the stones sacred to them, with their respective meanings, follow:

- January, garnet; constancy and fidelity in every engagement. February, amethyst; preventive against violent passions. March, bloodstone; courage, wisdom and firmness in affection. April, sapphire; free from enchantment, denotes repentance. May, emerald; discovers false friends and insures true love. June, agate; insures long life, health and prosperity. July, ruby; discovers poison, corrects evils resulting from mistaken friendship. August, sardonyx; insures conjugal felicity. September, chrysolite; free from evil passions and sadness of the mind. October, opal; denotes hope, sharpens the sight and faith of the possessor. November, topaz; fidelity and friendship, prevents bad dreams. December, turquoise; prosperity in love.

DECLARE QUILTS OLD GAME

Many There Are Who Say It is Desecrated From the Ancient Sport of Discus Throwing.

There have been international matches between quilters and in the '90s wide publicity was given in the newspapers to a quilt match between Billy Hodson, the champion of all England, and Jimmy McLaren, who was the champion of the United States. McLaren was a resident of Newark, N. J., and was a Scotchman by birth. But he represented the Stars and Stripes. The gentlemen played themselves to a tie and concluded that neither was the better player.

There are writers on the game of quilts, and advocates of the game who are not writers, who insist that this game is descended from ancient discus throwing and the enthusiastic quilters who believe that their game had this classic origin will tell you that the statue of "The Discus Thrower," by Myron, copies and pictures of which you have seen, really represents a Greek youth playing at quilts when that game was young and when it represented strength in hurling rather than skill in putting.

service, Bill's Restaurant.

SERVICE

That's what you get when you trade with us combined with courtesy and the quality of our products makes this the popular place to "fill-up."

TO ESTABLISH SHEEP FLOCK

Farmers Should Not Hesitate to Pay Good Price for Ewes That Produce Thrifty Lambs.

In establishing a flock of sheep do not hesitate to pay a good price for ewes if they are exactly adapted, and especially for those that, when judiciously mated, are likely to produce lambs that will give the best return for the food which they consume. It is of the utmost importance to make use of rams that possess great individual merit, and strongly inherit the good points by which they are distinguished. Unless a ram has a good masculine head and stands firmly on strong legs he should not be selected, however great his merits may be in other respects. Breeding ewes should be kept in good stock condition. Show condition and low condition both must be avoided.

STYLES FOR YOUTH



Designers have taken much thought for the school or college girl this fall, and have provided for her such enviable things as the one-piece frock pictured here. It is made of a dark-colored suiting, and simply trimmed with ruffles of moire ribbon to match. Straps of the material at the sides support the ribbon belt. If one wishes to remodel a last year's frock, ribbon used in this way will give it an entirely new aspect.

Subscribe for—

THE MEMPHIS DEMOCRAT

—\$1.50 A Year

Ford size Willard batteries

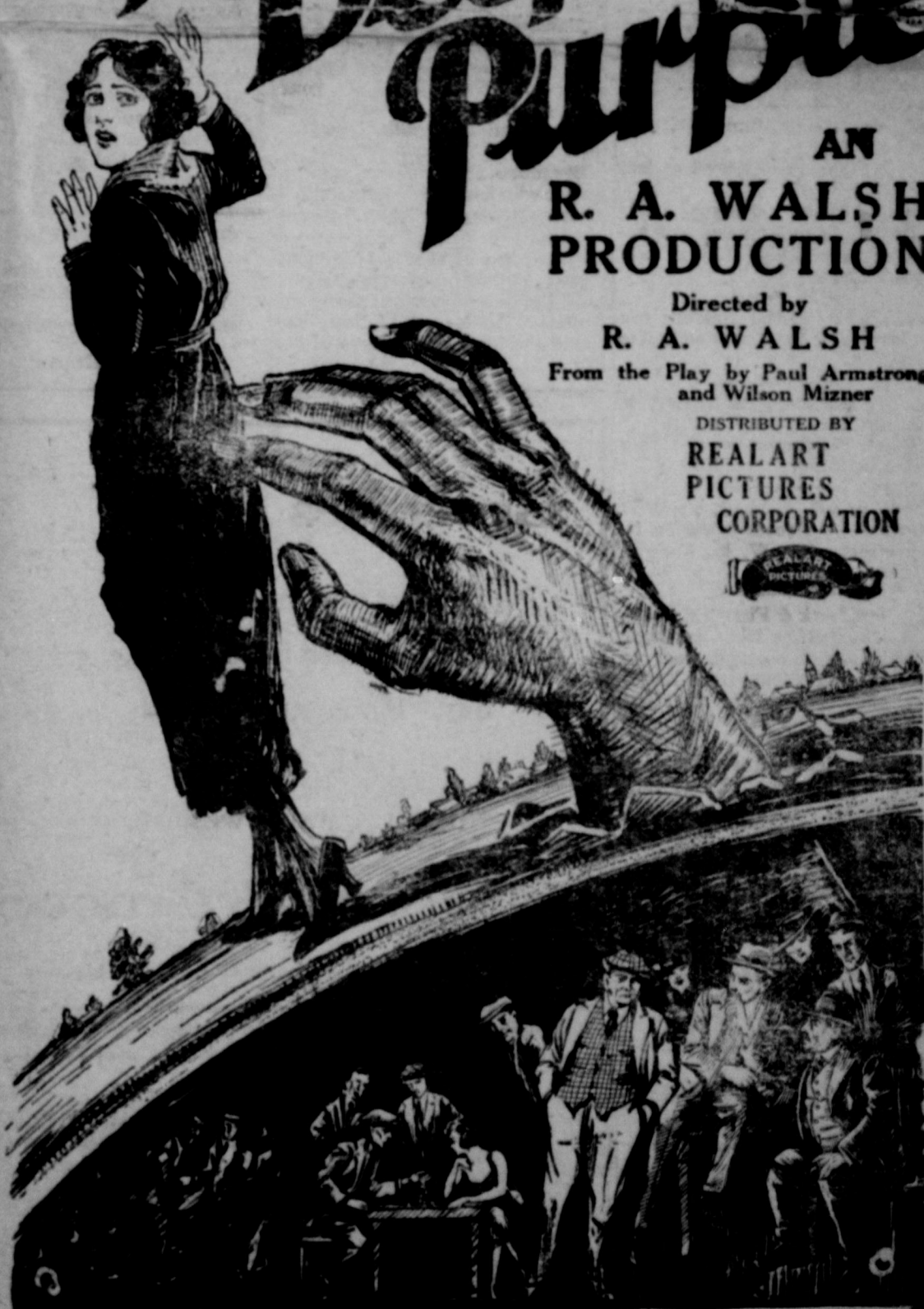
Willard Batteries, of standard Willard quality, may be had for your Ford car—and at a price you'd expect to pay for a lot less value!

Willard Battery Station Memphis, Texas

MAYFLOWER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION Presents

The Deep Purple AN R. A. WALSH PRODUCTION

Directed by R. A. WALSH From the Play by Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner DISTRIBUTED BY REALART PICTURES CORPORATION



Princess Theatre Friday and Saturday

Local and Personal News

News Paragraphs and Personal Mention of General Interest to Memphis and Hall County Readers

Andy Scott was here from Childress Monday.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Luther Barnes, a girl, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Mellinger spent Monday in Amarillo.

Frank Findley spent last week-end with friends in Vernon.

Editor Ed Bolivar of the Hedley Informer was here Monday.

Electrical repairing is our specialty. Exide Battery Service.

Hugh Wallace is here from Vernon this week visiting friends.

For board and room see Mrs. B. T. Prewitt at the Roberts' house.

Have you tried that fresh roasted coffee from Berry's Cash Grocery?

Dr. W. S. Miller and J. L. McCollum of Estellita were here Monday.

If its electrical and needs repairs, we can do it. Exide Battery Service.

Duap Powell of Vernon was here a short while last Thursday afternoon.

Open day and night and ready to serve you at any hour. Bill's Restaurant.

We repair anything electrical and guarantee our work. Exide Battery Service.

Dr. and Mrs. W. Wilson entertained twenty-five dinner guests Tuesday evening.

Our store will be closed all day Wednesday Oct. 12 on account of holiday. Sam Melinger.

The new Exide Junior Battery for Fords only \$25. Exide Battery Service.

Wanted to buy 100 of your white or Brown Leghorn hens and six good Jersey cows. Box 471. Sloan Baker.

Phone 147 or 269 and order a pound of that fresh roasted coffee today.

J. M. Hackney, contractor, is building a new bungalow for T. T. Clark Northwest of the high school building.

FOR SALE—1 block on West Main street; 4 room house on N. 16th street. See W. M. Fore at Tourist Garage.

Morton, Leak & Fitzgerald have moved their office from the Cagle Building to the second floor of the old First National Bank Building. They will occupy the first four rooms.

We do electrical repair work that we guarantee. Exide Battery Service.

Velvet Coffee direct from our roaster to your table insures full strength, aroma and flavor. Berry's Cash Grocery.

Cheap lands for sale and trade, on easy terms. Wheeler and Cullingsworth estates. Suitable for cotton and all other crops. A. S. Martin, Shamrock, Texas.

The Hall County Fair Directors will meet tonight for the purpose of closing up the business of the 1931 meeting. An official report of the affairs of the association will be published next week.

The International Coal Oil Burner, for cook stove or heater, is economical, clean and makes an ideal heat at low cost. Sold by M. E. Fowler, Lakeview. 114-9

At the business men's luncheon Tuesday the band proposition was acted upon and Paul James, of Tucuman, New Mexico, was employed as band leader.

The proposed road bond issue was discussed and committees appointed.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Powell, a girl, Thursday.

Gentry Brooks attended the Wellington fair last week.

If you want a Singer sewing machine, for cash, or three years time write or see me at office, one block west of Square on Main St. S. H. Wright, Agent, Memphis, Texas, Box 653.

Annette Delano and her troupe of young lady riders, her remarkable carrier pigeons and the scores of renowned Gentry animal ector, human circus stars and unusual novelty features will be seen when Gentry Bros. Shows and Wild Animal Arena come to Memphis on Wednesday, October 12th to exhibit afternoon and night and to parade the principle streets that morning with a mile of pagantry an open air review of great beauty and colorful attractiveness, including open and closed cages, camel tandem teams, mounted bands, 200 ponies, beautiful horses, elephants dromedaries, clowns, tabeau wagons and Mother Goose floats filled with the most beautiful and most intelligent performing dogs in the world.

Work.

The edict that man should eat his bread in the sweat of his face was blessing, not a curse.

There is no satisfaction comparable to that of accomplishment.

Ask any important man what he has enjoyed most in his life. He will tell you it was work.

Listen to the conversation of men. It is chiefly about their work—either work accomplished or work they plan to do.

If your work does not interest you, either something is the matter with the work, or something is the matter with you.

If you would not gladly lay aside everything else to get something done that relates to your occupation in life you had better look around for another occupation.

Steinmetz, the electrical engineer who has just found a means of transmitting a million volts of electricity over a wire, got more pleasure out of that achievement than anything he ever has done.

In the development of many inventions, Thomas A. Edison has found the highest pleasures of his life.

DEATHS

William Graham Hughes, 68, died at his home here Monday with dropsy.

Funeral conducted by Elder J. T. Bently at Church of Christ Tuesday afternoon, burial at Lakeview cemetery.

Mr. Hughes was married 30 years ago to Mrs. Mary Vinson. He obeyed the Gospel seven years ago under the preaching of Elder Kimmell, and became a member of the Church of Christ.

Mrs. Fowler, wife of W. J. Fowler who lives ten miles south east of Memphis, died Wednesday morning. Mrs. Fowler was 59 years of age and had been in poor health for some time. Burial at Newlin cemetery. R. B. Morgan conducted the funeral service.

A message from the War Department has been received here stating that the body of Jim Blanks, son of H. W. Blanks of Lakeview, will arrive at Hoboken today from France. The body will probably arrive here within 8 or 10 days.

The little five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Vaughn, of Eli died Wednesday evening with diphtheria. Funeral and burial at Lakeview this afternoon.

Mrs. John Ramsey, of Lakeview died here Sunday with blood poisoning, at a local sanitarium. Mrs. Ramsey was 29 years of age, she leaves husband and 4 children.

FRIEND OF MILLION DOUGHBOYS TO LECTURE HERE

"Kill-the-Blues" Cope Bringing His Classic Lecture, "Religion of Laughter."

Herbert Leon Cope, the humorist, is to drive away the blues of local folks here on the evening of the 18th at the Methodist Church. Cope is the chap who inspired and cheered more than a million dough boys in army camps during the late war, and he is affectionately known by a large number of Uncle Sam's army as "Kill-the-Blues Cope."

This has been said of him: "The world needs his message of cheer—his resistless melody of fun, common sense, classic beauty, and magnetic pathos—and the million who have been touched by his latest and greatest service are a unit in their prophecy of great laurels to be his in the days to come, for no

KINC UNDERTAKING CO. Licensed Embalmers and Funeral Directors. Phones: Day, 222; Night, 17. Motor Hearse

man in America has so demonstrated, before the most discerning audience in the world—the soldier boys—the possession of every tribute which makes for platform greatness.

A. D. Rogers, Chairman Lyceum Committee. —Adv.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank our many friends for their kindness during our recent misfortune.

M. N. Orr and family

Notice

Water rents must be paid by Oct. 10th; or water will be cut off. We can not make exceptions to this rule.

Memphis Water Works Co.

Princess Theatre

Where Memphis Is Entertained. Matinee Every Afternoon.

MONDAY TUESDAY

Realart presents Mary Miles Minter in "Heart to Let," also 2 reel comedy "Underground Romeo."

WEDNESDAY THURSDAY

Universal presents Edith Roberts in "Open Shutters," also 13th episode of the "Veiled Mystery"

FRIDAY SATURDAY

Robertson Cole presents Sessue Hayakawa in "Where Lights Are Low," also 2 reel comedy "Whizz Bang."

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE DEMOCRAT

—whatever you want in the way of fresh vegetables and canned goods—whatever your palate just longs for, you are always sure to find it at this store.

Hogland Mercantile Co. PHONE 281

THE PROPER WAY IS TO SEE US

YOUR first duty to your children, to yourself to have a regular eye examination by a careful competent optician.

HE sees best who sees the consequences.

PRICELESS beyond all other possessions is the eyesight, and it deserves your highest consideration.

THOROUGH examination and correct diagnosis free here.

Chas. Oren JEWELER & OPTICIAN MEMPHIS, TEXAS.

Why Wait?

Now is the time to get out your winter clothing and send them to the tailor that knows how. With our added help we and better able to handle your work more promptly and with the best results. We will gladly send your dye work away for you. We represent the best dye house in America. Can reline coats and do most anything pertaining to the tailor trade.

Brooks Tailor Shop

Sooner Service PHONE 564

Groceries

The best that the market affords is found fresh in our store every day. If your appetite is the least bit sluggish, phone us, and we will tell you what we have.

Neel Grocery

Phones 10-469

E. CHRISTENSEN

Cowboy Boot and Shoemaker

Has \$2,000 worth of cowboy boots that must be sold at reduced prices. All sizes and widths go, nothing reserved. We also do expert shoe repairing.

South Side Square

To the City Trade—

Don't worry about what you will cook for dinner, but phone us and if what you want is in the city you shall have it, and you will get it in time for dinner. We deliver all day and part of the night.

To the Country Trade—

If you are in town and our store is closed, and you want groceries phone us and we will be glad to come and wait on you.

To Everybody—

We solicit a part of your business and GUARANTEE every order that we sell. If it is not first class call us and we will come and get it and return your money. Our Phone in 116. Call us we are always on the job.

R. L. Slaton Grocery

Phone 116

HORSEMEN SMASHES RECORD

1,000 Ingram Production of 'The Four Horsemen' Film Due Here—Marks New Epoch for Screen

A long-awaited Rex Ingram production of 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse' is coming to the Princess Theatre October 25. This is the picture most Metro \$1,000,000 to make from all accounts the \$1,000,000 well spent, as critics agree all other efforts at production grand scale have been surpassed.

The appeal of the story itself has already been proved through the success of the novel by Vicente Fox Blanes, upon which the production is founded. Its sale throughout the world runs into millions, but millions more will probably have it revealed to them first time through the medium of the screen production.

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MAN CONDEMNED BY TEXAS JUDGES

District Judges Have Denounced Activities of Klan Investigations Ordered

Dallas, Texas, Oct. 4.—The Ku Klux Klan and similar secret organizations were condemned by grand jury charges delivered by seven district judges of Texas yesterday, who ordered sweeping investigations of activities of masked bands. Judge at San Antonio and Cameron issued orders against activities of masked men. Judge James R. Hamilton of Austin was especially bitter in his denunciation of the Klan. He declared that more than fifty persons had been whipped or tarred and feathered in Texas in the last six months and that numerous persons had received threatening communications. He called attention to that part of the state penal code which prohibits white capping.

San Antonio Chief of Police Casey and Sheriff Tobin, in response to rumors that a Ku Klux Klan parade would be staged there, declared they would not permit a procession, and would employ any necessary force, "a machine gun if needed, to prevent it. Mayor Hearrell of Cameron has issued a proclamation calling upon citizens to oppose any attempt at parade by marchers.

AMONG SMART FURS



Among smart furs there are contests to maintain their style supremacy going to great lengths. One of the shorter models, which may be of mink, squirrel, seal skin, fashionable skins is shown. It meets all the requirements of a smart fur.

ESTELLINE EVENTS

Bob Turner of Clarendon was attending to business matters here Wednesday.

J. M. Warren of Clarendon was a business visitor in Estelline Wednesday afternoon.

B. T. Prewitt is moving his family to Memphis this week where he will put his children in school.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Gano of Canyon, Texas, are visiting her sister Mrs. R. Q. Anderson this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Gregory and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Gano attended the show at Memphis Friday night.

Elmer Russell moved to Kirkland Tuesday where he is to assume the management of Green's garage.

The O. E. S. held a school of instruction Friday and Saturday afternoon under the direction of Mrs. R. H. Whaley.

Miss Myrtle Tonley of Sulphur Springs, Texas, passed through here enroute to Lockney, where she will teach school this year.

Mrs. W. S. Miller left Wednesday morning to spend the winter with her daughters, Misses Hattie and Mary Miller, in Washington, D. C.

Henry Mitchell is moving to Ft. Worth January 1, where he has a position with a Fort Worth firm. We regret to lose this progressive citizen.

The cotton pickers in this section have gone on a strike for high wages. 75c and \$1. per hundred is too great a contrast to the \$3 and \$4 per hundred cost in 1919 for them.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Russell have moved back to Estelline from Kirkland, where he has been managing one of Curry Green's garages the past five months. They have rooms at Mrs. Carrie Clifton's.

None are so unhappy as the idle.

Look at the football squad in training and you will see how necessary work is even to successful fun.

None are so unhappy as the idle.

Look at the football squad in training and you will see how necessary work is even to successful fun.



BARBER SHEET METAL WORKS

Announcement

We wish to announce that we have secured the agency for Buick Cars in Hall county from the Buick Company.

We now have two car loads of new cars on hand and will be glad to demonstrate at at your convenience.

This company has no connection with any former Buick agency in this county.

Pierce Buick Company

Announcement

The Majestic Theatre will open on Monday, October 10th, under the management of Mr. Oliver Arnett.

The management will endeavor to merit your patronage all times by showing only clean and high class productions.

The opening attraction Monday will be the "Branding Iron," a Goldwyn production.

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Announcement

GILES GLEANINGS

Prof. Moss spent Saturday and Sunday at Clarendon.

Misses Shelton and Killian were guests of Mrs. Kate Alley Thursday.

Miss Mabel Hays, of Clarendon, was here Friday and Saturday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stotta of Childress, are visiting homefolks here this week.

An early norther blew up Friday night. Sweaters and fires were in demand Saturday morning.

A. B. Johnson and family left on Tuesday for Lesley, where they will make their home in the future.

T. E. Johnson, of the Amarillo Tribune, was visiting his parents. Mr. and Mrs. C. Y. Johnson this week.

Chas. Simpson, of Chaplain, New Mexico, came in Friday and went out to the Diamond Tail ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Matturs noted to Canyon Saturday and spent Sunday with relatives returning Sunday night.

Cotton picking and feed cutting are in full swing around Giles this week. There is plenty of help to gather the crop.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wallen, of Hendrick, Oklahoma, came in Wednesday and are guests of W. C. Baldwin and family. Mr. Baldwin is Mr. Wallen's nephew. The Wallens are on their way to New Mexico, where they expect to locate.

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Advertisement for Hammermill Bond paper, featuring the text 'COME TO US FOR PRINTING That Sells Goods' and an illustration of a hammer and mill.

Advertisement for Barber Sheet Metal Works, featuring the text 'We Lay Tin Roofs' and an illustration of a man working on a roof.

That's Queer.

At a party the children were telling one another how many brothers and sisters they had. Suddenly one little girl exclaimed: "Why, it isn't fair! My brother Freddie's got three sisters and I've only got two."

RAPE EXCELLENT FOR SWINE

Can Be Expected to Add Many Pounds in Season to Growing Shoats—Lessens Feed Bill.

Never forget that good rape makes excellent hog feed and can be sown lightly in the oats or broadcast in a cornfield at the last cultivation and be expected to add many pounds in a season to a growing bunch of shoats with a corresponding lessening of the pressure on the feedbill in making pork.

FOR YOUNG GIRLHOOD



There is nothing in headwear that outshades the fine, soft heaver or felt hats made for children. Their beauty and refinement carry them triumphantly to every part of the world, and they are a safe choice from the first to the last hat for girlhood. Three of them are pictured here, and of course their only trimming is a dash or band of ribbon.

Majestic Theatre

Monday and Tuesday

Goldwyn presents "The Branding Iron," also the first episode of "Terror Trail."

Wednesday and Thursday

Bessie Love in "Pennytop Hill" also 2 reel comedy "Mixed Pickles."

Friday and Saturday

Specialty presents "A Western Adventure," also a Kineto Revival on "Combating the Elements."

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE DEMOCRAT—\$1.50

Advertisement for Memphis Water Works Co., featuring the text 'Repairing and Pipe-Fitting' and 'We can do your repair work on pipes etc., and pipe fitting. PHONE 385'.

Advertisement for Bradford Grocery Co., featuring the text 'The Dependable Grocery' and 'We always endeavor to carry the season's freshest fruits and vegetables if they are obtainable we will have them. A trial order will convince you that this is the particular store. BRADFORD GROCERY CO. Phone 400'.

Advertisement for Memphis Tailoring Co., featuring the text 'Let Us Fit You Up' and 'We carry everything that men wear. Just received new shipment of silk and woolen hose, a complete assortment of shirts, collars and ties, underwear and pajamas and a new line of hats and caps. Cleaning and Pressing PHONES, 346—317'.

Large advertisement for the Majestic Theatre, featuring the text 'Announcement' and 'The Majestic Theatre will open on Monday, October 10th, under the management of Mr. Oliver Arnett. The management will endeavor to merit your patronage all times by showing only clean and high class productions. The opening attraction Monday will be the "Branding Iron," a Goldwyn production.'



WEBSTER -MAN'S MAN

Peter B. Kyne

Author of "Cappy Ricks," "The Valley of the Giants," Etc.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—John Stuart Webster, mining engineer, after cleaning up a fortune in Death Valley, Calif., boards a train for the East. He befriends a young lady sponsored by a member, thoroughly trouncing the "peet."

CHAPTER II.—At Denver Webster receives a letter from Billy Geary, his closest friend. Geary urges him to come to Sobrante, Central America, to finance and develop a mining claim. He decides to go.

CHAPTER III.—Dolores Rusey, the young woman Webster befriended, and who has made a deep impression on him, as he has on her, is also on the way to Sobrante.

CHAPTER IV.—At Buenaventura, capital of Sobrante, Billy Geary, ill and penniless, is living on the charity of "Mother Jenks," keeper of a dramshop. She receives a cablegram from Dolores, telling of her coming.

CHAPTER V.—Dolores' father, Ricardo Rusey, president of Sobrante, had been killed in a revolution led by Barron, the present executive. Dolores, a child of eight, was smuggled out of the country by Mother Jenks and supported by her in the United States. The old woman, ashamed of her occupation and habits of life, fears to meet Dolores and sends Geary to the boat to say she has gone to the United States.

CHAPTER VI.—Webster, on his way to Sobrante, is taken ill on the train, and is in a hospital at New Orleans two weeks. Geary bungles his mission, Dolores easily seeing through his story. She greets Mother Jenks as her friend and benefactor. Geary falls desperately in love with the girl.

CHAPTER VII.—At New Orleans, while waiting for the steamer to Buenaventura, Webster saves the life of a young man who is attacked by two assassins. The youth leaves Webster without disclosing his identity.

vation isn't claimed promptly at two o'clock I shall cancel it and reserve for you both berths in that room. If you will be good enough to leave me your name and address I will telephone you after that hour. In the meantime, you may make reservation of the other berth in the same stateroom. I feel very confident that the reservation in No. 34 will not be called for. Mr.—"

"Webster—John S. Webster. You are very kind, indeed. I'm at the St. Charles."

"Be there at a quarter after two. Mr. Webster, and you will hear from me promptly on the minute. The clerk assured him; whereupon Webster paid for one berth and departed for his hotel with a feeling that the clerk's report would be favorable.

True to his promise, at precisely a quarter after two the ticket clerk telephoned Webster at his hotel that the berth in No. 34 had been reserved and the entire stateroom was now at his disposal.

"If you will be good enough to give me the name of your valet," he concluded. "I will fill in both names on my passenger manifest and send the tickets to your hotel by messenger immediately. You can then sign the tickets—I have already signed them as witness—and pay the messenger."

"Well, I haven't engaged that valet as yet," Webster began.

"What's the odds? He's going to miss the boat, anyhow. All I require is a name."

"That ought to be a simple request to comply with. Let me see—" "I read a book once, Mr. Webster, and the valet in that book was called Andrew Bowers."

"Bowers is a fine old English name. Let us seek no further. Andrew Bowers it is."

"Thank you. All you have to do then is to remember to sign the name, Andrew Bowers, to one ticket. Don't forget your valet's name now, and ball everything up," and the clerk hung up, laughing.

Half an hour later a boy from the steamship office arrived with the tickets, collected for them, and departed, leaving John Stuart Webster singularly pleased with himself and at peace with the entire world.

A "large" dinner at Antoine's that night (Webster had heard of Antoine's dinners, both large and small and was resolved not to leave New Orleans until he had visited the famous restaurant) and a stroll through the picturesque old French quarter and along the levee next day, helped to render his enforced stay in New Orleans delightful, interesting, and instructive. For Sunday he planned an early morning visit to the old French market, around which still lingers much of the picturesque charm and colorful romance of a day that is done—"that echo of yesterday, as it were, which has left New Orleans an individuality as distinct as that which the often, golden, goddess days have left upon San Francisco.

He rose before six o'clock, therefore, found a taxi, with the driver sound asleep inside, at the curb in front of the hotel; gave the latter his instructions, and climbed in.

Opposite Jackson Square the cloying sweetness of palmetto, palm, and fig burdened the air. Above the rumble of the taxi he could hear the distant babel of voices in the French market across the square, so he halted the taxicab, alighted, and handed the driver a bill.

"I want to explore this square," he said. He had recognized it by the heroic statue of General Jackson peeping through the trees. "I'll walk through the square to the market, and you may proceed to the market and meet me there. Later we will return to the hotel."

A Creole girl—starry-eyed, beautiful, rich with the glorious coloring of her race—passed him bound for the cathedral across the square, as Webster thought, for she carried a large prayer book on her arm. His glance followed the girl down the walk.

Presently she halted. A young man rose from a bench where he evidently had been waiting for her, and bowed low, his hat clasped to his breast, as only a Frenchman or a Spanish grandee can bow. Webster saw the Creole girl turn to him with a little gesture of pleasure. She extended her hand and the young man kissed it with old-fashioned courtesy. John Stuart Webster with reverent and wistful eyes watched their meeting.

"Forty years old," he thought, "and I haven't spoken to a dozen women that caused me a second thought, or who weren't postmistresses or biscuit shooters! Forty years old and I've never been in love! Springtime down that little path and Indian summer in my old fool heart. Why, I ought to

be arrested for failure to live!" The lovers were walking slowly, arm in arm, along the path by which the girl had come, so with a courtesy and gentleness that were innate in him, Webster stepped out of sight behind the statue of Old Hickory; for he did not desire, by his mere presence, to intrude a discordant note in the perfect harmony of those two human hearts. He knew they desired that sylvan path to themselves; that evidently they had sought their early morning tryst in the knowledge that the square was likely to be deserted at this hour.

The young man was speaking as they passed; his voice was rich, pleasant, vibrant with the earnestness of what he had to say; with a pretty little silver mounted walking stick he slashed at spears of grass alongside the path; the girl was crying a little. Neither of them had seen him, so he entered a path that led from them at right angles.

He had proceeded but a few feet along this trail when, through a break in the shrubbery ahead of him, he saw two men. Brief as was his glimpse of them, Webster instantly recognized the two Central Americans he had seen in the steamship ticket office two days previous.

They were not walking as walk two men abroad at this hour for a constitutional. Neither did they walk as walk men, churchward bound. A slight, skulking air marked their progress, and caused Webster to wonder idly what they were stalking.

He turned into the path down which the two men had passed, not with the slightest idea of shadowing them, but because his destination lay in that direction.

Both men had forsaken the gravelled path and were walking on the soft velvet of blue grass lawn that fringed it!

"Perhaps I'd better deaden my hoof beats also," John Stuart Webster soliloquized, and followed suit immediately.

He had scarcely done so when the men ahead of him paused abruptly. Webster did likewise, and responding—subconsciously, perhaps, to the remembrance of the menace in the glance of the man with the puckered eye—he stepped out of sight behind a broad oak tree. Through the trees and shrubbery he could still see the lovers, who had halted and evidently were about to part.

Webster saw the young man glance warily about; then, apparently satisfied there was none to spy upon them he drew the girl gently toward him.



Drew the Girl Gently Toward Him.

She clung to him for nearly a minute, sobbing; then he raised her face tenderly, kissed her, pressed her from him, and walked swiftly away without looking back.

It was a sweet and rather touching little tableau; to John Stuart Webster, imaginative and possessed of a romantic streak in his nature, it was more than a tableau. It was a moving picture!

"I suppose her old man objects to the young fellow," he muttered to himself sympathetically, "and he can't come near the house. They've met here for the fond farewell, and now the young fellow's going out West to make his fortune, so he can come back and claim the girl. Huh! If he wants her, why the devil doesn't he take her? Hello! By Judas priest! Now I know what those two parakeets are up to. One of them is the father of that girl. They've been spying on the lovers, and now they're going to corner the young fellow and shingle him for his nerve."

The girl had stood for a moment, gazing after her companion, before she turned with her handkerchief to her eyes, and continued on her way to the cathedral. Webster heard her sobbing as she stumbled blindly by, and he was distressed about her, for all the world loves a lover and John Stuart Webster was no exception to this universal rule.

"By George, this is pretty tough," he reflected. "That young fellow treated that girl with as much gentleness and courtesy as any gentleman should, and I'm for him and against this idea of corporal punishment. Don't you worry, Tillie, my dear. I'm going to horn into this game myself if it goes too far."

The two dusky skulkers ahead of him, having come to another cross-path, turned into it and came out on the main path in the rear of the young man. Webster noticed that the pair were still walking on the grass. He padded gently along behind them.

The four were now rapidly approaching the old French market, and the steadily rising babel of voices speaking in French, Italian, Spanish, Creole patois and Choctaw, was sufficient to have drowned the slight noise of the pursuit, even had the young man's mind not been upon other things, and the interest of the two Central Americans centered upon their quarry, to the exclusion of any thought of possible interruption.

Webster felt instinctively that the two men would rush and make a concerted attack from the rear. He smiled.

"I'll just fool you two lombres a whole lot," he thought, and stooping, picked up a small stone. On the instant the two men, having approached within thirty feet of their quarry, made a rush for him.

Their charge was swift, but though it was, the little stone whirled round Stuart Webster buried was swifter. It struck the young man fairly between

(Continued on Page 7.)

Coughs and Colds
—come hand in hand with the approaching cold weather.

Be Prepared

Every family and especially those who live on farms and ranches, miles away from any drug store or physician should keep on hand a supply of our—

Cold Tablets and Cough Medicine

Make our store your headquarters.

Fickas-Walker Drug Co.
"The Rexall Store"

WHITE ENAMEL IS BEST

White Enamel Is Best for bathroom fixtures. So easy to keep spots clean and absolutely sanitary. We carry the largest and finest stock of white enamel and porcelain bathroom and bedroom plumbing equipment fixtures in this section. We also repair all plumbing equipment of all kinds. Inspection invited.

L. Holt
South Side Square
Phone 561
Memphis, Texas

**Everything for QUALITY
—nothing for show**

THAT'S OUR IDEA in making **T CAMELS—the Quality Cigarette.**

Why, just buy Camels and look at the package! It's the best packing science has devised to keep cigarettes fresh and full flavored for your taste. Heavy paper outside—secure foil wrapping inside and the revenue stamp over the end to seal the package and keep it air-tight.

And note this! There's nothing flashy about the Camel package. No extra wrappings that do not improve the smoke. Not a cent of needless expense that must come out of the quality of the tobacco.

Camels wonderful and exclusive Quality wins on merit alone.

Because, men smoke Camels who want the taste and fragrance of the finest tobaccos, expertly blended. Men smoke Camels for Camels smooth, refreshing mildness and their freedom from cigarette aftertaste.

Camels are made for men who think for themselves.

Camel

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Torpid Liver

Black-Draught "has no equal for headache, sour stomach, torpid liver and feverish colds," declares Mrs. Annie Whitmore, of Gate City, Va. "It is easy to take and does not gripe, as a lot of medicines do," she adds. "It is good to take in a hot tea for colds, or can be taken in a dry powder. I can't say enough for Black-Draught and the sickness it has saved us."

Thedford's BLACK-DRAUGHT

has been found a valuable liver medicine in thousands of homes. "I do not use any other liver medicine," says Mrs. Mary O. Brown, of Europa, Miss. "It is splendid for sour stomach, a bad taste in the mouth or torpid liver. I keep it all the time, use it with the children and feel it has saved us many dollars in doctor bills and many days in bed."

Insist on the genuine—Thedford's.



"The Outlook is Very Blue." in No. 34 reserved by a gentleman who was to call for it by two o'clock to-day." He looked at his watch. "It is now a quarter of one. If the room

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Webster - Man's Man

PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Happy Ricks," "The Valley of the Giants," etc.

Continued from Page 6

underblades with a force sufficient to bring him out of his sentimental reverie with a jerk as it were, started, saw the danger that threatened him, and—sprang to meet

"Hello!" yelled Webster, and ran to aid, for he had seen now that it was the knife work. Tragedy in melodrama.

The man with the puckered eye and in such eagerness it was that Webster thought that here was his fight came, but Pucker-eye hesitated. He merely threw up

forearm to meet the expected blow and slashed viciously at the man's abdomen. The latter

back a step, doubled like a jack-an-apes and brought his cane down across the knuckles of his

right hand. "It is thou, son of a pig," he said pleasantly in Spanish. "I fool you that time, didn't I?" he added in English. "Thought I would stir your head, didn't you?"

Webster temporarily paralyzed the man's hand; he dropped the knife and stooped to recover it with his hand, the young man, before

ing from Pop-eye, kicked Pucker-eye in the face and quite upset him. "Up it!" shouted Webster.

Webster turned his head at the outburst and saw the man he was attacking in the position of a swordsman, and thrust viciously with the

blade at the face of the pop-eyed man, disregarding Webster's approach. The cane in his left hand and a quick, powerful tug actually

his victim toward him a foot before the latter let go the stick. He

could give ground again if he was upon him. He grasped the young man by the latter's left

and held him, while he drew back the awful disembowling stroke. The long arm sped forward the hook

in Stuart Webster's heavy cane landed upon that flexed arm in the

of the elbow, snagging it. The knife never reached its destination.

"You would, would you?" said Webster reproachfully, and jerked the fellow violently around. The man had

promptly struck Pop-eye a blow in the face with his left hand and broke loose from the grip

had so nearly been his undoing. Webster tapped the assassin's

full heapp or two on the top of his head in his good measure and to

priority and full sense of the importance which Webster's resistance

was a similar question of discipline. The scar-cheeked man was on

es, groping groggily for his knife he had received a severe kick on

the chin, and for the nonce was from dangerous. Stooping, Webster

picked up the knife; then with a look and came grasped in his left

and seized Pucker-eye by the nape of his right and jerked him to his

nately, form such an alliance, he would be hated into court as a witness and perhaps miss the steamer to San Buenaventura.

He had planned to spend an hour in the market, drink a cup of cafe noir, smoke a cigarette, and return to his hotel in time for a leisurely breakfast, but his recent bout with grim reality had blunted the edge of romance. He ordered his driver to take him back to the hotel, sprang inside and congratulated himself on his lucky escape.

CHAPTER VIII.

Webster's trunk went aboard the steamer early the following morning, and at noon he entered a taxi with his hand baggage and was driven to the levee where La Estrellita lay, mooring gently at her mooring lines. Owing to the congestion of freight and traffic the chauffeur stopped his cab a little distance from the gangplank, where Webster discharged him with a liberal tip.

The latter, however, swung his passenger's bag and suitcase to the ground, picked them up and started for the gangplank.

"Never mind my baggage, lad," Webster called after him. "One of the deck boys will care for it."

The chauffeur turned. "You've been generous with me, sir," he answered, "so I think I had better carry your baggage aboard. If you permit a deck boy to handle it, you merely have to give another tip, and that would be sheer wanton waste. Why shouldn't I earn the one you gave me?"

"I hadn't figured it out that way, son, so here's another half dollar for being the only existing specimen of your species in captivity. My stateroom is No. 34, upper deck, port side," Webster answered, smiling. The man took the tip eagerly and hurried toward the gangplank; the quartermaster on duty shouldered a way for him and he darted aboard.

Webster followed leisurely. At the gangplank the purser's clerk halted him, examined his tickets and punched them.

"Where is the other man?" he asked. "You have two tickets here."

"Oh, that blamed valet of mine," Webster answered, and glanced around as if in search of that mythical functionary. "It would be like the stupid fellow to miss the boat," he added. "When he comes—"

Webster ceased speaking abruptly. He was looking straight into the malevolent orbs of Pucker-eye, who was standing just behind the clerk at the foot of the gangplank.

"I wonder if Pop-eye's around, also," Webster thought, and he faced about. Pop-eye was standing in back of him leaning over the railing of the gang way.

"Which is the valet?" the purser's clerk asked, scanning the names on the tickets.

"Andrew Bowers," the other answered, with that genial camaraderie that seems inseparable from all of his calling. "When Andrew comes I'll send him aboard."

He started to pass the tickets back to Webster, but a detaining hand rested on his arm, while a dark thumb and forefinger lifted the trailing strips of tickets. Pucker-eye was examining them also.

The purser's clerk drove his elbow backward violently into Pucker-eye's midriff and shook him off roughly.

"What do you mean, you black-and-tan hound?" he demanded. "Since when did you begin to O. K. my work?"

Pucker-eye made no reply to this stern reproof. He accepted the elbow with equanimity and faced Webster with an evil smile that indicated mutual recognition.

"Bueno," he said. "The senior he named on La Estrellita for San Buenaventura?"

"So you are nosing around to see about it, eh? Let me give you a little plain gum shoe work, I see."

Pucker-eye bowed. By a simple exercise of courage and bad manners he had looked at John Stuart Webster's ticket and was now familiar with his name and destination.

Webster glowered darkly at Pucker-eye and said: "Well, you scoundrelly cutthroat, what are you going to do about it? Try a little of your knife work on me, I suppose?"

The fellow grinned—the kind of grin that is composed of equal parts of ferocity and knowledge of superior

strength. That grin did more to disconcert Webster than the knowledge that he had earned for himself two bloodthirsty and implacable enemies, for Pucker-eye was the first of his breed that Webster had ever seen smile under insult. That cool smile infuriated him.

Pucker-eye took out a cigarette case, selected a cigarette and presented the case to Webster. His bad manners in selecting his own cigarette first was deliberate, as Webster knew. It was the Latin-American's method of showing his contempt.

"We shall meet again, Meester Webster," he said. "May I offer a cigarette for the—what you Americans call—the keepsake? No?" He smiled brightly and closed his puckered eye in a knowing wink.

Webster took his tickets from the purser, folded them, placed them in his pocket and for a few seconds regarded Pucker-eye contemptuously.

"When we meet again, you seum," he retorted quietly, "you shall have no difficulty in remembering me. You may keep your cigarette."

His long, powerful right arm shot out like a forceps his thumb and forefinger closed over Pucker-eye's rather flat nose; he squeezed, and with a shrill scream of agony Pucker-eye went to his knees.

Still holding the wretch by his proboscis, Webster turned quickly in order that his face might be toward Pop-eye.

"Pop-eye," he said, "if you take a hand in this, I'll twist your nose, too, and afterward I'll throw you in the river."

He turned to Pucker-eye. "Up, thou curious little one," he said in Spanish, and jerked the unhappy



"Up, Thou Curious Little One."

rascal to his feet. The latter clawed ineffectually at the terrible arm which held him, until, presently discovering that the harder he struggled the harder Webster plucked his nose, he ceased his struggles and hung limply, moaning with pain and rage in the grip of the American.

"Good!" Webster announced, slackening his grip a little. With his left hand he deftly extracted a hair from each flank of the screaming little scoundrel's scant mustache and held them before the latter's tear-filled eyes.

"My friend," he said gently, "mark how the gringo gives his little dark brother a lesson in deportment. Be hold, if I have given thee a souvenir of our meeting, I also have taken one. By this pinched and throbbing nose shall I be remembered when I am gone; by these hairs from thy rat's mustache shall I remember thee. Go, and thrust not that nose into a gringo's business again. It is unsafe."

As released Pucker-eye, made his way through the crowd to his room looked in, saw that his baggage was there, and walked around on the starboard side to join in the general farewell of all on board to the crowd on the levee.

At the shore end of the gangplank Pucker-eye and Pop-eye still waited. The unfortunate Pucker-eye was weep-

ing with pain and futile rage and humiliation, but Webster noticed that Pop-eye's attention was not on his friend but upon each passenger that boarded the ship, of which there were the usual number of late arrivals. As each passenger approached, Pop-eye scanned him with more than casual interest.

Webster smiled. "Looking for that valet they heard me talking about," he reflected. "Pop-eye, you're a fine capable lad. I thought you had the brains of the two. You're not going away until you've had a chance to size up the re-enforcements at my command, are you?"

He lit a cigar and leaned over the rail as the steamer, gathering speed, swept down river.

"Good-by, you golden fizz and chicken gumbo," he called, as the city receded and the low, wooded shores below the city came into view.

When he had finished his cigar he cast the stump overboard, watched it until it disappeared astern, and then went around to stateroom No. 34. As he stepped in and closed the door a masculine voice said very pleasantly:

"How do you do?" Mr. Webster looked up and beheld a young man, arrayed in a very fancy pair of light blue silk pajamas, stretched at his ease in the upper berth.

John Stuart Webster stared at the stranger for several seconds and concluded he was invading the sanctity of another's stateroom. "Excuse me," he said, "I guess I'm in the right church but the wrong pew," and he stepped out and looked for the number on the stateroom. To his surprise it was No. 34 after all, so he stepped back into the stateroom and favored the stranger with another scrutiny.

"It does appear to me, my friend," he said presently, "that I detect something strangely familiar about your pajamas."

"I wouldn't be the least bit surprised Mr. Webster. I found them in your suitcase."

Fell a silence of perhaps half a minute. Then: "I dislike to appear inquisitive," Webster began, "but the fact is, neighbor, I'm curious to know where you got that book. I observe you are reading Samuel Butler's 'Way of All Flesh,' and that the book is slightly damaged. Recently I purchased such a book in—"

"Pray do not take the trouble to explain," the other answered airily. "I discovered this excellent book in your suitcase also. In fact, for me, that suitcase has proved to be a repository of treasures."

John Stuart Webster's neck came out of his collar with the suddenness of a turtle snapping at a fly; he drew

himself up beside the top berth until his face was on a level with his unblinking guest's, upon whom he bent a look of mingled emotions.

"Who the devil are you?" he demanded.

"I regret I have no card, but even if I had it would be no kindness to inflict upon an American gentleman the cognomen my parents honored me with, for it is long and many-jointed, like a penant, and embodies the names of all the saints in the calendar. Moreover, just at present I am traveling under an alias. I am known as Mr. Andrew Bowers."

"And your occupation?" Webster managed to articulate.

"Valet de chambre to the prince of gentlemen, Mr. John S. Webster," the other replied with a mischievous gleam in his dark eyes.

Mr. Webster sat down blunty on the settee. He was undecided whether to roar with laughter or shriek with rage; while he struggled for a decision Andrew Bowers blew smoke rings at the ceiling.

"Haven't I seen you before?" Webster queried presently.

"I wouldn't be surprised. I drove you down to the steamer in a taxi half an hour ago. You will recall that the taxi driver carried your baggage aboard."

Webster gazed around the stateroom. "Where have you hidden your livery?" he demanded.

"I wrapped it in a newspaper; then, seeking a moment when the deck outside was deserted, I stepped forth in my—I beg your pardon, your—pajamas and tossed it overboard."

"But apparently you did not bring aboard with you a suit of clothes to take the place of your livery?"

Webster stared at the other. "Quite true—lamentably so. Mr. Webster. Perhaps you will accept my desperate need as an excuse for borrowing your pajamas. I notice you have another suit of them. Fortunate man!"

Andrew Bowers was a man of perhaps thirty years, five feet ten inches tall, and apparently in excellent health. He might have weighed a hundred and seventy pounds and he was undeniably handsome.

While Webster was wondering whether his companion was merely a high-class tramp or an absconding bank cashier, a knock sounded on the stateroom door. He opened it and the purser stood in the entrance.

"Ticket, please?" he announced.

Webster surrendered both tickets receiving in turn two sent checks for the dining saloon, and the purser passed on to the next cabin.

Andrew Bowers smiled a small, pleasant smile, but said nothing, and presently John Stuart Webster broke the silence. "Well," he ordered, "sing the song or tell the story."

"I noticed you surrendered my ticket to the purser, the young man answered irreverently, "and I am glad that. I take it as prima facie evidence that you have made up your mind to accept my company."

"You're too infernally cool and cock sure, my friend," Webster started him testily. "I pride myself on a sense of humor and I dearly love a joke until it's carried too far, but be advised in time, young man, and don't try to play horse with me. My acceptance or non-acceptance of you is a subject for future discussion, since at present we have some fiduciary matters before us. You owe me fifty dollars for your tick-

ets. (Continued Next Week)

THE CITY MARKET

HAM AND EGGS



taste good most any time. If that doesn't happen to be your favorite meat dish suppose you come in and tell us what you like best. We handle the best cuts of

Quality Meat

and are ready to serve you courteously at any time.

ARNOLD & GARDNER

Ford THE UNIVERSAL CAR

NEW PRICES

F. O. B. DETROIT

Table listing car models and prices: Chassis \$295, Runabout \$325, Touring Car \$355, Truck Chassis \$445, Coupe \$595, Sedan \$660

These are the lowest prices of Ford cars in the history of the Ford Motor Company.

Orders are coming in fast, so place yours promptly to insure early delivery.

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Authorized Sales and Service



On the right .. Track ..

Yes, when headed for our garage for everything in the Repair line, Accessories, Tires, Tubes, Gasoline, Oils and Storage.

Don't be side-tracked for remember we are best prepared to serve you.

Gerlach Brothers

The Memphis Democrat

Jerry Dalton, Editor

Published Weekly, on Thursdays

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Memphis, Texas, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

ADVERTISING RATES

Display advertising 25 cents per inch, column measure, each insertion.

Professional cards \$2.00 per month.

Local readers, among news items, two cents per word, all initials and numbers count as words. Count ten words for each heading in black type.

Cards of thanks, obituaries, resolutions, etc., two cents per word. No charge for church, lodge, club or other similar announcements, except when they derive revenue therefrom. No advertisements will be taken for less than twenty-five cents. Count the words and send cash with copy unless you have an advertising account with this paper.

Hugh Nugent Fitzgerald, editor of the Wichita Falls Record News says in last Monday's paper:

"Jerry Dalton is the editor and publisher of the Memphis Democrat. Jerry is for 'a white man's government, the rule of the white man' and no questions asked. This makes it interesting for the negro, during the very dull summer months many negroes were idle through no fault of their own. When cotton began to open, the police authorities of Wichita Falls issued pre-emptory orders for all idle negroes to get to the cotton patch without delay. They were hustled out of town. This plan was adopted by the police authorities of many of the leading cities and towns of Texas. If an idle negro refused to go to the cotton patch he was arrested and convicted of vagrancy. If he goes to the cotton patch in Hall county it appears he needs rangers to protect him while he is picking."

We respectfully suggest that Hall county is in no way responsible for the idle negroes being in Wichita Falls, and that this county is under no obligation to furnish them with employment. If Wichita Falls has idle negroes, it is her problem; she may furnish them employment or put them in jail for the crime of being jobless, as she sees fit. Certainly she, nor the other cities, have no right to inflict them upon Hall county, which, in the past, has wisely avoided a negro problem of her own. Hall county people have no desire to trade their "white man's country" for a ready-made "white man's burden," and they dislike to have that sort of a raw deal forced upon them by outsiders.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

Management, circulation, etc., required by act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Memphis Democrat, published weekly at Memphis, Texas, for October, 1921 State of Texas, County of Hall, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in

and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Jerry Dalton, who, having been duly sworn, according to law, deposes and says that he is owner and publisher of the Memphis Democrat, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal laws and regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Jerry Dalton, Memphis, Texas.
2. That the owners are: Jerry Dalton, Memphis, Texas.
3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: There are none.

JERRY DALTON,

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of Sept., 1921.

WILLIAM J. BRAGG,

(Seal) Notary Public. My commission expires June 1, 1923.

NEGRO ATTACKS WOMAN AND SHOTS HUSBAND WHO COMES TO HER AID

Texarkana, Oct. 5.—D. C. Harrington, secretary-treasurer and general manager of the Farmer Oil and Fertilizer Company here, was shot in arm last night when he went to the aid of his wife who was being attacked by a negro.

The negro followed Mrs. Harrington from a store to her home and into the house. He grabbed her, clasped his hand over her mouth and dragged her into another room where he attempted to assault her.

Efforts to scream were stifled by the negro.

Harrington, who was reading in an adjoining room, heard the scuffle and called to his wife. When she failed to answer he went into the room and found his wife lying on the floor. He thought she had fainted, and when

he went to lift her from the floor she told him "to get him." The negro then leaped from the room.

Harrington gave chase. As the black rounded the corner he whirled and fired, the bullet entering Harrington's arm. Mrs. Harrington was not injured.

A posse has been organized and is now searching for the negro.

Performing wild animals consisting of lions, leopards, pumas and other species of forest bred

feats have been added to Gentry Bros. Famous Shows until the title Wild Animal Arena has been affixed to the trademark of this popular firm. Many new acts and features are in store for the patrons of Gentry Bros Shows which will exhibit here on Wednesday, October, 12. The street parade will contain all of the favorite animal performers as well as the new department of performing wild animals. Clowns and other novelties that are new to this show will take part in the procession

and all the little folks should be on hand to see the dogs, ponies and elephants in parade dress.

There must be drudgery in all tasks. But if you bear in mind that the days of drudgery are merely days of preparation for achievement, they will not seem nearly so tedious.

Disinclination to work makes more failures than liquor or gambling. It keeps more men down than ill-health or poverty.

The vice of the human race is laziness. And no man is so unhappy as he is constitutionally opposed to any form or toil.

Neither baseball nor golf nor tennis can be played successfully without long and hard work in preparation.

You have got to work in this world whether you like work or not. So you might as well learn to like it. You will get far more enjoyment out of it, and stand a far better chance of succeeding in it if you do.



Tasty Baked Goods

What forms a more necessary part of any meal than a slice or two of crispy crusted fresh bread or a generous piece of fluffy, well baked pie. They appeal to the taste of most any person.

All our Bakery Goods are of the highest type. The fact that we make a specialty of producing the finest bread and pies, brings us customers from far and wide. You will be one of them once you have given us a trial.

City Bakery

TOM LYNCH, Prop.

Phone Your Order

We give our phone orders the same personal attention that you would receive in person.

You will always find our store well prepared to serve your every grocery want—

Ward & Goodnight
Phones 136-466

Boy's Clothing

should be as well tailored as man's. Some lines of boy's clothing are made up in almost any manner and then the parents except the boy to get good service from the garment and censure the boy when he does

Prices \$6.50 to \$22.50



not, when as a matter of fact the fault lies wholly with the garment bought for the boy.

Any red blooded boy will give a suit a severe test, but clothing that is made right will stand up to that test.

We can recommend Sonneborn boy's knee suits to the trade with full confidence that they will receive full value in service and in appearance from them.

Greene Dry Goods Co.
Memphis "The Big Daylight Store" Texas

---for Breakfast Tomorrow

Not until you have tried some of our delicious, strictly fresh Ham, Bacon or Sausage, will you know what it is to relish a good breakfast. Stop in today. We are sure our products will please you.

We have added a grocery stock to our market, complete in every line.

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