

# The Crockett Courier.

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MOTTO: "QUALITY, NOT QUANTITY."

CROCKETT, TEXAS, JANUARY 6, 1916.

VOLUME XXVI—NO. 50.

## B. H. GARDNER IS CANDIDATE FOR DISTRICT JUDGESHIP.

Makes Formal Announcement in This Week's Newspapers—Well Known Jurist Before the People as Candidate.

Judge B. H. Gardner, well known to the people of Houston, Anderson and Henderson counties, composing this judicial district, as a jurist and lawyer, announces through the newspapers of the district this week his candidacy for district judge, subject to the democracy.

Judge Gardner has served our people heretofore as their district judge for two terms. He was not a candidate in the last primary, for the reason that at that time private business matters demanded his attention. His private business affairs have now assumed such shape that he can again give his time to the campaign.

His record on the bench is an enviable one. While many able jurists have occupied the bench of this district since the district's creation, Judge Gardner's record stands preeminently with the best of them. A learned and successful lawyer, he suffered but few reversals in the higher courts. Dignified and cultured, he commanded the respect of all men before the bar, whether practitioner or jurist.

In another place in the Courier will be found clippings from Judge Gardner's home papers, which reflect the sentiment of his neighbors toward his candidacy. We ask that you read them.

### Judge Gardner a Candidate. (Advertisement.)

We present today the name of B. H. Gardner as a candidate for the office of district judge of the 3d judicial district of Texas, an office he filled most acceptably for eight years. It is not precedent with us to write editorially of the candidacy of any aspirant for office, but we feel justified in so doing in this case by the eminent qualifications of the candidate for this office, and the fact that he has been solicited most earnestly by leading citizens of each county in the district to again assume this responsible position. Tomorrow we will write more at length of the career of Judge Gardner and of the accomplishments of his first terms in this office.—Palestine Visitor.

### Judge Gardner is Candidate for Judgeship. (Advertisement.)

Today Judge B. H. Gardner makes formal announcement for the office of district judge of this district, subject to the action of the democratic party.

There is no man in the city, or in the district as to that matter, who stands higher in the esteem of the people. Judge Gardner served two terms as district judge of this district, and his record was a splendid one. He was always found to be fair, just and able.

This district has had many men of ability and prominence, men of honor and integrity, to fill this highly important office. And Judge Gardner is just of that type. He is dignified in manner, is cultured, learned in the law, a man who has made a success in his chosen profession, and a man who has the respect of the entire membership of the bars of the counties comprising the dis-

trict. Should he be again chosen to this office he will serve the district well.

Another thing can be said of Judge Gardner's administration of this office, and that is, that he was economical. He kept close scrutiny over everything pertaining to his office, and was commended for the strict economy of his administration.

The judge will have many strong supporters here, and over the entire district, who desire to see him again our district judge.—Palestine Herald.

### Free Air Service With Gasoline.

Our air machine is now in good working order. Let us have your car for free air. We want to fill your car with gasoline. You, Mr. Customer, who never give a thought when you want your car filled, why don't you call at our station occasionally? We need the business as much as the other fellow. We will give you service and we will appreciate your patronage. Some folks say they don't trade with us because they started somewhere else. Of course, that is a reason; but if you needed public favor or patronage, would you get much consolation out of that kind of reasoning? Why not split your gasoline trade, if you are giving it all to some one else? Yours for service.

tf. Crockett Drug Company.

### New Year Greeting.

Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year, and expressing my thanks and appreciation to you for your kind treatment, encouraging words and helpful patronage during the trying year 1915, which has been a trying year on us all, I shall never forget how helpful you have been to help me make good. The new year is now upon us. We have felt a slight touch of prosperity, and we believe that it will gain volume and strength, and from present indications is certain to continue. Now hoping prosperity may be yours, disease and pestilence turn from your door, and the blessing of the Master rest upon you in 1916, is the heartfelt wish of  
J. A. McConnell.

### Progress of Survey.

John B. Ellis, assisting in the survey of the old San Antonio trail, came home to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Ellis. He reports the survey advanced to Benchley, on the line between Brazos and Robertson counties. He says the line between those counties follows the old trail the most of the way. It is believed the San Antonio trail forms the outer line of several counties further on and that Nacogdoches, Crockett and San Antonio are among the few townships traversed from Red River to the Rio Grande.

### Texas University Quartette.

A concert by the Texas University Quartette was a pleasing additional feature of entertainment at the Royal Theatre Thursday evening. Following the concert and the pictures, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Edmiston took the singers in hand and entertained with a luncheon, at which other invited guests from among the young people participated. Following the luncheon several numbers were given by the quartette, enhancing the enjoyments of the evening.

Try Courier advertisers.

## New Year Greetings From "the Farmers' Friend"

WE EXTEND TO YOU and yours our sincere wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year. The business that has come to us during 1915 has, we assure you, been very much appreciated, and as we look forward to the coming of the new year we are filled with a feeling of greater optimism, by far, than that which we held at the opening of the year which has just drawn to a close. We believe we are bound to enter an era of prosperity such as we have never before seen, and our fondest hope is that each and every one of our customers will share liberally in that prosperity which we are sure is bound to come.

¶ We ask for opportunity to continue serving you during the year 1916, more liberally, if you will, than it has been our pleasure to serve you before. For your convenience we submit the following prices:

Extra High Patent Flour, worth \$1.95 per sack	\$1.75
Jersey Cream Flour, per sack	\$1.60
North Star High Patent Flour, per sack	\$1.50
(We have all the above flours in wood also.)	
Best Grade White Cooking Oil, per gallon	70c
Best Grade Green Coffee, 10 pounds for	\$1.00
Best Grade Roasted Coffee, 1 peck for	90c
Seven bars Clairette Soap for	25c
Seven bars Clean-Easy Soap for	25c
Six bars Ivory Soap for	25c
Eight bars Lenox Soap for	25c
Five bottles Garrett's Snuff for	\$1.00
Three plugs Brown Mule Tobacco for	25c
Three cans Prince Albert Tobacco for	25c
Six sacks Bull Durham Tobacco for	25c
25-cent cans Calumet Baking Powder for	20c
Three bottles Red Cross Snuff for	50c

We can save you money on Tubs, Buckets, Rope, or anything in the Grocery or Dry Goods line.

### Our Dry Goods Bargains

All 10c Outings at	7½c	All Boys' Suits from \$3.00 to \$4.00, to go at	\$2.65
All 7½c Outings at	4c	All Boys' Pants, from 75c to \$1.00 values, to go at	40c
All 14c Flannel at	12c	All 10c Dress Gingham at	8c
All 10c Flannel at	8½c	All \$1.50 Wool Shirts to go at	90c
All 8½c Flannel at	6c	Haines' Winter Underwear for men, per suit	85c
All \$1.50 Blankets, size 64x76, at	90c		
All \$2.50 Corduroy Pants at	\$1.85		
All \$1.00 Overalls at	85c		
Big discount on all Shoes.			

Do Not Forget That Every Article We Sell Is Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction or Money Refunded

16 YEARS IN CROCKETT

Wm. M. PATTON

24 YEARS IN BUSINESS

"The Farmers' Friend"

H. G. PATTON, Manager

Crockett, Texas



# 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.

## YOU

If you want to live in the kind of a town Like the kind of a town you like, You needn't slip your clothes in a grip, And start on a long, long hike. You'll only find what you left behind, For there's nothing that's really new. It's a knock at yourself when you knock your town.

It isn't the town—it's you. Real towns are not made by men afraid Least somebody else gets ahead. When everyone works and nobody shirks You can raise a town from the dead. And while you make your personal stake, Your neighbor can make one, too: Your town will be what you want to see, It isn't your town—it's you.

—Credit Lost.

## BETTER AND EASIER TO PREVENT INFLUENZA THAN TO CURE IT.

Throughout the West, and especially in the larger cities—Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, for instance—there is an epidemic of grip and influenza, and in Philadelphia this has been followed by a very considerable number of cases of pneumonia.

Preventive measures are better than are corrective measures in dealing with the grip. There are already numerous cases of the affliction (for it can hardly be called a disease) in Crockett. It is by no means epidemic and need not become so if the prospective sufferers will take precautions.

Incipient or "walking" cases of grip, by their sneezing and coughing, are constantly infecting the air and the clothing of others.

Don't overeat, especially of meats and sweets.

Adapt the clothing to the weather, aiming for just enough to give comfort without coddling. Frequent extreme, sudden and rapid weather changes are conducive to lowered vitality and resistance to grip.

Don't fail to let fresh air into the sleeping room.

Avoid excesses and irregular habits of any kind that produce fatigue.

Avoid dust as you would the devil; it is pulverized poison and the worst medium for the spread of microbes.

Don't dose with depressing coal-tar drugs.

Don't fight the disease by keeping on your feet and working when fever and aching have set in. Go to bed early and thus convalesce early and safely.

## SANE FARMING.

When the farmers of the South adopt the system suggested by Bradford Knapp of producing feed-stuff sufficient to take care of livestock and grow vegetables and meat with which to supply the table, the day of emancipation is come. By resort to this habit the acreage devoted to cotton will necessarily be reduced so that the total production of that crop can be kept within the bounds of the law of supply and demand. Then by resort to the plan of warehousing cotton, which will admit of feeding the supply slowly to demand, instead of rushing it

pell mell into the markets, a price can be maintained that will permanently yield a profit on cotton production. The warehouse system, in the very nature of things, is not devoid of defects. It is new and an experiment; but it is an experiment the principle of which is not new and which is of economic soundness. If the country needed any demonstration of the soundness of a system which would bring about a rational marketing of cotton, it has but to mark and study the example of the California Fruit Exchange.

There is no more reason why the farmer should not be a business man, or that he can succeed without resort to business principles, than that a merchant should hope to succeed without steady and strict adherence to fundamental business principles. The farmer has just as much intelligence as any other citizen. He is just as capable of becoming a common sense business man as anybody. When he becomes a business man a larger percentage of him will succeed than is true of men in other vocations of life. Moreover, when the farmer becomes a business man he will contribute in larger measure to the aggregate sum of human happiness than other men.—Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

For the benefit of those spend-thrifts in publicity, who expect a \$125 advertisement, grudgingly placed in their local newspaper, to stimulate their business for a whole year, and who think they are being robbed when the local country editor charges them as much as 15 or 20 cents per inch for space—for illumination of such—we print the most recent rate card of the Curtis publications:

For the Ladies' Home Journal, for one issue as follows: Eight dollars a line, \$6000 a full inside page; \$7000 the second or third cover in two colors; \$8000 for the third cover in three or four colors; \$10,000 for the fourth cover in four colors. For the Saturday Evening Post a rate of \$8 a line is announced; \$5000 for full page; \$6000 for second cover in two colors; \$7500 for the fourth cover in two colors; \$10,000 for the center double page in black, or \$12,000 for double page in two colors.

If it didn't pay the advertisers to reach the possible buyers through such expensive publications, one month's trial would settle the matter. These prices are cheerfully paid for the exploitation of 5-cent and 10-cent articles. The dividends came from the publicity investment instead of the article advertised. The rule for successful advertising is to "keep at it till you think you are broke, then keep it up."—Colorado Record.

## Women of Sedentary Habits.

Women who get but little exercise are likely to be troubled with constipation and indigestion and will find Chamberlain's Tablets highly beneficial. Not so good as a three or four mile walk every day, but very much better than to allow the bowels to remain in a constipated condition. They are easy and pleasant to take and most agreeable in effect. 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.

PHONE STAR R.3401  
ENGRAVING COMPANY  
1206 1/2 HOUSTON PRESTON

## MANY SUITS AGAINST TWO VILLAS.

### El Paso Citizens Seek to Recover Sums Amounting to \$50,000

El Paso, Tex., Dec. 23.—Suits have been filed against Colonel Hipolito Villa and General Francisco Villa in the courts here totaling \$50,000. Hipolito is being brought here to answer a charge of issuing a \$10,000 check without sufficient funds to pay it. Another suit for \$35,000 was filed in the thirty-fourth district court today by Manuel Alias, asserting that 1,000 head of cattle had been stolen from his ranch and sold to Villa. General Villa was sued by T. Kyrapoulos, who claims to have loaned him \$5,000, which was not returned. General Villa's auto was also seized by the sheriff here for debt of \$100 claiming to be due Fred Delgado for detective services.

### Dr. Collins' Hunting Trip.

A party of physicians, consisting of Dr. W. B. Collins, the State Medical Director, Dr. E. H. Goulaz of the same department and Dr. Cook and Dr. Hall of Laredo, have been down on the Rio Grande hunting. They were chaperoned by Asher Smith of Laredo and they had the luck to kill five bucks. Besides the hunting there was plenty of outdoor exercise, especially Dr. Collins had plenty, and has developed a tree-climbing ability that would make a South American monkey turn green with envy. It all happened because Dr. Collins ran upon a bunch of peccaries and wounded the boar leader, when the "varmints" started for the chief of the Medical Department hot foot, and the doctor started at the same gait for a mesquite tree. He got up into the tree alright, but as the doctor is big and the tree was little, it broke down, and he smashed the record getting to another. In the meantime, his cry was heard, and the peccaries driven off by the other hunters.—Austin American.

### Notice to Advertisers.

January 1st, we will abandon the custom of giving free subscription to advertisers. The increased cost of production, the constant advance in the price of material and the high cost of living generally make this move imperative. It is in keeping with the same principle that when we go into your stores and purchase a shirt you do not throw in a collar, or if a suit of clothes is bought an extra pair of pants is not thrown in, etc. Every paper we put out costs us something and every paper given away detracts that much from our revenue. On our December bill will be added a year's subscription for the coming year.—Grapeland Messenger.

### Cold Weather Aches and Pains.

Many aches and pains, sore muscles, stiff joints and much rheumatism attributed to cold weather have their first cause in failure of the kidneys to properly eliminate waste matter from the system. Foley Kidney Pills tone up weak and diseased kidneys, giving prompt relief from aches and pains. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

### Grapeland Man Ended Life.

Grapeland, Texas, December 27.—Monroe Smith, an old citizen of Grapeland, killed himself by taking poison at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Carnes, five miles north of Grapeland. Mr. Smith was 70 years of age and had been in bad health for quite a while. He leaves a widow, two sons and quite a number of relatives and friends.

### Constipation and Indigestion.

"I have used Chamberlain's Tablets and must say they are the best I have ever used for constipation and indigestion. My wife also used them for indigestion and they did her good," writes Eugene S. Knight, Wilmington, N. C. Obtainable everywhere.—Adv.

# Announcement Extraordinary!

This Newspaper Has Been Fortunate In Securing For Serial Publication the Exclusive Use Here of

# Potash, Perlmutter And Others

By the Famous Short Story Writer and Playwright,

## MONTAGUE GLASS

Every One of These Stories Is a Gem

The Eleven Are as Follows:

Firing Miss Cohen  
A Cloak and Suit Comedy

"R. S. V. P."

The Trail of the Silk

The Ill Wind

Jakie

Opportunity

The Center of Population

Red, the Mediator

The Ginhouliaac Heirloom

Mrs. Billington's First Case

# Rich In Wit and Humor

## HIS CHANCE EXPERIMENT.

The Accident That Led Nobel to Discover Blasting Gelatin.

When that very dangerous explosive, nitroglycerin, was first invented extraordinary precautions had to be taken to prevent accidents while the substance was being handled; but, notwithstanding this, so many disasters occurred that there seemed to be strong probabilities that its manufacture and use would have to be prohibited. After several governments had actually interdicted its use, however, means were discovered by which this powerful explosive could be used with a minimum of danger to those who handled it.

One of the methods employed was to convert the nitroglycerin into dynamite by its absorption in the infusorial earth known as kieselguhr. This process, however, involved a reduction of the explosive power of the nitroglycerin, and explosives chemists persisted in their researches to find some substance which when added to nitroglycerin would render it safe for handling without diminishing its explosive force.

One of these chemists was Nobel. It is on record that one day while Nobel was at work in his laboratory he cut his finger, and in order to stop the bleeding he painted some collodion (a liquid preparation akin to gun-cotton) over the cut to form a protective artificial skin. Having done this, he poured some of the collodion, by way of an experiment, into a vessel containing nitroglycerin, when he noticed that the two substances mixed and formed a jelly-like mass.

Nobel at once set to work to investigate this substance, and the outcome of these experiments was

blasting gelatin, a mixture containing 90 per cent of nitroglycerin and 10 per cent of soluble gun-cotton. Thus as a result of a very trivial occurrence that violent explosive—blasting gelatin—was discovered.—Pearson's Weekly.

### Dangerous Eating.

In the island of Jamaica, the land of hurricanes and earthquakes, the native women do almost all the work, even to plowing in the fields and working on the government roads, and this keeps them more or less busy. They also have a peculiar custom when eating. In order not to waste valuable time these dark members of the gentler sex have adopted an ingenious method. They place a plate containing their food, be it hot boiled rice or rabbit stew, on their heads, and, thus balancing the dish, they walk about the yards of their homes, reaching up a hand when they wish to take food from the plate and going about their regular work. Yet they never spill anything.

### To Tell Train Speed.

Count the clicks of the wheels on one rail (because joints alternate) for twenty seconds and the result will be the miles per hour the train is running. Demonstration: There are 176 thirty foot rails in 5,280 feet. The train, we will say, is traveling at forty-five miles per hour. It covers 125.5 rails in one minute, or 2.25 rails in one second, which, multiplied by twenty, equals forty-five rails in twenty seconds, or forty-five miles per hour. If thirty-two foot rails are used the result would be forty rails in twenty seconds at forty-five miles per hour, but it is fairly accurate and can be done easily with a little practice.—Literary Digest.



a feller which he wants to go as partner together with you and—

At this juncture Meiselson raised his right hand like a traffic policeman at a busy crossing.

"One moment, Mr. Shimko," he interrupted. "You are saying that I am the feller which wants to go as partner together with Mr. Zamp?"

"Sure!" Shimko said.  
"Well, all I got to say is this," Meiselson replied. "I ain't no horse. Some people which they got a couple thousand dollars to invest would like it they should go into a business like this and kill themselves to death, Mr. Shimko, but me not!"

He opened the store door and started for the street.

"But, looky here, Meiselson!" Shimko cried in anguished tones.

"Koosh, Mr. Shimko!" Meiselson said. "I am in the soap and perfumery business, Mr. Shimko, and I would stay in it too!"

Six months later Harry Zamp sat in Dechtle's coffee house on Canal street and smoked a postprandial cigar. A diamond pin sparkled in his necktie, and his well cut clothing testified to his complete solvency.

Indeed, a replica of the coat and vest hung in the window of his enlarged business premises on Canal street labeled "The Latest From the London Pickadillies," and he had sold, strictly for cash, more than a dozen of the same style during the last twenty-four hours. For the rush of trade which began on the day when he hired the "property" salesman and cutters had not only continued, but had actually increased, and it was therefore with the most pleasurable sensations that he recognized at the next table Isaac Meiselson, the unconscious cause of all his prosperity.

"Excuse me," he began. "Ain't your name Meiselson?"

"My name is Mr. Meiselson," Isaac admitted. "This is Mr. Zamp, ain't it?" Zamp nodded.

"You look pretty well, considering the way you are working in that clothing business of yours," Meiselson remarked.

"Hard work never hurted me none," Zamp answered. "Are you still in the soap and perfumery business, Mr. Meiselson?"

Meiselson shook his head.  
"No," he said. "I went out of the soap business when I got married last month."

"Is that so?" Zamp commented. "And did you go into another business?"

"Not yet," Meiselson replied, and then he smiled. "The fact is," he added in a burst of confidence, "my wife is a dressmaker."

"That's the way out ancestors were raised, though," Luddington replied, "and what a sturdy lot of fellows they were!"

"Of course they were. They simply had to be if they survived at all."

"But then, you know, there's the lake and the mountain, the whole," Luddington concluded, "providing an ideal place for a boy's holiday."

Goodel struck the desk.  
"By Jove, an admirable suggestion!" he exclaimed. "Jimmie shall go there next week. Sour peaches at a hundred dollars a basket are too expensive for me. I once had Jimmie out to lunch, and if he doesn't eat Cousin Luff out of house and home I'm no judge of a good appetite!"

At this juncture Mr. Goodel's only clerical assistant, the sixteen-year-old Jimmie Brennan, entered and deposited a bundle of canceled vouchers on his employer's desk.

"Now, Mr. Goodel," he said, "dat guy at de bank wanted me to sign a receipt for dem cut checks."

"And did you?" Mr. Goodel asked.  
"I did not," Jimmie replied, and produced the unsigned receipt from his breast pocket.

"Quite right," Mr. Goodel commented as he adjusted a pair of gold glasses on his shapely nose. "Never sign anything for me unless I tell you to do so, and never sign anything for yourself unless you read it over first."

Then, adding example to precept, Mr. Goodel carefully perused the printed slip. He crossed out one or two words and appended his signature with characteristic neatness.

"My boy, beware of printed forms," he continued to Jimmie, who received the admonition with a scared gravity. "Everybody signs them and nobody reads them. Hence the supposed order for the encyclopedia, with an appendix, proves to be a promissory note for \$500." He emphasized the remark with a vigorous wink to Luddington.

"And now, Jimmie," he went on, "how would you like to have a vacation?"

"A vacation!" Jimmie cried. "Why, I ain't sick, Mr. Goodel."

Goodel gazed critically at Jimmie's shining red cheeks and neatly combed hair.

"I admit," he said, appealing to Luddington, "that he doesn't look it." Jimmie's face expanded into a broad grin, and Luddington nodded slowly.

"True," he agreed in solemn accents; "but there may be some internal disorder, and therefore—"

"And therefore," Goodel interrupted, "Jimmie leaves for Cousin Luff's next week!"

Many years of plowing had reduced the action of Luff Goodel's mare to a deliberate amble, which as much resembled the gait of a normal horse as the progress of a baby's bassinet compares to the onrushing touring car. She had been dubbed Olympia by Luff's sister, who deemed the name not only euphonious, but an apt allusion to a slight lameness with which the mare was afflicted. For the Olympia was blind of one eye and very timid about automobiles, at which she invariably shied. This was evidenced by a certain switching of her attenuated tail, and at periods of great emotion, such as a locomotive might engender, she wagged her right ear.

When Jimmie Brennan stepped from the New York express to the platform of the little flag station at Goodel's Corners, Olympia's ear and tail twitched a frenzied equivalent to the running away of the normal horse, and Luff was alarmed in proportion.

"Whoa, dern yer!" he bellowed. "What ails yer?" He seized the lines with a tense grip and sat bolt upright, prepared for any emergency, as Jimmie approached. "I never see nothin' like it!" he declared. "This blame horse can't never git used to no engines. I bet I driv her down here four times, rounthin' this year an' last, an' she always kicks up the same folderol!"

Jimmie flung his valise on the back of the wagon and climbed up beside Luff.

"That's right," Luff said. "Jes' make yerself ter hum. I'd let yer drive, but I dassen't trust her to yer."

After a sharp "Gidap!" from Luff, the old mare moved slowly away from the tracks. Jimmie and his host maintained an embarrassed silence. The boy furtively glanced at his employer's cousin and made mental note of the ragged fringe of whiskers that adorned the farmer's neck. As Luff shifted a huge mouthful of tobacco from cheek to cheek his Adam's apple jerked convulsively. Apparently, it roamed about at will, and disappeared beneath his shirt collar only to bob up among the thicket of whiskers with an agility that completely fascinated Jimmie.

"Say," he said at length and by way of conversation, "was you ever to Pastor's?"

Luff bestowed the cud in one corner of his mouth, voided a pint or so of the attendant moisture and wiped his lips on the back of his hand.

"Which want?" he asked.  
"On Fourteen' street."

"No," he answered. "I never was to the city. Gidap!" He fell again to the rumination of his fine cut. "Why d'ye ask?"

"I tought I seen yer dere wanst," Jimmie replied, "wid a lady wot played on de trambone. You was tellin' her about de circus comin' ter town, an' den yer did a sand dance togeder."

Luff gasped in astonishment and almost swallowed his tobacco.

"Look a-her, young feller," he said. "I dunno what kind o' domines you've got to New York, but up here ministers of the gospel don't allow no such carryin's on in their houses. Gidap!"

Jimmie felt vaguely that he had offended and offered prompt reparation.

"Excuse me," he said humbly. "I didn't mean to make no break."

"Freely granted!" cried Luff. "City ways ain't country ways, I guess, but you seem a right nice young feller. Gidap!"

Jimmie blushed, and for the rest of the ride neither ventured on any further conversation. Luff's sister met them at the head of the farm lane and greeted Jimmie with a motherly smile.

"Well, Luff," she cried, "Lympia ain't so spry as some. You'd better come right in an' set down. Biscuits is burnin' this half hour past."

For almost an hour Jimmie tucked in honey and hot biscuit, with steaming coffee and ham, until his ruddy cheeks glistened and the waistband of his trousers grew taut. By this time the conversation assumed a more intimate tone, and even Luff thawed out.

"Well, sister," he said, "y'orter seen Lympia when the train came in. I swan she was scart out of her wits!"

"She'll get over it fast enough," Miss Goodel commented, "when they cut the railroad through the pasture lot."

Luff slapped his knee.  
"By Gregory," he cried; "she'll never get over it, if that's what she's waiting for! That dern railroad company won't own my pasture lot for less than \$500 an acre unless they steal it from me."

"Mebbe they will," said Miss Goodel. "If you stay up till all hours of the night. You need to have a clear brain if you want to get ahead of the railroad company."

Luff rose and stretched lazily.  
"All right, sister," he grunted, and, taking the lamp from the table, he piloted Jimmie to the spare room on the second floor.

Under Luff's tutelage Jimmie rapidly acquired all the accomplishments of a hired man, and when his vacation drew toward its close it had proved to be as profitable for Luff as it had been enjoyable for Jimmie. A profusion of freckles obscured the healthy glow in the boy's cheeks, and a cast-off suit of Luff's overalls completed his transformation into as rustic a youth as never saw Fulton market or the Brooklyn bridge.

It was, therefore, not at all surprising that he should be hailed as "bud" by the thickest gentleman with the jet black mustache who drove a smart looking horse and buggy up the farm lane.

"Who lives here, bud?" he asked out of one corner of his mouth.

Jimmie took in at one comprehensive glance the Panama hat, the diamond breastpin and the general air of Tenderloin insouciance that pervaded the stranger's personality.

"Come again," Jimmie said.  
"Where's yer pap?"

"Pap?" Jimmie repeated.  
"Oh, rats!" the stranger broke in impatiently and drove rapidly up the lane. Jimmie gazed after him in unaffected surprise. That essentially urban presence in its strange setting of pasture and meadow affected the boy like a whiff of East river breeze, and he turned to his task of mowing the border of the lane, almost glad that his vacation approached its close.

A moment later the buggy drew up near the barn, where Luff was busily engaged currying Olympia's rough coat with a handful of straw.

"Mr. Lafayette Goodel?" the stranger asked.

Luff nodded, and his visitor's beady eyes rested on Olympia.

"That's a nice looking mare you've got there, friend."

"I lay great store by her," Luff replied dryly.  
"About how much do you ask for her?"

Luff surveyed the stranger's three-year-old trotter for one admiring second.

"I'll make an even swap," he answered, "and give yer \$100 to boot."

The stranger laughed, "as if he were being paid for it," Luff said afterward.

"She ain't mine," he volunteered. "She belongs to the United States government."

"Sho!" said Luff, resuming the chewing of a straw.

"And so do I," the stranger continued, flashing a gilt badge.  
"Do tell!" was Luff's comment.  
"Topographical department."

"Ain't nothin' ter do with sell-

in trees?" Luff suggested.

"Nops."

"Nor books?"

"Nops."

"Nor lightnin' rods?"

"Nops."

"Then put up yer horse an' step round to the house."

"Fanning is my name—William K. Fanning."

Luff was not impressed.

"Well, I s'pose canvassers must have names, same as other people," he said. "Mr. Fanning grew slightly purple."

"I ain't a canvasser, and I don't want to sell you anything. You understand? I'm here to talk business." He hurried along before Luff could get in a word.

"The United States topographical department is making a map of this country, and you may or may not know it, but right on the creek that runs through your pasture lot, next to the white oak tree,—here Mr. Fanning consulted a paper,—and thence twenty-four degrees forty minutes east ten chains and thirteen links—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Fanning," Luff interrupted. "I ain't no land surveyor!"

Mr. Fanning waved an airy gesture with his large white hand.

"That's all right," he went on; "there ain't no necessity for me to continue. The point is this—right next to that white oak tree is the center of population of New York, Vermont, Pennsylvania and Connecticut."

"Pretty lonesome there in winter, all the same," Luff suggested. He shuffled his feet uneasily. "I'd be glad to visit with you some more, but I got a heap o' chores an' no help to speak of."

"That's all right," Mr. Fanning assured him again; "my time's worth money and so is yours. I won't mince words about it, but the United States government has decided to put up a monument in your pasture lot similar to the one I show you here."

Mr. Fanning produced some photographs of small cairns, or monuments, erected by the United States geodetic survey in the course of its work and made a running comment on each picture.

"Now, here's one of the monuments built on Mount Pisgah, the highest point in the northern tier counties," he said. "Handsome piece of work, don't you think?"

"Some might say so," Luff replied, "but I don't know as I want any such contraption in my pasture lot."

Immediately Mr. Fanning dug down into his trousers pocket and produced a roll of bills, from which he peeled ten crisp five dollar notes.

"Uncle Sam ain't no niggard when it comes to paying for what he wants," he declared, "and here's \$50 for the privilege of building a small stone monument in your pasture lot. Take 'em!" He thrust the bills into Luff's hand and seized his hat. "Now, that's settled," he said and strode out of the house.

"See here," Luff commenced, "I don't know as I ought to—"

"You mean," Mr. Fanning broke in without pausing in his progress toward the barn, "you don't feel like taking the money without giving a receipt. Well, that's all right; your word's good enough for me."

"Tain't that," Luff corrected, "but—"

"Well, all right, if you insist," said Mr. Fanning, pausing. "Have it your own way."

He searched in his breast pocket and pulled out a sheet of paper. Then he handed a fountain pen to Luff.

"Sign here," he said.

Folding the paper so that only the spot he indicated was visible, he held it against his horse's flank while Luff appended a very shaky signature. Without waiting to blot it, Mr. Fanning took the document and started to leave.

The buggy had proceeded a couple of hundred yards when Luff woke up. He immediately commenced running and shouting at his lungs' capacity, whereat Mr. Fanning gave his trotter a vicious cut with the whip and started off at a 2:40 gait.

In the meantime Jimmie mowed peacefully at the bend of the farm lane near the pasture lot. He had straightened up for a moment to take the kinks out of his back, when the clatter of the trotter's hoofs and Luff's discordant roaring broke on his ear.

"A runaway!" he cried, and sprang into the middle of the lane.

There he yelled and brandished his scythe full in the path of the oncoming horse until it was almost on top of him. It was nip and tuck, but Jimmie stood it out, and at the last moment the trotter swerved and started up the bank. Then it was that Jimmie dropped his scythe and seized the plunging animal by the bridle just as Luff arrived on the scene, flourishing the bills in his right hand.

"Here, you!" he gasped to Fanning. "Take 'em!" He threw the bills into the wagon. "I don't want 'em!"

Jimmie held on to the horse, gaping at the sight of the money.

"Did he give it to yer?" he asked, nodding toward Fanning, who stood up in the wagon and dropped the lines.

"What's biting you?" the topographer bellowed, purple with rage. "You leave go that horse's head or I'll whale the life out of you!"

He grabbed the whip, but Luff jumped in beside him, pinning both his arms

to his sides.

"Now, you behave!" Luff growled. "This may be the center of population of all the universe. I dunno and I don't care. Pick up that money o' yours, an' be quick about it!"

Fanning stooped to recover the bills from the bottom of the wagon.

"Did he give yer dat money?" Jimmie repeated.

"He did," Luff replied, "but I don't want it. Ain't got no use for it, an' I ain't got no use for no monuments, neither."

Jimmie only heard the first part of Luff's answer.

"An' did yer sign any receipt for it?" he continued.

Luff slapped his knee.

"By Gregory, I did sign one, an' I come near forgettin' all about it!" he cried.

"An' did yer read it before yer signed it?" Jimmie went on coldly.

"Now, you let go that horse!" Fanning shrieked, fairly frothing at the mouth. Seizing the lines, he slapped them violently on the trotter's back. The horse reared and bucked, but Jimmie clinging tight to the bridle. There ensued a wild struggle in the wagon. Luff Goodel had the advantage of muscle if not of weight, and in another minute Fanning's 200 pounds landed in a heap on the dusty surface of the farm lane.

As the descent was made head first, the contents of his pockets fell in a shower about him, and prominent among the scattered papers was the document bearing Luff Goodel's sprawling signature. Luff pounced on it with an exclamation.

"Leggo the mare, Jimmie!" he cried. "We're all through!"

Jimmie released the bridle, and no sooner had he sprung to one side than horse and buggy disappeared down the farm lane in a cloud of yellow dust. Fanning rose to his feet, and, hastily gathering up his belongings, took to his heels after the trotter, shouting curses as he went.

"An' now, Jimmie," said Luff, "we'll take a look at the pesky thing. You'd better read it. Your eyes are better than mine."

Jimmie took the document from Luff and unfolded it.

"Know all men by these presents," he began, "that I, Lafayette Goodel,

for and in consideration of the sum of \$50—

"That's all right, so far," Luff said. "Go ahead!"

"The sum of \$50, lawful money of the United States"—

"It looked like good money," Luff admitted.

"To me in hand paid by the Midland Railroad of New York"—

"Stop!" Luff shouted. "Read that over!"

"By the Midland railroad of New York," Jimmie repeated. "Do hereby grant, bargain, sell, assign and convey all that land"—

"That'll do!" Luff gasped. "That's enough! I see it all now!" He stood up unsteadily. "The dirty rascal!" he cried. "So that was his trick, was it?" He turned to Jimmie. "Jimmie, boy," he said earnestly, "Gimme your hand. That pesky railroad can't buy my pasture lot for less than \$500 an acre, and when they do you'll get your share, and a big one too!"

And six months later Luff was as good as his word.

Life is Too Short.

Life is too short. We ought to have one life to love, one life for learning and another to do good deeds. As it is one is almost forced to give up learning if one wants to love, and if you want knowledge you must give up love. This is cruel.—Ernest Renan.



Beware of printed forms," he continued to Jimmie.



The Contents of His Pockets Fell in a Shower About Him.



"She ain't mine."

## Potash, Perlmutter and Others

By MONTAGUE GLASS

### VIII.—THE CENTER OF POPULATION

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THREE generations are commonly said to complete the cycle from shirtsleeves to shirt-sleeves. Even though it is not encompassed in six or seven, collateral branches of the same family, at all times during the transition, may disclose not only shirtsleeves, but patched overalls and Horace Greeley whiskers to boot. Thus, while Frederic Goodel pursued the lucrative occupation of a dealer in "investment securities," his cousin, Lafayette Goodel, tilled the ancestral farm in Sullivan county and each year came within perhaps a hundred dollars of clearing expenses.

The deficit was supplied by Frederic, who took in exchange an occasional basket of small sour peaches. Once he had paid his cousin a visit projected to last for ten days. He rowed on the lake, climbed the mountain, grew bilious from drinking too much milk and at the end of the third afternoon waved an adieu from the rear platform of the observation car, into which he immediately disappeared, not to emerge again until the porter's whiskbroom heralded his imminent arrival in town.

"What a place!" he ejaculated to his brother-in-law, Rushmore Luddington. "Hard beds, soft water, unripe fruit and everything tried to a crisp!"

"That's the way out ancestors were raised, though," Luddington replied, "and what a sturdy lot of fellows they were!"

"Of course they were. They simply had to be if they survived at all."

"But then, you know, there's the lake and the mountain, the whole," Luddington concluded, "providing an ideal place for a boy's holiday."

Goodel struck the desk.

"By Jove, an admirable suggestion!" he exclaimed. "Jimmie shall go there next week. Sour peaches at a hundred dollars a basket are too expensive for me. I once had Jimmie out to lunch, and if he doesn't eat Cousin Luff out of house and home I'm no judge of a good appetite!"



# Potash, Perlmutter and Others

By MONTAGUE GLASS

## VII.—OPPORTUNITY

[Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.]

"WHAT is brokers?" Mr. Marcus Shimko asked. "A broker is no good; otherwise he wouldn't be a broker. Brokers is fellers which they couldn't make a success of their own affairs, Mr. Zamp, so they butt into everybody else's. Particularly business brokers, Mr. Zamp. Real estate brokers is bad enough, and insurances brokers is a lot of sharks also; but for a cutthroat, a low life bum, understand me, the worst is a business broker!"

"That's all right, too, Mr. Shimko," Harry Zamp said timidly; "but if I would get a partner with, say, for example, \$500, I could make a go of this here business."

Mr. Shimko nodded skeptically. "I ain't saying you couldn't," he agreed, "but where would you find such a partner? Nowadays a feller with \$500 don't think of going into retail business no more. The least he expects is he should go right away into manufacturing. Jobbing and retailing is nix for such a feller, understand me—especially clothing. Mr. Zamp, which nowadays even drugstores carries retail clothing as a side line, so cut up the business!"

Harry Zamp nodded gloomily. "And, furthermore," Shimko added, "business brokers could no more get you a partner with money as they could do miracles, Mr. Zamp. Them days is past, Mr. Zamp, and all a business broker could do nowadays is to bring you a feller with experience, and you don't need a business broker for that, Mr. Zamp. Experience in the retail clothing business is like the measles—everybody has had it."

"Then what should I do, Mr. Shimko?" Zamp asked helplessly. "I must get to get a partner with money somewhere, ain't it? And if I wouldn't go to a business broker who then would I go to—a bartender?"

"Never mind!" Mr. Shimko exclaimed. "Some people got an idea all bartenders is bums, but wunst in awhile a feller could get from a bartender an advice also. I got working for me wunst in my place down on Park row a feller by the name Klinkowitz, which he is now manager of the Olympic Gardens, on Rivington street, and if I would have took that feller's advice, Mr. Zamp, instead I am worth now my tens of thousands I would got hundreds of thousands already. When you see a feller is going down and out, Mr. Shimko, he always says to me, 'Don't show him no mercy at all. If you set 'em up for a live one, Mr. Shimko,' he says, 'he would anyhow buy a couple of rounds, but a dead one, Mr. Shimko,' he says, 'if you show him the least little encouragement, understand me, the least that happens you is he gets away with the whole lunch counter.' Am I right or wrong?"

Mr. Zamp nodded. He resented the imputation that he was a dead one, but he felt bound to agree with Mr. Shimko in view of the circumstances that on the following day he would owe a month's rent with small prospect of being able to pay it. Indeed, he wondered at Mr. Shimko's amiability, for as owner of the Canal street premises Shimko had the reputation of being a harsh landlord. Had Zamp but known it, however, store property on Canal street was not in active demand of late by reason of the new bridge improvements, and Shimko's amiability proceeded from a desire to retain Zamp as a tenant if the latter's solvency could be preserved.

"But I couldn't help myself, Mr. Zamp," Shimko went on. "I got no business keeping a restaurant at all." As a matter of fact, Mr. Shimko's late restaurant was of the variety popularly designated as a "barrel house," and he had only retired from the business after his license had been revoked.

"Yes, Mr. Zamp," Shimko continued; "in a business like that a feller shouldn't got a heart at all. But I am very funny that way. I couldn't bear to see nobody suffer, understand me, and everybody takes advantage of me on account of it. So I tell you what I would do. My wife got a sort of a relation by the name Miss Babetta Schick, which she works for years by a big clock and suit concern as a de-

signer. She ain't so young no longer, but she got put away in savings bank a couple of thousand dollars, and she is engaged to be married to a young feller by the name Isaac Meiselson, which nobody could tell what he does for a living at all. One thing is certain—with the money this Meiselson gets with Miss Schick he could go as partners together with you and pull you out of the hole, ain't it?"

Mr. Zamp nodded again without enthusiasm.

"Sure, I know, Mr. Shimko," he said, "but if a young feller would got \$2,000 to invest in a business, I understand, why should he come to me? If he would got only \$500, Mr. Shimko, that would be something else again. But with so much as \$2,000 a feller could get lots of clothing businesses which they run a big store with a couple of cutters, a half a dozen salesmen and a bookkeeper. What have I got to offer him for \$2,000? Me, I am salesman, cutter, bookkeeper and everything. And if this feller comes in here and sees me alone in the place, with no customers nor nothing, he gets an idea it's a dead proposition. Ain't it?"

Shimko pulled out a full cigar case, whereat Zamp's eye kindled, and he licked his lips in anticipation. But after Shimko had selected a dark perfect one he closed the case deliberately and replaced it in his breast pocket.

"A business man must got to got gumption," he said to the disappointed Zamp, "and if you think you could got a partner just by bringing him into the store here and showing him the stock and fixtures which you got it you are making a big mistake."

"Well, of course I am expecting I should blow him to dinner maybe," Zamp protested, "with a theyster also." Shimko evidenced his disgust by puffing vigorously at his cigar.

"You are just like a whole lot of other people, Zamp," he said. "You are always willing to spend money before you make it. Meiselson comes in here and sees you only got a small stock of piece goods, understand me, and you couldn't afford to keep no help, and then on top of that yet you would take him out and blow him. Naturally, he right away gets the idea you are spending your money foolishly instead of putting it into your business, and the whole thing is off."

Zamp shrugged impatiently. "What could I do, Mr. Shimko?" he asked. "I got here a small stock of goods, I know, but that's just the reason why I want a partner."

"And that's just the reason why you wouldn't get one," Shimko declared. "A small stock of piece goods you couldn't help, Zamp; but if you let that feller come into your store and find you ain't got no cutters or customers that's your own fault."

"What d'ye mean, Mr. Shimko?" Zamp demanded.

"I mean this," Shimko explained. "If I would got a store like you got it here, Zamp, and a friend offers to bring me a feller with a couple thousand dollars for a partner, understand me, I would go to work, I understand, and get a couple cutters and engage 'em for the afternoon. Then I would turn around, I understand, and go up and see such a feller like Klinkowitz, which he is manager of that theyster on Rivington street, and I would get him to fix up for me a half a dozen young fellers from his theyster, which they would come down to the store for the day, and some of 'em acts like customers and others acts like clerks. Then, when my friend brings in the feller with \$2,000, understand me, what do they see? The place is full of customers and salesmen, and in the rear is a couple of cutters chalking lines on pattern papers and cutting it up with shears. You yourself are so busy, understand me, you could hardly talk a word to us. You don't want to know anything about getting a partner at all. What is a partner with \$2,000 in a rushing business like you are doing it? I beg of you you should take the matter under consideration, but you pretty near throw me out of the store on account you got so much to do. At last you say you would take a cup coffee with me at 6 o'clock, and I go away with the \$2,000 feller, and when we meet again at 6 o'clock he's pretty near crazy to invest his money with you. Do you get the idea?"

"Might you could even get the feller to pay for the coffee, maybe," Zamp suggested, completely carried away by Shimko's enthusiasm.

"If the deal goes through," Shimko declared in a burst of generosity, "I would even pay for the coffee myself!"

"And when would you bring the feller here?" Zamp asked.

"I would see him this afternoon yet," Shimko replied as he opened the store door. "and I would telephone you sure, by Dachtel's place, at 4 o'clock."

Zamp, full of gratitude, shook hands with his landlord.

"If I would got such a head like you got it to think out schemes, Mr. Shimko," he said fervently, "I would be a millionaire, I bet yer!"

"The thinking out part is nothing," Shimko said as he turned to leave. "Any blame fool could think out a scheme, I understand, but it takes a pretty bright feller to make it work!"

"If a feller wouldn't be in business for himself," Shimko said to Isaac Meiselson as they sat in Wasserbauer's

cafe that afternoon, "he might just as well never come over from Russland at all."

"I told you before, Mr. Shimko," Meiselson retorted, "I am from Lemberg geborn."

"Oestreich oder Russland, what is the difference?" Shimko asked. "If a feller is working for somebody else, nobody cares who he is or what he is, while if he's got a business of his own, understand me, everybody would respect him, even if he would be born in, we would say for example, China."

"Sure, I know, Mr. Shimko," Meiselson rejoined, "but there is businesses and businesses, and what for a business is a small retail clothing store on Canal street?"

"Small the store may be, I ain't denying it," Shimko said; "but ain't it better a feller does a big business in a small store as a small business in a big store?"

"If he does a big business, yes," Meiselson admitted; "but if a feller does a big business why should he want to got a partner?"

"Ain't I just telling you I wouldn't want no partner?" Shimko replied. "And as for doing a big business, I bet yer we could drop in on the feller any time and we would find the store full of people."

"Gewis," Meiselson commented, "three people playing auction pinochle in a small store is a big crowd!"

"No auction pinochle gets played in that store, Meiselson. The feller han working by him two cutters and three salesmen, and he makes 'em earn their money. Only yesterday I am in the store, and if you would believe me, Meiselson, his own landlord he wouldn't talk to at all, so busy he is."

"In that case what for should he need me for a partner? I couldn't understand at all," Meiselson declared.

"Neither could I," Shimko replied, "but a feller like you, which he would soon got \$2,000 to invest, needs him for a partner. A feller like Zamp would keep you straight, Meiselson. What you want is somebody which he is going to make you work."

"What d'ye mean, going to make me work?" Meiselson asked indignantly. "I am working just as hard as you are, Mr. Shimko. When a feller is selling toilet soaps and perfumeries, Mr. Shimko, he couldn't see his trade only certain hours of the day."

"I ain't kidding you are not working, Meiselson," Shimko said hastily. "All I am telling you is what for a job is selling toilet soaps and perfumery? You got a limited trade there, Meiselson, because when it comes to toilet soaps, understand me, how many people takes it so particular? I bet yer with a hundred people, Meiselson, eighty uses laundry soap, fifteen gavers soap from hotels and saloons, and the rest buys wunst in six months a five cent cake of soap. As for perfumery, Meiselson, for a dollar bill you could get enough perfumery to make a thousand people smell like an Italian barber shop; whereas clothing, Meiselson, everybody must got to wear it. If you are coming to compare clothing with toilet soap for a business, Meiselson, there ain't no more comparison as gold and putty."

Meiselson remained silent.

"Furthermore," Shimko continued, "if Zamp sees a young feller like you, which even your worst enemy must got to admit it, Meiselson, you are a swell dresser, and make a fine, up-to-date appearance, understand me, he would maybe reconsider his decision not to take a partner."

"Did he say he wouldn't take a partner?" Meiselson asked hopefully.

"He says to me so sure as you are sitting there: 'Mr. Shimko, my dear friend, if it would be for your sake I would willingly go as partners together with some young feller,' he says; 'but when a business man is making money,' he says, 'why should he got to got a partner? he says, 'So I says to him: 'Zamp, I says, 'here is a young feller which he is going to get married to a young lady by the name Miss Babetta Schick.'"

"She ain't so young no longer," Meiselson broke in ungalantly.

"By the name Miss Babetta Schick," Shimko continued, recognizing the interruption with a malevolent glare, "which she got, anyhow, a couple thousand dollars, I says; 'and for her sake and for my sake, I says, 'if I would bring the young feller around here, would you consent to look him over? And he says for my sake he would consent to do it, but we shouldn't go around there till next week.'"

"All right," Meiselson said; "if you are so dead anxious I should do so, I would go around next week."

"Say, looky here, Meiselson," Shimko burst out angrily, "don't do me no

favor! Do you or do you not want to go into a good business? Because, if you don't, say so, and I wouldn't bother my head further."

"Sure, I do," Meiselson said.

"Then I want to tell you something," Shimko continued. "We wouldn't wait till next week at all. With the business that feller does, delays is dangerous. If we would wait till next week some one offers him a good price and buys him out maybe. Tomorrow afternoon, 2 o'clock, you and me goes over to his store, understand me, and we catches him unawares. Then you could see for yourself what a business that feller is doing."

Meiselson shrugged.

"I am agreeable," he said.

"Because," Shimko went on, thoroughly aroused by Meiselson's apathy, "if you're such a fool that you don't know it, Meiselson, I must got to tell you. Wunst in awhile if a business man is going to get a feller for partner, when he knows the feller is coming around to look the business over he plants phony customers around the store and makes it show up like it was a fine business, when in reality he is going to bust up right away."

"So?" Meiselson commented, and Shimko glared at him ferociously.

"You don't appreciate what I am doing for you at all!" Shimko cried. "I wouldn't telephone the feller or nothing that we are coming, understand me? We'll take him by surprise."

Meiselson shrugged.

"Go ahead and take him by surprise if you want to," he said wearily.

In point of fact, Isaac Meiselson was quite content to remain in the soap and perfumery trade, and it was only by dint of much persuasion on Miss Babetta Schick's part that he was prevailed upon to embark in a more lucrative business. It seemed a distinct step downward when he compared the well nigh tender methods employed by him in disposing of soap and perfumery to the proprietresses of beauty parlors with the more robust salesmanship in vogue in the retail clothing business.

"Also I would meet you right here," Shimko concluded, "at half past 1 sharp tomorrow."

After the conclusion of his interview with Isaac Meiselson, Shimko repaired immediately to Zamp's tailoring establishment, and together they proceeded to the office of Mr. Boris Klinkowitz, manager of the Olympic gardens, on Rivington street. Shimko explained the object of their business, and in less than half an hour the resourceful Klinkowitz had engaged a force of cutters, salesmen and customers sufficient to throng Harry Zamp's store for the entire day.

"You would see how smooth the whole thing goes," Klinkowitz declared after he had concluded his arrangements. "The cutters is genuine cutters, members from a union already, and the salesmen works for years by a couple concerns on Park Row."

"And the customers?" Zamp asked.

"That depends on yourself," Klinkowitz replied. "If you got a couple real bargains in sample garments I would not be surprised if the customers could be genuine customers also. Two of 'em works here as waiters, evenings, and the other three ain't no bums, either. I called a dress rehearsal at your store tomorrow morning 10 o'clock."

On the following day, when Mr. Shimko visited his tenant's store, he rubbed his eyes.

"Ain't it wonderful!" he exclaimed. "Natural like life!"

Zamp winked.

"Only the cutters and the salesmen showed up," he replied.

"Well, who are them other fellers there?" Shimko asked.

"How should I know?" Zamp said hoarsely. "A couple of suckers comes in from the street and we sold 'em the same like anybody else."

Here the door opened to admit a third stranger. As the two "property" salesmen were busy Zamp turned to greet him.

"Could you make me up maybe a dress suit mit a silk lining?" the newcomer asked.

"What are you so late for?" Zamp retorted. "Klinkowitz was here school an hour ago already."

The stranger looked at Zamp in a puzzled fashion.

"What are you talking about—Klinkowitz?" he said. "I don't know the feller at all."

Zamp gazed hard at his visitor, and then his face broke into a smile. "Excuse me," he said. "I am making a mistake. Do you want a French drape order an unfinished worsted?"

For the next thirty minutes a succession of customers filled the store, and when Klinkowitz's supernumeraries arrived at intervals during that period Zamp turned them all away.

"What are you doing, Zamp?" Shimko exclaimed. "At 2 o'clock the store would be empty!"

"Would it?" Zamp retorted as he eyed a well dressed youth who paused in front of the show window. "Well, maybe it would, and maybe it would not, and anyhow, Mr. Shimko, if there wouldn't be no customers here we wouldn't anyhow got plenty of cutting to do. Besides, Shimko, customers is like sheep—if you get a run of 'em one follows the other."

The two salesmen had all the customers they could manage, and as Shimko watched them work his face grew increasingly gloomy.

"Say, looky here, Zamp," he said. "You are doing here such a big business where do I come in?"

"What do you mean where do you come in?" Zamp asked.

"Why, the idea is mine you should get a couple adjsmen and cutters," Shimko began, "and"—

"What d'ye mean the idea is yours?" Zamp rejoined. "Ain't I got a right to hire a couple salesmen and cutters if I want to?"

"Yes, but you never would have done so if I ain't told it you," Shimko said. "I ought to get a rakeoff here."

"You should get a rakeoff because my business is increasing so I got to hire a couple salesmen and cutters!" Zamp exclaimed. "What an idea!"

Shimko paused. After all, he reflected, why should he quarrel with Zamp? At 2 o'clock, when he expected to return with Meiselson, if the copartnership were consummated, he would collect 10 per cent of the copartnership funds as the regular commission. Moreover, he had decided to refuse to consent to the transfer of the store lease from Zamp individually to the copartnership of Zamp & Meiselson save at an increase in rental of \$10 a month.

"Very well, Zamp," he said. "Maybe the idea ain't mine, but just the same I would be back here at 2 o'clock, and Meiselson comes along."

With this ultimatum Shimko started off for Wasserbauer's cafe, and at ten minutes to 2 he accompanied Meiselson down to Canal street.

"Yes, Meiselson," Shimko began as they approached Zamp's store. "There's a feller which he ain't got no more sense as you have, and yet he is doing a big business anyhow."

"What d'ye mean, no more sense as I got it?" Meiselson demanded. "Always up to now I got sense enough to make a living, and I ain't killed myself doing it, neither!"

For the remainder of their journey to Zamp's store Shimko sulked in silence, but when at length they reached their destination he exclaimed aloud:

"Did you ever see the like?" he cried. "The place is actually full up with customers!"

Zamp's prediction had more than justified itself. When Shimko and Meiselson entered he looked up absently as he handled the rolls of piece goods which he had purchased for cash only one hour previously. Moreover, his pockets overflowed with money, for every customer had paid a deposit of at least 25 per cent.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Zamp," Shimko cried. "This is Mr. Meiselson, the gentleman which I am speaking to you about. He wants to go as partners together with you."

Zamp ran his hand through his disheveled hair. He was more than confused by his sudden accession of trade.

"You got to excuse me, Mr. Shimko," he said. "I am very, very busy just now."

Shimko winked furtively at Zamp.

"Sure, I know," he said, "but when could we see you later today?"

"You couldn't see me later today," Zamp replied. "I am going to work tonight getting out orders."

"Naturalich," Shimko rejoined, "but couldn't you take a cup coffee with us a little later?"

Zamp jumped nervously as the door opened to admit another customer.

"Did you ever see the like?" he cried.

The two clerks, supplemented by a third salesman, who had been hired by telephone, were extolling the virtues of Zamp's wares in stentorian tones, and the atmosphere of the little store was fairly suffocating.

"I couldn't think of it," Zamp answered, and turned to the newly arrived customer. "Well, sir," he cried, "what could I do for you?"

"Say, looky here, Zamp!" Shimko exploded angrily. "What is the matter with you? I am bringing you here



"I must get to get a partner with money somewhere, ain't it?"



"She ain't so young no longer."



"Did you ever see the like?" he cried.



# NEW YEAR GREETINGS



From the Crockett Courier to Its  
Subscribers and Other Patrons



## Happy New Year

The following New Year wish is ascribed to Goethe.

Health enough to make work a pleasure.

Wealth enough to support your needs.

Strength enough to battle with difficulties and overcome them.

Grace enough to confess your sins and forsake them.

Patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished.

Charity enough that shall see some good in your neighbor.

Cheerfulness enough that shall make others glad.

Love enough that shall move you to be useful and helpful to others.

Faith that shall make real the things of God.

And hope that shall remove all anxious fears concerning the future.

**Good-by,  
Old Year!**

Good-by, Old Year! With words of grace,  
Leave us with him who takes your place,  
And say, Old Year, unto the new,  
"Kindly, carefully, carry them through,  
For much, I ween, they have yet to do."

—John Godfrey Saxe.



## 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.

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

#### J. R. Sheridan Dead.

Mr. J. R. Sheridan, 59 years a citizen of Houston county, died at his home in Crockett on Monday night of last week. His death ended a lingering illness of heart trouble. Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at the Sheridan home. Mr. Sheridan was a conscientious and consistent member of the Christian church and of the K. of P. lodge.

The deceased was born 59 years ago at or near Augusta, this county. His parents were among the first settlers in this county. His grandfather came to Houston county during the days when the pioneers hued out the timber for their homes with the hand-axe while fighting off the Indians with the rifle. His father, Col. W. N. Sheridan, is yet living in the northern part of the county and is one of the oldest citizens of the county.

Fifteen or twenty years ago Mr. Sheridan was county tax collector and held the office with great credit for several terms. Following his retirement from office, he moved to Quanah for a brief period, but the inclination to return to his friends in Houston county was so impelling that he again took up his residence in Crockett, entering the real estate and insurance business. Of late years he has been cotton census enumerator for the national government, gathering statistics for the ginners' report.

Mr. Sheridan was a man of strong influence in whatever he undertook. He understood the plain people, their desires and necessities, and he was their friend. He never lost confidence in the people nor they in him. His influence was strong with them.

Early in life he married Miss Fannie Dupuy, a member of an old and prominent Houston county family, who survives him. Others of the family left are a daughter, Miss Stella Sheridan, and a son, Dupuy Sheridan. A daughter, Miss Jessie Sheridan, preceded him in death several years ago.

Interment was in Glenwood cemetery Tuesday afternoon.

#### G. B. Lundy Dead.

Mr. G. B. Lundy expired very suddenly at his home in this city Tuesday morning of last week. He had been a sufferer from heart trouble for some time and his death was not unexpected, although his condition was thought to have been improved lately.

Mr. Lundy was one of Houston county's oldest citizens, being in his 76th year. He was a native of one of the older southern states, but came to Texas when a young man, settling with his people in Polk

county. Later he moved west into Trinity county and married Miss Mary Elizabeth Worthington, a daughter of Dr. Worthington, a prominent physician of old Fort Sumpter of that time. He afterward moved further west to Nevils' Prairie in Houston county and later to Lovelady, where his wife died.

Mr. Lundy's second wife was Mrs. Sallie Daniel, widow of Dick Daniel, who lived east of Crockett during his time. During most of the time following his second marriage, Mr. Lundy was a resident of Crockett, having become engaged in the mercantile business with his last wife's brother, Mr. Tom Thompson. He was a faithful member of the Presbyterian church and of the Masonic lodge. The funeral services, which were held Wednesday afternoon, were conducted with Masonic ceremony.

Mr. Lundy was a Confederate veteran, having served with distinction throughout that memorable conflict between the states. He was seriously wounded at one of the war's greatest battles in Virginia, but recovered and was at the surrender. Those who served with him have spoken of his bravery and unselfishness.

By his death Mr. Lundy leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter. The sons are R. G. Lundy of Crockett and W. Q. Lundy of Evansville, Leon county. The daughter is Mrs. John LeGory of this city. Besides, there are numerous relatives and friends who are mourning his departure.

#### W. P. Harris Dead.

Our people were shocked with surprise and sorrow on Monday morning of last week when it became known that W. P. Harris was no more. His illness was of such short duration that only a very few knew of it. He had been going in and out among our people during the previous week in his usual way and there was no thought of his untimely ending.

Mr. Harris was at his accustomed place of business Friday, Saturday being Christmas day, he had planned a hunting trip with friends. Eating his breakfast as usual, he joined an automobile party of friends for the hunt. During the day he was overcome with a chill and forced to retire to a neighboring house before returning to town. Arriving home late in the evening, his condition had become noticeably worse and physicians were summoned. Continuing to grow worse all the while, he died Monday morning.

The remains were shipped to Lufkin Monday night for interment. Mr. Harris came from Lufkin to Crockett nearly four years ago and engaged in business. He made friends rapidly by his manly character and sterling worth. The Lufkin News, writing of his funeral, said of him: "He was studious and industrious, the very soul of honor, and was rapidly forging his way to the front in an industrial career when the damp dew of death settled on his brow. The world has lost considerable in the dissolution of Babe Harris. He was a credit to the time in which he lived, and it may be said that every one of his wide acquaintance was his abiding friend. His disposition was such that no one could refrain from admiring him and his splendid personality will be remembered for many a day." Truly, one of nature's noblemen has been cut down in the very flower of his usefulness.

Mr. Harris was born in Jasper county 37 years ago, but had lived for a number of years in Lufkin, where he is survived by two sisters and a brother. He was an active member of the Methodist church, the Masonic order, the K. of P.

lodge and the Woodmen of the World.

The remains were accompanied to Lufkin by C. P. O'Bannon and Oliver Aldrich. Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at the home of Dr. and Mrs. D. M. Childers, Mrs. Childers being a sister. The ceremonies were under the direction of the Masonic lodge and Rev. R. L. Cole of Lufkin.

#### Help the Poor.

I have learned of a Mexican family of six, a wife and her husband and his father, and three sons, the sons nearly grown. In some way they have had misfortune and are very destitute. A daughter about twelve years old died. The man and his boys are willing to work, and have probably secured work on a farm near Crockett, but at present their need is urgent. They are almost as destitute as a family that had been burnt out, and need bedsteads, mattresses, blankets, and clothing, and food. I am persuaded the good people of Crockett will be ready to extend relief to these poor brethren, who are the more helpless because they cannot speak our language. Any contributions in money or other things for them might be sent to Judge Aldrich, who will see that they get them.

I would also suggest that there may be other cases of need among white people, Mexicans, or negroes. Our people ought to be on the lookout for such cases and extend help as far as possible. If contributions are sent to Mr. Kiessling at the state bank, they will be used by the charity committee as wisely as possible to help those who are most in need. It would be well for our Ladies' Aid societies in our different churches to aid as they can. The winter is upon us, and help is needed quickly. S. F. Tenney.

#### Bad Cold Quickly Broken Up.

Mrs. Martha Wilcox, N. Y., writes: "I first used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy about eight years ago. At that time I had a hard cold and coughed most of the time. It proved to be just what I needed. It broke up the cold in a few days, and the cough entirely disappeared. I have told many of my friends of the good I received through using this medicine, and all who have used it speak of it in the highest terms." Obtainable everywhere.—Adv.

## Our New Year's Wish for Our Friends and Patrons

We wish for everyone prosperity and happiness through the New Year and trust it will be our pleasure to serve each of our old customers and many more new ones in the same unselfish and satisfactory way as in the past.

## Deupree & Waller

Furniture and Undertakers

#### A Family Reunion.

Christmas was celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Fitchett of Percilla by a family reunion. The following enjoyed a delightful turkey dinner: Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Fitchett and sons, Johnnie and Joe of Jacksonville; Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Lively and daughter, Ida Delle of Elkhart; Mr. C. E. Dickey and daughter, Jessie Mae; Messrs. Seth and Trawl Fitchett, Miss Mae Ola Fitchett; Mrs. H. A. Rice (sister of Mr. I. W. Fitchett) of Crockett and Mrs. Amanda Elliott.

The occasion had been looked forward to for many months by the guests, and great preparations had been made by the host for their comfort and pleasure.

Old Santa Claus did not fail to come in with his share, as all were made to rejoice when they awoke on Christmas morning and found their stockings filled with many good and useful gifts, which occupied their time until 1 p. m., when the bountiful dinner was served.

The afternoon was spent in pleasant conversation, sweet music and reading.

The guests remained until Monday, leaving with happy hearts for their respective homes.

A Guest.

#### Christmas at Oakland.

Editor Courier: I am handing you a program of our exercises at Oakland on the 24th, when we had our Sunday school Christmas tree, and although

the night was cold, I believe every one who attended felt well repaid. Mrs. Baxla and Miss Eddy had given much time to training the children, and they all did their parts nicely; and after reading war news for over a year, it certainly was a relief to hear the songs the angels sang two thousand years ago: "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

I wish to say to every rural community in the county that has no Sunday school, "Get up one; it is the best investment you ever made, and let it be a union school." We have them with several kinds of beliefs, but they have enough sense to know that people are like autos—whether cheap or high priced, they all travel the same road.

Oakland Sunday school has given ten nice Bibles to scholars who have committed to memory all the names of the Old and the New Testaments.

S. Song, "Seeking Christ the King"—Choir.

Reading, "The Birth of Christ"—Superintendent.

Song, "Upon the House Top"—School.

Recitation, "Two Little Stockings"—Joe and Hony Spinks.

Dialogue, "Santa Calls the Roll"—School.

Song, "There is a Song in the Air"—Choir.

Recitation, "Santa's Note Book"—Cline Shroyer.

Song, "Dear Little Stranger"—Six boys and girls.

Reading, "Mildred's Letter to Santa"—Florence Shroyer.

Recitation, "My Dolly"—Ilah Baxla.

Song, "Morn of Gladness"—Choir.

Recitation, "The Advent Night"—Dale Shroyer.

## Jas. S. Shivers & Co.

Wish to extend the season's greetings to all and thank you for the liberal patronage of the past year and hope to have a continuance of the same in this prosperous looking one we are just now entering upon, as we are preparing to put before you the swellest line of spring goods ever shown in our little city. You will find the same old sales force waiting to greet you upon entering our store, and if possible more courteous than ever, and ever ready to look after your personal welfare by helping you make your selections of the best the markets can afford. Again wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year, we beg to remain,

Yours to serve and to please,

## Jas. S. Shivers & Co.



*Happy New Year*  
AND THANKS  
to Customers

Let Us  
Serve You  
In 1916

Awaiting your orders are the best butter, coffee and teas of quality, the finest cheese obtainable, fresh fruits, fragrant spices, pure olive oil, breakfast foods of all kinds and fancy groceries of unexcelled merit.

Our stock would make the mouth of Lucullus water.

**Johnson Arledge**

Telephone 29

**Local News Items**

Sonley LeMay, who is teaching at Jasper, while spending his vacation in Crockett arranged for the Courier to visit him.

William H. Denny, a student of Austin College, Sherman, came home to visit his parents and enjoy the holiday festivities.

Mrs. A. H. Wootters and Miss Delha Mildred Wootters returned Sunday evening from a visit to San Antonio and Houston.

Mrs. F. G. Edmiston and Jane Elizabeth and Mrs. R. H. Wootters and Corrie Mildred visited relatives in Huntsville last week.

Harold Hail, who has a position with a wholesale lumber company at Shreveport, left Sunday afternoon to resume his duties.

Elmo Barbee, who has a position with Smith Bros. at Marshall, was here last week and arranged for the Courier to be forwarded to him.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Croft of Mineral Wells were here last week to visit their grandmother, Mrs. W. E. Mayes, who is in feeble health.

Mrs. Delbert Standley and children of Huntsville and Miss Fannie Wills of Lovelady visited in the home of John I. Moore Christmas week.

Miss Della Moore of Dallas and friend, Miss Mayme Weeks, also of Dallas, were guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. John I. Moore Christmas week.

**Frost Proof Cabbage Plants.**

Twenty-five cents per one hundred by mail. With orders for two hundred and over, will give a trial package of my improved hog peanuts. Jessie Barnes, Trinity, Texas. 4t.

Chas. Turner of Texarkana and Walter Turner of Lufkin visited their father, C. A. Turner, and family near Crockett during the Christmas holidays.

A plate glass window in the front of Channell's variety store was mysteriously smashed Monday night, believed to be accidental, as nothing was taken.

The Murchison building on Public avenue is being enhanced with a new front and awning. It will be occupied by Mrs. Monzingo's millinery establishment.

**For Rent.**

Five-room cottage in south Crockett, formerly occupied by Mrs. W. L. Dawson. Apply to Leroy Moore at the furniture store. 1t.

Dick Bailey, whose home is at Henderson, but who played on the Crockett baseball team last season, visited friends here last week. He is now a student of Texas University.

Mrs. H. B. Meek of Sinton, while visiting relatives and the old home here last week, requested that the Courier be forwarded to her San Patricio county address, which shall be done.

The New Year's gift from the people of Houston county to the Crockett Courier is an improved patronage and the Courier's gift to them in return is an improved newspaper.

**Our Jitney Offer—This and 5c.**

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 coughs, colds and croup, Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Sold everywhere. —Adv.

William Wilson of New York spent the holiday vacation with his parents in this city. He is assistant engineer on one of the Mallory Company steamers operating between New York and Galveston.

S. M. Monzingo has bought an interest with Homer West in the Palace of Sweets. The business will be moved to the Murchison building now undergoing repair and being partitioned and which will also be occupied by the Vogue Millinery.

Fire Wednesday night destroyed the Millar old home place, near the J. C. Millar residence in south Crockett. The conflagration occurred between 10:30 and 11 o'clock. The house was unoccupied except by an old negro caretaker, who does not know how the fire got started.

S. H. Sharp, formerly the cashier of the Weldon bank, was here Tuesday. Mr. Sharp, who resigned his position at the beginning of the year, was succeeded by a Mr. Mangum, formerly of Mangum Bros., Weldon. The retiring cashier has returned to his home and family at Lovelady.

An 18-months-old daughter of Mrs. S. H. Hollingsworth, living a mile southeast of town, died of pneumonia on Tuesday of last week and was buried in a community cemetery east of Crockett on Wednesday afternoon following. Mrs. Hollingsworth recently lost her husband, who also died with pneumonia.

**Prominent Official to Be Here.**

Dr. W. A. Davis, Secretary of the State Board of Health and Registrar of Vital Statistics, will be in Houston county next week. On Tuesday he will meet with the Houston County Medical Society and is scheduled to read a paper on "The Necessity of Birth Registration and Its Benefits to the Child."

Matt Welch has disposed of his interest in the Royal Theatre to W. B. Page. This popular amusement place will continue under the management of J. W. Saunders. For the present nothing but feature pictures will be run. Mr. Saunders proposes to maintain the high order of amusement attained under the management of Welch & Saunders.

**Christmas Dinner Party.**

Miss Delha Mildred Wootters entertained a few young friends on Sunday, December 26, at a Christmas dinner. The table was appropriately decorated and the dinner artistically served. Covers were laid for the following: Misses Leta Cunyus, Lucile Millar, Mack Burton and the hostess; Messrs. Loch Cook, Smith Harkins, Ike Craddock and Laddie Adams.

**Sold Potatoes and Syrup.**

Oscar Goodwin returned Christmas week from Ballinger, where he disposed of a car of sweet potatoes and a car of ribbon cane syrup. The potatoes were grown by him, the sugar cane was grown by him and the cane syrup was manufactured by him, all on his farm near Crockett. The labels for his syrup cans were made in Crockett, as were also the crates and boxes in which the cans and potatoes were shipped. He had no trouble in disposing of his products.

**Houston County Physicians.**

In view of the fact that smallpox is becoming prevalent in our county, I take this means of requesting every physician in the county to report immediately every case to me that may occur in their practice. We are trying to get the epidemic under control, and unless this is done it is almost impossible to check it. Physicians of the county should report all contagious diseases as soon as they occur.

L. Meriwether, M. D., County Health Officer.

**To Our Friends and Customers**

We wish a happy and prosperous 1916. Thanking you for past favors, we extend you a cordial invitation to make our place your headquarters, assuring you prompt attention, pure drugs and the best of everything in every line we handle.

**The McLean Drug Company**

The Rexall Store

**Christmas Marriages.**

H. J. Trube Jr. of Galveston and Miss Mattie Gossett were married in this city on December 25.

C. C. Saunders and Miss Irene Francis Harris were married at Lovelady on December 28.

Lawrence Dawson of this city and Miss Nimmie Belle Sims were married on December 28.

The Courier hastens to extend congratulations and best wishes.

**New Year Resolutions.**

Perhaps you've made many upon the advent of this year. This custom is as old as the hills. Some resolve not to smoke any more, others to practice economy. Let your New Year's resolution include us. Why not give us your account this year? If your credit is good with the other fellow, it is with us. Our delivery service is equal to any in the city, our prices most reasonable. Many have told us they were waiting for the New Year to give us some of their trade. The opportunity is here. We await your coming or phone message. Our New Year resolution is to give your business our best attention. For service, phone 91.

1t. Crockett Drug Company.

**Removal Notice.**

I have moved my stock of goods from former location on south side of Public Square to my building east of Goolsbee's blacksmith shop, where I shall be pleased to see all former patrons and as many new ones as possible. And I desire to take this means to thank those of my friends who have extended me their patronage heretofore and to solicit a continuance of such patronage. Come to see us in our new location, and bring your friends, and let's make them our friends. May the new year bring to all of you prosperity and contentment.

1t. N. E. Allbright.

**To Our Friends.**

We desire in this way to express our affectionate appreciation for the many acts of thoughtful consideration so generously shown during our great bereavement; these kind acts and words make our heavy burden lighter, and through our tears we thank you from hearts that are sore, but grateful in the possession of such true ties of friendship.

1t. Mrs. G. B. Lundy and Family.

**New Year's Dance.**

Some of the young people of Crockett enjoyed a New Year's dance in the rooms of the Crockett Club Friday evening in celebration of the passing of the old and the beginning of the new. Eighteen couples, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Craddock, participated. The dance was given by the young men as a compliment to the young ladies, and the music was by Tunstall's orchestra. Twenty regular numbers and two extras constituted the program.

**The Gist of It.**

"Last December I had a very severe cold and was nearly down sick in bed. I bought two bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it was only a very few days until I was completely restored to health," writes O. J. Metcalf, Weatherby, Mo. If you would know the value of this remedy, ask any one who has used it. Obtainable everywhere.—Adv.

**On October 8, 1914,**

The Cranford Drug Company, of Alba, Texas, phoned to The Eucaline Medicine Company at Dallas, the following:

"Express us One Dozen Admire Tonic Sarsaparilla, and ship us by freight Five Dozen more." Alba people have been using Admire Tonic Sarsaparilla for ten years. They know that it stops Chills and Fever promptly, relieves the system of Malaria and purifies the blood when it is disordered from Malaria Poison. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Ask for it.

For sale by Crockett Drug Co.

A year of health  
A year of prosperity  
A year of happiness

That's our New  
Year's wish for  
you.

**The Vogue Millinery**

**TO EVERYBODY  
A HAPPY, PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR**

We thank you for your generous patronage through the past year, and hope for a continuance during 1916.

**T. D. CRADDOCK**



# Gordon's Proposal

It Came After He Recovered From His Bashfulness.

By CLARA H. HOLMES.

"That Gordon McFarland," remarked Davy Moulton, "is the limit. He hasn't courage enough to propose."

"Hub! Do you want to marry him that you are so anxious about it?"

"No; I haven't cherry lips and dimples."

"Never mind the inventory, Brother Davy," Bess replied.

"All right, sis, but it'll never happen unless you propose. In the presence of his divinity—meaning you—he is reduced to a pulp."

The sting of this teasing was in its truth. Gordon was devoted to himself, yet it was a silent adoration. He seemed unable to utter a word in her presence. She had given him many opportunities in that unexplainable way a woman has, and once or twice he had floundered and stammered with effort until in vexation she had retorted so whimsically that she had silenced him completely.

"Oh, he's just too ridiculous—a great big thing like him stammering and blushing like a schoolboy! It fairly makes me ashamed," she grumbled.

A woman's motives are difficult to fathom. Bess in an unusual fit of graciousness had allowed Gordon to escort her to a ball. She was justly vain of her escort's appearance as she snuggled beside him in the depths of the carriage, but by the time they had arrived her manner had changed visibly, so much so that she almost ignored him after the conventional first dance. He had tangled his feet hopelessly in her train and missed step until she was nearly beside herself with mortification.

There was ample excuse for his bewilderment. She was intoxicatingly lovely with her draperies floating, cloudlike, about her bare shoulders and the flush of exercise tinting her face like a rose. Davy's comment was, "Gordon looks as if he would like to eat her."

Bess was so provoked at this that she intended to punish Gordon by flirting outrageously. "Besides, if I could make him cross he might pluck up a fraction of courage," she thought. It vexed her still more because she felt that he understood her motive. So did Davy, and he would not fail to tease her on the morrow.

Carelessly tossing Gordon her bouquet in passing, she walked off with Gerald Stone for an ice.

"Queer duck, that Gordon. Doesn't appear to have much to say," remarked Gerald insinuatingly.

Here the eternal feminine came to the surface. "Oh, I don't know!" Her tone was resentful in the extreme. The next instant she said sweetly: "Here's just the nook for a quiet chat. Let us sit here awhile. The ice can wait. So can Gordon. He'd hold my bouquet all night," laughingly.

An hour later Gordon sat abstractedly pulling at the petals of the roses. He had hoped that the flowers might convey to her that which he found so difficult to say.

In upon his musing dribbled the conversation of two acquaintances.

"So Gerald Stone has won Bessie Moulton? I thought Gordon was to be the man, but he lacked courage. He deserves to lose her. He should know a woman despises a faint heart," said a voice he knew.

"I wonder how she would like it if she knew that Gerald boasted to me of his conquest? He told as a great joke that she had left Gordon to moon over her bouquet. Said they were going to slip away and let him hunt for her when he had tired of the flowers. Seemed to think it mighty funny," answered the speaker's companion.

"It's contemptible. I wouldn't have thought it of Bessie Moulton," was the reply as they sauntered down the room.

The sturdy independence of Gordon's Scotch ancestry rose within him. He attached his card to the Aowers and left them in the cloak-

room; then, with a determined step, he left the house.

Bess loitered in her frivolous chat with the man she detested, dawdled over her ice and finally sauntered back to the dancing hall, apparently oblivious to the fact that she had promised this twostep to Gordon. She expected him to be waiting for her. When he was not to be seen she was perturbed.

"Come on, let's take this twostep," said Gerald, with great familiarity.

"No, thanks," hotly resenting his tone. "You have had more than enough of my company for one evening," she added lightly lest she betray her annoyance as to Gordon.

An hour or so later she called Gerald to her side. "I claim a woman's prerogative—I have changed my mind. You may take me home."

As he bowed his thanks he thought of his boast to Van Asytine and smiled.

Bess kept up a running fire of nonsense all the way home, effectually excluding sentiment.

Gordon waited in the shadow of the trees until they arrived. He meant to assure himself that he was not being misled and that he was doing her no injustice.

"Not dignified, this, but I must make sure. I do not blame her for it, but she might have been more kind about it. I certainly subjected her to ridicule, and then, when she showed me her favor so plainly and I was such a tongue tied fool that I couldn't take advantage of it, she must have thought—oh, I do not know what she could think but that I was a fool!" he muttered bitterly to himself.

He watched Gerald assist her from the carriage with what looked to his jealous eyes like an embrace, and as she turned to enter the house he gave her the flowers. She tossed them into the shrubbery disdainfully. "I don't want the withered things," she said.

Gordon gathered one rose from the apparently despised bouquet and placed it in a book, as if he had need of a token by which to remember this one night.

In the meantime Bess, in her room, was pressing his card to her lips with tears and inarticulate murmurings.

Two years later, Gordon McFarland sat in his office writing. It was after business hours, but he had remained to think out certain points in quiet and solitude.

Turning in his chair, he picked up the telephone receiver.

"I will call Jones and find out what he knows about this business," he soliloquized. He was on the point of calling "Hello, central!" when the sound of his own name arrested his attention. "That's the nuisance of a party line," he muttered. He had no intention of listening, but how could he help it when he heard his own name in that well remembered voice?

"Oh, Gordon McFarland? Well, if you'll never, never breathe it I'll tell you. He took me to a ball, and, yes, Grace, he left me to get home as best I could.

"No; certainly I don't think he was to blame. It must have been some of Davy's mischief.

"Yes, of course Davy denied it, but I know it was. Gordon would not have done it unless he thought he was justified.

"What's that? Did I really care? Well, yes, I did, and I don't care if you do know it.

"No, no; we weren't engaged. He was so bashful.

"What's that? Encourage him? I—I did. I tried to make him jealous of that abominable Gerald Stone, and—and I succeeded. That's how it all happened.

"Yes, that's so. It isn't the thing to talk secrets over a phone. Those horrid operators always do listen. Well, goodby! Come over in the morning—824 Fourth street, you remember. Good night!"

Gordon called in hurriedly before she could hang up. "Hello, Bessie!"

"Well, what is it, Grace?"

"This is not Grace, Bessie."

"Gordon McFarland!" The exclamation was one of dismayed surprise.

"Yes. I have recovered from my bashfulness. Will you marry me now, Bessie?"

"Indeed I will not! You're just too awful! You listened!"

"I couldn't help it, and I'm glad I didn't try. Don't you hang up that receiver or I'll be there within

ten minutes," he threatened.

"Then I'll hang it up. If you want an answer to that question come and get it." And he heard the receiver clang as it reached the hook.

## A Stroke of Business.

A writer who was very intimate with Frank R. Stockton says that when the Stockton family lived in Bucks county, Pa., Frank and his brother had a dog which they trained solely to hunt cats. The brothers were overhauled one day by a farmer whose cat they were chasing. To placate the farmer they gave him a dollar for a pig, which they took home. By driving away their father's pigs at feeding time they soon made their own the fattest pig in the pen and sold him at a profit of \$7. Frank R. Stockton always considered the deal a tribute to his business acumen.—Exchange.

## BIG GUN SHOOTING.

It Takes More Than Accurate Sighting to Hit the Target.

The average civilian believes that if he should sight along a big sea-coast gun, point it very accurately at a target several miles out to sea and give it the right elevation the shot from the gun would hit the target. As a matter of fact, the shot from a gun so aimed would never hit the target at all.

Suppose that the gun is properly aimed and that the shot hits the target, and suppose that the gun and target be left in exactly the same positions and that the gun be again fired tomorrow in exactly the same way. Not once in a thousand times would that second shot make a hit.

During the War of the Rebellion the shot were spherical; now they are oblong. A modern twelve inch projectile is as tall as the average fourteen-year-old boy. To be effective these projectiles must travel through the air and strike point first, and to make them travel point first the bore of the gun is rifled, so as to cause the projectile to revolve about its longer axis. That revolution makes the projectile move off to the right of the line of fire and curve in its flight in the same way that a baseball curves when thrown by a pitcher. To compensate for this "drift" a gun must be aimed not at the target, but to the left of it.

A wind blowing from one side or the other will move the shot to the right or left, a head-on wind will shorten the range, and wind from the rear will make the gun overshoot. Strange as it may seem, the wind will have sufficient effect upon the flight of a one thousand pound shot to cause a miss, and, as the weather conditions are rarely identical on two consecutive days, a shot that hits today will miss tomorrow.

Those are two of the simplest problems that have confronted the modern artilleryman. One by one the problems have been solved, until now big gun shooting has become almost an exact science.—Youth's Companion.

## SARDINES BY THE MILLIONS.

A Glimpse of the Great Industry as Carried on in France.

For the better part of a mile every building in Douarnenez, France, is a canning factory or fish depot. I was there in July, and it was the height of the season—at least it seemed so to me, for the activity was feverish. I could not get away from the sight and the smell of sardines.

An endless stream of fishing smacks was coming up to the mole and discharging cargoes, and an endless row of sailors and boys and girls was bringing the sardines in baskets from the fishing smacks to the depots, where they dumped them into wooden troughs. The sardine troughs are taken into the factory and dumped into huge tanks of brine. After a thorough salting the heads are cut off. The fish are cooked in oil and packed in cans of the flat, rectangular kind familiar to all the world.

The work in the factories is done by Breton girls, who sing as they handle the fish. They are remarkably industrious and cheerful, and enough of them are good looking to make one linger longer in the work-room than he would for mere interest in sardines.

But one does not get away from sardines when he leaves the depots and the factories, for between the processes of salting and cooking

they are dried, and this is generally done out of doors. In every possible space on the quay not necessary for passage there are wire baskets in which the sardines stand, tails in the air. Each basket contains a thousand. Each drying platform has a thousand baskets. There are a thousand drying platforms. There are four dryings per day. There are 200 days of good fishing.

I advise you not to multiply these sums and dwell upon the total, and I advise you not to think of the sardines in the boats, or in the baskets, or in the troughs, or in the vats, or dancing in the boiling oil. If I leave a picture of Douarnenez sardines may it be rather of the pretty Breton peasant girls, with their immaculate white lace head-gear, set off by dark hair and wind reddened cheeks, singing and laughing at their work.—Herbert Adams Gibbons in Harper's Magazine.

## The Mark of the Hand.

When the hand touches anything it leaves upon the object touched a representation of that part which came in contact with the object. This impression is not visible to the eye. It is made by the acid of moisture exuded from the skin. If you place the palm of your hand flat on a sheet of blank paper you may not see the faintest trace of the hand, and many people will be angry at the suggestion that there is any exudation—their hands are perfectly dry; they do not suffer from perspiration. Nevertheless if a metal plate covered with a certain chemical preparation be passed over the paper the representation of the hand becomes visible in great detail.

## Uninjured Lions Seldom Charge.

Like every other animal, the lion tries to avoid man until wounded, and it is only in exceptional cases of there being young ones to guard or from astonishment at seeing the hunters so close to them that they charge when being tracked.

They charge with the same coughing roar that a tiger does and come at great speed close to the ground, not bounding in the air, as they are represented in pictures. Their ears are pressed close to the head, giving them the comical appearance of being without ears.—London Times.

## Innocent Girl.

Sarcastic Father—Julia, that young man Smily has been here three nights in succession, and it has been nearly midnight when he left. Hadn't you better invite him to bring his trunk and make his home with us?

Innocent Daughter—Oh, papa! May I? It was just what he wanted, but he was too bashful to ask you. He'll be delighted when I tell him this evening.

## Why the Lover Looks at the Fire.

When a young Savoyard goes a-wooing he pays considerably more attention to the admired one's fire than to her face. If she leaves the billets of wood undisturbed on the hearth it is a sign that he is welcome, but should she place one of the blazing fagots in an upright position against the others it is a hint for him to take his departure.

## Not a Bouncer.

"Mother," said a six-year-old hopeful, "isn't it funny that everybody calls little brother a bouncing baby?"

"Why do you think it's funny, Willie?" remarked his mother.

"Because when I dropped him on the floor this morning he didn't bounce a bit. He only hollered."

## Regular System.

"Nothing ever goes to waste in this house," said the landlady from her seat at the head of the table.

"What do you do, then, madam, with what's left over?" a new boarder asked.

"I hash it, of course," she answered.

"But what do you do," the boarder persisted, "with the hash that's left over?"

"Why, rehash it."

## Not Troubled.

Irate Tenant—I asked you when I rented this place if you had ever been troubled by chicken thieves, and you said no. Every one of my chickens was stolen last night, and I am told that the neighborhood has been infested with chicken thieves for years.

Suburban Agent—I never keep chickens.

## TELLING TIME AT SEA.

Interesting Facts About the Ancient Practice of Striking Bells.

"See you at four bells."

You've often heard that expression, and chances are you've thought 4 o'clock.

Wrong! Four bells may mean 3 o'clock or 6 o'clock or 10 o'clock, either round of the clock, but never 4 o'clock.

Time at sea is yet announced in the ancient way of striking bells. The day is divided into six watches. The bells in each watch begin at one and run to eight. Thus each number of bells at sea occurs six times a day instead of twice, as the hours do on a clock.

The first watch is from 8 o'clock to midnight; midwatch, midnight to 4 o'clock; morning watch, 4 o'clock to 8 o'clock; forewatch, 8 o'clock to noon; afterwatch, noon to 4 o'clock; dog watch, 4 o'clock to 8 o'clock.

The first bell of each watch is struck on the half hour. Thus one bell might be 12:30 o'clock, 4:30 o'clock or 8:30 o'clock. Two bells would be 1 o'clock, 5 o'clock or 9 o'clock, and so on, the odd numbered bells meaning the half hours and even numbered bells the hours until eight bells (noon, 4 o'clock, 8 o'clock or midnight) are struck, when the order begins over again.

Ordinarily time is merely expressed as "six bells" or whatever bell it happens to be. If one wishes to be more explicit, "six bells by the mid-watch" is the expression. Translated into land time that would be 3 o'clock in the morning.

A sailor would announce the time as "four bells have gone," not "four bells have been struck or sounded." If he wanted to indicate a quarter hour he would say, "Half after three bells." When the time approaches nearly to an hour or half hour mark a sailor would say, "Four bells are about to go," meaning "In a few minutes it will be four bells."

The bells are sounded in pairs. Thus, five bells would strike the ear as "ding-ding—ding-ding—ding." Captains are very particular that the pairs be sounded distinct from each other.

Nine bells are seldom sounded aboard a ship nowadays. That grows out of an old superstition. Nine bells formerly were sounded whenever a death occurred, a custom that is growing less in favor. Sailors frequently speak of death as "when nine bells go."—Kansas City Star.

## Maligning Mother.

Mrs. Brennan's ten children had gathered at the old home for the first time in years. She surveyed the group proudly. From Captain Tom of thirty-five to Mary of eleven she believed they were equally dear to her.

"Mother loves all of us," said little Mary meditatively, "but she loves Tom best because he's oldest."

Mrs. Brennan protested and appealed to her second son.

"Dick, you grew up with Tom and can judge better than Mary. Did I ever treat him better than you?"

"Only in one way, mother," said the big fellow, a twinkle in his eye. "On cold nights you used to come in and pull the cover off me on to Tom."—Youth's Companion.

## The Skin of My Teeth.

In the book of Job appears the sentence, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth," which is modernized "by the skin of my teeth" and gives the idea of a narrow escape, one so close as to be just by the thickness of the skin on the teeth, which is so thin that no microscopist has yet been able to find it. "To cast in the teeth" means to throw defiant reproaches or insults spitefully, as one would cast a stone at the exposed teeth of a snarling dog. "Tooth and nail" denotes the manner of an action full of frenzied fury, typified by biting and scratching, as when two belligerent cats make the fur fly.

## Power of True Oratory.

When the Roman people had listened to the diffuse and polished discourses of Cicero they departed, saying one to another, "What a splendid speech our orator has made!" But when the Athenians heard Demosthenes he so filled them with the subject matter of his oration that they quite forgot the orator and left him at the finish of his harangue breathing revenge and exclaiming, "Let us go and fight against Philip!"—Colton.