

The Crockett Courier.

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MOTTO: "QUALITY, NOT QUANTITY."

CROCKETT, TEXAS, JANUARY 20, 1916.

VOLUME XXVI—NO. 52.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT BY THE COMMERCIAL CLUB.

**Effective Cooperation Between the Farmers
and Merchants to Be Inaugurated.
Every Citizen Interested.**

Realizing that the farmers tributary to Crockett must be made more prosperous before any real and permanent prosperity can come to the merchants of Crockett, or an industrial movement set in motion consistent with the bounteous natural resources of this section of the great state of Texas, the Commercial Club of Crockett has decided that a more effective plan of cooperation between the farmers and merchants must be inaugurated, and to this end it is proposed to broaden the scope of the club's activities so that the changes necessary to bring about these new and desirable results can be put to work with as little delay as possible.

First—It is proposed to establish a market in Crockett where every farmer can bring his produce every day in the year and get the cash for it, at a price that will pay him adequately for his labor. Just read that again slowly and let it soak in.

Second—Knowing that Poultry raising is one of the most profitable features of southern farming, provided a market is always available, a poultry slaughter house in Crockett is being considered; where live poultry can always be sold, then dressed and sent to market by the car load. Eggs will also be bought at the best price the market, locally or the large cities of the country, will support.

Third—The dairy branch, which is particularly adapted to this section of the state, and which has already received some attention in this locality, and we might add, with results that are quite satisfactory, will be pushed along lines that every farmer can profitably engage in.

Other desirable features will be added from time to time as the good work goes on.

Listen—There is nothing new or untried about any of these features. Other communities in this state and throughout the south are successfully co-operating along these lines. Why shouldn't we do it?

The material elements to make this one of the most prosperous sections of the country are here in abundance, and all that is required is to put them together in the right combination.

For the purpose of determining the best method of bringing this about, a meeting of all the members of the Commercial Club, as well as all other citizens of Crockett, has been called at the court

house, Tuesday, January 25, at 2 p. m., and it is to be hoped that every citizen of Crockett who would like to see this a more prosperous community will be present.

Gentlemen, you cannot afford to be indifferent to this movement. It means so much to you personally. From a purely selfish standpoint it should interest you. More dollars in your pocket is what it means, and if you will attend the meeting and give the movement your hearty support it will prove the best investment of honest endeavor you ever made.

Just read this announcement through again and when you consider that the farmers of Houston county can raise, without any added investment, a number of crops every year that would pay them well, provided they had a reliable market, and that now they are going to have this market, you will begin to realize that a most wonderful change for the betterment of not only the farmers, but the whole community is sure to follow in the wake of this movement.

Let us repeat the date of the meeting which, if well attended, should prove the most important public event ever held in Crockett. The date is Tuesday, January 25, at 2 p. m., at the court house.

Commercial Club of Crockett.
W. B. Page,
John LeGory,
H. A. Fisher,
Committee.

Jeff Strickland's Platform.

Hon. J. J. Strickland of Anderson county submits to the democratic voters of this senatorial district for their consideration the following brief platform:

1. Integrity, honesty and sobriety in all servants as essential qualifications for public offices.

2. Taxes Should be Reduced—That he believes that taxes are unnecessarily high for the returns we receive therefrom and believes in strict economy in every department of the state service; that state taxes should be reduced and all state institutions should be made to sustain themselves.

3. Penitentiaries—That state penitentiaries should be made self-sustaining. The present commissioners seem to have the idea to work all convicts on farms. This may prove satisfactory but in my opinion before the penitentiaries ever sustain themselves, factories will have to be established within the walls, managed and operated by long term convicts and the short term convicts used in building good public roads.

4. Iron Furnace at Rusk—I be-

lieve the iron furnace at Rusk should be re-opened. Recently the Palestine Young Men's Business League had an expert to visit the ore beds of Cherokee county and inspect the iron furnaces at Rusk and he reported that he saw no reason why the iron industry at that place couldn't be operated with success.

5. The State Railroad—The State Railroad should be either sold or extended. At present it has't territory enough to support it and it will be 25 years before the country between Palestine and Rusk will develop to such an extent that said railroad will make its own expenses. I would first prefer to sell the road with an understanding with the buyer that it be extended in either or both directions to some center of commerce. If I can be of some service in opening the iron furnace at Rusk and making the proper disposition of the Texas State Railroad, I think I will have done my district a valuable service even if I should fail in all my other purposes.

6. Organized Labor—My four years' record in the lower house of the state legislature speaks for itself. I have always supported all measures that were for the benefit of the laboring classes and the record will disclose that I not only voted for, but was the author of some of the most prominent labor legislation of this state.

7. Prohibition—I am a prohibitionist, both local and state wide. I have been of that opinion all my life and never expect to change my mind on the subject. My four years' record in the lower house in this respect is open for inspection.

8. Truck Growers—I am the author of the bill passed during the thirtieth legislature requiring commission merchants to give bond. While this was a step in the right direction, it seems that this bill did not go far enough to remedy the evil. I am in favor of going farther than this and establish standard grades of fruit and vegetables and requiring commission merchants to take out a license with the commissioner of agriculture and to give a bond to said officer for the protection of the growers and shippers before said license is issued.

9. Platform Demands—I shall support all platform demands of my party. I was of this opinion during the campbell administration and I shall be of this opinion during Ferguson's administration and those who succeed him.

The people have spoken their will and I am in favor of giving the present administration a chance to make good on its platform. If elected I shall endeavor to work with the present administration in all things for the good of the state.

J. J. Strickland.

January's "Slowing Up."

Winter indoor life, heavy food and irregular exercise cause a dull, tired feeling. Foley Cathartic Tablets tone up the stomach and bowels, liven up the liver, cleanse the system and give the light, free feeling of proper digestion and good health. Do not gripe or nauseate. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

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MONTENEGRO SURRENDERS TO AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

**First Battling Nation to Seek Peace—Little
Balkan State Accepted Austrian Terms
of Unconditional Surrender.**

The Associated Press summarizes the war situation as follows:

Beset on the north, east and west by Austro-Hungarian armies and all lines of retreat cut off except into Albania where hostile tribesmen must be faced, Montenegro has asked Austria-Hungary for peace and her request has been granted. The unconditional laying down of arms by Montenegro was made the basis of the opening of peace negotiations and Montenegro accepted these terms imposed by the dual monarchy.

This announcement was made to the Hungarian parliament by Premier Tisza and it met with an ovation on the part of the members of the chamber. Thus comes the first withdrawal of any belligerent from either of the alliances that have been fighting with each other

since August, 1914.

It had been conceded for days that the situation of Montenegro was a critical one. Although the army of the little kingdom fought valiantly against the Austro-Hungarians it was because of inferior forces, lack of guns and it has been stated, a shortage, in commissariat supplies, unequal to the task of holding back the armies that had, in conjunction with their allies, succeeded in crushing Serbia.

Already the Montengren capital and many of its important towns had fallen into the hands of the Austro-Hungarians and the invaders were well on their way to Montenegro's chief seaport—Antivari.

Last accounts had the Montenegro government at Scutari. The whereabouts of King Nicholas is not known.

Cadman Club.

The Cadman Club met in regular session January 1, 1916, at the residence of Mrs. Jas. S. Shivers.

The choral department, consisting of thirty-eight members, began work at 2:30 o'clock under the able directorship of Mrs. M. L. Shepard, with Mrs. J. D. Woodson as accompanist. After a very profitable hour's work, a recess of five minutes was taken.

The president, Mrs. J. D. Woodson, then called the house to order, and after a business session of twenty minutes the following program, conducted by Mrs. J. P. Hail leader, was rendered:

Roll call—Musical Items.
Paper, Organization of the Club—Mrs. D. F. Arledge.

Vocal Duet, Cadman—Mrs. Shupak and Miss Simpson.

Piano Solo, Cadman—Mrs. Shupak.

Character Sketch of Cadman—Mrs. C. L. Edmiston.

Voice, Cadman—Mrs. J. P. Hail.
Cadman As a Composer—Mrs. Meriwether.

Voice, Cadman—Mrs. D. O. Kiessling.

Palamentary Drill—Mrs. D. F. Arledge.

Adjournment.

This club was organized for the purpose of raising the standard of study in a musical way and of bringing persons interested into closer relation with each other, that they might co-operate more intelligently in the education of music. Any one interested in the purpose for which the club is organized and fulfilling all requirements made by the club is qualified for membership. The club now has a membership of forty-five, thirty-seven active and eight associate.

It is the desire of the membership of this club that great good

may be accomplished in a musical way in our little city and we most earnestly beg the co-operation of our entire citizenship.

Reporter.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, in the wisdom of God, it has pleased Him to remove from our midst our much loved friend and fellow citizen, George B. Lundy, who was called to lay down this life December 27th, 1915. Therefore be it

Resolved, that we, the members of the Cadman Music Club, extend to our companion, Mrs. Ione LeGory, our deepest condolence in this dark hour of affliction and grief.

Resolved, that after the light of a life dear to us has gone on, life looks differently. But on, not out, it has gone. And surely, if sometimes slowly, this truth is brought home to us. Those who leave us are never far away, and often, when the heart is saddest, the load heaviest, and the trial greatest, it is they who stretch courage, that we wonder whence it came.

Although we have bidden him good-night, in a brighter clime we shall bid him good-morning. Be it further

Resolved that a copy of these resolutions be ordered special upon the minutes of our organization, one sent to our beloved member, and one sent to each of our city papers for publication.

Respectfully submitted,
Mrs. Jack Beasley,
Mrs. Hal Lacy,
Mrs. A. M. Decuir,
Committee.

Adv.

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.

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
For State Senator
J. J. Strickland
of Anderson county
For Tax Collector
C. W. Butler, Jr.
W. N. (Will) Standley
For County Treasurer
W. M. (Willie) Robison
For Commissioner, Prec. No. 1
E. E. Holcomb

Local News Items

The Queen Theatre is now showing every night in the week, with matinees Fridays and Saturdays and special feature programs on Tuesday and Friday nights. Only first-class pictures are being shown, is the claim of the management.

Messrs. A. M. Carleton and Henry Berry returned last week from a business trip to St. Louis and Chicago. These gentlemen will open a men's furnishing goods store in the French building, formerly occupied by the Vogue Millinery, which is now undergoing repairs, including new awning and show windows.

Bank Elects Officers and Directors.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Crockett, held last week, the following directors were elected for the ensuing year: H. F. Moore, Arch Baker, M. P. Jensen, Jas. S. Shivers, Donald G. Moore and John LeGory. At the directors' meeting following all the present officers were re-elected for another term. They are H. F. Moore, president; Arch Baker, active vice-president, and M. P. Jensen, cashier.

State Bank Holds Annual Election.

The stockholders of the Crockett State Bank, at their annual meeting Thursday, elected a board of directors as follows: W. H. Denny, H. J. Arledge, W. A. Norris, G. W. Crook, B. L. Satterwhite, E. T. Ozier and D. O. Kiessling. At the directors' meeting immediately following all the old officers were re-elected as follows: W. H. Denny, president; H. J. Arledge, vice-president; D. O. Kiessling, cashier, and B. F. Chamberlain Jr., assistant cashier.

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.

A Quiet Wedding.

Isaac J. Lambert and Miss Grace E. McGarr were quietly married in the First Methodist church in this city immediately after high noon Tuesday, January 18, Rev. Chas. U. McLarty officiating.

Miss McGarr was a teacher in the Crockett city schools, in which capacity she was serving her second year, and during her stay here had made many warm friends. Mr. Lambert is a railway mail clerk on the Chicago & Alton railroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Lambert left on the Sunshine Special for a few days stay in Galveston, and from there will go to their new home in Jacksonville, Ill. The Courier joins other friends in extending congratulations.

For Better Marketing Facilities.

A committee was appointed by the Commercial Club last week to issue a call to all members and citizens interested in improving conditions in Crockett and Houston county.

The call of this committee is shown on the front page of this issue and we hope that all of our readers that are interested, and all should be interested, will let nothing interfere with their being at the meeting at the court house Tuesday, January 25, at 2 p. m. This address points out some practical ways to materially improve conditions with us and fuller details will be discussed at the meeting.

It will mean a great deal for our farmers to have a market for all products the year round, as it would practically place this section on a cash basis. It would mean happiness and contentment for our people and larger values for all property.

As we have essentially an agricultural country, any considerable growth will have to be made by encouraging development along these and kindred lines, as we have but few manufacturing enterprises to furnish payrolls.

Every citizen must feel an interest in these important matters and we join the committee in urging you to attend this rally and assist in the ushering in of a new industrial era for Crockett and Houston county.

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.

Mothers' Club.

The Mothers' Club will meet on the fourth Wednesday in January. As this will be the first meeting in the new year, an interesting and enthusiastic meeting is expected. Let every member be present with new zeal to accomplish much good in this important undertaking.

Reporter.

Down on His Back.

"About two years ago I got down on my back," writes Solomon Bequette, Flat River, Mo. "I got a 50c box of Foley Kidney Pills and they straightened me right up. I recommend them to all who have kidney trouble." Rheumatic aches and pains, soreness and stiffness, sleep disturbing bladder trouble, yield quickly to Foley Kidney Pills. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

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A CITY IN A SALT MINE.

Wonders of a Singular Underground Town in Galicia.

Wieliczka, some six miles from Cracow, in Galicia, is an interesting town, not for what is in it, but for what is under it. The salt mine there is the greatest in the world and the most wonderful. It actually forms an underground city. The Wieliczka salt mine is two and one-half miles long from east to west and 1,050 yards wide from north to south, says a writer in the Manchester Guardian.

It has seven levels, and the lowest is nearly 1,000 feet deep. It is entered by eleven shafts. The different levels are connected by flights of steps hewn out of the rock salt. In the mine are chapels, tramways, a railway, a railway station, a ballroom and several other halls, all hewn out of the rock salt with elaborate architectural decoration.

There are sixty-two miles of pony tramways and twenty-two miles of railway. All these lines and the principal passages, or "streets," meet in a sort of central cavern. Here is the central railway station with spacious waiting rooms and an excellent refreshment room. It looks, according to a visitor's description, more like a summer pavilion than a railway station with its latticed galleries and its rows of stately pillars gleaming white and iridescent.

The oldest "building" in the mine is the chapel of St. Anthony, which dates from 1691. It contains three altars, a pulpit and much statuary, all elaborately carved out of rock salt. But services are now held in the modern but equally elaborate chapel of St. Cunigunde, which is entered by descending forty-six salt steps. The chapel is fifty yards long, fifteen yards wide and thirty feet high and is used regularly for worship.

The ballroom is a huge room, where the miners often hold their festivals. A miners' orchestra plays regularly in the hall, not only for the dances, but for the entertainment of visitors. The mine has been worked for at least 800 years. It belongs to the Austrian government and gives work to 1,000 men.

The Horses of St. Mark.

The horses of St. Mark were taken from Chios in the fourth century by the Emperor Theodosius and placed in the great hippodrome at Constantinople, whence they were taken by the Venetians in the year 1204. Venice and Constantinople were bitter rivals in trade, and largely through Venetian intrigue and diplomacy the fourth crusade was turned from its original purpose into that of the capture and practical destruction of the splendid city on the Bosphorus, thus making it possible later on for the Turks to establish themselves on the continent of Europe. It was during the sack of the city by the crusaders that it was despoiled of its famous horses by the Venetians.—New York American.

Another Solomon.

A horse dealer in a Scotch town having hired a horse to a solicitor, the latter, either through bad usage or some other cause, killed the horse, when the dealer insisted upon payment by bill if it were not convenient to pay cash. The lawyer had no objection to grant a bill, but said it must be a long date. The dealer told him to fix his own time, when the man of law drew a promissory note, making it payable on the day of judgment. An action was raised, when the solicitor asked the presiding judge to look at the bill. Having done so, the judge replied:

"The bill is perfectly good, and as this is the day of judgment I decree that you pay tomorrow."

Mallolous.

At German seaside places they have a way of assigning each bather a number. These numbers are conspicuously displayed on beach chairs, tents and bathing dresses. The two young women in the swimming suits who had been drawing the eyes of all beholders were very agreeably posed as a group when they caught sight of a third young woman coming toward them across the sands.

"My," said the one in the red cap, "but Laura is wearing a big number on her suit! What is it—75,000?"

"Oh, don't you know?" giggled the nymph in green. "That isn't really Laura's number. That's the figure of her dowry."—Exchange.

Winter Will Soon Be Over

Brighten up your home.
We sell Paints, Oil and
Wall Paper. Let us help you.

The McLean Drug Company

The Rexall Store

Some Marketing Difficulties.

There has been considerable complaint on the part of people growing crops new to their section, or canning products not hitherto offered for sale locally, that the home merchants do not readily buy of such things; in fact rather, that discrimination is made in favor of stuff shipped in from elsewhere.

I am led to believe that this is largely true, and for which there is a reason not generally understood by the producer. The jobber, for instance, procures his supplies in car lot from sections of large production, the grades standardized and backed by adequate financial guarantee. From the local producer, the jobber cannot depend upon uniformity of grade, or adequacy of supply, which precludes his doing business with scattered local producers.

The local dealers occupy much the same situation. They have been wont to look to the jobber for their supplies, securing in quantity required and at their own convenience as to time and terms. Their trade demands uniformity of quality, which it is impossible to secure from a number of local producers, each preparing for market according to his own ideas as to how it should be done.

All this trouble admits of remedy, and that the difficulties be understood and the remedy applied is my reason for calling attention to the matter, which I have discussed with a good many merchants, wholesale and retail, and am sure that if the local merchants, especially, could secure their supplies of beans, peas, canned goods, etc., from their farmer friends in such quantities, of such character, and at such times and on such terms as is possible from the jobbing houses, they would be glad to give them the preference. With the jobbers, on the other hand, it is more a question as to whether they could buy in bulk, and of such character as is demanded by their trade. In

such case, the more patriotic among them would no doubt give "inside" to the local producer. At least, some of them say as much.

The remedy? Cooperation in producing and handling for the market. In thinking out the new problems up to the farmer, himself and his friends always get back to the matter of cooperation, without which the farmers can do nothing, except what they have always done, and they cannot do as they have always done and stay in the business. However, it seems easier for them to see this than to do something about it. R. R. Claridge, Fort Worth, Texas.

Get Rid of a Racking Lagrippe Cough—It Weakens.

For the severe racking cough that comes with lagrippe, Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is wonderfully healing and soothing. R. C. Collins, ex-postmaster, Barnegat, N. J., says: "Foley's Honey and Tar Compound soon stopped the severe lagrippe cough that completely exhausted me. It can't be beat." Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Muscle and Music.

A story used to be told of Paderewski that he could crack a pane of French plate glass half an inch thick merely by placing one hand upon it as if upon a piano keyboard and striking it sharply with his middle finger. Chopin's last study in C minor has a passage which takes two minutes and five seconds to play. The total pressure brought to bear on this, it is estimated, is equal to three full tons. The average "tonnage" of an hour's piano playing of Chopin's music varies from twelve to eighty-four tons.

Duty and Happiness.

I can but think that the world would be better and brighter if our teachers would dwell on the duty of happiness as well as on the happiness of duty, for we ought to be as bright and genial as we can, if only because to be cheerful ourselves is a most effectual contribution to the happiness of others.—Sir John Lubbock.

FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

It is the aim of the Courier to enter the home and heart of every intelligent and right-minded citizen of the entire county. You need your name on our subscription list, and we want to see it there.

Only \$1.00 a Year

Honesty, not bluffing, pays.
Advertising used to be 80 per cent bluff.

Today it is 80 per cent honest—and is getting nearer 100 per cent honest every day.

—B. C. Forbes in New York American.

Potash, Perlmutter and Others.

By MONTAGUE GLASS.

monished with a parting grin. In the meantime Susan had been led from the witness stand. She made haste to follow her attorney out of the courtroom. "Wait a moment, Susan!" Bob cried. She stopped short, and Bob pressed a twenty-dollar bill into her hand. "Don't say anything about this to Mrs. Billington," he enjoined her. A smile spread itself about Susan's ears. "Sure not!" she replied. "And see that Mrs. Billington gets back to West End avenue all right," Bob called after her.

Going home that evening, for Bob, was like making a visit to the dentist, and his knees literally shook as he entered his house. He made straight for the dining room, where a cover was laid for one person only. Instead of Susan, the waitress, Mary, the chambermaid, stood behind his chair. "Where's Mrs. Billington?" Bob asked.

"She sick," Mary replied. Bob whistled. He had anticipated something of the kind. "And where's Susan?" he went on. "Susan, she gone," said Mary. "She get mad at Mrs. Billington and leave."

"What for?" asked Bob. "She say Mrs. Billington owe her \$20 what is coming from her other madam."

"Mrs. Schultz?" Mary nodded. "Sure," she went on, "and she want to know what Mrs. Billington going to do about it. And then Mrs. Billington say she not can give \$20, but she say she give her \$5—I don't know what for—and then Mrs. Billington say she get \$20 from Mrs. Schultz's man. But Susan she get mad and say she want \$20 right away, and she not wait for it from Mr. Schultz. So Mrs. Billington she give \$20 to Susan and tell her she'd better go right away."

"And did Susan go right away?" Bob asked.

"No," said Mary. "She say if Mrs. Billington pay her month's wages, then she go, because her month was up Thursday."

"But I paid her last Thursday," Bob exclaimed.

"Sure," Mary replied. "Susan mean another month what ain't done yet."

"And did Mrs. Billington pay her for the new month?" asked Bob.

"No," said Mary. "Mrs. Billington say she wouldn't pay her one cent, and Susan could sue her in the court for it."

"And what did Susan say?" "Susan say," Mary continued, "that she sue Mr. Billington, and not Mrs. Billington."

Bob could not restrain a laugh. "And what did Mrs. Billington say to that?" he asked.

"She say for Susan to go ahead and she would be her lawyer, and then Susan say—Here Mary paused.

"Don't stop on my account," Bob cried. "Tell me what Susan said."

"Well," Mary murmured, "she say, 'Mrs. Billington, I don't want you never no more for my lawyer,' she say, 'You're a bum lawyer,' she said, and then she go."

A moment later Bob tiptoed upstairs and listened breathlessly at the bedroom door. As he entered a faint sound of sobbing came from the darkness, and when he turned on the lights there on the bed lay Mari-

on Billington, A. B., LL. B., attorney and counsel- or at law, with her pretty face all flushed and tear stained. He fell on his knees beside her.

"Billington," he said softly, "one of the first lessons of the law is to bear defeat with equanimity and not to harbor a grudge against a fellow practitioner because he won and you lost."

The sobbing grew fainter and then stopped altogether. "D-don't call me Billington," she said. "Why, you don't expect me to be ceremonious with a brother attorney?" he asked.

Mari-

mon buried her face on his shoulder.

"B-but I'm not a brother attorney," she murmured. "I'm a sister attorney and a weak one too."

There was a long silence—that is to say, so far as coherent and articulate speech was concerned—but finally Bob spoke.

"Remember this, dear lady," he said. "Every case you try I shall be the attorney on the other side if money can

buy a substitution, and if it can't then I shall pay the damages myself rather than have you thrust into the publicity and discourtesy of petty litigation again."

"But I never shall be," said Mariop, smiling through her tears. "Why not?" Bob asked. "Because," she replied, "I've permanently retired from active practice."

Pretty Shrewd. It seems to be the aim of some people to acquire a reputation for shrewdness, which in many cases is only another name for roguery. Such people take a delight in tricking their friends as well as enemies, like the wealthy old lady who occupied her leisure in making patchwork quilts, which she regularly donated to the annual church fairs. They were hideous things and, as nobody would buy them, they were apt to be raffled off in ignominious fashion at the close of the fair, much to the chagrin of the old lady. One day, just before the fair time, this old lady sent for her lawyer and had him add a codicil to her will, bequeathing \$25 to each and every person who should buy a quilt at the church fair. The lawyer assured her that her injunctions to strict secrecy should be faithfully observed, but it was noticed that a sister of the lawyer bought the silk quilt on the very first day of the fair for six years. When the old lady died the lawyer came smiling forward with six quilts and his sister to claim the sum of \$150. But he was tricked in turn, as the old lady had neatly cut the codicil from the will!

Sydney Smith to His Daughter. London, July 22, 1835.—Lucy, Lucy, my dear child, don't tear your frocks. Tearing frocks is not of itself a proof of genius, but write as your mother writes, act as your mother acts, be frank, loyal, affectionate, simple, honest and then integrity or laceration of frock is of little import.

And Lucy, dear child, mind your arithmetic. You know, in the first sum of yours I ever saw there was a mistake. You had carried two (as a cab is licensed to do), and you ought, dear Lucy, to have carried but one. Is this a trifle? What would life be without arithmetic but a scene of horrors?

You are going to Boulogne, the city of debts, peopled by men who never understood arithmetic. By the time you return I shall probably have received my first paralytic stroke and shall have lost all recollection of you. Therefore, I now give you my parting advice. Don't marry anybody who has not a tolerable understanding and a thousand a year, and God bless you, dear child.

Birds and Their Notes. Most of us know the chickadee when we hear him calling over and over, "Chick-a-dee, dee, dee, chick-a-dee, dee, dee!" But when he sings his clear whistling note, "Phoebe, Phoebe!" we are likely to mistake him for the phoebe bird, says an exchange. The chickadee stays in the north in winter, and the phoebe does not come north till the early spring. The phoebe bird sings its name over and over, a very sweet, but penetrating sound. The peabody bird says, "Peabody, peabody!" over and over in a rather senseless way, as if he went round in a circle. Another bird that sings his name is bob white (the quail), only he often says, "Poor bob white!" His notes go up and down and are stronger than the notes of the smaller birds and may be heard at a long distance. Of course those birds do not really sing their names. But people listening to them have fancied that these names are what the notes sound most like, and so they have given the bird the name.—Exchange.

Why Languages Differ. An interesting contribution to the discussion of a universal language is offered by the Montreal Family Herald.

The adoption of a universal language, purely spoken by all who use it, is made difficult by the fact that there are physical differences of an important character between the different races. The vocal organs are so unlike in different peoples that a language originally uniform would soon change in the mouths of the various nations until they could no longer understand one another. If the Italian language could be taught to all Chinese or Russians it would change so rapidly that in a few years no one would recognize it as Italian. One theory to account for this fact is that the people in the chilly north speak with the lips nearly closed and that those who live in milder climates give free articulation by opening the mouth.

Quarantine. The captain was talking to a group of ladies about nautical ignorance.

"As we neared port one voyage," he said, "I overheard the conversation of two girls. 'We'll soon be passing quarantine now,' said the first girl. The other whispered: 'For goodness' sake, dear, dry up! Don't let the captain know how ignorant you are. Quarantine isn't a place; it's a disease.'"

A Will and a Way

The Mysterious Woman Who Could Neither Read Nor Write.

By BELLE MANIATES.

"His ruling passion was strong in death," remarked Jules Lorme whimsically as he learned the contents of his father's will from his father's lawyer. "He knew that I would not comply with the terms of so atrocious a will to marry a woman who could neither read nor write."

"You have a year of grace," reminded Coyle. A year later Jules appeared at the office of the family lawyer.

"My lease is up, Coyle," he reminded. "And I think I have found a way by which you can fulfill all conditions and still retain your freedom. You can marry a woman who can neither read nor write, and immediately after the ceremony you can go abroad. At the expiration of two years she can quietly secure a divorce. You can spare a generous alimony. I have met a good, conscientious girl who is perfectly willing."

"Is she a domestic?" "No; I believe she does needle-work."

"It's odd in these days of schools and truant officers that she escaped the alphabet at least."

"She says she never has had the opportunity nor the desire to learn. I will arrange all details for you."

After some further discussion Jules acceded to the proposition, and at dusk of the appointed day he rang for admission to Coyle's residence. The lawyer met him in the hall and ushered him into a dimly lighted library, where a minister and Henry Phillips, Jules' next friend, were in waiting. They all went into the reading room adjoining. Near the doorway Jules paused and looked into the room, which was in total darkness.

With an odd sinking of the heart Jules took his position beside the shadowy form of a woman. He made the responses in a quick, jerky way, anxious to end the affair. The woman at his side spoke in nearly inaudible tones.

When the sentence of man and wife was pronounced Jules returned to the library and hastily signed some papers Coyle gave him.

"Where is my wife?" he then asked. "She remained in the reading room."

The young bridegroom hesitated; then resolutely he turned and went back into the reading room. His eyes, now accustomed to the gloom, discerned her at the end of the room. She was sitting on a couch, her face buried in the cushions. One arm hung listlessly over the edge.

"May I speak with you?" Jules asked courteously. She did not lift her head from the pillow.

"I want to thank you," he continued, "for the service you have rendered me."

She murmured a disclaimer of his thanks. He took her hand. It was still cold and trembling. His grasp, firm and sustaining, tightened.

"I am sorry," he said firmly, "that you will not see me, but I want you to promise me that if you ever need help or advice you will come to me."

"I will," she said softly. "Lorme!" called the warning voice of Coyle from the doorway. "I must go now. Good night."

He went to his lodgings and tried to smoke away the burden of his thoughts. The shadowy outlines of the tall, drooping figure and the low tones in which she had spoken haunted him all night.

"I suppose her motive was as mercenary as my own, so I don't need to reproach myself."

The next day he was leaning against the railing of the steamer, idly watching the scenes upon the wharf, when he saw Phillips making his way toward a young girl who was daintily petite in form and lovely of face and feature. She was accompanied by a middle aged woman.

"You must look after Miss Der-

ington, Jules," cautioned Phillips as he was taking leave of them all a few moments later. "Her aunt has the stateroom habit, she tells me."

Jules scarcely heard him. He was looking into the wonderful eyes of the young girl. An hour later Mrs. Marshall had fulfilled the prophecy regarding the stateroom, and Jules had joined Salome on deck.

"You don't seem a stranger to me," she said. "I have come to know you through your books."

There followed a long and animated discussion of books and authors until dinner time.

"She is a darling," Jules told himself as he lay in his berth listening to the rhythmic measures of the engines that night.

The voyage passed in a succession of days of sparkling sunshine. Mrs. Marshall remained perforce in solitary confinement, and Jules was constantly with Salome, who grew fairly radiant with happiness. He came to have an odd feeling at times, as if in some pre-existence she had belonged to him; then his new fancy would be succeeded by the mystic charm of the other.

Early in the morning of the last day of their voyage he came out on the afterdeck. Salome was already there. As she turned to him he saw a shadow of sadness in her eyes.

"This is our last day," she said in a low tone. "Yes, and I am sorry," he replied simply.

"I wish you were coming with us to the north of England."

He did not reply at once. "It can't be," he argued to his troubled self. "It is only the first fluttering fancy of a young girl—the fancy for an older man and one who writes. I shall not see her after we land. Still in a young, romantic girl's heart affection sometimes flourishes in absence. I should tell her. I will."

"Salome"—the name slipped out unconsciously—"I should have told you before, but I disliked to talk about my personalities. I am married."

He then briefly related the circumstances of his marriage.

"Before the ceremony," he concluded, "I had considered only my part in the affair. I was narrow enough to think that because she had been denied certain advantages a little money would recompense. It may have been great need for herself and others that forced her to this step. At any rate, I should have talked the matter over with her. I am going to return to New York if she wishes and have the marriage annulled."

He glanced at her for the first time during the recital. His heart leaped to life. In her eyes was an exquisite softness. A slight moisture dimmed her lashes. She held out her hand.

"Thank you for telling me. And now I must tell you something. I, too, am married."

"You! Salome, impossible!" "I was married the night before we sailed in Mr. Coyle's library."

"Salome, the woman I married was tall—very tall."

"I stood on a stool."

"Her name was Mary."

"My first name is Mary. I never use it except to sign."

He gathered her close in his arms as one who claims his own.

"Salome, only the recollection of my wife was between us. Will you be my wife—my real wife?"

There was a revealing answer of joy in the face upraised to his.

"Tell me," he commanded, "how it came about."

"My aunt engaged Mr. Coyle to manage our estate. He learned how interested I was in your books, and he talked much of you and the will. He proposed this marriage and planned the voyage. He said we could find out if we cared."

"I can't imagine Coyle's being romantic," he laughed.

"It wasn't romantic. He would not have proposed it if—"

"If?" "Oh, Jules, I can neither read nor write! I have been blind since I was four years old until three months ago. Aunt read your books to me."

Way to Win. "I have always been unlucky in life."

"Me too."

"Yet you are very successful."

"Well, as soon as I got the idea that luck would do nothing for me I began to hustle."

MAKING PUNS UPON NAMES.

A Peculiar Brand of Humor That Was Once Quite Popular.

In the days of Théodore Hook and his merry friends jokes upon proper names were quite the thing, and while the auditors grinned the victim bore the infliction with as much dignity as he could summon up. As a specimen of Hookian wit of this kind the following may serve: "A humorist of this epoch (I am not quite sure whether it was the sprightly Theodore himself), invited to the house of a Mr. Pepper, greeted his host with the words, 'How happy you must be, Mr. Pepper, to see your friends all mustered!'" A better instance, perhaps, is Hook's impromptu when a tax collector called Winter was seen to be at the door:

Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes. I advise you to pay him whatever he asks. You had much better pay him without any flummery.

Though Winter's his name, his proceedings are summary.

The most fearsome and complete pun of this kind was made by an examiner who had to tell a certain undergraduate the result of his viva voce. The undergraduate's name was Field Flowers Goe, and he subsequently attained some eminence in the church. The verdict was, "The Field is plowed, the Flowers are plucked, and you, sir, can Goe!"

There is a variety of the pun upon a name, however, that one is almost inclined to forgive or at least to regard with a certain leniency. It is when some familiar quotation is given an apt twist which brings in the cognomen of the victim. One of the best of this kind is attributed to Sir William Harcourt. Listening to a long descended baronet named Knightley descending on the antiquity of his family, the politician was heard to misquote a well known hymn as follows:

And Knightley to the listening earth Recounts the story of his birth.

From the United States comes the story of an unwilling auditor of Senator Lodge, who, as the senatorial eloquence showed no signs of ceasing, muttered to his neighbor, "Oh, for a Lodge in some vast wilderness!"

James Payn, the novelist and editor, was notoriously averse to physical exercise. A gentle stroll from the Cornhill offices in Waterloo place to the Reform club was the limit of his pedestrianism. So it was not strange that he showed signs of acute discomfort on a country ramble. As the party climbed a steep acclivity in the course of the walk one of them, noticing the novelist's distress, whispered to another, "The labor we delight in physics Payn."—New York Sun.

"Got" In His Ways. "Talking about folks being 'got' in their ways," said a writer, "reminds me of a pretty girl of twenty who married a wealthy old widower of over fifty. This old chap was very much a widower. This girl was, in fact, his fourth wife. Well, on the return from the honeymoon the husband after dinner took up his hat, overcoat and umbrella. The wife, beautiful in a white decollete gown that was no whiter than her shoulders, said:

"Where are you going, dear?" "He gave her a stern look and answered coldly:

"My dear, I am not in the habit of telling my wives where I am going every time I step out of the house."

A Faithful Servant. Carlyle told once of a lawsuit pending in Scotland affecting the succession to a great estate of which he had known something. The case depended on a family secret known only to one old servant, who refused to reveal it. A kirk minister was sent to tell her she must speak on peril of her soul. "Peril of my soul!" she said. "And would ye put the honor of an auld Scottish family in competition with the soul of a poor creature like me?"

The Exception. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

"That's a good theory, but it isn't always wise practice."

"Why not?"

"I once tried to paper a room myself. I didn't succeed, but I assure you that my experience taught me never to try it again." — Detroit Free Press.



POTASH, PERLMUTTER AND OTHERS



XI.—MRS. BILLINGTON'S FIRST CASE

[Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.]

In justice to Robert Billington, it must be said that in the beginning he did his best to discourage Mrs. Billington.

"One lawyer in the family," he said, "is enough. And, besides, I get all the law I need downtown. Be it your duty to shed sweetness and light over our happy home?"

"But," Mrs. Billington argued, "I should like to know what was the use of my college training if not to—"

"Exactly!" Bob broke in. "That's what I'd like to know too. If an academic education doesn't help you about the house, why study law on top of it?"

Mrs. Billington tossed her head.

"You know as well as I do what I mean," she insisted. "In the first place, I want to be able to talk intelligently with you about your business matters. You won't interest yourself in my music, so I suppose I must interest myself in your law?"

Thus Mrs. Billington, as usual, had her way. In three years' time, against the repeated protests of her husband, she added an LL. B. to her arts degree and successfully passed the bar examination.

It was in the tenth year of their married life that this event took place, and Bob was forced to admit that Mrs. Billington failed not at all in the performance of her household duties. Nor did she lose any of her femininity, and she continued to demand and receive all the little attentions that her husband had so unflinchingly accorded her ever since their marriage.

Only in one respect was the even tenor of their married life disturbed—namely, and to wit, as the lawyers say, in the matter of "intelligent conversation." Bob still talked the usual domestic commonplaces; but, while in the past Mrs. Billington merely echoed her husband's opinions, she now managed to twist Bob's every sentence into a mooted question of law. For instance, if he said that the Porteauses had a new coachman she professed to recognize in this an allusion to the law of master and servant, and she hastened to introduce the doctrine of "respondent superior."

She pursued these tactics until Bob grew weary, and if he found the conversation tending toward a legal discussion he buried himself in the evening paper or pleaded a headache and retired to a pipe in the library. Nevertheless at least four nights a week he found himself unwillingly going over his entire day's work in the courts or at the office, while Mrs. Billington listened with parted lips, fairly drinking in the legal phraseology.

"Now, this," she said at last, "is just what I've been wanting to do for you. I feel that I'm actually sharing the responsibility of your work, so that the burden of it won't rest so heavily on you."

"Won't it, though?" Bob rejoined. "It means that I do a day's work twice over—once in the actual performance of it and then again worrying it over with you in the evening. A sort of legal end chewing, I call it. And Bowles, our managing clerk, is sick, and I've got to hustle down to a district court tomorrow and try a miserable little case myself."

Mrs. Billington's eye gleamed.

"Why don't you let me try it for you?" she suggested.

"You try it!" Bob shouted. "Why, by the sacred mackerel, if I ever let you put foot in one of those dirty little east side courts may I be forever condemned!"

The gleam died out of Mrs. Billington's eye, but you may be sure that the ambition which kindled it remained. Ever since she had mastered—or thought she had mastered—the law of evidence she had been secretly anxious to try a case, and the opportunity was not long in coming.

"Just glance over this complaint, will you?" she asked one morning at breakfast, passing over the table a formidable looking legal document.

"That what?" said Bob.

"Complaint," Mrs. Billington went on steadily. "I presume you know that complaint is the name of the first written and verified pleading in an action at law. Well, this document is the complaint in the case of Konvalinka against Schultz—action for wages as a female servant."

"In the municipal court of the city

of New York, borough of Manhattan, Eighteenth district." It was headed, "Susan Konvalinka, plaintiff, against Mary Schultz, defendant. The plaintiff, complaining of the defendant, by Marlon Billington, her attorney, respectfully alleges and shows"—

But Bob read no farther and handed back the paper without a word.

"Well!" said Marlon. "What do you think of it?"

"Think of it!" said Bob. "Why, I think this I've been married to Marlon Billington for ten years and I never knew her to do an unwomanly thing up to now."

He underlined the last three words as plainly as a sudden vocal crescendo permits.

"Unwomanly?" Marlon cried indignantly.

"That's what I said," Bob declared.

"When you spent your afternoons for three years in law school I stood it. I even admired the way you stuck to it. When you were finally admitted to the bar I took the ironical congratulations of the neighborhood in good part—felt rather proud of it, if anything, but I never thought you'd go so far as to want to try a case in a filthy district court!"

"And pray what is there unwomanly about that?" Marlon asked. "As an attorney I have a right to practice there."

"Of course you have a right," Bob broke in. "You have a right to be elbowed by a hundred greasy practitioners from the east side. You have a right to see old Judge Hannan eat tobacco. You also have a right to inhale an atmosphere of garlic, herring and whisky, and if there are any other rights that have heretofore been in the exclusive enjoyment of your brother practitioners, why, go ahead and avail yourself of them."

Here Bob paused while the new maid brought in the toast, which he at once commenced to devour with loud crunches of indignation. As for Marlon, it must be confessed that it taxed the self-control of a regularly licensed practitioner like himself to stem the flow of tears which almost impended. She had to gulp once or twice before speaking.

"Bullying a sister attorney," she said piteously. "Is hardly according to professional ethics, is it?"

Bob, stricken with penitence, laid down his knife and fork and was around the table in a flash.

"Dearest lady," he said, after she had smoothed her rumpled hair and he was once more at his seat, "I didn't mean to bully you. By all means try your case. What did you say was the title of it?"

"Konvalinka against Schultz," she replied unsuspectingly.

"And who is your client Konvalinka?" Bob asked, as the maid re-entered.

"Susan Konvalinka is her full name," he replied. "Susan Konvalinka is her full name," he replied. "Susan Konvalinka is her full name," he replied.

Marlon went on, "and she has just taken out the coffee."

"Indeed!" said Bob with uplifted eyebrows.

"And she's suing her last employer for wages?"

"That's Mr. Schultz?"

"No," Marlon corrected; "Mrs. Schultz."

"Mrs. Schultz?" Bob exclaimed.

"Why, surely you're not?"

"He stopped short and gulped some coffee."

"Surely not what?" Marlon asked.

Bob had suddenly put on an air of such innocence that had Marlon not been so wrapped up in the discussion of her first case she might have smelled a rather obvious rat.

"Why, I was going to say," said Bob, "that you're surely not going to begin your active legal career by bringing suit against one of your own sex?"

"My dear Bob," Marlon replied, "there is and of right ought to be no sentiment about the practice of the law. I'm bringing suit for a woman against a woman, and as a reasonable woman myself I shall exact a proper

fee for my services."

fee for my services."

"Quite right," Bob agreed as he went downstairs to put on his coat. "By the way," he called back, "when did you say your case is returnable?"

"It was returnable yesterday," said Marlon as she followed him to the street door, "and it will be tried next Tuesday."

"Good!" Bob blurted out, and as he kissed her a little southeast of the left ear he suffered not so much as the faintest twinge of conscience.

II

"A strong jolt at the very outset is what she needs," Bob said to himself, "and a strong jolt is what she will get." He made for the telephone booth at the nearest drug store and rang up his office.

"Bowles," he said to the managing clerk, "I'm going to stop at the Eighteenth district court on my way down this morning to save you the trouble of doing it yourself, and I'll be about half an hour late."

Ten minutes afterward he presented himself at the clerk's office of the Eighteenth district municipal court and was greeted by the assistant in charge with a cordiality strongly significant of many cigars judiciously distributed on various past occasions.

"Billy," Bob said to the calendar clerk, "you have a case on next week, Konvalinka against Schultz. Who represents the defendant?"

"Old Gabe Sundheim," said Billy, after consulting his docket. "Case ain't on till next Tuesday, though."

"You think you could manage to have me substituted as attorney for the defendant in place of old Sundheim?" Bob asked.

"Sure thing," said Billy. "Babe'll be tickled to death to hand you over his client for a two spot."

Bob produced a five dollar bill and handed it to the clerk.

"Haven't anything smaller," he explained. "Fix it up for me, like a good fellow, and I'll come here myself next Tuesday and try the case."

"You're on," said Billy, and Bob went out humming a tune.

He hummed tunes almost continually for the remainder of the week, and went home each night in a veritable

gale of good spirits. At dinner, when Marlon ingeniously switched the subject of aeroplanes to easements of light, air and access, he discussed the matter with a vim, and of his own accord introduced a topic of lateral support and the effect of severing or of merging the dominant and servient tenements. Not once, however, did he allude to the impending case of Konvalinka against Schultz, except that in a moment of temporary abstraction he asked Marlon the name of the new maid.

"Why, you know her name," said Marlon. "It's Susan. She's the plaintiff in that."

"Oh, yes, Susan," Bob interrupted. "Talking about Susan, I read a novel decision today—the elders and so forth of the Lutheran church against O'Hara. Very interesting opinion of Judge Van on the liquor tax law."

They followed a long description of an imaginary case, which took up the rest of the dinner hour. For the remainder of the evening Bob was positively lover like in his attentions to his wife, and the next morning at breakfast he spoke vaguely about purchasing a couple of tickets for the theater that evening.

"I suppose," he said, "you're not going out today in this awful rain?"

A brisk shower was in progress outside, which looked as if it might settle down into a steady downpour.

"Of course I'm going out," she replied. "Susan's case is on today, and I'm going to try it, you know."

"Indeed!" Bob commented as he struggled into his raincoat. "I thought you'd given up the idea."

"Not at all," she said as she kissed him. "Wish me luck."

"I wish you all the luck you deserve," he replied and took the front steps three at a jump.

III

An hour later Bob was standing in the lobby of the Eighteenth district municipal court, when Marlon came in from the street, struggling to close a refractory umbrella. Her mackintosh was shedding buckets of water, and her hair clung to her rosy cheeks in little damp curls. Bob's first impulse was to rush to her aid and to feel with his lips if those red cheeks were as wet and cold as they looked. He restrained himself, however, and as soon as Marlon had her umbrella well in hand he approached her, puffing hard on a particularly black cigar.

"Hello, Billington!" he cried, expelling a cloud of smoke full in her face. "Are we going to try that case this morning?"

"We?" Marlon cried, not a little taken aback. "Billington?"

"Billington's your name, isn't it?" Bob asked. "And you're the plaintiff's attorney in that Konvalinka case, aren't you? Well, I'm for the other side. I've got a substitution from Gabe Sundheim, and I'm ready for trial. These little twenty dollar cases are an infernal nuisance, aren't they?"

Marlon gasped.

"Let's go inside," said Bob.

He preceded her toward the swinging doors that opened into the courtroom and pushed his way through, leaving

her to follow. When she finally reached the inclosure for counsel Bob was looting back in a high back chair, exchanging pleasantries with old Gabe Sundheim. He paid not the slightest attention to Marlon, who sat down at the long table in front of the rail that separates counsel's inclosure from the judge's desk.

"Hey, there!" said the court officer, prompted in advance to unusual gruffness by a cigar from Bob. "Gilt away from dat table! Dat's fer lawyers only."

"How dare you!" Marlon gasped, when Bob joined in.

"Smoke up, Ed," he said lazily. "Your pipe is out. Don't you know this lady's a lawyer?"

"Oh, a lady lawyer!" Ed cried. "Excuse me, lady. Set right down where you please."

At this juncture the judge entered, and Ed rapped with a paper weight on the rail.

"The justice of the court!" he belted, and the crowd in the courtroom rose to its feet, with one notable exception.

"Gilt up dere!" Ed hissed. "Don't you know narten?"

Marlon turned on him with a glare, but the court officer greeted her with a smile and a broad wink. It was only his little joke.

Bob Billington seemed quite unmoved, and when Konvalinka against Schultz was called in its regular order on the calendar he answered "Ready!" without a tremor. Instead of old Judge Hannan, the presiding justice was a new incumbent—a lawyer of such marked judicial dignity that one rather suspected it might cloak a natural diffidence of shyness. He turned toward Marlon deferentially.

"Whom do you represent?" he asked her.

"The plaintiff," she replied. "I know," said his honor, "but what attorney do you represent?"

"I am the attorney myself," she replied.

The judge blushed, while Bob frowned.

"And are you ready for trial?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir," said Marlon.

"Then I shall take this case up immediately after the call of the calendar," he announced. "That will be in about ten minutes."

The ten minutes soon passed, and Ed, with a wink that embraced the entire courtroom, administered the oath to Susan Konvalinka. Thereupon Marlon rose to her feet and tried to remember all she had learned in moot court days at law school.

"Where do you reside?" she asked.

"One moment," Bob said. "Now, if the court please, I move to dismiss this

action on the ground that a bill of particulars was demanded on the return day, and none has been filed."

"Why, Bob!" Marlon exclaimed. "I told you at dinner last week—"

"Dinners aren't bills of particulars," said Bob in a swift aside to Marlon, as the judge ran hastily through the papers.

"The complaint is written and verified, and your client was served with a copy of it," said the judge. "I'll deny your motion. Proceed, madam."

"First blood for Marlon," Bob murmured.

The attorney for the plaintiff tossed her head.

"Where do you live?" she repeated to the witness.

It was the conventional first question, but Susan declined to make the conventional first answer.

"Me?" she exclaimed. "Why, Mrs. Billington, you ain't mean ter tell me you don't know where I live?"

"Move to strike out the answer as unresponsive," Bob snapped, and the

judge said gravely. "Where do you live?"

"I live with Mrs. Billington, sure," Susan replied. "at 2076 West End avenue."

"Do you know the defendant?" Marlon asked, this being the second conventional question.

Again Susan made an unconventional answer.

"Why, Mrs. Billington," she exclaimed indignantly. "wo'ts de matter wit you? Ain't I told you all about dat lady? Sure, I know her."

Again the courtroom guffawed and Marlon's cheeks flamed anew.

"Move to strike out all the answer," said Bob calmly, "except the words: 'Sure, I know her.'"

"Strike it out," said the judge.

From this point on Marlon's examination of Susan was conducted in a perfect storm of laughter from the auditors and paper weight bangings from Ed, who was denting the rail in an effort to preserve order. As for Bob, he objected to the form of almost every question and was sustained each time, while he moved to strike out every other answer, with the like result. Consequently it was almost noon before he rose to commence his cross-examination of Miss Konvalinka.

"Now, Susie," he began, "you're not used to working for private families, are you?"

"Sure I am so!" Susan replied, with asperity. "I always work by private families."

"As a matter of fact, Mrs. Schultz kept a boarding house, didn't she?" he asked pleasantly.

"Positively not."

"Well, it was a place where they carried on a business, wasn't it?"

"What you mean?" Susan asked. "Carry on a business?"

"Why, Mrs. Schultz had some sort of business—some sort of dressmaking business—there, didn't she?"

"Positively not!"

"Well, then, Mrs. Schultz is a widow who works for her own living, isn't she?" Bob went on.

"No, sir," Susan answered. "Mrs. Schultz, she a married lady. She not work for her living. She not work for nobody. She never stir a hand to help her girls. No, sir!"

"Then," Bob asked, "where did she get the money to keep up her house? Who gave it to her?"

"Why, Mr. Schultz, sure!" cried Susan triumphantly. "He gives her lots of money. He got good business downtown. Why she no pay me I don't know."

"That's all," said Bob as he sat down.

"Have you any more witnesses to call, madam?" the judge asked Marlon.

Marlon shook her head. She was too choked up for speech.

"Then that is your case?" the judge went on.

"Yes, sir," Marlon croaked.

"Now, proceed rapidly, if you please, Mr. Billington," the judge said. "This action has taken up too much of the court's time already. Call your witnesses, please."

"My witness has just testified," said Bob. "Now, if your honor please, I move to dismiss the complaint upon the ground that it appears by plaintiff's own testimony that the defendant is a married woman, living with and supported by her husband. She is not engaged in any dressmaking or

boarding house business, nor was the plaintiff employed by her in a business capacity, or for business purposes. Therefore, the husband of the defendant is liable for the plaintiff's wages, and my friend on the other side ought to have brought her action against Mr. Schultz, and not against Mrs. Schultz."

The judge tied up all the papers together.

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Billington," he said. "The complaint is dismissed."

"With costs, if your honor please?" Bob asked.

"Five dollars costs," said the court. "Next case."

Bob grabbed his hat and coat and turned toward Marlon.

"Well, Billington," he said, "so you lost your case."

But Marlon was gathering her papers together and answered never a word. By this time the color had faded from her cheeks, and she had compressed her mouth into a thin straight line in an effort to prevent her lower lip trembling.

"Will you send me a check for the costs?" Bob went on, as Marlon started for the door, "or shall I issue an execution against your client's property?"

"You big brute!" Marlon exclaimed. "You can do as you please."

"Pass out quietly there," Ed advised.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.)



"Konvalinka against Schultz," she replied.



"I am the attorney myself," she replied. The entire courtroom broke into a loud guffaw.

**TAKE HALL'S CHILL TONIC
EUCALINE**

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

**FIFTY CENTS, YOUR DRUGGIST
TAKE HALL'S CHILL TONIC**

Demand Drug

Quality

The failure of customers to demand drug quality may have serious results. In buying medicinal drugs only those of known purity and potency should be accepted. If you are not posted on drug quality, you can still exercise care in purchasing by trading where only the right kind are handled. In trading with us you are always insured fresh, pure, potent drugs.

We exercise that CARE for you.

We charge you nothing extra for the extra quality of our goods, but we do enjoy a continually increasing business because of the emphasis which we place on QUALITY.

LET US BE YOUR DRUGGISTS.

PHONE 47 OR 140 FOR

Bishop Drug Company
Prompt Service Store

Local News.

Phone 29 your grocery order.

Drugs and jewelry at the Rexall Store.

Gold Medal flour at Johnson Arledge. 1t.

John R. Harris was a visitor to Lufkin Sunday and Monday.

Editor Frank Weimer of the Ratcliff Herald was here Thursday.

A brand new Oliver typewriter at a bargain. See J. W. Shivers. 1t.

J. A. Richardson of Ratcliff was a caller at this office Thursday.

A complete, up-to-date abstract. 1t-adv Aldrich & Crook.

Mrs. R. E. Morris visited her parents and friends in Tyler last week.

Hon. Geo. W. Graves of Houston is a new subscriber for the Courier.

Barbed wire, poultry wire, hog wire, nails and staples at Moore & Shivers. 1t.

A. H. Luker of the Grapeland Messenger was a visitor in Crockett Thursday.

C. H. Hayslip of Route 4 was among those remembering the Courier Friday.

Get prices from Moore & Shivers on wire and nails and plow goods of all kinds. 1t.

Queen Theatre

Friday, January 21

Broadway Universal Feature, with Frank Keenan (now featured with the \$2.00 Triangle photo-plays) in

'The Long Chance'

A 6-Reel Western Drama

Saturday, January 22

Cleo Madison in a 3-Reel Rex, "A Mother's Atonement"

Wednesday, January 26

"A Fight to a Finish"

A 3-Reel Railroad Thriller with Marie Walcamp.

PRICES

Tuesdays-Fridays, 10 and 15c
Other Nights, 5 and 10c

The "Buckeye," the shoe that Jack built—the best plow shoe made. Get them at the Big Store. 2t. Jas. S. Shivers & Co.

Bring me your chickens, eggs, turkeys and geese. Market better. Top prices paid. 1t. Johnson Arledge.

We will have the most complete line of dry goods and gents' furnishing goods for spring ever shown in the city. Jas. S. Shivers & Co.

A party composed of about twenty persons from this city went to Houston Monday evening to hear Miss Geraldine Farrar and supporting artists.

The Alcove, under the management of Homer West and S. M. Monzingo, is now open for business. Hot and cold drinks and luncheonette at all hours. 1t.

Dr. J. S. Wootters is among those remembering the Courier since last issue. He is also sending this paper to his son, John, who is attending school at Waco.

For Rent.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Earle Tomme and little son have returned to their home at Buckner, Ark., after spending the holidays with relatives at Lovelady and Crockett.

Among those remembering the Courier since last issue is Judge A. A. Aldrich, renewing for himself and his daughter, Mrs. Albert von Doenhoff, of New York.

If you will write us, will tell you how to make \$100 net profit from one acre of your own land. 2t.* Fail & Fail, Jewett, Texas.

J. C. Millar, F. A. Smith, Geo. H. Denny, E. T. Ozier, Everett Douglass, J. H. Smith, Geo. W. Crook and T. B. Satterwhite are among recent subscription renewals for the Courier.

Pecans for Sale.

I have 200 young pecan trees, Stewart variety, which I offer cheap. They are the large paper-shell variety. 4t. H. F. Craddock.

There were 21,301 bales of cotton ginned in Houston county from the crop of 1915 prior to January 1, 1916, as compared with 23,161 bales ginned prior to January 1, 1915.

Something New.

I am showing a full line of dress goods for ladies in the way of light weight woollens for men's tailored suits. Come and see the samples. 1t. John Horan.

The Cook building on Public avenue, formerly occupied by R. G. Lundy, is being fitted with new awning and otherwise improved. This building will be occupied by the Crockett Dry Goods Company.

Lost—One duh cow, about 7 years old, split in left ear, bar on left hip, one horn slightly knocked down. Left my farm Christmas week. \$5.00 reward. 2t.* Wilse Beeson.

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. 4t. Jessie Barnes, Trinity, Texas.

Six-Year-Old Bad Croup.

"I have a little girl six years old who has a good deal of trouble with croup," writes W. E. Curry, Evansville, Ind. "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar, obtaining instant relief for her. My wife and I also use it and will say it is the best cure for a bad cold, cough, throat trouble and croup that I ever saw." Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Real Estate and Loans.

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

CALL ON US AT OUR PLACE OF BUSINESS.

Warfield Bros.

Office North Side Public Square.

CROCKETT, TEXAS

Petition for Discharge.

United States of America, Eastern District of Texas, ss. In the United States District Court in and for said district, Tyler division.

In the matter of J. C. Allee, bankrupt. No. 1925 in Bankruptcy. Petition for Discharge.

To the Honorable Gordon Russell, Judge of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Texas: J. C. Allee of Creek, in the county of Houston and state of Texas, in said district, respectfully represents that on the 27th day of November, last past, he was duly adjudged bankrupt under the Act of Congress relating to bankruptcy; that he has duly surrendered all his property and rights of property, and has fully complied with all the requirements of said acts and of the orders of the court touching his bankruptcy.

Wherefore he prays that he may be decreed by the court to have a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said Bankrupt Acts, except such debts as are excepted by our law from such discharge.

Dated this 27th day of December, A. D. 1915.

J. C. Allee, Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

Eastern District of Texas, ss:

On this 12th day of January, A. D. 1916, on reading the foregoing petition, it is ordered by the court that a hearing be had upon the same on the 12th day of February, A. D. 1916, at the office of J. W. Fitzgerald, Referee in Bankruptcy, at Tyler, Texas, in said district, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in the Crockett Courier, a newspaper printed in said district, and all known creditors and other persons in interest may appear at the said time and place and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further agreed by the court that the clerk shall send by mail to all known creditors copies of said petition and this order ad-

ressed to them at their places of residence as stated.

Witness the Hon. Gordon Russell, judge of the said court, and the seal thereof, at Tyler, Texas, in the said district on the 12th day of January, A. D. 1916.

(Seal of the Court) Attest:
J. R. Blades, Clerk.

By H. C. Blades, Deputy.

Our Itinerary—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.

On October 8, 1914,

The Cranford Drug Company, of Alba, Texas, phoned to The Escaline 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.

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.

"Best aim is quality. 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.

Try Courier advertisers.

A Carload of Mules

We have just received a car load of fine, young mules, which we will sell for cash or on credit.

JAS. S. SHIVERS & COMPANY

Seven spools of the very best thread in this sale for **25c**

C. P. O'BA

Annual January

Starts Wednesday, January 19th

Closing Saturday, Jan

Staple Department

Lots of goods in this department that you use every day in the year, but we have a big stock bought for spring and every article in this department will be marked down.

7½c Bed Tick, Clearance Sale price	5c	10 and 12½c Outing, Clearance Sale price	8c
10 and 12½c Bed Tick, Clearance Sale price	9c	Good Cotton Flannel, worth 6½ and 7c, Clearance Sale price	5c
Cotton Checks in all colors, worth 6½ and 7c, Clearance Sale price	5c	All 10 and 12½c Cotton Flannel in brown, Clearance Sale price	8c
6½ and 7c Calicoes in all colors, Clearance Sale price	5c	12½ and 15c Gingham, all new spring colors, Clearance Sale	10c
7½c Outing in all colors, Clearance Sale price	5c	Brown Sheeting, worth 25c per yard, Clearance Sale price	19c

Table Damask

\$1.25 Table Damask, Clearance Sale price, per yard	73c	35c Table Damask, Clearance Sale price, per yard	25c
65c Table Damask, Clearance Sale price, per yard	39c	Table Oilcloth, all colors, Clearance Sale price, per yard	17c

Furs at One-Half the Regular Price During This Clearance Sale.

THIS will be our first big sale for 1916, record breaker, and one that will long attend. We must make room for our spring will begin to arrive in a few days. All sacrifice and lots of new goods will be in not be considered, as we want the money new goods. We have a sale like this even to your interest to attend, and the only way give every customer more than their money.

Read This Advertisement Carefully and Do

Men's blue and gray Hose, Clearance Sale price, per pair

5c

One lot narrow Embroidery, Clearance Sale price, per yard

3c

Any Ladies' Hat in the house in this Clearance Sale for

95c

King's Thread, Clearance Sale price, two spools for

5c

Shoe Department

One lot Boys' Shoes, sizes from 2½ to 5½, Clearance Sale price, per pair

50c

Ladies' Shoes, during this Clearance Sale, up from, per pair

\$1.50

Men's \$4.00 and \$5.00 Shoes, Clearance Sale price, per pair

\$2.85

One lot Men's Shoes, special in this Clearance Sale, per pair

\$1.50

All Ladies' \$4.00 Shoes, Clearance Sale price, per pair

\$2.95

All Ladies' \$3.50 Shoes, Clearance Sale price, per pair

\$2.73

Women's Hose, black, gray and tan, Clearance Sale price

5c

Checked Nansook, Clearance Sale yards for

\$1.00

Men's Clothing

You who have been waiting for prices to drop before buying your suit or overcoat need wait no longer. Buy now.

All Men's \$25.00 Suits, Clearance Sale price, per suit

\$11.98

All Men's \$15.00 Suits, Clearance Sale price, per suit

\$8.98

One lot Men's Suits, extra special, Clearance Sale price

\$5.50

Men's Work Pants in all sizes, Clearance Sale price, per pair

\$1.00

All Men's Overcoats at One-Half the Regular Price

Wait for This Sale and Come Prepared to Lay In a Good Supply.

THANKING you for your liberal patronage the past and assuring you 1916 will find me in a better position to serve you than ever before.

Ladies' Cloth Top Button Shoes, Clearance Sale price

\$1.50

Curtain Scrim in white and colored, regular price 10c a yard, Clearance Sale price, 10 yards for

75c

C. P. O'BA

MILLINERY AND EVERYTHING ELSE YOU WEAR

BANNON'S

Men's heavy work gloves will go in this clearance sale at, per pair 50c

Clearance Sale!

19th, and Will Last Ten Days

January 29th, 1916

for 1916, and we are going to make it a year that will long be remembered by all who have shopped here for our spring and summer stock, which days. All winter goods will be sold at a price that will be included in this sale. Profits will be the money and must have room for our customers to make this every year, and want to make it the only way we can do this will be to give you their money's worth.

Buy and Do Not Lose Sight of Any Article

Dress Goods

We Must Make a Clean Sweep in This Department.

All \$1.00 and \$1.25 Dress Goods, Clearance Sale price	89c	All 35c Dress Goods, Clearance Sale price	25c
All \$1.00 Messalines, Clearance Sale price	89c	All 25c Dress Goods, Clearance Sale price	19c
All 50 and 65c Suitings, Clearance Sale price	41c	All 15 and 18c Dress Goods, Clearance Sale price	10c

Notions

Three cards Safety Pins, Clearance Sale price	5c	Two bottles Machine Oil, Clearance Sale price	5c
Five packages Dress Pins, Clearance Sale price	5c	Peroxide, Clearance Sale price, per bottle	10c
Two cakes Soap, Clearance Sale price only	5c	Seven spools Thread, Clearance Sale price	25c

Muslin Underwear

One lot Ladies' Muslin Pants, Clearance Sale price	16c	One lot Ladies' Muslin Gowns, Clearance Sale price	48c
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Ladies' Ready-to-Wear

Any Ladies' Suit in the house during this Clearance Sale at HALF PRICE	Ladies' Gingham Dresses, extra special, Clearance Sale price	98c
Ladies' Dress Skirts, extra special, Clearance Sale price, up from \$2.00	Ladies' House Dresses and Aprons, Clearance Sale price	50c

Trunks and Suit Cases at 1-4 Off

One lot Blankets, extra special, Clearance Sale price	89c	Men's Wool Shirts, worth \$1.25 and \$1.50, Clearance Sale price	89c
Comforts, extra special, Clearance Sale price from \$1.00 up to	\$3.99	Window Shades, worth 35c, extra special, Clearance Sale price	25c
Elastic Seam Drawers, regular price 50c, Clearance Sale price	35c	Matting Art Squares, 9x12, extra special, Clearance Sale price	\$2.19

7 1-2c Outing in good colors, extra special in this Clearance Sale, 20 yards for **\$1.00**

Why Buy Goods Elsewhere When You Can Buy Here at Manufacturers' Cost.

Men's wide brim felt Hats, worth \$2.00, Clearance Sale price

98c

Men's heavy winter Underwear, worth 50c, Sale price, per garment

37c

Ladies' Middy Blouse, worth \$1.00, Clearance Sale price

89c

Ladies' regular 35c Vests, Clearance Sale price, per garment,

25c

Blue, black, gray and tan, Clearance Sale price

5c

Dark, Clearance Sale price, 14

\$1.00

THANKING you for your liberal patronage in the past and assuring you we will find me in a better position to serve you than before.

BANNON

CROCKETT, TEXAS

Fourteen yards English Long Cloth in this sale for

\$1.00

Brown Domestic, Clearance Sale price, 25 yards for

\$1.00

Local News Items

Will Not Be a Candidate.

To My Friends and the Public:

I will not be a candidate for county treasurer, as some of my friends will be in the race, and inasmuch as it has become generally known that I would be in the race, I deem it proper that I should make this statement. I sincerely thank my many friends for the encouragement and promise of support they gave me. Yours very truly,
It. Preston Lively.

Married at Uvalde.

Albert S. Moore, county clerk, left Crockett Saturday evening for Uvalde, where he was married on Sunday afternoon to Miss Vassar Finch, daughter of a prominent druggist of the southwest Texas city. With his bride the groom will return to Crockett this week to make this city their home. They will be welcomed by our people. The bride is said to be a most estimable young lady and the groom is well known to our people as an exemplary young man. Here's congratulations and best wishes.

Coe Bennett Improving.

Word comes to Crockett this week, from the hospital at Palestine, that the condition of Coe Bennett, who was shot Saturday morning at the railroad station, shows great improvement and that he is on the road to rapid recovery. Mr. Bennett was taken to the hospital on the noon train Saturday.

Following the shooting, W. E. Hail of the firm of Hail & McLean, livermen, delivered himself to the sheriff and made bond. Mr. Bennett was shot twice with an automatic revolver. He was operating a bus line, independent of the transfer business conducted by Hail & McLean, but formerly worked for Hail & McLean.

J. M. Jordan Dead.

Mr. J. M. Jordan, 78 years old, died at the home of his son, B. T. Jordan, in this city Thursday morning. The funeral, conducted by the Baptist pastor, Rev. M. L. Sheppard, occurred at Glenwood cemetery Friday afternoon.

Mr. Jordan's health had been fast declining for several months. He was one of the county's oldest citizens, having lived south of Crockett, where he raised a family, for many years. He leaves two sons, Messrs. J. L. and B. T. Jordan, both of Crockett. He also leaves a brother, E. L. Jordan, and a sister, Miss Matilda Jordan, both living at Cut. Mr. Jordan was a member of the Baptist church and a Confederate veteran.

For County Attorney.

Sonley LeMay announces his candidacy for the office of county attorney. Sonley LeMay is a Houston county product. He was born on Hickory Creek, 14 miles east of Crockett, and spent the early part of his life on his father's farm. He is a son of T. C. LeMay, now a resident of Crockett. He attended the state university at Austin, taught school in his home county and graduated from the law department of the state university. As a student and teacher, he established an enviable record for studiousness, sobriety and courteousness. He is at present teaching in the public schools of Jasper county, but will return to Houston county in the spring and enter actively into the campaign. He will appreciate your support.

Contract Formally Ratified.

Formal ratification of a contract whereby the Maxwell automobile is to be handled in Crockett by T. J. Waller is announced by the Detroit Maxwell agency. This ratification is the conclusion of negotiations which was informally closed some

time ago. Adequate representation of this popular-priced car is now assured here. The solid permanence of the Crockett representation gives ground for the belief that the agency is placed for an indefinite length of time.

"The Maxwell cars of last year and the season before gained a reputation for beauty, power and efficiency second to none in the light-car field," said Mr. Waller. "This year's car is handsomer, larger and more efficient than ever before, as we thoroughly convinced ourselves before signing the contract."

Shower for Bride.

The teachers of the Crockett schools gave expression to their appreciation of Mrs. Isaac Lambert, nee Miss Grace McGarr, at the home of Mrs. John R. Foster, Monday afternoon from 4:30 to 6. The teachers joined a few intimate friends of Mrs. Lambert and went to the home of Mrs. Foster to make a call. The guests were entertained with vocal selections by Mrs. J. D. Woodson, Mrs. Pinkney Hail, and little Jacob Dudley Woodson Jr. Not until little Jacob Dudley entered the room pulling a heavily laden express wagon did it occur to Mrs. Lambert that she was being showered. The dining room, however, was suggestive of a wedding, cupid's and hearts being in evidence from the chandelier to the refreshment plates. Many appropriate toasts were drunk to the bride and groom, and additional good wishes written in the guest book, a gift from Mrs. J. D. Woodson.

Down on His Back.

"About two years ago I got down on my back," writes Solomon Bequette, Flat River, Mo. "I got a 50c box of Foley Kidney Pills and they straightened me right up. I recommend them to all who have kidney trouble." Rheumatic aches and pains, soreness and stiffness, sleep disturbing bladder trouble, yield quickly to Foley Kidney Pills. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Get Rid of a Racking Lagrippe Cough—It Weakens.

For the severe racking cough that comes with lagrippe, Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is wonderfully healing and soothing. R. C. Collins, ex-postmaster, Barnegat, N. J., says: "Foley's Honey and Tar Compound soon stopped the severe lagrippe cough that completely exhausted me. It can't be beat." Sold everywhere.—Adv.

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.

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.

Highest aim is quality. It Relieves, Purifies and Strengthens. Take Admirine Tonic Sarsaparilla when your blood is out of order and your system needs strengthening. Take Admirine Tonic Sarsaparilla when you are troubled with Malaria and are having Chills and Fever. Admirine 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.

Another thing—when a lady has three chins does her Adam's apple run to the third story?

W. C. Munn Company

FREE EXCURSIONS To Houston on the Munn Plan

SATURDAY, February 5 | SATURDAY, February 19
SATURDAY, February 12 | SATURDAY, February 26

DINNER FREE TO ALL EXCURSIONISTS

Served on the Mezzanine in the Most Beautiful Dining Room in Texas

COME TO HOUSTON AND LET MUNN'S PAY YOUR FARE

THE PROPOSITION: DO YOUR BUYING AT MUNN'S

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

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

And so on.

If you buy only half of these amounts your fare will be refunded one way. Always buy round trip tickets.

SHOP ON A TRANSFER—

See that every purchase is entered on your transfer. When through shopping present your transfer at the office for refund of railroad fare.

SHOP ON THE CLUB PLAN—

Form buying clubs among your neighbors and friends. Your combined purchases will easily amount to enough to cover your round trip fare, giving those who can not come the advantage of the better grades, assortments and lower prices to be had in this store.

MAIN, CAPITOL
AND
TRAVIS STREETS

W. C. MUNN COMPANY

MAIN, CAPITOL
AND
TRAVIS STREETS

Houston's Largest and Best Store

TRIP OF PRESIDENT INTERESTS CONGRESS.

(Continued from 1st page.)

slowly, notwithstanding the efforts of administration leaders to speed up the legislative machinery. Committees have been urged to work faster and signs of progress are looked for during the coming week.

The immigration bill, with its literacy test, will be reported this week. Feeling over this measure is high even in the committee, and its appearance on the floor is expected to precipitate heated argument.

Peace advocates will be given a hearing Tuesday by the foreign affairs committee, when resolutions looking to the formation of peace commissions will be under consideration.

Although we claim to know a good deal about agricultural problems, we have often wondered how the farmer gets the fodder out of the silo.

TAKE HALL'S CHILL TONIC

EUCALINE

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

FIFTY CENTS by YOUR DRUGGIST
TAKE HALL'S CHILL TONIC

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.

January's "Slowing Up."

Winter indoor life, heavy food and irregular exercise cause a dull, tired feeling. Foley Cathartic Tablets tone up the stomach and bowels, liven up the liver, cleanse the system and give the light, free feeling of proper digestion and good health. Do not gripe or nauseate. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

It is the aim of the Courier to enter the home and heart of every intelligent and right-minded citizen of the entire county. You need your name on our subscription list, and we want to see it there.

Only \$1.⁰⁰ a Year

Honesty, not bluffing, pays.
Advertising used to be 80 per cent bluff.

Today it is 80 per cent honest—and is getting nearer 100 per cent honest every day.

—B. C. Forbes in New York American.