

Rambles Over the County

GEORGE H. BREWSTER

George H. Brewster of Salt Fork was a business visitor in Wellington on last Saturday. Mr. Brewster reports a fine rain in his neighborhood last Friday morning. No damage to his crop but just a good soaking rain. Mr. Brewster says he has a fine prospect for a crop. He has a good stand and his crop is fairly clean. Mr. Brewster is a long time subscriber to the Wellington Leader.

CLIFFORD BOYD

Clifford Boyd of Iowa Park was in Wellington last week, visiting with old friends and relatives, the family of John Wiley Savage.

Mr. Boyd is a brother-in-law of Mr. Savage. Both Mr. Boyd and Mr. Savage were raised and married in Montague County, Texas. Mr. Boyd returned to Iowa Park last Saturday.

L. S. KELLER

L. S. Keller who lives five miles north of Wellington is a diversifying farmer. He will have thirty acres of cotton and forty acres of feed. Mr. Keller says the farmers should plant more feed and less cotton. He is the owner of eighty acres of good farming land. He has been in the county for ten years and has been a subscriber to the Leader for some eight years. He says he thinks this country has the best prospect for a good crop yield this year than it has had for many years. Mr. Keller states that he is not an extensive farmer of the type but tries to make a good yield from what land he cultivates. He thinks a farmer will make more in the long run to cultivate what he plants than to plant all the ground he can get. He states that he has a good garden, plenty of milk sows, and hogs to make his meat for another year. He thinks too much cotton will ruin any one at the present price. He thinks Collingsworth County is a good place in which to live.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE BANQUET

Harry Koch, editor of the Tribune Chief of Quanah, made a trip to Wellington last Monday for the first time. Mr. Koch is owner and operator of the best printing establishment between Amarillo and Wichita Falls. He edits a semi-weekly paper that is well known throughout the state for its fearlessness and interesting editorials as well as for its neat and attractive appearance.

Mr. Koch said: "You have a wonderful county here. The soil is the best of any county in this part of the state, and the row crops look better than they do in any part of the Green Belt I have seen this year."

Percy Bones, editor of the Shamrock Texan visited in the home of Mrs. Henry Wells Monday and attended the Chamber of Commerce banquet. Mr. Bones admitted that the crops in Collingsworth County looked better than they did in Wheeler County but he dwelled at great length on the advantages and resources of Shamrock. Mr. Bones publishes one of the most prosperous weekly newspapers in the Panhandle.

Victor Schoffelmayer, field editor of the Dallas News and originator of the More Cotton on Fewer Acres contest said: "I think Collingsworth County has the best dirt roads of any county I have traveled over this year. They are not only smooth but they are wide. Collingsworth County has a wonderful virgin soil but it is time the farmers started taking care of it."

L. F. Sheffy, head of the history department of W. T. S. T. C., "It is always a pleasure for me to be able to come back to Wellington. The town has developed wonderfully since I was here."

Joe Cannon of the Amarillo News: "The banquet was certainly put over in a big way."

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Ammons turned one of their Chrysler cars over to the Chamber of Commerce Monday. They took Victor Schoffelmayer back to Childress after he had finished his splendid talk on the cotton industry in Collingsworth County.

Although they may never get the credit, the women and girls who served the banquet last Monday night deserve much recognition for making the banquet a success. The banquet was served in a really beautiful manner and the food was delicious. It takes thought and planning and discriminating taste to put a banquet like that across.

The Leader has a larger circulation in this trade territory than any other paper.

WELLINGTON LEADER

For Seventeen Years a Builder in Collingsworth County

VOLUME XVII

WELLINGTON, Collingsworth County, Texas, Thursday, June 10, 1926

NUMBER 91

School's Out



Wellington Wins From Sentinel 11-2

WELLINGTON TEAM NOW PREPARED TO TACKLE THEM ALL AND WIN

While Mangum and Hollis were taking their lickings in as good spirit as it is possible for them to manage, Wellington was pouring it on Sentinel to the tune of 11 to 2. The fine thing about the game Sunday was that the Wellington boys went right on playing air tight ball after they had a good lead laid away, and they kept right on swatting the pill until the end of the game.

Slick Morgan allowed the Sentinel players only two runs, but his arm is still in poor condition. Polly O'Neil and Tom Young both got three baggers. Doc Dean only got four hits making nine for the last eleven times he has been up. Hook Bryant who was back on first got three hits just to convince them that a young fellow can bat. Lee Powell got two hits. It would be hard to find anyone on the Wellington club who didn't get a hit or so. Hickey was changed to the outfield which he plays just as neatly as he does third base. Alexander did his usual stuff which was plenty good.

But why talk longer about old Sentinel. What Wellington is after is some of that Mangum and Hollis meat. Of course no one will decline the invitation to eat when the Wellington boys meet Lone Wolf or Elk City but Wellington likes to beat Hollis and Mangum better for these teams lose so gracefully.

King School Closes Thursday, June 3

TWO OF FORMER TEACHERS TO RETURN HERE TO TEACH NEXT TERM

KING, June 8.—

The school here closed last Thursday with a picnic which was enjoyed by all the children and their parents. The morning was spent in exploring the grove, then a delicious dinner was served which was enjoyed by all, and in the afternoon ice cream was made and served to all who were present. The children hated to see school close.

Miss Fannie McCormack left Friday for home in Denton. She will attend school there this summer but will return next fall and teach in our school again.

Mrs. Myrtle Fortenberry left Thursday afternoon for Giles, where she will spend a few days and then she will go to Canyon to school. She will teach in our school again next year.

The rain which fell here last Thursday night will be of great benefit to the crops of this community.

Grandmother King spent a few days with her son, Mr. E. L. King this week.

Mrs. Lona Koen had her tonsils removed last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Murray and family visited Mrs. Murray's brother, Mr. Add Owens of Wheeler.

Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Sweat and family visited in Hedley last Saturday and Sunday.

Home of Carr Scott Destroyed by Fire

NO INSURANCE CARRIED; BARN AND OUTBUILDINGS SAVED

Carr Scott, of the Wilnolcer community had the misfortune to get his residence and all household goods destroyed by fire last Friday afternoon.

There was no one at the house at the time, the family being away at a school closing program. Mr. Scott with several of the neighbors went to the fire but arrived too late to save anything only to prevent the barn and out buildings from burning.

No insurance on the house or furniture.

Candidate Speaking Dates Announced

The candidates will speak at the following places on the dates as listed below:

Nicholson, Thursday night, June 10.
Cross Roads, Friday night, June 11.
Shinnery, Tuesday night, June 15.
Quail, Thursday night, June 17.
Rolla, Friday night, June 18.
Abra, Tuesday night, June 22.
Kelly, Thursday night, June 24.
Lutie, Friday night, June 25.
Lone Mound, Tuesday night, June 29.
Swearingen, Thursday night, July 1.
Dozier, Friday night, July 2.
Salt Fork, Tuesday night, July 6.
Pleasant Hill, Thursday night, July 8.
Marella, Friday night, July 9.
Elm Valley, Tuesday night, July 13.
Wellington, Friday night, July 16.

ROBERT NEELEY IS INJURED AND ESCAPES DEATH NARROWLY

Robert Neeley whose home is in Waggoner, Okla., and who is now employed on the farm of L. A. Kennedy two and a half miles southwest of town had a very serious accident and a narrow escape from death Tuesday evening. The young man tried to ride a mule in from the field and was thrown. One of his feet became entangled in the harness. Young Neeley was dragged about three hundred yards. He is not seriously hurt but is badly bruised and scratched by being dragged over the rough ground.

SALT FORK

The sermon Sunday morning by Mrs. Jessie Shelton was splendidly delivered. We also enjoyed the sermon Bro. Francis delivered Sunday night.

Miss Catherine Turner spent Sunday afternoon with Miss Maude Painter.

Miss Maude Mauldin entertained with a party at her home Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Muck Morris of Dozier community spent Friday afternoon with Grandma Morris.

O. T. Lester and family spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Ray Ming of Quail.

Plymouth will meet the Salt Fork boys in a game of baseball at Salt Fork Saturday afternoon.

There will be preaching Saturday night and Spanday night and singing Sunday afternoon at Salt Fork.

C. OF C. MEETS TUESDAY MORNING

Committee Appointed to Select Senorita from This City to Go to Fiesta

A call meeting of some twenty-five men of the Wellington Chamber of Commerce was held in the Chamber of Commerce office Wednesday morning from 9 a. m., to 10 a. m. The principal speakers for the occasion were Homer D. Wade, assistant secretary of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce with headquarters at Stamford, Texas and J. Malcolm Harrison, a special representative of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce, located at Wichita Falls, Texas. These two men are very prominent in Chamber of Commerce work. They are on the road most all the time in the interest of their work.

The purpose of the meeting was to stimulate interest in an intensive campaign to advertise West Texas to the outside world.

They also urged the citizens of Wellington to attend the West Texas Chamber of Commerce Convention which is to be held in Amarillo June 21-23.

A committee of three was appointed to select the senorita to send to the Fiesta, from Wellington, at Amarillo during this convention. The committee as follows: S. K. Pinkston, Mrs. A. V. Cooke and C. C. Small.

The meeting adjourned at ten o'clock and with a representative of this chamber of commerce headed with Mr. E. S. Shoaf, Homer D. Wade and J. Malcolm Harrison went to Shamrock to attend a meeting at that place.

The Wellington Chamber of Commerce is very proud indeed to say they have the youngest member belonging to the West Texas Chamber of Commerce in Texas. That is Master Harris Phillips, 13 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Phillips. Harris attended the meeting Wednesday morning. After the meeting he and Mr. Wade had their photograph taken together, which will get much publicity in the state papers.

W. D. BAILEY LIKES THE LEADER AND PAYS UP TWO YEARS

W. D. Bailey of Fort Worth but at one time of Wellington, was in this city the first part of the week on business and visiting his son-in-law and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Thomas. Mr. Bailey was one among the first settlers of the county and lived here for twenty-five years. He says of all the places he has seen Wellington and Collingsworth County look better. He was in the office of the Leader and renewed his subscription for two years. He said that he could not do without the paper.

MR. AND MRS. RENNER RETURN FROM TRIP TO BIG SOUTHERN CITIES

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Renner and Miss Eula Woodruff have returned home after an extended trip in the south and northeast part of the state. Miss Woodruff accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Renner to Dallas where she visited with friend for several days, from Dallas Mr. and Mrs. Renner accompanied by their daughter, and son in law, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Forrester made a trip to Shreveport where they were pleased to see the sights of the big saw mills of that section. Mr. Renner states that it is well worth the time and money to any one hat has never seen anything but grass and cattle, to visit the eastern part of the state and view the sights of the pine region and the saw mills. They also visited Texarkana, and Hot Springs, Ark. They report a very enjoyable trip.

John Wallace and Henry Tice went to Sentinel Sunday to see the ball game

E. S. Richardson and Frank Morgan deputy sheriff and constable of Wichita Falls passed through Wellington Wednesday on their way to Amarillo on business.

Miss Faye Morean and Miss Ellen Smith of Canyon were Sunday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Fred LeDerer.

Four Hundred People Attend Big Chamber of Commerce Banquet Monday Evening

Finds Hole 24 Feet Deep in Back Yard

Last Friday morning after the rain, O. L. Couch who lives two blocks southwest of the square stepped to his back door and found a hole in the yard a few feet from his back door, that was twenty-four feet deep and six feet across. This had been an old well that had been filled many years ago, before Mr. Couch bought the place. He has lived there six years and he knew there was once a well in the back yard but did not know where it was located.

C. of C. Banquet is Held at Clarendon

More than 65 men and women of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce attended the banquet at Clarendon Tuesday night. Those who attended from Wellington were E. S. Shoaf and G. H. Russell.

Six Panhandle Counties were represented on this program. The speakers for the occasion were Hon. Homer D. Wade, assistant secretary of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce with headquarters at Stamford, Texas and J. Malcolm Harrison, special representative of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce located in Wichita Falls, after which many interesting talks were made by visiting members.

The purpose of the banquet was to bring a closer friendship among the counties and cities of this section and to stimulate interest in an intensive campaign to advertise West Texas to the Nation.

A nice luncheon was served by the ladies of the Christian Church and in the basement of the church.

The program was carried out well and everyone present seemed to enjoy themselves.

Miss Jolly and Mr. Deger Married

GRANDPA DEGER DIES MONDAY, JUNE 7 AT HOME NEAR ABERDEEN

ABERDEEN, June 8.—

Miss Lillian Jolly and George Deger surprised their many friends last Saturday evening June 5 by motoring to Memphis where they were united in marriage.

The bride is the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grant Jolly, and has lived here for several years. She possesses an unusually agreeable disposition which always attracts friends to her.

The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Deger. He is a very industrious farmer living in the Lutie community. He is an affable young man liked by everyone who knows him.

Louis (Grandpa) Deger died Monday June 7 at 3:30 p. m., at the age of 71. He was buried in the Wellington cemetery Tuesday afternoon. Rev. Henry Frances officiated. Besides his wife he is survived by ten children, all living.

Singing at the home of E. Smith on Sunday night was enjoyed by a large crowd.

Austin Ruie, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Hardy Sweat, born and died on Tuesday June 1. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Baird. Burial was made in the Shamrock cemetery.

Burt Shaw and family of Plymouth visited at the Warren Johnson home Sunday.

John Daffron made a flying trip to Panhandle last week, prospecting.

J. A. Coffee has been confined to his home for several weeks on account of sickness, suffering from a severe case of the flu.

Mr. and Mrs. John Darrow and Mrs. James Darrow of Wellington visited at the Hardy Sweat home last Tuesday

Prominent Speakers From Seven Counties Address Large Crowd

The leaders of seven counties and many towns and cities were present at the Chamber of Commerce banquet in this city Monday night, June 7 for the purpose of advertising the county and city to West Texas and to stimulate active interest in the work of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce.

Three hundred and eighty persons were present at this banquet—the largest ever held in Wellington. The banquet was a get-together affair for the counties of Collingsworth, Hall, Childress, Wheeler, Hardeman, Donley and southwestern Oklahoma. It was an occasion made great by the spirit of neighborliness and co-operation manifested by the visitors and the business men and farmers of Wellington who were hosts for the evening.

Victor Schoffelmayer, field editor of the Dallas News, was called upon by Toastmaster E. S. Shoaf for the first speech. Mr. Schoffelmayer gave figures to show that while Collingsworth County had been progressing in comparison with other cotton producing counties of Texas that the county was experiencing an alarming increase in the number of tenant farmers as compared with the number of land owners. He also stressed the need for establishing Wellington as a staple cotton market. He said the local buyers whom he had seen were in favor of paying a premium for a better grade of cotton. He declared he was pleased to learn that Collingsworth County had a much greater acreage in staple cotton than last year although the total acreage of cotton had not been increased. In closing he explained the More Cotton on Fewer Acres contest of the Dallas News and said that he hoped Collingsworth County would have a hundred entrants by the time the contest closed on July 1.

J. A. Hill, president of the West Texas State Teachers College said in his speech that the banquet at Wellington was an indication of the present attitude in regard to city building. "The day has passed," he declared, "when one town believes that it must rise up on its neighbors defeat." The present trend is to work together for the section or state in which the towns are located." From this Professor Hill turned to the modern method of handling the young people of the various communities and said that these methods were not as progressive as the present methods of city building. He said modern parents expect too much of their children when the stress of the times in which they live was considered.

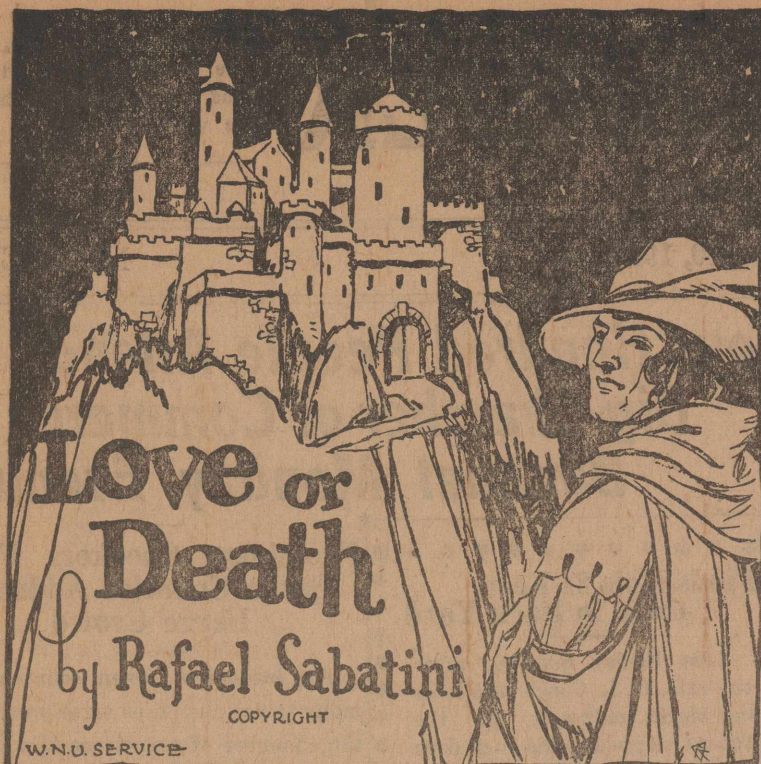
Judge C. C. Small was presented as the logical candidate for the vice-presidency of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce. He expressed his appreciation of the attitude of the out-of-town visitors.

Other speakers of prominence were: George Sager, secretary of the Memphis Chamber of Commerce; A. T. Holcomb of Clarendon; Col. Jack White of Hollis; Guy Hill, Secretary of the Shamrock Chamber of Commerce. Other out of town attendants at the banquet were: Dr. J. A. Odum, Memphis; B. F. Sheppard, Memphis; Joe Cannon, Amarillo; P. A. Bones, Shamrock; Harry Koch, Quanah; Richard Wischkaemper, Wellington; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ellis, J. G. Nisbett, Idus Smith, Dewey Malone and N. L. Wesson of Dodsonville.

Before the banquet the visitors were taken over the county and shown some of the splendid farms of Collingsworth County and were given a chance to get an eye-ful of the crops that are now growing in Collingsworth County.

They were also shown the many new and modern buildings of Wellington and were told of the improvements that are being made and that are contemplated.

One of the most entertaining parts of the banquet Monday night was the music furnished by the Wellington band under the direction of E. M. Lindsey. The band played the official march of the Wellington Chamber of Commerce, which is entitled "Wellington is Calling You."



THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—In the town of Urbino, Italy, when it was under the control of Cesare Borgia, famous military commander as well as great statesman, a certain Messer Corvinus Trismegistus, arrant rogue, is flourishing as a fortune teller, caster of spells, and dispenser of poisons to those who can afford to pay for them. To him comes in great secrecy the Lady Bianca de' Fioravanti, beautiful daughter of the rich and powerful lord of the Castle of San Leo, which is holding out against the power of even Cesare Borgia. In the act of entering, the girl is astounded by the appearance of what she takes for an apparition, but who turns out to be human as herself, and enters with her. Bianca is the sorcerer for an elixir which will compel love and mentions the name of the man she desires to conquer, Lorenzo Castrocero, condottiero serving under Cesare Borgia. Corvinus, for a large sum of money, gives her a potion, with directions, and the girl departs. When she leaves, the "apparition" appears before Corvinus. He is the much dreaded Cesare himself. Borgia learns that Corvinus has a substance which he declares will restore the dead to life. He then accuses the man of spreading the report that the Sultan Djem had been destroyed by the Holy Father through a subtle poison which Corvinus had supplied. Corvinus denies it, but admits he has a deadly poison. Cesare forces him to drink it, and restore himself to life. The sorcerer secures an emetic and saves himself.

CHAPTER II.—At a council, at which Castrocero is present, the duke is assured by his officers that the castle of San Leo is practically impregnable and can only be starved out. This will take more time than Cesare is willing to devote to the task. Castrocero tells the duke he has frequently scaled the mountain on which the castle is situated. With a subtle purpose, and believing Castrocero is not so insensible to Bianca's beauty as the girl supposes, he sends him to her with a message that her father is sick in San Leo. The young officer returns from the visit asking the duke to allow Bianca to visit her father. Borgia refuses, but secretly gives orders that she is to be allowed permission to pass through the besieging lines if she makes the attempt. He then accepts Castrocero's aid and makes Castrocero an offer of the governorship of the place if through his efforts it is taken. Of course, a misstep or capture is certain death, but the young man accepts the offer.

CHAPTER III.—Castrocero, after superhuman efforts, succeeds in entering the place undiscovered, his plan being to open the gates to a large party of Borgia's soldiers, who will be hidden outside. On the verge of success he is captured. His story that he is the bearer of a message from the lord of San Leo, who, of course, is not in the castle, is too absurd to be believed, and he is sentenced to death by the castellan, Tolentino.

Up a winding staircase, the walls and ceilings very rudely frescoed, they led Messer Lorenzo to the

apartments of Tolentino, the castellan who had been ruler of San Leo since the death, ten days ago, of the Lord Fioravanti.

As he went the young condottiero took heart once more. So far all had gone well. He had played his part shrewdly, and his demeanor had so successfully imposed upon the men that no shadow of suspicion did they entertain. Could he but succeed in similarly fooling their captain, it might well be that he should be assigned some chamber from which he anon might slip forth still to do the thing he was come to do.

As he went he prepared the tale he was to tell, and he based it upon his knowledge that Fioravanti's resistance of Cesare Borgia had been almost in opposition to the wishes of Duke Guidobaldo—that mild and gentle scholar who had desired all fortresses to make surrender, since no ultimate gain could lie in resistance and naught ensure but a useless sacrifice of life.

The difficulty for Messer Lorenzo lay in the fact that Tolentino would desire to see credentials; and he had none to offer.

He was kept waiting in an antechamber what time the big Bernardo went to rouse the castellan and to inform that grumbling captain that an envoy from Duke Guidobaldo had stolen into the castle and was seeking him. No more than just that did Bernardo tell Tolentino. But it was enough.

The castellan roused himself at once, with a wealth of oaths, first incoherent, then horribly coherent; he shook his great night-capped head, thrust out a pair of long hairy legs from the coverlet, and sat up on the bed's edge to receive this envoy, whom he made Bernardo to admit.

Messer Lorenzo very uneasy in his heart, but very haughty and confident in his bearing, entered and gave the captain a lofty salutation.

"You are from Duke Guidobaldo?" growled Messer Tolentino.

"I am," said Castrocero. "And had I been from Cesare Borgia, with a score of men at my heels, I could by now have been master of San Leo, so zealous are your watchers."

It was shrewdly conceived, because it seemed to state an obvious truth that was well calculated to disarm suspicion. But the tone he took, though well enough with men-at-arms, was a mighty dangerous one to take with a castellan of such importance and such a fierce, ungovernable temper as was notoriously Messer Tolentino's. It flung that gentleman very

naturally into a rage, and might well have earned the speaker a broken head upon the instant. This Messer Lorenzo knew and risked; for he also knew that it must earn him confidence, both for the reason already given and also because it must be inferred that only a person very sure of himself would dare to voice such a reproach.

Tolentino stared at him out of fierce, blood-injected eyes, too much taken aback to find an answer for a moment. He was a tall, handsome, big-nosed man, with black hair, an olive, shaven face, and a long, square chin. He stared on awhile, and then exploded.

"Blood of G—d!" he roared. "Here is a cockerel with a very noisy cackle! We'll mend that for you ere you leave us," he promised viciously. "Who are you?"

"An envoy from Duke Guidobaldo, as you have been informed. As for the rest—the cockerel and the cackle—we will discuss it at some other time."

The castellan heaved himself up and sought to strike a pose of dignity, no easy matter for a man in his shirt and crowned by a night-cap.

"You pert lap-dog!" said he, between anger and amazement. He breathed gustily, words failing him, and then grew calmer. "What is your name?"

"Lorenzo Snello," answered Castrocero, who had been prepared for the question, and he added sternly: "I like it better than the one you have just bestowed upon me."

"Are you come hither to tell me what you like?" bellowed the castellan. "Look you, young sir, I am the



The Castellan Heaved Himself Up and Sought to Strike a Pose of Dignity.

master here, and here my will is law. I can flog you, flay you, or hang you, and give account of it to none. Bear you that in mind, and—"

"Oh, peace!" cried Messer Lorenzo, in his turn, waving a contemptuous hand, and dominating the other by his very tone and manner. "What-

ever I may have come for, I have not come to listen to your vaporings. Have I climbed from the plain, risked my life to get through the Borgia lines, and my neck a score of times in the ascent, to stand here and have you bellow at me of what you imagine you can do? What you cannot do, I have seen for myself."

"And what may that be?" quoth Tolentino, now wickedly gentle.

"You cannot guard a castle, and you cannot discriminate between a lackey and one who is your peer and perhaps something more."

The castellan sat down again and rubbed his chin. Here was a very hot fellow, and like all bullies, Messer Tolentino found that hot fellows put him out of countenance.

In the background, behind Messer Lorenzo, stood Tolentino's men in line, silent but avid witnesses of his discomfiture. The castellan perceived that at all costs he must save his face.

"You'll need a weighty message to justify this insolence and to save you from a whipping," said he gravely.

"I'll need no weightier a message than the one I bear," was the sharp answer. "The duke shall hear of these indignities to which you are subjecting one he loves, and who has run great peril in his service."

His dignity, his air of injury was now overwhelming. "And mark you, sir, it is not the way to treat an envoy, this. Were my duty to the duke less than it is, or my message of less moment, I should depart as I have come. But he shall hear of the reception I have had, rest assured of that."

Tolentino shuffled, ill at ease now.

"Sir," he cried, protesting, "I swear the fault is yours. Who, pray, are

you, to visit me with your reproaches? If I have failed in courtesy it was you provoked me. Am I to bear the gibes of every popin-jay who thinks he can discharge my duties better than I? Enough, sir!" He waved a great hand, growing dignified in his turn. "Deliver the message that you bear." And he held out that massive hand of his in expectation of a letter.

But Messer Lorenzo's pretense was, of necessity, that he bore his message by word of mouth.

"I am bidden by my lord to enjoin you to make surrender with the honors of war, which shall be conceded you by the duke of Valentinois," said he; and seeing the surprise, doubt, and suspicion that instantly began to spread upon Tolentino's face for all to read, he launched himself into explanations. "Cesare Borgia has made terms with Duke Guidobaldo, and has promised him certain compensations if all the fortresses of his dominions make surrender without more ado. These terms my lord has been advised to accept, since by refusing them nothing can be hoped to gain, whilst he may lose all. Perceiving this, and satisfied that by prolonging its resistance San Leo can only be postponing its ultimately inevitable surrender and entailing by that postponement the loss of much valuable life, Duke Guidobaldo has sent me to bid you, in his name, capitulate forthwith."

It had a specious ring. It was precisely such a message as the humanitarian duke might well have sent, and the profit to accrue to himself from the surrender he enjoined seemed also a likely enough contingency. Yet the shrewd Tolentino had his doubts, doubts which might never have assailed another. (Continued on page 7)

What Becomes of Your Printing Dollar?

Are the dollars you spend for printing enriching the bank account of some out of town printery?

Are you helping to pay taxes in some other town, when you have no interest in that town? Is some city printer spending your money in the stores of his city and not yours? Are you counting the cost of express in the delivery of printing you are buying elsewhere?

Honestly now, are you getting better printing or cheaper printing or quicker delivery from out of town sources than your home town printer can give you?

Think That Over

Then think of where your dollars go that are paid to Wellington printing establishments. The churches, the schools, the city charities and hundreds of other community interests receive a part of the local \$20,000.00 annual payroll.

City taxes, enabling better streets, better sewerage disposal, better lights, better water facilities, better fire protection—all are aided through the payroll of Wellington printing industry.

Eleven employees of the two local plants spend with Wellington merchants, Wellington physicians, Wellington dentists, Wellington lawyers and other Wellington tradespeople and professional men, approximately \$1800.00 each month paid them in wages.

Think That Over, Too

The Wellington Leader
A Builder in Collingsworth County



OH, BOY! There's a delightful, refreshing, cleansing kick in a FITCH SHAMPOO! The Fitch Shampoo dissolves and removes from the very first application every particle of dandruff and foreign matter, leaving the scalp clean and healthy and the hair soft and fluffy.

The tonic in the Fitch Shampoo actually penetrates into every hair follicle, thereby invigorating the growth of hair. The lather is then gradually created by the application of water and, when rubbed out and rinsed, the lather carries with it all dirt, dandruff and foreign matter, leaving every pore open and functioning as nature intended.

Know the joy of a really clean scalp. Make your next shampoo a Fitch. Buy a bottle at any toilet goods counter or write the F. W. Fitch Co., Des Moines, Ia., for free trial bottle. If Fitch's isn't all we say, take it back and your money will be refunded.

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After the Shampoo, there is a FITCH TONIC for every hair and scalp condition!

If the scalp has been sore and blotchy, use

FITCH'S IDEAL TONIC

If your hair is inclined to be oily, use

FITCH'S QUININE TONIC or FITCH'S TONIQUE SUPERBE (Both are Astringent and Antiseptic)

If you want the hair to lie in place, use

FITCH'S LA FOMA TONIQUE

On Sale at All Toilet Goods Counters in Two Convenient Sizes for Home Use Applications at Barber Shops and Beauty Parlors



SHORT FURROWS

By Kin Hubbard



On th' High Cost o' Prominence

We used t' know a feller that become prominent, an' little by little, he had t' give up his business, then his earnin's an' finally his home, t' keep prominent. It's an awful task t' sustain some prominence and keep it in good runnin' order. An' it's worse yit t' have some prominence an' let it git away an' sink back among th' common run o' people. Yet we'll bet that nine-tenths of our prominent people would really like t' have some peace an' rest if they wuz some easy, graceful way o' drop-pin' out o' th' game. Prominence is agin', costly, embarrassin', tirin' an' very often demoralizin' but somehow ever-buddy that gits prominent feels like its up to 'em t' keep it brushed up an' in evidence. Ther's thousan's o' things prominent people have t' do that goes agin th' grain. Prominent folks have t' be on th' alert all th' time or ther liable t' do some little thing that'll set 'em back, an' then they'll have t' do somethin' real big t' put 'em back where they wuz. Mrs. Tilford Moots went t' th' postoffice one day in a dressin' jacket an' th' smart set jest dropped her till she had t' throw away a \$180 luncheon. Tell Binkley used t' be considered quite a comer, an' wuz goin' big till he left his spoon in his cup at a reception one afternoon and he's never received an invitation t' anything else t' this day. He has \$85 tied up in a dinner suit. Whether we're prominent socially or p'litically, or intellectually, or professionally, we're watched and discussed an' bothered an' solicited. Uncle Nate Purviance wuz referred to in a newspaper once as a prominent and well-to-do farmer an' it cost him his farm before he got through with it. Mort Bentley an' his wife used t' be prominent in Iowa, but they got so tired o' changin' their clothes an' smilin' and smirkin' that when they got down t' only two maids they borrowed some money an' moved t' Indianny, where they'e lived happily and unnoticed ever since. Mr. and Mrs. Lafe Bud are both purty prominent an' entertain nicely money her mother left her won't last always. How Artie Small manages t' make enough money out o' his drug store t' carry on socially th' way he does is a mystery. But we guess he has a great hot dog trade. His wife nokes an' drinks socially, but she prefers her home. Al Bentley, a comparative new comer that bought th' shootin' gallery next t' th' Acme garage is bein' invited out a whole lot this season, but th' exclusive residential district is so fer from his place of business that he hates t' move out there.

NOTICE

Effective June 1, 1926, water and light rates for customers of Municipal Water and Light Plant outside of corporate limits of Wellington will be as follows:

Water—Minimum charge, \$2.00 per month. For all over 2000 gallons, 75c per month.

Lights—Minimum charge \$2.50 per month. For all over ten kw, 20c per kw. Heat and power raise of rate in same ratio.

Respectfully,
C. C. SMALL, Mayor

For sweet milk, cream or butter call 36. Taylor's Creamery. 7-1

UNCLE NATE PURVIANCE, ONCE PROMINENT

Davidson's Attitude on the Problems Confronting the Farmers of Texas

By Richard Wischkaemper

In several weeks from now we farmers of Texas will be called upon to declare our choice for governor of Texas.

If we are interested in intelligent government of our State then we want to know what the candidate knows about agriculture and its conditions and needs.

We are aware of the fact that Texas is primarily an agricultural state. If therefore anyone has the ambition to be governor, but doesn't know anything about agricultural matters in the state or doesn't study them and doesn't seem to care, that fellow is overlooking an essential factor in the make-up of the commonwealth.

Since 1920 farm lands and their improvements in the United States have decreased in value by twenty billion dollars, or more than thirty per cent of their original value. The Department of Agriculture at Washington is authority for that figure.

According to investigations made by the Texas A. & M. College the farmers taxes in this state have been increased one hundred and nineteen per cent. It is known that the average increase in the price the farmer gets for his products is fifty per cent.

The farmer knows that according to investigations made by the State Department of Agriculture throughout the State last year it cost an average of something like 24 cents to raise a pound of cotton. We got 24 cents for a few bales and everything else ranged from there down to 19c.

My renters got an average of 16 cents for their crop. As they had the luck of having two thirds of their crops picked (most cotton growers had theirs snapped or pulled) it is evident that 16 cents was a high average for this country during the last season.

That is the situation. A good many know it. A good many more feel it. And I suppose there are some that neither know nor feel it. They are hopeless and will never know or feel anything above a physical reaction.

Like a good many others, I have had my liberal share of well directed knocks in my life. And the result is that like those others, I am not very apt to lose my temper any more about the insufficiencies of life. Yet, also, like the others, I can't help getting warm under the collar when I see that of the three outstanding candidates for governor, one has not a word to say about agriculture; and the other

has only a few perfunctory remarks to bestow; each of the two however, speaking with considerable emphasis and unction of his own honesty and efficiency in office and denying that thing in the other; while the top dressing that was to go on the highways in the last year and a half at a reasonable expense to all of us by way of taxes, seems in a fair way of soiling both of them the more the longer they villify each other.

The one man of the three whose honesty and efficiency in a successful business career of thirty-five years running seems to have remained unquestioned—seems rather to have been handsomely established—it Mr. Lynch Davidson. And what is of equally great importance to the farmer is the fact that he seems to have made a sober and thorough study of the farm problem. I say, sober, and thorough. In his remarks about farm matters there is no flapping calculated to flatter and rope in the unthinking individual.

No purpose is effectively served by talking about a man at any great length. I don't propose to do it here and among other things, for the simple reason that his words are more telling than mine, I shall therefore quote a few things he has to say about farming, as follows:

"The interests of all classes of business are identical with those of the farmer. This country will not prosper unless crops can be sold for more than it costs to raise them. We have come to realize that proper financing is necessary to control crop prices along the lines of supply and demand.

"I distinctly recall, during recent years in one swift fluctuation cotton dropped from 36 cents a pound to 11 cents at the low point. I defy anyone to show how the cost of production can be varied to such an extent. The price variation was due largely to manipulation. Co-operative salesmanship



DR. V. R. JONES
Registered Optometrist

Fine Spectacles

Palace Drug Store
Wellington, Texas

WHEN YOU ARE HUNGRY, think of the

City Cafe

"The House of Good Eats"

Day and Night

Phone 444

with proper financing will remedy the situation.

"There will be no cure for the farmers problems so long as each individual farmer peddles his crop from door to door with a sample in his hands. There will be no cure so long as middlemen in skyscrapers in the cities tell the farmers of the country the price they must take for their product; so long as these selfsame middlemen speculate and gamble on the product of the greatest and most important business in the nation—farming. A first essential to the success of the producers is that they must control the sale of and regulate their output.

"The middleman can be jarred loose from his stranglehold upon the farmers when the farmers themselves, by some process, control and market fifty to sixty per cent of their output. It seems that co-operative marketing institution are a nucleus around which a proper effective and efficient selling organization can be established.

"As Governor of Texas, it shall be my purpose to co-operate in every reasonable way to assist the farmers in accomplishing this great need."

Mr. Davidson is a manufacturer of lumber. Speaking of speculation, in the farmers products, in an address before a group of farmers in Amarillo last summer he remarked, "There is no speculating going on in lumber. We saw to that in time." As he said this there was a glint in his eye as of one who would not tolerate any interest to snatch away the fruits of his labor.

Two things are of interest in this episode. One, that there is no speculation in lumber; the other the glint in the speaker's eye. Both are of exemplary interest. If the cotton farmers could manage to show some of that determination it is safe to say that there would be no speculation in the commodity they have to offer in the market; and there would be some hope that the cotton field would no longer be the "token of slavery of the South."

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR LETTERS—GUARDIANSHIP

THE STATE OF TEXAS,

To the sheriff or any Constable of Collingsworth County, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to cause the following notice to be published in a newspaper of general circulation which has been continuously and regularly published for a period of not less than one year preceding the date of the

notice in the County of Collingsworth County, State of Texas and you shall cause said notice to be printed once each week for a period of ten days exclusive of the first day of publication before the return day hereof:

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR LETTERS—GUARDIANSHIP.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,

To all persons interested in the welfare of Robert Hammack, Lorene Hammack, Edith Hammack and Modell Hammack, minors, Annie Poteet has filed in the County Court of Collingsworth County an application for Letters of Guardianship upon the estate of said minors Robert Hammack, Lorene Hammack, Edith Hammack and Modell Hammack which said application will be heard at the next term of said Court, commencing on the first Monday in July, A. D., 1926, the same being the 5th day of July, A. D., 1926 at the court house thereof in Wellington, Texas at which time all persons interested in the welfare of said minors may appear and contest said application if they see proper to do so.

Herein fail not, but have you before said Court on the said first day of the next term thereof, this writ with your return showing how you have executed

the same.
Given under my hand and the seal of said Court, at office in Wellington, Texas this the fifth day of June, A. D. 1926.

MRS. ROY L. NOLES, Clerk County Court Collingsworth County, Texas. 91-93

MEDICINE MAN WANTED

Do you want to go into the medi-

cine business? If so, consider McNess first. McNess has sealed remedies—that means no re-filled bottles to resell—no losses on once sampled from bottles. Customers prefer safe sealed remedies. You'll have Sanitary Samples, Premiums, Advertising that helps to sell and a line of products unmatched in quality by other lines. There are a few localities near here available. Call at my house if interested. Must have car, or team and wagon. Call Saturday afternoon or after seven o'clock evenings.

O. Q. Holley, Wellington, Texas 84-86-88-90

Drive out to the hatchery Tuesday of each week and get your baby chicks Knowles Hatchery. afc

MARLIN HOT WELLS

WHERE LIFE GIVING WATERS FLOW

Come to Marlin, the year-round health resort, for rheumatism, neuritis, stomach trouble and all chronic diseases. Modern, up to date hotels, clinics and bath houses. Golfing and dancing. Ask your neighbor who has been here, or writt

THE MARLIN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
MARLIN, TEXAS

Cicero Smith Lbr. Co.

COAL
LUMBER
PAINT

Phone 27

Why Does FORD Advertise ?

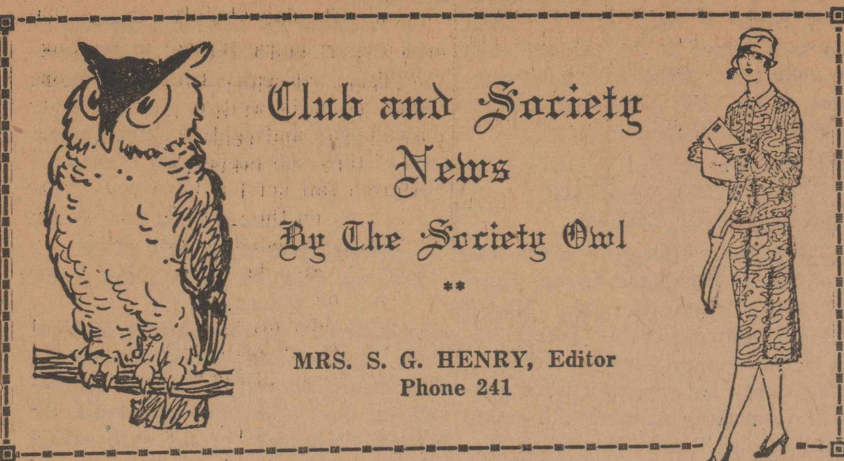


Henry Ford, the automobile manufacturer, undoubtedly will take his place in history as probably the shrewdest business man in his generation in America. Despite the unprecedented success of the Ford Motor Company and its constantly increasing sales, Henry Ford continues to advertise. Why?

No one has a better understanding of the value of continued advertising. Henry Ford knows what makes the business wheels go around. He knows that printre's ink in the form of Advertising is the motive force that makes sales. And just as he understands that gasoline is needed to make an automobile go, he knows that Advertising is essential to make business hum.

The Wellington Leader

A Builder in Collingsworth County



Club and Society News

By The Society Owl

MRS. S. G. HENRY, Editor
Phone 241

Rap, tap, tap.
It came. It seemed miles away.

Rap, tap, tap

Under it sounded as I began to arouse myself from an after breakfast nap. Now the taps became plainer and more impatient.

What was it, anyhow? Oh, my eyes, if they would only snap open! Why did I go to that old banquet anyway? I turned over and prepared to snooze some more. But in a minute those light taps reached the proportions of poundings and stamping of feet and suddenly I became fully awake. Why that was the Society Owl!

I jumped up and ran to the door to behold Mr. Owl with eyes blazing, feathers awry and stamping his funny feet.

"Why hello there," I greeted him. "I didn't expect you back this week."

"Why didn't you let me in?" he asked.

"Oh, but I was asleep and you awakened me with that continual tap, tap."

"What on earth were you doing asleep at this time of the day?" asked the Society Owl, incredulously.

"Well," I began rather sheepishly, "Well, you see, on Sunday night I went to hear a splendid lecture and it was almost midnight before we got home and last night, Monday, I had to help with the banquet and it WAS midnight when we got home and it's been several years since we kept such gay hours and I just had to snatch some extra sleep and anyway, I didn't look for you back this week. Hos Society spread its wing again?"

"Well, it seems to be flitting about some," replied the Owl, "but there are some other things I wanted to talk to you about too. You know of course that a number of our sweet girl graduates have gone away to school and of course that 'getting ready' has filled every minute of their time thinking one must surely have everything one could possibly need only to get settled at school and realize that one either has forgotten some most necessary article or perhaps had never even thought of it at all. It is an amazing realization, those first few days at school. I shall never forget that awful fear in my own trembling heart as I stood all day in line to enroll. Everything so new, so strange to a little sixteen year old graduate and to me then it seemed as if everyone there knew just where to go and what to do except me and as the day wore on, and I became sick at heart and lonely and scared to death and trembling from head to foot, finally was given a list of the books I would need and instructed to proceed to the library, second floor. I came safely to the first landing and something within my poor tired trembling body snapped and I toppled backward and fell down that flight of stone steps, and collapsed at the bottom in a heap. Yes, most emphatically my first day at college was a most harrowing experience. But of course it doesn't affect everyone that way and, too, most things have changed since then."

"It is a wonderful experience," said the Society Owl. "Your school is to have a 'home coming' this month. I wanted to say and that reminds me of something else. Our band boys are entering the contest for bands and we are sure with them and I know they are out to win. Let's get behind them and encourage them and, oh! about our parties. There is the largest affair of the season planned for this week. This affair will take place at the country club and everyone is looking forward to it. There were two lovely evening affairs last week and one afternoon party and the crowning event of the week was the Chamber of Commerce banquet. Over three hundred and eighty people gathered and enjoyed the splendid talks, music and food. But I really must be going. I have to grab some extra sleep myself."

"Well, then why did you—" but the Society Owl flapped his wings and was gone before I could finish my sentence and as he soared above the housetops, he let out his plaintive call—

"Whoooo are youuuoo?"

NOTICE
The North Wellington Home Demonstration Club will serve ice cream and lemonade at the candidate speaking June 11 at the Cross Roads school house. The proceeds will be donated to the County Library.

T. E. L. Class No. 1 Meets With Mrs. J. T. Howell Monday

The T. E. L. Class No. 1 of the Baptist Church met at the home of Mrs. J. T. Howell on Monday, June 7.

Mrs. Harper led our devotional of which we all enjoyed. Mrs. Lem Hodges gave us a talk on the duties of the different officers, which was fine and very instructive.

The T. E. L. Class is trying so hard to do personal service work in our town and are doing lots of good. We are having a market Saturday June 12 somewhere on the square. The money is to go to the Buckner's Orphan home. Come in and buy your Sunday dinner.

Delicious refreshments were served to the following: Mesdames Dennis Singley, Payne, Hudson, McClaskey, McQueen, Lowrie, Hodges, Ryan and Mrs. D. E. Scott, as guest.

REPORTER

Mr. and Mrs. Baker Entertain Dinner Bridge Club Thursday

A delightful affair was enjoyed by members of the Dinner-Bridge on last Thursday evening when Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Baker entertained. A delicious dinner was served after which bridge was enjoyed for several hours. Mrs. Roy Horn held high score for ladies and S. R. Pinkston held high score for gentlemen. Those who attended the affair were Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Small, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Pinkston, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Orr, Mrs. J. B. Stevenson and Gene Lewis.

Mrs. John French Hostess to Rounde Dozen Clubs Wednesday

A pretty affair of last week was on Wednesday when Mrs. John French entertained the Rounde Dozen Bridge Club and several guests. Spring flowers were used in the decorations and table appointments. Mrs. Earl Koger held high score at bridge and Miss Wilda Keithley held second high and Mrs. Bill Moseley won in the cut for table prizes. Delicious refreshments were served to Mesdames Fred LeDerer, A. Dobbs, Ross Wilkerson, S. R. Pinkston, Ray Goodson, Carl Langmack, O. B. Crawford, Earl Koger, A. L. Cochran, Bill Moseley, Henry Salter, Mrs. Vernon Morris of Dallas and Misses Irene Moore, Wilda Keithley and Bess Royal and Bess Pritchard.

Mrs. Roy Horn Entertains Be Jolly Club This Week

A lovely hospitality of the week was extended to members of the Be Jolly Club and several guests when Mrs. Roy Horn entertained on Tuesday afternoon at Bridge. The rooms were fragrant with sweet pea and nasturtiums of dainty colors, harmonizing with the score cards also in the spring motif. Mrs. Earl Koger was most fortunate at the games and received a set of lovely parfait glasses. Mrs. C. C. Small was next high and was given a novel waste basket in brilliant colors.

A delicious refreshment course of chicken croquettes, vegetable salad, pickles and iced tea and pie a la mode was served to Mesdames John French, Bill Moseley, Vernon Morris of Dallas, Bob Glenn, Ed Fancher, C. C. Small, Earl Koger, H. L. Todd, C. J. Baker, S. R. Pinkston, L. E. Gribble and S. G. Henry.

Miss Peggy Hill Entertains P. W. C. Bridge Club Thursday

Members of the P. W. C. Bridge club enjoyed a lovely party on Thursday evening when Miss Peggy Hill was hostess at the home of Mrs. Fred LeDerer. Tables were arranged in the spacious living room and bridge was enjoyed for several hours. Mrs. S. P. Buster held high score and received a hand decorated ice bowl and Mrs. O. B. Crawford was next high and received a lovely box of stationery. Delicious refreshments were served to Mesdames Rex Rollins, C. G. Baker, Robert Scott, O. B. Crawford, S. P. Buster, T. A. Hudson and Fred LeDerer.

MICKIE SAYS—

SECRETIVE PERSONS WHO SEND ANONYMOUS LETTERS TO NEWSPAPERS ARE WASTING THEIR STAMPS—BEFORE WE PRINT MATTER WHICH COMES IN THE MAILS, WE MUST KNOW WHO OUR INFORMANT IS—BUT WE OMIT THE SENDERS NAME IF DESIRED



What Doing in Texas

SAN SABA, June 8.—Both the president and the secretary of the San Sab Chamber of Commerce will officially attend the Amarillo convention of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce, also a large delegation from the county and city of San Saba.

CISCO, June 8.—R. G. Lee, president of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce began his Heart of Texas diversification tour on June 7th and is visiting Coleman, Brownwood, Brady, San Saba, Mason, Fredericksburg, Llano, Burnett, Marble Falls, Goldswaithe, Hamilton, and Hico. It will be his last tour as president of the organization.

WELLINGTON, June 8.—At a monster banquet of Wellington and Collingsworth County citizens held here June 7, under the auspices of the Wellington Chamber of Commerce plans were made to make Wellington the "swine production center" of the Panhandle. Carload shipments of hogs are to be placed under way.

FORT WORTH, June 8.—Announcement was made here today that R. M. Kelly, president, Eugene Blount, vice-president, Tucker Royall Treasurer and W. N. Blanton, secretary-elect all of the East Texas Chamber of Commerce will attend the Eighth Annual Convention of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce at Amarillo as guests of the West Texans, and for the purpose of getting information for the East Texas body.

ABILENE, June 8.—The Abilene special train to Amarillo will be operated via the Wichita Valley and Fort

Worth and Denver lines. It will convey Abilene's candidacy for presidency to Amarillo in the person of Bob Hayney.

WINTERS, June 8.—This city is a contractor in the selling of poultry with the Bankhead Marketing Association and all selected poultry and hogs from the Winters District is to be handled in this manner.

VERNON, June 8.—A special train will be operated from Vernon to Amarillo on account of the the West Texas Chamber of Commerce convention. Delegates from this city, Quanah, Crowell and Chillicothe will make up the party.

RANGES, June 8.—Eastland county is enjoying another oil boom. All over the country new drillings are under way and every foot of land is being prospected. Not since 1920 have Ranger, Eastland and Cisco been so busy. Hotel accommodations are taxed.

MATADOR, June 8.—Elmer Stearns is chairman of the committee of the Motley County Chamber of Commerce to select Sonora Matador for the Amarillo convention; also to secure headquarters in Amarillo and arrange for the Motley county delegation.

SAN ANTONIO, June 8.—San Antonio's special train for the Amarillo Convention of West Texas Chamber of Commerce will bring with it the famous Alamo Boy Scout band. San Antonio is a leading contestant for the 1927 convention.

WICHITA FALLS, June 8.—Bob Pennick is chairman of the On-to-Amarillo Committee of the local Chamber of Commerce. Wichita Falls will operate a special train and will contest with San Antonio for the 1927 convention.

LITTLEFIELD, June 8.—This city will operate a special train to Amarillo via the Santa Fe Lines. Littlefield is proposing the election of Arthur P. Duggan for President of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce.

BRADY, June 8.—The city commission announces that \$35,000 will be spent immediately to improve and enlarge the municipal light plant here.

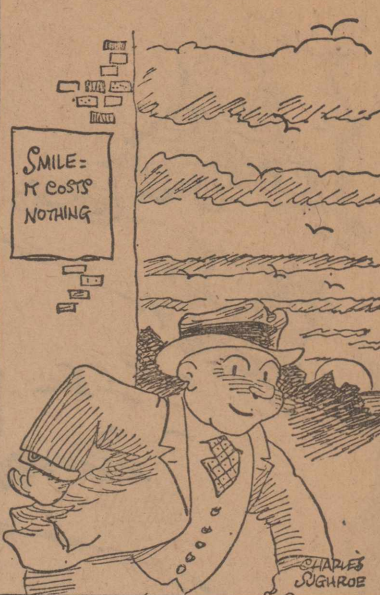
QUANAH, June 8.—The Quanah Tribune Chief editorially says that the city of Quanah should be especially well represented at the Eighth Annual Convention of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce, at Amarillo, because of the many services rendered Quanah by the regional body.

PREVENTS INFECTION

The greatest discovery in flesh healing is the marvelous Borozone, a preparation that comes in liquid and powder form. It is a combination treatment that not only purifies the wound of germs that cause infection but it heals the flesh with extraordinary speed. Bad wounds or cuts which take weeks to heal with the ordinary liniments mend quickly under the powerful influence of this wonderful remedy. Price (liquid) 30c, 60c and \$1.20. Powder 30c and 60c. Sold by JOE HARD YDRUG CO

BILL BOOSTER SAYS:

DO YOUR STUFF—DO WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT WHATEVER YOU ARE WORKING AT UNTIL A BETTER JOB SHOWS UP—THE JOB AT HAND, IF DONE WELL, IS A GOOD RECOMMENDATION FOR SOME THING BETTER



"Raisins" and "Currants"

The name "raisin" is primarily a French word meaning "grape." It is given to the dried fruits of certain varieties of the grapevine (genus Vitis). The name "currants" originally (and still is) applied to the dried seedless fruit of a variety of the grapevine. The most obvious distinction is one of size, so-called raisins usually being large and currants small. Both really are kinds of raisins, the latter being grouped as ordinary or large raisins, sultana seedless raisins and currants. The last were so called because originally brought from Corinth. The name also is applied to a well-known garden fruit produced by plants of an entirely different genus.

SICKLY, PEEVISH CHILDREN

Children suffering from intestinal worms are cross, restless and unhealthy. There are other symptoms, however. If the child is pale, has dark rings under the eyes, bad breath and takes no interest in play, it is almost a certainty that worms are eating away its vitality. The surest remedy for worms is White's Cream Vermifuge. It is positive destruction to the worms but harmless to the child. Price 35c. Sold by JOE HARDY DRUG CO.

Rikers Lithia Tablets, an aid for the treatment of rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments. Joe Hardy Drug Co.

Political Announcements

Subject to Action of Democratic Primary, July 24, 1926.

For District Attorney:
HARWOOD BEVILLE
JAMES C. MAHAN

For District Clerk:
LENORE SHERWOOD

For County Judge:
R. H. TEMPLETON
G. A. RICHARDS
E. L. WINN

For County Superintendent:
J. D. WILSON

For Sheriff:
CLAUDE McKINNEY

For County Treasurer:
MRS. LAURA CAMPBELL
J. W. L. COOK

For Tax Assessor:
H. B. DUKE

For County Clerk:
MRS. ROY L. NOLES

For Justice of Peace, Prec. 1:
P. W. MYERS

For Commissioner Precinct No. 1:
B. F. FORD

For Commissioner, Precinct No. 2:
H. K. WILLINGHAM
W. L. COOPER

For Commissioner Precinct No. 3:
H. I. CAGLE

For Commissioner, Precinct No. 4:
J. A. COLEMAN

For Public Weigher, Precinct No. 1:
FREEMAN MELTON
H. G. (GRADY) GRAHAM

For County Attorney:
LUTHER GRIBBLE

For Your Vacation

We have the supplies and equipment you will need for a short or extended camping trip, at very low prices.

Acme Freezers

HALF GALLON CAPACITY

Will freeze ice cream in 5 minutes. Easily operated by any child; galvanized construction. Gosselin's price 95c

Coleman Gasoline Cook Stoves

Will cook a meal quicker than you can cook it at home. Easily carried and set up. \$9.00

—All kinds of cooking equipment such as skillets, pots, pans and cutlery at low prices.

MONARK Therma Jug

1 gal. capacity, insulated white vitreous lining, a sage green enameled finished pressed steel jacket with beaded sides, no soldered seams, heavy aluminum cup, holds hot or cold, 12 to 24 hours. Gosselin's price only \$2.95

Paper Picnic Plates

To be thrown away after using, 10 for 5c
Paper cups, 6 for 5c
Paper spoons 10 for 5c
Paper Napkins, 100 for only 10c

TIN CUPS AND TIN PLATES, each 5c

Gosselin's VARIETY STORE

Lewis Lumber Company

"Every Stick a Dry Stick"

LUMBER

Sold on Installments

C. D. Shamburger

Lumber Company

PILES

FISTULA

Dr. T. A. Hudson

Specialist in Rectal Diseases

Treated by Painless Methods

Rooms 6, 7 and 8 in First Nat'l Bank Building

X-RAY

PHYSIO-THERAPY

Wellington, Texas

—By Voorhees

Mrs. T. E. Bengé and Mrs. Fred LeDerer visited in Oklahoma City last week. Mrs. LeDerer attended the wedding of a sister while there.



WELLINGTON LEADER

Published Every Thursday and Sunday by The Leader Printing Co., Inc., Wellington, Texas

HENRY DESKINS WELLS, Editor
Duard E. Scott, Ass't Editor

G. H. Russell, Circulation Mgr. and Local News Editor

Entered as second-class mail matter August 25, 1909, at postoffice at Wellington, Texas under act Mar. 3, 1879.

Special Representative Texas Press Weeklies, Inc. H. L. Grable, Manager, 618 Merc. Bank Bldg., Dallas, Texas

\$2.00 a Year inside of Trade Territory
\$3.00 a Year Outside Trade Territory

Acquiring Knowledge

There won't be many editorials from the official editorial pen this issue and there will be still less Sunday. The editor is going—rather has gone—to San Antonio to see if the convention of newspaper editors is like all other conventions—meetings where you absorb lots of hot air and acquire a little—very little—information.

Lost Business

When one loses his watch, pocketbook or other valuable, one of his first thoughts is to advertise. He wants the community to know that he wants something and that something is his lost possession.

Is it any less needful to advertise for lost business—business that is lost because the other fellow has been alert enough to advertise and find it? Business always is potentially lost from the business man or firm that does not continually put into active use the tested methods of establishing patronage. One of these methods is advertising; another is courtesy, another service, another honest values and quality goods. Successful business houses let the world know of their products thru advertising.—Altus Times Democrat.

As Others See Us

Out of the fog of London comes a story of two young men who toured this country and interviewed prominent industrialists on the question, "Why Does America Prosper?"

Their reasons, as quoted in the New York Times are interesting:

1. Promotion in America is by merit.
2. America sticks to the principle of small profits and quick returns, and wealth is made by fine margins of profit on immense and rapid turnover.
3. Rapid turnover is secured by simplification and cheapening of processes which necessitates less capital for a given output.
4. America shows endless keenness in devising time saving and trouble-saving devices.
5. The American employer is not hostile to high wages.
6. American manufacturers co-operate by exchanging ideas.
7. Americans are vigilant and astute in eliminating waste and in conserving time, energy and waste.
8. American welfare methods double high wages in their stimulative effect by surrounding the workers with cleanliness and light and by seeking in every way to increase their convenience and satisfaction.
9. Americans encourage research with magnificent intelligence, scouring the world to obtain the best research brains.

A particularly pertinent statement from the investigators concludes the article. "Exchange of trade information between competitors is essential if the full harvest of improved technical knowledge is to be reaped. Such a policy is largely practiced in America, not for altruistic reasons but because it has been found to pay."—Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

Tickling a Man's Vanity

Whenever a man is willing to pay for the pleasure of having his vanity tickled his name will soon appear on the sucker list of a number of crooks who speculate on the follies and weaknesses of others. Last year a fellow, who looked like he might have come out of the pen a few days before, was doing this town and told some of our professional men how his company was going to give them an encyclopaedia without cost for the sake of having their endorsement. All Mr. Blank had to do was to make an advance payment NOW to cover express charges of this book.

The offer was so plainly a graft that we don't believe anybody in Quanaah fell for it.

But this week a similar concern bobs up willing to donate to Mr. Prominent Citizen a book of research. All he has to do is sign his name on the dotted line that he is willing to accept. Of course, if he does, some clause will show up which calls for money and Mr. P. C. will wish that he had dealt with a straight business concern instead of an outfit anxious to be charitable to folks not in need of charity.—The Quanaah Tribune Chief.

Courtesy

It pays to be courteous—even to bill collectors. But it seems that many people who are free-est in making purchases seem to have gained the impression that it is a part of the transaction to be as discourteous as possible to the representative of the business firm who presents the bill as a part of the original contract.

It is remarkable to note the experiences of a bill collector. He gains the impression of the real character of the business firms of the city more quickly than most any class.

Where he meets courteous treatment he will especially mention it to friends and neighbors and speak to the manager of the business firm, "I just simply like to go to that place, M— is always so courteous."

The impression of this bill collector will go a long way with his friends and neighbors, as he speaks unstinted praise of the business firm and its manager. It will mean the unqualified support of a lot of people for the firm, as the public today is more and more seeking out and patronizing those who will give courtesy under all conditions.—Randall County News.

Glories of the Southwest

BY PHEBE K. WARNER

Colorado is full of beauty, as everyone knows who has passed through that State. There is perhaps no other State in the Union that has so many boosters as Colorado. Why? Because she has made it possible for everyone who comes her way to visit her marvelous gifts of nature. More school children hear more about Colorado every year than any other State. In fact most school children hear more about Colorado than they do about their home state because as a rule their teachers know more about Colorado than they do about their home state.

It's great to produce more cotton and wool and wheat than any other state. It looks good in print and makes us all proud of our particular products. But who cares for cotton and corn and cattle when they are tired and hot and off for a vacation? It is beauty they want then. Beauty and rest and gradeur. And Something to feed their starving, shriveled souls. Our eyes and our minds and our spirits need a change of diet once a year at least. And that's why the highways to Colorado are lined with pleasure seekers all the time. And everyone who goes there this year will influence a dozen others to go there next year. That's why we all know about Colorado.

The Pacific Coast has its glories too. The sea coast, the mountains, the great trees, the Yosemite, and its valleys of golden fruit and CLIMATE. Did you ever hear a Californian talk five minutes without mentioning their climate? Then there is the great northwest with its marvelous mountains, its National parks of which the Yellowstone is one of Nature's greatest gifts to man.

And across the continent two thousand miles away is the East and the Northeast. The East is a place and around Washington, Baltimore, New York and Philadelphia. In area it is about the size of Texas. You could put Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, West Virginia, Delaware and Pennsylvania in Texas and still they would have 14,858 square miles of empty space to rattle around in. But there is a lot of beauty in these States and a lot of people. They would have the Adirondack mountains, the Niagara Falls, the Great Lakes, some of them half the St. Lawrence River, the Hudson River, the Shenandoah Valley, The Atlantic Sea Coast, the Potomac and Mt. Vernon and the Nations Capital as a few of their glories. The Creator was most liberal with His beauty when He made the East. And down in the Southeast lies Florida.

But there is another region in our Nation with untold beauty. And when I say untold it means "the half has never been told" of the glories of the great Southwest which includes the states of Arkansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. God didn't forget these states when He was scattering His marvelous wonders round. Wonder why the Creator was so generous and so democratic with His beauty when He made that part of the world called the United States. Don't you imagine he knew that some day there would be millions and millions of human souls scattered all over this great country who could need just such places for rest and recreation and inspiration to help them bear the burdens of life and carry on. Do you think if the Creator had ever intended these beautiful places to be plowed up and planted in something to eat to feed our bodies that he would ever have dug canyons so deep or built mountains so high or made the rivers so swift? And can you imagine such a thing as all this gradeur being put in this world for the comfort of sows and calves and the protection of the wild animals alone?

I can't, especially since He made every human soul in His image, with a natural longing for the beautiful things in this world and made our bodies to grow weary and need a resting place now and then some where this side of the grave?

I believe there was a purpose in Gods plan when He made the Hot Springs of Arkansas and built a fire under them that has never gone out. And there must have been a purpose when He made the Ozark mountains and the Ouachita Mountains that bind Arkansas and Oklahoma together in a way that can never be broken. There must have been a great purpose when He stretched the Gulf Coast line all along the southern side of Louisiana and on around Texas for four hundred miles. There must have been some human design in the Creator's mind when He made the Rio Grande River, the Davis Mountains, the Palo Duro Canyon and the forests of East Texas. There must have been some great human motive in the heart of the Creator when He carved out the Grand Canyon and painted it in those gorgeous colors in Arizona. And do you think He would spend a million years making the Carlsbad Cavern over in New Mexico for the bats to sleep in during the day time? There is no place in the world richer in beauty and gradeur than the Purple Southwest. Nor has any territory any greater variety of glories than in the southwest. These are only a few of the outstanding attractions in our part of the Nation.

But the reason the world and especially the people of the U. S. A., do not know more about the glories of the Southwest is because they are farther apart and the people have not seen them yet in a mass. The territory covered by the six states of Arkansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona is almost three times as great as that covered by the four-teen states before mentioned. And not only are the distances greater but the people are fewer in this region. And while thousands of more miles of roads are needed to reach the wonders of the Southwest, there are millions fewer people to build and pay for those roads. And this is the only reason why these gifts of nature have not been made accessible to all the people as early as the beautiful places of the East. There is one exception to this statement. The Hot Springs of Arkansas was the first national park, created in the U. S. A., in 1832. The people of the Southwest have united in inviting the 1926 National Conference on State Parks to meet at Hot Springs, Ark., June 14, 15 and 16. At that conference everything possible will be done to plan ways and means to develop the natural resources in the form of beauty in State and National Parks for the whole Southwest. Let's make it possible for the Nation to see and know and enjoy more of our beauty. It is our contribution to tired and pleasure seeking humanity.

ONE NEVER KNOWS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

I KNOW not what the day may bring
Of sorrow, joy, or anything;
For I have seen a yellow morning
With summer gold the hills adorning,
Yet seen that very sun at noon
Turn to the pallor of the moon,
Have seen the fog come landward
drifting
Till mountain peaks no more were
lifting.

Until the world was nothing more
Than just a path along the shore
Where seagulls scream and breakers
roar.

I know not what the day may be:
For I have seen the troubled sea
Grow calm, have seen some morning
clouded,
Its pathway dim, its mountains
shrouded,
Grow blue above, grow green around—
Yes, faring onward I have found
That many a sun so poorly risen
May break through mists that may
imprison.

And turn the world to green and gold,
Yes, warm the rocks that now are
cold.
One never knows what day may hold.

One never knows—but this we know:
The fogs may come, the fogs may go,
And men see darkly, men see clearly,
But if we hold not joy too dearly
Nor pain too deeply, take the day
As day may come, and walk the way,
No path shall seem too hard for choos-
ing.

For faith can answer anything,
And lips can smile, and even sing,
No matter what the day may bring.

One never knows—but this we ken:
Sunlight and fog and sun again,
Let's live the hour of joy with reason,
The grief with faith, live life in sea-
son.

Nor think each morning must be fair,
Nor think a care an endless care.
For, when the fogs have landward rid-
den,
The mountains still are there, though
hidden
A rocky path one often goes,
But even there perhaps a rose
Lies right ahead—one never knows
(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mother's Cook Book

A child is not blank paper on which we may write our own ideas, but an individual, who has a character to be developed and a place to make in the world.

FOOD FOR THE DAY

NOW that the warm days of summer are here, the house mother who gets any enjoyment from outdoor life, must simplify her meals. Fortunately during the warm months we all like the juicy fruits and succulent vegetables and care less about hearty foods, such as meats, puddings and pastries.

Cold fruit soups, fruit salads and fruit cocktails are all well-liked for the beginning of the summer dinner. Iced drinks are always welcome. For luncheon or supper, sandwiches with a drink of some sort, a salad and a piece of cake will make a good wholesome meal. One may have sliced cold meat, olives, radishes, green onions or a simple vegetable salad; a dish of some sort of frozen combination and cake will make another good menu.

An omelet is a plain, and one of the easiest dishes to prepare, after a little practice; served with some sort of a sauce it may be very satisfying.

For breakfast the dish of fruit, an orange, or any fruit in season, is always a good beginning for the day. With a dish of oatmeal with cream or top milk, a piece of buttered toast with an egg or slice of bacon, a cup of coffee and a cookie or doughnut, one will be sufficiently sustained until the noon meal. When dinner is served at night and luncheon at noon, the menu for the luncheon will correspond to the supper dishes, for those who serve the dinner in the middle of the day.

Chocolate cake baked in layers and put together with orange sauce is a great favorite.

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



The young lady across the way says there are more important things than money and the world will never be what it ought to be until it gets away from the Golden Rule.

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The TALE of KIDDIE KATYDID

By Arthur Scott Bailey



KITTY DID!

AS THE hours sped by and the moon at last crossed the sky and dropped out of sight, Kiddie Katydid saw that there was going to be trouble.

He was worried about Benjamin Bat. Early in the evening Benjamin had begun to amuse Mr. Frog. And he was so busy doing that that he wouldn't take the time to go away and snatch even a bite to eat.

Naturally, Benjamin's temper grew worse as the night lengthened. And Kiddie Katydid had to admit to himself that he would be most unwise if he did any jumping or flying just then. For Benjamin Bat was in so fierce a humor that he was ready to snap at anybody who was smaller than he



The Cat Lay Motionless Along a Limb.

was. All the tiny flying folk gave him a wide berth. And it began to look as if he were going to spoil the night's fun.

But all the while Mr. Frog never once lost his temper. Even when Benjamin Bat called him a long-legged, flat-headed, paddle-footed meddler, Mr. Frog only smiled and turned a few somersaults backward.

"What's the matter with you?" Benjamin Bat asked him at last. "Can't you speak?"

"Certainly! Certainly!" Mr. Frog said then. "I've been trying to think of some way to prevent so much quarreling. It hardly seems fair to Kiddie Katydid—this uproar in his doorway. And since you are the one that's making the greatest disturbance, I'd suggest that you go away and leave us to enjoy the rest of the night in peace."

"I'll do nothing of the kind!" Benjamin Bat screamed. "This is my party. I thought of it in the first place. And I'm going to stay here until dawn."

HOWE ABOUT—

By ED HOWE

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In a certain town a young man nineteen years old was arrested for burglary. His mother is prostrated with grief—I have known the mother and son a good many years. If ever a mother worked hard to ruin a son, this mother did. She was always saying he was all she had, and that she loved him as she loved her life. The neighbors knew the boy was worthless, and that the mother was largely responsible—You needn't say you know no such mother, for there are several living in your neighborhood.

I am not surprised that we humans do foolish things: that's life. If people were not foolish, God and his disciples would have nothing to fret about—What is a foolish thing? Anything that injures you. The first business of a man is to take care of himself: benefit himself: to feed and clothe himself as well as possible; to render himself as comfortable as possible. When you neglect any beneficial thing, you are foolish.

Not much can be accomplished with Spirituality, except its suggestion that Materialism be made a little more decent.

In one of his writings H. G. Wells speaks of the development of civilization as wonderful. . . . I do not see anything wonderful about it. Early man tried various things, adopted those that would work, and passed off the stage. Then his successors improved his processes, and in time their processes were improved. What is there wonderful about it? Is it not natural for man to seek the shortest and easiest methods? If a dog is lying in the sun, and it becomes too warm, he moves into the shade. . . . We finally learned to heat chilly houses, although you would blush to hear how long we were in learning of so simple a utility as a fireplace to carry smoke outside the room. . . . The real wonder is the

"Very well! Then the rest of us will leave at once," Mr. Frog told him. And calling good-by to all his friends, Mr. Frog hopped himself briskly away.

The smaller folk, too, vanished as if by magic. Though Benjamin Bat watched sharply, he didn't even see Freddie Firefly when he slipped away. "That's strange!" thought Benjamin. "He must have put out his light, to fool me. But I don't care, because Kiddie Katydid is hidden somewhere in this tree. And I'm going to find him—for I'm terribly hungry."

So Benjamin began flying in and out among the maple branches. Nobody but he could have twisted and turned in such a helter-skelter fashion. It made Kiddie Katydid almost dizzy just to watch him. But Kiddie didn't take his eyes off Benjamin, because he intended to jump—and jump fast and far—in case Benjamin should spy him.

Now, although the Bat family was able to see in the dark as well as Farmer Green's cat could, Benjamin failed to find Kiddie Katydid anywhere. Crouching motionless upon a leaf, and dressed all in green Kiddie Katydid was almost invisible. But if he had moved the least bit, Benjamin Bat would have found him out.

Looking only for a tiny green figure among the green leaves, Benjamin Bat paid no attention to the grayish branches of the tree. He was really strangely careless. Quite unsuspected by him, while he was wrangling with Mr. Frog, the cat had crept out of the woodshed and stolen softly into that very tree, where she lay motionless along a limb. She had come out upon an early morning hunt for birds.

She was a fierce old cat. There was nothing, almost, that she wasn't ready and willing to fight. Even old dog Spot had learned to shun her. And now she waited patiently until Benjamin Bat should come within reach of her quick paws.

That stupid, blundering fellow bumped squarely into her at last. And how he escaped is still a mystery. The old cat always claimed that when she found Benjamin wasn't a bird she was so surprised that she let him go. And as for Benjamin himself, he never would discuss his adventure with anybody. Kiddie Katydid was the only other one who saw what happened. But he was so frightened at the time that he only knew that Benjamin Bat tore away toward the swamp as if a thousand cats were following him. And people do say that for some time afterward, Kiddie Katydid shrilled a slightly different ditty. It was "Kitty did, Kitty did; she did, she did!"

But when Mr. Frog mentioned that news, with a laugh, to Benjamin Bat, over in the swamp, Benjamin only said, "Stuff and nonsense!" Yet he looked most uncomfortable.

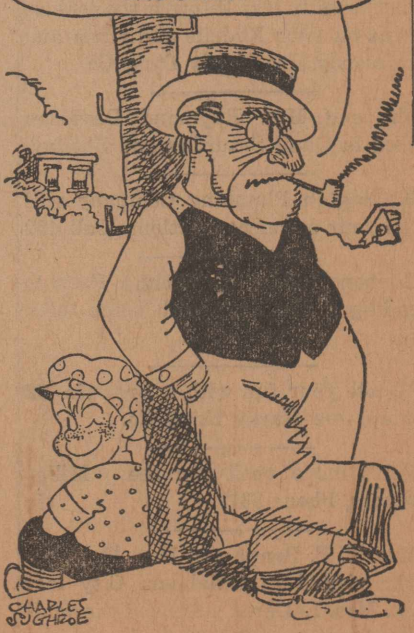
(© by Grosset & Dunlap)

long time we were in learning the simplest things. . . . And some of the simplest things we haven't learned yet. Look at the millions who still believe that the easiest way to get things is to steal them. Billions are yet to be converted to the simple, true doctrine that honesty is the best policy.

A business career may rob a woman of some of her charm, but I do not think this is necessarily so. Business is not as nasty a mess as what we call society. Women undoubtedly learn many valuable things in business, and become better able to correctly understand human problems. Women are fair enough: the trouble has always been that a woman shut up in a home is apt to complain of some things men cannot help.

TH' OLE GROUCH

IF THEY'S ONE THING I CAN'T ABIDE, IT'S TH' GUY WHO STANDS 'ROUND ON THE STREET CORNER ALL DAY AN' GRUMBLES 'N COMPLAINS ABOUT EV'RYTHING! I SURE AINT GOT NO USE FOR A KNOCKER!



CHARLES J. SUGG

Love or Death

by
Rafael Sabatini

(Copyright)
WNU Service

(Continued from page 2)

Wrinkles increased about his fierce black eyes as he bent them now upon the messenger.

"You will have letters of this tenor from my lord?" he said.

"I have none," replied Messer Lorenzo, dissembling his uneasiness.

"Now, by Bacchus, that is odd!"

"Nay, sir, consider," said the young man too hastily, "the danger of my carrying such letters. Should they be found upon me by the Borgia troops, I—"

He checked, somewhat awkwardly, perceiving his mistake. Tolentino smacked his thigh with his open palm, and the room rang with the sound of it. His face grew red. He sprang up.

"Sir, sir," said he, with a certain grimness, "we must understand each other better. You say that you bring me certain orders to act upon a certain matter that has been concerted between Valentinos and my lord, and you talk of danger to yourself in bearing such orders in a letter. Be patient with me if I do not understand." Tolentino's accents were unmistakably sardonic. "So desirable is it from the point of view of Valentinos that such commands should reach me, that he could not have failed to pass you unmolested through his troops. Can you explain where I am wrong in these conclusions?"

There but remained for Messer Lorenzo to put upon the matter the best face possible. A gap was yawning at his feet. He saw it all too plainly. He was lost, it seemed.

"That explanation, my lord, no doubt, will furnish you, should you seek it from him. I hold it not. It was not given me, nor had I the presumption to request it." He spoke calmly and proudly, for all that his heart-beats had quickened, and in his last words there was a certain veiled reproach of the other's attitude. "When," he continued, "I said that it would have been dangerous to have given me letters, I but put forward, to answer you, the explanation which occurred to me at the moment. I had not earlier considered the matter. I now see that I was wrong in my assumption."

Messer Tolentino considered him very searchingly. Throughout his speech, indeed, the castellan's eyes had never left his face. Messer Lorenzo's words all but convinced Tolentino that the man was lying. Yet his calm and easy assurance, his proud demeanor, left the captain still a lingering doubt.

"At least you'll bear some sign by which I am to know that you are indeed my lord's envoy?" said he.

"I bear none. I was dispatched in haste. The duke, it seems, did not reckon upon such a message as this being doubted."

"Did he not?" quoth Tolentino, and his note was sardonic. Suddenly he asked another question. "How came you to enter the fortress?"

"I climbed up from the plain on the southern side, where the rock is accounted inaccessible." And, seeing the look of surprise that overspread the captain's face, "I am of these parts," he explained. "In boyhood I have frequently essayed the climb. It was for this reason that Duke Guidobaldo chose me."

"And when you had gained the wall did you bid the sentry lower you a rope?"

"I did not. I had a rope of my own, and grappling-hooks."

"Why this, when you are a messenger from Guidobaldo?" The castellan turned sharply to his men. "Where did you find him?" he inquired.

It was Bernardo who made haste to answer that they had found him

lurking in the passage outside the guard-room as they were coming out.

Tolentino laughed with fierce relish, and swore copiously and humorously.

"So ho!" he crowed. "You had passed the sentry unperceived, and you were well within the fortress ere you were discovered, when, behold! you become a messenger of Guidobaldo's bearing orders to me to surrender the fortress, and you take this high tone about our indifferent watch to cover the sly manner of your entrance. Oh-o! 'Twas shrewdly thought of, but it shall not avail you—though it be a pity to wring the neck of so spirited a cockerel." And he laughed again.

"You are a fool," said Castrocara with finality, "and you reason like a fool."

"Do I so? Now, mark me. You said that it was because you knew a secret way into this castle that Guidobaldo chose you for his messenger. Consider now the folly of that statement. You might yourself have construed that Guidobaldo's wish was that you should come hither secretly, though yourself you have admitted the obvious error of such an assumption. But to tell me that an envoy from the duke bidding us surrender to Cesare Borgia, and so do the will of the latter, should need to come here by secret ways at the risk of his neck—"

Messer Tolentino shrugged and laughed in the white face of Messer Lorenzo. "Which of us is the fool in this, sir?" he questioned, leering. Then, with an abrupt change of manner, he waved to his men. "Seize and search him," he commanded.

In a moment they had him down upon the floor, and they were stripping him of his garments. They made a very thorough search, but it yielded nothing.

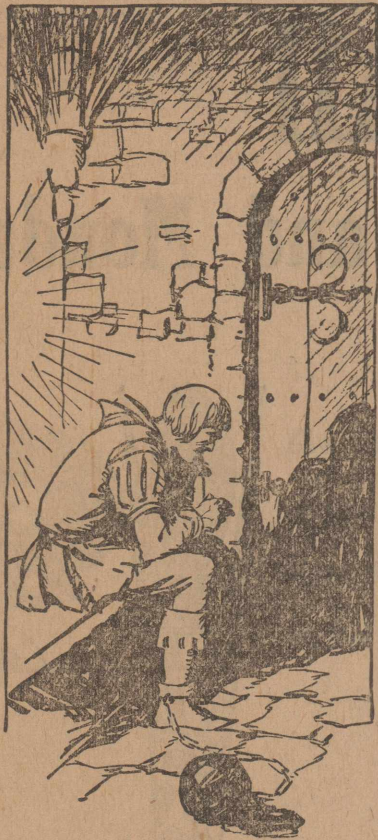
"No matter," said Tolentino as he got into bed again. "We have more than enough against him already. Make him safe for the night. He shall go down the cliff's face again in the morning, and I swear he shall go down faster than ever he came up."

And Messer Tolentino rolled over.

and settled down comfortably to go to sleep again.

CHAPTER IV

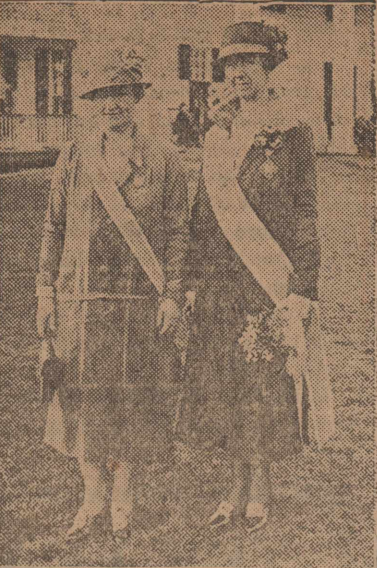
Locked in the guard-house—since a man who was to die so soon was not worth the trouble of consigning to a dungeon, Messer Lorenzo Castrocara spent, as you may conceive, a somewhat troubled night. He was too young and too full of life and the zest and warmth of it to be indifferent about cutting it, to look with apathy upon death. He had seen death—and a deal of it—in the past two years of his martial career. But it had been the death of others, and never until now had it seemed to him that death



Locked in the Guardhouse.

was a thing that very much concerned himself. Even when he had imagined that he realized the dangers before him in this enterprise of San Leo, he had felt a certain confidence that it was not for him to die. He was, in fact, in that phase of youth and vigor when a man seems to himself immortal. And even now that he lay on the wooden bench in the guard-room, in the dark, he could hardly conceive

Woman Leaders



LEADERS, NEW AND OLD, OF D. A. R. VISIT MT. VERNON

Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook, former President General Daughters of the American Revolution, and Mrs. A. J. Brousseau, newly elected President by a congress of the noted organization at the shrine of the father of their country.

that the end of him was really at hand. The catastrophe had overtaken him so suddenly, so very casually; and surely death was too great a business to be heralded so quietly.

He sighed wearily, and sought to find a more comfortable position on his pitilessly hard couch. He thought of many things—of his past life, of early boyhood, of his mother, of his companions in arms, and of martial feats accomplished. He saw himself hacking a way through the living barrier that blocked the breach in the wall of Forlì, or riding with Valentinos in the mighty charge that routed the Colonna under Capua; and he had a singularly vivid vision of the dead men he had beheld on those occasions and how they had looked in death. So would he look tomorrow, his reason told him. But still his imagination refused to picture it.

Then his thought shifted to Madonna Bianca de' Fioravanti, whom he would never see again. For months he had experienced an odd tenderness for that lady, of a sweetly melancholy order, and in secret he had committed some atrocious verses in her honor.

It had been no great affair when all was said; there had been other and more ardent loves in his short life; yet Madonna Bianca had evoked in him a tenderer regard, a holier feeling than any other woman that he had known. Indeed, the contrast was as sharp as that which lies between sacred and profane love. Perhaps it was because she was so unattainable, so distant, so immeasurably above him, the daughter of a great lord, the representative today of a great house, whilst he was but a condottiero, an adventurer who had for patrimony no more than his wits and his sword. He

FELT SLUGGISH

Illinois Man Tells About His Relief from Indigestion.

"I used to suffer," says Mr. Walter W. Macdonald, of 711 Fairview Ave., Edwardsville, Ill., "with indigestion, a tight feeling in my chest after meals—felt sluggish, lazy and dull and out of sorts. I would be very constipated."

"Some one recommended Black-Draught. I began using it. I found it so very satisfactory I have used it ever since. I wouldn't be without it."

"My work is inside. I do not get as much exercise as I would like, and at times my system gets clogged and I would see the necessity of a good active medicine."

"After one or two doses of Black-Draught, my head clears up and I feel like new."

"For stomach or liver trouble, Black-Draught does good."

Theford's Black-Draught is recommended by thousands of others for the relief of many common ailments due to a torpid liver, needing laxative or cathartic stimulation. Sold everywhere; 25c. C-30a

Theford's
BLACK-DRAUGHT
LIVER MEDICINE

sighed. It would have been sweet to have seen her again before dying—to have poured out the story of his love as a swan pours out its death-song. Yet, after all, it did not greatly matter.

You see that his examination of conscience in that supreme hour had little to do with the making of his soul.

He wondered would she hear of the end he had made; and whether, hearing, she would pity him a little; whether, indeed, she would do so much as remember him. It was odd he reflected that he should come to meet his end in the very castle that had been her father's; yet he was glad that it was not her father's hand that measured out to him this death that he must die tomorrow.

Physically exhausted as he was by the exertions of his climb, he fell at last into a fitful slumber; and when next he awakened it was to find the morning sunlight pouring through the tall windows of his prison.

He had been aroused by the grating of a key in the lock, and as he sat up, stiff and sore, on his hard couch, the door opened, and to him entered Bernardo, followed by six soldiers, all in their harness.

"A good day to you," said Bernardo civilly, but a trifle thoughtlessly, considering what the day had in store for Messer Lorenzo.

The young man smiled as he swung his feet to the ground.

"A better day to you," said he; and thus earned by his pleasantness and his

debonair manner, the esteem of the gruff soldier.

It had come to Messer Lorenzo that, since die he must, the thing would be best done jocosely. Lamentations would not avail him. Let him then be blithe. Perhaps, after all, death were not so fearful a business as priests represented it; and as for that flaming hell that lies agape for young men who have drunk of the lusty cup of their youth there would be shift for him before he went.

He rose, and ran his fingers through his long, fair hair, which had become tousled. Then he looked at his hands, grimy and bruised from yesterday's adventure, and begged Bernardo to fetch him water.

Bernardo's brows went up in surprise. The labor of washing did not seem a reasonable thing to him under the circumstances. Outside, in the

courtyard a drum began to beat a call. Bernardo thrust out a dubious lip.

"Messer Tolentino is awaiting you," he said.

"I know," replied Castrocara. "You would not have me present, myself thus before him. It were to show a lack of proper respect for the hangman."

Bernardo shrugged, and gave an order to one of his men. The fellow set his pike in a corner and went out, to return presently with an iron basin full of water. This he placed upon the table. Messer Lorenzo thanked him pleasantly, removed his doublet and shirt, and stripped to the waist he proceeded to make the best toilet that he could as briefly as possible.

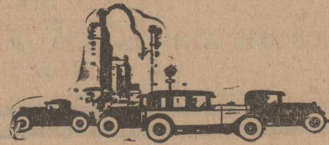
Washed and refreshed, his garments dusted and their disarray repaired, he acknowledged himself ready. The men surrounded him at a word from Bernardo, and marched him out into the open where the impatient castellan awaited him.

With a firm step, his head high, and his cheeks but little paler than their habit, Messer Lorenzo came into the spacious inner baile of the castle. He glanced wistfully at the cobalt sky, and then considered the line of soldiers drawn up in the courtyard, all in their harness of steel and leather, with the gray walls of the fortress for their background. Not more than thirty men in all did they number, and they composed the castle's entire garrison.

A little in front of them the tall castellan was pacing slowly. He was all in black, in mourning for his late master, the Lord Fioravanti, and his hand rested easily upon the hilt of his sheathed sword, thrusting the weapon up behind. He halted at the approach of the doomed prisoner, and the men surrounding the latter fell away, leaving him face to face with Messer Tolentino.

(Continued next Thursday)

We believe every family should have on hand a bottle of Carbolis for emergency. We believe it will cure any case of Piles, Sores, new or old, Burns, Information of any kind. We believe you will get your money back if you want it. Manufactured in Wellington by a X Ky Druggist. For sale at Palace Drug



The familiar phrase
"as good as Buick"
suggests that you see
and drive the car
that others use as the
Standard of Comparison
before you spend
your money

When Better Automobiles Are Built, Buick Will Build Them.

G-15-46-NP

Dixon Motor Co.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

L. C. RICHEY
Painter and Decorator
Phone 403
Wellington, Texas

JIM JAMES
is now manager of the
P. A. Service Station
A part of your business will be appreciated. We serve to serve again.

GOODSON'S FUNERAL
PARLOR
Embalming and Hearse Service
Day and Night Phone 430

"Direct from Factory to Cemetery"
CLARENDON MONUMENT
WORKS
Clarendon, Texas
Write for Prices

SCOTT-THOMAS UNDERTAKING CO.
Funeral Directors and Embalmers
Phone 146 Wellington
South Side Square

SINGER SEWING
MACHINES
Both New and Used
Carry a full line of parts and oil
Located At Ed Julian's Office
J. E. CLINE

FORGOTTEN
How to toot my own horn. My customers do that. If you toot my horn you will never regret the price you pay for the work you get.
G. P. RILEY AT THE CITY GARAGE

J. M. STRONG
Agency Insurance Service
Phone 184
Wellington, Texas
First National Bank Building

For Low Cost Life Insurance See
J. M. HOLLAND
Agent for Kansas City Life Insurance
Wellington, Texas

ED JULIAN
FOR ABSTRACTS, REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
In City Nat'l Bank Building

Moran's Repair Shop
PHONE 79
General Auto Mechanic and Electrician
J. M. Moran Proprietor
One Door East of Postoffice

Skeets and Mikes Place
Providers of Everything Good to Eat in the way of HAMBURGERS AND SANDWICHES

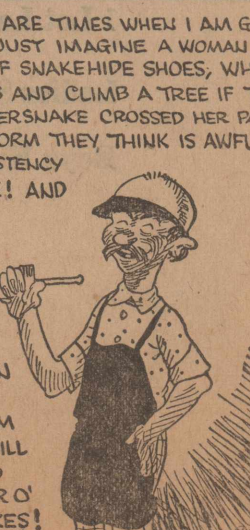
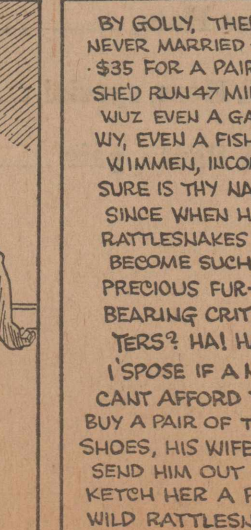
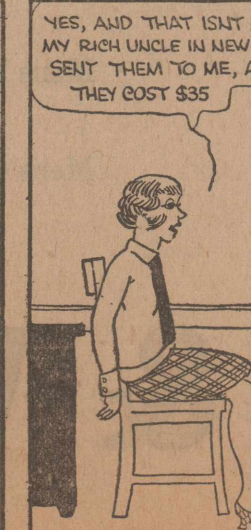
Oldest Jeweler in the county and 20 YEARS IN WELLINGTON Will do your work just like you want it done.
J. W. PAYNE

I mend the rips
And patch the holes,
Build up the heels,
And replace the soles.
I guarantee my work.
D. E. STEWART
Opposite Pigg Alley, Wellington

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe
© Western Newspaper Union

"Mickie's Corner"
EDITED BY MICKIE HIMSELF
THANKS! LOTS OF FINE NAMES FOR MY DOG ARE BEING SENT IN, AND I AM ANSWERING ALL THE LETTERS AS FAST AS I CAN. IF YOU HAVEN'T SENT IN A NAME, KIDS, DO SO NOW. I WILL WRITE TO EVERY BOY OR GIRL WHO WRITES TO ME!
Mickie
STOCKTON, ILL.



Snake Skin Shoes

BY GOLLY, THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I AM GLAD I NEVER MARRIED - JUST IMAGINE A WOMAN PAYIN' \$35 FOR A PAIR OF SNAKE-SKIN SHOES, WHEN SHE'D RUN 47 MILES AND CLIMB A TREE IF THERE WUZ EVEN A GARTERSNAKE CROSSED HER PATH - WY, EVEN A FISH WOMAN THEY THINK IS AWFUL - WIMMEL, INCONSISTENCY SURE IS THY NAME! AND SINCE WHEN HAS RATTLESNAKES BECOME SUCH PRECIOUS FUR-BEARING CRITTERS? HA! HA! I SPOSE IF A MAN CANT AFFORD TO BUY A PAIR OF THEM SHOES, HIS WIFE WILL SEND HIM OUT TO KETCH HER A PAIR O' WILD RATTLESNAKES!

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Crawford were visitors in Memphis Sunday.

For welding go to Trouts and Wildman Machine Shop. 7-1

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Smith of Childress visited Mrs. L. E. Wilks Sunday.

Best grade white shorts, \$2.00 at the Singley Mill.

Mr. and Mrs. John West, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Glass were Sentinel visitors Sunday.

All kinds electric work. House wiring, fans cleaned, oiled and installed. Get my prices on new fans. Phone 188. Oran Starkey. ttc

Sherrel Gardner of Hollis was in Wellington Sunday on business.

For low cost transportation drive a Star Car. 6-1

Bruce Smith and Bob Bailey were in Wellington Sunday.

Don't move until you see Miller Brothers. Phone 307. ttc

For sweet milk, cream or butter, call 36. Taylor Creamery.

Ralph Royal was a witness to the ball game at Sentinel Sunday.

That home made flour is as good as the best and cheaper. Singley Mill.

Oscar M. Payne of Quail was in the city Tuesday on business.

Second hand implements of all kinds at C. L. Trouts. 6-1

Eyelo—an antiseptic eye lotion—a soothing and healing preparation. At Joe Hardy Drug Co.

AN EXHILARATING EFFECT
A bottle of Herbine on the shelf at home is like having a doctor in the house all the time. It gives instant relief when the digestion gets out of order or the bowels fail to act. One or two doses is all that is necessary to start things moving and restore that fine feeling of exhilaration and buoyancy of spirits which belongs only to perfect health. Price 60c. Sold by
JOE HARDY DRUG CO

As Told by Irvin S. Cobb

STICKLER FOR THE CODE

A SURVIVOR of Mosby's cavalry told me this one, years ago as illustrative of the German's love for regularity and orderly routine in all the affairs of life.

It would seem that a Bavarian immigrant joined a Union regiment and in the third year of the war was sent to Virginia. One night he imbibed too heavily of strong drink and fell asleep in a corn crib. When he awakened he discovered that during the night a negro camp follower had stolen his uniform, leaving behind a ragged civilian outfit. The German clothed himself in these tatters and set out to find his command.

Presently another and an even more disagreeable circumstance than the theft of his wardrobe impressed itself upon him. By certain signs he was made aware that while the federal forces had withdrawn from their old positions the enemy had advanced so that he was now inside the foe's lines.

As he limped toward the rear hoping to overtake the retreating force, a squad of ragged gray troopers came whirling out of a thicket and surrounded him. Quite frankly he told them who and what he was, and they made a prisoner out of him.

Presently his captors halted him where a tree limb stretched across the road, and one of the southerners, unshipping a plow line from his saddle bow, proceeded to fashion a slip-noose in one end of it. The captive inquired of the lieutenant in command what the purpose of all this might be.

"Why," said the lieutenant, "we're going to treat you as we would any Yank caught inside of our lines in disguise. Under the laws of war we're going to hang you as a spy."

"Well," said the German, "votefer is der rule!"

CARD OF THANKS

We want to express our appreciation and thank our friends and neighbors who so kindly came to our aid by donating money, bedding, clothing and other things that replace some of our losses that we sustained in the fire that destroyed our home last Friday afternoon.

MR. AND MRS. CARR SCOTT AND FAMILY.

HE'S A WINNER

The writer was out in the rain, sick, with his car and no mud chains on, stuck and couldn't move an inch. About the time I had decided to accept my fate and sit there in the road until it dried up a voice said "Hello, neighbor, can I help you?" I explained I had been sick and I could not get out and get wet putting on my mud chains. He put them on for me. Then he took my hand and said "My name is Shoaf. I am secretary of the Chamber of Commerce at Wellington." Well, I took his hand and told him who I was. But he did not look much like the secretary of anything by the time he got those mud chains on. Well, later I met him on the streets of Wellington and he said, "Come out to our banquet tonight." I went. Am glad I did. I like to shake with big neighbors like that. Rather believe I should like to be a member of any Chamber of Commerce with a man like that for a leader.

E. C. DUNAWAY,
That Traveling Salesman

NOTICE BY PUBLICATION IN PROBATE

THE STATE OF TEXAS,

To the Sheriff or any constable of Collingsworth County, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to cause to be published (in a newspaper of general circulation, which has been published continuously and regularly for a period of not less than one year in your County) at least once a week for ten days previous to the return day hereof, copies of the following notice:

THE STATE OF TEXAS

To all persons interested in the estate of Amanda J. Stewart, deceased, Frank Fuson has filed an application in the County Court of Collingsworth County on the 12th day of May, 1926, for the probate of the last will and testament of Amanda J. Stewart, deceased.

FOR HOME AND STABLE

The extraordinary Borzone treatment for flesh wounds, cuts, sores, galls, burns and scalds is just as effective in the stable as in the home. Horse flesh heals with remarkable speed under its powerful influence. The treatment is the same for animals as for humans. First wash out infectious germs with liquid Borzone, and the Borzone Powder completes the healing process. Price (liquid) 30c, 60c and \$1.20. Powder 20c and 60c. Sold by
JOE HARDY DRUG CO

ceased and for letters Testamentary, which said application will be heard by said Court on the 5th day of July, 1926, at the Court House of said county in Wellington Texas at which time all persons interested in said estate are required to appear and answer said application, should they desire to do so. Herein fail not, but have you before said Court on the first day of the next term thereof, this Writ, with your return showing how you have executed the same.

Witness my hand and official seal at Wellington, Texas, this the 13th day of May, 1926.

MRS. ROY L. NOLES Clerk County Court, Collingsworth County, Texas. 88-90

NOTICE BY PUBLICATION OF FINAL ACCOUNT

No. 373
THE STATE OF TEXAS

To the Sheriff or any constable of Collingsworth County, Greeting:

Myrtle R. Buntin, executrix of the estate of T.R. Buntin, deceased having filed in our County Court her Final Account of the condition of the estate of said T. R. Buntin, Deceased, together with an application to be discharged from said estate as executrix.

You are hereby commanded that by publication of this writ for twenty days in a newspaper regularly published in the County of Collingsworth, you give due notice to all persons in-

terested in the Account for Final Settlement of said estate, to file their objections thereto, if any they have, on or before the July term, 1926 of said County Court, commencing and to be holden at the Court House of said County, in the city of Wellington, Texas, on the first Monday in July, A. D. 1926, when said Account and Application will be considered by said court. Witness, I, Mrs. Roy L. Noles, clerk of the County Court of Collingsworth County.

Given under my hand and seal of said court, at my office in the city of Wellington, Texas, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1926.

MRS. ROY L. NOLES, Clerk C. C. Collingsworth County. 88-90-92

THE LEADER WANT AD SECTION

Want ad users prefer Collingsworth's leading want ad paper—
Each ad is a testimonial.

Phone 16

For Rent

FOR RENT—Two or three unfurnished rooms for light housekeeping. Four blocks west of the Methodist Church. J. T. Nabors. ttc

FOR RENT—Board and room, located second door north of Dr. Loving's residence. Miss Mattie Maddox. 89-4tp

Lost

LOST—Four year old black mare mule Lazy J brand on left shoulder and another brand on left side. Return to A. J. Laycock at Shamrock or John Wright at Aberdeen. 9-14p

STRAYED—Black mare mule, and a brown horse mule. \$5 reward to the finder. L. A. Manzer, Wellington State Bank. 91-2tc

STRAYED—Two mules, one gray mare mule, the other mouse colored horse mule, about nine hundred pounds each. Last seen 12 miles north east of Hollis Okla., A. F. Wheeler. Notify C. E. McKinney, sheriff. 90-4tp

For Sale

FOR SALE—Austin dew berries. Phone WH 15. Mrs. C. R. Neese. 90-2p

LOST—Coat and mesh bag. Finder please return to Mrs. E. H. Cocke.

FOR SALE—A good automobile. My car is for sale at a bargain price. I must sell at once. C. B. Anderson. ttc

WANTED—Musicians (male) Piano players, banjo and trumpet for dance orchestra. Experienced players preferred. See Carl Langmack at Lewis Lumber Company. Phone 84 or 138.

FOR SALE—400 bushels of Acala and Half and Half cotton seed. Pigg-Alley Motor Co. 85-ttc

FOR SALE—One thousand bundles of kaffir and hegar for sale. See J. H. Kelso, two miles north of town. 2c

SWEET POTATO and Tomato plants fresh from the beds, all through the season. Fred Capps, Phone 266. 85-8p

FOR SALE—Black berries and dew berries. Place your orders now to be sure you get them. Dewberries ripe now. Two blocks west and five blocks north of Singley Mill. Ted Johnson, Phone 180. 91-2tp

FOR SALE—Buick roadster, six cylinder, A1 condition. Will sell at a bargain if taken at once. See Sid Berryman at D. C. D. Garage. 91-3tp

BABY CHICK PRICES REDUCED—Save now by buying baby chicks. It costs less to brood them and it costs less to buy them and they will not molt, making heavier winter layers, when eggs are higher. We have also reduced the price of custom hatching. WELLINGTON HATCHERY, Le Roy Stafford, Proprietor, Wellington, Tex.

WANTED—Stock to pasture, mules or horses, good grass, plenty of water, one mile north of Bean Hill School house. D. T. Shirley. 87-4tp

LOST—Eastern Star pin, on square, some time Tuesday. Please return to Mrs. Ed Baker. 90-2c

FOR SALE—Poll tax lists. Complete list of names of ever voter in the county. Mrs. Laura Campbell. ttc

FOR SALE CHEAP—One Apex vacuum cleaner. Can be seen at the Tom Summerville home. Mrs. I. N. Harrison. 86-ttc

HAIL—HAIL—HAIL—See Ed Julian for Hail Insurance. Prompt service and honest adjustment is our motto.

Greatest Sale of All

Special Hot Shots for Friday, Saturday and Monday



Silk Dresses Special at \$4.95

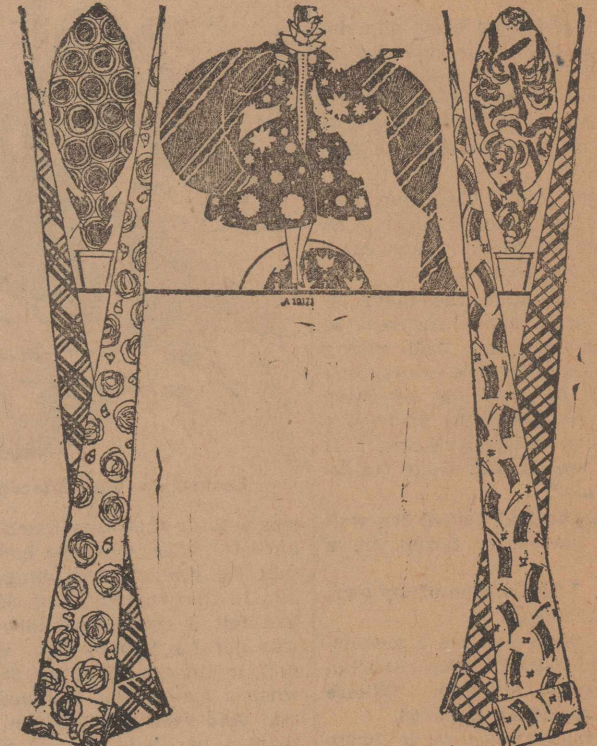
- 1 Lot Ladies Hats, \$1.00
- Ladies Silk Hose, special 49c
- Boys Knee Pants, pair 98c

In these selections you will find articles that you will need sooner or later, priced at very attractive markings. You are saving money when you buy at such prices and time will prove it to you. Come in while the Greatest Sale of All is Still On.

Men's Dress Pants

33 1-3% Discount

- 1 Lot Mens Work Shoes, pair \$1.95
- Mens Overalls, special, pair 75c
- Mens Work Shirts, two pockets 45c
- Mens Cotton Hose, pair 8c



Piece Goods

- Unbleached Domestic, per yard 8½c
- 1 Lot Gingham, special per yard 7½c
- Oil Cloth, all colors, per yard 29c

A. & W. Store