EASTER NUMBER—Section Two

THE WELLINGTON LEADER

For Sixteen Years a Builder in Collingsworth County

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Do you read advertisements? Read the editorial on page four and learn their value.

Go to Church Easter Morning. Your Church will be expecting you to be there.

Missionary to China Tells Recent War Experiences

Miss Blanche Groves Vividly Describes the Horrors of War in China

The following is a letter which was written to Mrs. Lee Tucker of this place by Miss Blanche Groves, formerly of this place who is now doing missionary work in China.

Wei Ling Girls' Academy
Baptist Mission
Soochow, China
Feb. 12, 1925

Well I have been through a war the past month and "War is Hell." No description of War can picture the horrows. To my mind only one word in the English Language can halfway described the awfulness, the horrors, the anxieties, the waiting, the fears, the sufferings of war and that is the reason I have used the word Hell to describe this War.

As to actual suffering we have not suffered in Soochow but the anxiety and anxiety we have gone through has been enough to make us realize what War is.

Unless you had lived in or seen a walled city, you cannot fully realize what it means to be "locked in" or "locked out." Three weeks ago suddenly and without warning the 6 gates of the city wall were locked hard and fast with no power on earth that would induce the gate keepers to open the gates. The city was practically surrounded by soldiers and nearly all night long there was incessant firing of guns. It sounded like real war indeed. Then there came the threatening reports that if the city did not raise $100,000 to pay the soldiers and other conditions met they would loot the city. (I will say here, however, the general who was backing this threat later fled to Shanghai and no one knows where now but they are after him and it will be a blessing to China if they run him clear into the ocean where he will never be heard of again.

Of course, this threat frigatened the people of the city for the soldiers of this province have an awful reputation—they have no mercy whatever when they lute, they destroy lives and burn cities unmercifully. Our Wei-Ling Academy studnts were most panic stricken at first and being my responsibility all fear was taken out of my life that otherwise might have existed. My entire efforts the past three weeks have been to keep the girls as calm as possible and it has been no easy task I can assure you, but "all things are possible through Christ who strentheneth us." Railroad tracts on both sides of Soochow have been cut, and boats all captured by soldiers and we were really cut off from the world, and the girls cut off from their homes. I moved by bed to the school and lived with the girls and Chinese lady teachers for more than ten days. I will never have what I consider a more unique opportunity of exemplifying Christ to those poor panic stricken people To be calm and cheerful when they were so frightened seemed strange to them

How wonderful the Saviour is to give us the strength we need at every crisis. We were in the midst of final examinations when the war broke out and that really helped to save the situation for what the girls needed most was to dismiss from their minds war and war news.

On the day we finished examinations people throughout the city became too restless for words, and we opened the gates of our Compounds and the women and children flocked in. Wherever "Old Glory" waves the people feel safe. Each person brought their (pu kei) bedding and we moved the desks out of our large reciation halls, chapels,etc.—and they spread their beddings down on the floors and slept as peacefully as babies because they were with Christian foreigners. We kept ourselves ready day and night for any emergencies that might arise. Our Chinese and foreign teachers went to each room and had prayers with these refugees each night. We felt this was a Heaven sent opportunity to give the Gospel to heathens that we had had no point of contact with whatever heretofore. We used religious tracts and in every way possible tried to give them the Blessed Story of Jesus who came into the world that we might have Peace. We feel that seed planted cannot but bring a rich harvest in time to come.

God truly gives us faith in times of greatest need. I don't see how any child of His could doubt that dying grace and faith will surely come for when we pass through various crisis, and find Jesus walking close by our side and giving to us that faith that is as strong as the Rock of Gibralter then it is that we are lead to realize that He is our fortress—a shelter in the time of storm.

Well, when the Government Troops in the north hard of this disorder they immediately dispatched a general and a large army to Soochow. The armies met out a few miles from Soochow at Wusih and a real battle took place. oFr two days and nights we listened to the roar of the cannon and wondered if they would come nearer and if our city after all was to be completely destroyed. But the beautiful thing about it was we didn't have a moment's fear of our own lives. I have never felt safer in my life than I did during these days when poeple were panicky and guns firing and cannon roaring for Jesus was with me every moment and in Him is safety. My anviety was for these dear people who had no stronghold, no Saviour, no refuge, except the foreigner's who trusted in Christ and for that reason they trusted in us and felt safe wih us. During all this time there was never one single moment out what I was so thankful for the privilege of being in Soochow at this particular time to witness for Christ at a time when He so much needed witnessing.

The people of our Station met together at different time to discuss the situation and the advisability of getting out but to us here always came he answer to prayer "not yet" and so we stayed on and tried to hold up the Banner of Christ during these trying days.

When General Chi fled to Shanghai the northern troops rushed in and put to fight the rest of the soldiers of this section and took complete charge of this city. In a day they had order established and a few stragging soldiers who were left here were found looting homes and the northern soldiers killed them and cut off their heads and put them up on posts at the city gates and Railway Station and put up a notice that a similar fate awaited all soldiers found looting. When a policeman was found looting, he too, was beheaded When I saw these heads I was reminded of a book I once read on the "Armenian Massacre." How this will affect our work remains to be seen. In one way it has been a wonderful opportunity and I fell sure that any anti-foreign feeling that might have existed before has been eradicated for in an indirect way I think the foreigners have helped to strengthen the leaders in this affair, and to shelter the frightened people at such a time has given us a strong point of contact with large numbers. I surely have been made to realize that "People and pins are useless when they lose their heads." The way these people held on to our apron strings, to as to speak, was pathetic.

I have been able to get part of our girls to Shanghai safely and the others are remaining in the school. The first week I toll the girls to keep themselves in readiness for an order to move on a five minutes notice, but wondered if they actually could do so. I was fully convinced one day when one of our men went to the Station to investigate the possibilities of trains and learned that an empty troop would go to Shanghai and he had obtained special permission for a party of civilians to go on it, and telephoned me. I went to the dormitory and told the Shanghai girls to be ready and down stairs in five minutes. They were there parcels, bags and baskets in four minutes. Two teachers, two men-servants and I went with them to the Station. We headed and closed the procession of 18 Rikshas each member watching out for a certain number of other Rikshas, we had to go through a wide street outside the city where the soldiers were the roughest and where people had been taken out of their rikshas and robbed but we reached the station safely and our pastor and one foreign man and some Chinese lady and gentlemen teachers took the girls to Shanghai. With our motor-boat we have been able to land a number of other girls safely at home and that always is a relief to me to get them to their parents.

But one thrilling thing I am about to forget that I must tell you is this: On the first night when the crowds swarmed into our Compound for refuge one lady called me about dark and said I may have a son or daughter born tonight if so would it be possible to get a doctor. I assured her we could arrange some way (not knowing myself just how we would be able to arrange as city gates were shut hard and fast. I called the servants and two teachers and in an hour we had one of the school offices transformed into a bed-room spotless and white. I found a Chinese lady Docton near enough to get her over for the night and our school nurse was still in the city so I sent for her and by bed time we were ready to welcome the arrival of the Refugee Son. At 2 o'clock we were called and I was Oorderly No. 1. It was one of those cold clear moon-light nights that wakes a person wide awake when they step out into the night. So I chased all over the compound getting the Doctor, nurse, servants, etc., awake, then the Doctor found she must send to her home for things she had forgotten until the last minute so another family across the street had to be wakened and their private Rikasha secured, etc., etc.—etc. Of course here to across the street two gatemen have to be wakened, etc. But we got every body and everything that was necessary together and at 7 a. m. the nicest little Refugee baby arrived. He seems so happy to be in this beautiful world and doesn't seem to fear the war or anything. The little clothes they put on a Chinese baby are too cute for words and when they are fixed up and presented to their mother they look exactualy like a little Indian Papoose. I think we will have to adopt this little boy as our school mascott.

Miss Lanneau arrived in Shanghai from America four days ago but has not yet been able to reach Soochow, only a two hours run by train. One Chinese lady well said, "It was more convenient for Miss Lanneau to cross the U. S. A. and the ocean than it is to get from Shanghai to Soochow."

Mr. Johnson, one of our men in this Station has a motor-boat that is used for Evangelistic work. This has been a wonderful help to us in getting people to and from Shanghai in cases where absolutely necessary and in getting food, provisions and money from Shanghai. It has made the trip when soldiers all along the way were taking boats for their own use but the American flag that waived over the boat was a protection. The relationship that exists between Chinese and Americans here in, and around Soochow is beautiful and makes our work together a real joy. Our motor-boat has now gone to Shanghai for Miss Lanneau and how happy we are going to be to have her back with us after these 18 months of absence. You, I am sure will wonder after reading this letter what the real cause of this war is and I am not able myself to explain the real cause. War is so complex and conditions during war times change so rapidly that what I say today may be so changed by to-morrow. For example last October General Lu was in this section making a strong fight and was driven back to Shanghai and from there fled to Japan and thence to Peking and has worked in with the Government and has been given an army and has dropped back down on this section again and has driven General Chi along the same route that he himself and who knows but what General Chi will "loop the loop" as he did.

But the immediate cause of this last fighting was General Chi, trying to reclaim Naking that has been his seat of power and was wrested from him a few months ago.

Several Generals are mixed up in all this affair and God alone knows when and how it will and but we are thankful that it will not bother us again. China needs strong Christian leadership, will you not pray that God will raise up Christian men equal to managing the political affairs of this country.

Our Christians here have responded beautifully to the situation and have helped to prepare all for the emergency that we felt might come at any time during a few days. More than 30 of our Christian men took it upon themselves to guard our Compounds during the time of greatest danger. They were organized thoroughly and with the aid of policemen and servants the soldiers would have had a hard time getting into the Compound if they had attempted.

At a small town near by where we had mission work the church was packed and jammed with refugees and the soldiers looted the entire city and came to the church and banged on the doors with wild threats, but inside was the Chinese pastor and other Christians down on their knees praying day and night for God's protection and when the threatening soldiers were reminded that this was a place where people worshiped God and they looked up and saw in Chinese characters "The house of God" they passed on by. In other places and other instances churches and chapels were spared when everything else on the same street were completely robbed and destroyed. The danger to women and girls has been too great to even mention and it has been this anxiety that has weighed on me. Having these students and refugees to think of and protect—I didn't fear for the men nor for the foreign wom-

(Continued on page 20)

SPRINGTIME

'TIS springtime on the eastern hills!
Like torrents gush the summer rills;
Through winter's moss and dry dead leaves
The bladed grass revives and lives.

SACRIFICE CALLED FOR

Very often, as the good and great have found, it is impossible to be true and sincere and loyal to conviction without undergoing a sort of crucifixion, and never without sacrifice. If Christianity does not teach this it teaches nothing. It is one of the most important lessons taught by Good Friday, and there never has been a time in the long and sad history of the world when it was not needed—perhaps never more needed than now.

GIGANTIC EASTER "EGG"

Some years ago an American millionaire commissioned a London firm to manufacture an Easter egg capable of holding the whole of his bride's trousseau and jewelry. When it was completed the services of seven men were required to carry it to the owner's house.

Collingsworth County Interscholastic League Program

April 2, 3 and 4 at High School Building

THURSDAY
8:00 P. M.

DECLAMATION: Class A, Class B, and Ward Schools participating. A gold medal will be awarded the winner of each division.

FRIDAY
10:00 A. M.—11:00 A. M.

SPELLING: All schools participating. A gold medal awarded to winner of each division, and a cup to the school represented by the winner in each division.

MUSIC MEMORY: All schools participating.
SCHOOL EXHIBITS: ALL SCHOOLS PARTICIPATING. A pennant to winner.

11:00 A. M.—12:00 A. M.

ESSAY WRITING: Class A, Class B, Ward and Rural school participating in their respective divisions. A gold medal awarded to winners.

ARITHMETIC: All schools participating. A gold medal awarded to winner.

1:00 P. M.—5:30 P. M.

FIELD AND TRACT EVENTS AS OUTLINED IN BULLETIN NO. 2422: A ribbon will be given winners of 1st, 2nd, and 3rd places, except that pennants will be awarded schools represented by the winners in basketball. A cash prize will be awarded the individual winner in each the potato and sack race.

8:00 P. M.

DECLAMATIION: All rural schools. The winners in each of the four divisions to be awarded a gold medal.

SATURDAY
10:00 A. M.

BASKET BALL FINALS: For schools winning in the sub-county contests.

ALL-ROUND CHAMPIONSHIP

A pennant will be awarded to the school scoring the highest point in both literary and athletic events.

A gold medal will be awarded to the girl scoring the highest number of points in both literary and athletic events.

A gold medal will be awarded to the boy scoring the highest number of points in both literary and athletic events.

Good Land Cheap
On the South Plains . . . .

Very attractive terms. Prices ranging from $25.00 up, owing to location and improvements of same. You will have to see this land to appreciate its real value. We will show you this land at our expense, free transportation and lodgeing while there.

We will leave Wellington evrey Tuesday. For further particulars write, phone or see No. 241.

Gibbs & Graham

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES

Structural Steel
Steel Sash
Steel Ceilings
Plate Glass
Face Brick
Common Brick
Building Tile

BEN H. STOVER

At the City Cafe

Prompt and Pleasant Service
Appetizing Short Orders
Tasty Plate Luncheons

Come in today and discover what a pleasing combination these will make.

The City Cafe



On Easter Morning---

NATURE AND RELIGION unite to proclaim the grace of life on the anniversary of the risen Christ. Every Sunday should be Church Going Sunday, but Easter Sunday should be held in particular reverence. The following Churches will hold special Services Easter Morning, April 12th- Resolve now to attend the service at your Church.

Although no special Easter services will be held at the Primitive Baptist Churches, the pastors of these churches will welcome their members on Easter morning.

Nazarene Church

HE is risen indeed; and because He is, you will rise too, whether saint or sinner. With or without stylish Easter apparel you are welcome; not only so, but wanted.

L. L. GAINES, Pastor

The First Baptist Church

Is making a special effort to put on a program that is both instructive and inspiring. As you know, we have employed Rev. J. B. Taylor as educational and choir director. It is our hope not only to enlist all of our members, but to make our services worth while to all who may attend.

We specially invite you to our Easter program at the 11 o'clock hour. There will be a song sermon at the evening hour under the direction of Mr. Lindsey and Mr. Taylor.

LEM HODGES, Pastor

The First Methodist Church, South

This day when the whole world puts forth new life is a fitting time to attend services at our Church which has enjoyed a very successful meeting and has a rapidly growing Sunday School.

Besides the Easter Sermon, special Easter music will be given on Easter Morning.

A welcome awaits you.

J. T. HICKS, Pastor

The Church of Christ

What do you want to do on Easter Sunday? Worship God by commemorating the resurrection of Christ or be entertained? All of God's children should commemorate Christ's resurection on Easter Sunday, but Easter in the Bible means passover and is so translated in the standard version, "The Lord arose from the dead on the first day of the week." Therefore, the Church of Christ commemorates his resurrection every first day of the week. (Act 2:42-20:7.) So we invite all who will to come to the Church of Christ on Easter Sunday and enjoy with us the real spirit of the day.

IRA L. SANDERS, Minister

(This page contributed to the Churches of Wellington by The Leader)



"He is risen,
He is risen;
Tell it out
with joyful
voice:
He has burst His
three days' prison;
Let the whole wide
earth rejoice:
Death has con-
quered, man is free.
Christ has won
the victory."

MAY IDENTIFY TOMB WHERE SAVIOR LAY

Discovery of Shrine Stone Is Important.

A discovery, which may prove of far-reaching importance, has been made near the entrance to the Garden tomb, outside the Damascus gate of Jerusalem. Some loose stones were being removed from the ground in front of the entrance of the tomb in the process of tidying up the garden, when one of them attracted the attention of Miss Hussey, who is in charge of the tomb, owing to the fact that it had markings upon it. She had it removed, partly cleaned it, and reported the find to the government department of antiquities.

A few days after its discovery it was viewed by Professor Brandenburg, who was commissioned by the Berlin Society of Palestinian Research to investigate the rock tombs of Palestine a year ago, and whose reputation as an authority on rock architecture in the Mediterranean is admittedly high. He immediately, and without hesitation, identified it as "a shrine of the goddess Cybele or Aphrodite (Venus), with the column and tree of Adonis or Attys beside it," declaring that such shrines were found in temples of Venus. A more careful cleansing of the stone further indorsed his first impression, for it clearly revealed the fruit on the tree.

The importance of this discovery, if the identification be correct, as seems



Shrine Stone Found at the Garden Tomb.

probable, lies not so much in itself as in its association with the Garden tomb. This tomb is regarded by many as perhaps the very tomb of the Resurrection. It is a fact of history that in A. D. 135, when, on the suppression of the revolt of the self-styled Messiah, Barchocheba, the second and more complete Roman destruction of Jerusalem took place, the Emperor Hadrian built a new Roman city, named Aelia Capitolina, on the ruins, and, among other things, erected a temple of Venus over the Tomb of the Resurrection, with the purpose of completely desecrating it. It is evident, therefore, that in seeking to identify the Tomb of the resurrection we may expect to find traces of this temple.

If the identification of this stone as a shrine of Venus be finally established, it will naturally follow that the definite identification of the remains of a Temple of Venus over a large Jewish tomb of the period, which otherwise bears out all descriptions of the tomb of Joseph of Arimathaea, must naturally carry with it a strong presumption that that tomb may indeed be no other than that of the Resurrection itself. This stone may thus be found to be another important link in the chain of identification.

Dominion Over Death

In their thought of the resurrection of Jesus Christ men have devoted their attention so largely to the empty tomb that they have to some extent failed to take into account the power that was in that life over which death had no more dominion. The death of Christ, and of any one else, is a mere episode in a great process, is in truth a part of life itself. It is through dying that men truly live. Righteousness is eternal and everlasting.

The High Points in Women's Club Work

Mrs. Phebe K. Warner Tells About Some of the Things They Do

Power of Little Things.

Fifty years ago the woman's club in America was composed of little struggling groups of city women scattered far apart. In many of the States there was no club. Good reason why. Fifty years ago there were not so many States as there are today. The woman's club work bagan at the top. It had t.o There was no where else to begin. Women in the small communities had no outlet. But the greatest thing the club movement did was to MOVE DOWNWARD from the high up places to the smaller cities and towns. At last it has reached the country community where all the rest of humanity live and work. And today the power of the Woman's Club is in its thousands of smaller working units. I Texas alone there are a THOUSAND clubs in the Texas Federation, every one doing many little things for their community. In the Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations there are almost another THOUSAND clubs working specifically for the welfare of the home and the school and the child. In these two great organizations there are more than 100,000 Texas women working to make Texas the best place in America to live and rear a family. Besides these two organizations there are about twenty other State organizations working for the good of Texas. None of them alone are doing the great BIG things but their multiplied power is one of the strongest forces in Texas.

Greatest Force of All

Through their club work women are learning to THINK. The wits of each woman help to whet up the mentality of every other woman. Women are learning to SEE. Why does the world look worse to them than it did to their mothers? Because they are getting their social eyes and ears open and they see and read and hear are learning to SEEtherheretkhet1wor more than our grandmothers did a century ago. That's the main reason. And when a woman KNOWS a thing, count on her telling it and doing something. Women are Molding public opinion today as never before. It may not be sound. How about the public sentiments of men who have been thinking for thousands of years. Who called the meeting at Washington a few weeks ago to discuss the "Cause and Cure of War?" The women. What is the Quinquennial? It is the world-wide Council of Women called to convene at Washington, D. C., in May for the purpose of talking over the world problems of women. Woman's newly developed power to THINK is one of the best and safest mechanical devices that has been added to our American life in the past century. If we will all keep on until every woman discovers she can THINK, if she will, it will be worth as much to our national defense forces as a well equipped air force. The world needs more THINKERS. And they are being recuited in great organized armies among the women of Texas and America.

More Definite Objectives.

The one chief weakness so far in woman's thinking powers has been DIFFUSION of thought. Women have had a tendency to tackle the BIG THINGS that needed doctoring first. They had to. There were not enough in any one locality to have much force on local affairs. They had to scatter their forces all over creation. And they had to collect their forces from all over creation. A lot of it amounted to little more than advertising some times. But it gave their mental powers exercise and prepared them for the next fight. But since the women are becoming more generally organized they are beginning to do more definite things. A lot of them are getting right down to business in their home part of the State and in heir home counties.

Rio Grande Valley Federation.

Here is an example of what women can do for their own part of the country when they combine their forces and get down to work for their part of the State. The Rio Grande Valley is a part of Texas with interests all its own distinct from any other part of the State. But it is one of the most interesting parts of the State. The Rio Grande Valley has its own climate. It has its great Father of Rivers in Texas. It lies next door to our fereign land neighbor. It produces its own special products. It is the Garden of Eden in Texas. And naturally it would have a distinction class of women. The women of the Rio Grande Valley organized several years ago their own Valley Federation, composed of Hidalgo, Willacy, Cameron and Starr Counties. These counties are all in the citrus fruit region of Texas. There are possibilities there that are no where else in the State. There are social and citizenship problems there that belong to that territory. There are horticultural and civic problems all their own. The Rio Grande Valley Federation has taken for its goal the solving of all these problems of home and humanity in their part of the State. And the work those 1500 club women in those four counties are doing for their part of Texas is little less than marvelous. They have gotten down to someething definite. They have an organization in those four counties larger than the General Federation was when it was created. One of their projects which they expect to work out in time is a sixty-mile palm-lined highway. The high way is built. And the palms are being planted as fast as the women can handle the work. Consentration on their nearest duties. And they are happy in their work because they can see results.

Davis Mountain Federation.

Another group of Texas women who have bound themselves together to develop their part of the State is the Davis Mountain Federation, composed of the counties of Jeff Davis, Brewster, Pecos and Presidio. These women have been struggling along for years trying to make their home towns the happy, interesting places they are. But last year they united for a bigger work that would include their part of Southwest Texas. What have they to work for? You should go over there and SEE. First of all a State College, Sul Ross at Alpine. Second a National Park in the Davis Mountains. Third a great Southwest Chautauqua for all Texas and the Southwest. They have their especially made climate and scenery and silver mines and just scores of interesting things to develop that the rest of us scarcely know existed in Texas. A little scenic and mineral world over there in the Big bend Country all their own. You watch the people come alive on the Davis Mountain country since a few hundred women have united their forces for the building up of their part of Texas.

The County Federation.

But there are local possibilities going to waste in almost every county in Texas that never will be developed and recognized by the rest of the State until the women of those counties go to work at HOME on their own COUNTY problems and discover and bring to light the useful and influential women of their whole county. You would be surprised at what you would discover that needs doing in your home county if you would get busy on the job. This year Nolan and Crosby counties have organized to work out their own county problems. Hunt County and Dawson County and Tom Green County are all working on their county organizations. Collingswort County has been organized for a few years and this year the club women of Colingsworth County are concentrating all their strength and time on a County Library. What does YOUR county need that you could have if all the women were working together for it? Foard County and Knox County are working for a county unit. It may take awhile but a day is coming when we will all find more joy in club work right at our own door than we do in some far-off State. Let's concentrate on our home county.

EASTER AND EGGS LONG ASSOCIATED

For Centuries Have Been Season's Symbols.

The relation between eggs and Easter does not seem far-fetched when it is remembered that the Easter festival is a celebration of life and that the egg is, perhaps, the most striking symbol of life, with its wonderful possibilities of development. This symbolical conception of it can be traced back to ancient times. One of the Roman games was racing on an oval track for eggs as prizes, and this was in honor of Castor and Pollux, the twins who had come forth from an egg laid by the Swan Lena. In an expense account dating back to the time of Edward I of England is the item: "Eighteen pence for 400 eggs to be used for Easter gifts." Much farther back than that the egg was considered the emblem of the resurrection. The custom of coloring the shells was probably the grafting of the art instinct upon the Easter observance. It once found much more elaborate expression than now, when sentimental inscriptions and beautiful designs were etched into the colors.

Many customs and superstitions have grown up around the Easter observance. Suckling's verse:

But, oh, she dances such a way
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight,

borrows meaning when we know that, according to an old belief, the sun in the heavens danced on Easter morning in joy for the resurrection. The Scotch tradition was still more specific, and claimed that the god of day whirled around like a cartwheel and gave three leaps, and these performances were solemnly argued about by wiseacres. Another belief was that as it shines or rains on Easter day so will it shine or rain a little every day in the year, and an old couplet ran:

A good deal of rain on Easter day
Gives a good crop of grass, but little good hay.

If the wind on that day was in the east, one should draw Easter water (whatever that may be) and bathe in it to prevent ill effects from the east wind. An old English custom was to wear a new article of dress on Easter Sunday to insure good fortune in love affairs during the coming year. The Easter hat is probably a relic of that practice. Still another custom was to court good luck by putting out all fires on Easter eve and lighting them afresh.

Constantine, the Christian emperor of Rome, first invested the observance of Easter with pomp. The day was distinguished by the most elaborate ceremonies in the churches, and by night not only the churches but the city itself was illuminated by a multitude of gigantic candles or wax pillars in an attempt to outshine the day.

Execration of Judas Marks Mexican Easter

Easter throughout Mexico is celebrated by the hanging of Judas. For two weeks before the end of Lent the shops display hundreds of quaint figures ranging in size and price from a little toy a couple of inches long and costing only 1 cent to an eight-foot image of the arch betrayer marked at $25. All are made alike, being constructed with a light wooden framework and papier mache head with a brightly painted complexion and bristling mop of coarse hair of raveled rope-yarn dyed black. Sometimes Judas has a flowing beard, sometimes only fierce mustaches, but he is always made as repulsive as possible, cross-eyed and beetle-browed, with huge outstanding ears and leering lips. On the very small Judases the hirsute adornments are merely painted, but what can be expected for only a cent? Judas is always clothed in paper garments of many colors, green predominating, though why that particular hue should be associated with the crime of the ages is a mystery as great as the custom itself. The more expensive Judas dolls are filled with fireworks that explode and make a great racket when the match is applied to the effigy. Others are stuffed with candy, but these are only hung in private grounds where the purchaser and his friends can enjoy the sweets while watching Judas burn.

Though the hated figure is destroyed in different ways it is always first hung with appropriate maledictions and insults, and left to dangle in the breeze until nightfall, when it is either set fire to where it hangs, if it is possible to do so without endangering property, or cut down and thrown on huge bonfires kindled for the purpose. Sometimes Judas is dragged through the streets by a rope attended by a singing, shouting mob of men and boys until nothing is left of the grotesque manikin but a few scraps of torn paper. All day long, while it hangs from clothes lines, balconies, street signs, hitching posts or trees, Judas is stoned by every passing man, woman and child. Many broken windows are the result, but nobody complains, because it is the proper thing to do. A Mexican would as soon forget to go to mass on Good Friday as to pass a Judas without pelting it with sticks, stones, chunks of mud, tin cans, empty bottles or any missile nearest to his hand.

Glad Message of Hope

In a world where there is much that is dreary and sad there is yet the message of Easter with its hope and good cheer. How hopeless the world would be if the life of the Master had closed with the crucifixion! How sublime it becomes when the life is crowned with the resurrection! We are living today in a world of subtle influence. We now realize more than ever the universality of truth. Even science has taught us the presence of laws whose workings are as invisible as the miracles of Biblical times.

LISTEN LADIES!

DO YOU NEED TREATMENTS? HAVE OTHER DOCTORS FAILED TO HELP YOU?

Then you should call at the office of Iva Goodman, the lady that locates all pain and disease without you telling a thing. She wants you to try her out. Don't tell her your ailments, let her tell you. Then you can tell she knows.

This office has been very successful in treating such cases as yours and all chronic and nervous disseases and stubborn run down conditions of Men, Women Children and Babies. Call today and see the lady or phone 259.



"Show me something in between"

Lots of people say this and it's a good idea in buying clothes.

While we offer you a genuine custom-tailored suit for $25 and the limit of quality at $60, we have a happy middle ground of

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THE TOGGERY

AN EASTER GREETING!

THE lark at sunrise trills on high,
The greeting, Christ is risen!
And through the woods the blackbird pipes,
The greeting, Christ is risen!
From 'neath the eves the swallows cry,
The greetings, Christ is risen!
Throughout the world man's heart proclaims
The greeting, Christ is risen!
And echo answers from the grave,
In truth, He is risen.
—Martha G. D. Bainchi.

Individuality And Not Style

Is Best, Says Miss Porr

AUSTIN, Texas, March 31, 1925—Standarization in dress to a certain extent is favored by Miss Henrietta C. Porr, instructor in art and design at the University of Texas, for economic reasons. The changes in style keep up the high cost of living, she says. Miss Porr recommends the tailored dress for school and business wear. At the same time, she says that individuality in dress should not be sacrificed to extreme standardization. Attention should be given to the coloring and structural lines of the wearer, she says, rather than to the vagaries of fashon.

"I should not mind wearing a dress that was twenty years old if it looked well on me," said Miss Porr. "Chiffon stockings and satin slippers for school are in very bad taste. Girls should dress appropriately, and not follow false standards set up by others. Clothes should be suited to the occasion, and fashion should not be confused with style. Style is the charm and grace brought about by a well design costume suited to the wearer. Whereas fashion is a fad of the moment. If more people believed in individuality instead of trying to follow fashion, we should have better dressed women."

Before the students begin to design clothes for themselves Miss Porr requires that they reproduce in colors their own facial coloring, giving the exact colors of their eyes, hair, and complexion. Then she has the girls work out the color schemes that are best suited to themselves. She also stresses conformity to structural lines. Posture has a great deal to do with one's appearance, she says, and a woman with round shoulders cannot look well dressed unless she has some way of concealing this defect in her appearance. Careful grooming also plays an important part in achieving the effect of style, she says.

LOSS OF FERTILITY BY BURNING COTTON STALKS

Dr. B. W. Kilgore, Dean of Agriculture of North Carolina State College, says that: "The roots, stems, bolls and leaves corresponding to (or which produce) 500 pounds of lint cotton, are around 3,145 pounds, or more than one and one-half tons, containing 67.7 pounds nitrogen, 26.5 pounds of phosphoric acid, 50.3 pounds of potash, and 59.3 pounds of lime; or the equivalent of five tons of good manure. Of this, the nitrogen is a total loss when the entire plants are burned.—The Progressive aFrmer.

The Vanishing Men



BY

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Out of uniform, at the end of the World war, with the rank of major, Peter DeWolfe, young American of wealth and family, is urged by an English comrade in arms, Eversby Benham, to visit the Benham home and meet the Englishman's mother and sister, and, incidentally, Brena Selcoss, young woman about whom there is an air of mystery.

CHAPTER II. — Muriel Benham, Eversby's sister, becomes infatuated with Peter, but he is interested only in the mysterious Brena Selcoss, of whom he has had only a glimpse. Muriel urges him to forget her, warning him that if she (Brena) should like him he is in danger of "vanishing—like the others."

Muriel began that afternoon walk with great gayety of spirits, as if, perhaps, she had found a triumph over some difficulty, a victory at the end of twenty-one years of preparation for victory. As soon as they had struck off across the downs she threw her arms toward the sky and sang into the wind an old hunting song of quaint and engaging melody.

"Let's learn the song together," she said to Peter. "Look over there on the



"Do You Want to Take a Walk This Afternoon—to Besman Wood?"

edge of the horizon. That square tower. That's Saint Dunstan's—the very tower in which the fox sought sanctuary in the song—the old song, written six hundred years ago, they say."

Peter, with his usual adaptability, acquired both words and music. He sang. He danced upon the rolling green plain. And at last, seizing Muriel's waist around the belt of her sporting coat, he swung her almost off her feet and together they whirled merrily—two tiny tops spinning upon the vast expanse. When they stopped, the girl, almost dizzy, and breathless, clung for a moment to his coat and looked up into Peter's eyes. He could feel her warm breath upon his chin.

Peter was not lacking in perception; he knew at once that his visit at the Benhams' must come to an end. All the cold assurance in Muriel's face, all the steady, stable English look had gone. No refusal of hers to vote or smoke a cigarette or adopt an article of clothing which in any way might have unsexed her could have proclaimed her as a woman rather than as a companionable playmate as completely as did this searching, half-troubled, hungry look in her swimming, brimming eyes.

"Come on, now," he said as if to a private soldier who had disobeyed orders. "Let's walk. Let's walk hard and fast and long."

He was wondering now whether he had made his journey to Beconshire in vain; whether, indeed, his willingness to solve the puzzle that Benham had told him was waiting for him had not been a piece of folly leading to nothing. When he and the girl had dipped down the slope into the single track path that led across the moor he nearly walked blindly into the silver stream through the rushes that grew at the water's edge.

"You are not vexed?" asked Miss Benham invitingly.

"Vexed!" exclaimed DeWolfe. "With you? God bless you, dear, no!"

She looked at him gratefully, watching him as she walked by his side a good deal as a setter might look up to catch a glance of approval from a man. Peter expected no storm from her. He knew he must pack up his things and go back to London. This was only fair to Benham, and certainly fair to Benham's sister, who had let herself imagine so much from an acquaintance with a stray American who inwardly believed that to live a lifetime of Muriel's program of days and years would be a close second to a term in jail or to having a berth in a Wall Street broker's office. He supposed, however, that if not actually, at least metaphorically, Muriel had read a book on "How to Keep One's Balance." He did not figure upon the explosive forces which can be generated in a conservative family, as if occasionally the fundamentals of mankind liked to show their half-concealed existence of which all are aware, each for himself, but never as to our armored neighbor. Muriel, in fact, was just the person the fundamental human forces would pick out to give a glorious exhibition of blowing up the crusts of restraint. Peter, like most of us, had heard a slight crack in her cover, but like most of us he had endless faith in the strength of habit and conventions.

The depression which fell upon the girl, as if a shadow cast by the dusk, gathering about them as they came back from Saint Dunstan's tower after ten miles in the wind, gave no warning of crisis to him. And certainly he was under no obligation to foresee that which the night would bring forth.

At dinner he discovered that he could talk to Mrs. Benham; to his astonishment he found that behind her beam there were a great many years of orderly thinking whose product, not consumed by her family, had been put up onto the shelf in many careful layers like bolts of cloth with an unfashionable pattern. It was almost worth while to have Muriel so silent; it was almost a relief to turn away from her long Byrne-Jones face with its sensitive lips contrasting with her stern eyes and be beamed upon sunnily by the broad strong face of her mother. Peter took a delight in making this beam expand into a laugh. He was never so whimsical. Each time he leaned forward toward the white-haired widow who, with her middle-Victorian figure, weighed at least two hundred pounds, Muriel stared at her mother with a look which might have been the expression of jealousy.

Peter, as he chatted with Mrs. Benham, faced the long French windows in a curved bay at the end of the dining room. The floor was covered with ferns and flowery plants in pots, giving forth to the room at all meals that smell of warm dark earth which fills greenhouses; but just outside the reflection of his own dinner coat on the long panes of the doors, there was the blue stone driveway of the house and the path to the side door. Upon this path Peter thought he had seen a flash of white. It might have been a reflection of his own white linen; he had only seen this flick of movement out of the corner of his eye as he put down his gilt coffee cup.

"What did you see?" asked Muriel suddenly.

"I? Why, I thought I saw a white spot in the dark out there—like a person's face."

Muriel stiffened. "I don't know who it could be," she said. "Lucy, turn on the light outside the North door."

Peter smiled, but only because he had thought of how red English maids could be—just as red as valets were white.

The smile disappeared the moment the electric lamp above the outer door just behind the French windows threw down its light like an overturned bucket of yellow liquid. A woman was standing there, and Peter believed that as she had stood in the dark, unseen, she had been looking straight into his face. She wore no hat and her hair piled up in immense snake-like coils was the color of certain frost-turned leaves of autumn which are neither red nor gold, but both colors at once.

"Her Irish mother!" he almost said aloud. He knew by her hair and her great dark eyes in which, even from a distance, there appeared the expectancy or fear described by young Benham. The British officer had not overdrawn her beauty. There was a still grandeur about it, a permanence, a thing making it awful as well as alluring; it was like the beauty of Grecian sculpture dug from the dust and transformed by miracle into living warmth glowing through a skin which, compared to Muriel's fine cold white, was as heavy cream is to skimmed milk. She stood in the posture which Peter learned later to know was characteristic—a posture of one who waits with resignation. For what? Heaven knows. Perhaps for a reincarnation into a life less troubled, less besmirched with small affairs.

That she wore a white draped gown over which a wrap of flame color hung from her half-bare shoulders DeWolfe did not know. She was one who cannot be described in detail, and her clothes made no impress, though their illuminated colors and contrast in any other case might have left a vivid picture. One never saw her except as a whole—a woman too short of stature, if one measured, but the height of a goddess if one only looked; a girl whose face, though capable of a great range of expression, nevertheless changed its moods as slowly as the clouds in the sky change their contours; a human being whose personality belonged, it appeared, to the kind of personalities which are found usually only in a deep forest, or belong to a pinnacled mountain range. Any detail was nothing.

"She has come to see my mother," said Muriel.

"So she has!" admitted Mrs. Benham, beaming out through the window.

"I might have known who it was. I heard a high-powered car. But she doesn't like to be driven almost into our dining room, so she stopped on the South wing. Let's go into father's den, Peter. Bring the cigars in there, Lucy."

No protest appeared possible. Mrs. Benham had beamed and nodded, and the American could not very graciously say, "Oh, no. I want to stay."

He turned once as he left the dining room. The woman outside was still waiting at the door for Mrs. Benham to waddle to the latch, the waterfall of light still covering her, still looking in, apparently at Peter, and with a smile and warmth thrown toward him like a message from her great dark eyes.

He could not wipe away the impression of that look. In it there had been a call, an understanding, a password, a magic formula. To shake it off he walked nervously about Sir Austin's old study, stopping before the photographs of members of the house of commons who had been Benham's friends, but were like the ends of so many empty spools to Peter's eyes at this moment. He read an inscription on a portrait of General Wolseley, he touched an ivory idol from Benares.

"Let's light the fire," suggested Muriel in a weak and trembling voice.

"All right," said Peter, and struck a match.

He did not smoke.

"Why not?" asked the girl.

"I have a—headache," he said with a laugh.

"Come here, then. Lie down on father's sofa. I don't mind. Be comfortable, Peter."

He stretched out upon the springs bent and sagged by years of pressure of the fox-hunting banker's solid weight, and closed his eyes.

Muriel, who had drawn up a stool, sat down upon it, staring into the firelight. There in the study behind the heavy door, which she had closed, the two seemed suddenly very remote.

"I had a wonderful time—this afternoon," she said in a tense and trembling voice which made a struggle to appear normal.

"Good!" said DeWolfe.

Her hand moved timidly forth and her soft fingers touched his forehead, brushing back the hair.

Peter closed his eyes.

She leaned over quietly and with a little cry hardly audible pressed her lips to his.

He knew what had happened—the real Muriel had come up through layer on layer of tradition, training, pride, habit, restraint. He only was confused by his own stupidity in allowing this to happen.

He sprang up.

"I never did that before. I never—by any one," she said, clenching her hands.

"Oh, I say, I'm sorry—" he began.

"Sorry!" she said.

"Of course," he replied with unnecessary coldness. "Of course I'm sorry. I've allowed you to think—"

Muriel's eyes were wide and blazing. She threw her clenched hands apart until her arms were outstretched to their utmost. The firelight was upon her face and Peter could see elementary passions enough upon it.

"You needn't say more," she almost screamed, so that suddenly Peter had a great distaste for the exposure of things he did not know had lived in her. "You needn't say more, because I know."

"Know?" said Peter in a low tone, as if inviting her to speak more quietly.

"Yes—know. It's her!" she said, pointing toward the wall where the deer's heads were hung. "I know it's my brother Eversby. He told you about her. That's why you came. That's what you've been thinking about. My brother was a fool!"

Peter raised his hand.

"I kissed you and I'm glad," she went on furiously. "Yes, I am. I'm glad. It has brought out the truth. I never did it before. I'm glad. The truth."

"Yes," said Peter sternly. "It has brought out the truth."

"You came here to see her. I know. I guessed. I knew Eversby told you about her, but you never asked. And I knew why. I didn't want to know. I wanted—"

"I'm sorry," Peter said again.

The girl came on several paces and leaned forward toward him.

"For God's sake, Peter, keep away from her. She might like you. Of course she'd like you. And if she liked you—"

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I know. I can't tell. It's a matter of honor, a matter of confidence—her confidence—something I learned. I wish I didn't know. But I was—"

She moved toward the door.

"Wait a moment," he said.

"No. I want to go. I hate you now Peter. Yes, I do. It has been awful though. I never want to see you again. If you will only go while I hate you!"



"I Kissed You and I'm Glad," She Went On Furiously.

"Of course," he said.

"But she is—"

Muriel stopped aghast.

"Well?" he asked.

"I can't tell you. But I warn you. It is too awful to believe. If she takes you in, you will— This is all I can tell."

"What?"

"Vanish," she whispered, "—like the others."

The door closed after her.

"Too late to go to London tonight," he said, looking at his watch. He listened for a moment. There was rain upon the window panes. "Vanish? Vanish—like the others? Oh, it's absurd. A piece of jealous outburst. Vanish? Nonsense!"

CHAPTER III

The name of Peter DeWolfe, U. S. A., was upon the register of the Carleton hotel, written in a hand purposely scrawled and blotched to prevent any one in the flux of diplomats, army officers, correspondents and gentlemen adventurers, the classes from which this rich New York bachelor drew a large and almost affectionate acquaintance, from bellowing through his door to come down to the bar.

He was waiting for a steamer that had made up her mind frequently not to leave Liverpool for another five days. Two nights he had spent already in London where, if he had wished, he might have dined at at least one of half a dozen recognized homes, had luncheons with a Russian ex-ambassador or Tommy Caminthorn of the war office, or Boleby Broke, the critic who writes the reviews for the International Gazette, or taken breakfast with Mrs. Holderee Rabb, the widow of a certain maharajah's son who had gone wrong at Oxford. He had an inclination, however, to write verses and wander by himself through the naughty jam of soldiers and yellow-haired girls in Leicester square and the Circus. He ate his meals in lonely state.

Unfortunately the unpleasant flavor which had attached itself to the memory of his visit to Beconshire Heath still clung. He could see Lady Benham—that good old soul who had insisted that she never be addressed by her title—beaming at him as she told him how sorry she was that business had called him away so suddenly. He felt guilty of the polite lie he had told to make his exit from the lives of the Benhams. He could see Muriel's cold, hard expression when, having pressed her lips to his, she found no response and told him at once that she hated him. He would never see her again, and though it had been none of his fault, or at least not in large measure, there would be a certain impression in her mind that he had willfully dislodged her from her correct and virtuous pedestal, and Colonel Eversby Benham—a good friend, provided with a sense of humor—could not fail to see the affair through his beloved sister's unimaginative eyes. Peter had tried to reach him and found that on forty-eight hours' notice he had gone to Mesopotamia.

Above all, Peter had gone to England to do a certain thing—to meet the strange Brena Selcoss and at Benham's challenge dissolve the mystery which surrounded her. All that he had accomplished so far had been to look once into her wonderful eyes from a distance and hear from Muriel that terrible and unspeakable and undisclosed horrors awaited the man upon whom this extraordinary young woman, with her mixture of Grecian and Irish blood, her gorgeous hair and jersey-cream skin, her American origin and her inexplicable English isolation, bestowed her favor.

Peter had always said that many men were really two persons—one, the actor in life, clothed with a body of flesh and bone; the other, a second personality without tangible reality, but who, as a counselor possessed of a voice almost audible, often advised caution, sometimes played the role of conscience, was always a friend, but sometimes took on a damnable, patronizing manner. It was this invisible friend who had advised Peter to shut himself up with his attempts at verse writing and had led him to procure a passage home; it was Peter himself who knew very well that he would not go on board the Aquitania, that he had come to England to meet some kind of a witch woman, that he had seen her great dark eyes once and saw them gazing at him out of every corner now, that he had committed himself to finding out all that was to be known of her and that in the end he would do some unconservative, break-neck thing to throw himself with a crash of conventions into her lap and note what happened afterward.

Peter's determination, making ready to reject every advice of his counseling and invisible second personality, was completely wasted. Brena Selcoss acted first.

On the third afternoon of his restlessness, when the night was falling and the fog leaned on the exterior of the window panes of his room like a pile of wet sheep's wool, he had started a lyric twenty-two times and twenty-two times balked for meter or expressive word, had crumpled up the sheet of paper and thrown it at a wastebasket. His pencil was blunt; the crumpled sheets, in the evil gray light of late afternoon, having missed their receptacle, lay around the floor as if DeWolfe's product were not poetry but snowballs.

"I'm a nice chump to be writing verses," he said to himself in the mirror. "You look less of a poet than a lion-tamer."

Some of Peter's friends who are able to realize that this man who can play polo like a centaur actually is the author of the lines beginning, "Call ye to the souls of shadows," would have agreed with him. There were strips of interwoven muscle upon his bare brown forearms and a firmness about his mouth, both tightened a little by his service with the army, and if there is a poet in him it is as a Virginia farmer once told him, "a streak of something," perhaps indeed a part of that fundamental essence of Peter which calls him to a many-sided life.

As he looked at his own troubled face in the mirror the telephone bell rang.

"Are you there?" inquired the operator, using the conventional London phrase. "Right! Wait, please."

He heard a voice which came out of distance like a voice which comes nearer through a damp grove of dark green trees, like an aroma which comes forward on the wind, until it rose slowly to its full power. When the words were distinguishable he knew that some one was asking for him.

"Yes," said he, for the moment enthralled by the warmth and rhythm of that voice.

"I must see you."

Brena Selcoss had come to find him. She had taken the initiative; she had come to London. He did not have to say, "Who is that?" She had come.

Something, however, in that phrase, "I must see you," said with intensity by that extraordinary woman, about whom the Benhams knew so little and perhaps Muriel so much, filled Peter for the moment with an inexplicable dread. This sudden chill of self-preservation was not founded upon the repulsion of that telephonic, "I must see you," uttered by a female and always forerunner of the unpleasant, nor was it based upon the suspicion which he had always had when, to use one of his own phrases, "a man ought to know that no woman who comes toward one is safe," nor indeed did it rise from the fact that he gave new credit to Muriel's absurd warning that men who knew Brena Selcoss disappeared like broken soap bubbles. The dread that Peter felt was like a dread communicated by some subtle message in a human voice which expressed some eternal fear. It came, perched upon his soul for a second, and then was gone.

He became at once the usual Peter, thinking quickly, alive to the dangers of a woman who would follow a stranger to London, suspicious of her and above all thoroughly delighted to risk himself in any tangle she cared to weave for him.

"Where are you?" he said genially.

"At Mulberry's," she said.

"The tea room?"

"Yes."

"Will you wait for me there?" asked Peter. "Please." His voice sounded very young—compounded of the breathless expectancy and spontaneous pleading of little boys.

He found her sitting at a table beside a window overlooking Bond street, where the fog was like a gray stew and passersby hurrying home were like solids stirred up to the surface from the bottom of some kettle. She greeted him with a quiet smile and pointed to the empty chair.

Peter, conscious of his shrewdness, said exactly what she had said—nothing. He sat down across from her, and for the benefit of the waitress whom he could see out of the corner of his eye as a black dress and white apron, he pointed to Brena's steaming chocolate and nodded. He did not take his gaze from his companion's large dark eyes which had in them the same look he had seen once before and which had made him think of eyes which knew no death but had been looking out upon the world for centuries and centuries. A friend of his had once advanced the idea, at a dinner party in New York, that men and women's souls were new or old, that some of those present had been aged through countless residence in human form back through eras of history, that others had been created only a few hundred years ago and that still others were new souls just out of the wrapping. Peter recognized as he

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looked into this young woman's eyes that if he, in worldly terms, were a half a dozen years older than she, in fact, she had outlived him in rounds and rounds of ages.

Her eyes were so compelling that it was difficult to give attention to the fact that her countenance had in it a baffling riddle. Her face was long with a straight and perfect nose below a forehead which might be considered by a classicist lacking a good fraction of an inch in height. She had a full rounded chin below lips so flexible and of so warm and rich a moist color that their thinness was scarcely noticeable. But there was combined in her features, which taken together were by no means perfect, a still beauty which represented the Greek in her, with some undercurrent of shimmering chameleon elusiveness.

"You are shocked at my behavior," she said at last, arranging the white ruffling at her throat as if she preferred to treat Peter's state of mind casually. "Perhaps you are pleased?"

"The two go together," he said quickly.

"You did not ask me who I was. Yet, you had never heard my voice before."

"That struck you forcibly after you left the telephone," Peter told her with authority. "It was not surprising. I had never heard your voice. But I had seen you. It was only necessary to look at each other—"

"Yes, that was memorable," she said solemnly, and looked far away. "But unfortunately the tempo of this meeting does not warraant that little laugh of yours," she went on in reproval. "I came to London to see you, but I came because of Muriel Benham."

Peter looked up in dismay. He said, "You don't mean that she told you—?"

"No one told me," said Brena Selcoss. "You were there. I heard scraps of conversation. Once I heard my own name. It was no fault of mine. Nor is it a fault of mine that with Mrs. Benham's word or two about Muriel's desire to go away, after your sudden departure for London, that I can see what has happened. I have come down from the country to beg you to go back."

Peter shook his head from side to side.

"In some way—some mysterious way—just such a thing as this involves me always. I have been, unwittingly, the cause of—"

"Oh, no, you haven't," said he, with vigor.

Apparently she did not hear; she leaned forward and said, with great earnestness. "It touched me deeply—not because Muriel was once a great friend to me—but because I cannot bear—"

He interrupted her again by saying, "The whole thing is nonsense, Miss Selcoss. I am sorry that the only way I can put an end to it is to be ungallant. The plain truth is that I do not have the slightest emotion of any kind about Miss Benham. No doubt she is a very admirable English girl—she is healthy, lovely and correct. No doubt there was an unfortunate misunderstanding, but it was not because of any inclination of mine, and nothing need be said about it. I left Beconshire Heath because of it."

Brena sat back in her chair with a sigh which appeared to Peter to state, sincerely, relief from a great anxiety. She folded her expressive hands, interlocking her fingers, free of all rings, and allowed her eyelids to almost close.

"I would have liked to stay longer," he said.

"Why?"

"To see you."

"You did not know me."

"I had seen you."

"But I would not care much for that kind of judgment," she said. "It is a man's great delusion to base inclinations on a glance."

"Women do it, too," said Peter. "I admit—we both admit—that it is a mistake, don't we?"

"Yes—perhaps. I am not sure."

"Then you too hoped that I would stay?"

She neglected his question completely, but she did not rebuke him for that smile of pleasure that had arisen with the idea that she, too, had a belief that upon a rare occasion the exceptional first exchange of the eyes is a true and a wise guide to the importance of the future. Peter felt a glowing sense of understanding and of companionship.

Suddenly, with a quick tensity that startled Peter, she looked swiftly about from face to face of the persons, men and women, who sat at the other tables. He saw in her eyes at that moment the look which Benham had described so vividly—that expression of fear of some unknown peril.

"You have been in the country a long time," he said as promptly as he could. "You do not like London, evidently."

She smiled rather sadly. "I love London. But I choose to stay at my little retreat among the old beech trees. I have not come to London since last summer."

"And you have no inclination to play in London—to forget Beconshire for a day?" he asked. "Of course, now you are here."

"I do not know anyone in London now," she said. "I have an apartment here—one which I had when I first came to England."

"Came to England?" He inquired when, without using the words.

"Yes, three years ago. I think it must have been three centuries."

She sat for a long time thinking, and the coming and going of the waitress with check and change did not interrupt her thought. Peter believed that she was debating something; therefore he said, "Life—even little life—the pleasures—the decent pleasures—well, they ought to be seized."

"You have a sentient mind," she said, awakened.

"Then do it, whatever it is," he said. "There are two kinds of persons in the world—the minus persons and the plus persons, negative folks and positive folks. You notice I say folks; I am from America."

"So am I," she said.

"Well, do it!" said Peter, referring to the undisclosed problem.

"Perhaps I have shut myself up too much," she said reflectively. "I did not know how much I loved to see human beings—just see them sitting here and there, walking in the street, jostling each other, so various, so like—"

"Unsolved riddles."

She looked into his face long and as if conducting a search.

"I want to stay in London for a few days," she said at last, shaking her gloves as if to express the thrill it would give her.

"Why not?" asked Peter. "Even if staying in London is the hazardous business which you seem to think it is, no one will know."

He waited.

"Except me," he said.

Her eyelids narrowed almost imperceptibly as she answered. "But doubtless dozens of persons claim your time here. It is, to use your expression, known that you are in London."

"No, no, no," protested DeWolfe, impulsively. "Not a soul."

She drew on her gloves.

"I think I will stay in London," she said, and Peter thought he heard her murmur under her breath, "God forgive me."

CHAPTER IV

He was reckoned a shrewd player of life. Men who knew Peter DeWolfe best say that if he left his traveling bag on the sidewalk on Fifth avenue while he did some shopping within some store, it was only because he had estimated carefully the psychology of any thief and concluded that one could depend upon human nature to believe that luggage sitting alone on the pavement was placed there as a trap. Peter always found his bag where he had left it.

This is said because, unless some complex reasoning and calculation of the same kind can be applied to his conduct, it is necessary to say he went blind into love of woman.

"A few—a very few—men—and fewer women," Peter said once in a letter, "know just how near the top of the world can be reached by the adventure of free days together where there are no hours, and time springs in magic jumps from noon to next daylight perhaps, and the world is a playground and a city is your toy and mankind is the ultimate friend of both of you. Unfortunately," he added, "the men who have the quality of greatness to see that such a companionship over a span of hours is a greater accomplishment than a life in a law office or the presidency of some blooming bank, are few. Those who ever find the girl are fewer. And those who can prove some essential quality of a gentleman and a whole man needed to walk that delicious tightrope up above the moon, without taking a vulgar step into space with a nasty crash on landing, are fewest of all."

He may have been demonstrating these words. But apparently he had abandoned his inquiry into the mystery of past and future. He had abandoned suspicion of her or curiosity about her life, though ever and again he found her glancing around with the unexplained fear in her dark eyes, as if she expected to meet the eyes of recognition or find some fiend walking softly along behind. Outwardly he had given over all but one inquiry, and that was the exploration of the heart and mind and soul of Brena Selcoss.

Just when he had shelved his first purpose, awakened by Benham's challenge, and when he wiped from his mind the memory of his one moment of dread of this girl, which, of course, might be traceable to Muriel's extraordinary and tragic warning, perhaps Peter himself could not have told. It might have been at the moment when, after their first evening of strolling aimlessly through the mystery of the symbolic fog with their selves reaching toward one another, they had perched like two ravens on the pediment of Trafalgar monument, supperless, content and watching the blurred lights of one motor omnibus after another move like luminous fish in cloudy water.

"What time is it?" Peter had asked, listening in vain for the great bell of St. Paul's.

Brena Selcoss, sitting on her own coat, drew back the loose sleeve of her white silk waist from her rounded cream-colored wrist and, after a glance at her watch, had said, "It is after two. I am hungry and I am cold."

Peter had said quickly, "Perhaps it is my fault. But you wouldn't go to the theater or the cafes. How could I deal with any one who stubbornly insists upon exploring alleys and arcades and the banking district and Hyde park until an old campaigner's legs are almost worn out?"

"You couldn't."

"I shall find a place now and I shall like to see you eat," he had said, jumping up. "There are some persons, after all, who give us delight when they eat. Did you ever see an old French peasant woman who was really fond of animals feeding them? Why, her brown wrinkled face has a smile like a lighthouse! And I can imagine wearing that smile when one's own children are over their bowls of gruel. Yes, I shall like to see you eat. I am sure. I would like it still better if I had planted and harvested or caught everything which was put before you. But that cannot very well be, because I'm not a farmer or a trapper or Izaak Walton—only a New York idler. Besides, Trafalgar square has no soil for turnips, no brook trout, no pheasants."

She had looked up with a wistful smile. "Who is pleased when you eat?"

"Nobody," he said. "You see I am an orphan. There is an old waiter at the club. I forgot him. He rubs his hands when I am hungry, but for all I know it is because the palms itch. He waited on my father—the banker—and he looks like a shaven Mephistopheles. That's all I can remember."

"You may come with me, then, to my chambers," she had said. "We can stop on the way—goodness knows where—but somewhere and get eggs and butter and cheese and milk. We'll go there."

"Can you cook?" he had exclaimed.

"Oh, no. Not at all. Does that make any difference?"

"Why should it?" Peter had inquired with sincerity. He had come to the point of departure from his first ideas of his destined relationship with Brena Selcoss.

In the days which had flowed on, Peter's coming and going at the new hotel to which he had moved so that no one might attach themselves to him, attracted the attention of the doorman with the worn livery, brass buttons and chronic apoplexy. "A wery peculiar young 'un," he had said to the porter. "A wery odd 'airpin! 'E's in an' hout at hall hours. I think 'e's gaming."

Perhaps he was. That might have been how he began. But the delight of a concentrated nothing-to-do settled over the two and Peter's steamer at last left the dock at Liverpool with American soldiers blaspheming between decks like a swarm of hornets returning to their hive and a purser scratching his head over the name of one DeWolfe, who was printed on the passenger list but did not claim his telegram. Peter had lost himself and, like a runaway child, he was glad of it. There was only this difference—for Peter no one but his lawyers would make a search.

If one desires to know how far the breaking down of conventions had gone, it is only necessary to point out that upon one occasion where a laughing Sunday crowd had gathered about a hectic man preaching revolution from a stepladder in Hyde park, Peter had sat down with the girl to listen. The sunlight was comfortable, the voice of the orator rose and broke with the regularity of waves upon a long warm beach, and Peter, dropping back with his head on the grass, watched a silvery airplane up from Hendon wheel about like a gray beetle who couldn't decide where to light, until he fell asleep.

When he awoke he was generating apologies. He intended to say that Brena and he, like fairy folk, had acquired the magic exemption from sleep but that, of course, occasionally—

None of his embarrassment was negotiable; she, too, was asleep; her hair, with its red-brown variations of autumn leaves, was alive with the sheen of the sunlight, her arm was under her forehead. The orator had spun his web to the end and all the crowd had buzzed away like escaping flies; but a little stray dog, with a face badly needing soap and water, had gone to sleep at her feet with its face on its paws, whining over a dream of a piece of meat with legs which could run faster than he.

To them life had become abundant with those unnoticed values, neglected by the commiserable blind beings who run along the ruts of unimaginative existence with their hands put into the coarse fist of some conventional, vulgar purpose. Together they went to the docks at night and listened to Chinese coolies in the galley of a tramp steamer from Hongkong, where up from the yellow smoking interior, as from a yellow smoking volcanic crater, arose the strange crooning, bubbling, wailing songs of the Far East. They went to Hampstead and laughed at the smug little houses with their washed, respectable faces. They strolled through the National gallery, where they found a room of portraits of men of the time of Pitt, all of whom, as if by a manner of the time, had their hands thrust palm down into their buttoned coats; they called it the Stomach-ache gallery. They sat on strange doorsteps while Peter wrote verses to the unknown inmates behind the barrier. They invited a match woman to dine with them and were well repaid by hearing from her lips a discourse upon the conceit of each age which always flatters itself into belief that it is the world's crisis. They said good-night at all hours, they ate when hungry, and were as skillfully silent when the mood came as they were spontaneously chattering when their minds danced together.

Peter might have guessed, but he could not have known to what crisis this would lead.

"We have not forgotten how to play," he said to her.

A look of pain had come into her face, and into her eyes the old look of fear.

"I don't like it when you look like that," he had said.

"How?"

"Afraid."

"I'm afraid of nothing, Peter—nothing which makes ordinary fear in ordinary hearts, Peter. You will see some time that I am not afraid."

She had laughed at his perplexed expression, but without joy.

"Don't you bother about me," she told him. "You've promised that you wouldn't, you know."

He nodded. "I've kept my word."

"Perhaps—"

"What?"

"Perhaps I'd better go back tomorrow—back to Beconshire."

It was the first word suggesting the end of their holiday. Both knew that this word must finally be spoken, but Peter had not expected to see quite the quick pallor which came into Brena's face as she forced out the sentence.

"We agreed, Peter, didn't we? And the time has come, I think."

DeWolfe felt as one who had been touched suddenly and unexpectedly upon the elbow by the dank, bony fingers of a corpse.

"There is one evil passion which I think does more harm than all the others," he said, clasping his strong hands over one knee. "It's fear. It ought to be made a crime."

"You know nothing of fear," she replied quietly. "You have not lived with fear day in and day out—year after year."

"No, I have not lived with fear at all," he went on, looking straight into her eyes. "I have not lived with it because it is a parasite. I have been wounded, but I learned that five-eighths of the pain was fear. I have been apprehensive of some terrible calamity and the fear was the major part of the calamity. There are men in the world in myriads who fear that they may lose their money. Fear is worse than poverty, Brena. For God's sake, let's not fear!"

"I did not say that I had fear," she said. "I only said I had lived with fear."

"The world is a fool about fear," Peter drove on. "It makes cowards, but it is also the mother—"

"Of what?"

"Of murderers," he said.

Brena was silent.

To Peter, as the day came to an end, it became more and more plain that she had indeed decided to go from London. She spoke of it as if it were a flight from some kind of danger. Once she said, "You are much too nice to take any risks, Peter." He had asked her about these risks, but she said, "Among other risks, that of wasting your energies on something which leads nowhere." When they had dined at a little cafe in Jermyn street, she said, "Come home with me. No one sees us go in and out. It is like a nest hidden in an old stump. We can talk and then—"

"What?"

"Good-by. Good-night. Good-by."

All the way up Regent street she kept her arm through his as if she feared that suddenly the mortal part of him would melt away, as if this contact might be made so real that it would live on in memory, and sometimes the illusion of this strong forearm, warm through its sleeve, might return to her.

The apartment, which she had retained without occupancy for some unexplained cause, was on a street of colorless brick houses where three street lamps, spaced with irritating precision, spread their radiance on the front walls in a fan-shaped insolence. It was in a house at the far end of this street—modest quarters for one who appeared to have plenty of money at her command; two flights of carpeted stairs led up to a little landing and her door.

She lit the lamp in the corner while Peter took the key from the hole, and the expanding light showed again the gray and gold room with its chintz curtains and its old English mahogany and the carved desk with its burly-maple panels and the hangings woven in Java at the windows. But Peter closed the door gently with his foot because he saw none of the room where the light was dim. Once more, as when he had seen her first, she stood beneath a light which poured down upon her its flood, emphasizing her as if she, of all the universe, had the quality of radiance and life. She had thrown aside her cloak; she stood with an aura of eternal youth about her, a girl who had come out of the ages and would live on without end, the center of all things. She gazed back at Peter from her dark eyes, wondering, waiting for him to move.

He walked toward her slowly, but without hesitation. In his face there was a square look—the look of a fixed will that has come into its own at last.

"Brena, I'm going to break my promise."

"Yes, dear, I understand. I can resist you, Peter. It would be hard, but I could do it. I do not want to do it. The promise was for your sake, Peter. Not for mine alone."

"I've asked you nothing—no questions," he said, putting his hands upon each of her shoulders and holding her at arm's length.

"No, Peter, none."

"Because I did not care," said he.

"No matter what might come?"

"No matter what might come."

He drew her toward him and took a breath of the unperfumed fragrance of Brena Selcoss. And then, with eager, hungry yearning, expressed only through the restraints of tenderness and profound respect, as if indeed he had some ancient deity in his arms, he kissed her lips, he pressed his cheek into her hair, he touched the back of her neck with his fingers.

"I love you," he said. "Can you understand all I mean by those plain words—I love you?"

"I love you, Peter."

"You must never leave me now."

She sprang back, tearing herself from him as if he had treacherously plunged a knife into her.

"Not that, Peter. Not that! I thought you knew. I thought this was—good-by."

Like one in great pain which must be borne in silence, she threw back her head and stood quivering and tense.

"You can't have misunderstood!" she said in a breaking voice. "Is this my punishment—that you have misunderstood?"

"I want you, Brena—forever. I could have sworn I never would want anyone—like this."

"Peter, it cannot be."

She seized his hand and, leaning over, pressed her wet cheek upon his wrist.

"It cannot be, Peter. It happened when I was no more myself—the one you know—than I am Muriel Benham. It happened when I was less than eighteen—seven years ago. I am married."

"Married?" he gasped, putting his other hand lightly upon her cheek. "Where, then, is he? How long ago did he—"

"Go?"

"Yes."

"Three years. I loathed him. I loathed his eternal fright."

"And where is he now?" he asked.

"I do not know."

She shuddered.

"He—"

"Vanished."

Peter was white. Breathing hard, he said, "You—Brena—will you tell me everything?"

"Yes, Peter—before I go. I will tell you everything. It will show you why I am afraid—for you."

(Continued next week)

ECZEMA



Money back without question if HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES (Hunt's Salve and Soap), fail in the treatment of Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter or other itching skin diseases. Try this treatment at our risk.

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We now have in Stock almost any variety of Cotton Seed for planting that you desire and we are selling them at low prices

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Baker Gin

EXAMS TO BE HELD SOON FOR CLERKS

Applications For Examination Must Be In Office By April 8

Examinations to become eligible to hold the position of clerk in the Post office will be held soon. Applications for examinations must be in the office by April 8. Postmaster Arnold hopes that several applicants take the examinations, for several can be kept on the waiting list at one time and might receive a position before Christmas even though they do not get a job immediately.

The Government notification appears below:

Announcement No. 6185 Assembled United States Civil Service Exam. Cleik, Post Office Service

Place of Employment, Wellington, Texas.

Place of Examination, Wellington, Texas.

Receipt of appications to close April 8, 1925. The date for the assembling of competitors, which will be determined after the close of receipt of applications, will be staed on the admission cards sent applicants. Examination to be held on a Saturday.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces that at the place named above an open competitive examination will be held for the position of clerk in the post office at the place first specified.

From the eligibles resulting from this examination it is expected that certification will be made to fill existing and future vacancies in the position of clerk. Should city delivery be established at the office for which this examination is held during the life of the register resulting from this examination, the register may be used for regular or substitute carrier appointments, in the discretion of the department, or a new examination may be held, in which latter event the register from the new examination will be combined with the existing clerk register, including those eligibles who may have declined appointment as substitute clerks.

Salaries—Clerks in offices of the first and second classes are divided into five grades, the salaries of which are $1,700, $1,800, $1,900 $200 and $2,100 per annum, respectively. Clerks will be promoted successively, after one year's satisfactory service in each grade, to the next higer grade until they reach the fifth grade, salary $2,100 per annum. Promotions will be made at the beginning of the quarter following the expiration of a year's satisfacotory service in the next lower grade. Clerks of the highest grade are eligible for promotion to the supervicory positions in their respective offices. Appointments are usually made to substitute positions at 65 cents an hour and promotions are made to regular positions according to seniority of appointment.

Sex.—All citizens of the United States who meet the requirements, both men and women, may enter this examination; appointing officers, however, have the legal right to specify the sex desired in requesting the certification of eligibles.

Age.—Applicants must have reached their eighteenth but not their forty-fifth birthday on the date of the examination. Age limits do not apply to persons entitled to preference because of military or naval service.

Retirement.—Classified employees who have reached the retirement age and have served fifteen years are entitled to retirement with an annuity. The retirement age for railway postal clerks is 62 years, for mechanics and post office clerks and carrirers 65 years, and for others 70 years. A deduction of 2 1-2 per cent is made from the monthly salary to provide for this annuity, which will be returned to persons leaving the service before retirement with 4 percent interest, compounded annually.

Preference.—Applicants entitled to preference because of military or naval service should attatch to their applications their original discharge, or a photostat or certified copy thereof, or official record of their service. If, because of disability, the applicant is entitled to a pension under authorization or the Pension Bureau, or to compensation or training under the Veterans' Bureau, he should also submit his pension certificate, or a certified copy thereof, or a certificate from the Veterans' Bureau showing that he is entitled to compensation or training by that Bureau. Such papers will be returned to the applicant.

Issued Mar. 11, 1925

Secretary, Tenth U. S. Civil Service District, New Orleans, La.

L. A. Moore says that all applicants who desire further information may obtain it by applying to him at the Wellington Post Offict. Mr. Moore is in charge of the Civil Servce Work.

List your property with me. J. P. Pritchard. Office over First National Bank. Room 3. 22-tf

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We buy all kinds of worn cars and wrecks. C. L. Trout. 26-tf

EASTER

Whene'er I hear the Easter bells
Ring out their carols gay,
The graves from all the hills and dells
Dissolve from sight away,
I see the mighty planet left
Without a marble stone
To tell of death, or one bereft
Who comes to weep alone.

Dear hands, long folded to their rest,
Return to touch my own,
And voices memory has blessed
In each familiar tone
Speak as in other days to me;
While on the springtime's breath
Is borne to every land and sea
The news: "There Is No Death."

—Clarence E. Flynn in Farm Life

The Sepulcher and the Holy City

JERUSALEM is a holy city to many of the various religions of the world and has been considered so for thousands of years. It is the holiest city in the world to Jews. Christians have a particular reverence for it because it was the city in which the most important events in the life and death of Jesus Christ took place. Mohammed, in his earlier years, taught his followers to bend the knee toward Jerusalem instead of Mecca.

We have arrived at the chief gate of this celebrated city—the Jaffa gate, set in the walls, the cases of which at least date from a remote antiquity. On the outside of the gate it seems that we have come upon the meeting place of the East and the West. Here are khans, the horse and camel markets, stalls for the sale of all kinds of goods, stores, even cafes and restaurants. This particular spot has been called the busiest place in all Judea. The women from Bethlehem—wearing a distinctive garb—are marketing. Nuns, monks and other ecclesiastics in their distinctive habits, as well as the uniformed military attempting to keep order, add to the strange array of costumes. As I was about to enter the gate I stepped aside, for there was a short parade coming through the gate. About 20 men, each carrying a heavy pole, which fell to the pavement heavily to mark steps, walked behind a dignified gentleman who wore a huge black headgear from which a black drapery fluttered to his black robes. I inquired his identity and learned that the patriarch of Jerusalem was going to pay a visit to the patriarch of Antioch and this was the guard of honor accompanying him.

King David's Tower.

Then I passed inside the gate, a visitor relates. To the right, rising like a great medieval castle or stronghold I saw the tower of David, one of the huge relics left intact when Titus destroyed the city of Jerusalem. This tower was not built by King David, but it is likely that it rests upon stones that he ordered placed in position—enormous stones larger than any placed in modern constructions.

From the balcony of my room at the hotel I looked out over the deep blue expanse. There were twinkling lights everywhere and far above them all there was an electric-lighted cross above the tomb of Jesus Christ, visible for a great distance. And strangely enough, all was still. Jerusalem retires shortly after sunset. There are no theaters, few night cafes and almost no social life. It is not considered safe for foreign visitors (particularly Christians) to be abroad in the narrow streets at night. Jerusalem the Golden abounds in religious fanatics, cranks and many people who undoubtedly are insane. The city is visited by zealous Mohammedans who have recently made the pilgrimage to Mecca and now in the second most sacred city in the world, are not to be trusted in the dark.

Burden of the Cross.

Early the next morning, when the skies are beginning to show the first signs of dawn, the bells and gongs begin to sound from hundreds of towers. Sleep is impossible after five o'clock. And the clatter and shouting again come up from the streets. Caravans have arrived from the desert, the market people are bringing in their vegetables. meat, wine and bread. Jerusalem has perhaps 75,000 people, great numbers of whom reside at convents, monasteries, hospices and other religious institutions. All must be fed. The city is 4,000 years old and doubtless many of the customs have not changed materially since the time of Jesus Christ.

The second station of the cross is at the foot of the staircase leading to the barracks, for here it is believed that the cross was placed upon Jesus Christ. Then we come to an arch, called the Ecce Homo arch, where Pilate uttered the words: "Behold the man."

The third station is an Armenian hospice, where Jesus Christ sank beneath the weight of the cross and near by there is a broken column upon which it is said he rested his hand when he was about to fall.

The fourth station lies between the traditional house of the poor man Lazarus and the rich man Dives. An inscription in a lane to the left records that here Jesus Christ met his mother.

At the corner a short distance farther along is where Simon of Cyrene took the cross from Jesus Christ and here again is a depression in a stone that marks the place where the condemned man's hand rested.

We ascend the street and arrive at the sixth station, which marks the home and the tomb of St. Veronica, who wiped the perspiration from Christ's brow on a handkerchief—the impression of his face remaining on the cloth, which is still preserved at Rome.

The last part of this street is vaulted and here is the seventh station, where Christ fell the second time. Here is the hospice of St. John for the entertainment of pilgrims.

At the Eighth Station.

A black cross on a Greek monastery marks the eighth station and is where Christ addressed the women who met him.

The ninth station is a Coptic monastery and here again Christ is said to have sunk under the weight of the cross.

The remaining five stations are in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

A narrow sloping street leads down into a small plaza, in which there are large paving stones. At the sides are small booths where crucifixes and rosaries from Bethlehem and Hebron are offered for sale. Here also stand several military guards. We are at the entrance to the church, not at all a beautiful structure upon the outside, one not at all in keeping with what one might expect, for were it possible, all of Christendom would gladly contribute to making this the most beautiful building in the world. The key to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, however, is a possession of a family of Jerusalem—a hereditary honor that is in the hands of Moslems, Roman Catholics, Greeks, Druses, Abyssinians, Armenians, Copts, Maronites—representative of all Christians save the Protestants, have hours of worship assigned to them, when religious services are conducted according to their own ritual. And here come the millions to pray. Next Sunday morning, Easter, the holy fire will be passed from this church to thousands of waiting tapers and theoretically, at least, that fire extends to all of the Christian churches of the world.

As we enter the old structure we come upon a long slab of pinkish marble lying on the floor. This is called the Stone of Unction, and tradition has it that the body of Christ was placed upon this stone while it was being prepared for burial in the tomb that was furnished by Joseph of Arimathea.

Stone of Unction.

There are many chapels that will claim our attention in this church, but we leave them until later and go at once to the sepulcher itself, which is under the dome in the center of the church. The sepulcher itself is a small chapel of whitish marble that has grown to have the appearance of onyx. It is 26 feet long and 18 feet wide. At the entrance to it are huge candelabra with burning tapers, and over and around the entrance are suspended numerous gold and silver lanterns.

Before entering the sepulchre we must stoop, because the entrance itself is not more than four feet high and is an ornate archway. We come into what is known as the Chapel of the Angel, where is shown the actual stone that was rolled away from the grave of Christ on Easter morning. Pilgrims kneel and kiss this stone, which is covered with glass, else it would have been worn away by reverent lips long ago. In fact, it is necessary frequently to change and replace the glass covering.

Christ's Actual Resting Place.

One at a time we pass beyond to the small room that is about six feet long and six wide. A niche in the wall veneered with marble is the actual resting place of the body of Christ. Forty-three lanterns of gold hang from the ceiling. A priest of some denomination and creed, according to the time of day the visit is made—for each creed has its appointed hour—stands at the actual sepulcher and sprinkles holy water or anoints with oil the heads of all who incline toward the niche.

It is very warm in this tiny chapel, owing to the blazing lanterns, and one does not remain long. Pilgrims usually drop their burial shrouds upon the grave, the priest sprinkles them and they are carried away to distant lands as prized possessions and kept until death.

Coming out of the little chapel, we visit the Chapel of the Apparition, where Jesus Christ appeared to his mother after the resurrection. Then to the Chapel of the Parting of the Raiment, the Chapel of the Crown of Thorns, and to the Chapel of the Cross, where the exact location of the three crosses is indicated by silver. Here the mighty rock is split and there is a great crack that might only have been caused by a convulsion of nature—the earthquake that followed the sacrifice on Calvary.

Magnificent Ornamentation.

Some of the chapels are magnificently ornamented, as, for instance, that of the Greeks, from the ceiling of which hang dozens of gold lanterns. There is a portrait of Christ, perhaps two feet long and one wide, that was the gift of the late czar of Russia and that is made of precious stones—the robe being of rubies.

Here in this church also is the traditional grave of Adam. From earliest times this legend has persisted and while it cannot be authenticated or proved in any way, Adam's bones are supposed to rest beneath the cross upon which Christ was crucified. And before this place is a silver disc in the pavement indicating an early belief that here is the center of the world. That might be open to argument, but one thing none may deny: The Church of the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem is sacred to more people than any other place on the earth's surface.

SHERIFF'S SALE

THE STATE OF TEXAS, County of Collingsworth.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a certain Order of Sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of 48th Judicial District of Tarrant County, of the 12th day of January 1925, by G. S. Williams, Clerk of said District Court of Tarrant County for the sum of Thirty-one Hundred Six dollars and thirty cents ($3,106.30) and costs of suit, under a Judgment, in favor of John S. Morris in a certain cause in said Court, No. 68462 and styled John S .Morris vs. Van Boone, J. W. Noel and H. G. Dickson and First State Bank of Hedley, placed in my hands for service, I, C. E. McKinney as Sheriff of Collingsworth County, Texas, did, on the 27th day of February, 1925, levy on certain Real Estate, situated in Collingsworth County, Texas, described as follows, to wit: all the Northwest one-fourth of Section 70, Block 21, Certificate number 11-2201, H. & G. N. RY. CO. Survey, in Collingsworth County, Texas., and levied upon as the property of Van Boone, J. W. Noel and H. G. Dickson and that on the first Tuesday in April, 1925, the same being the 7th day of said month, at the Court House door, of Collingsworth County, in the town of Wellington, Texas, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 P. M., by virtue of said levy and said Order of Sale I will sell said above described Real Estate at public vendue, for cash, to the highest bidder, as the property of said Van Boone, J. W. Noel and H. G. Dickson.

And in compliance with law, I give this notice by publication, in the English language, once a week for three consecutive weeks immediately preceding said day of sale, in the Wellington Leader, a newspaper published in Collingsworth County.

Witness my hand, this 27th day of February, 1925.

C. E. McKINNEY
Sheriff Collingsworth County, Texas
34-3c

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

THE STATE OF TEXAS,

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Collingsworth County, Greetings:

You are hereby commanded to summon Luther Roach by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in the nearest County where a newspaper is published, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Collingsworth County, to be holden at the Court House thereof, in Wellington, on the Fourth Monday in April A. D. 1925, the same being the 27th day of April A. D. 1925, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 25th day of March A. D. 1925, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court as No. 945, wherein C. L. Fontaine is Plaintiff, and R. H. Goodnight, S. P. Barker, Frank Marshall, Luther Roach, J. M. Cornell, John Fuson and the City of Wellington are defendants and said petition alleging that on or about December 6, 1919, defendant S. P. Barker by deed of said date conveyed to defendant R. H. Goodnight all that certain land situated in Collingsworth County, Texas, and in the town of Wellington, and being all of Lots 23 and 24 in Block 182 in the town of Wellington, Texas, said deed recorded in Vol 30, page 455, Deed Records of Collingsworth County, Texas, and on even date with said deed defendant R. H. Goodnight executed and delivered to defendant S. F. Barker one vendors lien note of said date in part payment for said land in the sum of $237.50 due on or before January 1, 1922, bearing ten per cent interest and providing for ten per cent attorneys fees, to secure which a vendors lien was retained against said land in deed and note; that defendant S. P. Barker assigned and endorsed said note to plaintiff for value and before maturity and plaintiff is now the legal and equitable owner and holder of said vendors lien note and vendors lien securing same; that defendant R. H. Goodnight conveyed said land to defendant J. M. Cornell by deed recorded in Vol 30, page 525 Deed Records Collingsworth County, and as part of the consideration said J. M. Cornell assumed payment of said note; that J. M. Cornell conveyed said land to defendant Frank Marshall by deed recorded in Vol. 40, page 78, and as part of the consideration said Frank Marshall assumed payment of said note; that Frank Marshall conveyed said land to defendant Luther Roach, who as part payment assumed payment of said note, that defendant John Fuson is claiming some interest under a judgment of foreclosure in a tax suit, wherefore they are made parties to this suit; that said note is past due and wholly unpaid; plaintiff sues for his debt, principal, interest and attorneys fees and costs, and for foreclosure of his vendors lien on said above described land, and that same be sold according to law in satisfaction of said judgment, for order of sale, and general and special relief in law and equity.

Herein fail not, and have before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and the Seal of said Court, at office in Wellington this the 25th day of February A. D. 1925.

LENORA SHERWOOD, Clerk
(Seal) District Court, Collingsworth County.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine is a Combined Treatment, both local and internal, and has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over forty years. Sold by all druggists.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

A new rug for your old one!

You remember how beautiful your rug or carpet looked when it was new? The colors blended so nicely. But now, perhaps after a year or so, the colors have been dimmed by dirt that has been ground in by many footsteps. Broom nor vacuum cleaner will quite restore its original beauty. Then, call us. We are specially equipped to clean rugs, art squares or carpets, and make them like new. Brighten up your home as spring comes.

The Wellington Steam Laundry

Great Land Activity in the Spearman Country

Land is Selling in Spearman Country at real bargain prices, and on terms better than renting. This is the opportunity of a life time to buy some of the best cotton, wheat and small grain land in Texas. You may never have the opportunity to buy at such low prices and on such liberal terms again. You may expect an advance of from $5 to $10 per acre on these lands within the next eight to twelve months. Do not let this opportunity pass as it is a real one.

For particulars, write, wire or see—better still, come and see

J. R. Collard
SPEARMAN, TEXAS

Red Bottom Tanks

When the day's work is done, what is more refreshing than a long, cool drink of fresh water? Hard-worked horses enjoy it as much as we do. Red bottom tanks will economically and conveniently keep it always ready for them. Two styles—the round and the oblong with round ends. Made of high grade galvanized steel. Reinforced at top with patent Tube Top, at bottom with Double Lock Seam. Sides made doubly strong by 2 triple corrugations. Solder is sweat into all seams. Entire bottom and lower edge edge coated, inside and outside, with rust preventing paint made in our own laboratories. Applied by special heat process.

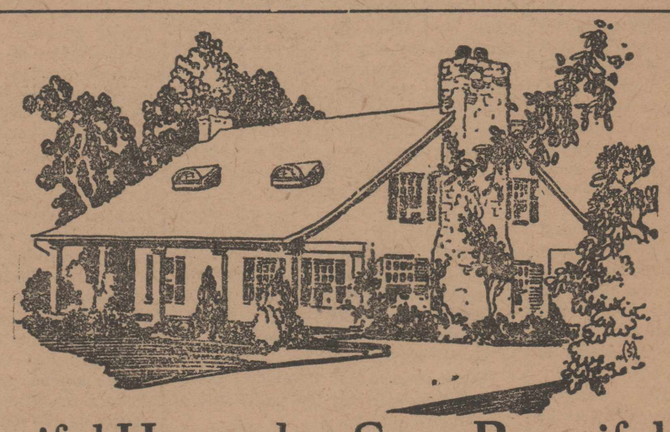
Look for the 5-year warranty stamped in the steeel. Not genuine unless so stamped.

COLUMBIAN STEEL TANK CO., Kansas City, Missouri

Sold from stock by



N. L. WESSON, Dodsonville, Texas
PIONEER HDW. CO., Wellington, Texas
LEDERER-HAMILTON HDWE. CO., Wellington, Texas



A Beautiful Home that Stays Beautiful Longer

Careful selection of the materials you use in your new home will save you many dollars, besides assuring you that each passing year will see the beauty and mellowness of age increasing, instead of signs of encroaching decay. It is expensive to build in the first place—and troublesome. Let us help you choose the lumber, paint roofing and other materials that are to go into your new home. You will find it a great satisfaction to know that you are getting the best there is. And that satisfaction will increase as time goes on. We will be glad to assist you in anyway, in planning your home.

Look for the "Long Bell" trade mark on all the lumber you buy.

Lewis Lumber Company

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

THE STATE OF TEXAS, To the Sheriff or any Constable of Collingsworth County, Greetings:

You are hereby commanded to summon Ell Sallee by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in the nearest County where a newspaper is published, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Collingsworth County, to be holden at the Court House hereof, in Wellington, Texas, on the fourth Monday in April, A. D. 1925, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the Ninth day of March A. D. 1925, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court as No. 991, wherein Mattie Sallee is Plaintiff, and Ell Salle is Defendant, and said petition alleging that plaintiff is now and has been for a period of twelve months an actual bona fide inhabitant of the State of Texas, and has resided in the county of Collingsworth, in said State, for more than six months next preceeding the filing of this suit.

That plaintiff and defendant were legally married January 15th, 1921, and lived together as husband and and wife until September 17th, 1924, at which time she was compelled for her own health and safety to leave said defendant.

That during all the time plaintiff and defendant lived together as husband and wife, she conducted herself with propriety, and all times treated her husband with kindness and forebearance, but that within about a year prior to their separation her said husband began a course of harsh unkind and cruel treatment, which continued with slight intermissions, until she was finally compelled to separate from him. That on divers occasions said defendant was guilty of outrages, cruel treatment, and excesses of such a nature as to render their living together insupportable; that said defendant cursed and abused plaintiff, and struck her in the face with his fists, utterly disgarding her feelings and health; that frequently said defendant applied to plaintiff the vilest and most approbious epithets and called plaintiff vile and ugly names, and threatened to do plaintiff bodily harm; that for a time she endured such treatment, and treated defendant with kindness and affection, but that such treatment became unbearable, and plaintiff was compelled to leave their home for her own safety and to escape bodily injury.

Plaintiff prays that defendant be cited to appear and answer herein, and that upon final hearing hereof, she have judgement dissolving said marriage, for costs of suit and for general relief.

Herein Fail Not, and have before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and the Seal of said Court, at office in Wellington, Texas, this the 9th day of March A. D. 1925.

LENORA SHERWOOD, Clerk District Court, Collingsworth, Texas
33-4tc

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

The State of Texas,
To the Sheriff or any Constable of Collingsworth County, Greetings:

You are hereby commanded to summon Susie Cox, by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper therein, but if not, then in the nearest County where a newspaper is published, to appear at the regular term of the District Court of Collingsworth County, to be holden at the Court House thereof, in Wellington, on the fourth Monday in April A. D. 1925, the same being the 27th day of April A. D. 1925, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 16th day of March A. D. 1925, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court as No. 996, wherein A. E. Cox is plaintiff, and Susie Cov is defendant, and said petition alleging That plaintiff is and has been for a period of twelve months prior to exhibiting the petition herein an actual bona fide inhabitant of the State of Texas, and has resided in the said County of Collingsworth for at least six months next preceding the filing of this suit.

That on or about the 15th day of September A. D. 1912, in Union County, Tennessee, plaintiff was lawfully married to defendant, then a single woman by the name of Susie Haynes; that they continued to live together as husband and wife until on or about the 23rd day of May, A. D. 1921, when the defendant left and abandoned plaintiff, without any cause or provocation on the part of plaintiff, since which time palintiff has not seen nor heard from the defendant, and does not now know where defandant is.

But there were no children born to the union of plaintiff and defendant and that there are no property rights to be adjudicated in this suit.

Plaintiff alleges that defendants actions and conduct toward him generally are such as to render their further living together as husband and wife insupportable, the premises considered.

Wherefore plaintiff prays the court that defendant be cited to appear and answer herein and for judgment dissolving said marriage relations, for costs of suit, and for such other and further relief, special and general, in law and in equity, that he may be entitled to under the evidence.

Herein fail not, and have before said Court, at its aforesaid next term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have execued the same.

Given under my hand and the Seal of said Court, at office in Wellington this the 16th day of March A. D. 1925.

LENORA SHERWOOD, Clerk District Court, Collingsworth County. (Seal) 34-4t

NOTICE

The Commissioners Court of Collingsworth County has decided to purchase one or more tractors and graders of the larger type at its regular meeting in April, 1925, same being Monday, April 13, 1925, and this is to notify all persons, firms and corporations desiring to submit prices on the larger road building caterpillar type tractors and graders suitable to be used with such tractors, to submit their bids as required by law to 1925, as contracts will be let at Wellington, Texas, in the regular commissioners room in Courthouse on that date. It is distinctly understood that the Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids, and all submitting bids must comply with the law for bidding in such cases.

Done by Order of the Commisioners Court, this 24th day of Feb. 1925.

R. H. TEMPLETON,
County Judge
33-4c

CITY MEAT MARKET

BUY ALL YOUR FRESH AND CURED MEATS AT THE CITY MEAT MARKET AND BE ASSURED OF THE BEST QUALITY.

CITY MEAT MARKET

East Side of Square

First County Newspaper

Last week the Leader printed the first four pages of the "Collingsworth Citizen"—the first newspaper printed in Collingsworth County. This week the last four pages are shown. This paper was edited and printed by A. Buerger, then County Surveyor. This paper is 25 years old.

Spring : Millinery : Goods

At Mrs. E. T. O'Neil's

Spring .:.Flowers Laces:&:Ribbons Stylish 'Patern 'Hats trimmed.:to.:suit your.:fancy

All-Kinds-OfKnitWare.:Childrens-Nazareth-Waists-etc

COME: '&. 'GET. 'FIRST. 'CHOICE

Lilioukalani, ex-queen of the Sandwich Islands, will return home in May She is 63 years old and is making her own shroud, for to be buried in a farment made by strangers, is a disgrace among Hawaiians This robe is made of the heaviest white satin, lined with purple silk. Gold clasps, on which her coat of arms is engraved, fasten the garment at the throat. It is placed in a rose casket and is being shown to the Queens friends. Her fine estate near Honalulu yields an income of $25.000 a year.

New Ashanti war is on with England; on the gold coast, of course. 500 English Allies were slayn.

Church Contract let. Bids were as follows:

A. Burger & Son less a donation equal to the two best.	$1000.00
P. W. Myers & J. T. Hicks	950.00
Rev. John Smith	800.00

Mr. Smith offered to give ample security but was induced to back out and work for Myres and Hicks who were awarded the contract at 945.00

And now they are trying to have a Chinese alderman at Toledo, Ohio.

The first municipal election in Cuba will be held on June 16.

LUMBER IS CHEAPER

In Memphis than any where else in the Panhandle.

We have a big Stock of Lumber, Shingles, Posts, Wire and builders Hard

It Will Make You Money To Figure With Us.

Will answer all inquiries for prices etc. promptly .....

Wooldridge & Bro. E. A. McMath, Managers,

Memphis, ... Tex.

W. E. Harrells outfit went to Childresf co. last tuesday to bring up a bunch of fine cattle he had at Hurt Mundy.

Baptist Meeting commenced last night and will be continued for the balance of the week.

We hope, Scott Amend is not hurt much, as we learn from our Aberdeen items. He is one of our assessor candidates, and intends to make it lively for the rest of them.-He is all energy.

No literary this friday night.

John Christopher is at work for W. E. Harrells.

A. Buerger and Son, Contractors

ABERDEEN

Rev. W. Y. Seale accompanied by his wife, filled his appointment here last sunday morning. We were deeply impressed with the sincerity of this venerable old gentleman in the way he explained the word of God from an experimental standpoint. He put forth many new thoughts, from his scripture selection in St. John 1. 1.23.

Mr. Jas. White passed through here one day last week, Jim and his estimable wife were neighbors with us some seven years ago and we were glad to know, that they are again residents of our county.

Mr. and Mrs. Potts of Clarendon vislted at W. S. Amend's last Friday and also attended the surprise dance given at the Mill Iron headquarters.

W. S. Amend met with a serious accident while coming from Dozie his horse ran into a wire fence and cut an ugly gash below his knee Dr Furr dressed the wound and thinks he will be all right.

W. D. Collins is making improvements.

Barney Somerville brought goods for Mrs. E. T. O'Neil tuesday and J. A. Meaders went to Quanah wednesday after more goods for Mrs. E. T. ONeil.

Postmaster Hamilton of Shinnery was in monday.

Jim Loter was at Wellington one day this week.

Young Dysart says, the peach trees have set more frute, than they are able to ripen. Thin them out mercilessly, Cary, for the pit in the nubbin exhausts the vitality of the tree more, than the meat on half a doxen magnificent speceimens.

: : : : : : o—o—o—o—o—o—o: : : : :

To see the Saddles & Harness

WE ARE NOW MAKING

will prove to you. we know good leather when we see it.

Come, get prices, if no sale, no harm

J. J. PIGOTT,
CHILDRESS, TEX.

Wellington HOTEL

MRS. M. MOONEY, proprietress

New & First Class Service

Meals .25 Cents

Nice Comfortable Rooms

South Side of public square

Wellington, ... Texas

See Me and See Better

The Whole World Will Look Brighter

Specially Made Spectacles

V. R. Jones

Optometrist

Great events cast their shadows before them, and we are just a trifle nervous.

Mrs. R. H. Cocke is visiting Mrs. W O. Richards this week.

Senator Clark of Montana was ousted by Republicans and Democrats alike in spite of his millions. He will be candidate for reelection by the Legislature in November.

Protect the martin It is a very useful bird.

J. K. DUKE

Attorney at Law,

Practices in all the state courts, Memphis, ---------- Texas,

GEO. A. KECK'S

Confectionery

IS The Place To Get Your.... **CANDIES** Of every Kind.

We keep in Stock Choice Fruits, Nuts, Fine Cigars, Notions and Tobacco's,

A complete line of Fine Stationary, Tablets etc,

North of Bank, Childress, Texas.

Sen. Hoar's speech is a masterpiece and should be read in full. We can only give an excerpt.

Expansion in the Declaration of freedom, not of despotism; of life not of death. It covered the continent and both seas. It saved Sounth America and revolutionized Europe. It differs from your tinsel, pewter evpansion as the growth of a healthy youth into a strong man from an anaconda, that swallows his victim. Ours is of Thomas Jefferson, yours of Aaron Burr.

We have lost the lives of thousands, the health of more. The council of Washington, the maxims of the Monroe doctrine and the principles of Lincoln, for which he courted assassination, must not be listened to hereafter. We lost the right to speak for peace at the Hague, or to sympathise with the African republics.

"Aguinaldo" the senator -continued, „deserves to be remembered with that small band, who have given life and everything dearer, than life to their country in o losing couse."

He ended with an imaginary roll call of distinguished Americans, in which all voted against the retention of the Philippines but Burr, who declaring himself vindicated.

The Populists of North Carolina instructed their delegates foc W. J. Bryan.

A resolution to elect U. S. senators by a direct vote of the people in each state passed the house by a vote of 240 against 15. 14 Republicans and 1 Democrat voted against the bill. This is a step in the right direction.

Leading Democrats say it is Bryan and the Chicago platform, reaffirmed at Kansas City.

The Sultan of Turkey must pay for the missionary outrages or fight Uncle Sam. The cost has been counted, but the Administration means business.

Senator Chilton withdrew from the race for reelection on account of ill health.

Sam Taylor intends to move back to his house here in town.

Mr. Potts and Lady of Clarendon were visiting thir parents G. S. Capertons at Dozier.

If it takes 218,000 British 7 months to fight 30,000 Boers, to get nowheres, how long will it take 65,000 Americans to subdue 8,000,000 Filipinos. Pres. McKinley as commander in chief of the army has unlimited authority.

North Texas Medical Association will meet at Childress on the 14, 15 and 16 of next month.

Hurry up, sling that type!, so you can go to the wedding. Buck creek 's up? I dont care.

Cuban Revenues are squandered by the American army officers. They are drawing double pay. It is a clear violation of the law. But Secretary Root, it will be kept up. Gen. Ludlow spent over 95,000 to fix up the Palace in which he lived. Admitting this barefaced steal the secretary oi war states, that American officers cannot properly liveon their army pay.

Schly's victory. He now ranks over Sampson.

They are having a lively time in Dist. court at Childress this week.

Os. Griswold of the North-side stopped at the Wellington House Thursday, his brother Arthur is still in Central Texas.

Mr. Gibbs of Greer (Brother-in-law of Ingram) brought his wife over for treatment by Dr. Mooney.

Cuba is not a part of the U. S., so congress has no power there,

A change in the carrying of the Wellington mail is contemplated. It is to start from Wellington to Memphis and to Aberdeen in the morning and back at night.

Summer Normal at Memphis will open next week.

Wm. Harrell came back from Childress last night.

SCHOOL IS OUT TODAY.

I Make as good Stock Saddles as can be bought. Nothing but the first selection of Eberhardt Skirting used in my saddles. This leather ranks first among all California leather. The trees used are the celebrated T. E. Menea, the best tree in the United States. I give a guarantee for two years on all saddles ranging from $35.00 up. should any of said saddles hurt or break within this time I will cheerfully remedy them or put in a new tree.

I also carry a full line of harness, strap goods, bridles, blankets, spurs and everything usually found in a first class saddle house.

My harness is made in the house out of no. 1 California harness leather,

I am here to do business and want your trade: will sell you good goods at reasonable prices. I will make it to your interest to give me a call.

Brick Building opposite R. H. Norris

Will P. Jones, Childress, Texas

J. P. Drake, President, W. M. Fore, Vice-President. S. S. Montgomery Cashier.

Memphis EXCHANGE BANK Texas

Directors: J. P. Drake, W. M. Fore, S. S. Montgomery J. M. Gist, C, S. McCarver.

Trnasact a general banking business. Buy and sell exchange on all principal points. We respectfully solicit a share of your business, Stock holders: J. P. Drake, C. S. McCarver, J. C. Montgomery, Jno. M, Gist, W. M, Fore, S. S. Montgomery.

SEVENTH GRADE STUDENTS PUBLISH "SPECIAL EDITION" OF THE WELLINGTON LEADER

SOME FINE WORK DONE BY MEMBERS OF LOW SEVENTH GRADE IN WELLINGTON SCHOOLS IN ISSUING "PAPER"

The Leader is reproducing—on this page—the "Special Edition" of The Leader as written by some of the Low Seventh Grade students of the Wellington Public schools.

The work shows that these young people enjoy the Leader as well as the older people, for the Leader "style" was followed in getting up the paper. Unfortunately we were unable to reproduce the cross-word puzzle, which showed a good knowledge of the meaning and spelling of some difficult words.

The cartoon section is shown here with the cartoons redrawn for better reproduction

Mr. Gerald Hardy acted as Editor-in-Chief of this edition and Miss Evelyn Conner as assistant. Items were contributed by other members of the class.

The "Wise Cracks" selected for this paper are good enough to print in any paper in the country.

The Leader is always glad to encourage work that has the educational value that such work as this has, and whenever the space can be had, will print papers from any other class or school that cares to send them in.

MISSIONARY'S LETTER COMES FROM CHINA

(Continued from page 13)

en but I surely feared for these Chinese women for soldiers in this section are as low as humans can be and still be called men.

But to be with Christ during a time like this has been worth ten thousands worlds like this and how thankful I shall ever be that it was my privilege to be here at a time like this, what a comparison there is between a Christian and a heathen in an emergency like this. We can be brave and calm because our faith is fixed in Christ and we know we have His protecting care but oh! these poor souls who haven't this refuge, this assurance, this hope.

My idea of life and death have changed so completely since coming to China and observing the life and death of heathen with absolutely no hope. God grant that I may live many years to tell these dear souls of our hope, our assurance, and our Saviour who wants to be their Savior too.

I shall after 18 months of waiting enter Evangelistic work. I was set aside by our Station for this work nearly two years ago but because of Miss Lanneau's furlough it was necessary for me to act as Principal of Wei Ling Girls' Academy the past 18 months. I has been a great joy to me too, for our Mission Schools are great Evanglizing Agencies in this dark benigheted land and this close contact I have had with the women and Girls I feel has been a good foundation for the work I hope to enter immediately upon Miss Lanneau's return this week. My work will not be separate from the school but will be working with the school in a different capacity. I want to help to get our Christian girls and teachers linked up with the work and teach Bible classes among these women who have no other contact with Christianity. I want to get our young women turned toward the work of the church as a life's work. The only way to do it is to get in and set an example and try to influence others by using them in places where they can serve and helping to lay on their hearts the burden of the lost of this section of Soochow.

The ideal plan for every Station is one man and one woman for city Evangelistic work, one man and one woman for country work and enough forces for the school. We are approaching the day when our station will be manned.

This letter may seem pessimistic as it is so filled with war news, but in my heart I do not feel pessimistic for these experience have beens thrilling and filled with interest.

Sincerely Yours,
BLANCHE GROVES

MICKIE SAYS—



For the Best
---in---
Building Material and Terms
---SEE---
J. C. Wooldridge Lumber Co.
Phone 53

NOTICE

* *

All schools that intend to enter the County Contest in debating please file name, etc., of your teams with me, according to rule in Interscholistic League Rule Book.

Let me urge all schools who possibly can to enter, one or both of these contests.

Each school is allowed a team of two boys and a team of two girls. Girls to debate girls and boys to debate boys. The question for debate can be found in Rule Book. If you need literature on the subject it can be obtained from the Extension Loan Library at Austin, Texas, free of charge.

Winners in both boys and girls will be given a Pennant or Cup.

Time and place of debate will be Wellington, April 4, 1925.

CLIFTON C. COOK,
Director County Debating

USE CARBOLIS
for old sores. It is a germ killes. For fresh cuts or inflammation of any kind. Coe Chemical Co. 13-12c

AUTOMOBILE UPKEEP
The problem of up-keep for your Automobile is not such a perplexing one if you let me vulcanize your casings at the first sign of weakness. Come around and let's talk it over.
O. T. Vulcanizing Station
JEFF HARRISON, Prop.

Editor—Gerald Hardy

THE WELLINGTON LEADER

Assistant—Evelyn Conner

VOL. I. No. I. WELLINGTON, TEXAS, Friday, March 20, 1925 SPECIAL EDITION

JUNIOR HIGH DEFEATED IN BALL GAME

The Junior High School was defeated in a baseball game by Wellington High School Friday, March 12. The score was 28-14. Junior High put up a good game with Leon White making the most scores.

Local News

Miss Rankin, a teacher at Junior High School, stuck a nail in her foot and had to miss several days of school. Her foot is better and we wish her better luck next time.

Miss La Verne Hayhurst has a new scarf.

Miss Thelma Cook and Miss Novela have just returned from a visit to Oklahoma City where they have been visiting friends for two months. They had a very nice visit.

Mr. Wade Mahan and Miss La Verne Hayhurst were out driving the other day and were having a good time when a jealous heart interfered.

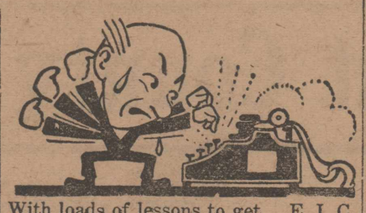
Mr. Ward Hicks and Miss Svelyn Conner will make their home in Wellington, Texas.

Miss Bessie Ford was reported engaged, but the town was dissappointed to find out she wasn't.

Miss Evelyn Conner just returned from Quail. She was visiting and got homesick and had to come home.

Miss Eula Reynolds and Mr. Lonnie Watkins, was seen out driving yesterday. They were having a fine time until Mrs. Watkins appeared—and—broke it up.

Mr. Curtis Savage has returned from Lutie where he went for his health. The only difference we can see in him, is that he is just a little crazier.



With loads of lessons to get. E. I. C.

SOCIETY NEWS

Miss Evelyn Conner attended the dance at Mrs. Judge Cocke's home Tuesday night.

Miss Faye Anderson, Miss Dorothy Bell and Miss Evelyn Conner and Miss P. Withers attended the senior play at the Welltex the other night and had a wonderful time.

Miss Ford's room went on a delightful picnic and Evelyn and Pauline ate too many hard boiled eggs.

Amusement Section

Miss Novela Aldridge gave a party March 6, 1925. It lasted until 3 o'clock in the morning. Everyone had a splendid time and enjoyed themselves immensly.

Miss Evelyn Conner is playing the part of the leading lady for Mr. Loren Thompson, in the play "Two Wagons, both of them Covered."

Miss Pauline Withers is playing the lead in "The Spanish Squirmer."



PRETTY MOON E. I. C

MARRIAGES

WATKINS-MOORE

Mr. Lonnie Watkins and Miss Elizabeth Moore were united in marriage last Sunday morning. They will make their home in Frog Leg community.

HANKINS-SISK

Mr. Lee Hankins and Miss Eleta Sisk were married at Bean Hill last Friday.

WITHERS-BENSON

The marriage of Miss Pauline Withers to Mr. Sodie Benson was held at the Methodist Church March 14, 1925. It was held Sunday p. m. at 3:30. The young couple will make their home here, and we wish them a happy life.

SAVAGE-HAYHURST

Miss La Verne Hayhurst and Mr. Curtis Savage were married last Sunday.

BREEDLOVE-DAFFRON

Miss Tommie Daffron was married to Mr. Farris Breedlove last Friday morning. They are very happy and we hope they will always be.

Miss Pauline Withers gave a delightful party last week and there were many of her friends there. Everyone had a delightful time.

EXTRA! EXTRA!

Mr. Leon White is in the hospital from serious injuries, caused by a rolling pin, china, vases, dishpans and also the oven off the stove and many other things. He was getting too familiar with a lady named Miss Pauline Whithers, and when he took "the other woman" out for a "spin," his wife happened to see them as she was out driving with another man, and terrible results followed. The "Vamp" is keeping well out of Mrs. White's sight, formally Miss Beatrice LaHue. Many people think her red hair is the cause of her temper. We hope that Mr. White will soon recover.

WISE CRACKS

Evelyn was with her mother at the zoo, and asked what that was on the elephant's face.

Mother: "That is its trunk, dear."

Evelyn not satisfied, went and pulled the elephant's tail and said, "This must be his suitcase."

Miss Ford: "What do we have today that we did not have one hundred years ago?"

Tommy: "Me."

The other day Jim Woods and Thelma Cook were out riding and saw two cows rubbing their noses together and Jim said, "Look how they are loving, makes me want to do it."

Thelma: "Go ahead, she's father's cow."

Lonnie: "Mother, teacher said I would make a wonderful inventor."

Mother, "What did she say you could invent?"

Lonnie: "More ways of spelling words than she ever saw."

Leon: "Is my tire flat?"

Simple Mechanic: "It's a little flat on the bottom, but the rest of it is O. K."

Tommy: "Here's an article written by a scientist who says that insects have emotions. He claims he has frequently seen a mosquito weep."

Frances: "Well, I've often seen a moth ball."

WANT ADS

WANTED—A marcelle, Miss Evelyn Conner.

WANTED—A hair cut. Miss Novela Alridge.

WANTED—A pair of stockings. Apply to Miss Pauline Withers.

WANTED—A pair of shoes to wear to school. Farris Breedlove.

WANTED—A stick of chewing gum to chew in school. Novela Alridge.

WANTED—A night shirt. Lee Hankins.

LOST—A tooth. Last heard of was in a fight with Mr. R. Hoden. J. T. Nabors.

LOST—A piece of my ear. Last seen lying on the ground. Jodie Benson.

LOST—My wooden leg. Was last seen running down main street. Return to Homer Glasco.

WANTED—A hair cut. Hassie Bounds

WANTED—A button to sew on my shirt. Max Smith.

WANTED—A teacher to teach our spelling with some snap to it. Low Seventh.

WANTED—A teacher to teach our English class that can read and won't misspell words. Low Seventh.

WANTED—Someone to dry dishes in my place. See La Verne Hayhurst.

WANTED—Someone to pick fleas out of my hair. Lee Hawkins.

WANTED—Help wanted. Two people and some weights to hold our dresses down on windy days—L. V. H and E. T. C.

LOST—All of my sense, finder please keep it. Eleta Sisk.

LOST—A set of dice, last seen going into J. T. Nabor's pocket. Tommie Stall.

FOUND—Running and screaming down main street—a little girls who has gotten out of a cage. It was finally found out that is was Miss Pauline Withers. Please come and claim her, as she is very wild.

Nobody Knows....

just how long business will continue at high tide in Collingsworth County.

The majority of people will probably go along as usual, thoughtlessly, assuming it will continue indefinitely.

The THOUGHTFUL FEW are going to use their present opportunity wisely, by preparing themselves financially and otherwise so that no change of condition will seriously affect them.

"Old fashioned THRIFT" may seem to be a back number just now, but take our word for it, old THRIFT is going to be mighty stylish after we have finished chasing all the rainbows, and the little old man with a bank account is going to be a leading citizen again.

At a time like this we consider it a privilege to offer the suggestion that a bank account is even more important now than ever before. We are also pleased to be able to say that the Wellington State Bank is in better condition to render you true service now than we have ever been before.

It is never too late to begin, and they don't make money in pieces too small for us to handle, nor do they make it in pieces too large, for that matter.

Wellington State Bank