

Rambles Over the County

J. W. L. COOK
The Leader's Rambling Editor

How About a Trade?

If we have any more weather like this we have had the past ten days, we would like to trade our little Ford for a sleigh as some of the snow drifts are a bit hard to get over in a Ford.

Plymouth, Lutie and Dozier

We have rambled all over the greater part of the county the past week. Tuesday we were at Lutie, Plymouth and Dozier. We found the ground covered with snow all the way and in some places the drifts were almost impassable in the lanes running east and west. The highway to Shamrock was fine.

Cotton is About Out

We found most of the farmers were through with cotton gathering. Yet there is quite a lot of bolls to be gathered. The gins are still running a part of the time. Some of them are running only on certain days.

South Lutie Store

We stopped a short while at the South Lutie Store owned by Young and Lowry. Mr. Lowry informed us that they had never found any trace of the thieves that broke into their store a week or so ago. We spent quite a while at the Plymouth Gin and while there made the acquaintance with a number of men that we had never met before.

We Meet Mr. E. A. Gooch

Among these men was Mr. E. A. Gooch who is the manager of the Plymouth gin. Mr. Gooch gave us an order for the Leader.

Mr. M. V. Exum

We also met Mr. M. V. Exum who lives near Plymouth. He, too gave us an order for the Leader.

W. M. Crooks Subscribes

W. M. Crooks who lives near the gin is a truck driver or trucker. He runs a truck doing any and all kinds of hauling, distance not limited. He gave us an order for the Leader.

Dozier

Our next place was Dozier, about five miles west of Plymouth. Dozier is a thriving little place with two general stores and a post office, gin and a nice church and school.

We left Dozier and came home to Wellington Wednesday morning and headed to the little city of Dodsonville.

Dodsonville

Yes, and if we had known before we started what we found out later, we would have left this trip for a future date.

We found some roads that were simply awful. A fresh graded road with a foot or two of snow piled on it—well—we made the trip and got back alive. So we are thankful.

Although the streets of Dodsonville were a sight, we managed to do quite a good business for that day.

The Leader has quite a list of subscribers at Dodsonville and we put in our time getting renewals and new subscriptions.

John Branum

One of our new subscribers was Mr. John Branum. Mr. Branum is a barber and has a nice little shop and seemed to be doing a good business as there were quite a number of men waiting while we were there. Mr. Branum was born in Collingsworth County in about three miles west of Dodsonville so if Mr. Branum has not always stuck close to the bush, he has stuck pretty close to where he was born.

Tobe Deahl

We stopped in at the office of the Deahl Gin and had a talk with Tobe Deahl, the manager of that gin. Mr. Deahl is a sure enough old timer. He has been in this county near forty years. He was raised here. Mr. Deahl says his gin plant did well this year. He informed us that the three gins had put up over six thousand bales of cotton and still there were several hundred bales to be ginned.

Mr. T. M. Cornelius

We met, while in Dodsonville, Mr. T. M. Cornelius of the Kelley district. Mr. Cornelius is one of the substantial citizens of the Kelley community. He owns a fine place near the Kelley school. Mr. Cornelius gave us an order for the Leader.

A Busy Place

The little town was a busy place. There were a large number of farmers from over the line in Harmon county. A big percent from across in Oklahoma.

The Back Trip

We left Dodsonville about 4:30 p. m., and started to Wellington with a

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

WELLINGTON LEADER

For Seventeen Years a Builder in Collingsworth County

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NUMBER 54

Whittington Beats Sailor Murphy in Friday Night Tilt

Winner Will Fight Tommy White in Wichita Falls February 8

Kid Whittington knocked out Sailor Murphy in the sixth round of their scheduled twelve round fight at the American Legion Hall Friday night. Sailor Murphy started things with a rush and for a time it looked as if it might be a blood thirsty match.

During the first round Whit spent his time avoiding the rushes of the hefty sailor, occasionally getting in a jab. In the second round, he got in more jabs and in the third he opened up right. From then on the match was his. Murphys only chance was to land a lucky knockout punch, but Whit was too crafty to give him a chance.

In the sixth a clean left to the jaw, followed by a harder right sent Murphy to the floor for the count. Whit will go to Wichita Falls on February 8 to meet Tommy White for the Championship of the southwest.

Two good preliminary matches were enjoyed by the crowd that was present at the match last Friday. Cicero Gully and Bill Higdon fought a no-decision match that was a slam bang affair. Rual Estes and Clarence Whittington fought a four-round match.

STAFFORD RAISES PLENTY OF FEED

B. B. Stafford, a farmer living six miles out of town on route two says he gathered seventy-five bales of cotton from 175 acres. He says he gathered sixty tons of maize from seventy acres. He has plenty of bundle feed to run his place this year. Mr. Stafford says he owns 300 acres of good land and is well satisfied with the location. He says this is one of the best farming countries he has ever had the pleasure of living in.

DEPOT NEWS

Two cars of beef steers were shipped from Wellington, Tuesday morning to the Fort Worth markets.

dread concerning the back trip, but we came through without a mishap.

Thursday's Ramble

Thursday we went to the Western part of the county. Having heard of the serious illness of one of the little twin babies of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Cherry, who lives about four miles southwest of Quail. We wished to visit them and see for ourselves how the little fellow was doing. We found him somewhat better but not out of danger by any means.

The other twin was sick also but not serious. This cute pair of twins a boy and a girl, will be six months old on the 30th day of January.

They are named Paul and Pauline. It is the little boy that is bad sick with pneumonia. The little fellow is having all the care possible and is under the care of Dr. Walker of Quail and Nurse Trimble of Wellington besides the loving care of the mother and father.

W. F. Melton

We met W. F. Melton of the Marella district. Mr. Melton has almost been raised in this county. He was brought here by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Melton from Tennessee when only a boy. Mr. Melton owns a nice little home of 80 acres near the Marella school. He has been raising fine Poland China hogs until the slump in prices a year or so ago. Mr. Melton believes in diversification. He tries to raise his living at home by having his own meat and feed. He also is a chicken man. He has quite a flock of White Leghorns. Mr. Melton gave us an order for the Leader for twelve months.

Quail

The different businesses in Quail seem to be brisk. W. C. Starr, the manager of the Quail Gin says they have ginned 3500 bales of cotton and will get about 250 more. The Quail Mercantile Company in their new building are doing a good business. Mr. Thomas Crabtree, the manager, says the company has done well this season.

There have been some changes in ownership lately, W. K. Tibble having bought the interest of P. E. Starr in the Quail Gin.

Odd Fellows of Dodsonville and Wellington Meet

By G. H. Russell

Wellington I. O. O. F. Lodge No. 358 met on a regular meeting Thursday in the chairs. The regular routine of business was transacted, after which the home team surrendered their stations to the visiting degree staff, which was Dodsonville No. 835. Mr. Bura Handley was introduced and received the first degree conferred by the Dodsonville Degree Staff. They were V. P. Finley, Captain of the team, J. D. Wilson, Walter Bodenhammer, Fred Boyd, B. C. Scott, O. M. Gould, C. H. Johnson, A. J. Walker, C. C. Boyd, John Branum and Ross Swift.

This team was very badly handicapped owing to the fact that the Noble Grand and Vice Grand were not present, and the hall was strange to this team, but despite all of this the work was excellent and a great lesson was manifest. The lodge had recess and a luncheon was spread consisting of ham sandwiches, hot dogs, cake and coffee, topped off with a cigar.

The lodge was then called to order by the Noble Grand of the Wellington Lodge. Many interesting talks were made for the good of the order, first to speak being Prof. J. D. Wilson, superintendent of the Public Schools of Dodsonville. Second was G. H. Russell, news reporter of the Wellington Leader. Third, J. H. Patterson, Fourth Col Bob Sammons of Wellington. Fifth, V. P. Finley of Dodsonville. Sixth A. F. McDonald, manager of the City Bakery of Wellington. Every one that was present expressed themselves in some way as having enjoyed the occasion very much. The Wellington team will go to Dodsonville next Tuesday night to confer some work.

A. A. NEELEY IS AN EARLY SETTLER

A. A. Neeley, a farmer of the Plymouth community was in town on business and while here paid the Leader office a visit. He says on his farm there is about 300 acres of cotton and he has gathered 146 bales and has gathered twenty tons of maize from 50 acres and has plenty of bundle feed to feed his stock. Mr. Neeley says he owns 1007 acres of good land in that community. He came here in the early days, 28 years ago, he took up several hundred acres of land for \$1.00 per acre. He said when he came to Collingsworth County he was a Texas Ranger, and worked under Captain McMurray with headquarters at Quanah. He also served under Captain McDonald with headquarters at Amarillo. Mr. Neeley says he has endured many of the hardships of this country as there were very few settlers here at that time. He says he was almost without money and friends when he came here.

BEN SMITH DIES IN DALLAS SANITARIUM

Ben Smith, who has been engaged in the auto top repair business in Wellington for the past year, died in a Dallas Sanitarium Saturday night, January 23. Mr. Smith was taken to Dallas two weeks ago by Mr. and Mrs. Duck of Breckenridge who came here to see him.

SEEN ON THE STREETS OF WELLINGTON

A bunch of men gathered on the north west corner of the square very busily engaged in expounding the scriptures. But no conversions.

A large can has been placed on the southeast corner of the square for the purpose of depositing all trash and waste paper. The idea is to keep the town clean.

Two negro girls and one negro boy sitting on a large tin tank making eyes at each other. Boy was between the girls. His eye were in good working order.

A man leading a good looking pair of work mules down north Arlington street.

Two small dogs playing on the court house lawn.

Man with skunk hide in each hand going to market.

A truck passed north on Arlington street loaded with eight bales of cotton and four coops of chickens.

Moore and Gully Buy Fashion Shop

M. Temberlin Goes to St Louis to Go in Business With Brother

Webb Moore and R. L. Gully have purchased the Fashion Shop from M. Temberlin and will move the Webb Moore Dry Goods Company to that location on the north side of the square as soon as possible. Mr. Moore says he thinks he will like the location on the square even better for a dry goods establishment.

Mr. Temberlin left Saturday for St Louis where he will go in business with his brother who is already located there. While in Wellington, Mr. Temberlin did not advertise very extensively and it is understood that his store was bought at a bargain. Both the Fashion Shop and Webb Moore Dry Goods Store will be operated until they can be consolidated.

Mr. Moore, one of the owners of the Moore Dry Goods firm has been in various lines of business here for a number of years. Mr. Gully is manager of the Famous. Mr. Gully left Saturday for New York to buy spring merchandise for these stores. He will be gone about two weeks.

Short Course at Memphis, Feb. 4

Instructive Reels to Be Feature of Short Course at Memphis, Feb. 4-5

We all like motion pictures if they are clean, interesting and helpful. In the past motion pictures have been used simply to amuse or entertain folks, but the agricultural extension department of the International Harvester Company, realizing the great possibilities of motion pictures, is utilizing them to teach and demonstrate educational and economic truths.

The department has prepared 17 most interesting and helpful reels, covering various subjects closely associated with town and country life, and many of these reels will be shown during the agricultural short course, to be held in Memphis on February 4 and 5.

"Farm Inconveniences" is the title of one reel, which illustrates the foolishness of doing some things and the carelessness in not doing other things.

"Household Conveniences" shows how, in many ways, we can make mother's work easier, and another reel, "Power in the Farm Home" demonstrates how to eliminate drudgery from every day tasks.

"Home Canning by the Cold Pack Method" shows every step in canning and the reel "Make More from the Farm Poultry" demonstrates how to raise poultry profitably.

"Milk, Nature's Perfect Food," illustrates how to profitably produce milk, its food value and how to use it to the best advantage, while a companion reel, "Greater Profit from Milk," shows how to get the most value out of milk, after it has been produced.

"The Care of Your Orchard" will interest everyone who hasn't an orchard as well as those who have and "The Making of a Good Cow" demonstrates the equal value of good feeding and good breeding.

Two reels, "Hogs for Pork and Profit" and "Hog Health Makes Hog Wealth," illustrate the winter care of hogs and the way to prevent hog worms and hog diseases.

Two other reels as their titles imply, deal with corn. One is "Harvesting and Testing Seed Corn" and the other is "Growing and Feeding the Corn Crop."

Another reel "Sheep" illustrates the raising, shearing and care of sheep and is acknowledged to be the best reel on sheep ever produced, while another reel, "The Pit Silo System" shows how to construct this valuable home-made silo and how to use it to the best advantage.

No one should miss seeing these motion pictures. One or more will be shown at every session of the short course. Admission to all sessions will be absolutely free and everybody is invited.—Memphis Democrat.

County Passed 36,000 Mark In Cotton Ginning

Up to January 16 Collingsworth County had ginned 36,319 bales of cotton of the 1925 crop.

At that time last year 38,982 bales had been ginned in the county. The total production last year amounted to over 42,000 but the county had more cotton in the fields at this time last year than it has now.

This cotton was produced in a year when it did not rain from September until April. This year the county had good rains in the fall and the last snows have put an excellent season in the ground. The eastern half of the county is particularly well off. The snowfall was about two inches heavier there than on the western half. The best crops have always been made when the county had snow and considerable cold weather.

MUSICAL PROGRAM TO BE GIVEN AT CHURCH FRIDAY

A program by the Melody Artists of Mangum, sponsored by the Mothers Club will be given at the Methodist Church building Friday, February 5. The program will be given by Miss Lydia Pace, reader; Mrs. Sidney V. Raylor, soprano; Miss Florence Doolen, violinist and Mrs. Gordon Bryan, accompanist.

The program includes a notable list of classical selections. An admission charge of fifty cents for adults and twenty-five cents for children will be made.

E. O. WATSON RAISES EXTRA GOOD ALFALFA

E. O. Watson a farmer one mile off the town section east says from 225 acres of land he gathered 112 bales of cotton. From seventy-five acres of maize he gathered 75 tons of feed. He says he had ten acres of cotton that made 35 bushels per acre. And the best of all, Mr. Watson says he has a five acre tract of alfalfa that he has cut five times and each cutting he harvested one ton per acre, a total of 25 tons of alfalfa to the five acres. Mr. Watson says you can figure for yourself and you will find out that that beats most any crop you may plant. He says he has been in the county eight years and owns 320 acres of the best land in his community. Mr. Watson says he came here from Hardeeman county but he says this county is far ahead of that one.

Sheffy Finds Valuable Data

Wheeler County Records Reveal Law Code of the Old West

A record of pioneer life that is as interesting as it is historically valuable has been found by Professor L. F. Sheffy in the minutes of the Commissioners Court of Wheeler County, a document began in 1879 when the county was organized.

Mr. Sheffy spent a part of the holidays in Wheeler collecting material for the history of the Panhandle which he is writing. The accuracy and detail with which the minutes were kept and the fact that Wheeler County was the first county of the Panhandle to be organized combine to make this a most excellent and important source for the new history.

The doings of the Commissioners Court in the old days when the Panhandle was a frontier country make reading as interesting as fiction. On one occasion, according to the minutes a man appealed to the commissioners to refund his poll tax, declaring himself insane. The refund was made. The allowance for smoking and chewing tobacco for the prisoners in the county jail was explained also.

Wheeler County Court

At the time these entries were made in the minutes book, Wheeler County was the seat of justice for the whole Panhandle region. All legal matters had to be attended to there or at Ft. Griffin in Shackelford County.

A keen sense of justice for the enforcement of law as it was seen by the pioneers was characteristic of the court proceedings, Mr. Sheffy finds.

Gun Battle Near Dodsonville Is Fatal to Fighters

Guy Tucker and Leonard Dowdy Killed Near Dodsonville Tuesday

Guy Tucker of Dodsonville and Leonard Dowdy of Hollis are dead as the result of a gun battle two and a half miles east of Dodsonville last Thursday morning at 11:00. The men were alone at the time the shooting occurred. Both of them were armed with pistols.

The main artery above Tuckers heart was cut by a bullet. After firing at Dowdy he ran about fifty steps and fell dead. Dowdy was picked up by a passing car and carried to the Hollis Hospital where he died on the operating table.

Tucker leaves his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tucker who live near Dodsonville and a wife.

Since both the participants are dead the officers of Harmon County have made no effort to investigate the cause of the shooting. Tucker was buried in Dodsonville Friday. Dowdy was buried at Hollis.

NEGRO KILLED HERE LAST FRIDAY NIGHT

Jessie Red, well known colored man was killed on the Homer Ingram farm by Joe Brown last Friday night. Jessie Red, it will be remembered was the negro who killed his wife two years ago in Wellington. He had previously served a term in the pen.

Two reports are circulating as to the cause of the shooting. One is to the effect that he beat up his wife and Brown took exception to it and the other is that the killing was caused by a gambling quarrel.

SHAMROCK MAN WEDS CHINA FLAT GIRL

L. T. Chance of this city and Miss Vivian Oleta Self of the China Flat community were united in matrimony Sunday, January 18 at Wheeler. County Judge A. C. Wood performing the ceremony.

The bride is the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Self of China Flat. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Chance.—Shamrock Texan.

The sheriff might drink and the jury might gamble—and such things were frequently done—yet the officials had a peculiar code of honor and fair play to which they adhered strictly. If a man killed another in a fair fight, where both parties had equal chances, he might go unpunished. But let him sneak upon a defenseless neighbor and harm him and he was given the limit of the law.

TO Visit Fort Griffin

Mr. Sheffy plans to visit Fort Griffin soon to look for material. The annals of Fort Griffin like those of Wheeler county show the very beginning of settlement of this western country.

It was in Fort Griffin that the Texas Cattle Raisers Association was permanently organized in 1877. On that occasion were gathered 5000 cowboys, a cosmopolitan group of Irish, Jew, English, Mexican and plain American representing ranches from the surrounding territory extending to the Mexico line. The main feature of the convention was a tournament, a sport which demanded splendid horsemanship, a quick eye and manual skill. With his horse running at top speed the participant held a seven foot pole high and with it took iron rings from posts placed yards apart. Another favorite entertainment of the gun-toting cowboys was shooting out lights in saloon or restaurants.

Development of Ranches

The development of ranches is another phase of history on which Mr. Sheffy is working. Old-timers he has talked with told him how the unbroken prairie land was made into large ranches, then was fenced into smaller ones, later was reorganized into large ones by English capitalists, was divided into small tracts again and at last was made into farms for diversified crops.—The Prairie, Canyon, Texas.



The Wife-Ship Woman

By Hugh Pendexter

AUTHOR OF
KINGS OF THE MISSOURI,
BY GRAVEL,
A VIRGINIA SCOUT, ETC.

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Traveling by canoe on the Mississippi, on his way to Biloxi, in the early days of the settlement of Louisiana, William Brampton, English spy, known to Indians and settlers as the "White Indian," sees a Natchez Indian post a declaration of war against the French. For his own purposes, he hastens to Biloxi to carry the news to the French governor.

CHAPTER II.—Brampton tests an old friend, Joe Labrador, Indian hunter, who warns him of Biloxi. Brampton refuses to turn back, but is told that the Natchez are on their way to Biloxi to secure slaves from a ship. The Natchez, led by a woman, protect a woman from the Natchez's brutality. She tells him that she is a French girl, and that she is in Paris. Evidently, she is a French girl, and she is something of a mystery to Brampton. He intervenes to prevent a man, Emory, from taking her to New Orleans. A Frenchman, Francois Narbonne, who is determined to see her, has heard of the riches of the New World, introduces himself. He is on his way to land he has bought.

CHAPTER III.—Bilenville accuses Brampton of treachery, but the latter secures a respite from death by revealing the Natchez declaration of war. He is to await the arrival of a former companion, Damoan the Fox, who will exonerate or condemn him. Damoan has documents proving Brampton an English spy. Brampton receives a message from Claire urging him to help her reach the English settlements.

CHAPTER IV.—Brampton trusts Narbonne with a note to Claire, and is going to meet her at New Orleans. He bribes the Natchez to help him escape. Before it can be effected, Damoan arrives.

CHAPTER V.—After a struggle Brampton wrests the incriminating papers from Damoan and escapes from Biloxi. He meets the Natchez and they start for New Orleans in a sailing boat.

CHAPTER VI.—At the landing place Brampton again encounters Labrador, whom he sends to bring Claire to him. The girl arrives. Brampton questions her closely, but she will tell him little of her history. With Labrador, Brampton and Claire leave in two canoes for the English settlements. Damoan follows them, and they barely escape capture.

CHAPTER VII.—Labrador leaves the fugitives, returning to New Orleans. Brampton realizes that the girl, Claire, is a French girl, and that she is in deadly fear of "Six Fingers," her companion on the voyage from France, but will not say why. Her air of pride, under the circumstances, surprises and amuses Brampton. From the shore they see Damoan, with his Indians, pass in canoes. They follow.

CHAPTER VIII.—Narbonne, with "Six Fingers," on their way to the Frenchman's "estates," overtake them. Brampton tells Narbonne his idea of gold and silver mines is absurd. The Frenchman, though bitterly disappointed, will not go back, and the four agree to travel together. They beat off a war party of Indians on the river.

CHAPTER IX.—At a camping place the fugitives encounter Damoan and his followers. They escape by the river, but at a forced landing are surprised by Damoan. The three men repel the attack, and Brampton carries off a wounded man, believing him to be Narbonne, but who proves to be Joe Labrador. Narbonne is left fighting, his death being certain.

CHAPTER X.—Damoan had compelled Labrador to accompany him in his pursuit of Brampton, but held him as a prisoner. Labrador deludes "Six Fingers," with tales of gold ornaments (really copper, and of little value) worn by Indians. Moved by pity as well as love, Brampton asks Claire to become his wife when they reach safety. She haughtily refuses, almost implying that the offer is an insult. They reach a village of Huma Indians, with whom Brampton is friendly. He goes to the village and is promised protection by the chief. Damoan arrives, but is prevented from seizing Brampton. The other members of the party join him in the village.

CHAPTER XI.—Brampton makes arrangements to escape from the village to a Natchez stronghold. Labrador has his own reasons for not wanting to go there, and Claire has to be persuaded. They finally leave. The Humas arrange a feast, during which the body of a Huma woman, murdered, and with the hands and feet cut off, is brought in. She has been killed for her ornaments, supposed to be gold, by "Six Fingers." Damoan accuses Brampton. Admitting his guilt, "Six Fingers" is shot by Brampton as he is about to reveal the plan of escape.

CHAPTER XII.—The fugitives reach the Natchez village safely, and are welcomed. They find an Indian woman dead, and according to custom her husband must die with her. The woman's husband is Joe Labrador. Knowing Damoan will follow them, Brampton arranges for protection of Claire and himself, and the escape of Labrador.

She was shot and killed while escaping from the village," I said. "If he had obeyed orders he could have escaped with me."

The girl's face was sober at hearing such violent news, and yet I fancied there was relief in her bearing. We dragged the canoes under some bushes, and, being in familiar country, took the shortest cut to White Apple—sometimes called White Earth.

When we had all but come to the village we heard a peculiar howl, which startled Labrador and me because we knew what it meant, and which frightened the girl because she could imagine it to mean almost anything unwholesome. I motioned for Labrador to make a detour, but before we knew it we were through the bushes and in an opening close to the village, and the girl was staring with wide eyes at the strange scene. Some of the Natchez were rehearsing for a funeral ceremony. I whispered as much to her, and she became quiet and curiously watched the peculiar proceedings.

There were five victims, three women and two men, and forty executioners, the grim office being eagerly sought because it ennobled. All the executioners had their hands painted red and had red feathers thrust through the long braids of hair hanging down the left side of the head. The five victims had their hair painted red. The girl saw no significance in the red hands, the red hair, the rope and red ax, but the gestures of the man with the weapon frightened her.

"It is all make-believe," I whispered, trying to hurry her on. "We will go to the village. If Damoan did not see me enter the river he will learn from

the fort that none of us have passed." So we walked toward the village, and the rehearsal being finished, the Natchez came after us. But such was their courtesy that they would not pass us; and those who desired to reach the village quickly swung far to one side as if taking an entirely different course.

Labrador was frowning heavily and in Choctaw said:

"Friend, there was no word-bearer, nor any medicine man among those to be sacrificed. The dead must be a woman. The three old women were her kinswomen. The two men were her servants. If it was La Glorieuse there would be many more servants."

He named a woman of noble rank, called "The Proud" by the French because of her aristocratic bearing, her contempt for commoners, and her ignorance of any Frenchman unless he possessed rank. It was known that Tattooed Serpent was enamored of her, but both being nobles marriage between them was impossible. No; the funeral procession was scarcely worthy of a woman who enjoyed the favor of Olabalkeche, head war chief, as well as a brother of the Great Sun.

"It is not La Glorieuse," I said. Labrador sighed.

"Ah, that grand dame! Why couldn't it be her?"

"That is queer talk," I rebuked. "How has the Proud One ever harmed you?"

"It is I who harmed her—as she thinks. I married her sister. She never forgave her sister for marrying beneath her. Never forgave me for looking so high!"

We entered the village, a collection of square huts made of timbers plastered with mud, moss and sand, and with the roofs of reeds and grass, woven so as to be weather-proof. The Natchez were much different from any Indian tribe I ever encountered, or heard of. The practice of human sacrifices on the death of the elect smacked of ancient Eastern civilizations; and the worship of the sun reminded one of the stories brought back from Central and South America. And yet their language was linked up with the dialects of the Choctaws, Chickasaws and Creeks.

I accosted an "ancient" warrior—so called to distinguish him from "young" warriors and "apprentice" warriors, and referring to skill rather than to age—and asked if I could secure an audience with the Great Sun. He told me the Great Sun was absent inspecting the temple and sacred fire in a neighboring village. He believed I could see Tattooed Serpent, however.

I told Labrador to take the girl to the edge of the village and wait while I paid our respects to my old acquaintance, the war chief. She was glad to do this; nor did Labrador regret escaping an audience with the great chief, whose mistress' sister he had married and deserted.

I went to the cabin next to the temple and informed an aged man, the Serpent's word-bearer, that I wished to see the chief. He disappeared through the low doorway and very soon returned and motioned for me to enter.

As the door furnished the only light, and as the room was thirty feet square, I could not make out the interior until the sun-glare left my eyes. Then I saw the Serpent and La Glorieuse, "The Proud." As I entered she swept by me with barely a flicker of recognition in her cold face. Olabalkeche came forward and cordially greeted me, finding me a stool while he seated himself on the edge of his bed. He clapped his hands, and a servant brought a pipe, which the chief lighted for me to smoke ceremoniously. After he had done likewise, he said:

"The Proud One is grieving for the dead woman. She was the Proud One's sister."

Had the wild war-whoop of the Choctaw filled the cabin I could not have been taken more by surprise. Then came dismay. Outside was La Glorieuse, who had been demeaned when her sister had married a titleless Frenchman; and outside was simple Joe Labrador and the dainty French girl. What a clash of eyes there would be should red meet white, and the red behold her dead sister's careless spouse daring to return to White Apple in company with a white woman.

"It is many moons since the White Indian was here," the Serpent remarked. (Continued on page 7)

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SCOTT-THOMAS
UNDERTAKING CO
Funeral Director and Embalmers
Phone 146 Wellington
S. S. Square

DR. V. R. JONES
Registered Optometrist
Fine Spectacles
Palace Drug Store
Wellington, Texas

Big Bargain Sale

On account of other business I am selling entire stock of Dry Goods, Groceries and Variety Goods at a Bargain Price.

Sale Begins Feb. 1, 1926

Stove Pipe, per joint	15c
\$1.25 Lamps, complete for	75c
\$1.25 Knives and Forks Sets for	85c
\$1.25 set Plates	85c
\$1.25 set Cups and Saucers for	85c
\$2.00 sets Plates	\$1.25
\$2.00 Cups and Saucers, set	\$1.25
ALL KINDS DISHES AT BARGAIN PRICES	
34 Piece sets Dishes at	\$5.50
5 Gallon Oil Cans at	75c
Iron Clad Water Pails	50c
REAL BARGAIN PRICES ON ALL ALUMINUM AND GRANITE WEAR, PERCOLATORS, COFFEE POTS, TEA KETTLES, ALL KINDS STEW PANS, DISH PANS.	
Churn Dashers for	20c
Hammer and Hatchet Handles for	10c
25c Black and White Face Powder	20c
25c Black and White Cream	20c
Mavis Talcum Powder, large size	35c
Pompeian Face Powders, large size	35c
All 25c Toilet Preparations for	20c
All 50c Toilet Preparations for	35c
\$1.25 and \$1.50 Ladies Silk Hose for	75c
Childrens 40c and 50c Hose in Black, tan or white for	25c
Ladies House Slippers	60c
Wash Boards	60c
\$1.25 Pocket Knives	75c
50c Palmolive Shampoo for	35c
75c Shears	40c
35c Dippers	25c
25c Dippers	20c
15c Dippers	10c
35c Screw Drivers	25c
Good Hammer for	85c
Cotton Gloves, 3 pair for	25c
3 School Tablets for	10c
40c Wash Pans for	25c
25c Wash Pans for	20c

BARGAINS IN OVERALLS AND WORK SHIRTS AT PERRINS	
6 Spools O. N. T. Sewing Thread for	25c
Good Clothes Brushes	20c
SOME SECOND HAND FURNITURE	
1 good desk	
1 heating Stove	
3 Rocking Chairs	
1 Vanity Dresser	
10c package Crackers	6 1/4c
15c box of Crackers	11c
3 pound box crackers	48c
6 pound box crackers	96c
Puffed Wheat, box for	11c
Fruit Jar Rubbers, dozen	5c
4 Packages Soda	25c
Salmon, seven cans for	\$1.00
White Karo Syrup, large size	65c
White Karo Syrup, small size	35c
Blue Karo Syrup, large size	55c
Blue Karo Syrup, small size	30c
Royal Syrup, large	40c
Royal Syrup, small size	40c
Br'er Rabbit Syrup, large	85c
Br'er Rabbit Syrup, small	45c
35c Pepper Sauce	20c
4 Bars Palmolive Soap for	25c
7 Bars Good Toilet Soap for	25c
No. 2 Tomatoes, can	10c
No. 3 Tomatoes	15c
No. 3 Kraut	15c
No. 3 Hominy	10c
10c Black or Red Pepper, 4 for	25c
4 Large Rolls Toilet Paper	25c
Sardines, 5 boxes for	25c
New Perfection Stove Wicks	30c
10c Snuff, three for	20c
3 Cob Pipes for	20c
Dyanshine Shoe Polish for	35c
2-in-1 Shoe Polish	11c
Shinola Polish	8 1/4c

CICERO SMITH LUMBER CO.

GUS STALL, Mgr.
Phone 27

C. D. Shamburger LUMBER

Sold on Installments
Phone 198

S. R. PINKSTON, Manager
RESIDENCE PHONE 204

W. W. PERRIN

VARIETY AND GROCERIES

North of Magnolia Filling Station and South of Western Union Building
WELLINGTON, TEXAS

WHAT THEY THINK ABOUT US



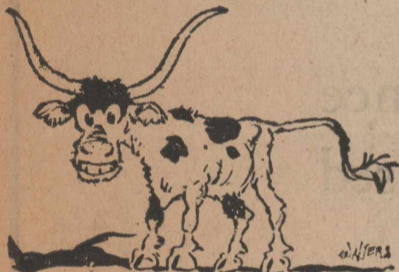
VISITOR—So this is Texas. NATIVE—Yeh, where men are men. VISITOR—And women are Governors.

This cartoon drawn by Jeff Greer who lives four miles south of Wellington, was originally published in the Wisconsin Octopus and later reproduced in College Humor.

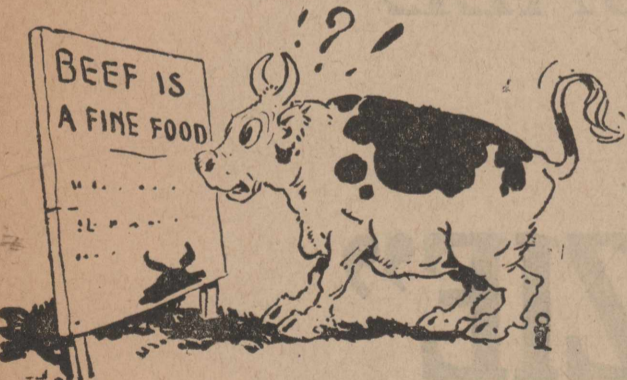
Although a woman is Governor that cartoon ain't right.

Jeff is all wet. He knew when he drew that picture that no men like that native live in this county, but he wanted to give the people what they wanted, and they wanted to see a Texan dressed like they thought one should be. The idea evidently got over for it was published in two humorous magazines, but that doesn't prove the average Texan looks like the lanky fellow in the sombrero. The last one seen in Collingsworth County was at the rodeo at the county fair grounds five years ago.

Those people that Jeff was trying to please think of West Texas as a woolly western country where all the men wear boots and spurs. They think this is a country of ranches where the cowboys rope specimens like this



They have seen moving pictures of that country—Out Where the West Is—so why not associate them with West Texas. It would be hard to convince them that the great ranches, the chuck wagons, the cowboys and the bad men are things of the past. Even though they can they don't want to think of our open spaces as fertile farming lands. As a cotton producing section this country won't register in their mental visions, for all the cotton most of them have ever seen was fine woven into silk hose. And besides what romance is there in featuring this country as producing cows like this—



Oh well, the people up north are not so bad. Take the people in the old Southern States, for instance. Two years ago the writer journeyed forth to visit long lost relatives in Virginia. Those immediate relatives were not so badly surprised for they had been informed of changes by letter and pictures for many years. But there were others—they thought this was a wild and riddened country where ferocious animals swung out of the dense jungles of sage brush and bit the respectable citizen mercilessly.



Still you can't say they are any farther off than we are. Just think what we think of them.

And remember what we thought of the darkies before cotton brought 'em here to live. Now, we know they are not either malicious or as romantic as Ueue Remus.



It all goes to show that we like to cherish peculiar notions about the people of other sections even though we know we are wrong.

ABERDEEN

By Mrs. James L. Light

The Home Demonstration Club met at the home of Mrs. W. C. Ketter on the afternoon of January 27. Our lesson was given by our capable demonstrator, Miss Hill, which was very interesting and instructive. We also filled out our year books, thereby completing our program for the coming year. It is hoped that every woman in our community will strive to make our club the banner club. Our motto is: "Give to the world the best that you have and the best will come back to you."

Dick Wall and family of Oklahoma City are visiting relatives here. They moved from this place only a few months ago. Dick is a very energetic farmer and it is hoped that they will decide to cast their lot with us again.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Shaw announce the arrival of a girl at their home on January 29. Her name is Bobbie Lee.

A number from our community including our high school pupils and teacher, Mr. Hand, attended the Short

Course at Shamrock last week.

Glenn, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Jolly has been very sick. The last report received by the writer was that he was improving.

B. Y. P. U. NO. 1

Sunday, January 31, 1926. Subject, Why We Should Believe in Missions.

Leader—Dorothy Nell Parrigin. Memory Work—Floy Mae Willis. Introduction—Leona Caison.

God Believes in Missions—Earl Price.

Gods Book is a Missionary Book—William Russell.

Jesus Believes in Missions—Ira Rhea Clement.

Jesus Was a Missionary—Clifford Dickerson.

Millions are Still Lost—Roberta Graham.

The Lost Cannot be Saved Without Christ—J. B. Tarter.

Jesus Commanded Us to Tell Others—Odell Hazard.

Jesus is Depending On Us—Hannah May Nabors.

Poem—Oscar Wells.

How Can Juniors Be Missionaries Now?—Warren Taylor.

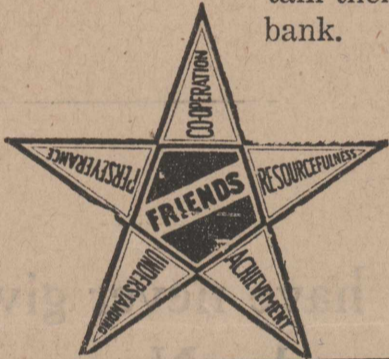
The Forces of Nature

are at work gathering strength to prepare the soil for the coming of the next harvest.

Each season is a time of preparedness for the one to follow and so is rounded out the perfect cycle of the year.

There is no Idle Season

While the farmers of this section are making their plans for the work of the year, we invite them to come in and talk them over with the officers of this bank.



City National Bank

In Wellington

PUBLIC AUCTION

And Public Trades Day Every First Saturday

Will be held at the

O. K. Wagon Yard

the first Saturday in every month for the benefit of the farmers and general public of Collingsworth County. W. R. Johnson is the manager of the O. K. Wagon Yard and will take care of all property that is listed with the Sale Clerk. We sell everything that consists of running a farm or household goods on the basis of 10 per cent. That will give the farmer the assistance of getting rid of his surplus property or purchasing something that he needs. Be sure to bring your property in 24 hours before the sale. Positively no by bids or no set price. This sale is run strictly on straight basis for the benefit of the farmer.

Let's Make This a Real Auction and Trades Day

Feed of Kinds Sold at O. K. Wagon Yard

W. R. JOHNSON, Mgr. COL. BOB SAMMONS, Auct.

"We Sell Dependable Merchandise For Less"

BAKER & HANNA BROS.

"ECONOMISTS FOR THE PEOPLE"



The New Spring Frocks

Each season Fashion appears triumphant with new fascinations to win the admiration of Milady—Especially in the important matter of frocks. This spring she elects to be graceful, feminine. She approves the brief and flaring skirts, the fitted corsage. Hemlines are jauntily uneven, sleeves puff quaintly, flying godeys and a care-free note. The frock silhouette of Spring 1926 is emphatically one of youth and animation. Of course Baker & Hanna Brothers are ready to show them Many have arrived and others are making their appearance daily.

All Popular Priced

\$12.50, \$19.50

up to

\$32.50

The New Spring Coats

A subtle difference marks the Spring Coats. The flare is evident but in a new interpretation. There is a charm and lightness in the placing of the fur and embroidered trimming—a new delicacy in color. The materials: Charmeen, flannel and novelty coatings are admirably adapted to the new mode A splendid assortment at

\$16.95 to \$32.50

All Remaining Winter Coats and Dresses Now Less Than Half the Former Low Prices.

The Only Practical Way

The only practical way to sell out no matter how large or how small your sale may be is to sell it at

Public Auction

Col. Bob Sammons, who is regarded as the best auctioneer in the Panhandle or in Eastern Oklahoma, is making Wellington his home, and is prepared to handle your sales so that they will make you money.

Make dates with him at the Leader Office

PHONE 16



Club and Society News
By The Society Owl

MRS. S. G. HENRY, Editor



"Oh, dear, oh dear!" I wailed as the Society Owl hopped upon the window sill and stuck his head in.

"And what are you 'Oh dear-ing' about?" he asked in that wise way he has.

"Why, this is my first chat for the paper and I—I thought I would have so much to say and now when I sit down to do it, it seems nothing has happened."

"You just have an attack of stage fright, so to speak," remarked the Society Owl. "However, I am known by every body to be wise and I'll agree to help you all I can if you do as I say."

And when I started to object he lifted one foot and fuffed his feathers in a way that made me remember his reputation for being wise.

"First you must get a little green notebook," and as he spoke he produced a notebook and pencil he had concealed under his wing.

"But why a green one?" I countered. "Why won't this red one do?"

He blinked his big eyes at me as if he thought I ought to know without being told that it should be green because I was to put into it all the things I should have known.

He was studying his notebook carefully.

"Of course you know about the banquets that were given last week. One was given to the Board of Stewards of the Methodist Church and some guests by a member of the Board who, with his wife were the sole host and hostess to about eighty diners."

"Wasn't that a big thing for one host?" I asked, wondering if I could feed eighty people as elaborately as the Society Owl implied and have any change left.

"Well, not for this host," the Owl replied, "Because he is a very generous host. But you must not interrupt me if you want me to help, because I sat up all night listening in on the Radio and I won't get some sleep."

"Listening in on the radio!" I gasped, but he was already saying:

"And the other banquet was given in appreciation and honor of a woman and her husband who won first prize in the long staple cotton contest for West Texas. Both of these affairs were well arranged and largely attended."

"But what on earth were all those whistles and alarms turned loose for yesterday?" suddenly remembering the wisdom the Society Owl was supposed to have.

"That was in honor of the prize winners also," he replied, without removing his eyes from his notebook.

"Then there have been two lovely luncheons this week. The first was given by one of the popular matrons

to a large group of friends, with bridge afterwards. Then the other affair was a lovely luncheon for the members of two of the bridge clubs and was given by one of the most popular young matrons. Both of these affairs were extremely lovely in their appointments."

"This is the time of the year when all the hostesses vie with each other in their spring parties, isn't it?" I asked, entranced by the description of the luncheons.

"Indeed it is," said the Society Owl. "And they are lovely parties too, and we have such charming hostesses here, I know of one who is planning a series of lovely spring parties," and the Society Owl hopped onto the arm of my chair and whispered the name of the hostess in my ear and some of the plans for these parties.

"They are sure to be very lovely affairs," I said, knowing the hostess as I do.

"Oh, yes," said the Society Owl, as he yawned heavily. "Next week's feature in the social calendar are the clubs. One of the Study Clubs are to have an interesting meeting and honor a member who has moved away, with a post card shower."

"Oh, what a lovely idea!" I cried, knowing how home sick for cards and letters I also was when I came here.

"And another club has an unusually interesting program planned as a sort of preliminary to a campaign to arouse the interest of its members," said the Owl, ignoring my interruption about the post cards.

"Oh, me! Oh, my!" yawned the Owl again. "I just have to have some sleep!" And tucking his pencil and notebook under his wing, he hopped back to the window.

"I want to thank you for helping me," I began—hoping he would come back next week and fearing to ask him, but the Society Owl had vanished and floating back through the air came his deep voice:

"WHO ARE YOUOOO—YOUOOO?"

Mrs. V. A. Porter Hostess to Culture Club

The Mothers Culture Club met last Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. V. A. Porter and enjoyed a most interesting study on Manners, Morals and Good Breeding. A letter to the club from Dr. Beil and read by Mrs. W. L. Austin proved very interesting. Splendid papers were read by Mesdames Fires and Horn.

Having for her topic "Profane and Vulgar Speech" Mrs. Robert Scott gave a very interesting presentation and let the round table discussion which was thoroughly enjoyed.

Mrs. S. G. Henry gave two readings

which were well received. Following the afternoon program the hostess assisted by Mrs. L. C. ones served a delicious salad course to Mesdames Roy M. Horn, Chester Fires, W. L. Austin, Fred Watkins, Silas Henry, Fuller, Robert Scott, A. N. Hutcherson and J. M. Stowell.

Mrs. S. G. Henry Hostess to Girls Missionary Society

The girls of the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church met at the home of Mrs. S. G. Henry Friday afternoon when business and plans for the new year were discussed.

New officers elected were: Allene Blain, President; Dorette Beggs, Vice President; Thelma Masten, Secretary; Evelyn Cocke, Treasurer; Mrs. Henry, Superintendent and press reporter.

Plans for the year included Mission Study as outlined, two work days a month in which articles for bazaars, etc., will be made and one social each month combined with the business meeting.

Plans were made for a Mother and Daughter party to be held February 20, when the girls of the Society will entertain their mothers and the Senior Missionary Society.

At the close of this meeting, which was a real "pep" meeting the hostess served hot chocolate and tea muffins to ten or twelve girls.

Dance at Country Club Friday Night

The River Crest Country Club entertained with a dance last Thursday evening. Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Baker and Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Pinkston were hosts and hostesses for the evening. During intermissions tea was served to those present. Mrs. Baker presided at the tea table. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Small, Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Dobbs, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Pinkston, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Westmoreland, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Wells, Mrs. Fred LeDerer, Misses Irene Moore, Iwanula Drake,

Wheeler, Arabella Pinkston and Mary Lewis and Messers Ralph Royal, Bill Andrews, Hobbs, Deskins Wells, Jeff Greer and Gunny Guniston.

The hosts and hostesses are planning on giving a bridge party or another dance soon.

W. M. U. Pack Box of Cookies for Orphans

The W. M. U., of the First Baptist Church will pack a box of clothing and a barrel of cookies for Buckners Orphan Home on Tuesday, February 9 at 3 p. m. at the Baptist Church.

Any one who has anything for this box or will bake cookies will please have them ready by that date. Bring them to the church if possible. If you can't, please notify one of the following: Mesdames T. H. Rainer, Lem Hodges or J. W. Harper.

For Bran and Shorts at low prices, call at Snells Cash Grocery. 53-2tu

\$1650 buys a Hudson Brogham. 34-tfc

College Girls Entertain With Dance in Denton

DENTON, Texas, January 25th—The Panhandle Club of the College of Industrial Arts of which Hattie D. Wells, Marguerite Carter and Edna Mims are members gave a dance Saturday January 16th at the Virginia Carroll Lodge.

Forty-two and many other games were enjoyed until the guests arrived and the dancing began.

Delicious punch was served between dances and games.

Miss Katherine Parker of Quanah and Mrs. D'Alton Myers of Amarillo are the sponsors of the club.

We appreciate your business. Ed Riley

All kinds lister points at Ed Rileys

\$899 buys an Essex Six Coach. 34-tfc

Two-row stalk cutter at Ed Rileys.

\$1340 buys a Hudson Coach. 34-tfc

All kinds lister points at Ed Rileys

JEW SALE

We have never given you a Sale since we opened. Now as we have purchased the

Fashion Shop

on the north side we are going to open with a

BIG JEW SALE

MR. "IZZIE"

WEBB MOORE

IN CHARGE

Wait For Izzie's Sale

Announcement

We have established a General Fire Insurance office in Wellington and are now prepared to write your Tornado, Fire, Hail and Automobile Insurance. We are agents for some of the strongest Insurance Companies in the United States. We are asking for a portion of the Insurance of Wellington and Collingsworth County and will consider it a special favor if you will give us your insurance business. We will make a strong effort to handle it satisfactorily to your own interests as well as to ourselves. Call and see us.

Camp & Scruggs

Office Over the City National Bank

LOCAL NEWS

Phone 111—The Texas Company.

C. E. McKinney, sheriff, has been in Fort Worth for several days under medical treatment but is reported as doing nicely and will be home in a few days.

Are you having stomach trouble—then buy a bottle of Puretest Russian type mineral oil—be sure and call for Puretest. Full 16 oz. bottle for one dollar. For sale only by Joe Hardy Drug Co. 47-tfc

It is reported that Claude Brown, who was injured in an automobile accident some time ago is doing nicely as he has been setting up some and is expected to be able to walk in a few days.

We do all kinds of wood work. Ed Riley.

C. H. Dixon of the Dixon Motor Co., made a business trip to Amarillo Friday.

Klenzo—a scientific preparation for the mouth, teeth, gums, throat, nose, skin and mucous surfaces—a valuable ad in the treatment of Pyorrhea. Two sizes, 30c and 60c. at Joe Hardy Drug

Sam Wattenbarger of Grayson County is here visiting his brother, Mack Wattenbarger for a few days.

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

Dortha May, the one month old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Winegart, died January 27 at the home seven miles north east of town. Funeral services were held at the home. Interment was made at the Wellington Cemetery.

Ilasol, a wonderful remedy for chapped and chaffed skin. 35c a bottle at Joe Hardy Drug Co. 47-tfc

Political Announcements

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

For County Superintendent: J. D. WILSON J. T. NABORS

For County Clerk: MRS. ROY L. NOLES

For District Clerk: LENORE SHERWOOD

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

For Tax Assessor: H. B. DUKE

For Commissioner, Precinct No. 2: H. K. WILLINGHAM

For District Attorney: HARWOOD BEVILLE

For County Judge: R. H. TEMPLETON G. A. RICHARDS

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

J. I. Ammons of the Ammons Motor Company has moved his family from Aberdeen, to Wellington where he intends to make his future home. Mr. Ammons will be in charge of the Ammons Motor Company of this place.

Peptona—the greatest re-constructive tonic. Joe Hardy Drug Co.

W. A. Cook has rented his farm to Ed McQueen and is moving to Lubbock, Texas.

Klenzo—a scientific preparation for the mouth, teeth, gums, throat, nose, skin and mucous surfaces—a valuable ad in the treatment of Pyorrhea. Two sizes, 30c and 60c. at Joe Hardy Drug

PRAYER MEETING

Every one was delighted with the prayer meeting service at the Church of Christ last Wednesday night. Miss Floy Farrar's class had charge of the service and made some fine talks on the life of Paul. There were just boys but it was a real treat to those that heard them. There was also some good singing. A nice audience was present and all are invited to be present again next Wednesday night. IRA L. SANDERS, Minister

NOTICE TO OVERSEERS

All overseers are requested to make report to the February term of the Commissioners Court in compliance with Article 4752 of Revised Civil Statutes and shown on page fourteen of Overseers Guide.

Please see that your report complies with said article.

R. H. TEMPLETON, Co. Judge 54-5c

\$899 buys an Essex Six Coach. 34-tfc

Last week the Leader stated that Mr. and Mrs. Mirvin Brooks has moved to Shamrock. This should have read, Mr. and Mrs. Mirvin Burks. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks intend to remain in Wellington.

We repair or make new your lister wings at Ed Rileys

W. R. Franks will hold an auction sale at his place on February 2. Among other attractions are forty head of shoats that range in weight from 65 to 100 pounds.

We handle Bran and Shorts. Snell's Cash Grocery. 53-2

J. H. and Fred Walker of Aberdeen made a business trip to Wellington Thursday.

J. F. Perry was in the Lillie community Thursday on business.

We repair or make new your lister wings at Ed Rileys

\$899 buys an Essex Six Coach. 34-tfc

OPEN FOR BUSINESS DIXON AUTO CO.

We have opened for business at the South east corner of the square in the building formerly occupied by the Evereat Cafe. We invite you to call at our new home. WE WANT TO MEET YOU. A first class service man is in charge of our service.

Dixon Auto Co.

C. H. DIXON, Manager
Phone 366

Absolutely Astounding!

That's the only way we can describe it! Never before have you seen anything like it! Imagine a group of explorers discovering a spot where the foot of man never before had trod.

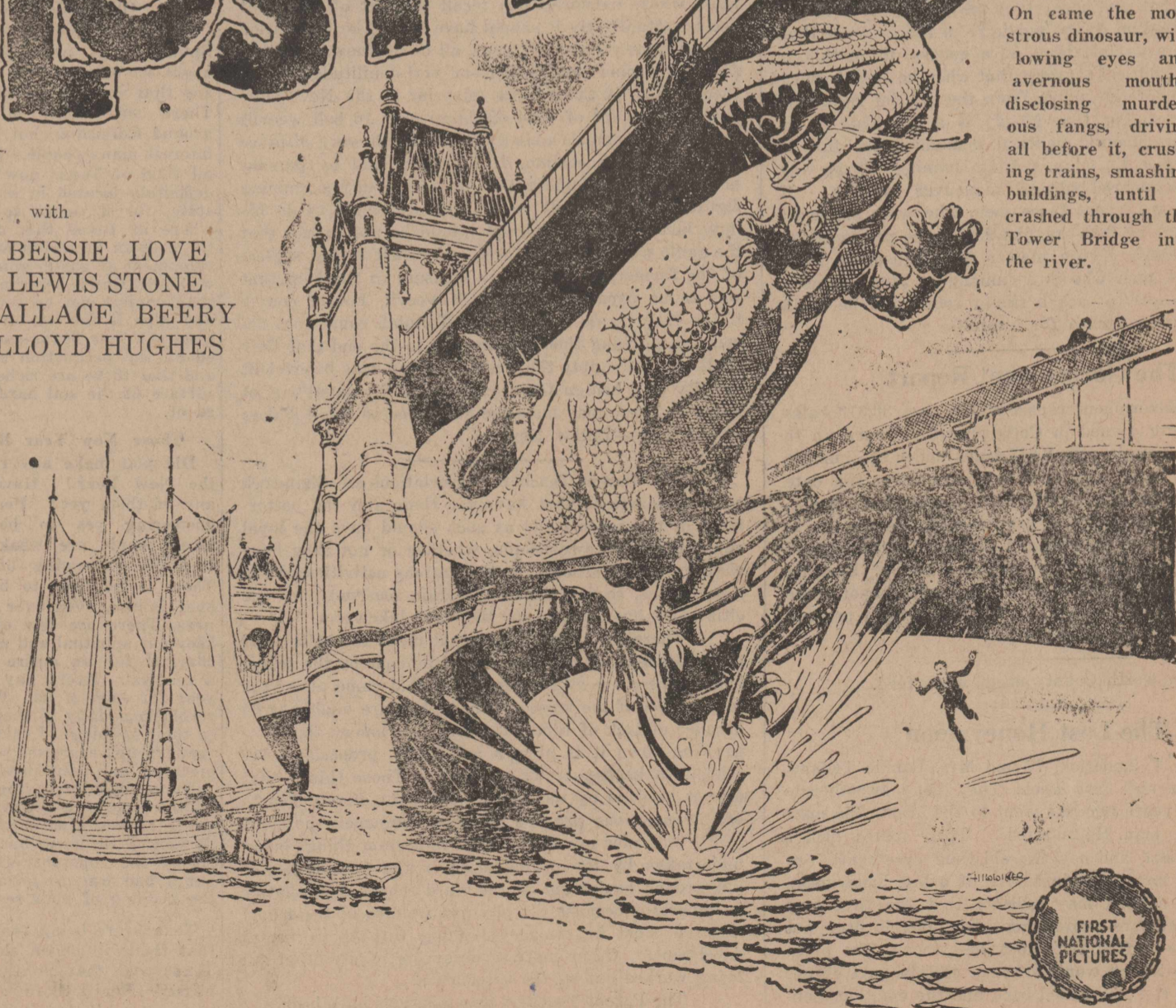
And this group of men and a woman trapped—imprisoned in this lost world. Where ape men roam—where animals the size of 15 elephants, and flying reptiles the size of an aeroplane, monsters of 10,000,000 years ago still live, battling each other and this group of adventurers.

And after a series of hair raising adventures, escaping with a captured monster and carrying it back to London where it breaks its shackles and raises havoc in the city streets.

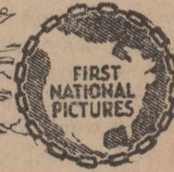
Now these marvels are bared to your eyes. You will gasp with astonishments and wonder. Something never to be forgotten.

The Lost World

with BESSIE LOVE LEWIS STONE WALLACE BEERY LLOYD HUGHES



On came the monstrous dinosaur, with lowering eyes and aversous mouth, disclosing murderous fangs, driving all before it, crushing trains, smashing buildings, until it crashed through the Tower Bridge into the river.



Rialto Theatre Monday and Tuesday Feb. 8-9

Barnes & Hastings Gro. Co.

They say that opportunity Knocks once at every door. That you better let him in For he will call no more. How can we believe this adage Since the Barnes & Hastings Store Is a great opportunity That keeps knocking at your door.

Phone 109

We Are Moved

We are now in our new location on the north side of the square. We have installed a new fountain and have a thoroughly modern, well stocked drug store. We have made our new home all ready for your inspection. We hope you will come to see us soon.

A well-stocked drug store, courteous clerks are waiting to serve you. Come in.

Cochran Drug Co.

Phone 50 and Count the Minutes

WELLINGTON LEADER

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

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

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

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A New Messiah?

J. Krishnamurti, a young Brahmin scholar, has become possessed of the spirit of Christ and is now on his way to California to recruit followers, according to members of the Theosophical Society of Fresno, interesting to speculate as to the probable outcome. It is California. Krishnamurti, it is said, was christened "the New Messiah" in India on December 28.

If this young scholar from India should attempt to enlist recruits to his faith in this country, it is probably that his religious flame will prove only a feeble flicker, but if his movement should acquire great strength—you might remember what the Jews did to Christ who brought them a new religion.

Our Courts

That "no man of this time enters the portals of any court in the land, from the highest to the lowest, with the same certainty of obtaining his rights which actually obtained a generation ago" is one of the striking conclusions of Judge Nelson Phillips, former Chief Justice, Texas Supreme Court in his introductory to the American Blue Book of Texas Attorneys.

Justice Phillips' criticism of the younger lawyers may be caused by the tendency of most elderly people to hark back to the good old days, but it has the sound of truthful observation. He says: "Opportunism is the order of the day, in politics, in the so-called statesmanship of the time; and it has found its way into the courts. Appellate judges sometimes seem to have a fear and dread of the vital rule of stare decisis. In many instances they decide not according to what the law is but what they think it ought to be."

If our judges were as capable as the judges of England there would be little criticism to make when they render a decision as they think it ought to be. Justice Phillips shows too great a reverence for the rule of standing by decisions and leaving settled matters undisturbed, but that is only natural in an American jurist. To the average American lawyer, that which has been settled in court is right regardless of the ethics of the case.

In England judges are better paid. They are not seated by political elections. They are appointed. A law in England takes precedence over all former laws with which it conflicts. In the United States all former laws take precedence over any law that conflicts with them. If you don't care to take the time to figure out which is the best system, remember that England is a far more orderly nation than this.

Collingsworth County needs more Hogs.

Rather Weak

Jim Ferguson's method of vindicating himself is to launch a counter charge against those who oppose him. It makes little difference how strong his charges may be or what pertinency they have; they serve to distract the attention of the public from the evidence that is brought up against him. As a general thing this is rather good political strategy, but when he tries to turn the attention of the public from the official record of his wife by saying Dan Moody is a Ku Klux he is stretching an honored political maneuver too far. If Dan Moody is a Ku Klux, William Jennings Bryan was stretching an honored political maneuver too far. If action because he sent three men, who were supposed to be members of that organization to the penitentiary.

The truth of the matter is Ferguson is in a tight hole. A man who is a cunning as Jim Ferguson would not resort to such a flimsy rebuttal if he could think of a good excuse for himself.

The Government Report

The Government report shows that 36,319 bales of cotton were ginned in Collingsworth County up to January 16. This is only 2,663 bales under the number of bales that had been ginned in the county on this date last year. There was nothing the matter with the amount of cotton that was produced in this county. It was the quality of the cotton and the price that caused the county to suffer from growing cotton. Planting long staple cotton this year will remedy one of these defects and growing feed and sufficient farm produce will prove a hedge on the other.

Collingsworth County needs more feed.

The Lost Honeymoon

Frank T. Leebriek, 77 and Mrs. Fannie Tolland, 73, were married last week. They were sweethearts nearly fifty years ago. He went to the West. She married another man. He married. Their mates died a few years apart, and now the old time sweethearts are married and have gone in search of a lost honeymoon.

Their actions may indicate that the first true love is remembered throughout life, but it does not prove they will find their lost honeymoon. The probability is that they won't. When a certain part of life is passed, it can't be called back and the emotions connected with it may live in memory but they cease to be so vivid when subjected to the test of washing dishes or mending screens. It would have been better for that old couple to start out in quest of comfort and contentment.

If you don't like these editorials we'll write some more about diversification.

From Other Newspapers

Over at Wellington last week the Chamber of Commerce gave a banquet to Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Masten. And who are Mr. and Mrs. Masten? They are good folk who have brought fame to themselves and to Collingsworth County via the radio and the newspapers because they raised so much cotton on such a small piece of ground. Mrs. Masten is a real dirt farmer herself and friend husband concedes all credit to her for winning \$500 off the Dallas News in that big cotton contest. We heard Mr. Masten "tell the world" over the radio, however, that he raised more bales of cotton than he had acres of it and seems like he had about 150 acres of cotton. So he's a good cotton grower, too. While we're on the subject—hasn't Childress County just as good cotton land as Collingsworth? Why do not a large number of farmers of Childress County go after one or more of those Dallas News big cash prizes this year? They were scattered all over Texas during the past year, some of the winners being in badly drought stricken sections.—Childress Post.

The recent indictment of parents for the moral short comings of youth by three prominent New York pastors must have considerably shocked those hundreds of parents who sat with hearing of their voices, as it has the many thousands of parents who have read of the occurrence. But, however, they have railed, these parents have failed to set forth adequate arguments in denial. The case against them is very strong.

One of these men was a Catholic, one a Protestant and one a Jew, so that they were not prejudiced by creed; and the parents were also of these diverse beliefs. They did not hesitate to pillory parents for their indifference and their neglect of the spiritual life and development of their children and to hold them responsible for the waywardness of modern youth.

This incident in itself is not so important as is the fact that these three great religious bodies are co-operating in toleration and mutual respect to bring before the public what many earnest thinkers decry as one of the most flagrant abuses of the age. Whether the rising generation is actually less virtuous than those preceding it, may be a matter for debate, but there can be little argument as to the responsibility of parents.—Quahar Tribune Chief.

The forecasting of this year's cotton crop has already begun. The Department of Agriculture reports that a census of a ton of Spanish moss gathered near the Tallulah Experiment Station, which is in Louisiana disclosed the presence of 280 boll weevils. The portent and portentousness of that hardly needs explanation. It gets those qualities from the theory that the number of boll weevils sheltering themselves in Spanish moss at the beginning of the hibernating season is one of the indices of boll weevil infestation that will be suffered during the following growing season. Another of the indices is the state of the weather during hibernating months. As it is more or less cold than usual the percentage of surviving and becoming parent stock will be less or more. And of course another index is the state of the weather during the growing season, since the breeding stock that survives the winter will have good or bad luck in its propagating activities, according as the early months of the growing season are wet and cold or dry and warm. As an augury, the authenticity of this examination of the Spanish moss, it should seem, would vary with the distance from the point the moss was gathered, but this circumstance seems to get no recognition from those who operate at Tallulah.

The latest count made, just when, the dispatch neglects to state, showed 280 boll weevils, as has been remarked, that is 51 more than in the account of 1923; 143 more than in the count of 1917 and 147 more than in the count of 1916. But it is 457 less than in the count of 1915. Whether the boll weevil ravage during the growing season of 1916 was devastating or not, let those whose memories can recall the fact of that year declare. Manifestly it should have been. The infestation was extremely light last year, all of us know. And that fact gave some verification—or veri-similitude—to the theory. For, if there is no misprint in the News' dispatch, the count of 1924 disclosed only 16 boll weevils in a ton of Spanish moss gathered within easy distance of the Tallulah station. It has been said by persons of ribald humor, under the prompting of the ginning figures, that the boll weevil signally failed to do his duty last year. But Tallulah would be apt to say that the fault was not in the boll weevil, but in the neglect of the farmers to make true measure of the help that was to be expected of the boll weevil. For of course if the farmers do not take the Tallulah count into account in pitching their cotton crop to the end that they shall not oversupply the weevil demand, this benevolent activity of a benign Government goes for naught, is of no avail. Some may have the hardihood to think it does in any case.—Dallas News.

The Parent-Teachers Associations of Shanrock are organizations that have for their aim the betterment of the schools and as such should have the loyal support of the townspeople, whether or not they have children in the schools. In the various activities of the associations, so far, the co-operation received from the citizenship has been, to say the least, lukewarm.

There are many things that make for better and more efficient schools that cannot be done by the school board. There are still other things that come under the jurisdiction of the trustees which they are unable to do because of lack of funds, it being well known that in a growing town it is always a difficult proposition for schools to keep pace with progress. Those things that cannot be done by the school board, the Parent-Teachers Associations propose to do, if humanely possible.

Just now one of the most important things being undertaken by the organization is the installation of playground equipment at the ward school. This matter is important because the physical welfare of the school children must be considered along with their mental development. Other matters deserving of attention are being worked out by the association.

The Parent-Teachers organizations have been and are working under a handicap. There are so many things to which people are asked to contribute in these days. But the P.-T. A. has never asked for donations, other than membership fees, seeking to raise funds by entertainments, etc. These affairs should receive the hearty and cheerful support of everyone. The welfare of the schools should not be placed secondary to anything, no matter how worthy.—Wheeler County Texan.

THE PASSING DAY

WILL H. MAYES
Former Dean
Department of Journalism
University of Texas

More Texas Cotton Mills.



Unless all indications are wrong, Texas will build a number of cotton mills in 1926. Texas cotton mills have steadily been making money. There is more capital in the state with which to build than ever before. There is less farm indebtedness. Money is seeking profitable investment, and farm loans can not absorb all the idle capital. It will almost be forced to go into manufacturing. A good start for 1926 was made on January 7, when a number of capitalists met at Center Point to study the feasibility of erecting a cotton mill there. Center Point is a place in Kerr County of less than 1,000 population, but it is on the Guadalupe River and has plenty of water power to operate the \$1,000,000 mill that is contemplated. Texas should invest at least \$10,000,000 in cotton mills in 1926 and in all probability it will do so.

Texas Wool Enriches the East.

Texas produces more wool and mohair than any other state in the union, but all of it is sent east to be manufactured. The state once had two woolen mills—one at New Braunfels and one at Waco—but for some reason their operation was discontinued. That was many years ago, when Texans had an idea that factories could not be made profitable in Texas. The woolen mills in the state quit business more because there was no one interested enough and enthusiastic enough to keep them running than because they did not pay. The principal owner of the Waco mills often talked to this writer about the 20 and 25 per cent profits that were being made, but he was temperamental and nervous and when he became tired of the work there was no one interested enough to take his place. Men with money reasoned that banks could make as large dividends as mills and without so much effort, so why worry with factories? "Let the East have them and sell us our goods." But times are changing, and Texas should be manufacturing Texas wool.

Texas Grapefruit Best.

If you eat grapefruit and have tried that grown in the Rio Grande Valley of Texas in comparison with the California and Florida fruit, you know that the Texas grapefruit is by far the best. Grocers all know this and yet they buy and sell about as much California and Florida grapefruit as ever. Neither grocers nor housekeepers appear to give any special preference to the Texas product—they buy whatever is offered them and more with regard to the looks than the quality. Every Texas grapefruit should have "Texas" stamped on it, and consumers should insist on getting the home products. If we are going to build up Texas we should use Texas products, especially when they are as good as those grown elsewhere.

Oil Fields Spreading.

It has not been many years since Spindle Top, near Beaumont, was about the only oil field known to Texans that was considered worth while. There was some oil development around Corsicana, but not enough to interest many people. Where is "the" oil field of Texas now? It can't be definitely located in any part of the state, for it seems to be just anywhere in Texas that capital decides to go down in search of oil. The development of gas is going right along with oil. Gas is being produced faster than capital can be found to confine and pipe it for use of fuel. Geologists say that Texas has hardly started on the production of oil and gas and that there are riches beneath the surface of the soil hardly yet dreamed of.

Those New Year Resolutions.

Did you make any resolutions for the New Year? Have you broken any of them yet? Perhaps you are answering yes to both questions. Most people are weak and need a constant "renewing of the spirit". There is no need to be discouraged over failure, even over repeated failures. There are few of us who can keep our spiritual and moral batteries charged for an entire year without a renewal. Every day starts a new year for each of us. Why not make resolutions daily if that is necessary to their keeping. I take my physical "setting up" exercises regularly every morning, and then have to pound myself occasionally during the day if I sit too long at a typewriter. An exercise of that kind once a year would be very little good, but I keep fairly fit by the constant effort. That is not a bad way to go about insuring the keeping of your resolutions.

Texas are being reminded already that this will be an election year in Texas and that politics will "wax warm". Really there is too much politics and too little patriotism in Texas. The thinking voter is likely to become disgusted, when he sees that positions from the highest to the lowest are regarded by most candidates as opportunities for exploitation—that public office is regarded as a private snap. I wish I could offer some remedy for "the" conditions, but I can't.



WITH THE FAIRIES

ONE day a little girl named Lislette was walking along a road in a far-off country wondering where she would go; for her father was dead and her stepmother had turned her out of doors because she was too poor to keep her.

Lislette was so deep in thought that she did not notice she was in a place she had never seen before until something moved by the side of the road which made her lift her eyes from the ground.

At a big gate stood a little man dressed in a suit of deep red. He bowed low to Lislette and with a backward sweep of one hand he invited her to enter, though he did not speak a word.



"A Little Man Dressed in a Suit of Deep Red."

Lislette stepped inside the gate, but instead of the palace she had expected to see she saw only a big tree with an opening like a door.

The little man in red nodded toward the tree and waved his hand toward it. "Shall I go in?" asked Lislette.

The little man nodded his head again though he did not speak, but he smiled so invitingly that Lislette went to the tree and looked in.

She had heard of the fairies, but this queer little creature, she knew, was not one of them and he could not be a goblin, for they wore clothes of red and green, not a bit like the red of which this strange little creature's suit was made.

MICKIE SAYS—

IT DOESN'T MAKE US MAD WHEN FOLKS COME IN AND SNATCH TH' PAPERS OFF TH' PRESS WHEN WE ARE A LITTLE LATE. WE ARE TICKLED PINK TO THINK THAT FOLKS CARE THAT MUCH FOR OUR NEWSPAPER!



AS TOLD BY
Irvin S. Cobb

THE CURIOUS DARKY

AN ATLANTA cotton broker had occasion to take a business trip into interior Georgia. He bore his golf clubs with him, intending to stop off upon his way back for a match on the famous links at Augusta.

He dropped off the train at his business destination—a small town on a branch road—and, carrying his luggage, climbed into an ancient hack and bade the driver, who was an old negro man, take him to the local hotel.

The darky eyed the queer-looking leather bag that the stranger toted, with the peculiar looking sticks in it. His curiosity got the better of him.

"Boss," he began, "please sush, 'seuse me—but mount I ax you a question?"

"Go ahead and ask," said the passenger.

"What kind of a lodge is you in-stitutin'?"
(Copyright by the McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

But she did not feel afraid, and she stepped into the opening and walked down a flight of steps.

As she walked she noticed that she seemed to carry with her a bright yellow light like sunshine, and by the time she reached the last step, which brought her to a big lake in a cave, the whole place was filled with sunshine.

The cave was yellow and so was the lake and even the little men in the red clothes took on a yellow cast.

Lislette had a bundle of clothes under her arm and this she noticed looked like a lump of gold, but she knew it was only the light, for it was not a bit heavier than when she came in.

Just then across the yellow lake Lislette saw a flock of yellow birds flying above the water and tied around the leg of each bird was a slender gold chain. These were guided by a page standing in the bow of a gold boat.

The page was dressed in red of the same color as the little man who had brought Lislette into the cave.

Behind the page in the boat there was resting on a bed of roses a beautiful lady dressed in a gown of gold-colored satin, and on each side of her stood a page dressed the same as the page who held the golden chains.

These pages held over their mistress beautiful big red roses, which they swung back and forth, filling the air with sweet perfume.

"Ho, slaves, our queen!" called the little man in red, who now spoke for the first time, and from all around the cave came dozens of little men dressed in red who, when they saw the boat, fell on their knees by the lake, crying out, "Queen Red Rose, your slaves await you."

Lislette knew now this was some sort of an enchanted place and she wondered what the queen would say when she found a mortal in the kingdom.

The queen did not seem to notice her or her bundle. She motioned for Lislette to be seated beside her on the red roses.

Lislette noticed that she no longer wore the patched dress and shoes and that the bundle she brought with her was now a gold box set with red stones.

And the fairies say that the happiest little fairy in the queen's kingdom is the sunshine fairy who was once little Lislette.

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THE ONLY THING

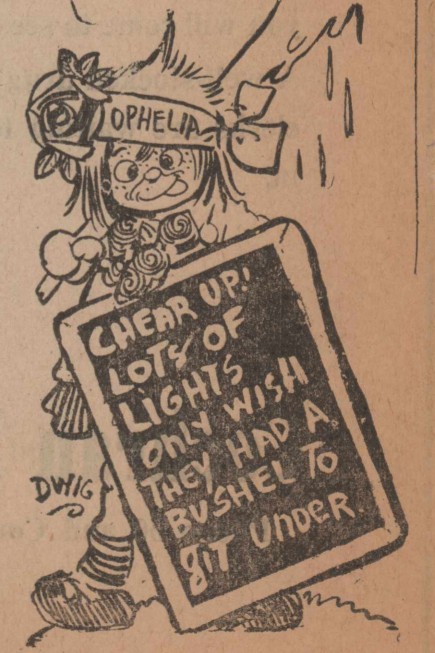
By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

MAN need not with his mind dispute
Nor with his heart debate;
The Lord has laid him out his route,
And laid it pretty straight.
It's oftener rather hard to see
Which road the pleasantest will be,
But ev'ry fellow knows at sight
Which road, of all life's roads, is right.

What else need anybody know?
And what is there to talk?
We know the road we ought to go,
The path we ought to walk;
And though we hem and though we haw,
And wisely talk about "the law,"
Man needs no lawyer to decide,
With his own conscience for his guide.

We may not know which path will pay
The largest pay in gold;
Not always it's the narrow way,
Or so I have been told.
But what has that to do with it?
Although we hesitate a bit,
In our own hearts, and all along,
We know the right road from the wrong.

One road has pleasure all the way,
And some are rock and fire,
And some a recompense will pay
A Midas might desire.
But, though we sometimes hesitate,
And with our conscience would debate,
We know the right, both I and you—
And that's the only thing to do.
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The Wife-Ship Woman

By HUGH PENDEXTER

Author of "Kings of the Missouri," "Pay Gravel," "A Virginia Scout," etc.

marked, eyeing me sharply.

"Olabalkebiche, I should have waited until I could bring gifts for the Great Sun and his brother, but Choctaw dogs have chased me up the river, and I come here to be among friends."

"The Choctaws hunt so far as this?" he cried, his hand closing on a big war-ax, a gift from the French.

"The man known as Damoan the Fox leads them," I replied. "He may come now."

"The whole Choctaw nation cannot harm you here. My white brother is safe."

"There is a white woman with me, neither English nor French, but kin to the English. I am taking her to the English towns far in the east, beyond the country of the Cherokees."

"It is well," he said absent-mindedly. "She will be safe here."

Now came the hardest portion of my task. I said:

"And there is a white man with me, a Frenchman, but my brother. He is Labrador."

The Serpent's form elongated although he did not move from the bed, and his head swung back and forth nervously.

"Your friend took a Natchez woman as his wife," he softly informed me. "That woman is dead."

"He will be heavy of heart to learn it."

"He must prove himself worthy of mating with a noble, a sister of the Proud One."

"Undoubtedly," I promptly assured him, frantic to get outside and have a talk with Labrador and agree upon some plan for immediate flight.

I managed to close the interview without sacrificing ceremony and politeness and hastened to find my friends. When I came to the edge of the village my roving gaze halted on a dramatic scene. Labrador sat on a log tearing at his long hair while La Glorieuse and mademoiselle faced each other, both declaiming in French.

I heard La Glorieuse jeering:

"He is unworthy to marry a Natchez woman; yet you take him for a husband."

"He is not my husband!" cried mademoiselle. "Mon Dieu! What a terrible creature you are! Why do you talk to me? I would be alone. Have you no corn to pound; no man's work to do?"

"You will soon be alone so far as this French runaway is to be counted," hissed the Proud One, throwing up her head and stalking away.

I stepped forward. Labrador groaned.

"You know who the dead woman is?" I asked him in Choctaw.

"The furious one has told me. Mon Dieu! She says they wait for me to paint my hair and be strangled by four men at each end of the rope!"

"Speak in French, and be careful," I warned, observing that mademoiselle was about to break bounds, her taste for battle whetted by her talk with the Natchez woman. In French I remarked:

"There is to be a funeral tomorrow. I think we better start away before then. Let us go aside and talk it over."

We shifted our position to the shade of some trees. The Natchez were watching us furtively. They had witnessed the scene between the two women, and they were curious, of course. They also knew that Labrador's return was likely to lead new interest to the funeral. I felt no concern for my personal safety; nor did the matter of the girl's escape press for my immediate attention. Labrador's predicament, however, demanded prompt action.

In Choctaw I told him:

"They do not intend that you shall escape."

Before he could reply the girl passionately broke in with: "If I am to be treated as a child I will withdraw. I was taught it was not courteous to converse in an unknown tongue before a friend."

Taking a sudden resolve, I told her: "You speak with much sense. You are not a child. I will not keep it from you. The ancient custom of the



The Young Huma Carried a Long Calumet Which Was Decorated With the Feathers of a White Eagle, Making It a Pipe of Peace.

Natchez demands that when a noble dies the surviving husband or wife shall die during the funeral ceremony. Our friend was the husband of the woman who is to be buried tomorrow. The dead woman was the sister of La Glorieuse, the woman you had words with."

"Ciel! What a horrible people! I felt it in the air. That procession of painted men and women! Mon Dieu! Poor Monsieur Labrador! Behold the forest, monsieur. Fly! Hide yourself! Now! Voilà tout!"

And she stamped a small moccasin imperiously and gestured for him to run.

"Mademoiselle forgets it would be hard for our friend to hide from the savages except in the night. We must plan cunningly and not be impatient," I told her. "There is plenty of time. Perhaps some time during the day. If not, then during the night. There is no danger for you, or me."

"I was thinking only of him," she duly replied.

Our conference was not leading us anywhere except into despondency, and I was relieved to witness a bustling activity down the creek, where a group of Natchez men seemed vitally interested in something. The group parted and I was gazing at the grandson of Strong Bow, the Huma chief. The young Huma carried a long calumet, which was decorated with the feathers of a white eagle, making it a pipe of peace. The word-bearer took the pipe from him and started with it toward the cabin of the Serpent. At that moment La Glorieuse came on the scene, barbaric and insolent, and with a glance read the situation. The Humas, allies of both the French and the Gulf Choctaws, were sending a peace pipe to the Natchez. The woman questioned the Huma rapidly; then swiftly ran after the aged word-bearer.

Both Labrador and I were considering the same questions: Where was Damoan? What pipe would Tattooed Serpent return?

The minutes passed and I wondered what part La Glorieuse was playing in the drama inside the war-chief's cabin. Suddenly I realized I was doing wrong to remain aloof when I knew her influence would be hostile to me and Labrador. With a few hurried words to my friends I rose and made for the Serpent's cabin. As I reached the door the word-bearer came out, importantly holding before him a Natchez white pipe. Behind him walked the woman, her dark face lively with triumph. I had hoped the Serpent would return a pipe ablaze with flaming feathers.

The Serpent from his couch cordially invited me to enter.

"You send peace to the Humas, who are nothing but red Choctaws, and the friends of the French," I said.

"I stared at me thoughtfully, and

after a minute calmly replied:

"I do not ask white men what pipes I shall send to red men. I was about to send back the flamingo pipe. But La Glorieuse opened my eyes. Why send a war-pipe to men of my own color, who want only peace? It would be foolish. It is time enough to send them a red ax when they begin to help the French."

"Damoan the Fox sent the Huma with the pipe. Can my red brother tell me where the Fox is? He is my enemy."

"He is near," was the evasive answer. "I have told him he may come in safety. That was the talk I sent with the pipe."

"He is word-bearer for the Iron Hand," I reminded; and the Serpent had excellent cause to remember Bienville and his masterful ways and his law of "an eye for an eye."

"I do not fear the Iron Hand, because I do not fear death. And yet I tell the White Indian that this war against the French is not to my liking. My brother, the Great Sun, wishes it. I love my brother and must, as war-chief, take the path. But I do not like it. The Chickasaws promised the Great Sun much and made him see things in a dream. The man you call the Fox sends a strong talk through the white pipe. I shall have him tell it to the Great Sun tomorrow after the woman has been buried."

"And if his talk sounds good in the ears of the Great Sun there will be no war?"

"Then the war-sticks will be taken back from all our villages and from the Chickasaws."

"What if the Iron Hand demands my head?"

"He cannot have it."

"What if he asks that the woman be sent to Biloxi?"

"He cannot have her. She is your woman."

"Can Iron Hand have the man Labrador?"

"No!" It was explosive. Then almost gently, although there was no gentleness in his dark eyes: "His face will show no fear."

I interpreted his cryptic words to mean my friend would die as a part of the funeral ceremony.

I retired and walked slowly about the village, trying to straighten out my thoughts before rejoining my friends. English influence, working through the Chickasaws, had brought on the threat of war against the French. It would be most important news to carry East should the Natchez back away from their bargain. More insistent was the fact that Damoan with all his cunning would be free within twenty-four hours to walk around the village and ply his arts on the Great Sun.

Although I trusted implicitly the Serpent's assurances that the girl and I were safe I was most anxious to get away from the village before the Great Sun could be induced to recall the war-sticks from the Chickasaws. I depended upon the latter's friendship for the English to help me along my journey to the English settlements, and their hatred for Bienville would sorely prejudice them against my French friends, especially if he told them the Natchez refused to break away from their allegiance with the French.

In returning to my friends my attention was attracted to a medicine-man seated before his cabin. He was busy mixing vermilion as I paused to give him greeting. As the vermilion was not for war I knew it must be for the funeral ceremony.

"Who is to wear the new red?" I asked, after a respectful silence.

"It is to brighten the face of him who may be afraid to die. His face shall show no fear," he mumbled, bending low over his task as a hint he would talk no more with me.

The new paint was intended to cover any pallor in Labrador's dark countenance. It was a custom of the Natchez, this painting a victim's face, so that none could say a coward's death disgraced the noble dead.

The girl had fallen asleep in the warm sun. Labrador was staring at her most worshipfully. Without arousing her I hurriedly informed him of the new paint, whereat he made a grimace. I told him of the Natchez' strong inclination to take back their war-pipe from the Chickasaws and bury the ax they had promised to raise up against the French. In detail I spoke of escape and announced my preference for the overland trip from the Bluffs to Long Town. He readily agreed we did better to trust to the Chickasaws to stand between us and

any pursuit, provided they were not enraged by the withdrawal of the Natchez to a point where they must shed white blood.

"The start must be tonight," he whispered. "Anything to save mademoiselle. Ah, that Fox! If I could only meet him when his Choctaws are not at his back! Well, the good God may send that happy day before this is finished. I have made my plan. I will go into the village as if to visit the Serpent, and pass on into the forest—and keep on traveling. I will leave my musket with you and take only my ax, knife and pistol. They will think I am coming back so long as you two are here. And they will never look for me to leave unless I go down the way we came. When it is dark you and mademoiselle take the trail to Fort Rosalie, keep clear of the fort and make the river north of it. There you will find pirogues. You will also find me waiting for you if all goes well. Adieu!"

Without waiting to hear my opinion on his plan he laid aside his musket and strolled into the village. He had thought it out very wisely. The Natchez would not suspect Labrador of planning to escape in the daytime and without his gun.

CHAPTER XIII

Farewell to the River.

Labrador was waiting for us above Fort Rosalie, and we started on our long journey in a stolen pirogue. We saw nothing of Damoan and his men;

and as the days passed I began to hope he had abandoned the pursuit.

So, with no daily crisis to keep us alert, we three subsided and dwelt within ourselves. With danger left behind I had expected mademoiselle to become buoyant and more girlish. To the contrary she seemed to be more mature, more thoughtful. At times I almost thought she regretted leaving New Orleans and her countrymen, that she already felt the chill of our more rugged northern clime and was perhaps interpreting it as a symbol of the welcome awaiting her beyond the Appalachians.

Her bearing was less surprising than Labrador's. He was preoccupied, often depressed, and seldom spoke unless one of us addressed him. Even answering the girl he first had to tear his mind free from some gloomy obsession.

Instead of the excellent companions we had been to each other in the stress of danger we were three taciturn, solemn individuals, each wrapped in a blanket of introspection.

One night Labrador left our fire and walked to the river bank and stared out over the water. Mademoiselle timidly asked me:

"Those English? Will they look on me as a queer woman?"

"They will think you a most wonderful little woman."

"But alone with two men? And dressed like a savage?"

"They would think you mad to travel up this river without men to protect you, or if you wore the flimsy

gowns of the old country."

"Yet they will not receive me as an equal?"

"We have some social distinctions," I admitted. "The landowner naturally lives on a different plane from the landless. Yet there is nothing to prevent the first from degenerating to the lowest plane, or the latter from climbing into the dignity of an estate."

Of course this was false, as there were certain types who never would be socially received, no matter how much worldly gear they might accumulate.

After a few minutes of silence she said:

"Monsieur, that other matter you mentioned as a way to help me. You understand how impossible that would be?"

"So long as you say so, it is most impossible. You should not trouble yourself by thinking of it."

"The river makes one forget. I always think of it stretching around the world. Last night I dreamed I was dead; that the three of us here were dead, and that we must forever work our way up this ferocious stream. I awoke, and for a bit believed we three were dead. I tried to remember just when we died, or were killed. Monsieur Labrador is no longer droll. He thinks of a woman. Of the Indian woman who died," she softly explained.

(Continued Next Thursday)

Hasol, a wonderful remedy for chapped and chafed skin. 35c a bottle at Joe Hardy Drug Co. 47-tfc

Public Auction

I will sell at Public Auction on my place one mile north and one mile east and three-fourths mile north of the Quail schoolhouse on

Tuesday, Feb. 2

Beginning promptly at 10:00 o'clock the following described property will be sold:

LIVESTOCK

- 1 Work Horse, weigh 1,100, smooth mouth.
- 1 pair of Black More Mules, 7 years old, weight 900 each.
- 1 Bay Mare Mule, 6 years old, wt 900
- 46 HEAD OF HOGS
- 5 Brood Sows, wt 400, will farrow in February.
- 1 meat hog, will weigh 400.
- 40 head of shoats, extra good, weight from 60 to 100 pounds

FEEDSTUFF

- 200 bushels of June Corn, extra good
- 18 tons of Headed Maize, extra good
- 50 bushels of pure Half and Half Cotton Seed.

FARM IMPLEMENTS

- 1 3-inch John Deere truck
- 1 Spalding Hack
- 2 P & O Listers, one nearly new
- 2 Slide Godevils
- 1 Oliver 2-row Godevil, disc and extra shanks rigged for eight plows.
- 1 Moline Cultivator
- 1 Oliver Wiggle-tail Cultivator
- 1 14-inch Turning Plow

HARNESS

- 1 set of 3-inch Leather Tug Harness
- 7 sets of Chain Harness
- 4 leather Collars, good as new, 17-19
- Other small articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS OF SALE—All sums amounting to \$10 and under, cash in hand. All sums over \$10, cash or bankable note bearing interest.

W. R. FRANKS

Col. Bob Sammons, Auct.

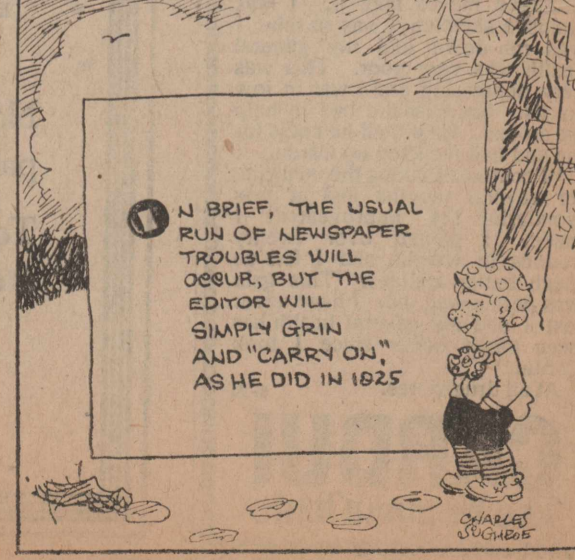
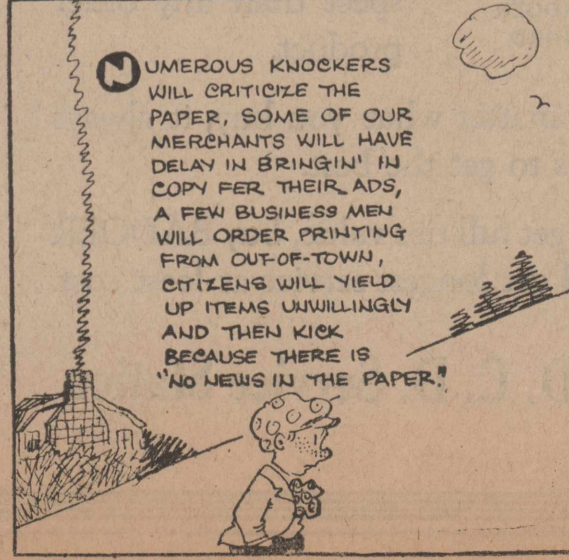
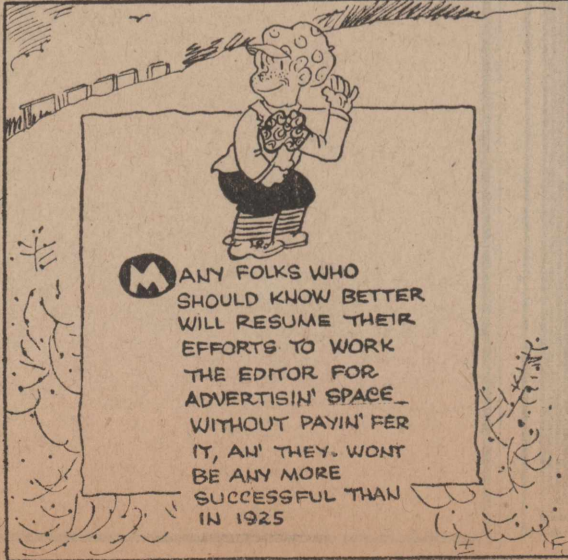
Odis Woods, Clerk

HOT TAMALES WILL SERVE LUNCH AT NOON

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe

Business as Usual



Conan Doyle's "Lost World" Is Now Movie

FAMOUS AUTHOR'S MASTER NOVEL OF PREHISTORIC MONSTERS IS FILMED

Probably the most unusual love drama ever put on the screen is "The Lost World" which comes to the Rialto Theatre February 8 and 9.

The picture is an adaption of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's novel of the same title. Doyle admits now that he hadn't the slightest conception of its film possibilities when he wrote the story. He painted a vivid word picture of a lost world in the vast, unexplored regions of the upper Amazon river which Time had forgot.

There Doyle's band of adventurers found prehistoric monsters that roamed the earth 10,000,000 years ago and battled each other to the death as in the days of old.

Into the heart of this monster-infested district went this party of explorers—three men and a girl.

Their mission was to rescue her father, if he still lived and prove to the world the existence of the prehistoric beasts—the brontosaurus, bigger than ten elephants; the tyrannosaurus most fearsome creature that ever stalked the earth; the stegosaurus, triceratops, the pterodactyl, or great flying dragon, and other gigantic species.

As the modern humans watched, awe-inspired, these monsters gave deadly battle to one another—such battles as never before have been witnessed on the motion picture screen.

Numerous motion picture producers tried in vain to film Doyle's story—but the reincarnation of the monsters was deemed impossible.

Finally however, an embryon sculptor named Willis H. O'Brien "discovered" the monsters. He submitted his strange idea to Watterson R. Rothacker, owner of film laboratories in Chicago and Los Angeles. Rothacker saw its possibilities and, joining hands with First National Pictures, launched work on the project.

That was seven years ago. Since then work has progressed steadily and now the picture is complete. It establishes probably the record for time production in the film industry as well as a record for uniqueness.

Bessie Love, Lewis Stone, Wallace Beery and Lloyd Hughes head the human cast, sharing honors with the prehistoric monsters. Supporting them are more than 2,000 other players who participate in the huge scenes showing the return of the explorers to London. They bring with them a brontosaurus which escapes. Running amuck in the heart of London's shopping district, the monster proceeds to wreck the metropolis and finally he crashes into the Thames when the famous London bridge collapses under his weight.

The local produce dealers loaded a car load of poultry Friday and Saturday to be shipped to the eastern markets.

We handle Bran and Shorts. Snell's Cash Grocery. 53-2tc

H. K. Rhea, district agent for the Katy railroad west of Dallas and with headquarters in Dallas was in the city checking up the interests of his system.

J. H. Simpson of near Vinson, Okla., was in Wellington the latter part of the week on business.

BADLY RUN-DOWN

Lady Was Very Depressed on Account of Poor Health.

Mrs. H. S. Miller, of Spindale, N. C., says: "Five years ago I was very much run-down in health. I would give out with the least exertion. At times I would have to go to bed.

"I read of Cardui. My husband got me a bottle and encouraged me to take it. I was almost a skeleton, I was so thin. I was run-down and my general health was very poor. This was very depressing and I was in low spirits. My husband had to help me around. He did all he could for me and had me keep up Cardui.

"I continued taking the medicine for several months and it was wonderful the improvement I made. I gained over twenty pounds in weight, and I felt so much better besides. This gain was permanent, too. I have never lost it and my general health has been much better since I took Cardui."

At all drug stores. C-34

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

SALT FORK

By Lila Morris

We people of the Salt Fork community feel that we are very fortunate to have such an Evangelist as the Rev. E. N. Parrish hold a revival for us. The revival began Sunday, January 17. There has been a large crowd present each service despite the fact they had to go through the cold and snow.

Moving is the order of the day since most of the people are through gathering their crops.

W. W. Johnson is moving to the Lillie community and will take charge of the grocery store there. We wish him a very successful year in this business.

A. J. Fike is moving to the W. W. Johnson farm.

Ben Bowman and Rev. Hicks of Wellington attended the eleven o'clock services here Monday. We were very glad to have them with us.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rodgers spent the week end with Mrs. Rodgers' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Turner.

DODSONVILLE SCHOOL NEWS

Last Friday, January 15 the boys and girls of Dodsonville High School played the Syperth Hills boy and girls on the local court.

The girls played hard, making a

score of 42 to 0 in favor of Dodsonville. The girls have a good team.

The boys played some splendid team work. They played hard and fast, and the score was 28 to 7 in favor of Dodsonville.

We are very glad to have Miss Aaron back with us. She has been ill for a few weeks.

The Excelsior Literary Society met Friday and rendered an enjoyable program.

Some of the students are out of school on account of the mumps.

The boy and girl of the High School who made the highest average in their school work this month were Bob Birchfield and Jessie Foster.

FOR SALE—

2½ sections of the Beggs Pasture Land

See J. S. MADDOX

At Office of Judge Small

W. R. ORR, Pres. J. M. STRONG, Sec. C. J. GLENN, Treas

Wellington Benevolent Association

A LOCAL MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION

DIRECTORS—P. E. Starr, A. Y. Bell, E. L. Winn, J. M. Shields and

J. E. Leggitt.

MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN

From this date to the first of March, 1926, we will take your application for membership for one dollar. This dollar to be placed in the death fund. By putting on this campaign we will greatly increase the membership, thereby rendering a greater service to the present members and to the community as a whole.

The Association is now growing and by offering the people of Collingsworth County their insurance at this nominal cost we believe that we will be well on the road to full membership.

Give us your application today.

J. M. STRONG, Secretary, Office in First National Bank Building, Directly over Post Office.

Lewis Lumber Company

"Every Stick a Dry Stick"



There is No Economy In Buying Cheap Tires

TIRES are no different in this respect than any other product.

No matter what you buy, it always pays to get the best.

To get full tire value, buy BADGER and get longest service at least cost.

D. C. D. Service Station

THE LEADER WANT AD SECTION

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

Phone 16

For Rent

FOR RENT—Four room house with all city conveniences. Call 269 or see H. B. Duke at the court house. 53tf

FOR RENT—Furnished bed room, close in. See L. W. Austin at The Famous. 48-tfc

FOR RENT—320 acres to the buyer of team, tools and feed for \$600. F. A. F. Page, N. E. Lutie, Texas. 45tf

FOR RENT—Two large rooms for light house keeping. Mrs. J. H. Woods Phone 414

Lost

LOST—Pair of car chains, size 32x4. Return to John Breedlove. 53-2p

For Sale

FOR SALE—White Wyandotte eggs at 5c each. Cocks and cockrels at \$1.50 each. Phone LX15. Mrs. J. E. Blythe 47-10tp

Are you having stomach trouble—then buy a bottle of Puretest Russian type mineral oil—be sure and call for Puretest. Full 16 oz. bottle for one dollar. For sale only by Joe Hardy Drug Co. 47tfc

FOR SALE—Ten head of mules, from three to five years old. One Poland China boar, eight months old. Big bone type. Few good Jersey cows will be fresh soon. Carr Scott & Son, 3 miles west and one mile south of Wellington. 52-3tp

FOR SALE—S. C. Rhode Island Red Roosters. Phone LR 52. Mrs. E. L. Howell. 47-54

WANT TO RENT—A share crop and can handle four teams. E. W. Thompson, R3. 53-4tp

FOR SALE—160 acres, well improved, good house, windmill, barns, hog fences all around and cross fences, at \$50 per acre. Located one and a half miles due north of Quail. John Davidson, Quail, Texas. 53-6p

FOR SALE—100 English White Leghorn Cockerels \$1.00 to \$3.00 each. From Tom Borrows \$300 to 314 Egg Strain. Remember we won first old Pen, first young Pen, first pullet, and first Cockerel at the fair. Can spare a few pullets, hatching eggs \$5.00 per 100. See what you can buy one mile west of Wellington. B. L. Knowles. 43-tfc

FOR SALE—Good stock farm, 1280 acres, located 11 miles southwest of Wellington, 359 acres in cultivation, about that much can be put in, fairly well improved, price \$17.50 per acre; \$5 per acre cash, terms to suit on the remainder. See us for farms and city property. Gibbs & Graham. Phone 241

WANT TO RENT my place, with 120 acres in cultivation, three miles from northwest corner of town section. Also want to sell teams, tools, feed and harness. See C. A. Flood.

WANTED AT ONCE—Good fresh Jersey cow. C. L. Geesey, 7 miles south of town. 52-4tp

FOR SALE—480 acre farm 225 acres in cultivation, well improved, located on Highway just one mile from good brick school. Price \$40.00 per acre, \$3,000.00 cash, terms to suit on remainder. Gibbs & Graham. Phone 241

FOR SALE—Five first class Standard incubators left. At an exceptionally low price. See them at Silver Crest Poultry Farm. 51tf

FOR SALE—Shetland pony, reasonably gentle. Priced moderately. See P. E. Starr. 53-tfc

FOR SALE—Six good mules at a very reasonable price. Joe Baumgardner. 54-2tp

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Five town lots nicely located with east front. See Col. Bob Sammons.

FOR RENT—Two unfurnished rooms and two furnished rooms. Mrs. J. A. McQuerry. Phone 450. 53-tf

CUSTOM HATCHING

We will be prepared to give those who want eggs from their own chickens hatched, a reasonable amount of space each week. All eggs must reach the hatchery on Friday of each week. Price is \$4.50 per tray of 108 eggs. The Wellington Hatchery at Silver Crest Farm, LeRoy Stafford, Proprietor 51tfc

FOR SALE—Baby chicks. I am now booking orders for February and March delivery. In order to be sure of choice dates, it will be necessary to place your order early. The big Mammoth machine is now installed and the first hatch will be off February first, and each week thereafter. Have already booked approximately ten thousand chicks.

Wellington Hatchery at The Silver Crest Farm—LeRoy Stafford, Prop. Two miles southwest of s. w. corner of town section. 51tfc

Wanted

WORK WANTED—Young man with wife and young baby wants work on a farm. Industrious and can give good references. See C. E. Sutton, one mile west of town at B. L. Knowles home.



WANTED—HATCHING EGGS. 20,000 Brown and Buff Leghorn; 20,000 Rock Island Reds and Wyandottes. We do custom hatching with our 12,000 Electric Buckeye Incubator. Reasonable prices. Sixteen years of experience insure baby chicks that will live and grow. One mile west of Wellington. Phone LK555.

THE WELLINGTON HATCHERY B. L. Knowles, Prop. 53-4tp

IF YOU
Want a Cook
Want a Clerk
Want a Partner
Want a Situation
Want to sell a farm
Want to Borrow Money
Want to sell sheep, cattle
Want to sell town property
Want to sell groceries, drugs
Want to sell boots and shoes
Want to Sell clothing, hats, or caps
Want to find customers for Anything

Advertise in the Leader!

Advertising will gain new customers
Advertising keeps old customers
Advertising makes success easy
Advertising begets Confidence
Advertising means business
Advertising shows energy
Advertise and succeed
Advertise judiciously
Advertise or bust
Advertise weekly
Advertise now
Advertise
HERE
!!