

The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 17 No. 30

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, OCT. 1, 1914

\$1.00 PER YEAR

They All Want Them

There's a lot of talk around here over those "Fit the Feet" shoes we are selling—the shoes that carry you all day without fatigue and take you home at night feeling fresh and joyful and full of spirit. Last as long, look as good and feel better than other shoes of the same price. Of course they all want them.

FREE FREE

For the next few days as long as they will last we will give to each boy that buys a tablet, either pencil or pin tablet, spelling tablet, composition book or lead pencil, a small purse that is very nice and handy for you to use at all times. See them in

SHOW WINDOW

Kennedy Brothers

The Store for Everybody

CROP SUCCESSION

Further north than Texas and Louisiana, crop succession the same season on the same land, is not possible to the extent that it is in these states where the rain fall is ample and the growing season long.

In some of our extreme northern states and in Canada, for instance, there is hardly enough "good old summer time" to mature corn crop. There is a record in East Texas, however, of two crops of corn and a crop of corn fodder grown upon the same land the same season. The seed of the first crop was used for the planting of the second and the seed of the second was used in planting the fodder crop.

In Anderson county in 1909, a crop of Irish potatoes was dug on May 5; a crop of cow peas cut on July 15; a volunteer crop of peas a foot high plowed under August 17; a fall crop of Irish potatoes dug November 10, and winter wheat pastured the following winter, all the same season on the same three acres of ground.

It is fair to say, however, that this would not be possible every season, even where the rain fall is so ample and so well distributed as it is in East Texas, generally speaking, but it is safe to say that such results are possible three seasons out of five and that three crops from the same land may be had any year by the man who knows enough.

As dry as it was last year, I know of several three-crop combinations that were grown. In one instance it was sweet potatoes following Irish potatoes and winter rye following the sweets. In the other, cow peas for hay following spring oats cut for hay, winter oats for pasture following the peas. And by the way, the winter oat pasture—a fine one—came volunteer from the seeds of the spring crop. These cases occurred upon the T. & P. and I. & G. N. demonstration farm between Marshall and Longview.

In the very important matter of soil improvement by crop rotation, think of the advantages the Texas and Louisiana farmers would have over their northern friends if they would only take the good opportunities the Lord provides for them.

The northern farmer must get his crop rotation different seasons, while we get its benefits the same season, never failing to work in a crop of cow peas or other legumes, if we know enough.

Of course, out west and south-west, where they make their seasons by irrigation, they can go the woods country one better in the matter of crop succession the same season and along with it crop rotation. But our friends, the irrigators, have also been sleeping upon their rights, have they not? And do they show a tendency lately to reach out and grab the good which for the longest has been dangling before their eyes? They do.

R. R. Claridge,
Agricultural Agent, T. & P. and
I. & G. N. Rys.,
Longview, Texas.

WANTS BUREAU OF MARKETS

War, war, cotton, cotton, is all the talk now-a-days and that is all it amounts to from the federal government down to the plow boy—just talk, and it won't buy groceries, it won't pay bills, neither will it establish a bureau of markets. There has got to be something done before there is a score made. Our government has been saying, leave it to Washington, and what has Washington done? Nothing, absolutely for the south. Mr. McAdoo is quoted as saying that the federal government can't valorize cotton, though it could valorize the western miners' silver without a great caucass. This is very easy to be seen when once we look at it from behind the curtain, and that is that Wall street has no cotton to valorize. There can't be a single instance pointed out where our government or law making body has failed to dance to their music. This is hard, but it is indisputable facts. Our southern farmers have a problem before them that is unparalleled since the days of the sixties, though we can pull out somehow—we must and we will. We notice that some of our big writers are saying that the bankers, merchants and farmers must co-operate, which is right, and they also say that the banker and merchant ought to be satisfied with principal on money and cost on goods in a crisis like this. I would like to ask how many will there be who will do this? Neither do we see any need for the present price of cotton seed, for the cotton oil products are soaring higher and higher all the time, and the seed are cheap as all know. Now, if we had a bureau of markets based on cost of production there would be no sound seed selling at the present measly prices. Some one might ask, how are we going to establish such a market?

I use cotton to show my idea of how it might be brought about. Say when we had a sixteen million bale crop the bureau of estimates showed it by the first of September that crop brought an average of thirteen cents. Now, the market could be fixed by the government that a crop of this size shall be worth thirteen cts, and a crop of twelve million bales be worth fifteen cents and so on. The size of the crop will govern the price and not the gamblers and cut-throats that govern it under the present form of prices. We must take the present and the future as it is and make the best of it possible and try to remember this next November. Our aim should be better government better laws, fewer special privileges and more equal rights.

George.

(George seems to have an undue grouch against our government, but has failed to bring any specific charges against them. He deals in charges without offering proof to sustain them. Everybody who reads knows that the federal government has gone the limit to relieve our present tense situation. \$60,000,000 of the emergency currency has been placed in the banks of Texas, and if it is not in circulation the banks themselves are to

Quality Brands

Swifts Silver Leaf brand pure hog lard. Cottoline, nature's gift from the Sunny South. Snow-drift, a high grade compound. Swifts Premium hams and breakfast bacon, wire grass syrup. Guaranteed to please. See us for

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of our success is that we always give you good goods for good money. We always keep a full line of all drug store articles and have arranged our prices at the lowest notch consistent with quality.

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D. N. Leaverton

LEADING DRUGGIST

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

blame. Our government cannot valorize cotton any more than they can valorize beef steak—the constitution forbids that. The price of cotton is governed by the law of supply and demand. The demand for cotton has been halted by the war in Europe because those countries buy our surplus.—Editor.)

LEAGUE PROGRAM

Subject, A Song of Companionship, Ps. I.
Leader, Mr. Aubrey Lively.
Song No. 20, by League.
Recitation, Miss Ima Davis.
Piano Solo, Miss Eula Riall Hollingsworth.
Prayer.
Solo, Miss Darsey Royal.
Talk (on subject by Miss Leathia Matney.
Quartet, Messrs. Gilbert Owens, Eaves and Riall.
Roll call.
Benediction.

Quick sales, small profits and the Golden Rule applied to business.—Wherry. adv

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The literary society of the ninth and tenth grades of the Grapeland High School carried out the following program last Friday: Recitation by Calhoun Mitchell; Jokes by Clinton Parker; Debate, Resolved that Germany and not the allies are right in the present war; affirmative, Arnold Clewis; Leonidas Brooks and Miss Sam Hague; negative, Arwine Skidmore, Balis Edens and Robert Sadler; song by Misses Beatrice Parker and Alta Kershner; reading by Ross Brock.

An open Program has been arranged for Friday night, October 9. Everyone is invited.

More interest was shown by the school in the literary society than has ever been seen before and we sincerely hope the alumni and town people will show the same.

Clarence McCarty
Ross Brock
Robert Sadler
Press Committee.

The Land of Broken Promises

By DANE COOLIDGE

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

Author of
"THE FIGHTING FOOL," "HIDDEN WATERS,"
"THE TEXICAN," Etc.

Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

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CHAPTER XXV.

Though the times had turned to war, all nature that morning was at peace, and they rode through a valley of flowers like knight and lady in a pageant. The rich grass rose knee-deep along the hillsides, the desert trees were filigreed with the tenderest green and twined with morning-glories, and in open glades the poppies and sand-verbena spread forth masses of blue and gold.

Already on the mesquit-trees the mocking-birds were singing, and bright flashes of tropical color showed where cardinal and yellow-throat passed. The dew was still untouched upon the grass, and yet they hurried on, for some premonition whispered to them of evil, and they thought only to gain the far pass.

Beyond that lay comparative safety, but no man knew what dangers lurked between them and that cleft in the mountains. Del Rey and his rurales or Bravo and his rebels might be there. In fact, one or the other probably was there, and if so there would be a fight, a fight against heavy odds if he were alone, and odds that would be greatly increased because he must protect Gracia.

To the west and north rose the high and impassable mountain which had barred their way in the night; across the valley the flat-topped Fortunas threw their bulwark against the dawn; and all behind was broken hills and gulches, any one of which might give up armed men. Far ahead, like a knife-gash between the ridges, lay the pass to the northern plains, and as their trail swung out into the open they put spurs to their horses and galloped.

Once through that gap, the upper country would lie before them and they could pick and choose. Now they must depend upon speed and the chance that their way was not blocked.

Somewhere in those hills to the east Bernardo Bravo and his men were hidden. Or perhaps they were scattered, turned by their one defeat into roving bandits or vengeful partisans, laying waste the Sonoran ranches as they fought their way back to Chihuahua. There were a hundred evil chances that might befall the fugitives, and while Bud scanned the country

ahead Gracia cast anxious glances behind.

"They are coming!" she cried at last, as a moving spot appeared in the rear. "Oh, there they are!"

"Good!" breathed Hooker, as he rose in his stirrups and looked.

"Why, good?" she demanded, curiously.

"They're only three of 'em," answered Bud. "I was afraid they might be in front," he explained, as she gazed at him with a puzzled smile.

"Yes," she said; "but what will you do if they catch us?"

"They won't catch us," replied Hooker confidently. "Not while I've got my rifle. Ah!" he exclaimed, still looking back, "now we know all about it—that sorrel is Manuel del Rey's!"

"And will you kill him?" challenged Gracia, rousing suddenly at the name. Hooker pretended not to hear. Instead, he cocked his eye up at the eastern mountain, whence from time to time came muffled rifle-shots, and turned his horse to go. There was trouble over there to the east somewhere—Alvarez and his Yaquis, still harrying the retreating rebels—and some of it might come their way.

With Del Rey behind them, even though in sight, he was the least of their troubles, and could be easily cared for with a rifle shot if they could not distance him. Hooker knew that the two rurales with him would not continue the pursuit if their leader was out of the way, so that it would not be necessary to injure more than one man.

"Ah, how I hate that man!" raged Gracia, spurring her horse as she scowled back at the galloping Del Rey and his men who were riding onward rapidly.

"All right," observed Bud with a quizzical smile, "I'll have to kill him for you then!"

She gazed at him a moment with eyes that were big with questioning, but the expression on his rugged face baffled her.

"I would not forget it," she cried impulsively. "No, after all I have suffered, I think I could love the man who would meet him face to face! But why

do you—ah!" she cried, with a sudden tragic bitterness. "You smile! You have no thought for me—you care nothing that I am afraid of him! Ah, Dios, for a man who is brave—to ride me of this devil!"

"Never mind!" returned Bud, his voice thick with rising anger. "If I kill him it won't be for you!"

He jumped Copper Bottom ahead to avoid her, for in that moment she had touched his pride. Yes, she had done more than that—she had destroyed a dream he had, a dream of a beautiful woman, always gentle, always noble, whom he had sworn to protect with his life. Did she think he was a pelado Mexican, a hot-country lover, to be inflamed by a glance and a smile? Then Phil could have her, and welcome. Her tirade had lessened his burden. Now his fight was but a duty to his partner in the performance of which he would be no less careful, but to turn her over to Phil would not now be painful.

"Ah, Bud!" she appealed, spurring up beside him. "You did not understand! I know you are brave—and if he comes"—she struck her pistol fiercely—"I will kill him myself!"

"Never mind," answered Bud in a kinder voice. "I'll take care of you. Jest keep your horse in the trail," he added, as she rode on through the brush, "and I'll take care of Del Rey."

He beckoned her back with a jerk of the head and resumed his place in the lead. Here was no place to talk about men and motives. The mountain above was swarming with rebels, there were rurales spurring behind—yes, even now, far up on the eastern hillside, he could see armed men—and now one was running to intercept them!

Bud reached for his rifle, jerked up a cartridge, and sat crosswise in his saddle. He rode warily, watching the distant runner, until suddenly he pulled in his horse and threw up a welcoming hand. The man was Amigo—no other could come down a hillside so swiftly—and he was signaling him to wait.

"Who is that man?" asked Gracia, as she reined in at his side. "Do you know him?"

"Sure do!" responded Hooker jovially. "He's the best friend I got in Mexico!"

"Kai, Amigo!" he hailed, as the Yaqui came quartering down the hill, and, apparently oblivious of the oncoming pursuers, he rode out of the trail to meet him. They shook hands and Amigo flashed his familiar smile, glancing shyly over the horse's back at the daughter of the Aragons.

"I knew the horse," he explained, with a gentle caress for Copper Bottom. "My people—up there—kill Mexicans! Where you go?"

"North—to the line," answered Bud, pointing up the pass.

"Muy malo!" frowned the Yaqui, glancing once more at the woman behind. "Muchos revoltosos!"

"Where?" asked Bud.

"Everywhere!" replied Amigo with a comprehensive wave of the hand. "But no matter," he added simply. "I will go with you. Who are these horsemen behind?"

"Rurales!" responded Hooker, and the Yaqui's black eyes dilated.

"Yes," nodded Bud as he read the swift question in their glance. "He is there, too—Del Rey!"

"Que bueno!" exclaimed the Indian, fixing his eagle glance upon the riders. He showed his white teeth in a smile. In an instant he saw his opportunity, he saw his enemy riding into a trap, and turned his face to the pass.

What Amigo had waited for, the opportunity he had watched for, was at hand. Del Rey should pay the price of that scar the Yaqui carried. Not again would the bullet go astray, and his people should have one less Mexican to fight after that day. The hatred of generations lay behind the thoughts of the Indian. He cared nothing for the grievance of the girl, and he would not kill Del Rey for that, but for his own reasons.

"Come!" he said, laying hold of a latigo strap, and as Hooker loped on up the steady incline he ran along at his stirrup. In his right hand he still carried the heavy Mauser, but his sandaled feet bore him forward with tireless strides and only the heaving of his mighty chest told the story of the pace.

"Let me take your gun," suggested Hooker, as they set off on their race, but Amigo in his warrior's pride only shook his head and motioned him on

and on. So at last they gained the rugged summit, where the granite ribs of the mountain crop up through the sands of the wash and the valley slopes away to the north. To the south was Del Rey, still riding after them, but Amigo beckoned Bud beyond the reef and looked out to the north.

"Revoltosos!" he exclaimed, pointing a sun-blackened hand at a distant ridge. "Revoltosos!" he said again, waving his hand to the east. "Here," waving toward the west, "no!"

"Do you know that country?" inquired Hooker, nodding at the great plain with its chains of parallel Sierras, but the Indian shook his head.

"No," he said; "but the best way is straight for that pass."

He pointed at a distant wedge cut down between the blue of two ridges, and scanned the eastern hills intently.

"Men!" he cried, suddenly indicating the sky-line of the topmost ridge. "I think they are revoltosos," he added gravely. "They will soon cross your trail."

"No difference," answered Bud with a smile. "I am not afraid—not with you here, Amigo."

"No, but the woman!" suggested Amigo, who read no jest in his words. "It is better that you should ride on—and leave me here."

He smiled encouragingly, but a wild light was creeping into his eyes and Hooker knew what he meant. He desired to be left alone, to deal with Del Rey after the sure manner of the Yaquis. And yet, why not? Hooker eyed thoughtfully at the oncoming rurales and walked swiftly back to Gracia.

"This Indian is a friend of mine," he said, "and I can trust him. He says it will be better for us to ride on—and he will take care of the rurales."

"Take care?" questioned Gracia, turning pale at a peculiar matter-of-fact tone in his voice.

"Sure," said Hooker; "he says there are revoltosos ahead. It will be better for you, he says, to ride on."

"Madre de Dios!" breathed Gracia, clutching at her saddle; and then she nodded her head weakly.

"You better get down for a minute," suggested Hooker, helping her quick-



The Heavy Mauser Spoke Out—One Shot!

ly to the ground. "Here, drink some water—you're kinder faint. I'll be right back—jest want to say good-by."

He strode over to where Amigo had posted himself behind a rock and laid a hand on his arm.

"Adios, Amigo!" he said, but the Yaqui only glanced at him strangely.

"Anything in my camp, you're welcome to it," added Hooker, but Amigo did not respond. His black eyes, far-seeing as a hawk's, were fixed intently before him, where Del Rey came galloping in the lead.

"You go now!" he said, speaking with an effort, and Hooker understood. There was no love, no hate left in that mighty carcass—he was all warrior, all Yaqui, and he wanted Del Rey to himself.

"We'll be going," Hooker said to Gracia, returning swiftly, and his subdued tones made her start. She felt, as one feels at a funeral, the hovering wings of death, yet she vaulted into her saddle and left her thoughts un-

They rode on down the valley, spurring yet holding back, and then with a roar that made them jump the heavy Mauser spoke out—one shot! And no more. There was a hush, a long wait, and Amigo rose slowly from behind his rock.

"God!" exclaimed Hooker, as he caught the pose, and his voice sounded a requiem for Manuel del Rey.

Then, as Gracia crossed herself and fell to sobbing, he leaned forward in his saddle and they galloped away.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Though men may make a jest of it in books, it is a solemn thing to kill a man, even to be near when one is killed. If Gracia had slain Del Rey herself in a passion her hot blood might have buoyed her up, but now her whole nature was convulsed with the horror of it and she wilted like a flower.

An hour before she had burned with hatred of him, she had wished him dead and sought the man who would kill him. Now that his life had been snipped off between two heart-beats she remembered him with pity and muttered a prayer for his soul. For Hooker, for De Lancey she had no thought, but only for the dashing young captain who had followed her to his death.

Of this Bud had no knowledge. He realized only that she was growing weaker, and that he must call a halt, and at last, when the walls of their pass had widened and they rode out into the open plain, he turned aside from the trail and drew rein by a clump of mesquit.

"Here, let me take you," he said, as she swayed uncertainly in the saddle. She slid down into his arms and he laid her gently in the shade.

"Poor girl," he muttered, "it's been too much for you. I'll get some water, and pretty soon you can eat."

He unslung the canteen from his saddle-flap, gave her a drink, and left her to herself, glancing swiftly along the horizon as he tied out their mounts to graze. But for her faintness he would have pushed on farther, for he had seen men off to the east; but hunger and excitement had told upon her even more than the day-and-night ride.

For a woman, and sitting a side-saddle, she had done better than he had hoped; and yet—well, it was a long way to the border and he doubted if she could make it. She lay still in the shade of the mesquit, just as he had placed her, and when he brought the sack of food she did not raise her head.

"Better eat something," he suggested, spreading out some bread and dried beef. "Here's some oranges I got from Don Juan—I'll just put them over here for you."

Gracia shuddered, sighing wearily. Then, as if his words had hurt her, she covered her face and wept.

"What did you tell that man?" she asked at last.

"Why—what man?" inquired Hooker, astonished. "Ain't you going to eat?"

"No!" she cried, gazing out at him through her tears, "not until I know what you said. Did you tell that Indian to—kill him?"

She broke down suddenly in a fit of sobbing, and Hooker wiped his brow.

"Wy, no!" he protested. "Sure not! What made you think that?"

"Why—you rode over and spoke to him—and he looked at me—and then—he—killed him!"

She gave way to a paroxysm of grief at this, and Bud looked around him, wondering. That she was weak and hungry he knew, but what was this she was saying?

"I reckon I don't understand what you're driving at," he said at last. "Wish you'd eat something—you'll feel better."

"No, I won't eat!" she declared, sitting up and frowning. "Mr. Hooker," she went on very miserably, "what did you mean this morning when you—laughed! I said I hated poor Manuel—and you said—well, what you did—and you laughed! Did you think—oh, you couldn't have—that I really wanted him killed?"

"Wy, sure not!" cried Hooker heartily. "I knowed you was fooling! Didn't I laugh at you? Say, what kind of a feller do you think I am, anyway? D'ye think I'd get an Indian to do my killing?"

"Oh, then didn't you?" she cried, suddenly brightening up. "You know, you talk so rough sometimes—and I

never do know what you mean! You said you guessed you'd have to kill him for me, you know, and—oh, it was too awful! I must be getting foolish, I'm so tired out, but—what did you tell that Indian?"

Bud glanced at her sharply for a moment and then decided to humor her. Perhaps, if he could get her quieted, she would stop talking and begin to eat.

"He asked me who was after us," he said, "and I told him it was Del Rey."

"Yes, and what did he say then?"

"He didn't say nothing—jest lined out for the pass."

"And didn't you say you wanted—him—killed?"

"No!" burst out Bud, half angrily. "Haven't I told you once? I did not! That Indian had reasons of his own, believe me—he's got a scar along his ribs where Del Rey shot him with a six-shooter! And, furthermore," he added, as her face cleared at this explanation of the mystery, "you'd better try to take me at my word for the rest of this trip! Looks to me like you've been associating with these Mexicans too much!"

"Why, what do you mean?" she demanded curtly.

"I mean this," answered Hooker, "being as we're on the subject again. Ever since I've knowed you you've been talking about brave men and all that; and more'n once you've hinted that I wasn't brave because I wouldn't fight."

"I'd just like to tell you, to put your mind at rest, that my father was

a sergeant in the Texas rangers and no hundred Mexicans was ever able to make him crawl. He served for ten years on the Texas border and never turned his back to no man—let alone a Mex. I was brought up by him to be peaceable and quiet, but don't you never think, because I run away from Manuel del Rey, that I was afraid to face him."

He paused and regarded her intently, and her eyes fell before his.

"You must excuse me," she said, looking wistfully away. "I did not—I did not understand. And so the poor Yaqui was only avenging an injury?" she went on, reaching out one slender hand toward the food. "Ah, I can understand it now—he looked so savage and fierce. But—she paused again, set back by a sudden thought—"didn't you know he would kill him?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Hooker quietly, "I did."

"Then—then why didn't you—"

"That was between them two," he replied doggedly. "Del Rey shot him once when he was wounded and left him for dead. He must have killed some of his people, too; his wife mebbe, for all I know. He never would talk about it, but he come back to get his revenge. I don't shoot no man from cover myself, but that ain't it—it was between them two."

"And you?" she suggested. "If you had fought Del Rey?"

"I would have met him in the open," said Hooker.

"And yet—"

"I didn't want to," he ended bluntly. "Didn't want to fight him and didn't want to kill him. Had no call to. And then—well, there was you."

"Ah!" she breathed, and a flush mounted her pale cheeks. She smiled as she reached out once more for the food and Hooker resolved to do his best at gallantry, it seemed to make her so happy.

"So you were thinking of me," she challenged sweetly, "all the while? I thought perhaps I was a nuisance and in the way. I thought perhaps you did not like me because—well, because I'm a Mex, as you say."

"No, ma'am," denied Hooker gazing upon her admiringly. "Nothing like that! When I say Mex I mean these low, pelado Mexicans—Don Juan tells me you're pure Spanish."

"With perhaps a little Yaqui," she suggested shyly.

"Well, mebbe he did say that, too," confessed Bud. "But it's jest as good as Spanish—they say all the big men in Sonora have got some Yaqui blood—Morrat, that was vice-president; the Tornes brothers, governors—"

"And Aragon!" she added playfully, but at a look in his eyes she stopped. Bud could not look pleasant and thick of Aragon.

"Ah, yes," she rattled on. "I know. You like the Yaquis better than the Spanish—I saw you shaking hands with that Indian. And what was it you called him—Amigo?"

"That's right," smiled Hooker; "him and me have been friends for months now out at the mine. I'd do anything for that feller."

"Oh, now you make me jealous," she pouted. "If I were only a Yaqui—and big and black—"

"Never mind," defended Bud. "He was a true friend, all right, and true friends, believe me, are scarce."

There was a shade of bitterness in his voice that did not escape her, and

(Continued on next page)

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
FOR RHEUMATISM KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

TO THE PUBLIC:

On June 30, 1913, there were 15,283.57 miles of railroad in Texas. Very little has been added since that time. They have 69,259 employes at work every day in the year. These railroads have a capitalization (stocks and bonds) of \$31,615 per mile. Their value for taxing purposes as found by the State Tax Board is \$31,150.00 per mile. They are really worth more. The total cost of construction up to June 30, 1913, averaged \$39,975 per mile as shown by Table No. 10, page 397 Annual Report Railroad Commission, 1913.

The capitalization of railroads in other countries and the United States as a whole, per mile of road, is as follows:

England -----	\$269,496	Spain-----	\$88,368
Belgium -----	189,023	Japan-----	84,301
France-----	143,435	Russia-----	83,496
Brazil-----	142,080	Holland-----	82,796
Italy-----	124,116	Servia-----	73,373
Austria-----	120,311	Hungary-----	69,084
Switzerland---	117,953	United States--	63,944
Germany-----	116,666	Texas-----	31,615

The capitalization of the railroads in the United States is less than in any of the above named countries, and in Texas it is a little less than half as much as the average for the United States.

The bonds of the Texas roads amount to only \$23,212.00 per mile. As a rule, no dividends are ever paid on railroad stocks in Texas, and therefore the amount of stocks is without influence, so far as financial condition of the roads is concerned. The interest on the bonds, however, must be paid

in order to keep the roads out of bankruptcy, and as such interest is supposed to be paid out of earnings, the public is interested in knowing that the bonds do not exceed the value of the roads—in other words, that they are not watered. We are glad to be able to state, positively, that there are no watered bonds on Texas railroads. And the same is true as to stocks, taking the roads of the state as a whole.

It costs an immense amount of money to operate the 15,283 miles of railroad in this state, and as you pay the same, in freight and passenger fares, you, of course, are vitally interested in knowing whether the roads are collecting enough, or more than is necessary.

The Annual Reports of the Railroad Commission of Texas show that for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912, the railroads of Texas lacked \$3,282,493.51 of collecting enough to pay their operating and necessary charges and expenses. For the year ending June 30, 1913, they lacked \$1,601,378.31 of collecting enough, and while the figures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, are not all available, enough is known to make certain that the railroads of this state will have a net deficit or loss of about Eight Million Dollars.

In arriving at these deficits, or losses, no account is taken of permanent improvements and betterments. These, if considered, would add to the deficits, or shortages.

Thus it is plainly to be seen, and must be acknowledged by all fair minded men, that the rail-

roads of Texas are confronted by a serious and dangerous situation. Indeed, some of them have been unable to escape Federal Court receivership, and none of them have the funds urgently needed, and which the interests of the public require.

Every railroad in Texas now in the hands of, and operated by receivers, was valued, and the amount of the stocks and bonds thereof approved and limited by the Railroad Commission under the Texas Stock and Bond Law. Therefore, it is certain, over-capitalization is not the cause of their financial distress.

We think it is due to you, who pay the bills and need the service of the railroads, to show the above and actual condition of the properties devoted to your use.

We beg to assure you that we are doing our very best to give you good service.

We respectfully and earnestly ask, and desire your help and assistance in keeping down and preventing all useless and unjust expenses and charges against the railroads. We do this for the reason that you pay the expenses, and suffer the loss of service necessarily resulting when the expenses and fix charges exceed the income of the roads. You therefore have a direct interest in the matter.

We respectfully submit that it is but fair and just that the railroads be permitted to earn what the law says they are entitled to—a fair return on the value of the property devoted to your use.

Nothing more is asked nor expected.

Respectfully,

GENERAL MANAGERS TEXAS RAILROADS

she was careful not to allude to Phil. His name, like the name of her father, always drove this shy man to silence, and she wanted to make him talk.

"Then you ought to be friends with me," she chided, after a silence. "I have always wanted to be your friend—why will you never allow it? No, but really! Haven't I always shown it? I remember now the first time that I saw you—I was looking through my hole among the passion-flowers and you saw me with your keen eyes. Phil did not—but he was there. And you just looked at me once—and looked away. Why did you never respond when I came there to look for you? You would just ride by and look at me once, and even Phil never knew."

"No," agreed Bud, smiling quietly. "He was crazy to see you, but he rode right by, looking at the windows and such."

"The first time I met him," mused Gracia. "I asked about you. Did he ever tell you?"

Bud hung his head and grinned sheepishly. It was not difficult to make out a case against him.

And so Gracia had not wanted Del Rey killed as he thought she did. She was not the vicious woman he had thought her for a time. She was just the gentle, noble girl he had sworn to protect and conduct across the border to her fiancé. Again came the desire to claim her, but there was not only Phil to be thought of but the fitness of himself to be the mate of this woman.

"Is it something I have done?" she asked at last. "Is that why you never liked me? Now, Mr. Hooker, please speak to me! And why do you always sit so far away—are you afraid of me? But look!"—she moved closer to him "here we are alone, and I am not afraid of you!"

"Of course not," answered Bud, looking across at her boldly. "Why should you be—you ain't afraid of nothing!"

"Is that a compliment?" she demanded eagerly. "Oh, then I'm so happy—it's the first you ever paid me! But have I been brave," she beamed, "so far? Have I been brave, like a man?"

"Sure have!" remarked Hooker impersonally, "but we ain't there yet. Only thing I don't like about you is you don't eat enough. Say, don't pick up them crumbs—let me pare off some more of this jerked beef for you. Can't nobody be brave when they're hungry, you know, and I want to bring you in safe."

"Why?" she inquired, as she accepted the handful of meat. "Is it on Phil's account?" she ventured, as he sat gazing stoically at the horses. "You were such friends, weren't you?" she went on innocently. "Oh, that is why I admire the Americans so much—they are so true to each other!"

"Yes," observed Hooker, rolling his eyes on her, "we're fine that way!"

"Well, I mean it!" she insisted, as she read the irony in his glance.

"Sure! So do I!" answered Hooker, and Gracia continued her meal in silence.

"My!" she said at last; "this meat is good! Tell me, how did you happen to have it on your saddle? We left so suddenly, you know!"

She gazed up at him demurely, curious to see how he would evade this evidence that he had prepared in advance for their ride. But once more, as he had always done, Hooker eluded the cunningly laid snare.

"I was figuring on pulling out myself," he replied ingenuously.

"What? And not take me?" she cried. "Oh, I thought—but dear me, what is the use?"

She sighed and dropped her head wearily.

"I am so tired!" she murmured despondently; "shall we be going on soon?"

"Not unless somebody jumps us," returned Bud. "Here, let me make you a bed in the shade. There now"—as he spread out the saddle-blankets temptingly—"you lay down and get some sleep and I'll kinder keep a watch."

"Ah, you are so kind," she breathed, as she sank down on the bed. "Don't you know," she added, looking up at him with sleepy eyes that half concealed a smile, "I believe you like me, after all."

"Sure," confessed Bud, returning her smile as honestly; "don't you worry none about me—I like you fine."

He slipped away at this, grinning to himself, and sat down to watch the plain. All about him lay the waving grass land, tracked up by the hoofs of cattle that had vanished in the track of war. In the distance he could see the line of a fence and the ruins of a house. The trail which he had followed led on and on to the north. But all the landscape was vacant, except for his grazing horses. Above the mountains the midday thunder-caps were beginning to form; the air was very soft and warm, and—He woke up suddenly to find his head on his

knees.

"Ump-um-m," he muttered, rising up and shaking himself resolutely, "this won't do—that sun is making me sleepy."

He paced back and forth, smoking fiercely at brown-paper cigarettes, and still the sleep came back. The thunder-clouds over the mountains rose higher and turned to black; they let down skirts and fringes and sudden stabs of lightning, while the wind sucked in from the south. And then, with a slash of rain, the shower was upon them.

At the first big drops Gracia stirred uneasily in her sleep. She started up as the storm burst over them; then, as Bud picked up the saddle-blankets and spread them over her, she drew him down beside her and they sat out the storm together. But it was more to them than a sharing of cover, a patient enduring of the elements, and the sweep of wind and rain. When they



They Thrust and Parried No More.

rose up there was a bond between them and they thrust and parried no more.

They were friends, there in the rush of falling water and the crash of lightning overhead. When the storm was

over and the sun came out they smiled at each other contentedly without fear of what such smiles may mean.

(To be Continued)

The key to health is in the kidneys and liver. Keep these organs active and you have health, strength and cheerful spirits. Prickly Ash Bitters is a stimulant for the kidneys, regulates the liver, stomach and bowels. A golden household remedy. A S. Porter, special agent.

A Marvelous Escape

"My little boy had a marvelous escape," writes P. F. Bastians of Prince Albert, Cape of Good Hope. "It occurred in the middle of the night. He got a very severe attack of croup. As luck would have it, I had a large bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house. After following the directions for an hour and twenty minutes he was through all danger." For sale by all dealers.

Mistake of the Big Steak

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Author of "Do Something! Be Something!"

WATCH out for waste in circulation. Find out where your story is going to be read. Don't pay for planting the seed of publicity in a spot where you are not going to harvest the results.

The manufacturer of soap who has his goods on sale from Oskaloosa to Timbuctoo doesn't care how widely a newspaper circulation is scattered. Whoever reads about his product is near to some store or other where it is sold—but you have just one store.

Buying advertising circulation is very much like ordering a steak—if the waiter brings you a porterhouse twice as big as your digestion can handle, you've paid twice as much as the steak was worth to you, even if it is worth the price to the restaurant man.

You derive your profit not from the circulation that your advertisement gets, but from circulation that gets people to buy.

If two newspapers offer you their columns and one shows a distribution almost entirely within the city and in towns that rely upon your city for buying facilities, your business can digest all of its influence. If the other has as much circulation, but only one-third of it is in local territory, mere bulk cannot establish its value to you—it's another case of the big steak—you pay for more than you can digest. That part of its influence which is concentrated where men and women can't get your goods after you get their attention, is sheer waste.

By dividing the number of copies he prints into his line rate, a publisher may fallaciously demonstrate to you that his space is sold as low as that of his stronger competitors, but if half his circulation is too far away to bring buyers, his real rate is double what it seems. He is like the butcher who weighs in all the bone and sinew and fat and charges you as much for the waste as he does for the meat.

(Copyright.)

THE GRAPELAND MESSENGER

A. H. LUKER, Editor and Owner

Entered in the Postoffice at Grapeland, Texas, every Thursday as Second Class Mail Matter.

Subscribers ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—Obituaries and Resolutions of Respect are printed for half price—2 1/2¢ per line. Other matter "not news" charged at regular rates.

Our advertising rates are reasonable and quoted upon application.

OUR PURPOSE—It is the purpose of the Messenger to record accurately, simply and interestingly the moral, intellectual, industrial and political progress of Grapeland and Houston county. To aid us in this every citizen should give us his moral and financial support.

SUBSCRIPTION — IN ADVANCE

1 YEAR-----	\$1.00
6 MONTHS---	.50
3 MONTHS---	.25

THURSDAY, OCT. 1, 1914

A MAN OF PEACE

At a time like the present when the nations of Europe are rushing at each other's throats, and humanity stands aghast at the thought of the horrors of the impending conflict, when the spirit of militarism pervades the Old World, and the powers are determined upon slaughter, it is fortunate for the United States that there is at the head of the National Government a man of peace with strength of character and force of intellect. Happily, no imitation war lord sits in the White House. The course which this country must follow is straight and definite. It must maintain strict neutrality, and avoid the slightest appearance of favor toward one of the belligerents as against another. It is the friend of each and all of them and must so remain.—The Waterville (Me.) Sentinel.

The editor acknowledges with thanks an invitation with a season pass to the Timpson fair.

Lane lost in his contest against McLemore for congress-at-large by 145 votes. He gave notice of appeal.

Boost business. Don't growl about it. Things are getting a little better and will finally adjust themselves.

Just think, if Columbus had not discovered America, we would be in Europe taking part in the scrap now being pulled off. Man, man, this is a fine country we took away from the Indians!

TRUSTING EACH OTHER

Most financial difficulties that have passed over this country were possible because the people of the country lacked confidence in each other. During the panic a few years ago the bankers were frightened and held the money closely. The depositors, distrusting the bankers, withdrew their deposits. One man was afraid to take a check because he was not sure the bank would pay it. As a result, the country was thrown into a terrific financial panic, although there was money in the country and the people were prosperous.

Fortunately, panics hereafter will be very rare, if they are not impossible, because our banking laws have been changed to remove the causes of panics. But we need more confidence in our fellow-men and more readiness to accept good security. The co-operation shown in uniting to make it possible to hold cotton when prices are depressed is commendable and it should relieve any one of fear as to the outcome when our staple crops are threatened with ruinous prices.

We have great resources in the Southwest and what we need to develop our country and use our natural advantages in agriculture, manufacturing, transportation, etc., is co-operation where each is willing to do his part in sustaining our industries and be satisfied with his share of the profits.

We are a united people, at peace with the world and among ourselves. We have rich lands, growing cities and towns; good transportation facilities, in most instances. Our young men and young women will compare favorably with the young people of any section. We should therefore encourage ability, skill and originality and make it possible to manufacture many of our products and keep our skilled people and their money at home.—Farm & Ranch.

Sure the cotton acreage will be reduced. We are going to raise some hogs, cattle and feed crops.

If the government wants more revenue to keep the wolf from the star spangled doorstep, we suggest a tax on politicians. 'T would be some wad.

It has been figured out that the war is costing England at the rate of \$44.80 a second. That's slightly in excess of what it costs to run a country newspaper.

The army worms have got in their destructive work the past few weeks and the top crop has been completely destroyed. The cotton crop is going to be shorter than we anticipated.

The acreage reduction campaign is taking shape all over the cotton belt and it is almost a sure thing that the acreage will be reduced one-half. Mississippi farmers are talking of abandoning the cotton crop altogether, in the hope of starving out the boll weevils.

It has been suggested by some warped and twisted genius that President Wilson appoint a committee of eminent American statesmen to submit proposals

of peace to the warring nations of Europe, that commission to be composed of W. H. Taft, Theodore Roosevelt and W. J. Bryan. It is a tremendous array of intellect, representing the three extremes of political faith, but we fear such a composite selection would be surcharged with so much dynamite that the inevitable explosion would scatter the dear kings to the four winds.

The man who raises what he eats at home is not worried much over the present state of affairs. He can get through it with colors flying. It's the all-cotton man who is going to suffer most.—Grapeland Messenger.

We have been preaching that kind of doctrine in our paper for twenty years, Bro. Luker, and have seen no results from it yet. People had rather learn by experience, however dear it may come.—Oakwood Oracle.

The Harlingen Star adds to the above that "a garden in the back yard looks better than one filled with tin cans."

THE LOVE OF MONEY THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

The Buy-a-Bale movement has done much not only to help the farmers to establish a market, but to restore confidence and prove to him that all are not grafters. It matters not who you are or what your business may be, did you ever think that his success was yours in a great measure, and how helpless and what a failure all along the line when our farmers fail? We are dependent upon him not only to clothe and feed the world, but the wheels of commerce clog and the manufactories of our country stop. No wonder that it saps the life blood of the whole land and affects every man's job to let him trail in the dust with his leading product. In caring for him, the world cares for its own. Our government sees and recognizes that its foundation rests and our great country can only grow and develop with our agricultural interests. We have failed to see and encourage this our best interest in the past, but while it is a new idea in our legislature and congress, it is sure to win. Mr. Ferguson was elect-

Progressive

THIS STORE is the progressive store of Grapeland and Houston county. When we buy our goods we get the most popular sellers and you will find here the very newest designs and patterns in all kinds of

Dress Goods, Footwear and Wearing Apparel for Men, Women and Children

We make a special effort to give the people in and around Grapeland a line of merchandise that will compare with any in places much larger, and at a price that is strikingly appealing. This fact is proven by the amount of goods we sell to people of other places. We urge every man, woman and child to come to our store and see the many new things we have for fall. Our big, well assorted stock makes it easy for us to please you. We are always glad to see you whether you buy or not.

Buy Your Winter Clothes From Us

We Can Save You Money and You Will Be Rightly Clothed

Millinery.....	\$ 1.50 and up
Ladies' Coat Suits.....	\$15.00 and up
Ladies' Coats.....	\$ 4.00 and up
Ladies' Tailored Skirts....	\$ 5.00 and up
Men's Suits.....	\$10.00 and up
Boys' Suits.....	\$ 1.50 and up

Shoes For the Whole Family

GEO. E. DARSEY

ed on this idea, and every effort to lend the farmers cheap money has been met with opposition by speculators and those who would be his guardians. While we have not agreed with nor voted for Mr. Colquitt, we do appreciate what he is trying to do for the farmers and hope our legislature will co-operate and help him establish the Bank of Texas on sound business principles, and that the farmers can get easier and cheaper money to build homes, open up and develop our great resources

and all men will share in his prosperity. John Smith.

Foley Cathartic Tablets.

You will like their positive action. They have a tonic effect on the bowels, and give a wholesome, thorough cleaning to the entire bowel tract. Stir the liver to healthy activity and keep stomach sweet. Constipation, headache, dull, tired feeling never afflict those who use Foley Cathartic Tablets. Only 25c. D. N. Leaverton. adv

THERE'S SAFETY IN TRADING HERE

Porter Says:—

Prescription filling requires study, effort, integrity, precision, and work--lots of work. PORTER GIVES YOU ALL--then some.

Porter's Drug Store

Prescription Specialists
Everything in the Drug Line

STATEMENT

of the ownership and management of
The Grapeland Messenger
published weekly at Grapeland, Texas, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Name of editor, managing editor, business manager, publisher: A. H. LUKER, Grapeland, Texas.

Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock.) Not a corporation. A. H. Luker sole owner.

Known bond holders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: NONE.

(Signed) A. H. LUKER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1914. J. R. RICHARDS,

(SEAL) Notary Public, Houston County, Texas.
(My commission expires June 30, 1915.)

LOCAL NEWS

No advance in flour at Wherry's. adv

W. W. Sullivan of Percilla has our thanks for his renewal.

Ladies' work a specialty. adv Clewis, the Tailor.

A. M. Inman and family have moved to Ft. Worth to reside.

Call on Wherry for dry goods and groceries. adv

Miss Grace Campbell visited in Galveston SunPay.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pennington announce the arrival of a girl baby.

George Calhoun sold a car of cattle Saturday to A. L. Cox of Wills Point.

A. S. Moore, nominee for county clerk, was mingling with Grapeland friends Saturday.

Miss Ruth Berry of Crockett is spending the week here with her sister, Mrs. J. W. Howard.

"Doctor" M. L. Clewis, Clothes Specialist. All troubles of any kind of wearing apparel carefully treated. Give him a trial. adv.

George E. Darsey, Jr., left Monday for Georgetown to enter the Southwestern University.

LOST—One red hound pup about two-thirds grown; collar around neck. Finder will be paid for return to J. A. Bean. adv

Dr. Sam Kennedy
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office in Leaverton's Drug Store
Main Street

We are always wide awake to the new styles in men's clothes. Service is our watchword. adv Clewis, the tailor.

Car Just Arrived.

Wherry bought a car of flour before wheat advanced. Why does he sell new flour at the old price? Read Matt. 7:12. adv

Misses Willie Mae Patton and Julia Spence of Crockett spent Saturday and Sunday here, the guests of Miss Louise Denny.

S. E. Howard has on exhibit some fine corn raised by Mote Walton, which was planted on June 5. Mr. Howard says it is turning out 50 bushels per acre.

John Brown, Sr. of Route 2 called Friday and renewed his subscription. Others renewing are Alfred Caskey, H. E. Martin, Richard Pennington and Dock Weisinger.

In the chill season see that your liver is active. Any derangement in that organ opens the door for malarial germs. An occasional dose of Herbine is all that is necessary to keep the liver in sound working condition. Price 50c. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv.

The Messenger is requested to announce that there will be singing at Myrtle Lake church the second Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, conducted by Messrs W. R. Campbell and Ira Walling. A cordial invitation is extended to the public, and especially singers, to attend.

Strengthen the tired kidneys and purify the liver and bowels with a few does of Prickly Ash Bitters. It is an admirably kidney tonic. A. S. Porter, special agent. adv

TEACHERS' EXAMINATION

The County Superintendent in compliance with an order issued by the State Department of Education hereby gives notice that there will be a special examination held for teachers' certificates of the first and second grade on October 16th and 17th 1914.

All who desire to take the examination should make application to the county superintendent not later than eight o'clock Friday October 16th.

Very respectfully,
J. N. Snell,
Co. Supt. Houston County.

Joints that ache, muscles that are drawn or contracted should be treated with Ballard's Snow Liniment. It penetrates to the spot where it is needed and relieves suffering. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv.

RALLY DAY

Next Sunday is rally Day at the Baptist church. Beginning at 10 o'clock the Sunday school will render a special program, and a cordial invitation is extended to all to attend.

Stop Those Early Bronchial Coughs.

They hang on all winter if not checked, and pave the way for serious throat and lung diseases. Get a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, and take it freely. Stops coughs and colds, heals raw inflamed throat, loosens the phlegm and is mildly laxative. Best for children and grown persons. No opiates. D. N. Leaverton. adv.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

TIME IS ROBBING YOU OF YOUR CHANCE



PROTECT YOURSELF

With a BANK ACCOUNT. Every man is entitled to a competency. We all earn one. The wise man saves his. START YOUR BANK ACCOUNT NOW. Add to it at each opportunity and you arrest time.



FARMERS & MERCHANTS State Bank

GRAPELAND, . . . TEXAS

PAY YOUR BILLS WITH CHECKS

THE MANY CONVENIENCES

which we offer to our customers are not exceeded by any other bank. How much more convenient it is to

WRITE OUT A CHECK

when you pay a bill than to carry around a big roll or a bag full of money. We will be pleased to talk with you if you think of opening a bank account.

The GUARANTY STATE BANK
GUARANTY FUND BANK



Cutaway Regale
THE lasting qualities of Kirschbaum Clothes lead straight back to our slogan, "The Wearer be Served." This means that Kirschbaum Clothes are made of—
—pure woolsens
—pure woolsens that are thoroughly shrunken
—pure woolsens that are hand tailored
Not a very spectacular statement, is it? Most men know that honest clothes cannot be made lacking any one of these three essentials.



Yet what man hasn't at some time or other bought a suit which, for example, puckered along the edges after

a few damp days? That wasn't an honest suit. Over here in Philadelphia we have built up a great national reputation simply on the way we combine into stylish clothes—our pure woolsens, thoroughly shrunken woolsens, hand-tailored woolsens.

We do not accept a yard of wool-and-cotton mixtures, no matter how trivial the amount of cotton may seem.

Next we shrink all of our woolsens by the original London cold-water method. It is the only

process which shrinks so thoroughly that a Kirschbaum suit simply cannot shrink or pucker after it goes into service.

Finally, we hand-tailor all of the Kirschbaum collars, shoulders and lapels because these important parts cannot otherwise hold their shape with any degree of permanence.

In short, when you see the Kirschbaum label in a suit, you may be sure that whatever is necessary to make that suit a good suit is there.

And so we come right back to our starting

point. Kirschbaum Clothes command your confidence this Fall because they are

- pure woolsens
- pure woolsens that are thoroughly shrunken
- pure woolsens that are hand tailored.

On the sleeves of Kirschbaum Coats we have placed our Guarantee Ticket which legally warrants these qualities.

Should you have any difficulty in finding Kirschbaum Clothes, write us for the name of the nearest dealer.

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM CO
PHILADELPHIA



Kirschbaum Clothes \$15 — \$20
\$25 and up

"Look for the Guarantee and Price Ticket on the Sleeve"

You can buy your Kirschbaum Clothes at
McLEAN & RIALI, Home of Dependable Merchandise

FOR WOMEN ALSO

Women who complain of sick headaches, nervousness, constipation or the irregularities peculiar to the sex, revive wonderfully under the cleansing and stimulating properties of

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

IT IS A POWERFUL SYSTEM REGULATOR

It extends its purifying and restorative influence to every part of the system. Women who are pale, sallow, weak and nervous soon pick up and become bright and cheerful under its excellent correcting properties. It clears the complexion, restores color to pale cheeks, sweetens the breath, brightens the eye and promotes regularity in the bowel movements.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Price \$1.00 per Bottle

Prickly Ash Bitters Co., Proprietors, St. Louis, Mo.

A. S. PORTER, SPECIAL AGENT

Community Co-Operation

Copyrighted Farm & Ranch--Holland's Magazine

So much has been written about co-operation of recent years that it would seem that the last word might have been spoken, and yet it is almost a certainty that every word written has been of some benefit; has attracted the attention of some one, to the advancement of the idea.

Community co-operation is an old idea dressed in a new garb. We have had community co-operation from the hour that Mother Eve was placed in the Garden, "an helpmeet unto her master."

Co-operation is one term for friendship. It is one of the links in the chain. When we find ourselves drawn toward an idea, a condition that appeals to our better impulses, naturally we want to offer assistance, especially if by so doing we see cause for betterment.

Co-operation might be termed—"United we stand; divided we fall." For it is but the assembling of thoughts, strength, ideas,

toward the general uplift.

At every turn in the highway of life we are brought face to face with the beauty of co-operation, or the ugliness of the lack of it. Take for example the freighter's team. We see them slowly moving along the public highway, each animal moving in regular cadence with its side partner. The movements of the van might possibly be slow, as compared to our fast freights, yet it is sure—co-operation exemplified.

Transverse this scene. We see the teams lunging and plunging, hither and thither. Driver, whip in hand, lashing and cursing—and the van standing still—lack of co-operation.

One of the most pleasing signs of the present day is the universal evidence that mankind is seeking the light of brightest ray to guide his footsteps toward higher effort and the surest road to this condition is the road whose guid posts bear this inscription—Co-operation.

Chronic Dyspepsia

The following unsolicited testimonial should certainly be sufficient to give hope and courage to persons afflicted with chronic dyspepsia: "I have been a chronic dyspeptic for years, and of all the medicine I have taken, Chamberlain's Tablets have done me more good than anything else," says W. G. Mattison, No. 7 Sherman St., Hornellsville, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. adv.

Cleanse the liver and bowels and regulate the system by using Prickly Ash Bitters. It creates and sustains energy. A. S. Porter, special agent. adv.

A good remedy for a bad cough is Ballard's Horehound Syrup. It heals the lungs and quiets irritation. Price 25c, 50c and \$1 per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv.

Paragraphs Pertaining to Community Prosperity.

Clipped from Farm & Ranch.

Plow and sow and let the fall crops grow.

Keep your eyes to the front; we are marching forward.

Plant wheat, oats, corn, sorghum, feterita, Sudan and other crops and feed animals on your farm.

Do not entertain the idea for a moment that you are too poor to afford simple but necessary conveniences in your home. You are too poor to do without them.

Good breaking plows are very essential. You cannot expect large crops and easy cultivation without good breaking, nor can good breaking be done without the right kinds of plows. Invest in efficient breaking equipment.

The struggle for existence among farmers is against surroundings, not against his fellow-man. The farmer rises by his own efforts and not at the expense of his fellows. There is a satisfaction in knowing that no one is made poorer because we prosper.

Let it be understood that so long as we have cotton, grain, hay, cattle, hogs, sheep, goats and poultry we are in good condition for prosperity. The fact that war in Europe has some what clouded the speculators' market should worry no one. Our products are as good as gold and there will be plenty of gold offered for them.

The public schools, the colleges and the universities will soon open for the reception of students. Our schools are worthy of patronage and the pupils are fortunate in having the privilege of attending where they may be trained for citizenship. Let every boy and girl of scholastic age be present the opening day of the public schools.

To the Teachers of Houston County

The County Superintendent wishes to announce the following dates for the closing of the school months for this session of school. For white schools the first month will end October 2, second month October 30, third month November 28, fourth month December 25 and so on for each succeeding four weeks. For colored schools the first month will close October 16, second month November 13, third month December 11, fourth month January 6th, and so on for each succeeding four weeks of the term.

All teachers in common school districts are expected to conform to the above dates in making out their reports irrespective of whether they have taught a full month on the specified dates or not.

Vers respectfully,
J. N. Snell,
Co. Supt. Houston County.

They Make you Feel Good

The pleasant purgative effect produced by Chamberlain's Tablets and the healthy condition of body and mind which they create make one feel joyful. For sale by all dealers. adv.

J. B. Laseter and family of the Daly's community left Sunday for Margaret, Texas, where they will make their home.

Printing

of the
Quality
Kind

LET US KNOW YOUR
PRINTING WANTS

WE'LL EXECUTE THEM IN A
SATISFACTORY MANNER
AND QUICKLY

The Messenger

CHILDREN CRY

Frequently and for no apparent reason when they have worms.

**WHITE'S
CREAM VERMIFUGE**
Is the remedy needed.

It destroys and removes worms, strengthens the stomach and restores healthy conditions. A few doses brings back rosy cheeks, vigor and cheerfulness.

Price 25c per Bottle.

Jas. F. Ballard, Prop., St. Louis, Mo.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

A. S. PORTER, DRUGGIST

Caskey and Denson Barbers

Your Business
will be
Appreciated

Shop in Lively building just around the corner off Main st.

Laundry basket leaves Wednesday and returns Saturday

ABSTRACTS

You can not sell your land without an Abstract showing perfect title. Why not have your lands abstracted and your titles perfected? We have the

ONLY COMPLETE UP-TO-DATE
ABSTRACT LAND TITLES OF
HOUSTON COUNTY

ADAMS & YOUNG
CROCKETT, TEXAS

Children that are pale, sickly and peevish, with dark rings under the eyes, fickle appetite, and who appear to get no nourishment from the food they eat are surely suffering from worms. Give them White's Cream Vermifuge and note the wonderful improvement. They soon take on flesh and are rosy, active and cheerful. Price 25c per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv.

Are You a Woman?

Take Cardui

The Woman's Tonic

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

I. N. Whitaker

WATCHMAKER and
PHOTOGRAPHER

You will find me at my office in Grapeland every Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

I repair watches, clocks, guns and sewing machines.

My Mamma Says -
It's Safe for
Children

CONTAINS
NO
OPIATES



FOLEY'S HONEY and TAR

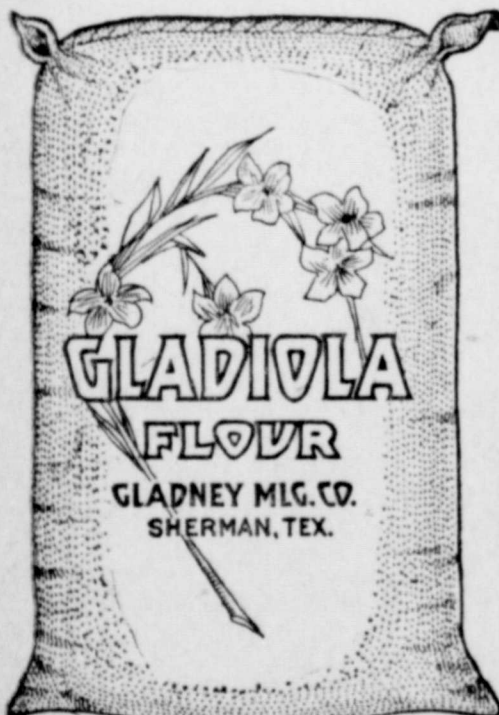
For Coughs and Colds

Sold by D N Leaverton

Buyers Are the People
Who Read Advertisements.

They Know Their Wants, but
Want to Know Where to Supply
Them

THE MESSENGER.



Here is a New Flour

Made in a new Mill by a new and perfect process which retains in the Flour *all* the richness of the wheat.

Try One Sack at Our Risk

It will make *better* Bread,
flakier pastry and *lighter* cake.

We Strictly Guarantee It

If it fails to wholly please you, Send
it back and we'll refund your money.

A Free Sack of
Gladiola Flour to
the winner of our
monthly baking
contests. Ask us
to tell you about it

W. R. Wherry

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Catron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without its tiring me, and am doing all my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. 1-62

A Man Feels Better IN A TAILOR MADE SUIT

Because it fits him all over and not in spots. Because there are no wrinkles and bulges to advertise it as a "hand-me-down." Because it is better made, will last longer and give better satisfaction in every way than a ready made suit. Because it is made to fit his figure, and not a dummy representing a thousand different figures and shapes. Because successful men are known to have a partiality to tailor made suits, and every man likes to be considered successful. Of course people prefer tailor made suits. Call in and see the new fall designs.

M. L. CLEWIS, The Tailor

Are You Going to St. Louis or Chicago



"The Only Best Way"

Offers Through Daily Pullman Standard Electric-Lighted, Fan Cooled, Sleeping Car Service.

ROUND TRIP SUMMER TOURIST TICKETS ON SALE DAILY

D. J. PRICE,
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.
Houston, Texas.

J. O. EDINGTON,
Ticket Agent.
Grapeland, Texas.

Patronize The Messenger's Advertisers

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED.

To visit our splendid exhibit at the following fairs: Texas State Fair, Dallas; Louisiana State Fair, Shreveport; and Arkansas State Fair, Hot Springs; National Feeders and Breeders Show, Ft. Worth, Texas, East Texas Fair, Tyler, Texas. We invite all our former students, their friends and those contemplating entering our school to visit our booth in the Exposition building, and see our splendid exhibit which has won first honors at all these state fairs. Our exhibit this year will be more extensive than ever before; it will be interesting and educational to old and young. We will have demonstrations on some of the most modern office appliances which are taught in our school. Speed demonstrations on the typewriter, exhibit of student's work in bookkeeping, business training, shorthand, typewriting, business administration and finance, penmanship and telegraphy. A visit to our exhibit will show you why we have the largest school of the kind in America, when you are shown clearly why it is that we can make you a more practical and thorough stenographer in three and a half months with the famous Byrne Simplified Shorthand than other schools teaching other systems can in seven months, and why it is with our original copyrighted systems of bookkeeping and business training than we can give you both a course of bookkeeping and business training in less time than other schools can give you a mere theoretical course of bookkeeping, and why it is that our practical department of telegraphy, the largest in the United States; with a loop of the Cotton Belt train wire, giving every message to our students that goes from Mt. Pleasant to Waco; every station blank and record book that is used by Western Union or Cotton Belt Railroad, turns out practical operators and station men; and that we place our graduates promptly into good positions.

From present indications we will easily enroll 2000 students this year. If you cannot see our exhibit at one of these fairs, be sure to write for catalogue and read what we guarantee to give you, what our former students say we have given them, and what their employers say of their proficiency. Address Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

Walter McCarty of Diboll sends us a dollar bill for his renewal.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE

The Houston County Teachers' Institute convened in annual session on September 7. The enrollment was the largest and the institute one of the most enthusiastic in the history of the county. There were 148 teachers in attendance. Superintendent Cyphers being sick, Mr. John N. Snell was appointed conductor and the institute proceeded to business. The following committees were appointed:

Committee on local institutes: J. H. Rosser, J. A. Mason, S. W. Duitch, Miss Beulah Ford, Miss Pearl Ady, M. S. Pelham, W. A. Reese, W. T. Daft.

Committee of debating and declamation: S. E. Tanner, J. L. Jackson, D. McDonald, N. A. Gant, Wade L. Smith, Miss Lena Bromberg.

Summer normal committee: S. E. Tanner, S. W. Duitch, R. J. Dominy, H. L. Burton, D. McDonald, J. L. Jackson, R. G. Cyphers.

The following resolutions were adopted by the institute:

1st. That we express our thanks to the school board and faculty of the Crockett school for the use of the building and also for other courtesies shown us while here.

2nd. That we thank the officers of the institute for their untiring efforts in serving us throughout this session of the institute.

3rd. In as much as the pastors of the different churches have been with us and have conducted our devotional services from time to time thereby inspiring us to nobler efforts in our work, we wish to go on record as thanking each one of them.

4th. We feel a deep regret that Superintendent Cyphers on account of illness was unable to be with us.

5th. That this institute go on record as favoring the enactment of a law requiring at least one trustee of each school district in the state to attend the teachers' institute for not less than one day each year and that they be allowed pay for such attendance in an amount equal to that paid for jury service.

6th. That this institute go on record as favoring the enactment of a law requiring the attendance of all pupils between the ages of nine and fourteen for at least five consecutive months of each school year, providing for any physical impossibilities. R. J. Dominy, Sec'y.

UNION SCHOOL

The Messenger is requested to announce that the Union school will begin Monday, October 12. The teachers in this school are Sam Duitch, principal; Miss Alice Montgomery, intermediate and Miss Rosa Ford, primary. In the summer, the people in this district voted a 50c tax and added more room to their school building. Prospects are very bright for a good school this term.

W. T. Hutchons, Nicholson, Ga., had a severe attack of rheumatism. His feet, ankles and joints were swollen, and moving about was very painful. He was certainly in a bad way when he started to take Foley Kidney Pills. He says, "Just a few doses made me feel better, and now my pains and rheumatism are all gone and I sleep all night long." D. N. Leaverton, adv.

Democratic Nominees

For District Attorney, Third Judicial District:

J J Bishop
of Henderson County

For County Clerk:
A S Moore

For Sheriff:
R J (Bob) Spence

For Tax Collector:
Geo H Denny

For District Clerk:
Jno D Morgan

For County Attorney:
B F Dent

For County Treasurer:
Ney Sheridan

For County Judge:
E Winfree

For Superintendent of Public Instruction:
John Snell

For Tax Assessor:
John H Ellis

For Representative:
J R Hairston

For Commissioner of Precinct No. 1—
Eugene Holcomb

For Commissioner of Precinct No. 2—
G R Murchison

For Justice of Peace, Prec't. 5:
Jno A Davis

For Constable Prec't. 5:
C R (Bully) Taylor

For Justice Peace Prec't. No. 2:
Clyde Story

For Constable Precinct No. 2:
J L Scarborough

COPPER RIVETS

O. BYRON COPPER

Thought is brain extract.

I hate to hear a man brag—except about his wife.

Lots of people think that the worst thing about sinning is being found out.

No man who is afraid of public criticism should ever aspire to public office.

The age of Ann was never any more of a mystery than that of any other woman.

Inspiration is like a bashful maiden; she isn't apt to smile on a fellow when there's anyone around.

The worst of it is, one half of the world doesn't give a darn how the other half lives.

To catch the eye of some people, one would have to have eyes in the back of his head.

Just as likely as not, Ben Franklin sat up late to write that "early to bed" maxim of his.

Folks often think a man has a chip on his shoulder, while in reality he is only letting the chips fall where they may.

Comparing the days of a child with those of a man, it seems one's years are shortened as his stature lengthens.

Avoid Sedative Cough Medicines

If you want to contribute directly to the occurrence of capillary bronchitis and pneumonia use cough medicines that contain codeine, morphine, heroin and other sedatives when you have a cough or cold. An expectorant like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is what is needed. That cleans out the culture beds or breeding places for the germs of pneumonia and other germ diseases. That is why pneumonia never results from a cold when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is used. It has a world wide reputation for its cures. It contains no morphine or other sedative. For sale by all dealers. adv.

When you have a languid, stretchy feeling, aches sensations in the legs, sallow complexion, bad breath, disordered stomach, constipated bowels and you feel "no account," blue and discouraged, LOOK OUT FOR CHILLS

You Have the Symptoms and If You Do Not Do Something You Will Surely Have the Disease.

HERBINE

IS THE REMEDY YOU NEED.

It is a medicine of marvelous power in ridding the system of Malarial germs. It acts promptly: the first dose brings improvement, a few days use drives out the disease completely. As a Chill remedy, Herbine is vastly superior to the old style syrups which sicken the stomach. It contains no quinine or poisonous ingredients. Its anti-periodic effect is derived purely from herbs which destroy the germs that have found their way into the system, and, through the admirable purgative effect of the medicine, they are driven out of the body. In all Malarial disorders the Liver is the starting point. It is torpid, and as a result the system is full of bilious impurities—a condition in which the malarial germ thrives. Under the influence of Herbine the Liver becomes active again, the system is cleansed of disease germs, bile and impurities, the digestion is strengthened and the bowels regulated. When the vital organs are purified and working freely there can be no Chills, Malaria, Low Spirits or Sallowness. The body is full to overflowing with a fine feeling of vigor, strength and cheerfulness.

Price 50c per Bottle.

JAMES F. BALLARD

PROPRIETOR

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Stephens Eye Salve is a remedy of great power in diseases of the eyes or eyelids. It heals quickly.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

A. S. PORTER, PRESCRIPION DRUGGIST

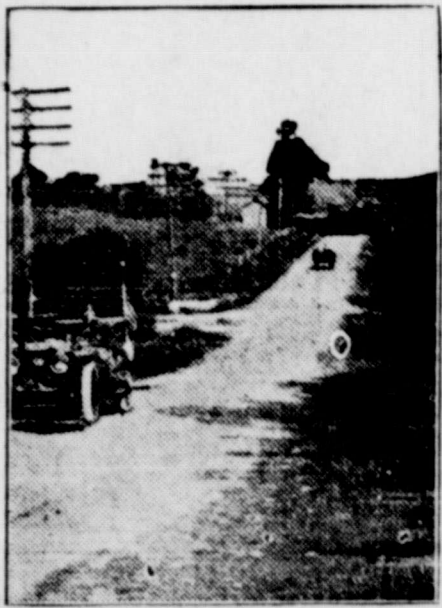
FOR BETTER ROADS

STUDY OF ROAD CONDITIONS

Department of Agriculture Endeavoring to Discover Points of Excellence in Road Maintenance.

Detailed studies of local road building systems in 100 counties are now being carried on by the agricultural department in co-operation with the state highway departments and local road authorities.

The purpose of this study is to discover the points of excellence and defects in existing local methods of building and maintaining roads which will aid the state authorities to put local road management on a systematized basis. The co-operating state authorities have been asked to designate counties that present typical and



Macadamized Road in West Virginia.

exceptional features as to topography, character of road materials, methods of construction and maintenance, administrative organization, methods of road financing, and traffic conditions. From these lists 100 counties will be selected, and in these counties the division of road economics will make intensive studies.

This investigation is prompted by the fact that there is at present very little knowledge as to the most effective and economical methods by which a county can develop its roads. At present the methods of financing local road improvements vary from calling on farmers for a certain number of days' labor in lieu of a road tax, or the use of county prisoners in road construction, to bond issues or maintenance of roads from dramshop license funds.

The department will study all of these systems with the view to determining what system or combination of systems works best in actual practice.

There is, moreover, at present no standard system of keeping accounts for road building and maintenance, and as a result, while some counties know to a penny the purpose for which money was spent, others have no definite check or reporting system. Among various counties with the same conditions cost for excavation or other labor is anything but uniform, and many counties, because of the absence of definite knowledge, fail to use local and cheap materials, and construct roads which are unnecessarily expensive for their purpose, or which will wear out before the bond issues are redeemed. The investigation will include a careful study of the use of convict labor in road construction.

In connection with the scientific study the department's highway engineers will advise freely with local officials as to improvements, and thus give each county visited the advantage of direct co-operation, engineering supervision, and assistance.

These investigations, it is believed, will yield important economic data bearing especially on the benefits and burdens of road improvement and showing the extent to which financial outlay under given typical conditions is justifiable.

The heads of state highway departments are manifesting great interest and are co-operating cordially in this work. These data when obtained will be published and thus made accessible to all county and state road officials.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS IS LINED WITH ADVERTISEMENTS THAT HE WHO RUNS MAY READ.

SOCIAL CENTER CLUB

The community of New San Pedro has an institution that has been running all the year—stronger now than ever—we believe few communities can boast of. It is a literary and debating society, was organized early in the year, and is a most wonderful success.

This society had its regular meeting on the night of the 26th inst., at which the subject, "Resolved that Gen. Santa Anna should have been executed," was discussed, the affirmative winning. Besides the debate, there were recitations by Misses Bertha Pennington, Lora Goodnight, Robbie Whitaker, Mr. Monroe Anderson, Master Gail Luce.

The greatest success of the evening was the rendition of that old time dialogue, "Bud Moses Experience with Matrimony." It called down the house time after time, and made a wonderful hit. The boys who constituted the comedy proved themselves very successful amateur actors, and this is true no matter in what avenue they are called on to take part.

Immediately following came the advertised ministerial sermon preached to the actors of the dialogue, and it seemed that this proved to please the audience more perhaps than any other feature of the program.

At this meeting of the society a proposition was put before the members, which they accepted, to merge the society into a Social Center Club. The debating and literary society is just as it has always been, but in addition to those features, we shall now have a discussion at each meeting on the problems of life, and a carrying on of the work which these clubs have inaugurated all over the country.

The society has its next meeting on the night of October 10, at which time the debating subject will be, "Resolved that a law should be passed prohibiting the raising of any cotton crop during the year 1912." Besides that, a large literary program will be carried out. In addition to this, Chairman Payne has offered two prizes, one for the girl under 15 years of age who will read the best composition, and one for the boy of same age who will read the best composition. Hon. John N. Snell is also scheduled to deliver an address.

The Social Center feature of the society will make its first appearance at this meeting, and a pleasant hour is promised in this regard. Everybody is cordially invited.

BASKET BALL TEAM

A basket ball team has been organized with Marvin Gilbert as manager and coach. A complete playing outfit has been ordered, and as soon as it arrives the team will begin practicing on the school campus. Mr. Gilbert hopes to train his team so that they will be second to none. It will also be a delightful pastime for the young folk.

JUNIOR LEAGUE

Leader—Melba Brock.
Subject—John 3-16.
Song, by the League.
Recitation—Bess Howard.
Song—Misses Johnston, Leaverton and Parker.
Reading—Roy Wherry.
Duet—Alta Kershner and Edgar Cromwell.
Reading—Thelma Lee Clewis.
Recitation—Cara Louis Taylor.
Reporter.

LITERARY PROGRAM.

Following is the program for Friday night, October 9, at the school auditorium.

Quartette, Messrs. Owens, Riall, Brock and Gilbert.

Recitation, Miss Lileen Brown.
Music, Miss Eula Rill Hollingsworth.

Reading, Miss Campbell.
Song, Misses Parker and Kershner.

Debate, affirmative, Mr. Campbell Lively, Miss Lura Mae Owens and Miss Winnie Davis; negative, Jack Murchison, Clinton Parker and Miss Maude Eaves.

Music, Miss Hanson.
Song, Misses Driskell, Howard, Taylor, Kent, Davis, Lively.
Dialogue, Roy Wherry and Balis Edens.

Jokes, Murdoch Darsey.
Debate, "Resolved that Texas Should Have Compulsory Education Laws."

Clyde Brown, who has been ill of typhoid fever four months in a Houston hospital, is here on a visit to his father. He is gaining in health rapidly and will soon be his former self.

A. E. Kent of Eldorado, Texas, spent a few days here last week with his father, T. S. Kent, having come here for the purpose of getting cotton pickers to help gather the enormous crop they have produced in his section. He carried back with him about twenty pickers.

Positively Masters Croup.

Foley's Honey and Tar Compound cuts the thick choking mucus, and clears away the phlegm. Opens up the air passages and stop the hoarse cough. The gasping, strangling fight for breath gives way to quiet breathing and peaceful sleep. Harold Berg, Mass. Mich., writes: "We give Foley's Honey and Tar to our children for croup and it always acts quickly." D. N. Leaverton. adv

RARE FIND FOR ANTIQUARIES

Skeleton of Man in Coffin of Masonry Unearthed Near Ancient Residence in Ireland.

Human remains have been found in a field on the farm of Colliston Mill, on the estate of Colliston, owned by Mr. Peebles-Chaplin of Colliston castle, Ireland. It seems that the tenant of Colliston Mill, Mr. George Bennett, while engaged in plowing operations on the farm, came in contact with a large stone. He endeavored to unearth the stone, but was unsuccessful, and he called one of his men to his assistance. On removing a quantity of earth with a spade a coffin built of masonry was discovered, with the skeleton of what appeared to be a large man inside. The masonry was covered with an irregular stone slab, and toward the foot smaller stones had been used where the slab was deficient in length to conceal the remains. The coffin was about three feet in width. The skeleton was practically intact, the skull being complete, while the upper row of teeth were in a splendid state of preservation. On being exposed to the air the lower jaw began to crumble away. Near the head of the skeleton an urn was found, chased with gold. The urn was five or six inches in height, and resembled an Indian vessel. The farmer communicated with the county police, who had the remains removed. The place where the discovery was made is in a field near the farm steading and in close proximity to Colliston castle, an ancient residence of much historic interest.

GOING AT ACTUAL

---COST---

As I have decided to change my business somewhat, I want to entirely close out some lines I am now handling. Therefore I am going to sell at actual wholesale cost all ladies, mens and children shoes. Everything in heavy underwear. Men's, and boys' hats, caps, suits and extra pants

GOING AT COST

Everything in ladies, men's and children's sweaters will sell at actual cost. All enamel and tinware will go at cost. The above prices will continue as long as they last, so it will pay you to come early and take advantage of these prices as it will be a great saving to you.

—YOURS FOR BUSINESS—

J. J. BROOKS

EAST SIDE

GRAPELAND, TEXAS

10c Per Lb. For Cotton

We take this method of informing our customers that we will pay them

10c Per Pound for Cotton

on a basis of middling on their account. In view of present unsettled conditions in the market, this is a very liberal offer and we hope it will meet with the approval of our customers.

Beazley & Kent

General Merchants R. F. D. No. 4

Cato's Follow-up System

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Author of "Do Something! Be Something!"

IF A MAN lambasted you on the eye and walked away and waited a week before he repeated the performance, he wouldn't hurt you very badly. Between attacks you would have an opportunity to recover from the effect of the first blow.

But if he smashed you and kept mauling, each impact of his fist would find you less able to stand the hammering, and a half-dozen jabs would probably knock you down.

Now advertising is, after all, a matter of hitting the eye of the public. If you allow too great an interval to elapse between insertions of copy the effect of the first advertisement will have worn away by the time you hit again. You may continue your scattered talks over a stretch of years, but you will not derive the same benefit that would result from a greater concentration. In other words, by appearing in print every day, you are able to get the benefit of the impression created the day before, and as each piece of copy makes its appearance, the result of your publicity on the reader's mind is more pronounced—you mustn't stop short of a knock-down impression.

Persistence is the foundation of advertising success. Regularity of insertion is just as important as clever phrasing. The man who hangs on is the man who wins out. Cato the Elder is an example to every merchant who uses the newspapers and should be an inspiration to every storekeeper who does not. For twenty years he arose daily in the Roman senate and cried out for the destruction of Carthage. In the beginning he found his conferees very unresponsive. But he kept on every day, month after month and year after year, sinking into the minds of all the necessity of destroying Carthage, until he set all the senate thinking upon the subject, and in the end Rome sent an army across the Mediterranean and ended the reign of the Hannibals and Hamilcars over northern Africa. The persistent utterances of a single man did it.

The history of every mercantile success is parallel. The advertiser who does not let a day slip by without having his say, is bound to be heard and have his influence felt. Every insertion of copy brings stronger returns, because it has the benefit of what has been said before, until the public's attention is struck like an eye that has been so repeatedly struck, that the least touch of suggestion will feel like a blow.

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