

# The Cotulla Record.

VOL. 9 NO. 14.

COTULLA, TEXAS, SATURDAY,

1907.

\$1 IN ADVANCE

## DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMINGS DISPLAY AND SPECIALS!



Next Wednesday we will show our magnificent line of Trimmings. We have the reputation of selling the best kind of goods and Dress Trimmings at the lowest kind of prices--and we will do it Better Than Ever Wednesday.



Don't Overlook the Fact that the Sale is for ONE DAY ONLY, Wednesday, 12th. K. BURWELL.

### BANNER SALES OF THE ASSOCIATION.

TWO CARS OF ONIONS NET \$2,371.29.

Were Shipped May 15th. From Eagle Pass.

The highest prices obtained this season for Texas Bermuda Onions made by the Southern Texas Truck Growers Association were on late onions.

Two cars, one containing 442 crates and the other 468, sold in New York for \$2,795.95, netting \$2,371.29.

They were shipped from Eagle Pass May 15th by Dolch & Dobrowolski, and sold about twelve or fifteen days later. Many of the onions went for \$3.25 per crate or 7 1/2¢ per pound.

The ability of the Association to hold the market up as has been demonstrated this season, will in all probability have a great effect on the marketing of the crop next year. Heretofore every grower has exerted his efforts to get his stuff on the market first. This season the first on the market brought the lowest price. The market steadily advanced throughout the marketing of the crop and the latest out brought the returns quoted above, which are absolutely correct as we have a copy of the account sales from the office of the Association, in our possession.

Messrs. Dolch & Dobrowolski, the shippers of these prize cars, state that the onions were gathered from a little less than three acres of land.

Raymond H. Seefeld returned last Saturday from the North. He accompanied Mrs. Seefeld as far as Memphis, who went to Virginia to spend the summer, and from there proceeded to Milwaukee and spent a few days with his parents. Mr. Seefeld is now making daily shipments of tomatoes from the Las Palmas Farm.

### BURWELL-POOLE.

At nine o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, June fifth, at the Presbyterian Church Miss Winnifred Burwell and Mr. Jonathan Cochran Poole were united in marriage. The sacred rites that pronounced the happy young couple as man and wife were read by Rev. F. A. Barnes.

A large concourse of friends of the popular young contracting parties were present to witness the nuptials. The big church building was crowded. The decorations of Ferns, Pot Plants and Palms were beautiful. The organ was covered with white and in the center worked out in red and white flowers were the initials "B-P."

Just before the entrance of the bridal party a beautiful solo, "Love's Old Sweet Song," was rendered by Mrs. Charles B. Jones. Immediately afterward, to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, played by Miss Mamie Wildenthal, the bridal party marched up the aisles to the altar. The ushers, Mr. John Nicholson and Mr. Price Daniel were followed up the left aisle to the altar by the groom and bridegroom, Mr. John H. Gallman, and up the right by the bride on the arm of her father, and bridesmaid, Miss Florence Poole. The ceremony following which united their lives for all time was beautiful and impressive.

The bride was beautifully dressed in a gray traveling costume and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid wore a lovely dress of blue and white silk and carried carnations. The groom and bridegroom wore conventional black.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Burwell and one of Cotulla's loveliest and sweetest girls. The groom was raised here; is an energetic, popular and successful young stock farmer.

The young married couple accompanied by the groom's sister, Miss Florence Poole, boarded the morning's Northbound train for

Springfield, Ill., where they will spend a few weeks then go to Chicago and probably Jamestown to see the exposition before returning home.

A large number of admiring friends went up the road with them to the meeting point of the returning train. Mr. and Mrs. Poole will be at home in Cotulla after July 20th.

### MILLETT NOTES.

Millett, Texas, June 7.—Our little town has been blessed by good rains recently and everybody feels encouraged.

One car of watermelons were shipped this week and while they were not as large as usual the present prices will bring the owner good money. The crop as a whole is late this year but in a week's time they will be moving fast.

Mr. J. W. Williams sold his place this week and moved to Pilot Point, Texas.

Mrs. H. L. Ray bought J. W. Williams place two miles from town and have moved out to their new home.

Mr. Mulholland of Cotulla was here one day this week on business.

Saturday night there was a skating contest at the rink for the best lady skater. Miss Eva Rowland won the prize.

Mrs. A. Bagsley visited in Ormy one day this week.

Mrs. M. Rhodes of Kennedy is visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. W. Ryan.

Mrs. H. C. Lane spent several days in the Alamo City this week.

Mrs. Dr. Starky and daughter, Miss Willie Bob, of Waco arrived here this week to spend the summer.

There is considerable activity in real estate circles. Several deals are now pending and will be closed by next week.

### LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Some fine watermelons are now in the local market.

There is a fountain filled with fizz, at Gaddis' Pharmacy.

For Sale—One team good work horses—TALBOTT & GUTHREY.

Judge and Mrs. C. C. Thomas returned first of the week from San Antonio.

C. J. Buckley and family, after spending a couple of months here, have returned to Eagle Pass.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Earnest returned yesterday from a visit to Millett.

D. Pearre, who spent several months of last year here, but who has been in Eagle Pass for some time is in the city again.

For Sale—One span of good big mules. For particulars see or write K. SCHROEDER, Cotulla, Texas.

Stopping our healthful delicious Root Beer is the height of enjoyment these days. Have you tried it? Gaddis' Pharmacy.

Walter Daniel, who is taking a Law course at the State University, arrived home yesterday to spend the summer months.

L. S. Stewart, who has been on the Las Palmas Farm here for the past two years left Monday for Temple to spend a few months.

Arthur Mabry returned this week from Topo Chico Springs, Mex., where had been taking hot baths for rheumatism. He is much improved.

Claude Rock returned yesterday from Wichita Falls. He says crops are backward and there are very poor prospects in that section this year—No wheat at all was raised.

Just received a nice line of dotted swiss in assorted colors, fancy waisting, D. C. Chambray, 40 in. lingerie lawn, long kimonos, and lots of other things. Y. P. Bowen & Co.

Prof. Daniel Smith returned Monday after a ten day's absence. He started to Huntsville but was

taken ill at Houston and had to turn back. He got as far as Kenedy to his brother's and was confined there for several days.

### A Pleasant Affair.

On Monday afternoon from 7 to 9 a delightful reception and fancy-work shower was given by Mrs. E. A. Keck and Mrs. W. L. Hargus at the home of Mr. Keck, in honor of Miss Winnie Burwell.

Mrs. Keck's beautiful country home was tastily decorated with pretty vines, grasses and flowers. In the hall the punch bowl was the center of attraction surrounded by lovely green grasses and filled with delicious and refreshing fruit punch and presided over by Misses Stanfield and Steele.

From the punch bowl the guests were conducted to the parlor and when all were assembled, the bride elect, on the arm of her maid of honor, Miss Florence Poole, entered to the strains of a march played by the phonograph, and was seated under a pretty white parasol loaded with dainty gifts of friends. At a signal from the hostess the spring of the parasol was touched and the "shower" of gifts fell on the head of the happy bride to be. The merriment of the shower had scarcely subsided when the sound of wheels attracted the attention of the party and it was discovered that the young men of the town had been invited—on the sly by Messrs. Keck and Hargus, for the evening and had arrived in a body.

After a cordial welcome and a visit to the beautiful punch bowl, the gentlemen proceeded to the parlor and arranged a mimic shower for the groom, in which red bandana handkerchiefs predominated.

Later in the evening delicious cream and cake was served and a most enjoyable time spent. At 11 o'clock the guests bid their kind hostesses good night with many expressions of thanks for the delightful evening and one and all voted the occasion a complete success.

### COTULLA SHIP WATERMELONS

FIRST CAR WENT OUT THURSDAY.

The first watermelons of this season shipped out of La Salle county went out Thursday. A carload went out from this station and also one from Millett.

The shippers from Cotulla were W. B. Guinn & Son, and Martin Nester sent out the car from Millett.

Both cars will no doubt sell for good money. The crop in this section will be short this season, as is the case all over the State.

### NEW LUMBER YARD.

Roland A. Gouger Making Extensive Improvements.

Cotulla is to have a new Lumber Yard. Roland A. Gouger, the proprietor, is now having built two sheds each 30 by 125 feet on his property on front street opposite the turntable. The railroad company will build a spur to the edge of their right-of-way, 80 feet from the sheds for his convenience in unloading.

The first car of lumber for this yard is being unloaded today, and Mr. Gouger tells us he expects fifteen or twenty cars within the next two weeks.

### Church Notice.

At the morning service in the Methodist church the ordinance of Baptism will be administered followed by a sermon on that subject.

To give all an opportunity of attending the closing services at the Presbyterian church of the retiring pastor, Bro. Barnes, there will be no services at this church at night.

The turntable will soon be removed from Cotulla and a Y used instead.

**The Cotulla Record.**

C. E. MANLY Editor and Publisher  
J. M. DANIEL, Associate Editor.

Subscription \$1.00 Per Year in Advance.

ADV. RATES ON APPLICATION

This paper is Insured by the Printers' Mutual Fire Insurance Association of Texas.

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SATURDAY JUNE 8, 1907.

Let the slogan for the next two weeks be "cleaner Cotulla." Then we'll change it to Greater Cotulla.

Woodward is to have a cannery. Hurrah for Woodward! How can Cotulla afford to do without one any longer?

The Washington Weather Bureau hit the nail on the head when they said summer was here. Some of the days of this week have been unusually warm.

Very few points in North or Central Texas escaped from furious, damaging and even death dealing storms this spring. Fortunately Southwest Texas has escaped.

Fort McHenry, in Maryland, has been abandoned. This fort has stood impregnable for one hundred and thirty years, the defense of which inspired the composition, "The Star Spangled Banner."

The time will be when every "dry land" farm in La Salle will have a well under irrigation, which can be had in almost every part of the county. Expenses running a large cotton farm can be made in this way out of early truck.

Over thirty thousand acres of school land was sold this week by the State in Crane and Ector counties. The price averaged about \$4 per acre. Only a few years ago this land was worth only a few cents per acre. For the last year State lands have been selling at the rate of a million and a half acres a month.

A Parisian newspaper makes the statement that last year Paris ate 40,000 head of horses, more than 22,000,000 pounds of horseflesh. In 1889 the consumption was less than 10,000,000 pounds, so it is seen that the eating of the flesh of this animal is on the increase. It is regarded as more healthful than beef and is supposed to be more wholesome in cases of tuberculosis.

Somebody has said that every acre of irrigated land along the Nueces for twenty miles each way from Cotulla will be worth \$200 five years from today. Who can doubt it since it has been demonstrated what can be done on this land. Even at this price a man can pay for it with one crop. This season \$160,000.00 worth of onions were sold off of three hundred acres.

In the enforcement of the National Pure Food law the United States government officials have ruled that the use of sulphur in making molasses shall be barred. The Louisiana Sugar Planters Association and State Board of Health have taken issue, and a test is being made with several dozen negroes in the house of detention at New Orleans. Blood samples are taken from the negroes daily and a close microscopic examination made, to detect the change of the patient from day to day.

**Why There is Always a Market for Alfalfa.**

The analysis by the Pure Food Bureau of one of the well known smoking tobaccos reveals to us why there was always such a ready market for alfalfa.

Some startling revelations have been made public about the trust goods—the tobacco that is advertised extensively as the genuine smoking tobacco. Every vacant wall is covered with large pictures and box car letters announcing its good qualities.

The government analysis of the mixture in the nice little sack that cigarette suckers have been puffing for "real tobacco," is 63 per cent alfalfa, 27 per cent tobacco 6 per cent arsenic, 1 per cent opium and 3 per cent of other fluids. There is enough arsenic in each little sack to kill a man if taken at one dose. The 1 per cent of opium put in for flavoring help to make the thousands for confirmed cigarette friends.

The revelation of the Pure Food Bureau will perhaps have a great effect on the alfalfa market, for the law requires the formula to be pasted on the sack, and it is hardly probable the trust will continue to sell hay for tobacco, when they have to stamp the fact on their goods.

We were always of the opinion that alfalfa was only a for animals, but we now see why it commanded such a good price.

At last the jury has been selected in the famous Haywood case at Boise City, Idaho, and the trial is now progressing. This trial is exciting interest among the laboring classes in every nook and corner of the United States. Haywood, with three other men are accused of causing death of former Governor Steunenberg of Idaho, by an assault with a boom. It is alleged that the defendants prepared with dynamite and other explosives, and so arranged it that when Governor Steunenberg opened the gate to his home a string attached to the gate upset a bottle of sulphuric acid, which coming in contact with the giant powder, set off the combined explosives. Haywood is a Socialist and socialists all over the Union are rallying to his support.

As the Record predicted, there is something doing with that reorganized Business Men's Club. Their work has already begun to show up in the appearance of the town and in a very few weeks Cotulla will be one of the cleanest towns in Southwest Texas. All streets are to be cleared of brush, and the job will be a permanent one because all roots will be taken out. Work has already begun leveling up the Public Square and when it is finished steps will be taken to put a neat fence around it. The petition asking for an election for the incorporation of Cotulla for school purposes, has already been presented to the County Judge and an election ordered.

The Reynolds-Neill report on the canned beef industry of the United States which went out about a year ago gave that it has not recovered until the present day, nor will not for some time to come. Not only was the blow a severe one at home but abroad as well. For the year ending with April 1906, 56,730,873 pounds of canned meats were exported and were valued at \$5,967,747. For the year ending with April 1907, the exports were 13,032,702 pounds and valued at \$1,330,283.

Coke and Bailey are both to address the Confederate reunion at Driftwood. Mr. Coke was first invited, which aroused Mr. Bailey's friends and upon agreement that politics would not be discussed, Mr. Bailey was also extended an invitation. They'll just have to stand up and look pleasant at each other.

**EXAGGERATE!**

A cultured gentleman has been teaching in a school for a number of years in our city the which necessitated our college. He was invited to go through which he did, taking interest in each and every ment as he was shown. When he had passed 15 different offices and room, he stopped at "I had often papers, and just making ment—made dr

We wish we were showing every publisher of the state through, and letting them see the wonder is by the accom large crowd of e. ie students, for it would mean a hearty support of every one of them.

OUR UNEQUALLED GUARANTEE. Any student upon arriving and seeing our work finds it not to be as advertised, will get his railroad fare paid both ways. After buying a school student finds he may hand to us a written statement to that effect and money paid for scholars other school ever gave such a complete guarantee. It is wonder that the Tyler College of Tyler, Texas, honor of enrolling more students than any other American business college.

If interested in a thorough practical training in shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Business Training, Telegraphy, work, and a good position your name and address, receive our large illustrated Name Address

**STRAIN TOO GREAT.**

Hundreds of Cotulla Readers Find Daily Toil a Burden.

The hustle and worry of business men.

The hard work and stooping of workmen.

The woman's household cares. Are too great a strain on the kidneys.

Backaches, headaches, sideaches. Kidney troubles, urinary troubles follow.

C. W. Heidemeyer, farmer, living twelve miles southeast of Braunfels, Texas, says: "Before I used Doan's Kidney Pills I had been troubled with kidney complaint and backache for more than four years. The secretions from the kidneys were irregular in action and contained a brick dust sediment. There was a burning sensation in the message. If I stooped or coughed any strain to come to the muscles of my back, I suffered severely. I used different remedies but obtained little benefit from them. Doan's Kidney Pills proved to be just what I needed and in a short time the kidney difficulty was corrected, the backache and heavy aching across my loins disappeared, and up to the present time there has been no return of the trouble.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

**Remarkable Free Offer**

Half Million Now Using Sal-Te-Na

The Mutual Drug Company of Cleveland, Ohio, have arranged with our local druggists to accept the TEN CENT COUPON printed below, the same a cash, in part payment for SAL-TE-NA, Effervescent Fruit Seltzer, their wonderful cure for Headaches and Constipation. SAL-TE-NA is a safe, certain cure for these troubles and acts quickly.

Take a dose of SAL-TE-NA before breakfast, and the bowels will move copiously in one hour. It doesn't gripe and is pleasant and agreeable to the most delicate stomach.

Children like to take it because it is pleasant to the taste and delightfully effervescent.

Every one of our readers should take advantage of the liberal offer of the Mutual Drug Company of using the 10 cent Coupon.

This offer is only for a limited time. The Coupon with 15 cents will pay for a 25 cent bottle of SAL-TE-NA. Cut out the Coupon at once and present it at your nearest drug store. Act at once.

**10c TEN CENT COUPON 10c**

This Coupon, with 15 cents, will pay for a 25 cent bottle of **Sal-Te-Na Fruit Seltzer** at any drug store when signed below:

Name.....  
Address.....  
State.....

Not Transferable. Only one bottle to each person. Good in any City.

For sale at Gaddis' Pharmacy.

**Where do You Buy 'Em?**

Do you get your groceries at any store, or do you trade in a certain place? Whatever you do we want you to make a note of our name. You may not always be perfectly satisfied where you are, and then we'd like to have a try at satisfying you. If the best quality of goods, reasonable price, and prompt treatment fail to satisfy you, you must indeed be hard to please.

**JNO. P. GUINN**

**FULLERTON'S FEED STORE**

Cor. Center and Main St.  
CORN, OATS, HAY, BRAN,  
CORN CHOPS,  
COTTON SEED MEAL  
W. H. FULLERTON  
Proprietor

**City Barber Shop.**

W. L. Pease,  
Prop.  
Haircuts in the latest style. Everything up to date. Hot and Cold Baths.  
Center Street.  
COTULLA. — TEXAS

**Millett Mercantile Company,**

DEALERS IN  
Lumber, Hardware  
and Wire.  
YOUR BUSINESS SOLICITED.  
MILLETT, TEXAS.

WASTE NOT  
WANT NOT  
**DEPOSIT YOUR MONEY**  
IN THE  
**WOODS NATIONAL BANK**  
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.  
IT WILL BE SAFE THERE  
—MUCH SAFER THAN IN THE HOUSE—  
AND YOU CAN GET IT WHENEVER YOU WANT IT.

**Y. P. BOWEN & CO.**  
Have Just Received  
**A New and Up to Date Line of Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes**  
THEY CAN PLEASE YOU AND YOUR POCKET BOOK.  
They also sell everything in the Grocery Line at Rock Bottom Prices. Handle Crockery, Glassware and Silverware and everything else that a first class General Merchandise Store carries.

**T. R. KECK,**  
THE LUMBER MAN.  
LUMBER, SHINGLES, WINDMILLS,  
WAGONS, TINWARE, BRICK,  
HARDWARE, FARM IMPLEMENTS  
COTULLA, TEXAS.

**G.W. Henrichson,**  
—DEALER IN—  
GENT'S FURNISHINGS AND FURNITURE.  
Our Motto. "Best Value for the Least Money."  
We sell the Famous Walkover Shoes.

FRANK B. EARNEST. FRANK W. EARNEST.  
**EARNEST & EARNEST,**  
REAL ESTATE.  
Cotulla, Texas.  
We have improved and unimproved lands for sale in all parts of the county. Can sell you what you want and at the best figures. Land in large or small tracts and suited to all purposes. We are ready to show you what we have at all times. Write to us or call on us.

**THE SECRET OF A SUCCESSFUL GROCERY**  
is in keeping just what the public taste demands. We have no room for unreliable goods, and we do not believe in handling anything for which there is no call. No matter what you buy here, you may feel assured of the quality. The prices assure you that you are getting your money's worth.  
**D. L. Neeley**

L. A. Kerr, President. T. C. Frost, Vice President. G. W. Henrichson, Cashier.  
**The Stockmens National Bank.**  
COTULLA, TEXAS.  
Capital Stock, \$75,000. Surplus, \$15,000.  
We Solicit Your Business.

**Steam Engines and Boilers.**  
GASOLINE ENGINES, WINDMILLS,  
GIN MACHINERY, PIPE, CASING,  
FITTINGS, ETC.  
**S. A. Machine & Supply Co.**

**Building More Sheds.**—T. R. Ek, the lumber man, is building more sheds for lumber stock. He has at present a shed 60x160 feet and it is not large enough to hold the stock he is carrying.

**Fine Well of Water.**—Frank Rock tells us that he has just had a well put down on his farm 8 miles from the river and at less than a hundred feet found an abundance of pure water.

**Good Fishing.**—The recent rise in the Nueces has made fishing good. Parties who have been out this week made good catches of channel catfish, and these fish afford considerable sport.

**Heavy Station Work.**—Agent H. Mills has at last succeeded in getting plenty of help to properly handle the business of the L. & G. station here. The agent at this station has always been overworked and not allowed enough force. He force now consists of two operators, a clerk and porter.

**Repairing Sidewalks.**—The business men along Front street have united and are repairing the cement sidewalk which has broken and is in bad shape in many places. Simon Cotulla started the movement and all of the property owners on the South business block readily agreed to put the walk in first class condition.

**Talking Cotulla.**—John Nicholson returned Monday from a business trip to San Antonio. Mr. Nicholson says Cotulla is being talked of by San Antonio people more than any other town in Southwest Texas. He says if you stand around any of the hotel lobbies and keep your ears open for five minutes you'll hear somebody say something about Cotulla.

**Watermelons Getting Plentiful.**—Watermelons are getting more plentiful. They have been on sale at the stores for a couple of weeks, but the price has been such that only the rich could afford to partake. However they are some cheaper now and in a few more days they will be down to where everybody can eat them. The crop will be short this year, not only in La Salle county but all over Southwest Texas.

**Cotton Looking Well.**—Farmers from all over the county report that the cotton crop is looking extremely well notwithstanding that it is considerably late on account of the dry spring months. It is the opinion of the farmers that unless the boll weevil gets in the fields early a fairly good cotton crop will be raised. Shillings new gin will be ready for work in plenty of time. It is a first class outfit with three stands and farmers will not have to wait long to get their cotton ginned as has been the case heretofore.

**May Change Schedule.**—A circular letter was sent out this week by I. & G. N. headquarters to all towns on this division of the road pertaining to a proposed change in the schedule of passenger trains. If the change is made the Southbound train that takes dinner here will not be affected. No mixed trains will be run and the night train instead of leaving San Antonio at 9:30 p. m., as at present, will not leave there until 11:30 p. m. The change will be in effect at Cotulla about the same time that it does now. A train will leave Laredo at 7 o'clock every morning, always being on time, reaching San Antonio at 12:30 p. m. No. 4, Northbound will leave Laredo on arrival of Mexican National but will make no stops between San Antonio and Laredo. Should the schedule be changed as proposed we could rely on the Northbound train always being on time, but we would only have one train a day going North, and for this reason most of our business men are against the change, and have so stated their reasons to the management. We have not learned what other towns have done in the premises.

**ONION EATERS GOOD HUMORED.**

"If the people would eat more onions," said the man with the smothered beefsteak, "the world might have to hold its nose, but the population of St. Louis would be a great deal healthier."

"Most of us eat too much meat and grease and butter and bread and not enough vegetables, and the consequence is our systems get clogged up with grease and starch, our livers get out of order and we grumble at our wives and scold our children and fuss when the baby cries and quarrel with the street car conductors, and get in rows at the office and lose our jobs, not because we are naturally sulky or quarrelsome, but because we are bilious? Because we don't eat onions. You never saw a dyspeptic man eating onions. He thinks they are poison, but, in fact, they are the medicine that he has most needs."

"Whenever you see an onion eater you see a whole-souled, open-hearted, jolly fellow, who knows what he ought to eat to keep him good-humored. Talk about the staff of life, why, bread is only a crutch. There is more nourishment in an onion than there is in a roll. The onion lovers keep the world moving, to say nothing of providing it with much of its fun." —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**NOSEBLEED.**

Bleeding from the nose occurs more often with the young than with the old, and with males than with females. Although always annoying, and sometimes alarming it is very seldom fatal. When death occurs from hemorrhage from the nose, there is generally some serious condition of disease to account for it, for example, when the affection occurs in subjects especially liable to hemorrhage—the so-called "bleeders."

An ordinary case of nosebleed will generally yield readily to simple home remedies, and need cause no alarm. It is characteristic of many people to become unduly frightened at the sight of blood, and to do the wrong thing in foolish panic. Thus, with nosebleed, the patient will keep the head bent well down over some receptacle, in this way doing everything to favor the flow, when he should rather sit upright or even stand, so that gravity will act to draw the blood away from the head.

Cold tends to constrict the small blood-vessels and check bleeding. If it is in winter, and the air is cold, breathing deeply through the nose at an open window will sometimes cure the nosebleed, or a little piece of ice passed into the nostril from which the blood comes will often answer the purpose. A piece of ice applied to the back of the neck and the spinal column just below is occasionally efficacious.

In severe cases a wide tape or handkerchief tied tightly round the arms and legs may arrest the hemorrhage by withdrawing a large part of the blood temporarily from the general circulation. The constricting bands should not be too tight, nor should they be left on too long. After the bleeding has ceased the bands should be loosened one at a time, so that all the retained blood is not returned to the circulation at once, as this might cause a renewal of the bleeding.

When these simple remedies prove of no avail, and the hemorrhage goes on, a physician should be called in. A too-prolonged nosebleed will bring about a condition of weakness and anemia which may render the sufferer an easy prey to any of the numerous forms of infection always in wait to storm a weakened citadel. The reason why the service of a physician should be sought in obstinate cases is because he can immediately, with the aid of certain appliances, satisfy himself as to the exact spot in the nasal passages where the trouble originates, and bring his resources to bear upon that spot, and thus no time will be lost in experiments.—Youth's Companion.

**Peters Shoes**  
"All-for-Wear" Stand Hard Service.  
Our "All-for-Wear" shoes are of heavy weight, and made to resist the hardest wear.  
The solid durability of our shoes is a guarantee of the excellence of our fine dress grades, as in our 7 special plants each different grade of shoes is a masterpiece and standard of uniformity for other grades.  
TRY ANOTHER DEALER IF YOURS HAVEN'T THE QUALITY OF OURS.  
**Peters Shoes**  
WE MAKE MORE FINE SHOES IN THE WEST.  
Sole and Heel  
St. Louis

**Round Trip Tickets**  
Now on Sale for JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION  
And to All SUMMER TOURIST POINTS  
To Points in CALIFORNIA and MEXICO CITY  
And to CLAUDROFT, N. M.  
**SUNSET ROUTE**  
Southern Pacific Steamship Line  
Between New Orleans and New York. Steamships PORTEUS, COMUS and ANTILLES, the finest in the Coastwise service.  
Write for particulars  
JOS. HELLEN, Gen. Pass. Agt.  
HOUSTON, TEXAS.

**For Sale**—June corn at two and a quarter cents per lb. f. o. b. Eagle Pass. Sample at Record office. Ed BUCKLEY.

**FOR SALE**—Mabin Cotton Seed in any quantity. Also Watermelon Seed. CHAS. OBELTS, Devine, Texas.

**FOR SALE**—I have a few choice young cows, high grade Jerseys, the kind any child can milk, that I am offering for sale as they come fresh in milk. Write me. I might have just what you want.  
BRUCE ROBERTS, Devine, Texas.

**THE WIFE BEHIND THE URN.**



There's a man behind the capital,  
The man behind the gas,  
The man behind the enterprise,  
The man behind the son.  
Though all-important they may be,  
I quit them and return  
To her who cheers my home for me—  
The wife behind the urn.

What though the frenzied financiers  
Do tear each other down;  
I leave my struggles, cares and fears  
Behind me in the town.  
For splendors and the gauds of pride  
I'll never, never yearn,  
No other gift can rank beside  
The wife behind the urn.

The wind may shake the window-pane  
And boogie in the flue;  
Our roof can shed the driving rain,  
Our love sheds trouble, too.  
With CHASE & SANBORN'S coffee, dear,  
True comfort do we learn;  
I pledge you in its fragrant cheer—  
The wife behind the urn.

For Sale by Geo. E. Tarver.

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Write for free sample copy and home test proposition.  
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The Children's Department is presided over by a mother, assisted by other mothers who know how to make this department more interesting than any similar department in any other publication. It is not necessary to warn the children not to read the advertisements.  
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Its Department of "Farmers' Organizations" is intended to aid in building up organizations run honestly in the interest of actual farmers.  
Editorially and every other way its proprietors and editors fight for the right of the producers, and will continue to do so. It has no interest in any other publication or business not in direct line with this policy. FARM AND RANCH is the honest man's friend, the home builder's guide. Every home would be benefited by its weekly visits. It costs nothing to learn all about this great family, farm and stock journal. Why not try it in your home.

## Sagebrush Philosophy

Never since Rameses originated the doxy bill of sale and the kiln-dried warranty deed has anyone ever succeeded in getting something for nothing, the which was rally and truly his to have and to hold without a scream from the other owner. We must do business at the desk—always the ta-ra-rum of the cash register—the ever-present equation of the pound of flesh or the fiddler to pay. In the stone age, of course, everything was everybody's and the biggest stick was title in itself to whatever he might fancy, from cave and range to grasshopper waffles and wives. Brawn was the only bank—attorneys and abstracts of title and courts of record were still bottled in future oblivion. Ownership was vested in the ruffian who had it last. With civilization came formal conveyance and current coin—the proposition of adequate exchange—since when, in matters of barter and trade dyemoid, nobody has ever beaten the game of inevitable recompense.

And yet there is always the ass who thinks it is easy—the fellow with the breakfast-food brain, the elongated gill and moist mitts. Witness the historic hike of Ponce de Leon in search of a fountain spouting eternal tonic which has contributed to the gawdy of all nations ever since, although countless thousands are still following in his footsteps. The olden time alchemists who spent their lives in trying to transmute black sand and incantations and toads' livers into precious metals were wise men compared with the poor fools who today insist that the story about that pot of gold at the end of the rainbow is true and they're sure going to get it.

Everywhere a mob besieges the bargain counters where are sold blue sky and gold bricks—everywhere the investor who is going to make that successful if unscrupulous financier the late Captain Kidd, look like a dirty deuce. There is no lack of barkers—the metropolitan press fairly bristles with seductive advertisements—of inventors who are about to take a trip around Venus—board of trade farmers who guarantee ninety-nine bushels to the acre—business investments promising an impossible profit—high-grade oil at a billion dollars a barrel, and pure gold and silver and copper, your own choice, at ten cents the ton.

It was only a few months ago that a St. Louis quick-rich outfit failed whose books proved the robbery of thousands of patrons and the exposure of which was so complete that it ought to have been a warning to every other fool in the wide, wide world. Later, another Philadelphia concern which had robbed enthusiastic investors of a million under promise of a return of forty-eight per cent—and the St. Louis thieves had only promised thirty—went to the wall. This matter of interest—of per cent profit—is governed by inviolable ought to understand, and yet the more impossible the promise the more readily it is accepted as a bonded pledge by some people. Charitable souls are laying up treasure in heaven by buying wireless telegraph stocks, every day. An air-line railroad between our two greatest cities is being built on paper and in a few capacious pockets—as certain to be completed and prove a paying proposition as is the Panama Canal, or a subway from here to hades—whose lithographic souvenirs are constantly advancing in price and for which otherwise sensible men and women are cheerfully coughing up real rhino of the realm. Only the other day the courts seized a gigantic oil and pipe line syndicate by the collar which has received for stock in gold cash more than a million and which never had much more than that many cubic feet of superheated ozone in available and marketable assets. Half-page advertisements lousy with patent medicine testimonials and lying illustrations promise mining stock investors fortunes in from ten seconds to twenty minutes—and people are buying you bet. Joint stock companies organized for the sole purpose of providing shareholders with fat and juicy dividends far beyond the possibilities of every-day business increment are always popular—particularly those having to do with some mechanical marvel which the inventor is determined shall not fall into the hands of unscrupulous and already over-fred millionaires. Have a brick sir—guaranteed ninety-nine pewter fine? Hey there! don't crowd—and make way, please, for the chesty chump!

Any energetic wind-splitter who knows his business can secure financial assistance nowadays if he but promise something for nothing—any folly, apparently, can be exploited with profit. What is the answer—is it that inherent inclination in human nature to take a chance? Surely every adult ought to have better sense than to buy stocks of which he knows nothing other than that they are advertised. Stocks which have any value are not sold that way. There is no lack of capital today to back any legitimate enterprise—no need to offer real mines or promising prospects even, through the newspapers. The inventor who really has something to sell will always hand it to the man who has money—there's nothing wrong with his heart or his health. The banks are bulging with wealth that isn't working, and on which depositors are always anxious to realize something more than current interest. If the promoters of these rick-quick schemes were honest there wouldn't be this fearsome waste of postage stamps and printer's ink—the small investor would never get in on the ground floor in a square game.

In simple truth, brethren, statisticians are away off in their estimate of a sucker every minute. And this willingness to be robbed pertains to other things in life beside mere money. Of what value is the opinion of any man who is so easily misled—is his judgment likely to be sound on any proposition? The remedy? There ain't any. Only that if we don't mend, the man who ten years from now expresses a sensible opinion will be mobbed. Meanwhile, make way there for the chesty chump!

## NATIVE PALMS IN TEXAS.

Noble Grove Near Brownsville is Being Destroyed.

There is a grove of noble palm trees in Texas as impressive and beautiful, as rare and unique as those famous Sequoia giants, the wonderful redwoods of California. They are the only trees of their sort in Texas or in the United States. Far down where the Rio Grande, the Nile of America, which, like its namesake, takes its source among the eternal snows, flows forms a delta in its lower reaches as rich as that of Egypt, stands this grove of palms. These king-like trees lift their tops fifty feet or more toward tropic skies, crowning tops surmounting stately columns whose beauty is umn of architecture.

Sisters are these palms to the famous palmettos of Florida, but finer and greener and far more beautiful in every way. Once they adorned this delta along the Texas border from the old town of Edinburg, now Hidalgo, to Brazos Santiago. Once they stood in verdant groves all along the lower Rio Grande valley, but between the march of progress, commercialism has swept them away, as it has the buffalo and the red man, and as it would have swept away the famous redwoods if the people of California had not awakened to their value and stopped the slaughter. Even now but a handful are left of the original number of these grand palms, but even these are a stately grove, the admiration of every lover of Nature who is permitted to look upon them.

Harvey Stiles, in making a plan for the preservation of what remains of the stately palms, which are native of the soil upon which they grow says: "I do not know how it shall be done, but last week when I visited them there was only a remnant, bravely whispering their strange, sweet story. Since I had last seen these groves along the river front, a few miles below Brownsville, hundreds of the most beautiful had been slaughtered, and only their prostrate trunks and ruined crowns remaining. More are being taken out constantly and soon all will be gone unless ruthless destruction is stayed. The ground they occupy is being preempted by the husbandman, but a part of this grove, at least, should be saved to the state and preserved as a monument to the donors and a priceless boon to the people of the State."

It may be added that the owner of a part of this palm grove, since it came into his possession, has endeavored to preserve it and has stopped the destruction in so far as his holding permits.

The problem in Ohio, is not only to sit on the lid, but to get Foraker under it.

## MAGNOLIA

Following is the story of H. Bushway a Fruit Grower at Alcoa:

In a review of an industry there found one item, invention or the fruit, that looks fellows and overs. The science of (for fruit growing is no exception) all branches of o found one variety eminent; for in as a standard wh as are judged th Alberta; in appa in oranges, Satsuma as their position is a fellows it becomes d compared to that wa to South Texas, th which to other fig useless as likenin soft uncertain lig sun; as over all it a peer, a king ar the greatest rev known to the world.

For years th fruit was clouded and it is of compar date that the veter turist, Mr. Gilber has discovered its ning as known in States. As a com it is only a few the first orchards being only twelve

Fourteen years impressed with the Magnolia fig and h extensive experie to determine w it should be propagated in n ed in orchard and tem of cultivation. As a result of the growing of the fig an exact sketch as brie the methods pursu

Nearly every grove here on the proven well ad growth of the tre evidence that the strip running northeast where the greatest per of this strip and b largest commer ted States.

Preparation of Land.—The first thing of im putting of the state of cultivat the fact that we here, it requires time to get our to snooded, and at the soil will give of plant food th tial to tree grow be plowed, disc several times b planted. The last throw the land u feet apart.

Selection of T item is naturally the pure Magnoli a great deal of e nomenclature of many trees are through the igno of the type of t An examina reveals the molia fig is of eral different efore the prosould purchase en grown from bearing orch first grade of own, one year e used, and in ould be set 15x 193 trees per trees should in two feet of planted.

he grower has is money away orchard unless the right kind pruning. Cul start early in be continuous summer. We ards early in we work them arrows, which mulch on the out the entire

hway method: outh starts on pring, all buds off of the trees n of two or these we allow to make a well These young a strong vigor ripe na little fall, and will n of your fut number of sys have been in without excep

tion all our growers now use what they call the "Bushway method." The reasons for this system become plain when I explain to you that the Magnolia fig produces fruit only on the wood of the current year's growth; with this fact before us we have to follow well known laws governing plant growth in order to obtain the best results; it is a demonstrated fact that severe pruning stimulates wood growth. At the end of the first year we prune off all of the new wood with the exception of six or eight inches; each one of these stubs in turn throws out from two to four strong limbs, each one of which is a heavy fruit producer; and to strongly illustrate this point, I have here photographs taken in our three year old orchard; remember now that the first year we left never more than three branches; you will see that this three year old tree has now over twenty fruiting branches, which will give you some conception of how the work is done and how rapidly the tree expands. The orchard in which this photograph was taken brought us in a revenue of \$44 per acre eighteen months after it was planted; and the crop the next year on the three year old trees brought us in \$97 per acre, or a total revenue of \$141 per acre for three years from the time trees were planted. This means we have received back in cash much more than our total investment, including land, preparation, planting, pruning culture and gathering the crop. After the third year no orchard of which I have record has failed to pay less than \$150, and more often they have paid over \$300 per acre annually.

Marketing.—The great problem that confronts us in the growth of our fruit and vegetables is to find a market at prices that will pay us for our work; with figs there is no such problem, as the demand is and will always remain far in excess of the supply; the reason for this is two-fold: (1) The section adapted to their culture is limited to a comparatively small strip of land bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, and were every acre set to this fruit we would not hope then to supply the demand. (2) The supply of trees for planting is very limited and the total available stock for this year will plant only a few hundred acres. People who have not investigated can have no conception of the demand for this fruit; nearly all of the Magnolia fig crop is now contracted for five years in advance and the preserving companies are ready and anxious to enter into long time contracts to take the fruit at a handsome price even before the trees are set in the ground.

Last winter I went East to confer with the largest preserving company in the United States, taking with me samples of the Magnolia fig; the result of this trip is that this company has asked me to take a contract to supply them with 1,000 dozen gallons of Magnolia preserved figs. Just think of it, 1,000 dozen gallons. Why, that's more Magnolia figs than has ever been produced in the world and more than will be produced for many years to come, and understand, they explained that this was only a trial order and they hoped later to make larger contracts.

There will be erected here at Alcoa a large preserving plant capable of caring for all the figs that may be produced in this territory and the packers pay you cash for your fruit; therefore, the market is at our door. For your information will state that one company here at Alcoa has contracts to plant over 200 acres of these figs at this point between now and the 1st of March. To the man who wishes a profitable and sure crop I commend the Magnolia fig.

A CONTINUED STORY. Beginning with the first week in July a continued story will be published as a feature of the paper in the future. The best available stories under the copyright law will be run, each set and printed direct from type as the rest of the paper. This feature will add no little, we trust, to the attractiveness of the paper. Until that time a short story will appear each week.

Missouri proposes to tax bachelors, and also raise the price of marriage licenses. That certainly looks like playing both ends against the middle.

"Don't eat much meat if you want healthy children," says Dr. Watson of Scotland. As long as price remains at the present level, a great many people will unconsciously take his advice.

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# THE ELEMENTAL

By Edward S. Pilsworth.

Billings sat in the snow and watched the freight train disappear around the bend.

"Hell of a game," he muttered, as he scrambled to his feet. "To take a man's last four cents and then can him off. I wonder where I am." When discovered by the trainman, Billings was asleep in an empty; his offer of four cents was accepted, then he was bounced. The day was biting cold, and every snarling gust of wind searched a fresh hole in his clothing; the snow chilled his feet; his teeth rattled against each other. Night was falling, and he had no resting-place.

"Got to get somewhere," he muttered. "Wish I had some of that coin I blowed. Well, here goes for luck."

He struck away down the railroad track, intent to find a farm-house, the snow percolating through the rents of his shoes upon the dirty toes, and his feet slipping on the ties. Drawing the dilapidations of his garments tight around him, he shuddered in their insufficiency, as his desponding figure slouched along. The jeering wind cut in between the abortive collar and his neck, and Billings indulged in commensurate profanity.

After a little he stopped and gazed around. The distance was hazy with hoar, for it was too cold to snow. A thin ripple of smoke filtered up to the dismal skies. For a while he stood, then plunged into the snow toward it. A sunken fence wire caught his toe and pitched him headlong; the barb lengthened the rip in his right shoe, and more chilly flakes insinuated themselves. He arose and struggled forward, falling into ditches and staggering wildly over stubble. Once, as he trod on deceptive ice, it broke and let him down; when he scrambled out, he was wet to mid-thigh, and the splintered ice had plowed a jagged furrow in his leg; he bound his neckerchief around it, the blood staining his dirty fingers.

He whimpered as he dragged himself along, cold and hungry, almost frozen; but the house was looming closer, and with it food and shelter. His feet were void of feeling, and his hands numb, as he rattled with his elbow on the door.

A woman, thin and faded, of a colorless individuality, opened it. She carried a child, about fifteen months old, in her arms, and Billings could see she was very near her trouble.

"Well," she harshly queried, "what do you want?"

"I'm a honest man, lady," he answered, with his professional whine, "out of work, and cold and hungry. Could you help me to a bite to eat and let me sit by your fire to warm myself?"

"No," replied the woman. "We don't want no tramps around here." She said it more with indifference than animosity. "I ain't got nothing for you," and she shut the door.

Billings' experience was catholic, and he should have been prepared, but the woman impressed him with such a terrible forlornness, that he had expected better things. When he heard the lock click as she turned the key, despair obtained the mastery, and he sat on the steps, his head in his hands.

He was aroused by a tapping on the window and, with hope reawakened, raised his head. The woman was motioning to him, and he went close to understand.

"Lady," said he, "I'm starving, and I'll work for what you give me. Help a poor man to a little food, missis."

"Go away," she ordered. "I'll do the work first," said he desperately. "Christ madam, do you want to murder me?"

"If you don't leave, I'll set the dog on you," was her answer.

The man gave up; such flinty indifference staggered him, some way it assorted so ill with the decorous gravity of the woman.

With weighted footsteps he stood a moment pondering, then directed his course toward the barn. A dog came and looked wonderingly at him as he examined the door; it was locked. The dog came closer and licked the bloody cloth around his leg; then, as the man bent for a stone to smash the staple, bit him. Billings cursed with horrible profanity and forced his frozen limbs stumblingly away.

The legs of his trousers were stiff with ice where the water

had frozen upon them, and below he knees he had no feeling, save for a little tingle back of his wound. Sometimes he would stagger runningly, then, if his foot struck an inequality, he stumbled; occasionally he fell. Automatically he blasphemed; when he discovered himself, he intentionally continued.

Presently, he knew not how, he found himself close to some snow-laden pines; he crawled beneath in the hope of shelter, sitting hunched together in a bundle, his frozen hands within the ragged coat. Then he started upright, for some one had laughed. Excitedly, he hunted; no one was near. Then, in wild surprise, he heard it again and knew it for himself. Was he going mad? He thought he would if he stayed there, so he got up and wandered away.

It was dark by now, and he knew little of his direction, or whether he went; times he hit against things, once he bumped into a tree, twice fell over fences, and the barbs tore deep gashes in his rags. Then he found a little lean-to, one side and a roof upheld by posts, and underneath a heap of snow. Unthinkingly he disturbed it, and below was straw. In this he huddled for a space, but the chill caught his marrow, and he felt himself nodding. With a jerk it entered his mind that this meant death, and he arose and recommenced his stumblings. His stomach was faint, and he reached and swallowed a handful of snow; the deadly cold within him grew terrible. He was stumbling over a stubble field, the corn stalks scratching his weary legs, when he suddenly stumbled down a slope and saw the tracks of wheels.

Something dark was close to him upon the road, and he seemed to hear the wailing of an infant; looking close, he saw it was a woman carrying a child, without head-dress or cloak or decent outside covering.

"Madam," said his chattering voice, "for God's sake, tell me where I can get a piece of bread."

The woman pushed by with the crying baby. The tramp stood a moment, vaguely wondering, then followed, just as he had done many times with prosperous men in cities.

"Lady," he continued, "I am a starving man. Tell me where I can get some shelter."

The woman did not answer, and suddenly it was borne to Billings that it was she and not the infant who was crying. A curious feeling shook his faculties, a strang commotion seemed to stir some life within his frame; here was one more helpless than even he, because she was a woman. He marveled slightly at the odd emotion.

"Lady," said he, stumbling close. "kin I do anything for you?"

The woman turned a startled, swollen face, dimly discernible in the gloom, and Billings saw it was the woman who had refused him earlier in the evening. She stood and tried to speak, but succeeded only in producing racking sobs; suddenly she let her arms drop, and Billings, he knew not how, caught the baby and saved it from a fall.

"My husband," said she at last, "same home drunk and turned me and my child out of doors."

"The hell you say," said the man. He felt he could gaze her sufferings by his own. "He didn't meant to do it, eh?"

"Yes. He struck me, and pitched me through the door."

"And he a man. Well, I'll carry the kid a bit. Where do you want to go?"

"I ain't got nowhere to go."

"Let's go back and see if he'll let us in."

"He might. P'raps he ain't so drunk now."

The woman walked in strange, contorted attitudes, and every now and then would interrupt the silence with a plaintive moan. They reached the farm-house in a little while and hammered long before receiving a response. Then a window opened, a man leant forth; there was a flash, a detonating report, and Billings heard the charge of a shot scatter along the porch.

With a wild cry he whipped around the house; he wondered that he still held the baby. A few seconds, and the woman joined him; Billings thought about her trouble so near, and his heart filled to a strange pity.

"Say," he said, "ain't you cold?"

"I am chilled clean through."

She was taut with the cold.

The man heaved a deep sigh

and, remembering a condition, discovered a woman. "My coat," she said, "but take it, the child."

"Wrap it a yourself," she answered. "The kid's a; put it on and searched his wretched at,—he had the spurt of the woman licker out somewhere."

"We can't stand here; you'll freeze, and the kid'll freeze; and that crazy brute may come out and blow off somewhere."

"Let's go down to the barn," she replied. "You bet. Got a key?"

"I can open it," he answered, with a devious propriety. "As they crossed the dog came and smothered through it growled further hostilities, produced a key and pad-lock."

They groped within and climbed the snow, where, with of content, Billings child to the woman to the straw. Warr he would soon be threw it over him, it, and buried him; his face, hTen, with of heat, came frigid and he groaned an around in agony. took no notice. A about, his hand s thing and smashed it, well as he could, with fingers, and discover was an egg.

With horrible avid he licked his hand, sucked the straw, felt around and found a dozen more. Thinking of food or rotten, he crunched them in his mouth, smashed them in his teeth, and swallowed shells and all. Six or eight served thus, then told the woman.

"What," she said, "you ain't eating them, and eggs so high? They's mine; them and what I have for my own."

"But, Lord, I'm starving. I ain't eat today, and I'm cold and hungry."

"Well, you ain't got no right to them; they're mine," I tell you."

"All right," said Billings, "I'll quit." Even he, tramp and hobo, shuddered at the elemental selfishness of the woman.

For a time there was quiet, broken now and then by a short moan from the woman. Billings felt that the eggs had done him good and dozed as much as his pains would allow, but feeling was returning to his limbs, and the gash in his leg pained terribly. The frozen trousers were thawing and had become a sop of wet. Then the child began to cry, and the woman began a patient, monotonous crooning; the sound seemed to irritate instead of soothe, and the infant broke forth into wild shrieks of terror.

"Can't you do nothing for the kid?" asked Billings. "He wants his bottle, and it's in the house," she answered; then, continuing, "I wonder if Joe would let me in."

"Let's try, anyhow," he replied, and they groped their way down the steps and out of the door.

The wind blew chill to the man, and his feet burned like fire when the snow bit them; he winced with agony as they shuffled to the house. The woman knocked at the door, but they received no answer, and after repeated hammerings she flushed it open and tremblingly entered.

After a space she returned. "He is asleep," she said. "Here is your coat, give me the child," and then, without a word of thanks, re-entered the house and shut the door in his face.

He gazed upon it vacantly, then, with a jeering laugh, put on his coat and limped away toward the barn.

"Well, I'll be damned," said he, as he snuggled once more in the straw. "Here goes the rest of them eggs, anyhow."

Perhaps it is incorrect to say that John W. Gates has taken to the woods, but he has planted a forest near Paris.

The fruit crop has been killed so early this year that there may be time to grow another just as good.

Delmas is referred to by a correspondent as a finished lawyer, but what is bothering Attorney Jerome, is whether Delmas will be his finish.

## Proposed Amendment to the State Constitution Creating the Office of Commissioner of Agriculture.

Joint Resolution proposing an amendment to Article four (4) of the Constitution of the State of Texas, by adding thereto a section to be known as Section 27, providing for a Department of Agriculture, with a bureau of labor.

Be it Resolved by the Legislature of the State of Texas:

Section 1. That Article four (4) of the Constitution of the State of Texas, be amended by adding thereto Section 27, when a majority of the qualified electors for members of the Legislature of Texas at an election for that purpose shall vote in favor of the amendment, shall read as follows:

Section 27. The Legislature shall provide for the office of Commissioner of Agriculture, who shall be either elected by the qualified voters of the State, or appointed by the Governor with the advice and consent of two-thirds of the Senate, as the Legislature may provide; whose term of office, duties and salary shall be prescribed by law; in which department there shall be established by the Legislature a bureau of labor, when required by the public interest.

Sec. 2. The Governor of this State is hereby directed to issue and have published the necessary proclamation for the submission of this resolution to the qualified voters for members of the Legislature of the State of Texas, as an amendment to the Constitution of Texas, to be voted upon on the first Tuesday in August, 1907. All persons favoring said amendment shall have written or printed on their ballots, as follows: "For the amendment to the Constitution, providing for a Department of Agriculture and a Bureau of Labor." And those opposed to said amendment shall have written or printed on their ballots, as follows: "Against the amendment to the Constitution, providing for a Department of Agriculture and a Bureau of Labor." And the sum of (\$2000) two thousand dollars or so much thereof as may be necessary is hereby appropriated out of any funds in the Treasury of the State of Texas, not otherwise appropriated, to pay the expenses of such publications, proclamation and election.

(A true copy.)

L. T. DASHIELL, Secretary of State.

## CAMPBOR TREES.

It is not a generally known fact that camphor trees grow remarkably well in the Gulf Coast States. They make a fairly rapid growth and are a hardy tree. The bruised leaves are redolent of this well known drug. The trees also make a fine mindbreak. The United States Department of Agriculture is now making experiments with these trees at Pierce, Tex., in order to determine their value for this purpose. As yet they have not been utilized in this State for drug purposes.

San Francisco druggists are now putting Japs heads on poison bottles instead of the skull and cross bones.

If it is to be Roosevelt against Bryan, next campaign, the trusts will have to take to the tall timber, but even that will hardly do any good.

The Greek word for martyr and witness are the same, but Senator Foraker made a big mistake in turning his negro martyrs into witnesses.

With Senator Tillman, Jeffries Davis and Bob Taylor in the next Congress, the tickets to the galleries have already been exhausted.

There is still hope. There seem to be almost as many Republicans opposed to the ship subsidy as there are in favor of tariff revision.

J. P. Morgan has reached the age of three score years and ten. Pity the sorrows of a rich old man.

According to the Baltimore Sun, we spend \$5,500,000 for baseball every summer. But it seems worth it, every time some one on our team smashes out a home run when the bases are full.

## University News Letter.

The outlook for the summer school is very encouraging, and the attendance promises to exceed the unusually large enrollment of last year. It will probably reach considerably beyond the 600 mark. As an indication of the remarkable growth of the university, it may be noted the enrollment in the 1906 summer school of 580 exceeded the total enrollment for the whole session of 1897-98. Many of the most progressive school men of the State have in recent years been taking advantage of the opportunities for university study offered during the summer session and there will be an increasing number of such students the coming summer. A large number of city and of county superintendents have expressed their intention of being present. In view of the County Superintendent law passed by the present Legislature, special provisions have been made for providing instruction in the important problems of county supervision.

Congress has approved a law providing for increased air space in vessels. Thank God, its provisions don't extend to Congress itself.

Ohio has suddenly taken its place in the center of the political stage, by reason of the great fight between Senator Foraker and the supporters of William H. Taft, Secretary of War. These are great men, but Foraker has been defending corporations and railroads so long, he is not alive to the interests of "the people" as he is to the great corporations from which he has grown rich. Secretary Taft believes in making the corporations "obey the law" and treat all alike. The people of Ohio will see to it that the great Secretary triumphs over his honest, but undesirable Presidential aspirant.

Senator Wm. Alden Smith began life by selling papers, but that is a great deal better than ending it as a peanut politician.

The plain people out in Ohio must be doing an awful sight of thinking for they are not saying much.

"One Wife Too Many" is a headline in a contemporary. But some monogamists will wonder why that is startling enough for a headline.

Philadelphia appears to be more content with corruption than enamored of reform.

As the Storers have gone to France to live, France might send Maria as a special envoy at Washington.

The President has been presented with a baseball pass. Next we shall hear of the Big Bat.

The next attack on dementia Americana is expected to occur in Chicago.

The Chicago clergyman who says the world is too light-hearted evidently hasn't fallen in with E. H. Harriman lately.

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# PEN PICTURE OF THE GAMBLING CURSE.

## THIRTIETH LEGISLATURE BROKE BACKBONE OF DAMNABLE PROFESSION.

[BY K. LAMITY BONNER]

I do not really believe that the Thirtieth Legislature was the brightest, best or the handsomest ever convened in Texas. Of course we smart people who have never served with a body of that sort can sit back on the outside, and tell exactly what ought to have been done, and what ought not to have been done. We are out of bullet range or sword thrust, and have no trouble in explaining precisely how the battle was lost or won.

In my feeble and modest manner, I always endeavor to be fair, even to an enemy. Ham in nature is not only liable, but absolutely certain to err on any honest mistake, however serious, is always pardonable. You may make a mistake and thereby do a man a mortal injury, and still be deserving of pardon. The man who shoots and kills another man, believing at the time that he was shooting at a deer or a wolf, surely is not beyond the pale of pardon, notwithstanding he has done an irreparable injury. It is the intention of the deed that constitutes the crime.

To begin with, no other Legislature that ever convened in Austin, had to contend with such strenuous and demoralizing conditions as existed when the Thirtieth Legislature opened business with prayer. We all know its history by heart. Texas will never forget it, and the bare-faced shame of it will bring the flush of humiliation to the face of every honest, patriotic democrat in all the years to come. The greatest consolation I have is the proud thought that no native born son of the glorious old Lone Star State has ever been accused, much less forced to confess himself guilty of accepting financial favors from the acknowledged enemies of her citizens, while holding the highest office in their power to bestow, while at the same time he was drawing a fat salary from them with the regularity of a colored cotton picker. We had to import a man to do that. The man on picket duty during war times, who should be caught borrowing money from the opposing general, may be perfectly honest and reliable, but he is always court-martialed and shot as a traitor, by the men who sent him on duty. He ought to be shot, because he jeopardizes the safety and welfare of every man who trusted him.

After the Thirtieth Legislature got through with the sham battle and finished whitewashing the barracks, there was naturally a spirit of discord in the ranks, and God knows that fact surprises no one. How on earth any useful legislation was ever agreed upon, is the wonder of the present century. But the Thirtieth Legislature did pass some first-class laws to a certainty, and if no other measure entitles the members to fame, the anti-gambling law will make them immortal. May the just God of Heaven and earth forever bless every man who voted for it.

Of all the evils that ever demoralized the sons of men and dragged bold and naturally noble souls down into the slush holes of Poverty, Pain, Disgrace, Crime, Wreck and Hell, that of gambling is an easy winner. In its diabolical heinousness, and insidious hellish effects on the moral characters of men, in comparison, the crime of ordinary murder and robbery is merely a childish and simple indiscretion. The man who waylays his honest neighbor, shoots him down and ransacks his pockets for a few miserable pieces of silver certainly commits a crime that shocks and startles every honest citizen. It almost bankrupts the imagination to picture a graver crime, yet I speak in all sincerity when I declare that the crime of gambling as a profession is a

thousand times worse, and if I can not prove it, I will acknowledge my error publicly. I believe every man in this world is held personally responsible for not only his deeds, but for his words, especially when such deeds of words may affect the life, welfare or happiness of others, and standing as I know I am in the presence of the great God who never fails to read our inmost thoughts, and never err in judgment, I am handling this subject bare-handed, and as forcibly as my ability and my limited knowledge of my native language will permit. I am merely turning shoemaker, and if the work don't fit, don't wear it. The buck is up to you.

In the case of a man who kills his neighbor for money, he of course, takes a very valuable and treasured possession, his life, and plunges his family into the most bitter grief, but there the effects of his misdeed ends. Supposing his victim to be a just man, his body is laid tenderly in the grave by loving friends and relatives, and his spirit returns to the just God who gave it. He died an honest, a true, and a respected citizen, and he has gone to that home where murderous thieves will never more molest him, leaving behind him an honored name which his children are proud to call their own.

Let me paint another picture. I will first draw the portrait of a young man, strong mentally, morally and physically. He is the pride of father, mother, brothers, sisters and friends. From happy youth to a perfect manhood, he passes without a single shadow of trouble to vex his soul or mar the glorious expectations of a thriving friends and relatives. A magnificent success seems easily within his grasp, and the thought of failure never enters his mind. His ideals are high—his self-reliance as strong as twisted ropes of steel, and he forges ahead of many of his less gifted companions, as easily and as surely as the thoroughbred racer outstrips the plodding plow horse in a contest of speed. Honors pour in upon him.

The business world, quick to detect genius and ability, soon places him in an exalted position of trust, where thousands of dollars pass through his hands in absolute safety.

I will next paint an edifice with towering spire—a magnificent church. The bells are pealing joyously as a crowd of happy people enter the stately portals. The grand organ peals forth the wedding march, and I draw the forms and faces of the smiling throng watching this noble young man leading to God's altar a blushing young woman—the same girl with whom he romped and played with when she wore short dresses and long curls. It is a picture of the happiest moment of an honest man's life—a scene which the devil never witnessed unless he peeps through a crack or a key-hole. The young man is a prince, and the young woman is a princess. No king was ever more blessed or more happy and contented. The young man not only looks like a real prince, but he feels like one, knowing that he rules supreme over the richest and sweetest realm on earth—the true heart of pure girl.

The next scene is the happy home, the devoted husband, and later when roses bloom and sunshine warms the earth and human hearts, a little curly-headed baby girl joins the happy pair. She is just a duplicated of the pretty little girl sweetheart who used to make him the most delicious mud pies when they played housekeeping, and he begins to wonder how heaven can possibly be a happier or more desirable place than his present home.

The next picture is some years later and shows him rich and prosperous. He not only has plenty of money of his own, but the wealth of others is entrusted to his skillful management. Feeling absolute confidence in his ability to withstand every temptation, I next paint him leaning against the

polished railing of a magnificently furnished barroom drinking last a wee bit of plain booze and laughing at the funny jokes of his companions.

In the next picture we find him in an upper room—over the saloon, of course, and palatially furnished—an interested looker-on at a game of chance. Badgered by his jolly companions he enters the game—just for fun of course—and as the devil always knows his business, the next picture, drawn an hour later, paints him back at the bar, flushed and pleased over the fact that he has beat the game, and is \$500 ahead. He "sets up" to everything in sight, and goes home comfortably "full," and swears, it is his first and last night of gambling.

Foolish man! He will go back just as sure as the poor moth returns to the flame. They seldom if ever fail.

The next pictures are drawn in rapid succession. First of course are winnings—big winnings—because that's part of the game. Finally when the old Spider—the Devil—has succeeded in spinning his web sufficiently strong to prevent the escape of the Fly, sure and certain, begins to draw in the cords tighter and tighter, and then the grand fluttering begins. The victim is as surely doomed, as though he was dead and in his coffin. That insidious, and hellish thirst for gambling, inherent in almost every human breast, may lie dormant for a life time, but when once fairly aroused is a through ticket to hell, and is never quenched until it lands him torn and mangled, a hopeless wreck for time and eternity.

His money now goes the other way. In his foolish conceit he believes in his skill to cope with the professional, who with sphynx-like face, placid, calm and as unfeeling as a marble statue, sits quietly dealing him such "hands" as he, the dealer, desires, and ranking in his victim's gold like hay upon the meadows. He has no more chance to win than a snowball has to become an ice-berg in hell.

First his own money goes—then some other man's money. It makes no difference if he uses a few thousand dollars of the firm's money. He has charge of the books and of course will replace it in a day or so—as soon as his luck turns. That's the old cry—originated by the devil and always ready for use. He used to come home early and have a jolly good old time with the pretty little wife and curly-headed baby girl, but now they go to bed without him, and baby's answer the question "Why don't papa come home?" is answered evasively by the heartbroken mother, who soothes the child to sleep and turns off the light to prevent her seeing mama's tears.

My God! I hate to complete the last picture. But a solemn duty compels me to do so. It will not be overdrawn.

There is a sound of rushing wheels at an early hour in the morning—a quick sharp ring of the door bell—answered by the pale young wife who has been awake and dressed all night long, in absolute terror on account of a premonition of impending misfortune. An aged, gray-haired man—her husband's father—meets her, and at sight of his face in the early dawn she falls fainting into his dear old arms. She instinctively knows what has happened. With that God given strength, and courage possessed only by woman, she soon masters her weakness and they enter the carriage and drive rapidly away. They soon arrive at the parlor of an undertaking establishment, and without a word having passed between them they go inside. Approaching a low marble table, they stand silently gazing upon all that remains on earth of that once magnificent man. The cold pale face, with lids closed over sightless eye, is turned upward, but a jagged hole near the broad white forehead tells the tale of disgrace, detection and self-murder. The frail little woman kneels and kisses the man who has made her

the most happy and the most miserable being on earth, and her pure heart still clings to his mangled body, while her lips cry out in piteous wails—"O God, forgive him—he knew not what he did."

It's a horrible picture, but there is not a line, a stroke of the pencil or a tinge of color that has been overdrawn. There are thousands of heartbroken struggling women all over this great country today, who will recognize the picture and swear it is correct. Texas has had her share but bless God it will cease, no matter what few mistakes by commission or omission may be charge to the Thirtieth Legislature of Texas, the honest men, women and children of this State owe it a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid, and God will bless them for having the courage to pass a law that will place all future gamblers in a position where they will be able to earn an honest living by working for the State.

Remember, I have no sort of excuse or apology to offer for a man who is senseless enough to fancy he can beat a professional gambler at his own game. He deserves little or no sympathy, yet the law just passed will remove forever the temptation, and if he is fool enough to thrust disgrace himself and bring such untold horrors and grief to his family and relatives, he will have to leave Texas to do it, because the man who becomes a successful gambler, has too much sense to risk going to the penitentiary. The gambler will simply leave Texas, or remain here and try the honest method of earning money. It may come a little hard at first, but some of them are pretty good fellows as the world goes, and will soon get used to it. The good thing the law accomplishes. It puts the everlasting kindness eternally and effectively upon that rapidly increasing gang of would-be-gambling squirts, who are always hanging around the old established headquarters of professional gambling houses. They always manage to have at least one first-class tailor made suit of clothes, a sunrise cravat, and a diamond ring or stud, ranging in size from a black-eyed pea to a grind stone. They pike around these hell holes like tumble bugs in a back alley, ready to "roll" anything in sight. Even the shine on your shoes wasn't safe when they were near. Their chief ambition was to decoy some sap-headed country egg-plant into a back room, fill him full of recent hand-made dynamite whisky and go through him like Mineral Wells water through a six-inch hose. They were awful pretty, awful smart, and just as brave as an armadillo with a hide twice as tough. God only knows how nice and sweet they are going to look in a cotton patch, but they have got to do it, leave Texas, starve, or go to the penitentiary. They are bound to eat occasionally, and the 3 ball man won't turn over their grind stone diamond unless they pay up, and the old professionals are not going to keep donating half dollars and quarters for Chinese pies, so I fear these young hollyhocks are going to wither or going to work. A few of the real smart ones will take the risk, and wind up in Huntsville, playing checkers with their noses, but the majority will hit the cotton patch. You are not going to catch any of the old wheel horses grazing around on such dangerous ground. They are not fools, if they are gamblers.

I am not particularly or enthusiastically or demonstrative over such matters, but if I was one of the good ministers of the gospel, I would suggest a special service in every church in Texas, for preaching the funeral obsequies of gambling, and then offer special thanks to God for giving us the Thirtieth Legislature, that passed the law.

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One Piece Dotted Swiss, Pink with a White Floral Design 25c goods at 15c.	One Piece of Silk Mull white with lay- ender and blue, 35c. goods at 20c.

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### Married at Millett.

Miss Stevie Ray and Mr. Lee Harr were united in marriage at Millett Wednesday, May 29th, Justice J. B. Shull officiating. Mr. Harr is an industrious young farmer and the bride one of Millett's most popular young ladies.

### Enroute to Mexico.

Mr. L. W. Sledge, formerly station agent at Cotulla, but now at Thorndale, accompanied by his bride, passed through Cotulla Thursday enroute to Mexico City on their bridal tour. Mr. Sledge was married at Rockdale Wednesday evening to Miss Maggie Lockett, one of the most popular young ladies of that city.

### Hinton-Pearce.

A quiet wedding was celebrated at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. J. W. Hargus, on Wednesday morning the 5th inst., when Prof. C. J. Hinton, principal of Carrizo Springs High School, and Miss Agnes Pearce, also a popular teacher of that place, were united in marriage, by J. Stuart Pearce, brother of the bride. Pastor of First Baptist Church, Mexia, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Hinton left immediately for San Antonio, thence, to Kentucky, where they will spend the summer with Prof. Hinton's family.

### Change of Hour.

The service at the Presbyterian church tomorrow will be at 8:30 p. m., instead of 11 a. m., as announced. You are invited to attend.

Miss Katie Lesterjette and Sam Johns and Roy Jennings left last Saturday for Tyler to take a business course in the Tyler Commercial College. This College is becoming very popular with young men and women of Cotulla, who desire a business education, and practically all of them go to Tyler. Alfred Gardner left about ten days ago to attend this school. He expects to take a course in telegraphy.

Rev. F. A. Barnes has resigned his work here as pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and will go to Sherwood, Texas. The change was on account of his health, which he thought would be better in a higher altitude. Rev. Barnes has been pastor at Cotulla for a number of years; he is a true Christian gentleman and it is with regret the people see him leave. Dr. Williams, a former well known physician of Cotulla is now a resident of the town where Rev. Barnes is going.

Mr. J. W. Allen of Woodward, was among the callers at our sanctuary this week. Mr. Allen said things were looking up out at Woodward since the rains in May.

About 1500 acres in cotton was up and being cultivated and with usual amount of rain the next two months, there is no reason why the crop should not be good—barring the boll weevil—notwithstanding its lateness. Mr. Allen will take charge of the Woodward farm part of the Woodward tract this year and demonstrate what can be done in the way of truck growing. He says he put out a few onion sets the past season and they made good onions without any water except the natural rainfall.

### Tax-Payers Notice.

The Honorable County Commissioners' Court of La Salle County, Texas, will convene and sit as a Board of Equalization on the 2nd Monday in June, A. D., 1907, the same being the 10th day of said month to receive all the Books and Assessments List of the Assessor, for inspection, correction, equalization and approval.

G. H. KNAGGS,

Clerk County Court,  
La Salle County, Texas.

## BATH BENEFITS

The skin should throw off certain poisons generated in the body. When it does not, a sort of poisoning marked by dullness and lassitude results. For the skin to perform its functions properly, right bathing is required and right bathing requires right bath requisites. We have them. Neutral soaps that cleanse thoroughly, superb bath sponges that add to the luxury, bath mats and brushes to make the skin healthy, toilet waters to stimulate and purify the pores, etc. Low prices on all.

## GADDIS' PHARMACY.

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Call on J. P. Guinn in need of fresh groceries.

Advertise for it in the Record and you will get it.

Swift's Premium hams at J. P. Guinn's.

White Star Laundry basket at Gouger's store.

D. T. Williams was in town from Prairie View during the week.

John M. Daniel went to San Antonio Thursday on land business.

Anything and everything in the grocery line at J. P. Guinn's.

Send your Commercial Printing to the Record office.

Manhattan blue enameled ware at J. P. Guinn's.

Les Petty is building a neat little cottage in the Eastern part of town.

Subscriptions taken at this office for Holland's Magazine—Texas best magazine.

Mrs. W. T. Hill and children are visiting at the J. J. Irvin ranch this week.

Quite a number of new farms will be opened up on the river this summer.

### YOUR NEW SPRING SUIT—REED

L. P. Williams returned Thursday from a business trip to San Antonio.

Max Goeth came in Monday from a business trip up to San Antonio.

Vernon Smith and B. S. Powell returned Sunday night from San Antonio.

Commissioners Court will meet Monday as a Board of Equalization.

The first carload of lumber for the new Lumber Yard arrived Thursday.

Mrs. Harry Knotts, Miss Dottie Reed and Mr. R. O. Gouger went to San Antonio Sunday.

The mesquites throughout Southwest Texas have produced a monster crop of beans this year.

Clarence Jennings of Zapata county is in the city for a few days visiting his mother.

Mrs. W. S. Hester of Stockdale is in the city visiting Mr. and Mrs. Roland A. Gouger.

Mrs. John H. Davis and children are in the city visiting Mrs. Davis' sister Mrs. C. B. Jones.

Quite a number of Millett Masons were here Saturday night to attend the regular meeting of the Masonic Lodge.

J. R. Bell of Cuero came out first of the week to see how his ranch interests in La Salle were progressing.

Tom Miller, former of Cotulla was slightly injured in the S. P. wreck at Lozier last Sunday morning.

Lost.—Nickle plated watch. Thought to be lost between Post-office and Neeley's store. Return to this office for reward.

G. B. Gouger, a prominent business man of Stockdale is here for a few days visiting his brother, J. A. Gouger and other relatives.

Our Job Department has been crowded with work during the past ten days but we can fix you up promptly—send in your order.

W. H. Johns has been in the city this week from Webb county where he is building a dirt tank for Jos. Cotulla. He says abundant rains have fallen down in that section, and relieved the stockwater shortage.

The new hotel at Woodward has been completed. Mr. E. A. Herman is the proprietor.

Miss Agnes McCurdy of Carrizo Springs is visiting at the home of Dr. J. W. Hargus.

Miss Jamie Thomas, who taught the Minera school in Webb county this year, came up Saturday last and will spend the vacation months at home.

There's no reason why you should not patronize the White Star Laundry. They do the best work. Basket at Gouger's Store. Orville Carr, agent.

A team was mustered up last Tuesday evening and played the Artesia ball team at Artesia. The game resulted in a victory for Artesia, the score being 9 to 1.

Mr. Nelson of Indiana was here this week looking for a home and it is very likely he will be numbered among our citizens before long.

R. E. Robinson has the contract and is now building a beautiful two-story residence in the Southern part of town for Mr. T. R. Poole. The building was designed by Mr. Cox.

Atty. John W. Willson left Thursday for Chester, where Mrs. Willson is now visiting. He goes on a combined business and pleasure trip and expects to be back in about thirty days.

J. M. Scott of Pearsall is here doing some surveying for Jno. M. Daniel and other parties. The Oppenheimer tract of land one mile East of town is being cut up and sold out in 5, 10 and 15 acre blocks.

Mr. T. H. Miller and family of Cuero arrived in the city Thursday and will make this their future home. Mr. Miller is a brother to Col. W. A. H. Miller. Our little city welcome him and his estimable family.

### Dentist Coming.

Dr. Goodman, dentist, was unable to keep his appointment here on account of being crowded with work. He will be in Cotulla Friday, the 7th, for one week. Free examination. All work guaranteed.

Captain J. H. Rogers and family of Austin came down Monday to be present at the Burwell-Poole nuptials. The Captain and ranger force are stationed at Austin now. Mrs. Rogers and children will remain in Cotulla several weeks visiting relatives.

John J. Burris of Sanderson is here on a visit and says he might decide to stay all summer. John says practically no rain has fallen West of the Pecos since last September and many cattle are dying in that part of the State from starvation.

Dr. Goodman dentist, of Devine, is in the city for a few days and located at the Exchange. He has been at Encinal for several weeks and the rush of work there was the cause of him failing to get here on the date advertised a couple of weeks ago.

Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Talbott left Wednesday morning to be gone about three months. Mrs. Talbott will visit friends in North Texas, while the doctor will go from here to Nebraska, and spend a while with a son, and then drop back down to Missouri, his old home. They expect to return to Cotulla about September 1st.

H. W. Earnest, manager of the Millett Mercantile Company was in the city Tuesday evening. Mr. Earnest says Millett will be shipping watermelons right along in a few days, and while the crop is not going to be very large they expect to put out quite a number of ears. Watermelons will be short this year and the price is expected to be high.

### OFFICERS.

G. M. Magill, Pres.  
Frank B. Earnest, V. P.  
V. H. Harding, Cashier.  
J. H. Gallman, Asst. Cashier

### DIRECTORS.

K. Burwell,  
Jno. M. Daniel,  
Roland A. Gouger,  
H. C. Lane.

## Cotulla State Bank,

CAPITAL STOCK \$25,000

Money Loaned on Real Estate Security.  
See Our Travelers Checks. Good Anywhere on Earth.  
Small Deposits Accepted.

## WATCH OUR GROWTH

We do a Conservative Banking Business on Strictly Banking Principles.