

## Data Collected by Associated Press Correspondents Indicate Heavy Prohibition Vote throughout North Texas.

### VICTORY CLAIMED BY BOTH SIDES.

#### EACH EQUALLY CONFIDENT IN TODAY'S ELECTION.

Indications point to a heavy vote today on the amendment throughout the State. The campaign has been a hot one in every section, and last night headquarters of both pro and anti organizations were confident of victory.

The opinion prevails generally that the fight will be close, but there is no way of telling until the ballots are counted.

The Southwestern Telephone Company will furnish returns from over the State until midnight. Returns will be bulletined under the big light in front of Gaddis' Pharmacy.

### HOW TO MARK YOUR BALLOT.

In every election there are many ballots thrown out because they are not properly made out by the voter. To insure your ballot being counted you should be sure you know how to mark it before you go to the polls. On the official ballot of this election there are only three lines:

#### Official Ballot.

#### FOR PROHIBITION AGAINST PROHIBITION

Under no condition mark or scribble the meaning Official Ballot. If you desire to vote for Prohibition, draw a line through the words "Against Prohibition." If you desire to vote against Prohibition, draw a line through the words "For Prohibition." Remember that you must not mark out but one line on the ballot. Mark out that which you do not want. Leave unscratched what you want to vote for.

### MET WITH MISS BURWELL.

Notwithstanding the thermometer nearly reached the hundred mark, 20 ladies found themselves responding to Miss Burwell's invitation for Thursday afternoon. The beautiful and spacious double parlors and dining room were all thrown in one. The green plants dotted here and there gave the refreshing coolness so much desired on so warm an afternoon, together with the cordiality which every one received, the heat was soon forgotten. As an introductory to our program Miss Jessie Copp sang very sweetly "Jesus Lover of my Soul." Mrs. Chevalier conducted the devotional period. The lesson for the afternoon was on Japan. Mrs. Chevalier read two interesting selections regarding the progress of the work done in the fields of Korea and other points. Mrs. Johnathan Poole read a fine selection, "The Grace of God in a Prison" showing the power of the gospel even reaches the prison doors. Another selection was read by Miss Christie Steele, "Signs of Progress in Japan." All the readings were well selected and left a lesson for every thoughtful mind. Miss Jessie Copp sang sweetly several beautiful selections to the delight of every one. Mrs. Murray delighted every one with her readings, which was demonstrated by the continued encore.

As I have said before our lesson was on Japan. Through the direction of the hostess we were shown cards with pictures attached awaiting each one, we were to follow where the string lead up hill and down until to the end—there we were to find (?) diligently every one went her way knowing Miss Kate would not direct our path but right. To the surprise of every one Miss Poole found the head of a (Jap) man and Miss Steele the head of a (Jap) woman. Other parts were has-

tily brought forward to form the whole. To Miss Poole was awarded a beautifully bound book, "The Lady of the Decoration" for the formation of the man so rapidly. Much merriment was found even though the journey was rugged at times.

With the assistance of Miss Rogers a most tempting salad course and refreshing tea was passed. The crowd lingered late, hoping the time would soon pass for another delightful afternoon with Miss Burwell.

Next meeting with Mrs. Copp, Thursday, 27.

REPORTER.

Judge C. C. Thomas went to Laredo yesterday morning.

### MET WITH E. D. COHENOUR.

Baptist Ladies Aid and Missionary Society met Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. E. D. Cohenour, twelve members responded to roll call. We were glad to have as visitors, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Geo. Copp, and Miss Alice Copp.

All enjoyed the interesting papers read by Mrs. Chevalier, Mrs. Rowland, Mrs. Neal. Our next meeting will be with Mrs. Simon Cotulla, July 25th. We hope to have every member present. Come and see the new cook book and buy a dozen or so for yourself and friends. Then go home and cook John a good supper from some of the nice receipts in the cook book.—Rep.

### LOGGINS-HENDERSON WEDDING.

Miss Ozelle Loggins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Loggins of Devine, was married at 9:30 o'clock Thursday evening to Mr. John B. Henderson of Cotulla. The wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. H. M. Rowland officiating. The bride is well known and very popular here. She taught in the public schools of Cotulla for two years. Mr. Henderson is manager of the Cartwright ranch and is one of the most prominent young men of the county. The bridal party arrived at Cotulla on the 2:45 train. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson will make their home at the ranch.

Those who attended the wedding from Cotulla were: Rev. and Mrs. H. M. Rowland, Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Graham, Mrs. R. H. Seefeld, Misses Myrtle Rowland, Lauretta Binkley, Elizabeth Kerr, Rev. H. M. Hamilton and Dick Knaggs.

### ONION GROWERS MEET WEDNESDAY.

The Onion Growers of the Nueces Valley will meet at Cotulla Wednesday, July 26th. Officers for the local association will be elected at this meeting, and other important business will also come up. A large attendance is expected.

### BAND CONCERT NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT.

#### GOOD PROGRAM HAS BEEN ARRANGED FOR THE OCCASION.

The Band Boys will give a benefit concert next Thursday night at the High School Auditorium. A good program has been arranged. The people of Cotulla are proud of the band and have always heretofore given the boys good support in anything they undertook, consequently a good house is expected on this occasion.

The program will consist of cornet solos and duets; clarinet solos and duets; bairtone solos and duets; trombone solos and duets; violin, Orchestra and piano selections. Also songs and recitations.

Tickets for this concert will be on sale at Gaddis' Pharmacy Monday.

### Onion Men to Go to Corpus.

The general meeting of the Southern Texas Truck Growers Association will be held at Corpus Christi August 1st. President Davis has also called a meeting of the Board of Directors to be held at San Antonio 27th inst.

Nyal's face cream for sunburn—Gaddis' Pharmacy.

### ELECTION RETURNS WILL BE RECEIVED TONIGHT.

The Southwestern Telephone Company will furnish bulletins of the returns of today's election. These returns will be bulletined under the arch light in front of Gaddis' Pharmacy.

Returns will begin coming in by 8:30 o'clock and continue until midnight. At this hour it is expected that enough returns will be in to give an idea of the fate of the amendment, unless the contest is very close, as is expected by some.

Mrs. Minnie Thompson, commercial manager, stated to the RECORD yesterday evening that the Telephone Company would make a special effort to give the people of Cotulla full returns from every part of the State. Four operators will be put on, two of which will handle the election returns exclusively. No charge is being made by the Telephone Company for this service.

### ANOTHER CAR OIL HERE.

Another car of oil has arrived to put the streets in a... of places banks of sand has dried and we believe if the street commissioner will dispose of the sand before the oil is put on much better results will be obtained. Unquestionably it will be cheaper. It requires an enormous amount of oil to saturate the sand, when if it was shoveled up one tenth of the amount would do more good on the clay

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# THE COTULLA RECORD

C. E. MANLY, Proprietor  
COTULLA, TEXAS  
MAN WITHOUT A PAIN.

Hurrah for the man without a pain! If he is not the salt of the earth, then the earth must surely remain unsalted. He feels no inward burning necessity of breaking into newspapers with constant declarations as to the badness of men and things. He is not full of suppressed resolutions as to the wickedness of everybody else, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. He has no special yearning to ascend Chautauqua platforms and feed full the listening throngs with all the horrors of existence. In private life he is the citizen who looks after his family, who is regarded as a good neighbor and who gains and deserves the respect of all those who know him. In the business world he is the man who does his work without a lot of noise and wasted motion and thereby earns the gratitude of his associates or employers. In public life he is the man who sees that the business of government gets attended to and leaves to louder statesmen the honors of big headlines and Chautauqua lectureships. After hearing or reading the studied and laborious complainings of the other variety, the thought of him is like the murmur of pleasant waters. It cools, refreshes and strengthens the jaded spirit. It reminds one that everything is far from being lost, that the world's work is still being efficiently done, that the republic is safe, and that the sun is still shining.

A Boston restaurant keeper kept a green turtle on its back in his window and was tried on a charge of cruelty to animals. A Harvard university professor testified that the turtle was more nearly related to the birds than the fishes, but the defense took the ground that it was not an animal, but a fish, and the judge instructed the jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty. Whatever intellectual Boston may hold as to the status of the reptile, there is no good reason why the laws forbidding cruelty to animals should not be broad enough to cover more than warm-blooded animals.

An Oak Park professor is advocating the establishment of a school in which the art and science of courtship may be taught. Good heaven! Has the man no knowledge of human nature? As soon as courtship is made a thing that people will have to study and work at nobody will wish to learn it. The way to make courtship a science is to enact a law prohibiting it.

The sick friend is serving useful purposes. He has long served as an excuse for the belated homefarer who has been sitting by his bedside. Now he is coming in handy for the speeding motorist who is hastening to his dying bed. It would be a great shock to his loving friends if by some mischance this convenient scapegoat should suddenly recover.

That Pennsylvania farmer who took a club and proceeded to batter up an automobile whose driver refused to stop when the farmer's cattle became frightened, possibly acted contrary to law, but his deed shows the dangerous state of mind engendered in the public by autoists who decline to act reasonably on the road or who ignore the rights of pedestrians.

A savings bank official reports that a strange number of bogus coins find their way into baby's bank. Playing a trick like that on a baby is more reprehensible than putting buttons in the contribution box.

A Harvard professor says Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" would be rejected if submitted to the editor of a modern magazine. Of course, its length would be against it at first sight.

The young Californian who sang, "I'd rather have fingers than toes" will be surprised to learn that a jury in Chicago has assessed the latter at exactly four times the value of the former.

An Ohio man beat his wife with a baseball but because she had moved his bed during housecleaning time. She wouldn't have minded, perhaps, if he had got mad enough to beat a rug or two.

The Harvard professor who advises us to study Greek to take our minds off money making overlooks the fact that money making is all Greek to the youth who tucks his diploma under his arm and goes out to look for a job.

Philadelphians are searching in London for details of the early history of William Penn. In future ages Philadelphians will be writing biographies of Connie Mack.

# THE HILL of HOPE

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Alaster's heart had named it the hill of hope—a bare rise, looking eastward over great breadths of farmland, and down miles of turnpike. That way, said her heart, the fairy prince would come riding, some day, to take her out of the gray stagnation of things.

Alaster was fanciful. A girl is apt to be when she has never known ought save the fussy cherishing of an elderly household. Her mother had died when she was born. Of her father, the two great aunts, spinsters both, would never speak. They had money enough—a spare competence. Some day it would all come to the child. She would have no need to mix in the world—as to marrying, that was to be shunned as deadly. Had it brought anything but heart-break to her mother, the first Alaster? She had been wild and willful, a beauty, fiercely courageous, also fiercely loving, and hating. She had closed, and wedded, whether or no—to come back in a year, alone, and crushed, to welcome death, even though baby tugged at her heart.

Her heart must be saved from such shipwreck. Thus the good aunts. They kept her close. She never had a play-fellow, and was not sent to school. Aunt Susan taught her the three R's. Aunt Debby music and embroidery—for the rest, there were books, a whole roomful, old but good leather bound mostly, and smelling of cedar shelving. Alaster browsing happily among them, learned of life as though she saw it inverted in a mirror. She had a sense of not belonging in the household. The aunts were fair, dumpy, placid—even their small tempers had not brought wrinkles, though they were past sixty.

Alaster was tall, and thin, rangy in motion, full of delight in freedom, vividly alive throughout. She pined for action, for stir and change.

When the pining had grown so wild it was pain, Mallows came. Not romantically, if she did spy him first from the hill of hope. Mallows by his

The other nodded. After a breath he said irrelevantly: "It's not so much her good looks—I can find a dozen prettier girls in a day's ride—but something—something catches you in the breath, when you see her. What is it?"

"Remember the Dryads? We read about them in our Greek days," Mallows said, lifting his eyes to the sky line. Then suddenly: "Could you possibly imagine her fashionable—with a corset on body or soul?"

Levering, the financier, shook his head. Mallows turned from him—men were coming, almost on the run urged by some invisible monitor. He smiled. She need not hope thus to escape him—he would see that she got her pay, also the best apology he could frame for his blundering. Then he was suddenly aware that she pressed by—that she smiled at him, that she moved with the foot of Atlanta. As she climbed the hill, one of the village fellows said, shaking his head:

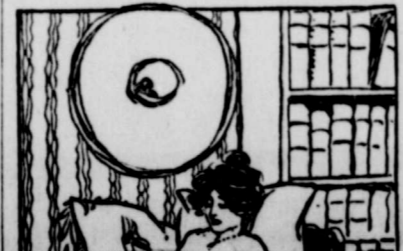
"He dinged if it didn't plum skeer me to see Lassy Drevett stompin' her foot at the bunch of us, and 'fairly drivin' us to work. Why, I don't hardly believe she was ever off the place before—not by her lone self."

Levering smiled as he listened. Mallows looked grim. Here was no dryad, rather an enchanted princess, guarded by ancient dragons—he was already aware of the aunts. They might, if they chose, make a lot of trouble for the new road—its right of way must cross a corner of their land, not very big, but strategically most important. The countryside had bid den the road builders beware of the sisters. They were prone to suspicion—of strangers because they didn't know them, of friends because they did. Levering might handle them—Mallows rested his hope upon the payment of his debt. He overheard further gossip that possessed him yet more clearly of the situation.

Presently Levering went toward the wide weather-gray house, whistling, evidently thoughtful, yet alert.

Mallows made a feint of discontent with his survey. "Wait! I want to look over the country from that hill-top," he said, off-handedly to his helpers.

As they sat down at ease, he half ran up the hill. There was a clump of trees at top—elsewhere it lay bare. He had a notion that he should find the clump tenants.



There Were Books, a Whole Roomful.



There Were Books, a Whole Roomful.

very look put romance out of court. He was stoutish, red of hair, freckled as to face, with snapping blue eyes, shrewdly set. Notwithstanding, he was neither common nor commonplace—there was too patent an air of efficiency for that.

He was hopping mad, and very busy when he met Alaster's gaze. There was need of rush work, in running a transit line—and the men he was depending on to help him had not shown up. Worse still, he could not go hunting them—he had promised to meet a high personage exactly at 10 o'clock there at the foot of the hill. Spying Alaster's straw hat upon top of the rise, he mistook her for a curious country lad, and shouted:

"Say, there! Want to earn a quarter? You can—if your legs are long and light."

"Make it a half and I'll talk to you!" Alaster called back. She sensed instantly his mistake and spoke as gruffly as she could.

In answer Mallows swore at her for a greedy clodhopper, but ended by promising the half, if she would but run to the village, a mile off, and hurry up those men idling there.

With a delicious thrill of adventure, Alaster came out of hiding, ran past him, nodding gayly as she did so, and sped on to the goal. And thus she came plump under the eyes of the high personage—the financier who was back of the new railway enterprise. He stared at her—he had seen nothing anywhere to match the deer-lift of her throat, the pantherine grace of her easy stride. She would not have checked for him, but that he reined in, almost in front of her, asking:

"Is this the nearest way to Drewett's—the spring there, I mean?"

"Keep on! You can't miss it unless you shut both eyes," Alaster said, the last word over her shoulder as she shot past.

The high personage whispered softly. When he came upon Mallows he had an odd smile hovering in his eyes. Mallows also was a bit off key. After a second the two, they were most excellent chums, understood, and both laughed.

"Hit you, too, square between the eyes," Mallows said.

said airily: "I don't want my money—but you have to pay it—to Mrs. Denn, at the postoffice. She has nothing but a mean dog, and a big fat no-account husband. The money is for her, and the dog—to buy it a bone, and her some—well, some stockings—I saw she had on rags."

"You must take the money yourself—I never would dare undertake a commission so delicate," Mallows laughed. Alaster screwed up her face. "A man who can swear so shouldn't be afraid of anything," she murmured. Then as though suddenly enlightened, "Don't you be afraid of Mr. Dann—he can't possibly be jealous. It would be different if I had asked the handsome man."

"Mighty different!" Mallows growled. "Levering has cheek enough for anything."

"I wonder would he dare ask them to let him stay at dinner?" Alaster cried, nodding toward the house. "O! I hope so! It is three years since we had company—except preachers and peddlers—and they don't count." "Would I count—if I came?" Mallows demanded.

She smiled at him. "How could I tell, unless you tried it?" she said. She was not forward, only human and feminine, repressed past endurance.

"I am going to try—depend on it," Mallows said, looking full in her eyes.

A month after he asked the aunts for Alaster. Levering, notwithstanding his looks, had found himself out of the running at the beginning of the game. A good friend he showed himself. The Sisters Drevett might never have consented to the Mallows match, if Levering had not admonished them. "Suppose Alaster's father turned up, only a husband would have authority against him!"

At that they gave in—joyously it must be confessed. They were not so old, but the flavor of life delighted them. And they felt like fairy princesses themselves when, a year after the wedding, Alaster's father did turn up, not a ne'er do well, but a man, sorely repenting the haste and heat of his youth. He had not known there was a living child—he had thought it died with the mother. Since he had a fortune to bestow upon his grandson, he quickly made his peace. Alaster climbed often to the hill of hope—she loved it, since it had become also a hill of happiness.

A Valuable Right. American—I came to ask for a concession.

President of a South American Republic—An' what is ze concession monsieur wants?

American—I want the sole rights of taking the moving pictures of your next revolution.—Judge.

Dr. D. N. Cushing

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W. L. PEASE, Proprietor

# Reading Matter

The home news; the doings of the people in this town; the gossip of our own community, that's the first kind of reading matter you want. It is more important, more interesting to you than that given by the paper or magazine from the outside world. It is the first reading matter you should buy. Each issue of this paper gives to you just what you will consider

The Right Kind of Reading Matter



## RAISING THE MONEY

BOND ISSUE IS BEST WAY TO PAY FOR GOOD ROADS.

### EFFORTS OFTEN MISDIRECTED

Good Roads Fever Carries Community Off Its Feet Frequently and Work Is Started Along Impractical Lines—Tax Levy Plan Wrong.

By HOWARD H. GROSS.

In forwarding any great movement, as the building of good roads, enthusiasm is essential, but unless this is coupled with a knowledge of the subject, it is a question whether it sometimes does not do more harm than good. The writer believes that a movement for better highways is often retarded by over-zealous friends who are attempting to do something they do not understand. The proposition to build good roads throughout the land is a very big one, and exceedingly important. It is a question that must be handled in a big way. If anyone had suggested fifty years ago the building of a railway to the Pacific slope, he would have been declared at least visionary. This has been accomplished and today there are a half dozen such railways, and the four months' journey across the desert is now compassed in less than three days. While the building of good wagon roads throughout the country is an immeasurably big job, yet there are back of it boundless resources; there is far more to encourage us than the builders of these first great continental roads had to encourage them. Let us go forward with a stout heart and high purpose and with a clear head, and all will come out right.

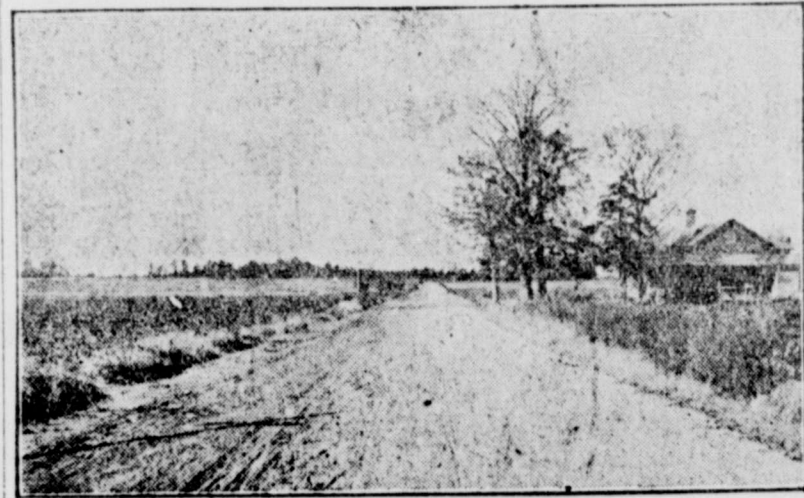
In a good roads campaign one of the most important things is to learn some things that are not so, to get a view of the proposition from the right angle, and not to work along impractical lines. The good roads fever usually breaks out in some community with a hurrah, to build a mile or two of hard roads, and there is an eagerness to determine which particular road shall have the improvement. Selfishness crops out and must be reckoned with. When the particular road has been determined upon, then comes the question of raising funds. Those who are disappointed will give nothing; others will contribute various amounts; the banker, merchant and grain dealer are called upon and subscribe different sums; others will contribute labor; an entertainment will be held in the town hall, the proceeds to be devoted to the building of the road. The local paper will be filled with letters, interviews and editorials; everybody is patting himself on the back and talking of the wonderful progress that is being made.

This is all very well so far as it goes, and perhaps the moral effect is good—it stirs up the community, but it does not do very much in the way of road building. Usually a half mile or so is the limit and may reach from the town to the cemetery. Well, that does some good, and will give a departing citizen a smoother road in death than he had in life.

The means employed in such a campaign are wholly inadequate to the end sought. It reminds one of the old woman who proposed to keep the tide back with her broom.

There are also other unsatisfactory, expensive and wrong ways to take up this question. The most common one is for the township to levy an annual tax for hard roads that will produce perhaps \$1,000 or \$2,000 and expend it upon a gravel or macadam stretch of road, which is to be extended from year to year at a rate that will give the township a fair amount of hard

roads, say, in twenty or thirty years. By the time the last mile is built under this plan, the first one is worn out, the rule being that the road once built receives no attention, and that the money raised is spent upon building more roads. The roads are usually built without much, if any, attention being paid to drainage, and the results are not always satisfactory. In fact, they are seldom what they should be. Those charged with the duty of spending the money nineteen times in twenty know little, if anything, of how the road should be built, and when it is finished it is usually about half as good as it ought to be and has cost nearly twice as much as it should, for let it be said again and again that the greater part of the taxes raised for highways is frittered away by misdirected effort. An eminent engineer, who has had extended experience, says at least sixty per cent of the funds raised for highways is wasted. Certainly the waste is at least one-half. This being the case, it follows that one of the first things to do is to stop this awful waste and see that a dollar's worth of road results from every dollar expended, instead of forty to fifty cents worth. It ought to be clear that it is very important that roads should be constructed under expert supervision, and that a capable road engineer is needed. Of course it is not practical to have this and build the roads piece meal, a short stretch at a time, hence the township will find it wise, instead of an annual tax levy, to issue bonds to the full constitutional limit and build, say, fifteen to twenty miles of road at once and pay for them by the



Macadam Road Near Charlotte, N. C.

bond issue, paying off the bonds in installments. This is vastly better and cheaper than to build short stretches by an annual tax levy. Of course interest will have to be paid upon the bonds, but on the other hand the people will have good roads to use, and if the use of the roads is not worth more than the interest on the bonds required to build them, then road building is not worth while. The world's experience is that good roads are always worth several times what they cost to any community.

There are many advantages to this plan. By building many miles at once it is practical to have good engineering supervision and proper specifications, and the result will be a well drained, a better and a more durable road and one that will not cost nearly as much to maintain as one poorly constructed. Again, on so large a job contractors will figure lower than upon a small job and the best machinery and methods can be employed to advantage, so it is fair to say that twenty miles of road built under a single contract will cost from 15 to 20 per cent less than if built a mile or so at a time. Again, the roads are all new at the same time and will be far more satisfactory to the people, and the benefits will be simultaneous to the whole community.

Suppose the state in which a given township is situated aids in building permanent roads, under the plan that is followed in more than one-half the

states. This will make the roads built a much lighter burden.

Let us see how the matter of taxation will affect the owner of a typical farm by the two plans of road building, that is, a little each year by an annual tax levy, and the other by an annual issue, supplemented by state aid, or in other words, by comparing the old way with the new. In order to give exact figures and have a concrete example, it will be necessary to take a typical farm in some portion of the central west, and apply the two plans to that farm. As the figures are at hand, the writer, selects an average farm in the corn belt of Illinois. There is no reason why this farm should be taken in preference to a farm in any other state, except that more complete data is at hand, hence it will be used. The same plan will apply with slight variations to other farms in other states, the owners of which, by getting the assessed valuation of their township and state, can figure out and ascertain each for himself just what the effect will be upon his farm.

The assessed valuation of an average 160 acre farm in the corn belt of Illinois is about \$3,000. Suppose the township, of which this is a part, has an assessed valuation of, say, \$600,000 and is out of debt. By the old plan, suppose there is an annual tax levy for ten years of 60 cents on one hundred dollars. This will produce \$3,600 per year, and in ten years will total \$36,000. This money spent under average local conditions means that about half of it will be wasted, and the farm in question will have to pay each year sixty cents on thirty

hundred dollars or \$18.00 per year. The net result of this expenditure will be the paying out of \$36,000 during ten years, and probably will produce not much over \$18,000 worth of roads at which they ought to cost.

Suppose the new plan is adopted, by issuing bonds to the full constitutional limit of 5 per cent, paying the same off in installments spread over twenty years, and letting the next generation, who will use the roads, help to pay for them. The bond limit on the township in question is \$30,000, which exactly \$150.00 rests upon the farm in question, to be paid off one twentieth each year, or \$7.50 on account of principal each year for twenty years. Interest of course will be paid annually, but will decrease as the bonds are paid off. The first year's interest will be 5 per cent on \$150.00, or \$7.50. Add \$7.50 on account of principal, and the first year's payment on this farm for good roads is \$15.00. The tenth year one-half of the bonds will be paid off, and the interest will drop to \$3.75 so that that year the tax will be \$11.25. The last year's payment will be \$7.50 on account of principal and 38 cents on account of interest, making a total of \$7.88.

Thirty thousand dollars of bond issue will build far more and far better roads on a general contract, than \$36,000 spent in ten years on a patch work plan, and the cost to the taxpayer will be considerably less as well.

much cheaper than plaster paris and also is waterproof.

It can be made to represent all the different metals and is so strong that one can jump on it without making any impression on it.

**Planning the House.**

"Well," said Gifford Berrington, cheerfully, "I've got the plans for my new house on the lake shore all finished."

"Finished to suit you?"

"N-no. But the architect is satisfied, and that's the best I can expect."

"Ha, ha! How about Mrs. Berrington?"

"It's all right with her, too. In fact, she got that fixed before we started. You see, she laid out the cupboards and wardrobes, and all the architect had to do was to build a house around them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Yes, environment does influence us."

"How now?"

"You never see a man coming out of church with his hat perched on the side of his head."

## COBB WENT OUT OF HIS LINE

Fake Stories Are Accepted, But When Writer Sends in a True One He Is Dismissed.

Years ago Irvin S. Cobb, the humorous writer, was a correspondent for various out-of-town papers while working in Paducah, Ky. Not a great deal of genuine news for out-of-town consumption is manufactured at Paducah. As Mr. Cobb needed the money, there was a period during which it appeared that Paducah had become the news center of the middle west. Not a day passed that some astounding story was not printed under a Paducah date. "We stood for them," said the former telegraph editor of a St. Louis paper, "because they were so good, even though we knew they were fakes. But one day the boss called me in. 'Who is this man Cobb at Paducah?' he asked.

"When I had satisfied his thirst for knowledge, he told me to fire Cobb. 'I know all the stories he has written are fake,' said he, 'but I can't stand for that one he sent us yesterday. I

like some sanity even in a fake story. It must sound as though it might, possibly, under certain conditions, be partly true."

"So," said the ex-telegraph editor, "I fired Cobb. He made no protest about getting fired in a letter he wrote me. 'It served me right for getting out of my line,' said he. 'That was the only story I ever sent you that was wholly true.'" — Cleveland Leader.

**Uses of Paper Metal.**

At the great coronation pageant, which will be next June, when George is crowned King George IV, of England, there is to be something entirely different from anything that has ever happened before.

Instead of real armor the armor that is to be worn will be made of "paper metal." There will be exact copies of all the old sets of armor used and the paper metal will be so fixed that the armor made from it will give the appearance of the original.

And it is said that in the future the "metal" will be used for almost all outdoor decorations, because it is

## STORY OF BURR IN LONDON

Having Little Money, He Invested It All in Food Lest He Should Lose It.

When Aaron Burr was an exile in England he was in extreme poverty. An extract from his diary indicates how "close to the cushion" he was in the matter of finances and also throws light on the cost of living in those days. Here is the extract: "I find my appetite," he says, "in

the inverse ratio to my purse, and I now conceive why the poor eat so much when they can get it. Considering the state of my finances, resolved today to lay out the whole instantly in necessities, lest some folly or some beggar should rob me of a shilling. Bought, viz., half a pound of beef, eightpence; a quarter of a pound of ham, sixpence; one pound of brown sugar, eightpence; two pounds of bread, eightpence; 10 pounds of potatoes, fivepence; having left elevenpence, treated myself to a

pot of ale, eightpence; and now, with threepence in my purse, have read the second volume of 'Ida.'"

Upon this supply of food he lived for eight days, cooking his own meals. After months of this life he finally succeeded, by selling the balance of his books and borrowing from friends, in securing passage to America.

Judge Bray committed two persons to prison at the Shoreditch (England) county court for failing to pay eight cents a week.

## TO SECURE MOISTURE TO PREVENT SOIL BLOWING

Mulch Blanket Formed by Proper Use of Cultivator.

Thorough Cultivation Impedes Run-Off, Prevents Mud Forming and Causes Rain to Soak In—Effect of Summer Tilling.

By E. R. PARSONS, in the Dry Farming Congress Bulletin.

Soil and water take up more space than soil alone, therefore when the moisture dries out it leaves a void. This void is represented by an infinite number of fine crevices or cracks which zig-zag in every direction.

After a storm, when the sun comes out, the surface of the earth under the magnifying glass begins to wrinkle as it dries. Next day these wrinkles begin to develop into well-defined cracks or fissures which grow deeper and deeper every day as the ground dries out and contracts from the surface down. These crevices allowing the free circulation of air as far as they go, cause very rapid evaporation. As we go deep into the soil away below these cracks, the evaporation is very slight.

During the drought of 1908 on a piece of summer fallowed land, the loss of moisture at three feet below the surface was not more than 1 per cent a month. This, of course, demonstrates the advantage of holding your moisture in the right place.

By using the cultivator we form a mulch of earth in the granular condition which, being loose, settles as the moisture goes out of it without forming cracks, and not only checks and plugs up the crevices already formed, but prevents the formation of fresh ones.

If you ask the question, "What constitutes 'dry farming?'" ninety-nine men out of a hundred will answer: "The conservation of moisture, but if you happen to strike a dry farmer of experience who understands his business, he will tell you that the accumulation of moisture is the first half of dry farming and the conservation of moisture the second half. Those who farm on the conservation theory only will argue that smooth cultivation is the best because it exposes less surface to the atmosphere and therefore causes less evaporation. This theory is correct as far as it goes, but if we use smooth cultivation in a cloud-burst country we cannot accumulate half as much moisture as we can with rough cultivation, which impedes run-off, prevents mud forming and causes the rain to soak in.

They are beginning to find these things out at the experiment station.

A late bulletin from the department of agriculture we are told that summer tilling is not much of a success for winter crops, and they find at spring crops usually do as well as in the ordinary way. The fact is, summer tilling conserves moisture it does not accumulate it. Continual tilling creates too fine a mulch; mud runs and holds the moisture instead of allowing it to penetrate. It is like trying to get water into a flour sack, so far as spring crops are concerned, other factors intervene, and that is the natural packing of the soil. If summer fallowed land is not planted until the following spring, the plowing then about a year old and the ground much too solid for planting.

F. D. Farrel, formerly in charge of the Neph (Utah) experiment station, says that during a heavy rain of two inches and five-tenths, only five-tenths was caught in the summer tilled land—and we can well understand it—but in the summer fallowed plowed ten inches deep and cultivated rough with the large-size corn cultivator blades which leave a distinct furrow, we can catch all this rain as it comes. It will penetrate perhaps six or eight inches.

The summer fallow should be cultivated just enough to keep the weeds out, no more. If there is any slope, the cultivation should be always across, not up and down with it. Magnificent spring crops can be raised on the summer fallow, provided it has been treated as above for the accumulation of moisture, but it must be plowed again before planting, not necessarily as deep as the first plowing, for ground packs too hard in twelve months to secure the best results.

For spring crops we usually find fall plowing left rough until the frost is out of the ground the best and most profitable treatment.

If the disc is used for cultivating the summer fallow, the land should be disc as deep as possible and then cross-disc without any lap; by this means the surface is hollowed out in squares like a checker board and will absorb any quantity of moisture as it comes.

**Growing Cabbage.**

Danish Ballhead cabbage seed should be sown in most sections not later than the first of May. This variety requires a long season for full development. Prepare the ground in such a manner that there will be an abundant supply of moisture for the germination of the seeds.

**Poor Fences Harmful.**

Poor fences are always letting the stock leak through into the corn crop. And very often the loss doesn't stop at the amount of corn destroyed. Sometimes a valuable animal secures an overdose of corn.

**Horses in Wisconsin.**

Within the last four years the number of horses in Wisconsin has increased by 73,068 head.

Planting of Windbreaks Will Temporarily Force of Winds and Prevent Loss of Much Land.

The older a country becomes and the drier the season is, the greater is the danger of the wind blowing away the best part of the soil. The windier the country, and the less timber and hedge rows and windbreaks there are, the greater the danger of blowing, says Wallace's Farmer. There is not much danger of it when a new prairie sod is broken up, because the vegetable fiber holds the soil together in a surprising way. There is not much danger when the land is well supplied with vegetable matter through the application of manure or in any other way. The danger increases with the absence of windbreaks and with the decrease of vegetable matter in the soil through continual cultivation. The danger is always greater when the surface of the land is smooth, as after it has been rolled or grain has been harrowed in rather than disked. This will indicate the best method of prevention.

We are told that there are large areas in Canada where the land has been farmed a number of years, where a warranty deed, no matter by whom given, will not hold the land. The same condition of things will exist in the newly settled west, particularly in the semi-arid section, if the land is given over continuously to the cultivation of crops.

A good soil contains only about two per cent. of vegetable matter, and when this is reduced to one per cent., which will certainly be the case if a rational system of farming is not allowed, these soils will blow when there is a wind. Hence the remedy is: Keep your soil in some way as full of vegetable matter as it was when the raw prairie was first broken up.

Plant windbreaks. We were greatly impressed thirty years ago with the difference in the force of the winds in the adjoining counties of Madison and Adair. Madison county was settled up many years before Adair, and whenever we passed from Madison into Adair county we noticed that the winds had increased force. In the early settlement of Madison county, windbreaks were planted, thus causing the winds to rise as they passed over, leaving the fields in a comparative calm, while the prairies were wind-swept. One can scarcely realize the difference that a windbreak each mile would make in the force of the winds. Hence the planting of windbreaks, even if only around the house and barns, but much more if in long belts to the west, will temper the force of the winds and prevent soil blowing.

Next, avoid leaving a smooth surface for the winds to blow over. In these sections no roller which leaves

the land smooth should be used for any purpose, unless immediately followed by the harrow. In sections in any part of the country where blowing is to be anticipated, the broadcast seeder should never be used, but always the drill, thus leaving the surface rough, and in a measure preventing blowing. The main thing, however, is to keep the soil plentifully supplied with vegetable matter, which can be done only by the adoption of a rotation.

## HOED CROP PROFITABLE

Will Accomplish All That Bare Fallow Possibly Can and Still Show Considerable More Profit.

(By W. M. KELLEY.)

The more I study the value of intensive culture and thorough cultivation given some hoed crop the more I have come to appreciate its value in our crop rotations. No practical farmer, who has given some hoed crop thorough cultivation during the whole of a growing season has failed to note the good effects upon the succeeding crops in the rotation that they are practicing.

Years ago the old practice of bare summer fallowing found favor in many farming sections, but during recent years the decreased price of farm products and the decreased cost of labor has made its use actually prohibitive, besides the practical farmers have discovered that a hoed crop will accomplish all that a bare fallow possibly can and still pay better than any other crop that is raised in the rotation.

## LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Sheep increase the value of a farm. Keep the ewes in clean sheds and feed oats, bran and oil meal.

More mules die of accident and old age than from disease.

Breeding young ewes leads to a weakening of the flock.

Ewes should not be used for breeding before a year and a half old.

Strong, vigorous pigs when a week old will care for themselves, barring accidents.

Uniformity in the size of a bunch of hogs has a great deal to do with the price they will bring.

Because sheep have warm coats, it does not follow that they can be exposed to wet and storms.

When the boar pigs are about 5 months old they should be separated from the rest of the herd.

A field of sweet corn sown broadcast in June will make fine feed in the fall, as the pigs are extremely fond of it.

When a hog reaches 200 pounds in weight it requires extra good care and an expert feeder to continue to lay on flesh at a profit.

A check rein is unnecessary cruelty. For the horse that occasions trouble by reaching down after grass or corn, try a muzzle, but leave his head free.

## SOUGHT BY TOURISTS

Valley Forge Is Rich in Historic Associations.

Whizzing Automobiles Now Bring Groups of Patriotic Sightseers to This Scene of the Revolution's Darkest Days.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Through the lovely wooded hills and up and down the valleys which give the name of that historic spot, Valley Forge, the scene of the darkest days of the Revolution, go rushing and whizzing nowadays the hourly automobiles bringing groups of patriotic tourists from all the country. What a change in the spot and in the people since that time when Washington and his suffering heroes camped among these picturesque hills. What a gap between those foot-sore, discouraged men and the pleasure-seekers whirled in luxury through this great national park.

For some eight miles the motor route circles about over the fine park roads, and on every side the natural charms of the beautiful scenery are enhanced by the historic associations. Many memorial tablets have been erected, marking where different divisions of the army or various commanders were stationed. Here and there are log cabins, reproductions of the olden huts, and standing on the old sites. There are lines of the old entrenchments to trace, and much else of interest to a student of military affairs, but the automobile is too swift for study of this sort. The Memorial chapel, unfortunately, does not lie on the route taken; it requires, and well deserves, a separate trip.

One does, however, pass the old school house, built by Letitia Penn in 1703, which was occupied by the Continental army as a hospital during the winter of 1777-1778. The flag floats over it, and a group of budding citizens, who ought to develop remarkable loyalty educated in such a shrine of liberty, flock out for recess as the motor car passes.

But the central point of the trip is, of course, Washington's headquarters. This plain old stone structure is a fine example of the sturdy buildings of Colonial times. In its simplicity and



Washington's Headquarters.

strength it shames the flimsy work of modern contractors. The interior is very interesting. The two main rooms on the ground floor open from the wide paneled hall with ample small-paneled windows. In both reception room and office the walls are adorned with portraits, and valuable relics in cases and in the old-fashioned chimney cupboard attract the eye. "Grandfather's clock ticks in the corner, and an old gun fills the open fireplace.

Across an open passage through which sun and wind have full play, is a wing containing the quaint old kitchen. While this separation of the kitchen from the main body of the house has some advantages, the modern housewife would certainly object to the unnecessary steps it occasions. And she would doubtless be at a loss to get a meal over the fireplace with its hanging hooks and pots.

From the pump room adjoining the kitchen a steep flight of steps descends to an underground passage, only lighted from an opening in the lawn above. The other end of the passage once communicated with the river and thus afforded a means of refuge and escape in case of surprise by the enemy. That end has been closed up, but the curious investigator can descend and walk along the damp, dark passage, with thoughts of the dangerous days when such a secret way was deemed necessary.

The bedrooms on the floor above are very attractive in their quaintness. They have been furnished by different chapters of the Daughters of the Revolution with suitable antique furniture so they must look very much as they did in the hours when Washington reposed in the big "four-poster," or in the straight-backed chair by the fireplace brooded over the perils of the country. On the third floor, to which one must climb with bended head if a bump is to be avoided, the bedroom is as cozily old-fashioned as anything in the house.

Much time might be profitably spent in looking over the maps, plans, etc., which hang about the walls of the hall and the main rooms, but the interest of the average tourist in such matters is soon gluttled and he prefers to walk about the lawn and view the house from every side, or stroll down to the Schuylkill river in front of the headquarters and people the scene with the figures of Washington and his veterans.

**Mail Horse Holds Record.**

Portland, Ore.—F. J. Hugel, rural mail carrier, owns a mare that has traveled 14,000 miles in the employ of the government.



BATTLE OF BALLOTS TODAY.

Texas will today decide the fate of the saloon within her boundary. The battle of the ballots will be one of the greatest that has probably ever been witnessed in the Lone Star State. The campaign has waxed warm in every nook and corner of the Commonwealth for many weeks. Arrayed against the people without organization or money, are the united brewery and distillery interests of the United States, who with their unlimited gold have commanded the best legal talent and orators on which there was a price, and have filled the daily press with advertising on their side of the issue.

Today the result will be told. Today, Mr. Voter, you must decide which way you will lineup. You will either cast your vote for or against the liquor traffic, for the maintenance of or the abolishing of the saloon. The saloon is an institution which any and all upright and honorably saloon men will tell you never gave birth to a good deed. It has not a tendency toward the elevation of the morals of a community, but the reverse. It's evils one un-denied. It is an institution that every nation in the world recognizes as dangerous in times of crisis, and is forced to close.

When you are brought face to face with the question as you are today, you should carefully weigh it before you act.

The man with a family who cares for their future welfare is more likely to give the question more study than the man who has no responsibility of this kind. Every man's conscience should dictate to him which is Right, and he should vote accordingly.

Locally the campaign has been active on the part of the pros, yet it has been clean. The ballot fight today has begun without friction and we hope it will end with the minimum of ill feeling. Don't fall out with your neighbor, because he don't believe as you do. He is the same free-born American citizen that you are and is entitled to the same right of free speech and liberty of the ballot.

It has been predicted that San Antonio will go anti. We don't know just volunteered the prognostication, but we are of the opinion that it is a pretty safe guess.

Heavy rains have fallen in Central and North Texas within the last week. Southwest Texas is needing it—and she's next up, so says the weather man.

If you vote today the way your conscience dictates you will vote RIGHT. No man can say to the contrary.

Cotulla finds that the oil does the work in laying the dust. It is a little expensive but it is there.

Cotton took a slump a few days since but the price is still high enough to make the farmer smile.

La Salle county continues to build good roads. The progress of the county demands it.

Question of today—What will the story be?

RELATION OF STOCK TO THE FARM.

By W. A. Dougherty, 20 years with U. S. Agril. Dept., now located at Cotulla, Texas.

The relation between the keeping of live stock and the maintenance of fertility is of the closest character. It would not be correct to say that fertility cannot be maintained in the absence of live stock, but it is correct to say that ordinarily on the farm it cannot be profitably maintained in any other way. It is not the fertility alone which live stock brings to the land that results in improving it, but the humus also which their presence brings to the soil and the rotation which the keeping of live stock compels wherever it is extensively carried on. When all the food grown on a farm is fed live stock kept upon the farm and when the fertilizer made is put back upon the land, it should grow richer rather than poorer. It may be asked, how can this be, since some fertility taken from the land is sold in the form of vegetables, meat, milk, wool, bone, etc., the answer is: The growing of live stock compels the growth of crops to feed. Prominent among these are the legumes which are so helpful in growing flesh and in producing milk. Live stock are also fond of these and it is well that it is so.

These legumes, clover, alfalfa, cowpeas, and vetches, add to the nitrogen in the soil more than they take from it, the addition coming as is generally known, from the air. When therefore, these crops are grown and fed to stock and when the manure, solid and liquid, goes back again upon the land, the increase in nitrogen is certain. If, in addition a part of the food is purchased, the increase in nitrogen is still greater. But what of the phosphoric acid and potash which cannot be found in the air? When the food is all fed and the manure is all put on the soil, the loss in these is very small. If such deep rooted legumes as clover and alfalfa are grown, they bring up phosphoric acid and potash from the subsoil, a large portion of which eventually goes back again into the surface or tillable area. If some food is purchased and fed, the amount will be proportionately increased. In this way the supply of phosphoric acid will be sufficiently maintained in the cultivated portion without purchasing some feed will depend upon the extent to which the deep rooted plants are grown.

Where stock are grown, pasture is necessary. There should also be good hay. When the ground is broken where these pastures or hay grew, there is buried in the soil many tons of vegetable matter for every acre of soil. These consist of roots and stubbles and some two years ago when I was at the Beeville Exp. Station they were growing a good feeding hay, first cutting and curing it before feeding it, never allowing the stock to pasture it. They called it Buffalo grass but it was not the true buffalo grass, however, it is the only hay meadow I have seen in the Texas Gulf coast that I thought was worth anything outside of prairie grass cut in Victoria County, and only the spring cut of that was worth anything, and I am very sure there is no hay that the farmer can grow in Southwest Texas that can beat cowpea hay.

The roots and stubbles in the soils exercises an important influence on those soils. It helps to keep them mechanically right. It makes heavy soils lighter by keeping the particles asunder. It makes light soils be more compactly by filling the spaces between the particles. It arrests moisture coming up from below or going down from above. It prevents nitrogen from washing out of the soil in the form of

nitrate, and when commercial fertilizers are applied it makes their action more certain and immediate.

If the vegetable matter thus buried is supplemented by farm manure the benefits resulting will be proportionately increased, and if the manure is applied in the fresh form the benefits will be greater than if applied in the decomposed form. Live stock compels rotation, by live stock in this case is meant dairy stock and hogs and in some cases blooded beef stock but not cattle as ordinarily referred to for the block. It makes necessary the growing of grasses and clovers and the growing of these puts the land in shape and condition for the growing of other crops successfully. For instance, corn will yield much better after clover or grass than when these are not grown, and the same is true of many other crops. It is wiser, then, to purchase commercial fertilizer in larger quantities and apply them in order to maintain fertility, or to maintain it through keeping live stock and purchasing food to supplement what is grown? That however, is a question of conditions.

In order to grow certain high priced crops it may be necessary to purchase commercial fertilizers, but the aim should be as far as possible to maintain fertility, if it must be purchased, by purchasing it in the form of food, rather than fertilizer and every farmer should study this matter of fertilizing and give it ample time in thought, study and application, etc., for it is a far larger question than the vast majority of farmers give it credit for.

The close relation between live stock and fertility is shown in another way. Where live stock is not kept at all, save for the purpose of tilling the soil and land, all history shows and has shown for years that the land finally becomes impoverished. Farms in the highest state of condition as to fertility are in variable found in communities where live stock is plenty, and I would advise all farmers to grow plenty of cowpeas. They are a wonderful renovator of lands in one or two ways, and the only time to plow the vine under is when your land needs humus for the vine puts the nitrogen in the ground while growing and you can use the vine for hay and feed when cut properly, and all live stock will eat it and if you can save the peas you have a money crop that is good, but as a hay crop alone for feeding it is worth what it cost.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Lorenzo Dow Jr.

Brush away the fog of a couple of hundred years and take a look at this, our native land, as it is then appeared. Here upon the Atlantic shore, the scream of the panther arose on the midnight air with the savage war whoop, and the pale faced pilgrim trembled for the safety of his defenseless home. He planted his beans in fear and gathered them in trouble, his chickens and his children were plundered by the foe, and life itself was in danger of leaking out between the logs of his hut; even it was fortified with three muskets, a spunky wife and a jug of whiskey. Yes, my friends, this was then a wild gloomy and desolate place. Where the Indian squaw hung her young papoose upon the bough, and left it to squall at the hush-a-bye of the blast, the Anglo-Saxon mother now rocks the cradle of her delicate babe on the carpet of peace and in the gay parlor of fashion. The wild has been changed to the blooming garden and the limits are expanding with the mighty genius of liberty.

OUR GUIDING PRINCIPLE

*Straightforwardness is our guiding principle. We don't mislead you in any way. We won't adopt the methods pursued by so many of offering "catch" prices, baits to bring you to the store, and then sell you something else. We offer bargains, it is true; bargains in the real sense of the word; big values in good goods. On everything we sell we offer proportionately low prices. We are enabled to cut prices lower than others, because our enormous business enables us to buy cheaper than others.*

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**LOCAL AND PERSONAL ITEMS**

Rev. J. M. Lynn preached at Encinal Sunday.

Jim Lacy was among the Woodwardites in the city Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hill of Webb were here this week, guests of Sheriff and Mrs. T. H. Poole.

Mrs. C. C. Thomas has returned home from a couple of weeks stay at Corpus Christi.

R. L. Henrichson, La Salle's Tax Assessor, was in Cotulla from Artesia during the week.

Mrs. Ed Cotulla and family spent the week here visiting relatives.

Mrs. W. H. Jackson of Austin is here visiting her mother, Mrs. W. K. Beezley.

Mrs. J. L. Ellis of Luling is here visiting her brother, M. T. Davis, Sr.

Ed Cotulla, Deputy Collector of Customs of Laredo was up a day or two this week visiting relatives.

Miss Dossia Shaw left last week for Denver Colorado, where she will spend a few weeks with relatives.

W. E. Earnest of Millett was in town on business Tuesday. Ed McCoy was in the city from Artesia Tuesday.

Otto Armstrong returned a few days since from a three weeks trip to Chicago and New York. He returned by boat via New Orleans and reports a very pleasant trip.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Walker and Mrs. Thornhill stopped off here Monday, on their way from Asherton to San Antonio.

Mrs. T. C. Baker, left this week for the North. Mr. Baker will meet her at Kansas City, and they will go to Denver for a month.

Judge Earnest has received word that he is the grandfather of another fine boy, who recently arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Earnest at Jourdanon.

W. W. Wilson maker of fine clothing has just received two of the best and most complete lines of Fall and Winter Samples that have ever yet been shown in Cotulla.

Bill Moss, a young attorney of Llano, stopped off here two days this week with his friend Walter Daniel at the Lake Grove Farm. Mr. Moss had been down to Tampico, and was on his way home.

Phil Mewhirter recently spent a few weeks down in Zapata county busting broncos, roping mavericks, and doing a few other things the cowboys do. He says it's lots of fun, but he prefers chasing water down the irrigation rows on the farm.

Mrs. Johnnie A. Jones of Farmington was in Cotulla Saturday. Mrs. Jones is colonizing a tract of 400 acres of land at Farmington, all of which is being put under irrigation, by wells. She reports that sales are being made rapidly and to people who will make actual settlers.

John Landrum made a flying trip to Millett Tuesday.

No more dust. The oil is all right, but it comes a little high.

You are a good guesser if you guess the result of today's election

George Hill of Webb has been in the city for several days visiting friends.

R. O. Gouger went up to Pearsall Sunday, returned next day.

W. P. Mulholland, the Singer Sewing Machine man, returned from Mc Mullen county Tuesday.

F. R. Reeder left first of the week for Little Rock, Ark., where he will spend several weeks.

Jack Hill, stockman of Webb, was here a day or two during the week. He reports it just as dry down his way as it is over the balance of Southwest Texas.

E. C. Hurley of the Artesia Mercantile Company was in town Monday on business. Mr. Hurley reports business good notwithstanding the dry weather.

FOR SALE—1 pair brown match mules 3 years old, 15 hands high perfectly gentle; also full set leather harness. Will sell cheap.—J. W. Sutton, Cotulla, Texas.

W. H. Sylvester has just received a shipment of blue prints on paper of his new county map, which will sell for \$2. The price of this map is within the reach of all, and every land owner should have one.

J. L. Hamilton of Smiley, formerly of Millett, this county, was in Cotulla Thursday. Mr. Hamilton, reports extremely dry weather in this section of the State. His cotton is late and rain comes during August he expects a fair crop.

H. S. Gullett, a prominent real estate man of Austin was here Thursday. He reports some rain in that part of the State but no sufficient. The election is the warmest he ever saw in Travis county, and the pros expect to carry the county.

NOTICE—Cotulla Lodge No. 892 A. F. & M. will meet in regular communication Thursday evening August 3rd. Brethren are earnestly requested as there will be important business to be considered. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.

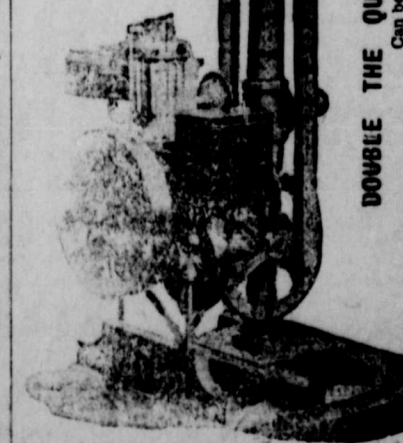
W. J. COLEMAN, W. M.

**PROBLEM OF MORE WATER SOLVED**

DOUBLE RESULTS WITHOUT INCREASING POWER.

A THING OF JOY FOREVER

FOR PARTICULARS SEE OR WRITE



W. D. MONTGOMERY COTULLA, TEXAS



**A Note To You.**

Cotulla, Texas, July 22, 1911.

Stop your automobiles and land your aeroplanes at our entrance. We are headquarters for up-to-the-minute people, as well as for up-to-the-minute watches. How completely lost you are at times without a watch---that is a GOOD ONE. Watches of today have attained the acme of accuracy, and can be bought at the minimum of price. See us for Watches.

**HORGER & WINDROW.**

**BILIOUS SPELLS NO LONGER DANGEROUS.**

DODSON'S LIVER-TONE IS A SAFE MEDICINE TO TAKE THE PLACE OF TOO POWERFUL CALOMEL.

In the days when calomel was the only liver remedy, a torpid liver or a spell of biliousness was a serious thing. Calomel is a powerful mineral substance that compels the liver, no matter how weak it is, to do its work, but does nothing to strengthen the liver and a large dose—sometimes the usual dose—may cause salivation. Dodson's Liver-Tone is a builder that strengthens the liver while making it do its work. It is entirely vegetable, pleasant to take has no bad after-effects and is perfectly suited for children as well as grown people. You don't have to be careful what you eat. Gaddis' Pharmacy will sell you a bottle and guarantee it to give you perfect satisfaction. If it doesn't you can get your money back simply by asking for it.

Ladies and gentlemen, call and see large samples for fall and winter suits. W. W. Wilson, maker of clothing that fit. Have your fall suit made at W. W. Wilson's.

**NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.**

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between W. B. Kerr of Bexar County, Texas, and Roe Oliver of Webb county, Texas, under the firm name of "Kerr & Oliver" was dissolved by mutual consent and by the sale of the partnership property to Oliver Bros., a firm composed of said Roe Oliver and E. E. Oliver of La Salle County, Texas, on the 7th day of June A. D. 1911. All debts owing to the said partnership of "Kerr & Oliver" are to be received by the said Oliver Bros. and the last named firm is to pay all debts due by said "Kerr & Oliver." Dated this 9th day of June A. D. 1911. W. B. KERR, ROE OLIVER.

**RULINGS ON THE ELECTION LAW.**

Austin, Texas, July 12.—With the approach of the state-wide prohibition election, the attorney general's department is being flooded with inquiries for rulings on the Terrell election law, and to answer these numerous inquiries. Assistant Attorney general Meade is kept busy most of his time. These inquiries are mostly concerning the time of residence and the exemptions granted to young men below the age of 21 and to old men above 60 years of age.

Assistant Attorney General Meade holds that a young man who has not reached his majority on February 1, 1911, but who took out an exemption certificate that he would be 21 by the time the state-wide prohibition election is held, would be entitled to vote on the prohibition question this month. In the event the certificate of exemption has not been obtained, this young man cannot vote at the coming election, though he may be 21 years of age.

It is also held that a man who has reached the age of 60 years may vote at the coming election without an exemption certificate provided he lives in a town of less than 10,000 population. If he lives in a city containing over that number he must have obtained his exemption papers before he is entitled to vote.

The greatest number of inquiries are from persons who believe they can vote in the coming election at their temporary residence. The law plainly says that in order to be qualified to vote a person must have resided in a county at least six months. If such a person is temporarily sojourning in another place, he must go to his home country to vote. If he removes from one country to another and has not resided in his new home six months he cannot vote, and even cannot go back to his old home and vote. This will cause many to be ineligible to vote at the coming election.

**THINKS STATE WILL GO DRY JULY 22.**

Fort Worth Man Says Anti-Dealers Are Not Active Enough And Pros Will Win.

S. A. Light. "I believe the pros have got our goat," declared A. R. Carnes of Ft. Worth, while discussing the question with a number of friends at the Menger hotel yesterday. "I have traveled all over North Texas during the past few weeks, and everything looks like Texas is going to be drier than a hollow tree. Only the large towns like Dallas and Ft. Worth. I believe, will vote anti, and even there the fight will be close, if I am any judge of the situation. The anti-leaders are not doing the work they should. They are too confident."

When asked to give in detail his reasons for believing that the state will go dry, he said that he had reduced the whole matter to figures. "Allowing the pros 60 per cent of the vote in the dry counties, and the anti 40 per cent, and reversing this percentage in the wet counties there is no way under the sun for the pros to lose. There are now 165 dry counties, and the pro vote in the majority of them will exceed 60 percent of the total vote in all. On the other hand, there are many wet counties where the pro vote is almost equal to the anti vote. The anti are too confident."

All over North Texas, he said, the prohibitionists are at work. Not a town or village is left uncanvassed. "The people up there," he said are all of one mind. They can't get up an argument among themselves. They are willing to do without booze from now until doom's day eve in order to win this fight now. Even the cold drink stands are closed on Sunday and in most of the small towns you can't even buy a cigar.

Want Land To Sell, must be good agricultural stuff and can use large or small tracts but only from owners direct. We have been very successful in selling La Salle County Lands and can sell yours if you really want to sell.

JNO. H. GRIST, Austin, Texas.

**WILSON COUNTY FARMS FOR SALE**

1886 acres 7 miles Southeast of Stockdale, surveyed into tracts of 166 to 350 acres each; some improved, others unimproved. Soil, black sandy and shelly mesquite land, clay subsoil. Large amount of open land. Located in German community near church and school. This property will be sold at a reasonable price on reasonable terms. For full particulars write,

**E. B CHANDLER,**

102 E. Commerce St. San Antonio, Texas

**F. A. FRANKLIN**

**BLACKSMITH AND TINWORK**

PIPE THREADING

AUTOMOBILE AND GAS ENGINE OILS

Cotulla, Texas.

**CLAY, ROBINSON & CO.,**

LIVE STOCK COMMISSION

FT. WORTH ST. LOUIS KANSAS CITY

"OUR WORK WINS"

**JOURD J. IRVIN, Solicitor.**

**Write for My Introductory Offer on a Fine Sample EPWORTH PIANO or ORGAN**

I am sending some of the finest, sweetest-toned Epworth Pianos and Organs in the world to many communities as samples of our work. It's our special way of advertising, as we have no agents or dealers. If you write to me, I will tell you how you can try one of these fine sample instruments in your own home entirely at our expense of freight and all. Then, after you've tried it for a month or so—after you've had your friends try it—after you've looked it over and after you've enjoyed the pitch, sound tone for which Epworth Pianos and Organs are celebrated—after you are convinced that—all in all—it's one of the best-looking, sweetest-sounding instruments you ever saw or heard, then, if you wish, you may buy it on our special introductory plan and take your choice of 27 Plans of Easy Payment.

Your Choice of 27 Plans of Easy Payment. We will send you, no matter where you live, a literature and sample piano and organ to be used in the home. I send the literature and sample piano and organ to be used in the home. I send the literature and sample piano and organ to be used in the home. I send the literature and sample piano and organ to be used in the home.

**Guaranty Fund Bank**

All non-interest bearing and unsecured deposits of this Bank are protected by the Depositor's Guaranty Fund of the State of Texas.

**Cotulla State Bank.**



# STORIES OF WALL STREET

## The CALL of the STREET

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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As the taxicab whirled round the corner, and the rumble of the wheels upon the cobble was replaced by the liquid swish of the tires upon Fifth Avenue's asphalt, Steele turned suddenly, looking at his wife.

He had an impression that she had spoken and that he, momentarily lost in the intricacies of the Interstate Tunnel deal, had neglected to answer her.

"What did you say, Sara?" he asked. But his words were drowned in the roar of a passing Forty-second street car.

The wheels of the taxicab bounced softly across the car tracks, and the ride home—uptown—was continued with speed undiminished. Little flashes of cold light illuminated the interior of the vehicle in quick succession, thrown by the passing procession of high-swinging arc lamps, swiftly silhouetting the woman's pure profile against the dark background of cushions.

Steele watched, for the moment forgetful of the Interstate Tunnel problem, swelling with the pride of possession.

"By George," he said, with contented appreciation, "she is beautiful."

"Thank you, dear," she said; "I didn't think you'd notice."

"What was it, dear?" he asked. "What was it you said a while back?"

"I said"—with rising inflection. She frowned in pretty perplexity, trying to remember.

"Just as I closed the door," he helped. "I thought you asked a question—I was thinking of something else at the moment."

"Oh! Of course you were thinking of something else; you are always thinking of something else, Jim."

There was a note of petulance in her voice that puzzled him. "And that was what I asked. It was silly enough—I said, 'A penny for your thoughts.'"

Extravagance, for I— you— thinking of business."

He felt vaguely that he was being indicted and began clumsily to defend himself.

"Yes. You were right. Affairs in rather a mix up just now, little girl; but both a chap. Important deal on—"

"Always, always," she commented, wearily—even a trifle bitterly.

But he did not hear; the bare reference to the importance of the tunnel deal had plunged his mind into a profundity of calculations.

While he fumbled with his keys, the shivered noticeably in the brisk air of the early morning hours.

"Cold, dear?" he asked, roused out of his affairs for the moment.

Smiling up at him, "A wee bit," she confessed, "but happy, Jim."

"Eh?" He stared. "Happy?"

"Happy," she repeated with a low laugh as the door swung open.

Steele gazed after her, bewildered, while he shot the bolts. Then he followed her upstairs, heavily. Ten minutes later, she looked up from her dressing table to see him standing in the doorway of her boudoir, glowering down upon her. He had exchanged his dress coat for a quilted smoking jacket, his shoes for slippers, and was smoking; she smiled, struck by the grotesque figure he made.

"Well?" she queried, archly, her hands busy with her hair.

"What made you say that, Sara?" he demanded, bluntly.

Her eyes widened.

"Say what, Jim?"

us the rest of our lives and give the boy a good start besides. Why need you keep it up, always, at the expense of your health and your family? You know that Dr. Dexter warned you to take a rest last month, and you laughed at him, and—"

"Oh, Dexter!" he derided. "He doesn't understand. Neither do you, little girl. Why, what'll I do, anyhow? No." His mouth straightened into a firm, hard line; he had settled the matter, man-like, forgetting the original issue—her happiness, not his own.

"No, I can't give it up. It would be foolishness with—with my prospects, my career. No, you don't understand." He decided to comfort her with a platitude: "Men must work and women must weep, you know."

"Why?" she cried, rebelliously. "Why must we weep? Why must men work incessantly?"

"The law of life," he told her with portentous gravity.

Naturally enough, perhaps, the element of the unforeseen figures largely in the life of the Street. On the following afternoon, Steele's deal in Interstate Tunnel came to an unexpected end—to a successful culmination unexpectedly sudden. The clique of men who, desiring to obtain control of the Interstate Tunnel Company, had combined their interests and put Steele at their head, allowing him full discretion—thereby forming what is termed a "blind pool"—had calculated that his campaign would be one of weeks, if not of months, before their object was attained.

As it happened, however, another combination had been formed with precisely the same object, thereby creating an unusual demand for Tunnel Common—so unusual, in fact, that the market price went up by leaps and bounds, and the trading in Tunnel Common became the feature of the day.

Steele and those brokers who acted by his orders bought steadily, at the market; the opposition bought as steadily, if less successfully.

But, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the ticker ceased to record transactions in Tunnel Common; the demand had outlasted the supply; a "natural corner" had resulted. Steele and his opponents between them had bought up every available share in excess of the total issue—the outcome of persistent "short" selling by the bear element.

When he realized what had happened, Steele told himself that his work for the day was done. He could return to his office and count the gains and receive the congratulations of his associates. The shorts were squealing in agony, but that was their affair; he would settle with them tomorrow.

As he was about to leave the floor, however, the staccato rapping of the gavel on the rostrum made him pause; he knew, or suspected, what was coming, and would not have missed it for much. A slight lull succeeding in all the frenzied uproar that had prevailed in the board room, he was able to hear the chairman's voice as it boomed out over the heads of the brokers, announcing the suspension of Belden & Tausig.

Steele smiled grimly under his mustache.

"Belden will think twice, I guess, before he monkeys with the buzz saw again," he thought as he crossed Broad street to the Mills building.

At the same time he was both surprised and disappointed to find that he was experiencing nothing of elation; he, who had hugged jealously to himself the hope of such a just vengeance during all the years of his enmity with Belden, felt the glow of accomplishment barely warm in his breast. Rather, indeed, he was conscious of a dull depression, a listless weariness, as though he were an old man, drugged with years. Which Steele was not.

Even his success in obtaining the control of Interstate Tunnel seemed a tawdry, futile thing. He found himself walking slowly, his step lacking its accustomed springiness, his head drooping and hot and heavy, his feet like leaden weights. He was tired, he assumed, waking up to the fact that he had been working hard and very steadily for many days.

And when he found Belden, the obnoxious, humbly waiting him in the ante room, the keen edge of his gratification was blunted by that same, gray apathy. He did not care—now.

It was not until Belden approached him with his insinuating whine that was colored with something of his one-time patronizing disdain—"I say, Jim, my boy"—that the change came. It was utterly without premeditation on Steele's part, something entirely outside of his calculations. When the hateful accents fell upon his ear; Steele seemed to lose control of himself; for the time the room swam before him; he was shaken by a little gust of febrile rage, which, he later considered, must have seemed childishly spiteful.

"Oh, go to the devil!" he cried, whirling upon his heel to face Belden.

"You—you get out of my office—I'll have nothing to do with you!"

Instantly Steele began to regret; also he was somewhat scared; the passion which had gripped him so strongly that he had forgotten himself was a new thing in his experience. He had never made such an exhibition of himself—to his knowledge, at least—so causelessly. He glanced around the room, shame-faced, wondering who had witnessed his transport.

There were two witnesses: Hunt, office partner of the firm of C. D. Hunt & Wilder, through which Steele cleared his transactions, and in whose offices he was accorded a desk as a courtesy; and a stranger to Steele—a stout man, florid of complexion, thick-set. Him Steele intuitively knew for Tausig, Belden's partner.

"Oh," he said, shortly, "you're Tausig?" The fellow nodded. "I've nothing against you personally, Tausig," Steele continued more calmly; "but Belden—! A damned scoundrel—gives you a bad name, Tausig. But this is what I wanted to say; you tell Belden what I had intended to, that your firm will get just the same treatment from us as the rest of the shorts in this deal. And—and we're not disposed to be hard on the shorts."

Tausig nodded curtly. "That's what we wanted to know, Mr. Steele," he replied. "If there's to be no discrimination, we may pull through. Good day." And he left.

Hunt watched the door close before speaking. Then he laughed shortly.

"If Belden's looks go for anything, Steele," he commented, "you'll pay high for that."

Steele stared at him dully under heavy eyelids.

"Oh, Belden," he said, after a while, slowly; "he be damn. Anyhow, his power in the street is broken."

To himself his tongue seemed thick and unwieldy; he had some difficulty in enunciating distinctly. It annoyed Steele, and Hunt was watching him strangely.

"Yes," he heard Hunt say, "but this isn't the first time that Belden's been broken. Maybe it isn't to be the last, either."

"To tell the truth," said Steele, very carefully, "I didn't mean to flare up that way. Something seemed to snap. I wonder—"

"Reaction, perhaps," suggested Hunt, coolly philosophical in the consideration of another's troubles. "You've kept yourself keyed up to the fever pitch for several weeks, and a reaction's bound to come."

Steele did not directly reply. He sat down, with his hands in his pockets, and stared gloomily at the carpet.

"Anyhow," he said, rising again after an interval, "I'm—tired, tired. I'm going home—now. Take care of things—"

He reached blindly for his hat and staggered a pace or two toward the door. Hunt jumped up, alarmed.

"Here, old man!" he said.

Steele fell, like a column pushed from its base; he fell, to lie inert, supine, breathing heavily.

It was three months later, almost to a day, before the Street again knew Jim Steele's footsteps.

Following his discharge from a sanitarium as convalescent—a discharge accompanied by a warning that he would return to business life within three years at his peril—a few weeks had been put in at Palm Beach. Now Steele and his wife were to spend a few weeks in town until their son's spring term at school should be ended, when the three of them were to go abroad.

As for Mrs. Steele, she was radiant; happy; for the first time in the twelve years of married life she had what she most desired in all the world—first place in the thoughts of her husband. For it was an understood thing that Steele had given up the Street and all its works—"for better or worse," Steele had laughed when he promised.

Yet it was with a distinct shiver of foreboding that the woman looked up from her breakfast plate, on the morning following their return to the city, to find Steele eyeing her with a gaze half doubtful, half deprecating.

She put down her fork deliberately, and the letter which he had been reading, and still held in his hand. Steele fancied that she lost a shade of color, and he could not ignore the anxiety in her eyes.

"What is it?" she demanded, almost breathlessly.

He laughed lightly to reassure her.

"Why, nothing of any great importance, Sara; only that I'm going downtown for an hour or two today." He saw her little hands clinch until the knuckles stood out white and hard against the firm pink of her flesh, and hurried to explain: "Hunt writes me that he wants to buy my seat on the Exchange. He's establishing a couple of branches, and thinks that the firm needs another floor member to handle its increased business. He'll pay a good price, so I'm going down to sell to him."

"You're—you're not—" she faltered.

Interest aroused by a prominent article on the financial page of his newspaper. It was one of those rare, infrequent accounts which sometimes see the light, written by an "insider," an expert, detailing with fine insight just what motives were then actuating the bear element in the furious raid it was making upon Industrial securities.

In particular, Steele gathered that the clique headed by Tom West, his nearest rival of the old days, was hampering Tennessee Rope & Twine. Steele considered such action immoral; West, he allowed, was a natural-born pessimist in regard to stock values, but that was no excuse for his making T. R. & T. his shilling mark. Steele happened to know a good deal concerning that stock and the concern which fathered it, and he was quite convinced that it was sound—worth all of par. Moreover, he held a large block of T. R. & T. as an income investment; it annoyed him to have the market value of his investment depreciated.

Now, if he were back in the Street, he would find a way to convince West and his crowd of their mistake. But Steele sighed. He found much, indeed, to induce a feeling of depression; throughout all of his trip he was conscious of a curious, unhappy sensation of utter detachment from his surroundings.

He was forgotten—already. The Street is a fickle mistress. Even his newsdealer in the Empire building arched his brows at Steele's face when he paused to buy some publication he did not want, for old time's sake. To crown all, Hunt happened to be out for the morning.

Steele went downstairs from Hunt's office, feeling, he proclaimed grimly, "like a loose tooth." He stood for a while staring desolately at the sculptures on the Broad Street facade of the new Exchange building. He hardly gave them a thought, however; his mind was occupied in grasping the fact of his complete dissociation from the body financial.

Suddenly he found himself making for the door of the Exchange; almost without his own volition he pushed them aside and entered the lobby. There he stood, for a moment aghast. What had he done? What right had he there? Then he remembered that he had every right, as yet; his seat was still his own, the freedom of the floor his. Why not go in and see what "the boys" were about? Perhaps he might win a friendly smile, at least, and he fairly ached for a word of welcome, a sign he was not forgotten.

Absent-mindedly he deposited his coat in the cloak room, and strolled out upon the floor of the Exchange. He arrived at a critical moment.

West clique was undoubtedly leading the industrial movement—then it led. Several points had already a lopped off the day's opening. Steele discovered the fact, winging stern disapproval. There med to be little or no buying, although a reaction was bound to come. Best crowd was selling short and would have to buy in to cover before long, thereby causing a rally; far-seeing man would seize upon this opportunity.

Hollwedel, board member of West's firm, plunging back from a consultation with his partner by telephone, spied Steele. The latter's hat was suddenly smashed down over his ears. He pushed it up, laughing, to see Hollwedel standing before him, offering a welcome hand.

"Howdy, Steele?" he panted. "You back? Glad to see you. Sell you a thousand Rope & Twine at 65," he added, almost in jest.

"Done!" cried Steele, mechanically, as though he had suddenly awakened from a dream.

Seemingly by magic he found a pad and pencil in his hand; he never knew how he had acquired them. Scrawling a memorandum on the top sheet, he came back at Hollwedel right manfully. "Got any more?" He was accommodated to the extent of another thousand shares, at 64½. Sara? He never gave her a thought. The wine of battle coursed through his veins. His word forgotten, he hurried to the telephone to apprise Hunt & Wilder that he was again trading, then hurried himself back into the thick of the fray, to the rescue of the abused Tennessee Rope & Twine. For a few minutes he bought right and left, regardless of consequence, then settled down to a more sane method of procedure.

A whisper stole around the room: "Steele's back—buying Rope & Twine. Must have an inside tip." Others, so believing, began to buy. West's associates became alarmed; they had anticipated a reaction, but not so early in the day.

The close of the day's trading found Steele sitting on one of the wall seats; tired, happy, perturbed. He had had a glorious debauch; he had demonstrated the fallacy of West's reasoning; had turned the tables on him; and he had bought something like twenty-five thousand shares of Tennessee Rope & Twine. His profits were handsome enough, on paper, but he did not care to hold the stock as an investment, and he would have to feed it to the market by driblets in order to avoid a fall in price. And—Sara? He was beginning to remember her. He would have to spend the following day or two on the floor. But how was he to explain his defection to his wife?

And at that moment Tausig was announcing to Belden, in their private office: "I hear Steele's back on the floor."

"He is, eh?" Belden licked his thin lips, glancing furtively at his partner.

"Oh, he is back at last, is he?" he said again, with meaning, tracing an invisible diagram on his blotter with his pen. "Why, I'm glad to hear it!"

Tausig did not doubt his sincerity. To Steele's relief his prolonged absence of the day before had passed unnoticed; at least, Mrs. Steele made no comment. But, as he rose from the breakfast table he felt that the moment for an explanation was at hand. Her eye was upon him, and he was fain to avoid it.

"I am sorry, dear," he said, uneasily, "but I must go downtown again today. I—I have to consult with Morton." He named his lawyer. It was not strictly untrue; he did mean to see Morton, for a minute or two, if he found time.

"You have sold your seat?" she asked, abruptly.

"I—er—Hunt was not ready yesterday. It'll be settled in a day or so."

As yet he shrank from the lie direct, but the following day a new subterfuge must be invented; he dared not tell her the truth.

"I find," he said glibly—having thought it out beforehand, during a sleepless portion of the night—"that I will have to spend several days—perhaps a week—at the office. A matter has cropped up requiring my attention."

"I understood that Mr. Hunt had arranged everything by your instructions, using your power of attorney."

"I had—er—forgotten this matter—due to my illness perhaps."

How would it work out? Steele failed to foresee. The reformed tippler had broken the pledge.

A week passed. The issue grew, became as a wall between the man and the woman. Finally it might no longer be evaded.

"I'm involved in the market," he told her, surlily, with a dogged air.

"Jim!"

He cringed.

"I—I can't help it, Sara—it's beyond helping now. I'm sorry, but I saw the chance, I thought, to make a few thousands and—"

"But, Jim!" He looked quickly away from the pain in her eyes; he would not have witnessed it, knowing that he had caused it, for worlds.

"But, Jim, you—you gave me your word!"

"I know, I—"

He floundered miserably under her accusing gaze. "But it can't be helped. In a few days—a week, at the outside—I hope to have it all fixed. And that will be the end, Sara!"

She did not answer; Steele's primal impression was that she was refusing to listen. Then he saw that she was, for the instant, unable to give him her attention.

She had pushed back her chair, as though intending to rise; on the contrary, she seemed held down, as though by an invisible hand—struggling vainly. She had turned from him, averting her face; Steele could see no more than the full curve of her cheek; and that whiteness of a pallor beneath his gaze. Unconsciously her left hand went toward the region of her heart, clutching at the folds of her morning gown.

Steele hurried toward her.

"Sara!" he cried a second time. "Is—is it your heart, dear—the old trouble?"

His voice seemed to rouse her; the hand dropped to her side, she sat up determinedly in her chair, then warned him away from her with a little, weary gesture. Steele bent toward her in an agony of solicitude.

"The old heart trouble?" he demanded. But she refused to credit him with the anxiety with which his tone was charged.

"Yes," she said, faintly. "It—it's gone, now. I am all right."

"I'll send for Doctor Dexter, at once," he proposed.

"It is unnecessary." She rose, coldly ignoring his proffered arm. He followed her toward the door. "He was here yesterday. I tell you—it is nothing. Now, go on—go to the office. I am all right."

"But—"

"Go," she insisted, drearily. "Don't pretend to worry about me. I—"

"But I will not go!" he cried. "At least, until I know—"

"It is getting late," she reminded him, quietly. "The exchange opens within an hour. You had best go at once. Don't think of me—think of the money you have involved."

He had no answer. It was true—he had no choice but to consider the money; his presence upon the floor at the opening was an imperative necessity. While he hesitated, considering that phase of the case, she brushed past him and left the room. Steele started after her, paused, reconsidered—and left the house, muttering to himself.

Where before he had gone to the market as a man desiring a stimulant, now he plunged into the turmoil on the floor as he would have swallowed an opiate; it would deaden his sensibilities, help him to forget her face as she had last looked upon him.

swallow the loss. He flung himself into the market desperately, making use of every device known to him to stop the slump—to no purpose, it seemed. The bear element controlled the market; the public—always "bullish"—had lost confidence and could not be tempted to buy.

On the opening, Rope & Twine broke three points. Steele's support fell away from him. For a while he felt as though stunned. Then came a slight reaction, due to covering by the shorts. Steele, encouraged, strove to better the advantage. It proved to be a momentary thing, however; again the price began to scale, point by point, slowly, surely.

And Belden, in his office, smiled grimly at the reports brought him by his lieutenants, smiled yet more heartlessly as he thought of the final blow he was preparing to deal.

The floor was in tumult. To Steele it seemed that at least two-thirds of the traders were engaged in the struggle that raged about the T. R. & T. post. Steele himself, Hollwedel and Belden's broker were the storm centers, around whom revolved a howling mob of frantic brokers, red-faced and wild-eyed all and all perspiring, brandishing aloft their arms, threatening one another with their pads and pencils, pushing, crushing this way and that, surging to and fro, shouting, yelling, shrieking—chanting a monotonous dirge of a hundred notes and but one word, that filled all four marble walls of the great room to its golden ceiling with one never-ending cry of "Sell! Sell! Sell!"

And if one dared bleat "Buy!" he was overwhelmed by an instant onslaught. Steele felt that hours passed thus, while he strained his ears to catch a change, however slight, in the insistent iteration of "Sell! Sell! Sell!" And in the end, when at length it came, he hardly knew it; for he had lost heart and his head and was raving in unison with his fellows.

And then, just as he began to realize that the tide was turning, some one thrust a telegram in his face. He never knew who it was. At first he refused to notice it, but it was thrust at him persistently. Finally he was forced to comprehend that the message was for him. He seized it, and somehow the envelope was torn away from it. He backed up against the post and held it up before his eyes, trying to steady himself. The words danced madly; it was some time before he grasped their import.

"Your wife is dying. Come home at once." Dexter.

The shock seemed, in a way, to deaden all his senses.

His fortune stood at stake. But what did it matter? What was money to him—life even—without her? Men pressed about him like a wall—determined men without understanding. But he lowered his head, sprang at him, bucked a way through them by main strength and carelessness of consequence, fighting like a madman.

Presently he was in Broad Street—hatless, his coat ripped up his back, his collar lying about his neck a sudden pulp of linen, one sleeve hanging from the shoulder almost by a single thread. And it was raining, a steady furious downpour of April. He hardly was conscious of it. He found a taxicab, mainly by intuition; he could not have been said to have seen it; and jumped in, believing large promises to the chauffeur.

She was reading, or had been, when he staggered into her room. She arose suddenly from her chair, and the book crashed on the floor; she gave a little, startled cry, and one hand went tentatively toward her heart. Her face was very white and apparently drawn, and Steele saw that she had been crying.

"Why, Jim?" she said.

"You're—you're all right?" he gasped, incredulously.

"Yes," she told him, wondering.

She came towards him slowly, hesitating, bewildered.

"Then," he said, after an interval, "what does this mean?"

He extended his hand, opening his fingers; a little ball of yellow paper rested in his palm, damp with its moisture.

"Read it," he said, impatiently.

She unfolded it, read it with a growing wonder, then looked up at him.

"I do not know," she said, with what seemed an effort, "what it means."

"You are all right, sweetheart? You are not ill?"

"At present, not in the least." He pondered the problem, scowling.

"Thank God," he whispered, once or twice. And finally he straightened up, with a single cry: "Belden!" He had fathomed the mystery.

"An enemy sent it to me," he explained, sitting down heavily. "It was handed to me on the floor of the Exchange. So I came—at once." He attempted a smile, but without signal success. "At once," he repeated, drearily. "Thank God!"

"You did that for me, Jim?" she said, softly. "For me? And I did not think you cared so much!"

"I did not know how much I cared," he replied, "until—that—There is nothing without you," he stated with conviction; "I did not know."

"Dear heart!" And, after a little while: "Did it do great harm, dear? Have you lost much?"

"About half of what I had," he calculated. "It is no matter. Let them keep it. There will still be enough—with you to share it."

"There will be enough," she whispered, happily.

"I am done with the Street," he stated; and this time his pledge was convinced her, for he himself was convinced. "The Street had taken back half of that which it gave me," he added. "I'm content—with you. The Street can keep it."

But it was not so bad as he believed.



### AS TOMMIE UNDERSTOOD IT

Figure Out for Yourself Just What Had Been Done With That Dog Ordinance.

One year, in a certain town in Maine, a tax was levied on dogs for the first time. It caused quite an excitement among the dog owners, as many of them had dogs good for nothing except for pets.

So the next year an article was inserted in the town warrant to repeal the dog law. All interested attended the meeting.

When Mr. W. came home his children, who had a pet dog, met him, eager to hear the result. Mr. W. said: "Well, boys! they have repealed the dog law."

Little Tommie, four years old, catching the words from his father and entering into the spirit of the occasion, rushed in to where his grandpa sat reading, and shouted: "Grandpa, they have repealed the law dog!"

"Have what?" asked grandpa. "They have repealed the dog." "What did they do with the peeling?" asked grandpa.

"Don't know. I'll ask papa," and he legged it for the door. "Papa, what did they do with the dog peeling?"

"Buried them," said papa, laughing. Tommie rushed back.

"They put um on berries, grandpa!" "What did they do with the berries?" asked grandpa.

"Et um, I s'pose!" said Tommie, thoughtfully.

### OUT FOR BUSINESS.



The Arctic Explorer—Say, can you tell me where I can find the North Pole?

The Eskimo—Nix. If I knew I'd have had it in a museum long ago.

### The One Thing Useful.

"Arms and legs are not so indispensable after all," remarked the man who narrowly escaped with his life in an explosion where he lost the use of his arms and legs.

He sat in silence through a straw, shook some change out of his pocket to the waiter, and, reaching down with his mouth for the lighted cigar, puffed vigorously. Then, bowing his head and jamming it into his hat on the table, he arose and turned to go, saying: "But this head of mine is mighty useful."

### Where the Blame Rests.

Mistress—Oh, dear! I'm afraid I'm losing my looks, Nora. Nora—Ye are not, mum, it's the mirrors; they don't make them as good as they used to—Harper's Bazar.

Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he's sure of losing.—George Elliot.



### SHAKE?

Oxidine is not only the quickest, safest, and surest remedy for Chills and Fever, but a most dependable tonic in all malarial diseases.

A liver tonic—a kidney tonic—a stomach tonic—a bowel tonic.

If a system-cleansing tonic is needed, just try

### OXIDINE

—a bottle proves.

The specific for Malaria, Chills and Fever and all diseases due to disordered kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels.

50c. At Your Druggists

THE BUREAU DRUG CO., Waco, Texas.

### HOW TO MAKE SWISS CAKE

Recipe for the Batter and Directions for Baking—Mince-meat May Be Added.

This recipe calls for one-fourth cup of butter, 1½ cups of sugar, 2½ cups of flour, one cup of milk, two eggs and 2½ teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with any preferred flavoring. The batter should be prepared for the tin in the following manner: Cream butter and sugar with the hand (the temperature of the hand seems to melt the butter just right), add the yolks of the eggs and beat thoroughly; then the milk. To this add the flour, which has been previously sifted with the baking powder five times. Then the flavoring (say one-half teaspoonful vanilla and one-half teaspoonful of lemon). Finally fold in the stiffly beaten whites, put in the pan (one with a tube in the center) and bake in a quite hot oven until by inserting a broom splint it will come out clean, if done. It usually requires from one-half to three-quarters of an hour for baking. It is the way the cake is put together that makes it such a success, so do not shorten the process. By the addition of a package of mince meat you will have a very nice fruit cake. This recipe, using three deep layer-cake tins, makes as fine a layer cake as one could wish for.—Suburban Life.

### NOVELTY IN IRONING TABLES

Part of It Forms a Chair and the Whole Affair Can Be Folded Up.

An ironing table that is part table and part chair has been designed by a New Jersey woman who probably did not realize how tantalizing the chair would be to the laundress if the wash was large. The whole affair can be folded up into a flat compass and stood out of the way when



not in use. The chair is joined and resembles a camp stool. The ironing board proper is hinged to the top of the chair, which forms one of its supports, while an extra leg extends back under it. The other end of the board rests on the kitchen table or on the window sill. When not in use for ironing the board can be lowered along extra leg mentioned and take its turn acting as a support. There is a raised portion on the board adapted for the purpose of holding the hot iron and not necessitating the use of a separate holder for that duty.

### Potato Timbale.

Heat up two pounds of mashed potatoes with three tablespoonfuls of butter, add two well beaten eggs and season with salt and pepper. Butter a plain timbale mold, sprinkle it with breadcrumbs, and line the bottom and sides an inch thick with the potato puree. Chop half a pound of cold beef, mutton or ham and season with salt, pepper and butter. Put this in the center of the potato and cover it with the remainder of the potato and bake for 30 minutes in a hot oven. Turn on a hot dish, pour some brown sauce around the base of the timbale and serve.

### Apple and Rhubarb Pudding.

Soak one pint of very fine bread crumbs in one quart of milk until they are soft, then spread a buttered dish with pared and cored good apples cut as thin as a wafer; lay over these some thin slices of rhubarb; beat three eggs with one-half pint of sugar and mix with the milk and crumbs, pouring over the fruit; set in a pan of hot water in a moderate oven to cook until the custard is firm and apples tender. Serve with meringues on top, placing a bit of apple jelly in each ring.

### Washing Lace Curtains.

To do up lace curtains nicely without stretchers, wash and starch without much rubbing or wringing and hang lengthways on the line. Place opposite scallops together and pull the whole curtain straight. The starch will stick the opposite halves together, no pins being needed. The curtains will be straight and even and no ironing will be necessary—only a pressing of the scallops.

### Shirred Oysters.

Chop twenty-five large oysters fine, add the beaten yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cream, sufficient dry bread crumbs to thicken, and salt and pepper to taste. Fill the cleaned shells with the mixture. Put little pieces of butter on top and bake in a quick oven until lightly browned.

### Spanish Onion Salad.

A cold boiled Spanish onion makes an excellent salad if sliced and dressed with oil and vinegar in the usual manner.

### THE REASON.



De Quiz—Are you in favor of a safe and sane Fourth of July?  
De Whiz—No; let the boys have all the giant firecrackers they want.  
De Quiz—But such things are dangerous.  
De Whiz—I know it. I haven't any boys.

### HIRAM CARPENTER'S WONDERFUL CURE OF PSORIASIS.

"I have been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s psoriasis, and others leprosy, commencing on my scalp; and in spite of all I could do, with the help of the most skillful doctors, it slowly but surely extended until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in the form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do any labor, and suffering intensely all the time. Every morning there would be nearly a dust-pail of scales taken from the sheet on my bed, some of them half as large as the envelope containing this letter. In the latter part of winter my skin commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs. I reached Detroit and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich., where I had a sister living. One Dr. — treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. All thought I had but a short time to live. I earnestly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back, across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs; feet badly swollen; toe-nails came off; finger-nails dead and hard as a bone; hair dead, dry and lifeless as old straw. O my God! how I did suffer. "My sister wouldn't give up," said, "We will try Cuticura." Some was applied to one hand and arm. Eureka! there was relief; stopped the terrible burning sensation from the word go. They immediately got Cuticura Resolvent, Ointment and Soap. I commenced by taking Cuticura Resolvent three times a day after meals; had a bath once a day, water about blood heat; used Cuticura Soap freely; applied Cuticura Ointment morning and evening. Result: returned to my home in just six weeks from the time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper. Hiram E. Carpenter, Henderson, N. Y.

The above remarkable testimonial was written January 19, 1880, and is republished because of the permanency of the cure. Under date of April 22, 1910, Mr. Carpenter wrote from his present home, 610 Walnut St., So., Lansing, Mich.: "I have never suffered a return of the psoriasis and although many years have passed I have not forgotten the terrible suffering I endured before using the Cuticura Remedies."

### Church and State.

"If our government is to be enduring it must rest on principles of justice, truth and righteousness, sanctioned by recognition of a supreme being whose superintending providence watches over the affairs of nations and of men. There is no official union of church and state in this country, but there is no antagonism between the civil and religious authorities. Church and state move on parallel lines. The state holds over the spiritual rulers the aegis of its protection without interfering with rights of conscience. The church helps enforce civil laws by moral and religious sanctions. It is the duty of us all, churchmen and laymen, to hold up the hands of our president, as Aaron and Hur stayed up the hands of Moses."—Cardinal Gibbons.

### Well Domesticated.

Judge Parry in the course of a sketch of his judicial duties states that he has learned to sympathize with domestic frillities. "I was once rebuking a man for backing up his wife in what was not only an absurd story, but one in which I could see he had no belief. 'You should be more careful,' I said, 'and I tell you candidly I don't believe a word of your wife's story.' 'You may do as you like,' he said, mournfully, 'but I've got to.'"

### Awful!

Mrs. Willis—Isn't it awful the way people pay over goods in a store?  
Mrs. Gillis—Shocking. I went over to the waist counter this morning and picked up every single garment and there wasn't one that didn't have the marks where somebody had been handling it.

### HAVE YOU TRIED PAXTINE

The Great Toilet Germicide? You don't have to pay 50c or \$1.00 a pint for bacterian antiseptics or peroxide. You can make 16 pints of a more cleansing, germicidal, healing and deodorizing antiseptic solution with one 25c box of Paxtine—a soluble antiseptic powder, obtainable at any drug store.

Paxtine destroys germs that cause disease, decay and odors,—that is why it is the best mouth wash and gargle, and why it purifies the breath, cleanses and preserves the teeth better than ordinary dentifrices, and in sponge bathing it completely eradicates perspiration and other disagreeable body odors. Every dainty woman appreciates this and its many other toilet and hygienic uses.

Paxtine is splendid for sore throat, inflamed eyes and to purify mouth and breath after smoking. You can get Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic at any drug store, price 25c and 50c, or by mail postpaid from The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass., who will send you a free sample if you would like to try it before buying.

### Rest for Tuberculosis Patients.

Dr. Joseph H. Pratt of Boston, who was the founder of the first tuberculosis class in the United States in the Emmanuel church in Boston, claims that in the treatment of tuberculosis absolute rest, often in bed, must be extended over a period of months, before the consumptive should take any exercise. He says: "Prolonged rest in bed out of doors yields better results than any other method of treating pulmonary tuberculosis. Patients will have a better appetite and take more food without discomfort and gain weight and strength faster than patients with active disease who are allowed to exercise. Complications are much less frequent. When used in the incipient stage recovery is more rapid and surer."

### Just Then the Tea Bell Rang.

One of the best repartees ever credited to a habitual maker of happy phrases was that made by the beloved "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" on a certain social occasion. Going to dine with a Boston neighbor, Dr. Holmes was met by her with an apology: "I could not get another man. We are four women, and you will have to take us all in."

### Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

### Smoke Volumes Only.

A select (showing plans)—This will be your library. M. Sewich—My library? Oh, yes, of course. I must have a place to smol Exchange.

### TO DO OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM.

Tablet 1. You know what you are taking. The for showing the capsule drives out the malarial poisons and builds up the system. Sold by all dealers for 10 cents.

### FOR CHIEF OF THE STOMACH.

and bowels. Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root is an effective medicine for malarial. Ask your Druggist. Wholesale Black Powder Company, Dallas, Texas.

### Net many lives, but only one have we; one, oh one!—Baxter.

When you want the best here is, ask your grocer for Libby's Pickles and Olives.

### Conferences.

She (with earnestness)—What do you consider the most subversive of comfort in domestic realities?  
He (with bluntness)—Pillow shams.

### LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES

one size smaller and using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight new shoes feel easy. Refuse substitutes. For free trial package, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Life without love is like a good dinner without an appetite.

### WHO THE "BLUENOSES" ARE

Explanation That Possibly May End a Misconception That Has Been Widespread.

"Lots of you folks in the states," said Thomas F. McCartney of St. John, N. B., the other day, "call everybody from the maritime provinces 'bluenoses'. That's not it at all. It's only the Nova Scotians that we call so. And it's not because the people there have blue noses, either."

"I have met people here who really thought that folks down east were so called because their noses were always blue on account of the cold, raw climate they suppose prevails there."

"The fact is, the term 'bluenoses' was first given to the inhabitants of the Cornwallis valley, who were the original raisers of a potato called the 'bluenose', from its bluish skin. This potato was shipped to the states in large quantities, and the name of the potato became the name of the people who raised it."

### Explanation.

"That bride across the way is the laziest woman I ever saw. She never does any work about the house."

"Why doesn't her husband make her?"  
"That accounts, then, for her leading an idle existence."

### The Only Way Out.

Peter (sent for the milk)—Oh, mercy, I've drunk too much of it! What shall we do?  
Small Brother—Easy. We'll drop the jug.—Megendorfer Blaetter.

Leisure is a very pleasant garment to look at, but a very bad one to wear.—Max Muller.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

If a man has nothing to do he is always equal to the task.

**GOOD? SURE IT IS**

**HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS**

It's Good when the stomach is bad.  
It's Good when the bowels are clogged.  
It's Good when the liver is inactive.  
It's Good in any malarial disorder.

**TRY A BOTTLE TODAY AVOID SUBSTITUTES**

**MEN AND WOMEN**

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased. For good results use Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root the great kidney remedy. At druggists. Sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet. Address, Dr. Kilmor & Co., Birmingham, N. Y.

### PATENTS

Fortunes are made in patents. Protect your ideas. Our 16 page book free. Fitzgerald & Co., Box 8, Washington, D. C.

**HUNT'S CURE GUARANTEED**

For Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter.

Don't Scratch

H. B. Richards Medicine Co., Thomas, Tenn.

### PREVENTION

better than cure. Tutt's Pills if taken in time not only cure, but will prevent SICK HEADACHE, biliousness, constipation and kindred diseases.

### Tutt's Pills

**DAISY FLY KILLER**

planned and prepared by H. B. Richards, M. D., of Thomas, Tenn. It kills all flies, mosquitoes, and other insects. It is safe for all animals and humans. It is the best fly killer ever made.

### Texas Directory

**MCCANE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY**  
Houston, Texas, operates the largest force of competent detectives in the South, they render written reports in cases not handled by them. Reasonable rates.

**KODAK FINISHING**  
Mail orders have prompt attention. All kinds of supplies. McBRIDE PHOTO SUPPLY CO., 1012 Capitol Ave., Houston, Tex.

### WE WANT YOUR CLEANING, DYEING AND LAUNDRY WORK

We have finest laundry in the United States. Finest cleaning and dyeing work in state. If a man has nothing to do he is always equal to the task. Model Laundry 682 to 606 Prairie Ave. SHIPPERS WANTED. HOUSTON, TEX.

### Hotel Brazos

HOUSTON, TEXAS  
Is a Comfortable Hotel.

### BRICK

Red, Brown, Bronze and Buff Facing Brick also Common Brick, Fire Brick and Fire Clay. Write us. ACME PRESSED BRICK CO., Ft. Worth

### J. A. ZIEGLER GENERAL BROKER

Specializing in F. O. B. Cotton Selling, Potatoes, Onions, Apples, Pecans, etc. to the wholesale trade. Now ready to contract for Seed Potatoes. HOUSTON TEXAS

### MISTER PHOTO MAN

ASK FOR OUR NEW CATALOG J. You'll save money. Largest Independent Photo Stock in the South. Schaeffer Photo Supply Co., Houston, Texas.

### W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 26-1911.

TO THE **Summer Resorts** OF **Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan Canada, New York and the East**

TRAVEL VIA THE **WABASH**

UP-TO-DATE TRAIN SERVICE ELEGANT EQUIPMENT AND DINING CAR SERVICE

For full information relative to very low Summer Tourist fares, carrying liberal stop-over privileges, ask your nearest ticket agent or write us for full particulars and illustrated booklets

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Nature's Vegetable Laxative

**Grandma's Tea**

CURE FOR CONSTIPATION

ALL GENTLY CLEANSE THE BOWELS AND BRING ABOUT THE MOST DELICIOUS

**You Look Prematurely Old**

Because of those ugly, grizzled, gray hairs. Use "LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, 50c, retail.





**THE HOME**  
Of Quality Groceries

THE  
**Four Cardinal Points**  
OF  
The Grocery Business

Cleanliness, Quality, Price, Service.  
You Are Entitled To Them.  
We Observe Them All.

**SIMPSON & SONS.**

**LOCAL AND PERSONAL ITEMS**

The latest Ladies Hand Bags, Gaddis' Pharmacy.

J. G. Childers Jr., was among the arrivals on Sunday's train.

New lot of Jewelry just received at Horger & Windrow's.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Poole spent a part of last week in San Antonio.

See the new hand bags, at Gaddis' Pharmacy.

Purity and quality is given in a Tailored Suit at W. W. Wilson's.

J. R. Black returned yesterday from a week's stay in the Alamo City.

J. A. Reed returned first of the week from a brief visit to the Alamo City.

William and Claude Landrum are visiting their uncle, Jno. M. Daniel at Laredo.

Buy a Howard watch; we have them in stock from \$37.50 up to \$75.00 at Horger & Windrow's.

Mrs. J. T. Rees is in the city for a few days the guest of Miss Kate Burwell.

New creations in fancy box stationery, at Gaddis' Pharmacy.

Bailey Kerr, a well known ranchman of San Antonio was here on business the early part of the week.

Quite a number of Cotulla people went up to Devine yesterday to attend the Loggins-Henderson wedding.

A new line of Briar Root Mercham and Calabash pipes, at Gaddis' Pharmacy.

Frank and Ray Keck are getting the full benefit out of their Automobile, a Ford, which arrived two weeks ago.

If your barrett is broken don't throw it away. Let us fix it for you—Horger & Windrow.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Bennett and son, of Laredo, are here visiting relatives. Mrs. Bennett is a sister to T. R. and E. A. Keck.

W. W. Wilson, the merchant tailor is now making and selling the best and highest quality Suits ever sold in Cotulla.

We have one Howard watch to sell for \$37.50 this is the last Howard watch to be had at this price—Horger & Windrow.

Messrs. Karl Johnston and Guy Walker returned home yesterday after a ten days stay at the Bermuda Farm. They report a pleasant outing.

Messrs. R. A. Taylor, R. A. Gouger, J. H. Gallman and W. L. Pose went to Dilley Wednesday night to attend a meeting of the Odd Fellows.

Miss Lucy Burwell left first of the week for San Marcos where she will visit relatives.

W. E. Horger, of the drug firm of Horger & Windrow was here from Hondo the early part of the week.

Have your fall suit made at W. W. Wilson's.

Mrs. J. A. Loggins of Devine was here a few days last week visiting her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Graham.

Miss Pearl Guinn returned home Sunday from San Marcos where she has been for several months with relatives.

Clint Haynie returned yesterday from Corpus Christi where he has been attending school since the early part of the year.

W. W. Wilson, the merchant tailor, will make your new fall suit in Cotulla. See our new and complete line, sales made almost daily.

J. C. Poole and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gallman and Mrs. Ed Cotulla and children of Laredo, spent part of the week at Harris Lake fishing.

NOTICE—The gin will run Wednesday and Friday of next week. Those who have cotton to gin will be governed accordingly.—Cotulla Gin Co.

H. S. Ball, recently from Birmingham, Ala., has leased what is known as the Leavitt place on the Altito. H. L. Grenn, who worked the place last year has moved to San Antonio.

Jack Hamilton of Moore was here Thursday. He reports crops badly damaged by drouth around Moore. Some cotton would be made, he said, but unless rain came soon the crop would be short.

Ladies and gentlemen, call and see large samples for fall and winter suits. W. W. Wilson, maker of clothing that fits.

Matt Russell, who returned yesterday from Louisiana states that he stopped off in several East Texas towns and found the prohibition sentiment very strong. He is of the opinion that the amendment will carry by a good majority.

The Little Green Grocery gives notice to all of its creditors and debtors and to the trade in general, that its doors will be closed on or before the 1st day of August, and the Market Master will gracefully retire from business in the city of Cotulla, and make a still hunt for a new location somewhere between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans. He that makes a good fight and runs away will live to fight another day.

Market Master.

Matt Russell returned yesterday from a week's absence at Alexandra, La., where he went to purchase a lot of wood pipe for the Riverdale Farm. Mr. Russell stated he contracted for 4,500 feet of 12 and 6 inch pipe to be used in the irrigation system of his farm. He is also contemplating installing a big pumping plant in the near future. Clearing land has been going on at this farm for several weeks and quite an additional acreage will be put in cultivation this fall.

**MERCANTILE STOCK INCREASED.**

Application has been made to the State Department for increase in the stock of the Cotulla Mercantile Company. The capital stock is now \$11,000 and will be increased to \$16,000.

**TO THE PUBLIC.**

We wish to inform you that at the office of W. W. Wilson the first tailor-made suit ever made and sold in Cotulla, was delivered to Dr. Bartlett on last Thursday.

**PREACHING AT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**

There will be preaching at the Presbyterian church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and also at 8:30 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

H. W. Hamilton, Pastor.

**TO THE PUBLIC.**

I have disposed of my interest in the Blacksmith Shop on the corner Front and Tilden streets, and will do any kind of engine repair work and carpenter work. Phone No. 102.

F. A. FRANKLIN.

**LOST.**

Part of your faith! I have a big reward. If you restore the Holy Bible to its preme place in your soul, the \$ day School will strengthen your faith. If you do not attend other Sunday School we invite you to the Methodist School. begin promptly at 10 o'clock M.

R. H. Seefeld, S. T.

**YOUNG PEOPLE SPEND PLEASANT EVENING AT HOLLAND-TEXAS FARM.**

Mr. H. Talens, superintendent of the Holland-Texas Agricultural Company, royally entertained a number of young people at the farm's headquarters twelve miles down the Nueces Wednesday evening.

On the arrival of the guests they were served with delicious fruit punch, and before supper a number of games of croquet were played. Supper was served at nine o'clock—and such a feast it was. Tables were loaded with good things to eat and they almost groaned under the load. Not soon will those who were fortunate enough to be present forget that supper.

After the feast various games were indulged in, the "cob web" being one that provoked much merriment. Miss Clara McCall experienced no little trouble in tracing her string to its end but was liberally rewarded by her "find" when the task was completed.

It was nearly the midnight hour when the guests departed, each vowing that it would be a long time before they would forget the delightful evening spent at the Holland-Texas farm. Those present were: Mrs. E. E. Daniel, Misses Clara McCall, Leesville, La; Sallie Ruby and Ora Rock Clara Weldon, Madie, Ina and Edith Daniel, Bess and Carrie Manly, Messrs. Jessie Rock, Robert, Tracy and Cecil Johnston, George Lanham, J. H., Walter Price and Lee Daniel, John Manly, Sam Turner, Roger Pettit, Mr. Havinga, and John Landrum.

**C. C. FAWCETT & CO.**

**Will Pay You in Dollars and Cents**  
*If You will Visit their*  
**SHOE DEPARTMENT**  
*when in need of Footwear.*

*A few of our \$2.50 White Canvas Pumps left which we will close out at \$2.00. Only a few pair left.*

*A lot of new Patent Pumps Special for this week at \$2.00 per pair.*

*A new assortment of old ladies Comforts with rubber heel, for \$2.25.*

*Just received a nice line of Childrens Dresses, ranging from the little tot of two years to the miss of 14 summers. Prices right.*

*New line of Fancy Hair Ribbons at the popular prices of 25c and 35c. Come and get your pick.*

**A LINE OF DRESS SKIRTS**

1-3 to 1-2 Off, Just 10 Days Left to Reduce Our Stock for the Arrival of the New Fall Goods which are coming in daily

**WE ALWAYS HAVE SOMETHING NEW TO OFFER YOU.**

**C. C. FAWCETT & CO.**

**Going! Going!!**

*Our entire Stock of Dry Goods, Boots Shoes and Hats will be sold at cost for CASH, to make room for our new Fall line DURING THE NEXT 14 DAYS. Come in and see the many, many Bargains we have to offer.*

Our Groceries are always complete, Fresh and up to date.  
**GIVE US YOUR ORDER.**

**Trice Brothers.**

Judge Earnest received a letter from Roger Miller at Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada, last week, in which he stated that conditions in that country were very unusual this year—more so than he had ever seen them. Severe drouth had prevailed all the summer and crops were ruined. Meadows were brown and would burn if a match was applied.

H. S. Guftett, a prominent real estate man of Austin was here a day or this week looking after some interests he has in the Eastern part of the county.

Mrs. J. B. Trice had a letter this week from Mr. Trice, who is in Brooklyn. He states that he is standing the warm weather splendidly. In fact the breeze is so cool that clothes as heavy as is worn here in the winter time feels comfortable.

The merchants are very much pleased with the effect of the oil in laying the dust on the streets. A strong gale blew nearly all Thursday night, but there was very little dust to be seen on the counters and floors of the stores next morning.

**Dr. R. L. GRAHAM**

**Physician and Surgeon**

Office at Horger & Windrow's Drugstore  
**COTULLA, — TEXAS.**

Save your soda water tickets, Gaddis' Pharmacy.