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Here is one Bicycle Shop you can trust; you can do business with us and feel perfectly safe. All our new Bicycles are guaranteed for 5 years. All our Bicycle tires guaranteed 36 months. As to reliability—we are known to San Antonio Bicyclists as the leading Bicycle shop in the city.

Write in and tell us your wants. We can supply them. We will sell you a Bicycle and take this Advertisement as \$5.00 in part payment. Send to us for all your Tires and Accessories. Prices as Low as You Can Find Anywhere.

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The non-interest bearing and unsecured deposits of this bank are protected by the Depositors Guaranty Fund of the State of Texas. Your Business Solicited. We Endeavor to Give Satisfaction at All Times.

TO MASONS

There will be a called communication of Cotulla Lodge No. 892 Monday night, December 14, for work in the Third degree. All Master Masons are invited; all members of Cotulla Lodge are requested to be present.

C. E. Manly, W. M. H. B. Miller, Set'y.

Carrizo Drug Firm Changes Hands

Carrizo Springs, Tex., Nov. 27 A new drug Company has been formed here. R. A. Taylor, the former owner of the City Drug Company, has sold his interests to A. Wildenthal and John W. Von Nieuwenhuysse. The firm will do business under the name City Drug Company.

Patronize a good cause, Baptist Ladies Aid Bazaar. Next Saturday, Center street.

Millett Ladies Aid Will Render Program.

The Ladies Aid Society of Millett will render a benefit program at the church in Millett, Friday night, December 18th. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the church. The following numbers will be given, and the admission will be 10 and 15c.

- 1. Chorus—10 boys and 10 girls.
2. Reading.
3. Violin, Cornet & Piano Trio.
4. Piano Solo.
5. Vocal Solo.
6. "Two Gossips"
7. Vocal Duet.
8. Reading.
9. Quartette—Vocal.
10. Piano Trio.
11. Cornet Solo.
12. Tableaux and Chorus.

TEXAS HAS \$1,310,07 CASH.

State Treasurer Makes Report Showing Balances in Various Funds on November 30th.

DISBURSEMENTS SHOWN.

Austin, Tex., Dec. 3.—Balances in the state treasury for the quarter ending November 20, were announced today by the state Treasury Department, showing total cash \$1,310,017, and total bonds \$20,753,529. Of the cash on hand \$615,759 is to the credit of the general revenue fund, \$377,971 to the available school fund and \$46,944 to the permanent school fund; available university fund \$6426, and permanent \$11,056; fish and oyster fund, \$38,805; pure food fund, \$6857; game fish and oyster department, \$6756; Confederate pension fund, \$85,108.

Of the bonds \$19,444,005 are to the credit of the permanent school fund. During the same period the disbursements were \$2,775,126, in cash and \$18,300 in bonds. Of the cash \$1,887,467 was general revenue, \$232,001 available school funds, \$80,935 permanent school fund, available university \$95,953, prison commission account \$43,000, Confederate pension \$374,751, feed fund \$19,005.

Pearsall Editor Becomes a Benedict.

Edward Pearsall, editor of the Record, was married last week to Miss Mary Metcalfe, a popular young lady of Pearsall. The RECORD extends congratulations.

JOINT RECITAL

High School Auditorium Friday Night Dec. 11th.

MISS MAIDIA DAVIS

One of the best Readers in the South.

Miss Davis is a young lady of charming and graceful personality, who has proven herself the par of the very best Artists, who appear on the Lyceum Course, in the larger cities. She is a graduate of the "Leland Powers School of Expression Boston.

MISS HAZEL CAIN

A Finished Violinist. Star Pupil of Prof. Walter P. Romberg of Lipsic Conservatory.

Miss Cain is a most graceful and accomplished Musician, having long since been one of the highest ranking Professionals in Texas. She has played in all the leading Concerts in San Antonio, including the "Symphony Orchestra and the Recitals of Elena Gerhardt and Rudolph Gans.

Her program contains the most difficult compositions of the Masters, which she renders with ease and understanding. She is accompanied by Miss Taylor, an able Pianist.

Don't fail to hear this accomplished Professional Trio, "Texas Girls," and remember the date, Dec. 11th.

Popular prices of only 35c and 25c. Because of money stringency, the Civic and Literary Club has secured this splendid high priced attraction at popular price.

NOTHER BRINGS COLDER WEATHER.

Fall sufficient for Frost and Looks like Repetition of Last Winter.

CLOUDS SWEEP AWAY.

A norther followed an almer like day Tuesday night. These parts about 10 degrees, lowering the temperature several degrees. In many sections the heavy rains with the norther, but the light in this section. However the skies did not clear until Wednesday night when the wind shifted to the Northwest, which brought the rain clouds scurrying away.

The mercury did not go lower than 40 degrees, and up to this date there has not been a trace of a frost in this section of Texas. It looks like a repetition of last winter, when there was little or no frost until after Christmas week.

The clear weather is welcomed, especially by the farmers, who have been waiting for a cleanup to harvest their best fall feed crops. If the weather will stay bright for ten or fifteen days much of the crop can be saved.

The rainfall during November was 10 inches.

Plant growers have been delaying transplanting by the cold weather, and the received by them

NEW PASSENGER SERVICE SCHEDULE.

Rumor Says one of the Crews on This Division is to be Pulled off—One Train to Make Round Trip.

NO. 4 WOULD ARRIVE P. M.

Rumor has it that there is to be a change in the passenger schedule on this division of the I. & G. N. within a short while. Trainmen are talking that the management is contemplating cutting off one of the crews between San Antonio and Laredo, and in this case the train leaving San Antonio every morning would run to Laredo, turn, and return to San Antonio the same day. If this plan is carried out we will still have the same service as at present, but No. 4 would arrive here late in the afternoon, instead of early in the morning at present.

Agent Lacey, when questioned about the matter said he had no official information of such a change, but that he had heard the rumor, and owing to the shortage of business which had existed since the war in Mexico began, he would not be surprised to see it put into effect.

Internal Revenue Collector Swamped.

Austin, Tex. Dec. 3.—Internal Revenue Collector Walker is swamped with orders for war tax stamps and the supply is

WAR BRINGS MILLIONS TO U. S.

Trade Comes From Foreign Countries in Great Volume.—Plants Receive Big Orders.

RUSSIA FIRST CUSTOMER.

Washington, D. C. Dec. 2.—That one year of war in Europe will add \$500,000,000 to the foreign commerce of the United States is the estimate of Edward E. Pratt, chief of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce.

As specific data upon which he estimates, Mr. Pratt has the report of J. Massel, special commercial agent now enroute to South America to study the machine tool market there and prepare a review of the needs of South America countries, which will be made available to American manufacturers. In preparation for this trip he visited virtually every large manufacturing plant in the United States and estimated that the machine tool manufacturing companies alone have from \$10,000,000 to 15,000,000 in new orders from European countries now on their books. One big plant, he said, has enough work ahead of it to keep it in full operation twenty four hours a day for the next two years. Several concerns already are preparing to increase their facilities to meet the larger demands arising from the war.

The first country among the belligerents to seek the American machine tool supply was Russia. Almost immediately after the

an Eastern Frontier.

For the fortnight the heaviest fighting in the European conflict has been on the German Eastern Front.

The Germans were successful in cutting their way through the enormous losses occurred on both sides.

The situation in Northern France and Belgium has not changed to any extent. It is announced that the French Capitol will be moved back to Paris and the French Parliament will meet in extraordinary session Dec. 22.

The roads have dried off, but were put up so during the wet weather have been left in a very rough condition. Traveling is slow in any kind of a vehicle.

of the State. The collector has made a requisition on Washington for a carload of stamps and hopes to be able to meet all demands within a few days.

Although orders were sent in to Austin by Cotulla business houses more than a week ago, none have received any stamps as yet. Records are being kept of transactions that require war stamps and when they come the stamps will be put on.

The date for the Baptist Ladies Bazaar is next Saturday, December 12th. Don't forget.

Since the weather has cleared many hunters are again coming in. Not as many deer have been killed this season as usual on account of the unfavorable weather.

received from the Russian for lathes and machines of all kinds of a similar nature. That demand has been growing steadily, presumably because of the fact that the war has excluded Russia from her usual supply in Germany. England and France now have joined in seeking American tools, and it is indicated that the present supply can not meet the demand. Of course problems of delivery still have to be met, but the business is of the most valuable type, since orders are, as a rule, accompanied by cash.

The school children rendered a program at the High School Auditorium yesterday afternoon. Quite a number of patrons were present.

Dinner Sets

make a beautiful as well as useful Xmas Gift. We offer an exceptional bargain in 42, 55 and 60-piece Sets, now on display.

Santa Claus

will not make his Headquarters with us but has left a number of Gifts ranging in price from 15c to \$15, which we would be pleased to show you.

It Pays to Bring the Cash!

W. H. Fullerton & Son

The LAPSE of ENOCH WENTWORTH

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS
Author of "The Woman from Wolverton"
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG
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CHAPTER XXI.

From the Top Gallery.

On the same night that Zilla Paget took up her residence in the Wentworth home Grant Oswald sat beside his desk, dictating letters to his secretary. He listened while the tinkle of the overture ceased.

"Has Mr. Wentworth come in yet?" he asked when an usher entered with a telegram.

"No, sir; we're watching for him. Nobody has seen him."

"Ask him to come here as soon as he arrives."

None of the employes of the Gotham recognized a man beside the stair of the upper gallery, where a steep iron railing jutted out upon the side street. The rain fell softly and he was muffled to the chin in a drab overcoat. A felt hat was drawn over his eyes. He emerged suddenly from the shadow to lay his hand upon the arm of a boy who went springing up the grated stair.

"Here, do you want to sell your ticket for a dollar?" he asked.

"Sure," cried the boy emphatically. "Say, mister, why don't you buy one for yourself? They're fifty cents, if yet get in line at the window."

"I don't want to stand in line."

The boy thrust the slip of pasteboard into Wentworth's hand, seized the money, and fled to take his place at the end of the line which straggled round the corner from Broadway.

Enoch waited until a throng began to press its way up the steps. He pulled his hat down close about his forehead and the rim fell to his eyes. When he reached out his hand to the attendant at the door, the man did not look at him; he was trying to stem a tide of human beings and make certain that each one had paid his way.

Wentworth moved inside the door and glanced at the gray coupon, then he passed to an end seat in the third row. He laid his hat upon the floor, pulled off his damp coat, and waited for the curtain to rise.

The curtain rose. People who sat close under the roof listened with a tense stillness, which was never disturbed by the rustle that occasionally ran through the orchestra. The story of the play had grown old, threadbare

and the first act the girl beside him turned to her sweetheart and spoke in a tremulous whisper: "She's a cruel devil!"

Her eyes were bent with hatred and scorn upon Zilla Paget, who stood looking down at Merry. His guilt had been discovered. He sat beside a table with his face hidden in his outstretched arms, while the wife hurled upon him a torrent of bitter contumely. Once his body shook with a half-stifled sob. Little Julie clasped his hand, but her terrified eyes were turned upon her mother. Wentworth had seen the woman in a towering passion; now she threw herself into the fury of her role as she had done in real life, pacing the floor like a caged tiger. She paused at Merry's side half exhausted.

"Think of the child," he pleaded miserably.

"The child—to perdition with the child!"

Enoch stared at the rest of the play through moody eyes. When the curtain fell on the second act Zilla Paget appeared on the stage alone to meet uproarious applause mingled with jeers and hissing. Wentworth gripped the arm of his chair as he watched her sweep the house with a triumphant gaze. A brand of hate which has the red of murder in it tore at his heart. He rose, tossed his coat across his arm, groped beneath the chair for his hat, then he slammed down the seat and went out. On the stair he met an usher.

"Mr. Wentworth," cried the boy. "I've been looking everywhere for you. Mr. Oswald wants to see you in his office about some bookings."

Enoch descended without answering him. He paused once to push his arms into his coat, but he did not enter the office; instead, he turned and walked down Broadway. The rain had ceased, the sky was clear, and the stars were shining. He tramped on heedlessly. He realized suddenly that he was far down town in the business heart of the city. Overhead hung the sign of an old-fashioned hotel. He opened the swinging doors and walked to the desk.

"I want a room," he said peremptorily.

"What price?" asked the clerk.

"I don't give a damn about price. I want a room where it is quiet, where there is a good bed, and where I can sleep as if—as if I were dead."

CHAPTER XXII.

Facing the Situation.

Enoch had never been a drinking man. The sight of drunkenness had frequently aroused in him a species of stomachic revolt; therefore mere physical repulsion had done much to keep him from one form of debauchery. During the days of utter desolation that followed his sister's departure he turned to whiskey as the

sufferer from insomnia seeks relief in an opiate. It did not bring ease, however, either of body or mind. He went about in a dull, half-sickened stupor, hating himself and the world. One night, in a lonely room of the hotel where he had taken refuge, he sat in the darkness for hours thinking; then like a flash he saw himself. It seemed to him that for a second a shutter—somewhere, perhaps in some remote lobe of his brain—had flashed open and he saw not only his present condition, but his future. It was not a pleasant phantom.

A half-empty bottle of whiskey stood at his elbow. He stared at it for a minute with a scowl, as if it were an actual enemy. A feeling of nausea crept over him. He lifted it, carried it to the wash-bowl, and poured the liquor down the drain-pipe. Then he laid the empty bottle on a tray and set it outside the door. He filled his pipe with tobacco, pulled a chair to the window, sat down, and stared at the lights of the city. He fell into one of his introspective moods. He began to trace backward every step he had taken since the day he exacted the forfeit of Merry's bond. He felt like a vessel which had slipped its moorings and had been unmercifully buffeted by one tempest after another. Each one had done its work so ruthlessly that he was a human derelict left swamped and scuttled. The phrase "a human derelict" stuck obstinately in his brain; it described him vividly.

Already he had had more than his deserts. The vengeance of Zilla Paget was the last straw. The woman's image flashed before his eyes; he heard her satanic laugh and saw a fleeting vision of his picturesque golden-haired loveliness as he had slammed the door and left his home.

Wentworth gritted his teeth savagely, then he looked at his watch. It was close to midnight. He went downstairs, paid his bill, ordered a carriage, and drove to the Waverly Place house. As he stood fitting the key noiselessly into the lock his heart beat tumultuously for a second or two. He opened the door stealthily and passed through the vestibule. The house was still and a lamp burned dimly in the hall. A soap always left

room, switched on the electricity, and glanced about. He looked

at the door and undressed swiftly. Ten minutes later he was sleeping the death-like sleep which follows complete exhaustion of brain and body.

He did not wake till noon. Jason answered his ring. The old negro entered with hesitating steps.

"Good morning," said his master. "Jason, do you know how a guest lives in a hotel when he wants to be alone, absolutely alone? He eats in his own room, his mail is brought to him, he goes and comes without a word being spoken to him by anyone in the house. You understand?"

"Yassir."

"I wish to have that sort of service in my home until—your mistress returns. If it is necessary, engage another servant to look after your duties. I want you to wait on me exactly as I have explained. You can do it, Jason?"

"I'll be mighty glad to do it, Mars Enoch."

Wentworth returned to the theater and took up his duties as if nothing had happened. His associates greeted him with their usual courtesy; still he felt as if a drop curtain had fallen between him and the world where his daily labor lay. Women and a few men shrank away from him even when they seemed trying to be polite, sometimes kind.

Zilla Paget made no secret of her change of residence. She flaunted the news of it abroad and Wentworth's

lapse from the conventional circles. It even agitated the circles. It had been esteemed a reason back of the intensity with which he was not, in every case, Englishwoman was held in contempt and hatred.

It was several days after his business before Enoch met her. He heard in a casual conversation that she had rented an apartment taken Alice Volk with the children to live with her. Their counter was an ordeal to Enoch. They came face to face in the lobby. Enoch said "Good morning" out his hand. The girl held second, looking up into his eager wishfulness. The smile broke over Enoch's face, then he glanced back at the glass door behind him and Zilla Paget came rustling in.

He turned brusquely into his office. The jaded look had changed to shuddering as he passed out to join the Broadway. She felt chilled. She did not realize that the shining.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Parting of the Ways. "All I have left to say, Wentworth, is this—we have come to a point where you must choose between two paths: either cut that wondrous your life or don't expect to place among decent citizens."

There was a look of discomfiture in Grant Oswald's face while he spoke, but his voice was emphatic. He did not answer. He moved restlessly in his chair or twice, lifted a gram that lay on his desk, and ran his eyes through its pages, paused, as if waiting for a revelation.

"I can't understand your idea, Wentworth," he went on; "it degenerates every day of your life. God knows, a bitter tone of his voice, 'I feel culpable bringing her across the ocean. I ought to have let her go. I spoke of it a month or two ago, and I dreamed that you would run me in. I warned you, Wentworth. Enoch sat in sullen stony silence, his eyes fixed on a calendar hung above the desk.

"I wish," Oswald's tone was wistful, "that you would do it over. I think I can do a woman if anyone can. I treated her with a certain respect that she resents. She drew. She didn't succeed. I never put into her. She went into my mind, that I recognize her. I would never go beyond her. She knows that I know her as she has sunk, she really is not what the world would creditably story. I can't help her."

A gleam of relief and hope flashed for a moment across Wentworth's face. Then he laughed nervously and the sullen frown returned to his eyes. He rose and began to pace the floor with nervous footsteps.

"Won't you trust me?" pleaded Oswald. "I have a real regard for you, for you as well as for your sister. I would do it for your sister, if for no other reason. There is time enough yet to pull away, but," he spoke abruptly, "it won't be long. The woman has dragged more than one man to the gutter or to—suicide."

Wentworth laughed disagreeably. "Well, it won't be suicide," he answered harshly.

"Don't be too sure. When a man who has always had a fair amount of self-respect begins to lose it, he usually faces two alternatives; that is, unless he has a solid anchor in his home."

Enoch lit a cigar and began to smoke. "Evidently it is useless to talk. What passes my understanding is how any man can turn out a woman like your sister to give shelter to Zilla Paget. I hate to say it, Wentworth, you will set me down as a cad, but I prefer to have a separate office. I am willing to take the little back room, or you can. One suits me as well as the other."

"Certainly," Wentworth leaped to his feet alertly. "I'll change at once. I'd hate to thrust my society upon anyone who does not care for it."

"It is not your society I mean wholly. I object to Miss Paget dropping in here as she did today. Don't hurry, I did not mean that—"

"I don't care what you mean. I can make the change at once," Enoch's voice was cheerful. He began to drag volumes from the bookcase beside him and heap them upon the top of his desk. "You made yourself tolerably plain, don't you?"

He pulled the papers from pigeon-holes in his desk and tossed them about in loose piles, dropping some in the waste basket and bundling others together with rubber bands.

Oswald's pen was traveling slowly across a sheet of paper when some one tapped softly at the door. Merry entered. Enoch did not turn his head. The actor seated himself beside Oswald's desk.

"I could not show up this morning when you phoned," he explained. "I have been arranging for a funeral. It's one of those funerals which have no great string of carriage."

"George Volk?"

Oswald laid down his pen and stared at Merry. "George Volk! When did he drift back to America?"

"Nobody seems to know anything about him. It's a mercy though; it sets Alice free."

"Is there anything I can do?"

"No. I've looked after everything. But I want your advice on one point. What do you think of not telling her—ill he is buried?"

"It's the best plan. I supposed he had fallen pretty low."

"Low!" Merry shrugged his shoulders. "I did not know such dives existed as the place where I found him. He had been lying there soaked to the point of insensibility for two weeks. He was too horrible a sight for the eyes of any woman."

"What an end!" exclaimed Oswald. "The man once stood on a pinnacle of fame, and now he is a beggar."

"Dropped an Armful of Books on His Desk."

that many an actor would give half a lifetime to win. He had—

The Englishman and Merry both looked up quickly. Wentworth had dropped an armful of books noisily on his desk. He opened the door which led to the inner office, passed through, then slammed it sharply behind him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Yellow Envelope. More than one "summer show" had begun to blazon an alluring sign over the door of a Broadway theater before "The House of Esterbrook" closed its season. The fame of the play had come abroad through the country, and it had after night long after the res-

labyrinth of boarded fronts, every seat in the Gotham was sold before the curtain went up.

The house was packed to the roof on the night the play closed. It was the middle of June and the city had grown uncomfortably hot. Wentworth had spent a restless day. It seemed to him as if the air was filled with anticipation.

Before the curtain fell on the last act he strolled through the darkened house and opened a narrow door behind the lower boxes. A few shadowed steps led to the stage. A man stood inside with his fingers moving over the buttons, which flooded the stage with light or shadow. Wentworth pushed past him and walked swiftly behind the drops until he reached a corner which was comparatively deserted. He stood inside a wing, watching the company take their curtain calls. Last of all came Merry, alone. The insistent applause impetuously greeted him. Wentworth smiled grimly. Andrew's one terror was a speech. He saw the actor glance about him appealingly, then his eyes signaled to the man who controlled the curtain. It began to descend with quiet deliberation. Merry paused for a moment, then he came back.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I had hoped—"

While Wentworth stood listening he wondered why the descent of the curtain did not stop. He turned and whispered a command to the stagehand who stood beside him. The man's face was deathly white, he looked paralyzed with terror. In a second Enoch realized that something in the machinery had lost its grip. The house had grown still, while Merry stood smiling and talking in his nonchalant fashion. A young man with a gleaming expanse of shirt front rose from a lower box and set his foot upon the railing, preparing to climb over to the stage. A woman stood beside him clasping her hands and staring at Merry with horror-stricken eyes. Her face grew as white as the lace robe she wore. Then she shrieked, a long, shivering cry of terror. Enoch sprang toward the footlights with one swift leap, holding his arm over his head as if to ward off the heavy curtain, which was still descending. He seized Merry with a desperate grip and tossed the actor far back on the stage, then he fell with the ponderous curtain across his inert body. His closed eyes were facing the glare of the footlights.

Dorcas and Merry, in a swift motor, reached the Waverly Place home before the ambulance, and a famous surgeon came close at their heels. When the operation was over they laid Wentworth upon his own bed. The surgeon stood looking down on the unconscious face. Blood was welling slowly from the wound on his forehead and made a wide stain upon the snowy bandage. The man turned to look at Dorcas; her make-up lay in smudges upon her face and she wore

the blue curtain rose which belonged to "Cordelia" in the last act; her fingers clanked each other, while she turned an imploring gaze to the quiet face of the surgeon.

"I do not know—yet," he whispered answering the question in her eyes; "it is too soon to tell. He lived through it, and it is one of those operations when the patient does not always live."

Somebody led her away. In a dazed fashion she knew that Alice Volk bathed her face and braided her hair into two long strands and changed her stage gown for a soft kimono. Then Merry took her hand and she followed him to the library. She lay down upon a couch feeling as if every nerve in her body had an ear and it was listening. The house was perfectly still. Once in her mind she used that phrase, "Still as death." Afterwards she fell into a shivering fit; the tears came, and she sobbed so fiercely that the agony seemed to tear at her throat.

From a shadowy corner near the fireside Merry rose and crept across the room. He dropped on his knees beside her and soothed her without a word, as one broods over an unhappy child. The warm grip in which he held her hand between his own gave her courage and hope. She rose to her feet and he led her to the window where she sat down and looked out into the dark, quiet square. Out of her memory rose the thought of an early morning—it was only a year ago—when she had seen Andrew Merry for the first time, stretched listlessly on the park bench, with a gray, thin fog occasionally blotting him from her sight. It was here, too, she had sat watching children scuffle through wind-blown leaves, while she heard her brother read the manuscript of "The House of Esterbrook." Merry sat silent at her side until the nurse entered the room.

"Miss Wentworth," she said, "Dr. Mowbray wants you. Your brother has been conscious for a few minutes. He cannot speak, but he wants something. Will you come?"

They followed the woman swiftly. Enoch's eyes sought hers with piteous pleading which was almost agony. She bent to kiss him. His gaze traveled to Merry and the agony seemed to change to peace.

"You saved his life, Enoch," she whispered.

Andrew laid his fingers gently upon the nerveless hand which rested outside the sheet. The eyes of the two men met; in those of one was a mute prayer for forgiveness, in the other's shone gratitude and the old affection grown steadfast.

Enoch's lips moved. He was trying to speak. Dorcas laid her ear close to his mouth.

"He wants his keys," she said quickly.

The nurse withdrew and returned with a key on a chain. Dorcas laid them in her brother's hand. It was pitifully inert! She lifted them and ran them through her fingers, one by one, as a Catholic tells her beads in a rosary. Her gaze was fixed upon his eager eyes. When she touched a shining brass key a gleam of relief shone in the man's beseeching eyes. She rose to her feet.

"I will go at once, Enoch, and find it. I shall know what you want, whatever it is, and will bring it to you."

The doctor followed Merry and Dorcas to the door. "Don't come back unless I send for you. The exertion has been too much for him."

"This is the key to a small drawer in Enoch's desk," explained the girl. "I can probably guess what he wants. I ought to show it to him. If his mind is set on something he may sleep quietly when he knows I have found it."

"I will call you if he does not sleep," said the doctor.

Merry walked to the window and stared vaguely into the darkness. A little clock on the mantel struck three. Once he looked over his shoulder at Dorcas. He could hear the crackle of stiff paper as she unfolded a few long, narrow sheets which were tied in a thin bundle.

"I have found Enoch's will and a number of business papers. Here are his bankbooks and the contract with Oswald for the play. There are bonds and things of that sort—things I do not understand. I imagine," the girl's voice broke into a sob, "it must be the will he wants."

"Probably, it is, dear," said Andrew gently. She laid the papers on the desk and lifted a yellow envelope. There was no writing upon it; it was unsealed. She took out a slip of paper and stood motionless while she read it. Then her fingers moved in a groping way to turn on a blaze of electricity under the green globe above the desk.

"The room is so dark," she murmured.

She dropped the paper upon the blotter in front of her and leaned upon the desk with her face between her hands.

"Andrew," cried Dorcas with a stifled moan, "come here!"

He crossed the room and stood looking down over the girl's shoulder.

"See," she whispered, "see what I have found! Tell me what it is!" Her fingers pointed to the bond. She stretched out her hand as if searching for protection and help. The man clasped it between his own, then she raised her eyes to his.

"Was it this, Andrew, this that lay behind everything—that made you give up your play and—"

Merry's lips parted, but he did not speak. Dorcas glanced at the date. She withdrew her hands from his and put her fingers across her eyes as if trying desperately to remember something.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"I've Been Looking Everywhere for You."



Better cookies, cake and biscuits, too. All as light, fluffy, tender and delicious as mother used to bake. And just as wholesome. For purer Baking Powder than Calumet cannot be had at any price. Ask your grocer.

War and Life Insurance. "I inquired of a man high up in the affairs of a big life insurance company whether the killing of so many soldiers will bring heavy losses upon American life insurance companies. 'Far smaller than you might think,' was his answer. 'It is true one New York company has \$100,000,000 of insurance in the countries which are at war, but the number of soldiers killed will be but a small proportion of all the people who carry insurance.'"

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Revelations of the Kaiser's Personal Spy

By DR. ARMGAARD KARL GRAVES

Who, for a Number of Years Prior to His Arrest and Betrayal in England in 1912, Was Emperor William's Most Trusted Personal Spy

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A FEW WORDS ABOUT DR. GRAVES.

Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves, who makes these startling revelations of the great German spy system, and of European diplomacy, was for nine years one of the Kaiser's personal spies, and his most trusted one, as such being called upon to perform missions of the most delicate nature. What some of these missions were, and their international importance, Doctor Graves makes plain in this series of articles. Documents and other papers in the possession of Doctor Graves and court records of his arrest and trial in England as a German spy, substantiate the statements he makes in his articles.

Doctor Graves is no longer in the secret service of the Kaiser. While on a mission to England in 1912, he was arrested in Glasgow, tried on a charge of espionage at Edinburgh in June, 1912, and sentenced to eighteen months in the Brixton prison. He was, however, released by the government in September of the same year—and how that happened is not the least interesting of his revelations. It was in connection with his uncovering in England that the London "Times" referred to Doctor Graves as "the most dangerous spy of the century."

In Doctor Graves' articles appear again and again the names of the personages who loom big in the gigantic struggle of 1914.

How the Kaiser Prevented, in 1911, the Great European War.

It was Kaiser weather in Germany. Back from a five months' trip to the far East, Berlin seemed to me

diplomatic mission for the Kaiser and, as a result, my pocketbook was full. Days and days in the Orient make a man try to crowd into the first twenty-four hours at home all the enjoyments that Berlin offers. Accordingly, with money running through my fingers like sand, I planned a long ride in the Grunewald; I saw myself ordering the most expensive dishes on Kempinsky's menu; I would buy a good seat at the Metropole, and, to wind up, I would look in at the Admiral's Palace.

It being my first day back in Berlin, that program appealed to me far more warmly than the European diplomatic tangle. I had been idling the early afternoon hours at the Cafe Bauer, Unter den Linden, but my program for the rest of the day finally arranged, I got up, paid my bill, and strolled home.

My man must have been on the lookout for me; before I could use my key the door flew open.

A word about this man. During the South African war I had rescued him from a death flogging at the hands of a Boer Dopper. This humanitarian held the usual Boer view that a sjambok beats the Bible as a civilizing medium. Khim was a South African negro, a Basuto. He was wonderfully loyal and devoted. I could rely on him for anything—even for his life.

"Master!" he exclaimed in his heavy, jerky voice, "you are wanted on the telephone."

A Mysterious Summons.

I had an uneasy suspicion of what that meant, which was confirmed when the boy added: "No. A 11 wants you."

Bismillah! That settled it! That ended my Grunewald, Kempinsky's, the Metropole, the Admiral's Palace. It meant the highway again. It always means that when a man of my occupation is in Berlin and somebody tells me to call up that number—A 11. Whenever A 11 summons, it is wise to be prompt. It is the number of the Wilhelmstrasse, the foreign office of Germany.

I lost no time in getting a connection, and I was told to report at the Wilhelmstrasse at 10:30 that night. I was to hold myself ready for instant service.

I gave orders for my boy to have me dressed by ten o'clock. I decided to take a nap, for I knew that midnight interviews with the gentlemen at the Wilhelmstrasse often led to some mighty unexpected and protracted traveling. Before going to sleep, however, I went over the European situation. What was looming big? I hoped it was something big, for so long as a secret service agent is not biased, he likes to work when thrones or the boundaries of empires are involved.

I reflected that March—it was in 1911—had been a decidedly strenuous

month for more than one cabinet in Europe. Germany and France were snapping and snarling. France was going around with her chest stuck out, her attitude decidedly belligerent. Of course this was due to the fat fingers of honest John Bull; indeed, England had more than ten fingers in this pie that was baking.

I knew that the air was full of Morocco and war talk. I knew that there was a certain faction in Germany that was trying to push the Kaiser into war. This clique, composed of army and navy men, the Junker—the "Jingo" party and the big-gun interests—backed by public opinion, were trying their utmost to urge war with France. What was the latest at the Wilhelmstrasse?

On the stroke of 10:29 I was there. I handed my number to the commissaire. This number is important. All German secret agents are known by numbers, all carry little cards.

Presently the commissaire returned and showed me into the chambers of Graf von Wedell, privy councillor to the German emperor. Together with another man, who had also just arrived, I was told to wait in an ante-chamber. We bowed, and although we took pretty good stock of each other, neither spoke. It is an unwritten law in the Imperial Secret Service not to hold unnecessary conversation.

After about half an hour's wait, we were shown into the count's private room. This rather astonished me, for the usual rule at the Wilhelmstrasse is to interview only one man at a time. Clearly something out of the ordinary was in the air.

After the count greeted us, he inquired if we were known to each other. Receiving a negative, he introduced us. My companion was a Herr von Senden, ex-officer of the Second Dragoon Guards.

"You will both be taken at half past eleven to a certain room," said the count. "You will advance to the middle, wheel to your right, face the portiere, and stand at attention. You will answer all questions, but be no comments or queries yourself. I need not enjoin you to the most absolute silence. You understand?"

I Face the Kaiser.

We bowed. Just then a gong boomed somewhere below us. And with a last word from the count—"Be ready!"—he left us. Reappearing almost immediately, he beckoned us to follow him. We noticed that he seemed even more grave than usual.

Down a flight of stairs along a great corridor we made our way, no one speaking a word. At the end of the corridor we saw two sentries; then a big solid oak door, guarded by an attendant in the livery of the royal household. At a sign from the count we halted; he nodded. The door was opened by an officer of the First Bodyguard, and, remembering our instructions, we entered and came to attention in the middle of a large room, facing an adjoining chamber, the portieres of which were divided.

The room in which we stood was brilliantly lighted, but the other was dark, save for a green glow that came from a shaded reading lamp on a big writing desk. Senden looked at the desk and gave a sort of gasp. I quite understood his emotion. For seated behind that heavy, old-fashioned desk was Wilhelm II, emperor of Germany.

We stood at rigid attention, absolutely silent for full five minutes. The dimly lit, solitary figure at the desk made no sign, but went on writing. I am not a timid or a nervous man; the sort of work I was doing seasons one pretty thoroughly. But this was a task to get on my nerves—drawn up in front of the emperor and waiting. The more I looked at that silent, lonely figure, War Lord of Europe, the more I began to feel a great longing for the African veldt, a thousand miles north of Port Natal preferably.

Suddenly the emperor made a move, and there came a sharp, rather high-pitched voice, saying, "Wedell, I will see the doctor."

At once Herr Senden was shown from the room; obviously the mission, whatever it was, was not for him. I was hidden to step to within three paces of the emperor; the officer who escorted Herr von Senden from the room attempted to return, but was waved out. There were just the three of us. Count Wedell, standing at the corner of the desk on the right, the Kaiser, and myself.

I had seen the emperor on many occasions before, but never so close. He appeared to be lost in some document. He looked well, but older than any of his portraits. Tanned almost dark, his rather lean face bore a striking likeness to Frederick the Great, more so than ever now that he is getting gray. I realized that none of his portraits do his eyes justice. Of a bluish steel gray, they have an icy, impersonal look in them that is impressive. It is hard to define, but it struck me in that moment that Lord Kitchener, Tewfik Pasha, Cecil

Rhodes, and Li Hung Chang had exactly those same eyes—the eyes of men who feel it in them to master the world.

Presently his majesty looked up, and in that same rather shrill voice, asked: "How long are you in the service?"

"Three years, sire."

"You know Morocco?"

Morocco! So that was it! France and Germany quarreling over the bone; at the point of war over it!

"Yes, sire!" I replied.

"How long were you in Morocco?"

"About twelve months, sire."

On this he seemed to hesitate. Frankly, I was nervous, so instead of thinking about Morocco, I noticed that the Kaiser wore the undress uniform of a colonel of the First Grenadier Guards with the star of the order Pour le Merite dangling from his coat button. As if making up his mind:

"You know Kaid Maclean?"

"Yes, sire."

"How did you get to know him?"

"I happened to be of medical assistance to Sir Harry Kaid Maclean, who was at that time commander-in-chief and man of affairs to the Sultan of Morocco."

My answer seemed to please the emperor, for his eyes gleamed.

"Any likelihood of his remembering your services?"

I hesitated, then said:

"I cannot vouch for another man's memory, sire; besides, I do not care to put the Kaid to the test."

The emperor looked at me queerly, but, evidently satisfied with my an-

swer, he turned to Count Wedell, say-

ing: "He will do. He has the dispatches ready."

I Learn of My Mission.

At once the Count hurried noiselessly into an adjoining room. The Kaiser, making one of his characteristic sudden movements, flung himself back into the chair, looking straight at me, said:

"Besides the oral dispatches you will memorize these commands for the captain of the warship Panther."

He handed me a note, which I did not immediately look at because he continued:

"Outside of Count Wedell, no one is to know anything of your mission. No one is to know that you are carrying a verbal message from me to the captain of the warship Panther. Understand?"

"Yes, sire."

The emperor abruptly drew himself forward, propping up his head with his hands, fell into a deep study, gazing fixedly at nothing. He seemed in that moment to be considerably older in face, even for the tan, had that fishy look of a man who is carrying some tremendous responsibility. I came to me swiftly—the popular or for war, the Panther!—the plan was lying off Spain ready to ram across the Mediterranean to Morocco! And I was to bear the Emperor's orders to the Panther's captain.

Then he opened the note that the

emperor had given me and began to memorize its contents. Amusement must have shown in my face. A blow with a feather would have knocked me down. No wonder Wilhelm II was staring blankly, no wonder this message had to be delivered verbally. Hurriedly I began to memorize it.

Presently I saw Count Wedell come in, and he and the Kaiser began to talk in whispers. Then the Kaiser looked up and said:

"Do you memorized it?"

"Yes, sire."

Then he took the note from me, he at once struck a match and held it under the paper until it was reduced to ash. Then, making a curt gesture of dismissal, Wedell gave me a signal to retire and we backed toward the door.

I was in possession of a secret known only to the emperor himself—a secret which at that moment the cabinets of France and England and the financiers of the world would have given hundred of thousands of dollars to possess. Out into the hall we backed, always being careful not to commit the discourtesy of turning our faces away from the emperor.

And the last I saw of him was that long figure seated at his desk, the green light playing over him, around and beyond him darkness, and his face illuminated against that background, grayish, old. There he was, at his desk at midnight, in an underground chamber of the foreign office, emperor of Germany, working in solitude, while most of his subjects were tirelessly mapping out a policy, a trend of which he dared discuss

Of course, you have not forgotten the message that you memorized before the emperor?"

A Dash to Spain.

I assured him I had not, and after a cordial handshake I bowed myself out and hurried back to my quarters. Here I found that my boy had my traveling bag ready with his usual thoroughness. One does not take much baggage on these trips. Pajamas, slippers, a smoking cap, and a toothbrush have seen me three-quarters around the globe, and I never carried a six-shooter in my life. In all my experience I have seen few secret agents who do carry one. The only protective article I ever carried was a little silk bag containing a mixture of cayenne pepper, snuff, and certain chemicals. It is very effective to throw into the faces of those who attack you.

Soon there came a messenger from Wedell with the promised funds, a thousand francs and two thousand pesetas. It lacked a half hour to three-thirty, so I made my way to the Friedrichstrasse depot on foot. Experience had taught me that the Orient express was generally overcrowded and that unless one reached the depot early and used a good deal of palm oil, it was impossible to secure a decent seat.

A judicious oiling of palms enabled me to get a very pleasant window seat in a middle compartment. After making myself at home I took a tour through the train. It is my invariable custom to take stock of my fellow travelers, and in this case it was most imperative.

My arrival and what I accomplished in Paris are commonplace. Arriving in the Gare du Nord, I took a taxi to the German embassy in the Rue de Lille, where an undersecretary signed for my dispatches and handed me two letters addressed to the embassy of Madrid. I immediately posted his receipt to the Wilhelmstrasse, something German secret agents are always obliged to do—mail the foreign office signatures for documents as soon as they are delivered.

Without further adventure I reached Madrid. As the train was four hours late I did not present myself at the embassy. I was met by a commissaire at the station, delivered him the papers, received his signature, posted it to the Wilhelmstrasse, and made connections for Barcelona. Somewhere off that city, in the open sea, the Panther was waiting.

With the utmost difficulty I chartered a tug, and in the twilight set off to find the Panther. It was coming night when we finally saw her dark, trim hull lying against the horizon. She was well named the Panther, for in this case a false spring by her meant war.

As we steamed up alongside a sentry hailed us from the deck. I shouted: "Come to see the Panther!"

Finally, after persistently halting the warship, the officer of the watch came to the rail and held parley with me. "I have imperial orders to see the captain," I shouted.

The Amazing Message.

Apparently this satisfied him, for he let me come on board. Without further delay I was shown into the captain's room. Very important the captain. Picture him, a man in the forties, straight-backed, rather jolly, and with one of those German naval beards. The slightest mistake by the captain of the Panther would have flung England and France into war with Germany. He stood for a moment regarding me.

"Well, what is this? What is your Wilhelmstrasse number?" he finally said.

"Seventeen," I told him.

That appeared to satisfy the captain. I knew that the Wilhelmstrasse had wired him that "Number Seventeen" was coming. Still he was careful.

"Where were your first instructions received?"

"From Wedell."

"Subsequently?"

I felt him looking at me sharply.

"Confirmed by the emperor," I replied, "and I deliver you herewith the following message. You are requested to use the private service code as soon as I have delivered this message to you and repeat it at once direct to Count Wedell."

The captain got up and, moving noiselessly to the door, opened it swiftly. There was no one about.

"All right," he said, "let me have it."

I repeated what I had memorized, what the emperor had given me in the secret chamber, and immediately afterward destroyed all visible trace of it, said:

"On no account, it does not matter what official commands you have received or may receive, are you to use open force when the Panther goes to Agadir. No matter what stress is brought to bear upon you by arising conditions, no matter what affront may be done your code of naval honor, you are under no circumstances to use any force against France or England."

Like myself, when the emperor gave me that message, the captain of the Panther was dumbfounded. It was a direct contradiction of the official orders he had received from the foreign office to go to Morocco and make a demonstration against the French and the English interests. Those previous orders had been to create war, this verbal message was to stop war!

Could the German "Jingos," the big gun manufacturers, the steel people, the army and navy men, the powerful faction, have heard me deliver that message to the captain of the Panther, they would have belatedly understood your instructions?

wanted war, but the tired, swarthy-faced man in the little underground chamber at the Wilhelmstrasse, not "absolutely absolute," as he is popularly supposed to be, deemed it wise not to fly in the face of public opinion at the time and countermand the official orders to the Panther. So he had done so in the dark, verbally, by me, knowing that so he served the best interests of his empire.

The rest is contemporary history. You remember how the Panther steamed to Morocco, how she forced her way into the harbor of Agadir and created an international sensation by remaining there about two weeks. You remember how one French and one English warship came almost simultaneously, and how the officers and everybody flinging to open fire, the terrible war that broke out in 1914 just missed being precipitated then. You may not know that the British and French admirals sent a secret ultimatum to the captain of the Panther! Unless he left Agadir he would be forced to leave. That meant war.

The Emperor's Discovery.

Now had the captain of the Panther not received the private message from the emperor, he would have been forced by his naval code to resist this ultimatum by force. Had he gone there acting under the original official orders, red war would have blazed across Europe in 1911 instead of 1914. The slightest slip would have caused it—the report of a rifle. But the Panther steamed away.

And this was the cleverest part of the emperor's scheme; he knew that France and England were allies; he did not know, though, just how sincere this alliance was. By sending the Panther into Agadir he learned that the entente cordiale really meant something, that England and France were allies, that they were prepared to resist Germany, shoulder to shoulder in war.

It took a master stroke to bring the situation up to the point of war—for it was dangerous business, with all Germany roaring for war—and then avert war when Germany and France were on the verge of it. But with his verbal message the emperor shrewdly accomplished it. The results were before him. By creating the situation he knew that he had powerful nations opposed to him. Good!

What he would do now would be to take one of those nations and, if possible, secretly ally himself with it, leaving the other out in the cold. Then began the intrigues which resulted in the isolation of France, as the Kaiser was led to believe, but which recent events have proved to be the contrary.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF FOOLS

Comment of Indian Seems to Have Covered the Subject in a Pretty Thorough Manner.

Some years ago, when the Apache Indians were on the rampage, a party of one hundred attacked an army paymaster, killed two of the escort, drove off the others, and captured the ambulance, in which was the safe containing \$7,000 in greenbacks. They knew that there was money inside, and they first pounded off the knob with stones, thinking the door could then be pried open.

It was a failure, of course, and then they tried to cut a hole in the safe with their tomahawks.

They had seen iron softened by fire, and the next move was to give that safe three hours roasting, but it was fireproof. After working in this way for a day and a night they dragged the safe up the side of a hill and tumbled it down two hundred feet, but the only damage done was to break off the wheels.

Finally they tried gunpowder, but not knowing how to apply it, the only result was the burning of a half dozen warriors. They then went away and left it in disgust, and it was six months later when it was found by the soldiers, and taken to a fort, where the door was blown open, and the money recovered.

When the Apaches heard that the safe had been opened, one of the braves who had worked hardest growled: "White man some fool, Indian more fool, and iron box great big fool!"

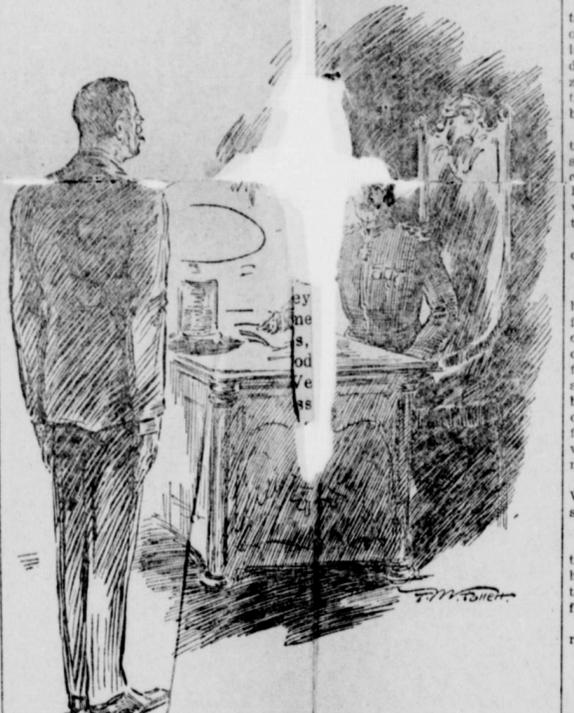
Freak Plays in Baseball.

There was a play made the other day that ought to live in the history of freak plays in baseball; one that deserves a place with the ball that got caught in Cliff Carroll's shirt pocket and lost a game, with Ibbell's drive that struck on a wire nail at the top of a fence and decided a game; with the ball that rolled into a tomato can on the Boston grounds and almost cost Boston a pennant.

The freak play happened at Buffalo in the ninth inning of a game between Indianapolis and Buffalo. The score was tied; each team had made four runs, when Hartford drove a fly to left, Kaiser sprinted over and, while running at full speed, got both hands on the ball. Just as he was making the catch he bumped the fence, the ball bounded over of his hands and went over the fence, turning the catch into a home run that gave Buffalo a 5 to 4 victory.

New Cure for Lead Poisoning.

By plunging the victim of lead poisoning into a bath similar to that used by printers for electrotyping plates, the poison is drawn from his system, and he is usually cured after two or three baths. The effectiveness of this method is shown by the fact that after a sufferer has been given the bath large deposits of lead are found on the electrodes and in the water.



"There Were Just the Three of Us, Count Wedell, Standing at the Corner of the Desk on the Right, the Kaiser and Myself."

The Cotulla Record.

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Each government reports the situation as "satisfactory," which ought to make the war a highly popular event.

Pancho Villa and Eulalio Zapata were the whole cheese in Mexico City this week. Every dog has his day, it is said, and both Pancho and Eulalio have been waiting for theirs a good while.

Secretary Bryan says it is all buncombe about submarines being built secretly in the United States for some of the warring countries. At least he says Uncle Sam has been unable to find any evidence of such.

The war tax act went into effect on December 1st. All notes, deeds, fire insurance policies, and transfers of every nature must bear stamps. The penalty for not using stamps is a fine of \$100 and the paper is not valid without stamps.

Christmas is only a few weeks ahead of us, and what a cheerless Christmas it will be to the greater part of war-devastated Europe. The United States has sent Christmas ships to the countries where there will be no Santa Claus this year, and at least some of the poor children's hearts will be gladdened.

The war continues with greater slaughter of human life than ever. This week the Emperor of Germany and the Czar of Russia were at the front cheering on their men to death in front of the murderous machines. There is not the least indication that hostilities will cease at any time soon, and to satisfy the war lords hundreds of thousands of men will give up their lives. Back at the homes of the soldiers their wives and children are starving and the bitter cold winter will bring disease and death to them.

The RECORD sent out statements to all subscribers in arrears this week, so if you received one of the pleaseremits, do not imagine that you have been singled out and asked to pay your subscription. However, we hope you will not lay the statement aside and forget it, as we need the money. While the matter is fresh on your mind send us a check. It costs time, stamps and stationery to mail out statements and where we have to send two or more statements to collect \$1.50 it eats a hole in our profits. Don't force us to do this. Send us the money today.

We have not seen much evidence of land breaking in this immediate vicinity. Perhaps the farmers have come to believe that it will rain always in Southwest Texas as it has the past two seasons, and fall breaking is unnecessary. We say, perhaps this is the reason. But we hope that this idea has not taken root in the minds of any of the tillers of the soil. Such an idea is a sad mistake. It may rain all next year just the same as it has this year, and then again it may not. The fellow who breaks his land deep and stores away the moisture of the winter will raise a crop regardless of the rainfall. Don't take any chances. A good crop year next season is certain if the land is properly prepared.

GOOD LITERATURE.

By Isaac H. Hughes.

It is hoped that what is given may prove pleasant and profitable to readers of the RECORD.

She was a Phantom of Delight.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, to waylay.
I saw her upon nearer view,
I saw her up nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not to bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.

— William Wordsworth.

For once we have a good word to say for Jno. D. Rockefeller. He is to devote some of his millions to feeding the starving people of Belgium, and we hope his act of Christian charity will lift him at least to the entrance of the Pearly Gates. It will require a cart load of them to pull him through.

Bad Teeth a Cause of Cancer.

Constant irritation of any part of the body is now well recognized as important.

Forms of irritation, which have been repeatedly observed to result in this disease is the constant friction of the sharp edges of bad teeth or of imperfect plates against the sides of the tongue. To be sure, sores on the tongue caused in this way do not always become cancer. Neither are wounds from toy pistols always followed by lock-jaw. But there is danger in both cases, and it is as easy to avoid it in the one as in the other. A bad tooth should never be tolerated in any event, and the danger of cancer is only one more good reason for having it attended to. Cancer of the tongue may occur at any age, but it is most common between 40 and 60. Statistics show very few cases under thirty. The majority of the cases occurred in females, while in later years males were found to be more frequently attacked. Cancer of the tongue in young subjects is especially fatal. Out of thirty cases there were only two recoveries. The others died within ten months or could not be traced. As one-third of all the cases investigated have been shown to be definitely associated with jagged or decayed teeth or imperfect plates it would seem that here, at least, is one method of preventing cancer. It is probable that other conditions occurring in combination with the bad teeth increase the likelihood of cancer of the tongue as a result, but the removal of this form of irritation is so simple a matter that deaths in cases of this kind must be mostly charged to pure neglect. Where a sore place caused by a jagged tooth does not promptly heal there is real danger of cancer. If the removal or treatment of the tooth does not relieve the situation and the ulcer continues, prompt operation is necessary, for this form of cancer is quickly fatal.—Medical Bulletin.

YOU MAY BEGIN WITH US AT ONCE.

Our students are with us from many different states and they do not go home for the holiday owing to the great distance therefore, we have no vacation and new students may enroll any day and do splendid work right through the holidays. The advantage of enrolling now instead of January 1st is, the sooner you enter, the sooner you will be thru' and holding a good position. Second, and you get the advantage of selecting better boarding place before the big January crowd gets in. Our school is like a big bank or mercantile establishment, it runs throughout the year. We are always well organized and ready for new business, rendering the same service thru'out the year. Practically every student gets individual instruction; he is not held back by slow students, crowded too fast by bright ones; he goes just as fast as his ability will permit. Should he happen to be slow or backward in his work, he is not embarrassed by others knowing how he is getting along, for under this individual method of instruction, they have no way of finding out. With our methods of individual instruction, and our own copy-righted systems, we are demonstrating to young people that it is useless to attend a commercial school teaching other systems and requiring from seven to ten months to finish the course, if they ever finish when they can finish with us in half the time at half the cost and be more efficient, get a better salaried position and rapid promotion because of their thorough and extensive training. It is our practical method, our personal attention and modern systems that enable us to accomplish so much in so short a time. In short, we know exactly what the business demands, and we teach each it accurately and thoroughly.

Our literary subjects, which are given free with our course are woven into the main course in such a practical way that they are mastered in half the time required by the old method and are thoroughly understood from practical application. We guarantee a better course in less time, at a less expense and a better job with a better salary than any other school, and it is evident that we have been securing these results or we could not in the past few years built up a school with an annual enrollment of more than 2000, and have drawn patronage from 30 states and several foreign countries.

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DENTIST
Office Over State Bank
Burwell Building
(Successor to D. N. Cushing)
COTULLA, TEXAS.

J. Albert Strawn
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Stockmens Nat'l Bank Building
Cotulla, Texas.

Tom Atlee
CIVIL ENGINEER
SURVEYOR.
12 Years Experience
Cotulla, Texas.

John W. Willson
Attorney at Law
Will practice in all Courts
REAL ESTATE AGENCY.
COTULLA, TEXAS.

B. E. Frost
Attorney at Law
Will Practice in all Courts
Office on Center St.
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DR. R. L. GRAHAM
Physician and Surgeon.
Office One Door North Gaddis Pharmacy
COTULLA TEXAS.

Roy C. Campbell
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER
Estimates Furnished on Application
COTULLA, TEXAS.

HUNTERS, BEWARE!
Hunting Notice.
The Cartwright pastures have been posted according to law and all trespassing therein is positively forbidden. This applies to all. Do not ask for permission to hunt.
John B. Henderson.

Hunting Notice.
We will positively not tolerate any hunting in any of our pastures, known as the Altito ranch.
H. C. STOREY & SON.

Notice To Hunters.
No hunting will be allowed in my pasture and no permits will be given, so stay out and avoid being prosecuted for trespassing, as I will positively prosecute anyone caught to the fullest extent of the law.
J. R. BELL, Jr.

Hunting Notice.
My pastures are posted according to law and positively no hunting will be allowed. Anyone caught trespassing in any manner will be prosecuted according to law. Heed warning and keep out.
E. W. ALDERMAN.

Hunting Notice
Our pastures in Dimmitt, La Salle and Frio counties known as Cochina, San Roque, S pastures and Burns Ranch, are posted according to law. Anyone hunting or otherwise trespassing will be prosecuted.
J. G. CHILDERS, J. G. CHILDERS, Jr.

Hunting Notice.
No hunting allowed in any of my pastures. All previous permits revoked and all trespassers will be prosecuted, and also held for damages. Take warning and do not ask for permission to hunt.
W. H. Millikin.

Hunting Notice.
My pastures known as the Rock Waterhole, Baggett and McClure pastures are posted according to law and no hunting is allowed.
J. W. SUTTON.

Notice To Hunters.
The public is hereby notified that we will positively allow no hunting in our pastures and persons caught therein will be treated as trespassers and prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
MRS. A. BURKS.
By J. W. Baylor, Mgr.

Hunting Notice.
The public is hereby notified that my pastures are posted and no hunting therein will be allowed this season. Parties caught hunting or trespassing will be prosecuted. Heed this warning and keep out.
J. T. Maltzberger.

Hunting Notice.
No hunting will be allowed in any of my pastures this season and anyone caught hunting or trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law, and also held responsible for damages. All previous authority is hereby revoked.
J. M. DOBIE.

Hunting Notice.
My pastures are heavily stocked with wild cattle and hunting therein means heavy financial loss to me. All persons are therefore notified not to hunt or otherwise trespass in any of my pastures in La Salle county. So keep out. This notice applies to one and all without any exceptions whatever.
COVEY C. THOMAS.

HOLIDAY EXCURSION FARES
VIA I & G N Ry.
Tickets on sale at 1-1-3 fare to all points in Texas, Ark., La. Mo., Okla. and to Memphis, Tenn., on Dec. 23, 24, 25, 26, 31 and Jan. 1. Return limit January 4, and to St. Louis, Chicago, Washington, Kansas City, and all points in the Southeast, and to certain points in Colorado; on Dec. 20, 21, and return limit Jan. 18. For particulars, see Ticket Agent, I & GN Ry.
Why be constipated when you can buy LIV-VER LAX at any drug store.

PALACE MARKET
MEAT AND ICE
All Orders Promptly Filled with the Best.
SIMON COTULLA, Propr.

GUNTER HOTEL
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
Absolutely Fireproof, Modern, European. Rates \$1 to \$3 per day.
A HOTEL BUILT FOR THE CLIMATE
Headquarters A. A. A. Ass'n. PERCY TYRELL, Manager.

THE AMERICAN BARBERSHOP
W. L. PEASE, Proprietor
Modern Hair Cuts, Shampoos, Massage, Hot and Cold Bath. A pleasure to Shave Here
Agency for White Star Laundry.
FRONT STREET. COTULLA, TEXAS.

T. R. KECK
YELLOW PINE LUMBER
Cypress Shingles, Builders Hardware, Corrogated roofing, Fencing, Sash, Doors.
Lime, Brick, Cement, Barbed Wire
Windmills, Studebaker Wagons.
All Orders Filled Promptly. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
COTULLA, TEXAS.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL NOTES

J. G. Childers of Temple was among the arrivals Tuesday.

"Revelations of the Kaiser's Personal Spy" in this issue of the RECORD.

Miss Annie Lee Giles and Alice Traylor spent several days in San Antonio during the week.

Sunshine is what we want these days, and we are getting blamed little of it. An unusual thing for Southwest Texas.

Ed Traylor, manager of the Lee plant, made a business trip to San Antonio during the week.

Judge C. C. Thomas shipped two cars steers from Tuna the latter part of last week Jack Neal accompanied the shipment to Ft. Worth.

Tuesday was an unusually warm day, and a norther blew up about ten o'clock that night, lowering the temperature several degrees.

John P. Guinn & Company are remodeling their entire interior of the store building and making things new generally.

Phil Mewhirter has his right arm out of a sling for the first time in several weeks. He broke it some time ago while cranking an automobile.

The S. A. U. & G has changed its schedule again. The East bound train now passes Gardendale earlier in the morning.

Earl H. Burris was in from his ranch near Artesia Tuesday. He reports rain without end, and grass more plentiful than for a decade.

Mrs. C. E. Tarver and Miss Exzine Alderman returned from Pearsall Sunday, where they went to attend the funeral of Mrs. C. C. Horley.

Raymond H. Seefeld, bank president and agriculturist of Big Wells was in town one day last week. Ray says all is lovely in the Big Wells country.

Lee Peters came up from the Catarina Monday and brought two fine bucks with him. They had about the finest heads of any bucks we have seen this season.

H. B. Miller, produce broker made a business trip to Laredo Tuesday. He says the onion crop in the Rio Grande valley will be about the same as last year.

WANTED.—Furs of all kinds Coyote, wildcat, coon, skunk, opossum, ringtail and civit cats. Also javelin and armadilla hides. W. R. Muter, Taxidermist, Cotulla, Texas.

Don't forget to read the Revelations of the Kaiser's Personal Spy in this issue of the RECORD. These articles will continue from week to week throughout this month and January.

Lee Daniel and Walter Manly who have been attending the Tyler Commercial College, returned home Monday. Both finished a course in bookkeeping and business law.

Jim Murray has bought Eldridge Dobie's Buick car, and it won't be long before he will be numbered among the automobile experts that abound around Cotulla. Jim says he has learned already that the car won't run without gasoline.

Some Mexican travelers left a poor old horse alongside the public road to die Sunday night. Road boss Swisher dragged the carcass out of the road Tuesday and also burned the carcass of a mule that had died in the road North of Gardendale.

Rev. Wm. Moffett of Dilley spent several days in the city with friends the past week. He has been in school for the past six or eight years and is now taking a much needed rest at his father's ranch near Dilley.

Ray Keck has finished his course of Electrical Engineering in the State University, and is now at home for an indefinite period. Ray played in six out of eight of the University football games this season and made quite a record.

For Sale—Two 2 year old and one yearling High Grade Poll Durham bulls. Can be seen anytime at Gardner ranch.—C. Alfred Gardner, Woodward, Tex.

"The Last Shot," a war story by Frederick Palmer, begins in the next issue of the RECORD.

H. B. Miller has the sales agency for the new Dunn lettuce crate, and is now booking orders for same. Mr. Miller says that a surplus of the crates will not be manufactured and growers wanting to use the crates should place their orders at once. Mr. Dunn is now in the lower Rio Grande valley taking orders.

If you want to know the cause leading up to the present titanic European war, read the series of articles by Dr. Karl Graves, beginning in this issue. These articles will continue through December and January.

Thos. Lewis, of Buckhanon, W. Va. was among the arrivals last week and will spend the winter in Cotulla. He is employed at Pease's barbershop. Mr. Lewis is a brother-in-law of Mr. Higgenbottom, one of the gentlemen who has the Giles irrigated farm leased this year.

J. W. Lacey, who has shipped quite a lot of cucumbers this fall by express, reports that prices have been exceptionally good. Practically all of the cucumber acreage in this territory was destroyed by insects this fall, but Mr. Lacey was a little later in planting than the other growers, and hit it just right.

"The Last Shot"—our new serial story will begin next week. Read it. The story was written by Frederick Palmer, who was correspondent for the San Antonio Express in Mexico at the time our troops went to Vera Cruz. Upon the war opening in Europe Mr. Palmer immediately went to that country. The present war is a fulfillment of Mr. Palmer's story, "The Last Shot."

Approximately one hundred of the RECORD's subscribers have been reading Holland's Magazine or Farm & Ranch, and their subscriptions were up December 1st. To those who desire to continue to read these good papers we are making a liberal offer. On payment of a year's subscription to the RECORD we offer both Holland's Magazine and Farm & Ranch, for 75c extra. This offer holds good during December.

A Christmas Present
For Everyone Who Wants
A NICE DRESS

For the Next Two Weeks we will give 32c on every Dollar's worth of 25c per yard DRESS GOODS you purchase from us.

This includes every 25c piece of DRESS GOODS in our store. And if you come early you will have 50 of the latest patterns to select from.

ALL NEW GOODS. NO OLD STOCK.

this way you positively get these goods cheaper than a merchant can buy them! This includes:

SILK FOULARD, in fancy stripes and dots. SILK Stripe Crepe; Plain Crepe. CREPE DE CHINE; SILK Stripe Poplin. MORROCO SILK in all shades. RUSSIAN SILK Cords; RATINE. SILK Stripe Bedford; Brocade, Corduroy.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS
Complete Stock. Latest Fashions.
FASHION BOOKS FREE!

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

We save you money on Shoes. Our prices are below the advertised retail prices. "Quality" the Best for the price.

The **NECESSITY STORE** is not Santa Claus Headquarters, but we are Headquarters for Low Prices, Quality considered.

This is the place to buy your Christmas Necessities—GROCERIES.

The Necessity Store

Simpson & Sons, Proprietors.

We Lead—Others Follow.

Chadwick went out bird hunting the other day and succeeded in getting up close enough to shoot down him with bird shot. The wily old deer was downed, so Mr. Chadwick pointed his gun down him, through the trees, and the deer proved to be a hard nut to crack and outdistanced him. The young attorney went to town no doubt piled up than the deer.

Mr. Dickens fell through a trap behind a counter in Simpson's store last Saturday morning and sustained a broken leg. Mr. Dickens had started out of the side entrance of the building, but turned behind counter about fifteen feet from the door, probably not noticing it. It was here that a stairway led down to the cellar, and the trap door was up. Mr. Dickens stepped into the opening, falling to the bottom, about six feet. He was fortunate in escaping with injuries so slight.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, I ss. Notary Public. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1915. (Seal) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

In R. Hicks 1915 Almanac. The Rev. Irl R. Hicks Almanac, now ready, grows more popular and useful with each passing year. It is a fixed necessity in homes, shops and commercial establishments all over this continent. This famous and valuable year book on astronomy, storms, weather and earthquakes should be in every home and office. Professor Hicks completes this best issue of his great Almanac at the close of his seventieth year. The Almanac will be mailed for 35 cents. The Rev. Irl R. Hicks fine Magazine, Word and Works, is sent one year, with a copy of his Almanac, for only one dollar. Send for them to Word and Works Publishing Company, 3401 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo. You will never regret your investment. Try it for 1915.



The Telephone Saved a Life

When one of our men was badly injured by the threshing machine we telephoned the doctor, who told us how to patch the man up. The doctor then started for our place in a hurry. When he arrived the man was pretty weak, and without the doctor's advice the results might have proved serious. Thanks to the telephone, the man pulled through.

Every farm should have Bell Telephone connection. Write our nearest Manager for information. The Southwestern Telegraph & Telephone Company. 68-14

The Russians claim to have achieved a great victory over the Germans in Poland, seems to have been exaggerated.

HEAVY MEAT EATERS HAVE SLOW KIDNEYS

Get less meat if you feel Backache or have bladder trouble—Take glass of Salta.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which excites the kidneys, they become overworked from the strain, get sluggish and fail to filter the waste and poisons from the blood, then we get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headaches, liver trouble, nervousness, dizziness, sleeplessness and urinary disorders come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, stop eating meat and get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate the kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder weakness. Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.

Practical Xmas Gifts

It's a good idea to begin early looking around for your Christmas Gifts, and in your rounds we want you to visit our store and let us show you the numerous suitable articles of Furniture we have to offer.



Nothing more practical or appreciate

Cotulla Mercantile Co.

QUALITY FLOUR.

We have just received a fresh car of the famous Quality Flour. This Flour is guaranteed to be as good as the market affords and better than the best. All we ask is a trial and be convinced. If not pleased your money refunded. **QUALITY FLOUR. QUALITY** --All that the name implies.

SIMPSON & SONS.

"Your Grocers."

The Record's Woman's Department

STYLES AND FASHIONS are interesting to every lady—especially styles that are up-to-date and within reason. In these columns will be found the latest creations of masters in the art of feminine dress. No doubt your idea of what is pretty and stylish will be suited exactly. Other subjects, etc. Prepared especially for the ladies of Cotulla and vicinity.

HAVE MILITARY TOUCH

EFFECT OF WAR SHOWN IN THE PREVAILING FASHIONS.

Tailored Suits Undeniably Martial, and Also Smart—Illustration Reveals How the Idea Has Taken Feminine Fancy.

If the brass buttons and other military paraphernalia are to make an appeal now is the time. Bursting shells and the sound of drums in some corner of the world, whether it be far or near, shows a very decided military influence in the world of fashion, and the tears we shed over the tragic losses each day reveals are more than apt to fall on our own brass buttons and gold braid promptly supplied by vigilant Dame Fashion for the fitting occasion, writes Lillian E. Young in the Washington Star.

Many of the newest tailored suits and frocks are undeniably martial in appearance, and, let it be added, undeniably smart on that account.

Here, for example, is one in black velvet with collar and cuffs of white fox and buttons and braid—well, no, they aren't brass—for silver is so fashionable, you see, and goes well with black.

The long body of the coat is very slightly gathered under a corded waist line started at either side of the front and slanted to a point in back. This also forms a heading to the full coat-tail. The severe double-breasted



The Military influence is felt in Tailored Suits.

fronts are appropriately trimmed with silver braid and suspended silver ball buttons.

The straight lines of the long, full tunic skirt are broken at the knee

COLORS FOR COLD WEATHER

London Journal Humorously Ears Two on Account of the War—Some Others to Be Popular.

The one color that we may be sure will not be popular is Saxe blue; we shall have to rename it French blue. The cornflower will also incur some disfavor, because it is said to be the kaiser's favorite flower. Brown will be a very favorite shade, and purple of the red wine tones which are warm and becoming is being looked upon with much favor. That black must be largely worn we know; there have been times, however, when the somber hue has been assumed by smart women from choice. Tawny tones we shall undoubtedly see many of, and also deep crimsons. Women are taking, happily, their usual wholesome interest in their clothes and there is no reason to suppose that our sex will not look as nice and smart and well turned out in war times as in peace time.—London Sketch.

EASY TO BECOME ATTRACTIVE

How to Acquire and Preserve Color in Face—Best Method of Imparting Scent to the Hair.

For giving the face a good color get one pot of rouge and one rabbit's foot. Bury them two miles from home and walk out and back once a day to see if they are still there.

Many women allow their faces to become tense and set and the wonder why lines develop. Relax the muscles, cultivate a pleasant expression.

WITH THE ETON JACKET



American designers have revived the Eton jacket for fall wear. In this model, one of many charming ones seen on the avenue, the Eton jacket is of black broadcloth. The skirt is a Russian tunic, with broad accordion plaits. A black and white striped girdle in vest form completes this three-piece garment. A rolling medallion collar gives it that chic set-off which American designers are using to such good advantage. The toque is of black velvet with black ribbon feathers.

across the sides and back by an applied cording that holds in a scant line of gathers. The underskirt is narrow and quite plain. The modish, silver-trimmed black hats are particularly well suited to such a costume as this.

Moire Watch Bracelet. The very latest wrist watch is exceedingly small, and instead of the usual bracelet of platinum, gold or silver, it is made of moire ribbon one-half inch wide, double, and fastened with a buckle or clasp. Some of the watches are scarcely larger than a five-cent piece, the face surrounded with jewels. The clasps for the ribbon are also jeweled.

Taffeta and Pique Combined. Some ordinary morning blouses are a combination of taffeta and pique, the taffeta making the body of the blouse, the pique the collar and the cuffs. Linen blouses have made their reappearance in striped effects, a stripe of wide valenciennes lace alternating with a stripe of tucked batiste, making a very lacy affair.

son, and remember that lips which curve upward and smile are much more attractive than the drooping sort.

A delightful way of imparting a delicate scent to the hair is to let it filter through in the form of steam. It sounds difficult, but it is not at all. Simply fill a small bowl with boiling water and pour some of your particular perfume upon it. The two liquids will not mingle, but if you hold your head over the bowl the steam of the water will carry the scent with it and through the air in a most satisfactory fashion.

Silver Lace and Satin. A frock, in once piece, fastening in the back, is made with a black satin foundation and a deep, full chiffon sleeves, and there is an overblouse of satin, cut so that it hangs smooth and wrinkleless from the bust and ends below the waist in a rounded outline. Silver cords reach from the underarms seams to the back of the waist. The straight satin bodice suggests, in its lines, a coat of mail. There is a slightly rounded neck line, finished with a little rolling collar, as high in back as in front, of silver lace.

Broadcloth and Satin. Broadcloth and satin are much combined. For instance, there will be a skirt of broadcloth with a bodice of satin. Plaid broadcloth is also used. But it is plaided in dull, deep colors. These colors, which are employed in the season's plaids and stripes, are infinitely more pleasing than the vivid, garish colors used last year.

STUFFING FOR THE POULTRY

Variety Here From Which It Is Easily Possible to Select One to Taste.

Melt two tablespoonfuls butter, add one tablespoonful chopped liver and heart, one teaspoonful one teaspoonful poultry seasoning and one-fourth teaspoonful paprika. A moist stuffing is desired add butter to the above.

Chestnut Stuffing.—Shall one of large, sound chestnuts. Put in hot water and boil until they are softened, then drain off the water and remove the skins. Replace blanched chestnuts in water at until soft. Take out a few at a time and rub them through a sieve, mash more easily when hot. The mashed chestnuts with one spoonful butter, one teaspoonful one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful grated lemon rind, one tablespoonful chopped parsley, one tablespoonful grated ham, one spoonful of bread crumbs of well-beaten eggs. Beware of the stuffing too wet.

Celery Stuffing.—One quart crumbs, half a head of celery, two tablespoonfuls butter, one tablespoonful salt, one-half tea- spoonful white pepper, one-quarter spoonful paprika and a grating meg. Rub the butter into the crumbs, then add the eggs well, and the seasonings and the chopped fine.

Oyster Stuffing.—Two cupfuls, one-fourth cupful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of parsley, one cupful cracker crumbs, two teaspoonfuls lemon juice, one spoonful salt and one-half tea- spoonful white pepper. Drain and chop oysters. Mix the cracker crumbs, the butter, parsley, lemon juice and pepper, then add the oysters and two teaspoonfuls of their liquid.

Peanut Stuffing.—Crumble leaf of stale bread, then seal with salt and paprika, eighth teaspoonful of sweet herbs, one-half pin- head of ground nutmeg, one drop of onion juice, or one drop of chopped parsley, one cupful cream to moisten slightly.

and stuff the turkey six or eight hours before baking, if possible, so that the flavor of the dressing may have time to permeate the meat.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Bread and butter spread with chopped dates makes excellent sandwiches.

To slice bacon properly, slice across the rind; do not attempt to slice through the rind.

To pad the edges of dollies before embroidering them, work them in a coarse chainstitch.

Broken rice is that which is sifted from the high priced grains, and is equally good in flavor.

A long-handled buttonhook should be kept in the laundry to clean the lint from the tub outlets.

When milk boils over, sprinkle salt on the stove at once; this will counteract the unpleasant odor.

A small piece of camphor in the water in which cut flowers are put will make them last much longer.

Rusty Needles. If you are bothered by your sewing needles becoming rusty, you will find very probably that your needle-book and not the needles is the cause.

It is a mistake to use flannel knives, as the sulphur in the flannel rusts the steel. Therefore, make needle-book leaves of linen or chambray skin and the needles will stay bright.

Chocolate Crumb Cake. This is original and very good to use up old cake, doughnuts, cookies, etc., three cups cake crumbs, one egg, one tablespoonful lard, one tea- spoonful vanilla, one cupful milk, two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, two tea- spoonfuls baking powder, two squares of melted chocolate, salt and flour to make a rather thick cake batter.

Baked Potato Hint. When baking potatoes, if a small pan of water is placed in the oven the potatoes will bake much quicker.

To Tint Curtains Cream. Mix a bowl of cream starch and another of white. Add a small quantity of the cream starch to the white before each curtain is starched. This makes the curtains all the same tone, which would not be the case were they put directly into the cream starch.

Soot on Carpet. To remove soot from carpet sprinkle it lavishly with salt before sweeping. Allow the salt to remain for an hour or so, that it may absorb the soot.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director Sunday School Course, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 6

CHRIST RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

LESSON TEXT—Mark 16:1-8; Matt. 28:1-15. GOLDEN TEXT—Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen.—Luke 24:5, 6.

The death of Christ made a profound impression, Luke 23:48, 49. Joseph, who had been a secret disciple, obtained the body and gave it burial, Mark 15:42-47. In the lesson selected for today we have, first, Mark's record of the discovery of the resurrection by the women, and, second, Matthew's record of how his enemies dealt with that fact.

I. The Resurrection Morn, Mark 16:1-8. The Sabbath ended at sundown and the shops were then opened. Mary Magdalene then purchased spices that they might anoint the dead body of Jesus. They may have paid the tomb a visit late on Saturday, see Matt. 28:1 R. V. Starting the next morn, "while it was yet dark," John 20:1, they came to the tomb to perform their last service of gratitude and love. He had no need of this service, Matt. 16:21; 20:19; however, it was acceptable and they were rewarded by receiving the first glimpse of the risen Lord.

Women's Love Genuine.

The reason they did not expect to see a risen Jesus was in their failure to listen to and to ponder on his words. The men also failed to comprehend the note of his resurrection which he so frequently sounded. Indeed, the report of these same women is by these men considered "as idle tales," Luke 24:11. The women appear in a better light than the men in this story. The women, especially Mary Magdalene, loved much because he had done so much for them. The extent and the genuineness of their affection is found in that they went to the tomb to serve Jesus when apparently hope had fled and faith was blighted, I Cor. 13:8 R. V. Their visit was the fulfillment of their ministry of love, yet it reveals the darkness of their minds. This was common to all his followers.

Approaching the tomb they are confronted by a new difficulty—"Who shall roll away the stone?" The words "these four are significant"—"Look, ye see that the stone is rolled

away." This undoubtedly refers to the situation of the tomb and their approach thereto, yet the fact remains that "looking up" most of our difficulties are removed. Let us be constantly "looking unto him." It has been suggested that God rolled away the stone, not that Jesus might get out, but rather that the women might get in. Mary found two angels sitting, one at the head and one at the foot, where the body had lain, John 20:11, 12, and the two disciples to whom she reported found the linen cloth and the napkin and "believed," John 20:29.

The women were overwhelmed with perplexity and, like Peter and John, "knew not the Scripture that he must rise again from the dead." The angelic message, "He is risen; he is not here," was the sounding forth of a message as great and as glorious as that sounded by the angels on the night of his birth.

Such experience and such knowledge entails a definite burden of responsibility, therefore the logical message and command of verse seven. This is also in accord with the Savior's last earthly message, Mark 16:15; Matt. 28:18-20. It is natural for us to linger in silent meditation at the place of our greatest revelation or of our deepest soul experiences, but these women are led to "go quickly." The message of salvation is too important to brood any delay.

Spread False Tale.

II. The Watch at the Sepulcher, Matt. 27:62-66 at 28:11-15. Evidently the manner of his death and his reported prophecies to the resurrection made an impression upon the enemies of Jesus. As a guard is an expression of the innate antagonism of the priests and elders. As this, the morn of the first day of the week, approached the guard saw the vision of the angel and in presence became as dead men. When they had recovered they hastened into the city and reported to the elders the fact of the coming of the angel and that the stone, upon which the body had rested, had been removed. But they spread abroad the tale that disciples had stolen his body. The falseness of such a tale is evidenced by the fact that the ranklest infidel has not the temerity to make such a claim today.

The resurrection, as I affirm, is the declaration that Jesus is the Son of God. It is a vindication of his supremacy and of the premacy of the spiritual over the material. We do well to emphasize his divinity, and to dwell much upon his deity, yet both of these have no essential part apart from the resurrection. It is the resurrection and the cross is more than the tragic and awe-inspiring end of a life that failed. Connecting the cross with this demands that every thoughtful man should study it carefully. The resurrection demonstrates that he finished the work of redemption.

Poinsettia Salad.

Scald and peel small round tomatoes. With a sharp knife cut each one through from the top down to the bottom, making the tomato to look like a poinsettia blossom. Take yolk of hard-boiled egg and add to firm mayonnaise. Fill center with this mixture and sprinkle top with more egg yolk. Use chaveng of cucumber rind to represent leaf or stalk. A few powdered pistachio nuts can also be sprinkled on the center of the tomato.

Baking Cake in Gas Stove.

To get good results when baking cake in the gas stove, put two quarts of water in the dripping pan. Put cake on upper shelf and after oven is hot turn back burner on and bake with front burner.—Home Department, in National Magazine.

Egg Plant Fritters.

Boil the egg plant in hot water until tender. Wash, then add one beaten egg, seasoning, minced onion, milk and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Form into cakes and fry on both sides.

PROPER USE OF WASTE FATS

Saved From Any Kind of Meat They Are Valued by the Economical Housewife.

Have you ever noticed how enticing sweet potatoes are when served with Maryland pork and beans? Somehow the pork greases make them seem more like a dessert than a plain vegetable.

Neither cream, lard, butter, nor beef can take the place of pork fat for sweet potatoes. Pork fat also gives a tang to beets, parsnips and carrots which cannot be duplicated in any other way.

The waste fat from beef makes a better cake, a better pie crust and better candies than the highest priced butter. Cookies, puddings and cakes have a savoriness so enticing when made of beef drippings that not even the most delinquent appetite can say them nay.

The fats, oils and greases from lamb or veal all lend themselves to the economical housewife as a great improvement over costly butters and cheap lards for frying, broiling and preparing food in all sorts of other ways. One part of these fats will give a happier flavor to fish, beans, carrots and peas than ten times as much butter. Indeed, a spoonful of it will do the work of a whole pound of butter.

Then there are the "grube," so called by the Jewish cooks who remove the fat and grease from geese and fry it with the goose flesh into crisp, brittle flat cakes. The grease from the geese and other fowl is widely used in Jewish homes. Some students think its use has much to do with the relative absence of wasting distempers among the people of this ancient nation.

IDEAS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

Seven Little Things of Moment With Which All of Them May Not Be Acquainted.

When it is necessary to boil a cracked egg add a little vinegar to the water. This will prevent the white from boiling out.

If you have difficulty in cleaning the candle grease from metal candlesticks try setting the candlesticks in a hot oven for a few minutes. This will melt the grease. Of course, care must be taken not to leave them in too long or the candlesticks will melt as well as the grease.

If you wet a spoon before using it to serve jelly you will find the jelly will not stick to it and the serving is more easily accomplished.

To clean fly specks from varnished wood, wipe with a soft cloth dipped in equal parts of skim milk and water.

To pick up little pieces of broken glass wet a wad of cloth with

the floor where the fragments are and pat it. The little particles will adhere to the damp cloth.

The skin on new potatoes is more easily removed by rubbing with a stiff little brush than by scraping with a knife.

If certain rods or poles are rubbed with hard soap before being put up, the curtains will slip on them easily.

Homemade Wall Paper Cleaner.

The following mixture is more easily applied, and does the work more effectively than any of the baked preparations that are sold at a good price for a small quantity—one generally paying the sum for the label and tin, to box it up for sale. Take one part sal ammoniac, four parts rye flour, and water enough to form a dough, then use on the soiled parts as if the mixture was a sponge. As the dirt is transferred from the wall to the cleaner, turn the mixture, and work out a clean part of the mixture. A little practice will soon show how easily this is accomplished, without waste to the mixture. Never continue rubbing the soiled surface of the cleaner into the wall.

Canning Hint.

A vegetable soup is one of the best canned helps to the housekeeper. Cut into small pieces some tomatoes, onions, parsley, carrots, sweet peppers, okra, etc. Stew together until thoroughly done. To each pint jar add half a teaspoonful of salt. Flavor with celery. These soup vegetables are so delicious that just the addition of boiling water makes a very palatable soup. Two large teaspoonfuls of beef extract to a quart of boiling water and a jar of the canned vegetables make a delicious soup.

Baking Cake in Gas Stove.

To get good results when baking cake in the gas stove, put two quarts of water in the dripping pan. Put cake on upper shelf and after oven is hot turn back burner on and bake with front burner.—Home Department, in National Magazine.

Egg Plant Fritters.

Boil the egg plant in hot water until tender. Wash, then add one beaten egg, seasoning, minced onion, milk and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Form into cakes and fry on both sides.

To Arouse A Lazy Liver

special attention must be paid to the Stomach and Bowels for they have a direct influence on each other. You will find it a good plan to take

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

for a few days to help Nature restore these organs to strength & healthy activity

AVOID SUBSTITUTES

Texas Directory

GENERAL HARDWARE AND SUPPLIES

Contractors' Supplies, Builders' Hardware, Etc. Prices and Information furnished on request. PEDEN IRON & STEEL CO. HOUSTON SAN ANTONIO

McCANE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY Houston, Texas, operates the largest force of male and female detectives in the South. 30 years' experience. No charge for answering questions of letters. Rates on application.

Loose Teeth, Sore, Elongated, Bleeding Gums, Foul Breath, Prevents Decay and Riggs Diseases.

All mouth troubles are relieved by Dr. James Morris' Mouth Remedy. Home Treatment only \$1 money order. Free advice and particulars for 20 stamps for postage. Write Dr. James Morris, Dental Specialist, Desk F, 912 1/2 Congress Ave., Houston, Tex.

SCORED ONE ON THE HOTEL

Simoon Ford Tells How He Once Entertained Guest With Lively Sense of Humor.

Simoon Ford, who accomplished the extraordinary feat of running the Grand Union Hotel and being a humorist of nation-wide reputation at the same time, and, now that the hotel is defunct, is presumably turning his whole attention to the consulting of dinner guests over their coffee, expressed himself with much modesty in reply to a question of the Boston Herald.

"I never tell stories," wrote he, "nor can I remember them." That

rough amusing due to the fact that Ford brightened up amazingly and finished his communication in this way:

"Here is a bit of humor, however, and a true hotel happening.

"Our steward had printed on the bills of fare the following notice:

"All articles brought into the hotel and used at the table will be charged for as though furnished by the house."

"Some one mailed me one of these bills and under the notice he had written:

"Does this apply to false teeth?"

Good News.

"Paw." "Well!"

"When I promise to marry him, do you want him to come and ask your consent?"

"No; not my consent, but I would like to have him trot in and tell me the good news. I sort of feel like I needed cheering up."—Houston Post.

DOCTOR KNEW Had Tried It Himself.

The doctor who has tried Postum knows that it is an easy, certain, and pleasant way out of the coffee habit and all of the ails following and he prescribes it for his patients as did a physician of Prospertown, N. J.

One of his patients says: "During the summer just past I suffered terribly with a heavy feeling at the pit of my stomach and dizzy feelings in my head and then a blindness would come over my eyes so I would have to sit down. I would get so nervous I could hardly control my feelings.

"Finally I spoke to our family physician about it and he asked if I drank much coffee and mother told him that I did. He told me to immediately stop drinking coffee and drink Postum in its place, as he and his family had used Postum and found it a powerful re-builder and delicious food-drink.

"I hesitated for a time, disliking the idea of having to give up my coffee, but finally I got a package and found it to be all the doctor said.

"Since drinking Postum in place of coffee my dizziness, blindness and nervousness are all gone, my bowels are regular and I am well and strong. That is a short statement of what Postum has done for me."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

LITTLE WAR ORPHANS FLEEING FROM ANTWERP



One of countless pathetic war scenes is this photograph of little, innocent victims of the conflict, compelled to flee from their homes in Antwerp during the bombardment of that city by the Germans.

SAW LILLE CRUMBLE RUSS TRAP GERMANS

Diary of Journalist Who Was in the Besieged City.

Terrific Bombardment Provoked by Defense—People Stood in Streets and Watched Homes Burn.

West Flanders, Belgium.—A journalist from Roubaix, who was shut up in Lille from October 10 to 13, gives in his diary the following account of the bombardment and German occupation of that city:

Oct. 10.—About four o'clock this afternoon four uhlans, followed by one cyclist, emerged on the market place. The cyclist made a sign with his hand and immediately about sixty horsemen appeared. These had hardly arrived when several shots were fired. One horse was killed and the rider injured. At once the lieutenant commanding the Germans assembled his men and rode to the mayor's office. He summoned Mayor de La Salle and warned him that, owing to the firing, he and others would be taken into custody. While this was continuing French mounted chasseurs arrived and exchanged volleys with the uhlans, provoking a panic among the bystanders. The Germans fled, pursued by the chasseurs. At 5:30 a shell fell on the roof of the mayor's house, tearing a great hole. Other shells were thrown in the market place. At 7 p. m. the bombardment became violent. The first aeroplane, which was seen at five o'clock, had let fall a bomb with the intention of damaging the police headquarters. A woman and child were injured and a passing rider's horse was killed under him.

Oct. 11.—The night was comparatively calm, only a few shells falling. Then, after some hours' respite, the bombardment broke out again with great violence, ceasing only at noon. Beginning again at 8 p. m., it continued the entire night. Many families sought shelter with their neighbors, as their own houses were burning. Among the buildings damaged was the Museum of Fine Arts.

Oct. 12.—Beginning at 6 a. m., shells rained on the city, making a terrible racket and destroying many buildings. The aspect of the town is lamentable. Debris of different kinds, such as glass, brick, stone and wood, clutter the pavement. Families are taking refuge everywhere, a prey to a fully comprehensible terror and sadness. In the evening several new blocks of houses were in flames, notably behind St. Michael's church. I could hear our heavy cannon replying vigorously in the distance to the heavy German artillery. About 9 a. m. the Germans sent a messenger, who with bandaged eyes and bearing a white flag, made his way to headquarters, escorted by a French horseman. We did not know what had happened, but toward night the bombardment ceased and German troops of cavalry, infantry and artillery appeared in the center of the town. The bombardment continued on the village of South Lille until 1 a. m. the next day.

Oct. 13.—After midnight I noticed that a white flag had been raised on the mayor's office. What has happened? Have we surrendered and have the Germans taken possession of the city? It is impossible to learn. Rumor insisted that the town had surrendered and a few inhabitants immediately risked issuing from their houses to contemplate the sad spectacle of Lille in flames. About 2:30 a. m. the sound of volleys coming from the center of the city ceased ever one quickly to return home. The firing lasted about three hours. Finally about ten o'clock military music resounded, accompanied by singing, drumming and bugle blowing. The German soldiers defiled through the midst of the city, some smoking cigars.

From the recital of the same witness it is possible to affirm that a great part of the artistic and handsome quarters of the town, including the old Church of St. Maurice, could not be saved from the flames. It seems that since Lille was defended the bombardment was unfortunately a necessity of war and in no way an act of useless vandalism.

Strategy of Grand Duke Nicholas in Vicinity of Warsaw.

How He Led the Foe into Attack on Warsaw, and Then Flanked and Defeated Them.

Petrograd.—Here is the full story of how the first stage in the titanic struggle between the Teuton and the Slav ended in a heavy reverse for Germany.

The scene of the conflict is from the north and west of Warsaw before the first-class fortress of Novo-Georgievsk, southwest past Warsaw, along the course of the Vistula river and its tributary, the San river, to Przemysl, and again southward to the Dniester river and the Carpathian mountains. As the crow flies it is well over 230 miles, quite 300 in reality.

The Grand Duke Nicholas maneuvered his troops into the positions chosen over many scores of miles of roads that are sloughs under the autumn rains.

Warsaw was left apparently inadequately defended, and the population was in panic, while innumerable German spies abounding in the Polish capital conveyed every item to the German headquarters staff. It was universally believed Russia would not attempt Warsaw.

About fifty miles south of Warsaw, not far from Ivangorod, but on the left or west bank of the Vistula, a small force intrenched near Kozenitz with strict orders to hold out to the last man.

The German advance occupied a line equal to the Russians', but differently composed.

The entire force was under a German commander, and the Austrian troops were chiefly remnants of the beaten army from the Galician battle fields, pulled into some military shape, with much shuffling of regiments among the different corps and a general shortage of artillery.

The German center approached right up to the Vistula river over a considerable distance in the region opposite Ivangorod, where it attempted vainly for three days and nights to drive the Russian force out of its intrenched position on the left bank of the Vistula, near Kozenitz.

Near Warsaw the battle line was joined some thirty miles away, but the Russians were slowly driven back fighting Germany's finest corps, who felt the growing assurance they would make a present of Warsaw to the emperor.

At Warsaw the Germans thought it a mere walkover, and decided to break the Russian center, getting in the rear and either rout the Russians or drive them back on the Bug river line of defense, 80 miles to the east of the Vistula.

Ivangorod was bombarded, but the bridges were spared. The Germans here also felt full of confidence.

The battle being thus set, the grand duke assumed the initiative. In pursuance of his strategic plan he poured into Warsaw from the east by three railway corps after corps. They dashed through the city and plunged into the fight, now within a few miles of the suburbs on the west.

Too late the German general realized the unexpected had again happened. He hastened all the corps possible to the northward along the line of the Vistula from the center to the left.

The Russians promptly crossed the Vistula and deployed in the region which had been so gallantly held for this purpose in the neighborhood of Kozenitz. They thus were on the right flank of the forces which had marched north to save the German left.

At the same time the Russian cavalry got around to the left flank of the German left and closed in from the left rear.

The Germans are in full retreat. The Russians have crossed the Vistula along the whole German front and are energetically pressing the pursuit.

The Austrians are putting up a desperate fight all along the front and in spite of their misfortunes have earned the respect of the Russians for valor.

Pelvic Catarrh

I Would Not Do Without Peruna.

Miss Emella A. Haberkorn, 2251 Graylows Ave., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "For over two years I was troubled with catarrh of the pelvic organs. I heard of Dr. Hartman's book, 'The Ills of Life.' I read it and wrote to the doctor, who answered my letter promptly. I began taking treatment as soon as possible. Tongue cannot express how I suffered. I feel grateful for what the doctor has done for me, and would not do without Peruna. I now enjoy as good health as ever. I find it has improved my health so much that I will recommend it to any one cheerfully."



Sold Under a Binding Guarantee

Money Back If It Fails



HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chills, Lame Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries. Made Since 1846.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. All Dealers G. C. Hanford Mfg. Co., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. A safe preparation of herbs. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. Do not use at all at the hairdresser.

DROPSY TREATED, usually gives quick relief. A short breath, often gives entire relief in 10 to 15 days. Trial treatment sent free.

Dr. H. M. Green's Sons, Box 0, Atlanta, Ga.

Quite Simple. "My dear major, I want to ask you a question," remarked the modest maiden to her partner as they entered the conservatory.

"A thousand if you like," replied the gallant major.

"What is a kiss?" The soldier was taken aback, but quickly pulled himself together, and firmly said, "This is."

"Sir," replied the indignant seeker after higher culture, "you misunderstand me. The interrogation I put to you was a mathematical problem which I thought might interest you."

"It does, it does," said the major, "but if it's a conundrum I give it up."

The maiden's eyes sparkled, and there was music in her voice as she threw out the answer, "Why, it's nothing divided by two."

A SURE CURE FOR ITCHING PILES. And all forms of skin diseases in Tetterine. It is also a specific for Tetter, Ringworm, Eczema, Infant Sores, Head, Chaps and Old Itching Sores.

Enclosed find one dollar for which please send me two boxes Tetterine; this makes five boxes I have ordered from you, the first one only being for me. I suffered with an eruption for years, and one box of Tetterine cured me and two of my friends. It is worth its weight in gold to any one suffering as I did. Everybody ought to know of its value. Jesse W. Scott, Millersville, Ga.

Tetterine at drug stores or sent by mail for \$5. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga. Adv.

He Took the Hint. "How radiant you are tonight, Madeline," he exclaimed enthusiastically, as they met at the corner. "You actually look fit to eat."

"I feel that way, too," was the naive rejoinder.

Whereupon one week's salary went to smash in the nearest lobster palace.

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 J. C. Watson.

Where Beauty Helps. She—We women have to stand a lot. He—Not in the street car if you're pretty.

His Line. "What's his business?" "He's a press agent."

"Oh, what make of press does he sell?"

NEW YORK 300 YEARS AGO

From Forest Land It Has Grown to a City of Six Million Inhabitants.

As years come and go in the twirling of this world about the sun, it was but as yesterday when Adrian Block's rude log huts were the first habitations of white men on Manhattan Island, says the New York Mail. A bronze plate on the building at 45 Broadway is the token of that occupation.

A city of nearly six million people, with a real estate value footing up to nearly \$10,000,000,000, has been wrought in the three intervening centuries.

Yet if we look back in the days of his tercentenary we are stirred not only by the records of growth, but by the present opportunities and responsibilities incident to the twentieth century status of the city that was born in the seventeenth.

The winter refuge of the crew of the Titanic has become the world center. Captain Block hewed timbers from the virgin forest and built a new ship, which he called the Restless. The event that he cut was the beginning of Broadway. The name that he gave his schooner has characterized the city.

The restless energy of New York is the greatest factor in the world progress that is focused here in this young giant among the world's metropolises.

RESINOL HEALS RAW, ITCHING, SCALY SKINS

No matter how long you have been tortured and disfigured by itching, burning raw or scaly skin humors, just put a little of this soothing, antiseptic Resinol Ointment on the sores and the suffering stops right there! Healing begins that very minute, and in almost every case your skin gets well so quickly you feel ashamed of the money you threw away on tedious, useless treatments.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap clear away pimples, blackheads, and dandruff. Prescribed by doctors for 19 years and sold by all druggists.—Adv.

Activities of Women. Philadelphia has five women factory inspectors.

farm laborers in England early one hundred thousand. A thousand women are employed in Italy.

A thousand women in New York employed as tailresses. has an active rifle association of women.

Over three million widows in the United States and there is no one to help them. After the war, but it will be twice as many as we have now.

When a man marries, he goes to his wife's house, where the wife's counsel upon all matters of importance and dictate the affairs of the home.

The British army will recruit 100,000 men in ten weeks, depending upon the rate of recruitment.

Trifling Mistake. Mrs. Lane is a zealous and loyal wife, according to Harper's Magazine, and intends to avoid exaggeration, but she has a strong tendency in that direction.

"It is perfectly wonderful," she said to a friend, "to see the way Mr. Lane counts bills at the bank. I think you are so lucky to have him! He'll take a great pile of five and ten and twenty dollar bills and make his fingers just like lightning, and never make a mistake!"

"Never," asked the friend, who knew Mrs. Lane's weakness, and could not forbear the question.

"Well, at least," stammered Mrs. Lane, "why, perhaps he might get five or ten cents out of the way, but not more."

"Money in 313 A. D." that counterfeiting in coins 100 years ago was brought to the University of Pennsylvania announced that among the relics recently purchased were those of brick. The plan was to make impressions of each side in soft clay and then burn it. An opening was left at the top, in which molten metal was poured. The Roman Emperors Maximilian and Constantius, from 313 to 325 A. D.

True Love's Blight. "Why are you so depressed today?" "Suffering from heart failure." "None of that. There's nothing like that with you." "Yes, there is. She said her heart would never fail me, but it has."

Wicks' CAPUDINE. CURES HEADACHES AND COLDS. —Easy to Take—Quick Relief.—Adv.

Grows on Prospects. "I fear that young man of yours is not living up to his means." "Oh, no, papa; he hasn't any."

UGH! CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK! CLEAN LIVER AND BOWELS MY WAY

Just Once! Try "Dodson's Liver Tone" When Bilious, Constipated, Headachy—Don't Lose a Day's Work.

Live up your sluggish liver! Feel fine and cheerful; make your work a pleasure; be vigorous and full of ambition. But take no nasty, dangerous calomel, because it makes you sick and you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver, which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into your bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping.

Listen to me! If you want to enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50 cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal money-back guarantee that each spoonful will clean your sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick.

Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning, because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular.

Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless and cannot salivate. Give it to your children. Millions of people are using Dodson's Liver Tone instead of dangerous calomel now. Your druggist will tell you that the sale of calomel is almost stopped entirely here.

Shipping Fever. Industrial, pink eye, epidemic, distemper, and all nose and throat diseases cured. Buy at all drug stores. For further information, send for free literature.

PROPER CREDIT FOR GRANDPA. Happy Father Wanted Generous Contribution Entered Under the Proper Heading.

When Mr. Otis returned from the office one afternoon, he was met at the door by his wife, who cried, excitedly: "Oh, Herbert, love, I received a lovely letter from father today."

"Yes, my dear," queried he. "Yes, dearest," repeated Mrs. Otis, enthusiastically, "he congratulates us on the birth of our baby."

"That's good," was the reply. "Yes," went on Mrs. Otis, "and he says it will cost us more to live now—that babies are expensive."

"I suppose that is true, dear," assented the husband. "And, Herbert, just think!" said the wife, joyfully, "father has sent us a check for \$1,000. Isn't that just lovely of him?"

"I should say it was!" said Otis. "I'll sit right down, dear, and thank him for his generous contribution to the Fresh Hair fund."

Reduction in Living Costs Made Possible by Perfect Product. The sugar and mainly starching increase in cost of food necessities, such as sugar and flour, demand increased domestic economy. For incomes have not advanced with this war-time soaring of food prices.

Waste of food as well as cost of food must be considered and minimized in these days of exorbitant prices. Fortunately the greatest food waste with which the housewife has to contend—bake-day failures and the waste of costly baking materials—is rendered preventable by the perfect leavening power of Calumet Baking Powder.

Calumet is an absolutely sure leavening powder of absolute purity. It never fails to produce fully raised bakings that are tender and temptingly delicious. For its wonderful leavening strength never varies. It is always uniform—and always unexcelled.

To pay more than is asked for Calumet simply means a useless waste of money. To pay less, and obtain an inferior powder, means the useless waste of Baking Materials.

Order a can of Calumet. Save a substantial sum on the price asked for Trust Brands when you buy it. Save the flour, sugar, butter and eggs so often wasted by Big Can Powders—when you use it. You are safe in ordering Calumet, in trying it, in testing the truth of these claims, for if you are not thoroughly satisfied the purchase price will be refunded by your local dealer.

In buying a can of Calumet send the slip found in the one-pound can to the Calumet Baking Powder Co., Advertising Department, Chicago, Ill., and you will receive one of their handsome 25-page Cook Books, illustrations in color, and a book that will be a guide to economy in the kitchen.—Adv.

Married in Haste. Neighbor—The Widow Gay's marriage was rather sudden, wasn't it? Friend—Yes; her daughter's baby was beginning to talk; and the widow wanted to have the wedding over before the kid learned to say "grandma."—New York Weekly.

It doesn't take a young man who starts at the top long to reach the bottom—unless he is digging a well.

Why should a girl scream after the kiss has been stolen?

That Weak Back. accompanied by pain here or there—extreme nervousness—sleeplessness—may be faint spells—or spasms—all are signals of distress for a woman. She may be growing from girlhood into womanhood—passing from womanhood to motherhood—or later suffering from that change into middle life which leaves so many wrecks of women. At any or all of these periods of a woman's life she should take a tonic and nerve prescribed for just such cases by a physician of vast experience in the diseases of women.

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

has successfully treated more cases in past forty years than any other known remedy. It can now be had in sugar-coated, tablet form as well as in the liquid. Sold by medicine dealers or trial box by mail on receipt of 50 cents in stamps.

Miss Elizabeth Lordahl of Berkeley, Cal., in a recent letter to Dr. Pierce said: "I was completely broken in health, was aching and aching and my body and was so nervous that I could scream if anyone talked to me, but I had the good fortune to meet a nurse who had been cured by Dr. Pierce's Prescription. I have never had an occasion to consult a physician since—am in excellent health."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate stomach, liver and bowels—sugar-coated, tiny granules

W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 47-1914.

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W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 47-1914.

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

If Yours is fluttering or weak, use "RENOVINE," Made by Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn. Price \$1.00

LOCAL AND PERSONAL NOTES

H. E. Plummer went to Laredo Thursday.

The best of everything for Christmas.—Gaddis Pharmacy.

Burnett Robuck was here from Artesia Wells Thursday.

The very latest and daintiest Lavellers—Gaddis Pharmacy.

Judge C. C. Thomas went to Laredo Thursday on legal business.

C. C. Hurley, merchant of Melon, was in Cotulla yesterday.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Trice, at Waco, November 17th.

Bracelet watches, the new styles. See them at Gaddis Pharmacy.

E. W. Earnest, stockman of Millett was in the city on business Tuesday.

Baptist Ladies Aid will hold a Bazaar in the old State Bank Building Saturday, Dec. 12th.

Miss Lillie West, of Rogers, is visiting her sister, Mrs. B. J. Pate, at the Cochina Ranch.

Onion Sets For Sale—I have a limited number of acres of onion sets for sale. Now ready for delivery. A. D. Riddle, Cotulla, Texas.

Our jewelry department is complete. All goods guaranteed.—Gaddis Pharmacy.

Atha Thomas has recovered from the injuries he received by his horse falling with him.

Don't forget to patronize the Baptist Ladies Aid Bazaar next Saturday. Old State Bank Building, Center Street.

Buy your Christmas goods early and you get the best.—Gaddis Pharmacy.

J. A. Ferguson, merchant of Millett, was in town yesterday. He reports very little cotton moving around Millett.

Mrs. Stanfield, of Hays county, is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. A. Keck, on the Nueces.

Martin A. Purnell of New York was among the arrivals yesterday. Mr. Purnell will be here until after the holidays with his family.

J. D. Simpson, brother of A. A. and Tom Simpson, of Little Rock, Ark., accompanied by his little son, is here to spend a couple of weeks.

Now is the time and this is the opportunity for satisfactory Christmas buying. The right gifts for everybody at, Gaddis Pharmacy.

A. G. Salmon was in the city Thursday from Artesia Wells. Mr. Salmon reports conditions better in this section of the country than ever before.

Pleasing presents in a profusion of varieties for all Xmas shoppers.—Gaddis Pharmacy.

Miss Florida Smith, teacher of the Maltsberger School, returned Monday from the State Teachers Institute, which met at San Antonio.

Only 16 more Christmas shopping days. Avoid disappointment, buy early, buy now. A multitude of seasonable suggestions at, Gaddis Pharmacy.

M. H. Baine of Artesia was in town yesterday on business. Mr. Baine says farmers down his way are preparing to put in considerable acreage in feed crops next year.

Drop in tomorrow or next day and give us a chance to show you some "real shoes" Society shoes are "Star Brand" and the Star Brand shoes are better.—K. Burwell.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Henderson returned Wednesday from San Antonio and Devine. Mrs. Henderson has been away for several weeks.

Prof. Isaac H. Hughes, Superintendent of the Cotulla Schools, attended the State Teachers Association in San Antonio the latter part of last week.

Theo. Kerr, accompanied by his wife and child arrived Thursday from Longview and will spend a few weeks at the farm of W. A. Kerr, on the Nueces.

The woman who is shoe particular will find something to please her in our fall line. Big variety of styles. There is a shoe for every foot and a price for every purse.—K. Burwell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hill of Laredo, stopped off here Thursday on their way home from San Antonio. They were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Murray.

It doesn't make any difference whether you have a short foot, a long slim foot, a tiny foot or a big foot, we have a "Society" shoe your size and price.—K. Burwell.

The skies cleared Wednesday night and the temperature was lowered quite a bit by the wind changing from the North to the Northwest. It looks like we might have a few days clear weather now.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. Leonard and Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Davis of Kerrville arrived here Saturday last and will spend a few weeks at the home of M. T. Davis Sr. They came down in their automobile and Messrs Leonard and Davis are down on their deer hunt.

R. A. Taylor, former Superintendent of the Cotulla Schools, was a passenger on Saturday morning's train enroute to Devine. For the past year Taylor has been in business at Carrizo Springs and informed us that he had just sold the business to Arthur Wildenthal and others.

J. B. Hornsey returned to Cotulla Tuesday after an absence of over two years. He spent some time in Arizona but most several months has been at Amarillo. After all of his time he says it is pretty hard to find a country that beats South Texas, and he expects to be here quite a while. He says so, but we would guess he has come back to stay.

Mrs. Hattie Childs returned from Laredo Wednesday where she has been for some time with her daughter, J. H. Daniel, who has a little son under treatment here as a specialist in that city. Childs said that while she was passing one of the stations down the road she threw a rock through the car window, and the child barely missed two children who were asleep.

J. H. Daniel went to Laredo Wednesday after his wife and little son, they having been in that city for the past two months, the latter being under the treatment of a specialist. The little fellow has been improving for the past few weeks, and has regained his health sufficient to be brought home.

"The Last Shot"—our new serial story will begin next week. Read it. The story was written by Frederick Palmer, who was correspondent for the San Antonio Express in Mexico at the time our troops went to Vera Cruz. Upon the war opening in Europe Mr. Palmer immediately went to that country. The present war is a fulfillment of Mr. Palmer's story, "The Last Shot."

M. H. McMahon and family returned Sunday from Tilden. They went down in their car on 22nd. of November, and the day after arriving there it began raining and kept it up for a solid week, the result being they had to wait the drying of the roads before returning. Mr. McMahon says the range in McMullin county is better than it has been for many years.

If you are not carrying fire insurance on your property you are making a mistake, for fire is an awful and quick destroyer. Winter is coming on and the danger from fire is increased ten times. Don't put the matter off any longer. Rates made on application. Only the strongest companies represented. C. E. Manly, Agent.

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SHERIFFS SALE

By virtue of an Execution issued out of the Honorable Justice Court of Precinct No. 1, of Bexar county, by Ben S. Fisk, Justice of the Peace thereof, on the 17th day of Nov. A. D. 1914, in the case of Caffarelli Bros versus I. C. Holt and F. C. Holt, No. 12618, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I have levied upon, this 30th day of Nov. A. D. 1914, and will, between the hours of 10 o'clock, A. M. and 4 o'clock, P. M., on the first Tuesday in January A. D. 1914, at being the 5th day of said month, at the Court House door of said La Salle county, in the town of Cotulla, proceed to sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, all the right title and interest which I. C. Holt had on the 14th day of September, A. D. 1914, or any time thereafter, of, in and to the following described property, to-wit:

Tract No. 17, Section No. 34 of the 3rd subdivision of Naylor & Jones ranch, in La Salle county, out of and part of Original survey No. 16 Anson Jones and survey No. 17 J. D. Andrews and consisting of ten acres, said property being levied on as the property of I. C. Holt, to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$50.88 in favor of Caffarelli Bros., and costs of suit. Given under my hand, this 30th day of November, A. D. 1914.

T. H. POOLE, Sheriff La Salle County, Texas. By B. Wildenthal, Jr. Deputy.

WANTED.—Furs of all kinds Coyote, wildcat, coon, skunk, opossum, ringtail and civit cats. Also javelin and armadilla hides. W. R. Muter, Taxidermist, Cotulla, Texas.

Don't forget to read the Revelations of the Kaiser's Personal Spy in this issue of the RECORD. These articles will continue from week to week throughout this month and January.

For Trade—At a bargain 5 chilled break plows, 5 cultivators and 5 double row planters. Will trade one or all for hogs.—W. L. Rhodes, Cotulla, Texas.

Lost—Small brown folding pocket book containing five dollar bill. Finder please return to this office and get reward.

For first class service phone H. B. Stedham, Coffins, Caskets and Burial Robes.

For Sale—5 second hand 900 gal. capacity tanks good condition. Size 12 x 10, 2 in. Staves. Price-Booker Mfg. Co. San Antonio, Tex.

SOCIETY
Mrs. C. B. Jones, Editor.

Miss Mamie Wildenthal entertained at cards Saturday afternoon in compliment to her guest, Miss Smith of Alabama. Three tables of the ever interesting game of 500 were played. After several games a delicious salad course was served, which was followed by two kinds of cake and hot chocolate.

Miss Wildenthal is a charming hostess and her guests enjoyed every moment of the time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Arthur Reed entertained at six o'clock dinner Thanksgiving eve, the following friends: Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Pool, Mrs. and Mrs. Plummer, Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Gouger, Mrs. Russell, Misses Lucile Reed, and Bonnie Bobo.

Miss Marguerite Wheeler and her brother Charlie, entertained five couples of their young friends Friday night. The home was beautiful in decorations of American Beauty Roses, white Crysanthemums.

The boys and girls had a splendid time together playing dominoes and parchese, and at the same time enjoying the delicious home made candies.

The dancing set enjoyed a delightful dance after the picture show Thanksgiving night. The new dances were enjoyed until a late hour by nearly all of the dancing set. This being the largest crowd attending an impromptu dance for some time.

The Auction Bridge Club were delightfully entertained Monday afternoon by Mrs. R. F. Knaggs. The rooms of this pretty home were gay in abundant decorations of crysanthemums.

The usual two tables were played, there being at present only 8 members of this Auction Bridge Club. Mrs. Dell Ballard was the only guest not a member of the Club. After the games, Mrs. Knaggs arranged the card tables most daintily, and served thereon a fruit salad, cake and hot chocolate with whipped cream. The members of this club enjoyed Mrs. Knaggs hospitality very much. The next game will be two weeks from that date.



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K. BURWELL