

The Crockett Courier.

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MOTTO: "QUALITY, NOT QUANTITY."

CROCKETT, TEXAS, MARCH 16, 1916.

VOLUME XXVII—NO. 8

Another Stratum of Oil Found in Houston County Field

THE PEANUT INDUSTRY ASSUMING COMMERCIAL PROPORTIONS.

Address Delivered by Hon. Ed Woodall at Farmers' Meeting at Oak Hill, Hill County.

Peanuts as a staple and commercial crop is comparatively a new thing in this country. The production heretofore has been so small that it has all been consumed in the form of delicacies such as salted peanuts, parched peanuts, peanut candy and peanut butter, and if the uses of the products of the peanut were confined to such as these, of course, it could never be made a staple crop.

For many, many years, however, the peanut has been grown in Northern Africa, along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, and exported to the various countries of Europe by the ship load. In France, England and Germany peanuts have been crushed for years and the oil is of a very high quality and the cake is practically as rich in protein as cotton seed cake, and is used for the same purposes.

There are three oil mills in Texas that are now crushing peanuts. One mill at Comanche; one at Houston and I am advised that the mill at Cleburne has crushed some. While the peanut alone is a good hog feed and, I have been advised, can be raised profitably for that specific purpose, it is too oily to make a firm fat, for which reason the hog is rather gobby and its fat is too soft to make the kind of meat the packers want, but the peanut could be fed profitably to the hog up to, say, 30 days of the time he was ready to ship, and during that period should be fed a ration of corn, milo maize, or some other kind of grain. This of course would harden the flesh, but in using the peanut for this purpose we lose the larger portion of its value, which is the oil.

A friend of mine crushed on his mill at Boswell, Okla., this season, 400 tons of peanuts, from which he obtained 22,000 gallons of oil, or an average of 55 gallons per ton. He estimated that the nuts contained as much as four hundred pounds of dirt per ton, therefore, if the nuts had been cleaned with one of the modern threshing machines, his yield of oil would have run as high as 60 to 70 gallons per ton. The oil sells at a higher price than that obtained for cotton oil and can be used for any purpose for which cotton oil is used; therefore, there is no end to its possibilities as a cooking or edible fat.

A ton of clean peanuts will make say 65 to 70 gallons of oil per ton and about 1400 pounds of peanut cake; that is assuming that the hull or shell all went in together. This cake in this form would obtain practically 30 per cent of protein against 44 per cent in cotton seed meal. If, of course, the nuts were shelled, the protein would run about 2 per cent higher than cotton seed meal. The lower grade of peanut cake would bring about 80 per cent of the price of meal or cake.

A friend of mine who has been in the cotton oil business a life-time

At a Depth of About Thirteen Hundred Feet and Under Four Feet of Rock, Fifty Feet of Oil Sand is Encountered.

What is believed to be a "lucky strike" has been developed in the Houston County oil field, 14 miles east of Crockett. The driller has shut down and ordered fifty feet of screening, which is not expected to arrive until next week. Until that time the quantity and quality of the oil-find will be unknown.

Monday, just after passing through four feet of rock, the drill went into fifty feet of oil-bearing sand at a depth of about 1300 feet from the surface. There was so much gas that a blow-out was feared. The drill was stopped and preparations started for giving the find a thorough test. Preparations are now under way to put down fifty feet of screening through the oil-sand. A complete test cannot be made before next week.

In the meantime drilling is proceeding in the Crockett field, four miles south of town.

advises that as far back as thirty years ago he crushed peanuts and used the same machinery for crushing the peanuts as he did the cotton seed. He would shut his mill down say tonight crushing cotton seed and start it up tomorrow crushing peanuts. So in the oil mill we have an outlet for every pound of peanuts produced.

During the past season, peanuts have brought anywhere from 60 cents to 90 cents per bushel. I am advised that they generally yield from 30 to 50 bushels per acre. I am also advised that the hay is of a very high quality and is worth a sufficient amount to make and pay for the harvesting of the crop. I learn that in feeding the hay there is danger in feeding to the horses; unless it has been threshed out and the sand and dirt taken out, as it gives the horses what is called sand colic.

Any community growing peanuts should put in a thresher of more recent and modern make and in that way the dirt would be eliminated, thereby giving the farmer the cleanest possible product for sale. It looks as if oil will be high next season, and if this be true it looks as if next year's peanuts might sell for sixty cents per bushel, and possibly as high as they have this year, which I am advised was as high as \$1.00 per bushel.

The Texas Industrial Congress has been making experiments in growing peanuts, and during the last two years have given away prizes for the greatest production and their average of last year was 113½ bushels and 1 2-5 tons of cured hay per acre. Of course, if such a yield as this were practical all around peanuts would be so profitable that we would have to establish more banks to take care of the farmer's money.

I feel that the farmers can safely plant peanuts this year with the expectation of receiving not less than sixty cents per bushel, and possibly as high as eighty-five or

more. It will be necessary, in order to dispose of the cake and meal, to carry on an educational campaign, but there is absolutely no harm in feeding the cake and meal and the farmer can take the cake and meal and feed it to all his stock, including his hogs; the meal will fatten the hog as well as the raw peanuts. I know that a great number of oil mills have planned to crush peanuts next year, provided the peanuts are raised in sufficient volume. We will do so ourselves if the supply is obtainable, and if the supply is not obtainable for us, we will be in connection with those mills that are prepared to handle them. As an inducement to encourage the production, with a view to future business of this kind, we will do all we can to help the farmer find a market for his peanuts. However, there will be no trouble in finding such a market.

The peanut can be used for any purpose that cotton seed oil is now used for, and, while you do not realize it, cotton oil supplies a very much larger share of the fats of the United States than is supplied by the commercial crop of lard. Crisco, in which 750,000 barrels of oil are used annually, is solely cotton seed oil. Of course, there are various brands of compound lard, such as Cottolene, which contain 85 per cent of cotton seed oil. Besides this, a great deal of the oil is used solely in the refined state and sold as cooking oil.—Hillsboro Mirror.

Meeting of School Trustees.

On the 4th day of March the trustees of the various school districts of the county met with the county superintendent at the court house, and among other things that came up was the selection of candidates for county trustees from the commissioners' precincts. Three places must be filled on this board this year on the first Saturday in April from the following precincts: Precinct No. 1, D. E. Holcomb and D. C. McCarty are the nominees; precinct No. 2, J. J. Willis and C. W.

Jones are the nominees; precinct No. 3, D. D. Montgomery is the nominee.

All trustee elections must be held on the first Saturday in April, and when voting for the local trustees voters shall vote in the above named precincts for the man of their choice for trustee to the county from their precinct only, in other words the county trustee is selected on the same plan that the county commissioners are. There will be no election for county trustee from precinct No. 4, for this trustee was chosen last year. The law provides that two shall be selected one year and three the next. Two were chosen last election; one from precinct No. 4 and a member at large.

All independent districts shall hold their trustee election on the first Saturday in April this year and hereafter instead of as heretofore on the first Saturday in May. The independent district voters must also vote for county trustee. A voter must vote for the trustee from the precinct in which he lives, it matters not in what precinct his school is situated, voting for county trustee at the same place that the election for local trustees is held. It was my opinion that this was not to be done this way, but I have learned that it is to be on the same plan as the election of commissioners.

J. N. Snell.

County Superintendent.

Proper Treatment for Biliousness.

For a long time Miss Lula Skelton, Churchville, N. Y., was bilious and had sick headache and dizzy spells. Chamberlain's Tablets were the only thing that gave her permanent relief. Obtainable everywhere.—Adv.

ANOTHER BIG DEAL IN HOUSTON COUNTY REALTY.

Dr. Griffith of Houston Buys the C. A. Clinton Country Home Place Near Crockett.

Another big deal in Houston county realty was closed last week when Dr. Griffith of Houston bought the C. A. Clinton country home place near Crockett. Nat Wetzel of Houston represented Dr. Griffith in the transaction. This place is two miles from the court house, one mile from the city limits and contains about two hundred acres. It is on the Huntsville road and adjoins the other property recently bought by Dr. Griffith.

The two places will be connected and will be under the management of Mr. Wetzel, who will spend a part of his time here. The land will be devoted to scientific farming and dairying. The purchaser, who is an oil-operator, may also do some oil prospecting. The land adjoins a farm on which oil prospecting is now under way.

The Clinton place is one of the prettiest around Crockett and has been the scene of many social gayeties. The residence alone is said to have cost \$8,000. The terms of the sale were private. Mr. and Mrs. Clinton have not yet decided what they will do. Their former home was in Chicago.

A Specific Against Colds.

The nearest thing to a specific against colds is a sleeping porch or open bed room and a cold sponge bath every morning when you first get up. Even then you will occasionally take a cold, especially when colds are epidemic, and when you do you will find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a great help in enabling you to get rid of it. Try it. Obtainable everywhere.—Adv.

Just Arrived

A New Line of

Ladies' Coat Suits

Silk and Wool—Silk and Wool Combinations

These are all the latest creations and shipped us just as the styles come out. The prices are the lowest for the high quality of merchandise ever on display in our city, ranging from \$15.00 to \$25.00.

We will also have on display a line of Taffeta Silk and Crepe de Chine dresses, the latest models out, at popular prices.

We will show in due season the largest line of ladies' Palm Beach suits ever put on display in Houston county.

Next week we will show a new line of misses' and children's fancy and school dresses, also ladies' house dresses; in fact, each week as the season advances we will show an entirely new line of all the above described articles.

YOURS TO FIT AND TO PLEASE

Jas. S. Shivers & Company

The Crockett Courier

Issued weekly from the Courier Building.

W. W. AIKEN, Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Obituaries, resolutions, cards of thanks and other matter not "news" will be charged for at the rate of 5c per line.

Parties ordering advertising or printing for societies, churches, committees or organizations of any kind will, in all cases, be held personally responsible for the payment of the bills.

In case of errors or omissions in legal or other advertisements, the publishers do not hold themselves liable for damage further than the amount received by them for such advertisement.

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of the Courier will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the management.

When you buy from Courier advertisers you not only help yourself, but you help the advertiser and the Courier. Three people are benefitted when you patronize this paper's advertisers.

All successes in the cultivation of the soil come from the application of scientific methods. The application of scientific methods makes us progressive farmers. We are progressive to the extent of applying scientific methods to our work. The application of scientific methods makes us practical.

THE PRINTING BUSINESS.

Kerrville Advance: Paper prices have gone up 30 per cent during the last month, and the wholesale houses are reminding us that there are liable to be further advances at any time. Still we country printers go on turning out printing at the old prices and losing money at it. It is evident that the prices are going to have to be raised, or the printer will go out of business. The country publisher no less

than his city brother will have to charge an adequate price and collect it if he lasts through the changes the world war has inaugurated. With print papers of all sorts, with inks and types and all the hundred and one essentials of a printing business increasing in price from month to month, almost day to day, the old-fashioned easy-going methods of the country print shop will have to be abandoned if the printer is to survive. The delinquent subscriber was for long more of a joke than a serious menace to the publisher's solvency, but he is a joke no longer. Any newspaper, small or great, which shall continue through these days of high cost of printing to supply Tom, Dick and Harry with free reading matter will bump into bankruptcy unless he discovers some plan whereby he can compel the good patrons to reimburse him for what he loses on the bad ones. Many a publisher is today gradually wasting his capital by wearing out his printing machinery and materials without setting aside funds for renewals, or making renewals as he goes along—and paying for them. The day of the cheap newspaper is past. It costs a lot of money to produce even the most unpretentious little weekly, and that publisher who gives his papers away in order to maintain "circulation and prestige" is headed for the poorhouse. There are many prosperous newspapers in Texas, regular dividend payers and important establishments in their communities. But there are many unprosperous ones also, many that barely pay living wages to those who conduct them and leave nothing over for plant repair. In every case of the prosperous it will be found that competent, energetic business men are in control, and in nearly every case of the unprosper-

ous it will be found that inefficient business practices are the rule. It is for the individual publisher to decide for himself whether he shall survive or perish. If he chooses to survive he must be equal to the serious problems that confront him. —Galveston News.

About half a million horses and mules have been sent to Europe because of the war. Although the number sounds large, it really includes less than 2 per cent of the 28,000,000 horses and mules on hand in the United States January 1, 1915—about one out of every fifty, or about 49 left for every one shipped.

The Court of Last Resort.

Around the stove of the cross roads grocery is the real court of last resort, for it finally over-rules all others. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been brought before this court in almost every cross roads grocery in this country, and has always received a favorable verdict. It is in the country where man expects to receive full value for his money that this remedy is most appreciated. Obtainable everywhere.—Adv.

Try Courier advertisers.

TAKE HALL'S CHILL TONIC EUCALINE

You will not have the best if you fail to get EUCALINE for Malaria, Chills and Fever. It acts on the liver and bowels and relieves the system of the cause, pleasant to take.

FIFTY CENTS by YOUR DRUGGIST
TAKE HALL'S CHILL TONIC

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YOU

can save money
if you patronize
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tisers. Others
are doing it.

Tell the Advertiser That You Saw His
Ad. in the Crockett Courier.

Candidates and Others—

You'll remember the quality
and service long after the
price is forgotten, if you have
your printing done by the
Courier Job Department.

What Do You Want to Know
— About Us?

DON'T BE A DUCK

When a hen lays an egg she gets up and starts to cackle—lets every one know about it—advertises it, but when a duck lays an egg it simply walks off—nobody knows the difference. The duck's egg may be just as good as the hen's egg, but the hen advertises and sells a thousand eggs to the duck's one.

Moral:

If you have a good
thing to sell, ad-
vertise it. Let the

Crockett
Courier
cackle for you

When You Know What Is Best, Ask for it by Name

By J. R. HAMILTON
Former Advertising Manager of Wanamaker's, Philadelphia

If a man has anything he is proud of, he gives it a name whether it be a baby or a pair of boots. And the more he is proud of it, the more he talks about it.

Nameless things are seldom good and never reliable. If you want to cut down your cost of living the very best way to do it is to learn to ask only for standard articles.

When you know the name of a good maker of shirts or shoes, of furniture or pianos, of hardware or underwear, fix that name definitely in your mind and remember it when you come to buy.

Do not allow strange things to come into your home any more than you would allow strange people.

The brand and the trade-mark and the copyright are the letters of introduction from the maker to you. In this way he vouches for their respectability and guarantees their good behavior in your home.

There is a name for every good product that is made. And most of these names are known to every man and woman in America. Manufacturers have spent hundreds of millions of dollars to standardize these names in your mind. From the lining of a dress to a laundry soap; from a cleanser to a baking powder; from a suit of clothes to a kit of tools; you could call every standard article on the market by name if you would only remember to do so when you come to buy.

It is through your carelessness that lies and adulterations creep in. The standard is set by good men, but the standard is only maintained by you.

It is time for you to forget the generic name of every article, and remember only the standard name of its quality.

In the advertising news of this paper today you will find many of these standard names and brands of quality. This article is written for the sole purpose of reminding you to use those names. It is only fair that you should do as much for these good manufacturers as they are doing for you. It is only right that you should help in this great standardization of good products that is going on throughout America.

Begin now to ask by name for everything you buy. And you will find your satisfaction growing greater day by day and your optimism extending even down to your pocketbook.

(Copyrighted.)

BASEBALL HEROES OF OLD.

Two Famous Pitchers, Amos Rusie and Poor Charley Ferguson.

Not a few of the more than 150 veterans to whom my nearly half a century old question was aimed would hear to none other than the mighty Amos Rusie as the greatest pitcher of all time. For his miraculous speed he is famous in the minds of the fans who watched, for this speed and nothing else. But ball players tell me that his sharp curve ball, that broke almost directly over the plate, was even harder to hit than was his fast ball. They are willing to go on record as saying that on two occasions when Treadway of the old Brooklyn was at the plate, his feet far apart in his customary position when batting, this amazing inshoot thrown up by the mighty Amos darted swiftly from the plate and whizzed between the batter's legs.

Give Rusie a dark day and a little ball and woe to the team that was seeking a better batting average. In his day the league balls were made in two sizes. Often, too, in those days one ball only was used throughout the game. It was part of the official scorer's duty to toss out the ball, and it was optional with him whether the little or the big ball was put in play. When the old New York team appeared on the field at Pittsburgh for a series one day the sun was obscured and storm clouds hung low over the diamond. The man who then was captain of the Pittsburgh team told me the story. "If it's Amos today," I said to John Gruber, "give him the big ball. If it's anybody else, it doesn't matter."

"The score card said, 'German or Rusie for New York.' So out came the little ball. But when the game started Rusie went to the box. And on that black day, and with that little ball in play, what he did to us I'll not forget, no, not in a million years."

In the progress of my inquiry I heard many a time the remark, "If poor Charley Ferguson only had lived!"

Poor Ferguson! He was in the

spotlight only long enough to be picked by a practically unanimous public as not only the greatest pitcher who up to that time ever lived, but the greatest all around player as well.

One of his methods of testing his control of the ball was to place on end on a stool at the plate the frame of a cigar box. Then he would go out into the pitcher's box and try to pitch the ball through the little oblong space thus presented. There are living today men who remember to have seen Ferguson pitch—pitch, mind you, not toss—the ball through the frame of the cigar box four times out of five trials.—Elmer Ellsworth Bates in Leslie's.

Official Condition.

A few years ago a collector of antiques arrived at the Belgian frontier with an Egyptian mummy. He was told that duty would have to be paid on it, but the tariff list being consulted, mummies were not found classified.

"Declare it as salt fish," said the official to one of the clerks, and thus the desiccated remains of a possible Pharaoh made its triumphal entry into Belgium.—Boston Transcript.

Where He Was Weak.

"You say, Mr. Smith," said the girl in a low, thoughtful, this is a serious matter sort of tone, "that you have loved me for five years and have never dared to tell me so until tonight?"

"Yes," he replied.
"Well, I cannot be your wife. A man who has no more courage than that would feign to be asleep while a burglar stole his baby's shoes."—Chicago Herald.

Revenge.

His Father—If you marry old Stubbs' daughter you shan't have a shilling of my money!

The Son—But, father, if I don't marry her I can't get a shilling of old Stubbs' money.

His Father (with a grudge to satisfy)—My own boy! Marry her and render that old skinflint penniless!—London Standard.

AN ANCIENT TRAGIC FEUD.

Historic Combat That Gave Us the Game of Blindman's Buff.

It is hard to realize that the innocent childish game of blindman's buff owes its origin to a tragic feud between two warriors of the rival cities of Liege and Louvain as long ago as the year 999.

Jean Colin of Liege was a mighty fighter of gigantic stature and strength, whose chosen weapon was neither sword nor spear, but a heavy mallet, which he wielded with such terrific effect that it soon earned him the nickname of Maillard, or the mallet man. Throughout his own and all the neighboring provinces he became known and dreaded as Colin Maillard. Everywhere he was victorious until only one chieftain, the Count of Louvain, still held the field against him.

At length they met in a final battle. At the first onset, before the terrible mallet could reach him, the Count of Louvain, with his long spear, thrust straight for the giant's face and destroyed the sight of both his eyes. With the leader of his foes thus disabled he had no doubt of putting them to flight. He counted the victory as good as won.

But the blinded giant rallied presently from the shock, ordered his esquire to take him into the thickest of the fight and dashed raging against his enemies, brandishing his mallet on either hand as he rode. He slew many a man he could not see, and the terror inspired by his dreadful aspect, the execution done by the swinging mallet and the renewed courage of his followers, charging close at his heels, first dismayed and then destroyed the men of Louvain. Not one survived to tell the tale.

Robert the Devout, then king of France, was an ardent admirer of deeds of valor. Such an exploit as Colin Maillard's was entirely to his taste. He not only showered gifts and honors upon the hero, but caused the players of the court to produce a pantomime representing his achievements on the stage. They made, as may easily be imagined, an exciting melodrama, which soon became so popular that it was played everywhere and imitated even by the children on the streets. The great scene was, of course, the blind man seeking for his enemies, and the lad who played Colin was blindfolded and given a stick, while his playmates dodged and ran as he pursued and struck or clutched at them.

Today the drama, the chieftains and the king are forgotten. They are relegated to dry and dusty chronicles. But the game still lives. To English and American children it is blindman's buff. In Europe it is still called Colin Maillard—Youth's Companion.

Mice and the Moon.

Certain tribes of American Indians have a curious explanation for the different quarters of the moon. Every time a new moon appears all the mice assemble in one spot and march steadily eastward, at last climbing up into the sky. But the trip is so long that when the mice reach the moon she has had time to grow round and full, whereat they at once set to work and nibble at the moon until she gradually grows smaller and smaller, and when she has at last disappeared they scamper back to earth again.

Eddystone Lighthouse.

The first Eddystone lighthouse was finished in 1699 and destroyed in the dreadful storm of Nov. 27, 1703. A wooden one by Rudyerd was then built by order of parliament, which was burned Dec. 4, 1755. Another wooden structure was burned later, which was replaced by stone. The foundation of this one giving way, a new structure was designed, the foundation stones of which were laid in 1879. The cornerstone was placed in 1881, and the first light flashed out over the waters May 18, 1882.

His Idea of a Sermon.

Robert Morris, a man celebrated for the part he took in the American Revolution, was once asked by Dr. Rush: "Well, Mr. Morris, how did you like the sermon? I have heard it highly extolled." "Why, doctor," said he, "I did not like it at all. It is too smooth and tame for me." "Mr. Morris," replied the doctor, "what sort of sermon do you like?" "I like, sir," replied Dr. Morris, "that preaching which drives a man up into a corner of his pew and makes him think the devil is after him."

GRIPPED BY A PYTHON.

A Hunter's Life and Death Struggle With a Monster Constrictor.

In the American Magazine is the following account of a combat between an enormous python and Jacob or Snaky Schmitt, a collector for the New York zoological gardens. Schmitt, who has collected reptiles all over the world, has always contended that the average man of average strength is a match for snakes that weigh up to 150 pounds. Over that weight, he says, the snake is likely to win.

It was in a Colombian jungle that Snaky came to conclusions with a boa weighing in the neighborhood of 200 pounds. Schmitt had captured the boa in a box trap and had gone out alone from his camp with a gunny sack to fetch in his prize. Seizing the snake by the tail, he began to drag it out, foot after foot of wriggling, resisting muscle.

Right here it might be explained that snakes of the constricting type are well nigh harmless unless they can grip some stationary object with their tails. They must have a fulcrum. So Snaky dragged out the boa, foot after foot. And, unbeknown to the collector, the snake gripped a small tree with its tail. Suddenly the snake asserted itself, and the nerveless Schmitt found himself embraced. Three great muscular coils held him in a vise. His legs were pressed together and his left arm pinned against his body.

Snaky made use of his only free member, his right hand, and with this he seized the boa about the neck. Then he began a struggle that but few, if any, human beings had ever before experienced. The angry boa struck time and again at the collector's face, but he desperately gripped the reptile by the throat. The great coils tightened and tightened, and Schmitt felt the breath of life being squeezed out of him, but his tried courage never forsook him.

It was an unequal struggle, but Snaky Schmitt had been in many tight corners before, and he had never acknowledged defeat. So for two hours the boa tried to squeeze the life out of Schmitt, but Schmitt fought back, and at last he began to win. He felt the coils beginning to relax, and his iron fingers grew more taut about the boa's throat. Then the coils became loose enough for Snaky, with a superhuman effort, to free himself. A sudden kick at the snake's tail ended the battle. The great reptile relaxed, and before Snaky fell to the ground from exhaustion he had put the squirming length of the huge constrictor into the sack.

No Fireless Man.

Theoretically there must have been a time when men had not yet learned to make fire or to preserve it when produced by natural means, as by lightning, etc.—There are various stories of travelers who found tribes ignorant of fire. The historian of Magellan's voyage round the world relates that the inhabitants of a Pacific island knew nothing of fire until Magellan burned one of their villages, but this story is not credited by other travelers who have visited those islands, where ruins of great antiquity are found, indicating some advance in civilization. All savage tribes, as far as known, have produced fire by striking flints or other hard substances together or by the friction of pieces of wood so contrived as to secure very rapid motion combined with great pressure.—Christian Herald.

He Knew It.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "you know very well you have no good excuse for staying away from school yesterday."

"I know it, teacher," replied the little fellow, "but it wasn't my fault."

"Are you sure it wasn't?" queried the teacher.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Tommy. "I tried my best to think up a good excuse, but I just couldn't."—Chicago News.

Talked Too Much.

Wife (reproachfully)—You forget how you once breathed your love in my ear and promised that my every wish should be gratified.

Hub—No, I don't, but I wish now I'd followed the hygienic rule of keeping my mouth shut while breathing.—Boston Transcript.

TAKING THE COUNT.

Just a Little Bit of Every Day Life in New York.

An elderly woman, shabbily dressed, came aboard a Third Avenue elevated train at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station. It happened that one of the cross seats in the center of the car was vacant. She chose the side nearest the window. In her hand she clasped a large and very much worn handbag, which she placed in her lap while she removed a pair of cloth gloves not quite complete at the ends of some of the fingers.

After having carefully rolled up the gloves she proceeded to open the handbag. From it she took a large roll of bills. Deliberately she removed a large rubber band from about the roll and then before the eyes of the gaping passengers started to count. First she counted the ten dollar bills—ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty (just a moment; a ten dropped on the floor and had to be retrieved), sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, a hundred. The nearer passengers were counting too. The tens were placed on the bottom of the pile on her lap, and she began with the five dollar bills. They did not take very long to count, for there were only four of them. These also were placed at the bottom of the pile, beneath the tens.

The train was just pulling out of the Ninety-ninth street station by this time, and a man who had been very much interested in the process of counting the money jumped up and ran to the door shouting, "I want to get off!" He was carried on to the next station.

Meantime the woman had started on the two dollar bills, and everybody else was counting with her. There were forty-two. They also found a place at the bottom of the pile. The one dollar bills were taken in hand at the Seventy-sixth street station, and at the Fifty-third street station the woman made a note on a slip of paper to the effect that there were 180 one dollar bills. After the memorandum was made she rolled up the bills and put them back into the much worn handbag.

Then she began to count her change. That did not take long, for she had exactly 55 cents in her change purse. The counting process was to take a coin from the purse and drop it in her lap. The total sum the woman carried was \$384.55. All of the treasure was safely back in the bag by the time the train pulled into the Grand street station. The woman left the train at Canal street.—New York Post.

Naming the Baby.

In a certain town there is a baby four months old who has not yet been christened. It has worried the friends of the parents, for they are anxious to know what the child is to be called. The other day a friend of the father stopped him on the street and said:

"Named the baby yet?"
"No, not yet," was the answer.
"Well, why don't you name him?"
"What's the use? He's red headed, isn't he?"
"But what difference does that make?"

"All the difference in the world. It wouldn't do us any good to name him. The kids wouldn't call him by it anyhow."—Indianapolis News.

Enemies of Bad Health.

Bad health hates a man who is friendly with its enemies—hard work, plain food and pure air. More men die from worry than from overwork; more men stuff themselves to death than die of starvation; more break their necks falling down the cellar stairs than climbing mountains. If the human animal reposed less confidence in his stomach and more in his legs the streets would be full of healthy men walking down to business. Remember that a man always rides to his grave. He never walks there.

Too Much For Her.

A little girl who was enrolled in the extension department of the Y. W. C. A. was asked by one of the secretaries of the association why she no longer attended the technical-grammar class.

"Well," replied the girl, "I always thought a conjunction was a place where trains stopped. When I learned it was a word that connected other words the class was too much for me."—Indianapolis News.

Just Two Kinds of Men in the World

By J. R. HAMILTON
Former Advertising Manager of Wanamaker's, Philadelphia

Financially, there are just two kinds of men in the world; those who constantly figure upon the principal of their money and those who deal with the interest on the principal.

The one kind of man throws away ten dollars carelessly and says, "What's the difference. It is only a ten dollar bill."

The other holds on to that ten and says, "Ten dollars is the interest at 5 per cent on a capital of two hundred dollars."

One man figures on how much ten dollars will buy. The other man figures on how much it would cost him to buy ten dollars.

A difference of principal and interest—that is all. Yet the principal-figure is not the principle figurer in life. Indeed, he counts for very little except when he is spending that ten. No one comes to him with opportunities. No one considers him as a possible investor in anything good. Money always passes him quietly by.

And yet this is all a simple habit of mind. The difference between financial success and financial failure is only a little trick of the brain.

And the habit of figuring interest—the habit of figuring every dollar you spend as the interest on twenty times that amount at five per cent, is very easily learned.

Try it now in the personal things you are going out to buy. If you need a suit of clothes, look through the advertising in this paper. See where you can save five dollars, and then say to yourself, "I am not merely saving five dollars by buying a suit of clothes from this advertisement; I am saving the amount which one hundred dollars would earn if it worked at five per cent interest for a whole year."

That's the thing that brings you to your muttons. That's the thing that makes you stop and think.

Now these good sales are going on all through this paper. You can save money on anything you buy. Your clothes, your shoes, your shirts, your household goods—all offer money-saving opportunities in these sales.

Why, you can save the interest on at least five hundred dollars if you will only go at it right. And show me the man to whom five hundred dollars is not a capital worth considering?

Interest—that is the thing to figure on always. And the way to save the interest on a lot of money is to watch the advertising in this paper day by day and do your buying from these sales.

(Copyrighted.)

Irritation and Pain.

A sharp distinction should be drawn between irritation and pain. Irritation is not pain, but only a frequent cause of it. Thus a crumb lodged in the larynx near the vocal cords produces violent irritation and prolonged coughing, which often results in actual pain. So, too, a speck of dust in the eye sets up violent irritation and inflammation, followed by actual pain. Of the surface of the body the finger tips and the end of the tongue are most sensitive—for instance, a burn on the fingers is much more painful than one on the back would be, while one on the tongue would be more painful still. Deep wounds are not painful, as a rule, save as regards the surface injury.

The King Snake.

To the rattlesnake and to every other dangerous snake, large or small, the king snake is a terror. The poison of a rattler has no more effect on him than so much moonshine. Instinctively the rattler knows his match and at sight of a king snake tries to escape if possible. In fight the king snake relies wholly upon his incredible speed. If the movements of an ordinary snake seem quick to the human eye, the movements of a king snake would seem instantaneous. In a twinkling the long, lank fellow has wound himself about the throat of an antagonist and, his sinewy coils closing about the other's throat, chokes the wind out of him.

The Rose in Ancient Days.

Old Greek writers extol the rose above all other flowers. The Romans appreciated this flower equally as much as the Greeks, and, according to Athenaeus, Cleopatra had the floor covered with roses a foot and a half thick, and Nero is recorded as having spent some thousands of

pounds in roses at one feast alone. Anacreon relates how the breath of roses used to perfume the bower of Olympus, and the Graces loved to twine themselves together by a band of these queenly flowers.

Accidental Discharge of a Pun.

A capital pun may arise by pure accident, as recorded in Buckle's "Book of Table Talk."

"A Mr. Alexander Gun was dismissed from a post in the customs of Edinburgh for circulating some false rumor. The dismissal is said to have been thus noted in the customs book at the time, 'A. Gun discharged for making a false report.'"

The War Department.

The war department as an executive department of the government of the United States was established by an act of congress on Aug. 7, 1789. The secretary of war ranks third among the cabinet members in the line of succession to the presidency. He has charge of all matters relating to military affairs, subject to the direction of the president, the distribution of stores, the signal service, the survey and improvement of harbors and the administration of the insular possessions.

Big Guns.

Lord Kitchener at a dinner once apologized for his want of eloquence.

"I can't speak. That is why I don't," he said. "I think it is better to keep silent than to put you to sleep. The officers of the British army are noted for their inability to make a public speech. Whenever an officer is foolish enough to rise to answer a toast the guests say to one another significantly as he sits down:

"Well, you know, the bigger the gun the bigger the bore."

BILL'S SUNBONNET.

He Thought It Was Kate Who Wore It, but It Wasn't.

By BELLE MANIATES.

It was morning in Idaho, and the sun was beaming pleasantly upon Barry Vail as he rode alongside the big irrigating canal that he had been sent to inspect.

"Many settlers on the reservation, Jim?" he asked the foreman.

"They are coming now that they see the canal is a go. The nearest one is Judge Rand. His shack's up yonder. He's in luck. We go right through his ranch."

Judge Rand! Vail wondered if it could be the same man he had known long ago. He concluded it was not possible.

"Which way do I take to his ranch?" he asked.

"He's generally clearing sagebrush this time of day. Follow the canal and you'll likely run on him."

Vail rode on, tilting his sombrero back and humming a love tune. He was in a contemplative mood this morning, and the word "Rand" carried him back to the east, where he had been born and bred, but whose dust he had shaken from his feet five years before. At that time he had been in love with Kate Rand, an imperious, self-willed girl. One fateful day she had announced her intention of going to a masquerade in the character and dress of a page. His young, conservative scruples were horrified. He objected, and when she persisted in carrying out her intention his dictatorial attitude moved him to break the engagement. Immediately afterward he secured an appointment as a civil engineer in the west. Lately his love affair, viewed at long range, appeared a very boyish affair.

When he came upon the solitary figure digging doggedly at a resisting root he recognized the man who had come so near being his father-in-law. There were mutual recognitions of pleasure, and then the judge explained that he had been caught in the financial coil of Wall street and had lost all his worldly possessions.

"Just enough left," he said, "to make a payment on 160 acres here, which I shall put to potatoes. The spirit of the west has caught me. Barry, I wouldn't go back into Wall street purgatory for any consideration."

After Vail had related his own experiences and inquired after the fortunes of mutual friends he asked almost sheepishly:

"Did Kate come out here with you?"

The judge was silent for a moment; then he said, with a sigh:

"Can you picture Kate in the primitive life? She had an opportunity to accompany some relatives on a trip abroad."

"And you live here alone?" exclaimed Vail pityingly.

"No; I have my helper, Bill. We are very comfortable—a little shack for a living room and dining room combined, two sleeping tents and an out of door oven—a place for these parts."

But Vail was not listening. His attention was concentrated on a slender figure that was approaching in the distance. The figure was clad in khaki trousers, blue shirt, a red kerchief and a sunbonnet.

"Who in the world is that?" he asked.

The judge turned hastily and looked confused.

"Oh, that's Bill! I want him to go to the next ranch on an errand for me. Excuse me a moment. I will be back."

He hastened toward the sunbonneted figure, and after a moment's conversation the figure turned and went the way from which it had come.

"Your Bill doesn't look equal to much hard work," observed Vail dryly.

"Bill's all right at farm work or housework," assured the judge. "He's wiry, willing, enduring and, best of all, intensely interested in the development of the ranch."

"You see a good many queer sights in Idaho," remarked Vail, "but I'll swear I never saw a man or lad wearing a sunbonnet."

"Bill lost his one and only sombrero in a reckless ride last week. He went to the nearest ranch to buy or borrow one, but the only superfluous headgear it had was this sunbonnet, to which he is quite attached, as he is a little fearful of sunstrokes."

Vail chuckled softly as he rode away.

"I wonder if the judge thought he could string me that way! I have a very firm conviction that Bill is Kate, and, remembering my boyish horror of male attire, the judge headed her off. I suppose he thought he had deceived me with his evasive statement about her trip abroad and invited me tomorrow, when he will take pains to have Bill, alias Kate, absent. I know of no reason why we should not meet in friendly fashion. I know I admire her a thousand times more than I ever did for coming out here and wearing any kind of clothes for working purposes. I'll just go over tonight, whether I am welcome or not, and stay to supper. Fancy the sybarite Kate cooking!"

Late in the afternoon he rode up to the shack, and, as he expected, Bill, clad in feminine attire, was in the doorway. She was a different girl from the handsome, languorous, cynically expressed Kate he had known.

He wondered what his reception would be, remembering the angry parting.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Vail," she said courteously, with extended hand, as he came up to her.

He instantly took the cue, addressed her as Miss Rand and avoided all allusion and reference to the past. He was glad it was to be this way. He wanted to begin acquaintance anew with this womanly Kate.

"You must stay to supper. That's what they call the meal out here. I shall prepare it myself tonight."

"Don't you generally prepare it?" he couldn't help asking.

"No," she said casually. "Bill, the help, cooks, but he is away."

Vail decided to accept the little fiction regarding Bill, and when the judge came home and was informed by his daughter that Bill had been called away for two weeks, which was just the length of time Vail was to be in the vicinity, he never changed expression.

"Well, Ruth, we'll do the best we can," answered the judge.

"Ruth!" interrupted Vail in surprise.

She smiled.

"Father calls me by my middle name since we came out here. It was my mother's name, and he thinks I am growing to be like her."

After supper, when the judge and Vail had smoked and chatted, a neighbor came to talk planting to the judge.

Barry proposed to Ruth (as he now liked to think of her) that they ride down the course of the canal, and she readily accepted. He remembered how well she used to ride and how well her boyish slimmness looked in the saddle. But never in city parks could they have had this glorious canter over the wind swept way on the open plains. They came back in the glory of a western moonlight. When near the shack Barry drew rein.

"Shall we," he asked earnestly, "begin all over again?"

"Yes," she replied in a low tone.

"That was what I wanted to ask you to do."

For the next two weeks every moment he could snatch from his work Barry spent at the shack. Feeling that he was depriving the judge of Bill's help, he put in some effective work on the ranch. In his rides, walks and talks with Kate Ruth he felt a sense of intimacy he had never known when with the Kate of olden days.

"Darling," he said impetuously one night after a long silence, "can you forget the past and my boyish superiority? Can you learn to love me again, Kate?"

"Don't!" she cried breathless. "I am not Kate!"

He looked at her in bewilderment.

"I am Kate's younger sister. I was away at school when you knew her, but I used to love to hear about you from father. I didn't know at the first that you mistook me for her. Afterward—well, I was afraid you would not care for me, but you can't have her. She's engaged."

"Dear," he said gently, "I don't want Kate. I want you, whether

you are Kate, Ruth or Bill."

"Bill?" she interrupted faintly.

"I knew," he laughed. "Bill's sunbonnet gave him away."

How Balzac Wrote.

Of all literary toilers Balzac was certainly the most eccentric in his methods. At first he would write his novel in a few pages, hardly more than the plot. These would be sent to the printer, who would return the few printed columns of matter pasted into the center of several large sheets. On this margin Balzac would work, sketching his characters, composing the dialogue and perhaps altering entirely the original plot of the book. For four or five times this process was repeated until at last the few columns had assumed the proportions of a volume. This extraordinary way of building a book naturally ran away with a considerable share of the profits on the work.

The "Cry" of Silk.

One of the most peculiar features about manufactured silk is the rustling sound familiar to every woman. In the silk trade they call it the "cry" or sometimes the "scoop." Of all textiles silk is the only material which possesses it. As everybody knows, the sound is heard especially when silk is subjected to friction. What is not so generally known is that the quality is found in silk yarn before it is woven. A skein of silk, unless it has been so treated as to kill this property in it, will when opened up emit the noise slightly. When the skein is squeezed in the hand the sound becomes quite audible. The "cry" is considered a very desirable quality in silk. Dyers develop it as much as possible.

Easy For This Waiter.

"I'll give that waiter," said a customer in a quick lunch room, "an order that will simply paralyze him."

"What will you have, sir?" presently asked the waiter.

"Bring me," said the would be tormentor, "some verulam and ova."

"Yessir." And the waiter, a seedy looking man, went away with a twinkle in his eye and returned with a large plate of something hot.

"Here y'are," he said, "bacon and eggs, in ordinary English a shilling, but in classic form three and six. Verba rebus aptare," as we used to say at college. Anything else, sir?"—London Tit-Bits.

Disastrous.

Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker of the City temple, London, once had a collection taken and added, with deep pathos:

"Widows and orphans will not be expected to contribute."

A few Sundays later there was another collection for the same object.

"This time," said the preacher, "widows and orphans will not be exempt, for no battle ever made so many widows and orphans as the announcement made on the previous Sunday."

No Danger.

Coal Merchant—I say, Premium, I want to insure my coal yard against fire. What's the cost of a policy for £1,000?

Insurance Agent—What coal is it—same kind you sent me last?

Merchant—Yes, it is.

Agent—Oh, I wouldn't insure it if I were you! It won't burn!—London Answers.

Fortune's Favorite.

First Coster—Well, poor old Bill's gone.

Second Coster (scornfully)—Poor, indeed! Luckiest bloke in the market. Couldn't touch nuffin' without it turned to money. Insured 'is 'ouse—burned in a month. Insured 'isself agin haccident—broke 'is harm first week. Joined the Burial Society last Toosday, and now 'e's 'opped it. I call it luck.—London Tit-Bits.

Lady Hazard.

Jack Hazard, the comedian, has a letter from a friend in Boston which he treasures. The letter contains a bona fide account of an answer made by a grammar school pupil in Boston during the course of an examination in English.

The youngster, a boy, was called on to spell and define the word hazardous. This was his reply:

"H-a-z-a-r-d-e-r-s—a female hazard."—Saturday Evening Post.

We Want You

We are not trying to break any records in the matter of subscriptions. The mere question of volume does not interest us—but we do want the greatest number of intelligent, responsible readers, and to that end we bend our efforts.

We want the farmer, the merchant, the banker, the broker, the city and state official—the business man and men of affairs and individuals of established standing and stability in their respective localities. These are the sort of subscribers we want—quality, not quantity—and if you are one of these responsible people, and are not a regular subscriber, we want to add your name to the list of subscribers who constitute such a large proportion of the Courier's circulation.

We Want You--- Because

you stand for something in your community, and therefore the Courier stands for you---is published for you---not occasonally, but consistently, and all the time---with a just appreciation of the public's interest.

The Courier is essentially a local newspaper and in its pages you get ALL the news, PLUS much specific information about the farm and legislation affecting your interests. Many have already availed themselves of this service---information as to the opportunities in Houston county and elsewhere---reliable information.

These and many other features are a few of the reasons why every responsible farmer, business and professional man should subscribe for this paper.

The Courier

Issued Weekly

\$1.00 a Year

The Crockett Courier

Issued weekly from the Courier Building.

W. W. AIKEN, Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Obituaries, resolutions, cards of thanks and other matter not "news" will be charged for at the rate of 5c per line.

Parties ordering advertising or printing for societies, churches, committees or organizations of any kind will, in all cases, be held personally responsible for the payment of the bills.

In case of errors or omissions in legal or other advertisements, the publishers do not hold themselves liable for damage further than the amount received by them for such advertisement.

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of the Courier will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the management.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

RATES

Congressional	\$15.00
Other District Offices	10.00
County Offices	5.00
County Commissioner	3.00
Precinct Offices	2.50

TERMS—CASH IN ADVANCE

The Courier is authorized to make the following announcements, subject to the action of the democratic party:

For Congressman

In conformity with the intention made known by me just prior to our last municipal election, and in response to requests from friends from this district, I hereby announce my candidacy for Congressman from this, the Seventh Congressional District of Texas, and in due course I will in a proper way, make known my views on the important public questions.

Jno. W. Campbell
of Galveston, Texas

For District Judge

B. H. Gardner
of Anderson county
John S. Prince
of Henderson county

For State Senator

J. J. Strickland
of Anderson county

For Representative

J. D. (Joe) Sallas

For County Attorney

Sonley LeMay
J. L. Lipscomb

For County Judge

B. F. Dent
E. Winfree

For County Supt. of Schools

J. N. Snell

For County Clerk

A. S. Moore
O. C. Goodwin
A. E. Owens
D. R. Baker
Ed Cassidy
Jeff Kennedy

For District Clerk

John F. Gilbert
Barker Tunstall
John D. Morgan

For Tax Collector

C. W. Butler, Jr.
W. M. (Will) Standley

For County Treasurer

W. M. (Willie) Robison
Ney Sheridan
G. R. (Ross) Murchison
W. L. Bridges
C. G. Lansford

For Sheriff

R. J. Spence

For Commissioner, Prec. No. 1

E. E. Holcomb
Alvey D. Grounds
Oscar Dennis

For Commissioner, Prec. No. 2

J. C. Estes
S. A. (Silas) Cook
J. E. Bean

For Commissioner, Prec. No. 3

Aaron Speer

For Justice Peace, Prec. No. 1

E. M. Callier

Claridge tells it himself: "I have been asked how I manage to get my stuff printed in so many papers, and I tell them that I guess it is because I cut it short."

And that is the truth of the matter. Most country papers and a great many readers shy like a colt at long articles. Country newspapers have neither much space or many facilities for handling long articles, so when a really creditable thought is expressed in brief form

they all the more welcome it. The Claridge method is a mighty good one for other writers to follow.—Marshall Messenger.

If you hear a man criticizing his county newspaper, ask him how much he contributes financially toward its support. Chances are that he is a "tight-wad" of the "tightest wadding."

The Courier editor wishes to make public acknowledgment of his regret in being unable to accept an invitation to the mayor's banquet at Henderson Thursday evening. Getting out a newspaper prevents his attendance.

Subscribers are complaining to the Courier that they cannot get their papers promptly. The delay is in the transmission of the mails. Papers for our subscribers leave the Courier office with promptness and regularity, and there is no good reason why they should not reach destination on time.

An election for a mayor and two aldermen will be held in Crockett April 4. Mayor Young has announced that he is not a candidate for re-election, but the Courier hopes that his friends will bring about sufficient pressure to bear upon him as to cause a change of his plans. He is giving the city a splendid administration, and if he can be induced to accept another term, the Courier feels that it will be to the city's benefit.

The peanut as a Texas field crop, along with cotton, corn and other great Southern staples, now commands a cash price in the form it comes from the field, as well as in the form of beef and pork. Heretofore, the peanut has received little consideration on the part of the farmer, except in a few counties, as the demand has been very limited, although the uses of the peanut are many and various. Fourteen million bushels of nuts are used in the candy trade, in making peanut butter and for roasting. The oil is in increasing demand by the packers and the canners of sardines, sea-foods and meat products, salads, etc. So popular has the peanut become for these purposes that a considerable part of the products coming into the United States are derived from crops grown on the southern shores of the Mediterranean or from Southeast Asia, and milled at Marseilles and other cities in Europe, while the importation of nuts, according to the Department of Agriculture, ranges from half a million to two million bushels per year and more than a million gallons of oil.

FOR A CLOSER RELATIONSHIP WITH THE FARMER.

This would seem to be an auspicious moment for Crockett and Houston county. The excitement over the oil well development has created a demand for farm lands in the neighborhood of the surface activities, and two valuable tracts have been purchased by wealthy parties from out of town who will make many improvements and conduct farming operations along the latest scientific lines, which should mean much to this section.

The general disposition on the part of the farmers to raise more feed crops and practice diversification more extensively is a good omen, and those who have engaged in dairying are pleased with their experience and will extend their operations as fast as they can get in shape to do so; and, taken altogether, there seems to be a new order of things coming in that promises better times and more general pro-

perity for this community.

Any movement of this character, in order to make it most effective, requires the assistance of a local organization properly equipped for this very work, and now we have it in the reorganized commercial club of Crockett, duly financed, and Mr. H. A. Fisher as secretary, who will devote his entire time and energy to the many important branches of the work laid out by the club.

One of the most advanced, and what should prove effective, features of the new organization is the decision, on the part of the directors of the club, to invite the farmers of Houston county to join the club and become active members, so that a closer business and social relationship can be cultivated, meaning profitable co-operation to a much greater extent than has heretofore existed. A committee of five has been appointed to make a canvass of the rural districts tributary to Crockett for the purpose of getting the farmers to join, either with or without membership dues, just as they feel, in this respect.

What the merchants of Crockett want is to make the commercial club a medium of "getting together" for the farmers. If they are members, with all the rights and privileges and on the same footing as the merchant member, it will make them feel interested from a different point of view. And why shouldn't they? Neither can prosper without the other, and the farmer is the more important of the two, as he must first produce that which the merchant should handle to the best advantage to all concerned.

One of the ground-floor store rooms in the Mays block on Main street has been secured as headquarters for the club, and the secretary will be in charge. A rest room will be fitted up for the farmers' wives and children, a place where they will always be welcome when they come to town and find conveniences that will add much to their visits to our city.

The farmer, whether he is now a member of the club or not, is earnestly invited to call every time he comes to Crockett, for here he will find periodicals and bulletins that should interest him, and the secretary needs his helpful advice. Here the farmers can get together when in town and exchange views and experiences, to the advantage of each other. In fact, this place is intended to become a sort of a clearing house for a better understanding and closer relationship that, if entered into in the right spirit, will do much towards bringing about changed conditions that will add, in some measure, to the betterment of every one in the community.

Farmers, when this number of the Courier reaches you the secretary's office will be open, and you should drop in and get acquainted, and learn more about what is contemplated than we can explain in a single article.

Local Teachers' Institute.

The local teachers' institute will meet at Ash, March 24th and 25th. The program is as follows:

1. Welcome Address—Rev. W. T. Vaden.
 2. Response—J. H. Rosser.
 3. Loyalty of Patrons a Measure of Efficiency—R. J. Dominey.
 4. Lines of Opportunity Open to the Farmer Boy or Girl of Today—C. W. Butler.
- Saturday, 9:30 a. m.
1. Houston County Summer Normal—N. A. Gant.
 2. Recognition of Usefulness the Impetus for Study—Claude Andler.
 3. Politeness as a Basis of Discipline—J. C. Scarbrough.
 4. Dangers Arising from Social

Going Fishing?

If so, we can supply you with anything you need in fishing tackle. Here you will find just what you have been wishing for. See the display in our window.

The McLean Drug Company

The Rexall Store

Stagnation—W. H. Tomme.

5. Refinements to Life and their Relation to Happiness—Miss Lena Bromberg.

Saturday, 1:30 p. m.

1. How Should Phonics be Introduced in the Teaching of Reading—Mrs. N. A. Gant.

2. Unconscious Tuition—S. E. Tanner.

3. Dangers Arising from a Teacher going into a Community as a Reformer instead of a Friend and Helper—Donald McDonald.

4. Moral Instruction in the Schools—W. A. Reese.

5. How do you arouse Sentiment among your Patrons?—B. F. Freeman.

Saturday night.

1. Practical Agriculture—O. C. Goodwin.

2. How may we improve the health of our Communities?—Dr. W. B. Taylor.

3. What we expect of the "Million Dollar Appropriation"—Superintendent J. N. Snell.

4. As we view the Future of the Rural Schools in Texas—J. H. Ros-

ser.

All teachers are requested to attend this Institute, more especially those who have been assigned topics. John F. Gilbert, For Program Committee.

Changeable Weather Brings Sickness.

The changeable weather of March causes coughs, colds, croup and grippe. There is no such thing as a "light cold"—none that a person can safely neglect. Foley's Honey and Tar is a safe and reliable family medicine that heals inflamed, congested air passages, stops coughs and eases breathing. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Highest aim is quality. It Relieves, Purifies and Strengthens. Take Admire Tonic Sarsaparilla when your blood is out of order and your system needs strengthening. Take Admire Tonic Sarsaparilla when you are troubled with Malaria and are having Chills and Fever. Admire Tonic Sarsaparilla stops Chills and Fever promptly, relieves the system of Malaria, Purifies the Blood and restores Vitality to the weakened body. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Ask for it. For sale by Crockett Drug Co. Try Courier advertisers.

The Tendency of Every Man Is to Live up to His Name

By J. R. HAMILTON

Former Advertising Manager of Wanamaker's, Philadelphia

Wherever you find a good name you will find some man trying to live up to it. Character follows reputation far more quickly than reputation follows character. No one ever lost his good name except through folly.

What the world thinks of a man is the very best moral tonic that is sold under the label of philosophy.

And it is the same with merchandise as it is with men. The nameless thing is dreaded everywhere, while the thing with a good name is usually good because you expect it to be.

Men grow proud of their products. You will find a manufacturer saying, "This shoe has got to be good because it bears my name." You will find a canner saying, "I cannot use lye any more than I can tell a lie." You will find a clothing manufacturer saying, "If I am 'all wool,' my clothing must also be all wool."

And so it goes with every single product that carries a brand or a name. Whenever a man sets a standard, he strives to live up to it; and whenever the world sets that standard, he doubles the effort.

Which simply means, if you want the best, you must ask for the best. And every time you ask, you make it better.

There is hardly one of you readers who does not know the name of every good product on the market. From clothing to sugar and from hosiery to baking powder some good name is indelibly fixed in your mind, yet, when you ask for an article, most of the time you do not use that name.

And every time you fail to do so, you discourage the maker, you lower the standard for yourself and you allow some inferior thing to gain in strength and capacity.

Let this go home in your mind: You set the standard of merchandise. The maker follows your ideals. Adulations creep in through your laxity. Whenever you ask for any old thing, you get it.

While you are reading the advertising news in this paper today, make up your mind to ask only for what you know to be good; to learn what is best and demand it and to have no parley with the nameless things of trade.

(Copyrighted.)



Get Your School Supplies From Us

We carry a full line of tablets, notebooks, theme paper, textbooks, pencils, pens, ink erasers, bookstraps, schoolbags. :: :: ::

The Crockett Drug Company

Local News Items

New Automobile Numbers.

Automobiles have been registered with the county clerk since last report as follows:

No. 152, T. H. Leaverton, Grapeland, a Maxwell.

No. 153, R. L. Shivers, Crockett, a Maxwell.

No. 154, L. D. Rodgers, Creek, a Dort.

The Big Indian Chief Montour came back Friday, evidently to get the money, for he got it. Friday night he threw Zimmer three times in less than the specified time, which was an hour and 15 minutes. The match was in Bromberg Hall and under the auspices of the Crockett Athletic Club, with Smith as referee.

Mrs. F. G. Edmiston and daughter and Mrs. R. H. Wootters and daughter of this city and Mrs. Luther Eastham of Huntsville have returned from Virginia. They were accompanied home by their mother, Mrs. Smith of Culpeper, and their sister, Miss Roberta Smith, who are now visiting Mrs. Eastham at Huntsville.

Two Years and Sentence Suspended.

Houston county witnesses attending the trial of Dr. Glover Speer at Houston last week have returned home. Speer pleaded guilty and accepted the lowest penalty, which is two years in the penitentiary with sentence suspended. Speer shot and killed J. R. Christian as Christian was leaving his home. He has filed divorce proceedings against his wife. Speer, Christian and Mrs. Speer formerly lived in Madison county.

Jeff Kennedy for County Clerk.

Jeff Kennedy announces as a candidate for county clerk. Jeff has been living in Houston county nearly all his life. It is no fault of his that he was born in Arkansas, for if he had been consulted he would have been born in Houston county. It is to his credit that one of the first things he did was to move to Texas, even if he does not remember much about it now. He grew up in Crockett and Lovelady, attending the public schools and working in an uncle's store between times. When the big mill was put in at Ratcliff he went there and worked as bookkeeper for a number of years. He is now living at Lovelady. His experience as bookkeeper at Ratcliff and also at Lovelady well equips him for the office. His qualifications otherwise are all that could be desired and he will appreciate your support.

To the Trade.

If you want to buy groceries, come to us. We will sell you cheaper and guarantee every article we sell. Do not listen to our competitors' talk. Don't you know that if we did not do a fair, square business we could not be "the most progressive house in Houston county?" Come and see for yourself.

It. Wm. M. Patton.

For Justice of the Peace.

E. M. Callier announces for re-election as justice of the peace of the Crockett precinct. Now the Courier is not going to tell you very much about Ed Callier. If we knew anything bad about him we would not tell you of it since he has paid us to announce him. But the Courier knows nothing bad about him, and will refrain from telling you of all his virtues, as he is a modest man and might not stand for it. It will serve our purpose of calling your attention to his announcement to say in a few truthful words that he has a splendid record as a public official and that the voters of precinct No. 1 could make no mistake in electing him to any office that he might want.

E. Winfree for County Judge.

Judge E. Winfree, in authorizing the Courier to announce his candidacy for re-election as county judge, said: "This is my first term of office since the people put me back last year, and it is right that I be kept in office one more term, for the best interest of the people and in justice to me, because I have been faithful in the discharge of the duties of my office, never losing a single day since my return, and I do no practice in any of the other courts, and work for Houston county alone; and, after this term, I shall not aspire for public office again." It is unnecessary for the Courier to add anything to this statement, as Judge Winfree is perhaps better known to the people of Houston county than is any other man in the county.

Out of the Race.

When one wakes with stiff back, pains in muscles, aches in joints, or rheumatic twinges, he cannot do his best. If you feel out of the race, tired, languid, or have symptoms of kidney trouble, act promptly. Foley Kidney Pills help the kidneys get rid of poisonous waste matter that causes trouble. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Keep Your Bowels Regular.

As everyone knows, the bowels are the sewerage system of the body, and it is of the greatest importance that they move once each day. If your bowels become constipated, take a dose of Chamberlain's Tablets just after supper and they will correct the disorder. Obtainable everywhere.—Adv.

Not a Socialist.

The Courier last week published the names of the election managers for 1918, giving the names of the socialist managers as well as those of the democratic managers. These names were taken from the minutes of the commissioners' court and published as they appeared in the court records. This week Mr. S. T. Hester of Tyer's Store asks that the following correction be made, which is self-explanatory:

"Crockett, Texas, March 13.

"Editor Courier:
"Dear Sir—In your last week's issue I noticed my name as the election manager for the socialist party. Please correct this, for I have never voted their ticket. Respectfully,
S. T. Hester."

County Contest in Declamation.

This is to call attention of the members of the Interscholastic League to the contests in declamation to be held in Crockett, Saturday, April first. It is hoped that every school will send four representatives, two boys and two girls. The contests are divided into Boys' Senior and Junior and Girls' Senior and Junior. Junior boys are those under 15, or boys not in the 10th grade; Junior girls are those under 14, or girls not in the 10th grade. The declamation in Boys' and Girls' Senior division must be upon some phase of the peace problem. Declamations for juniors may be upon any subject, prevalently serious in tone. Principals or those in charge are asked to send me at once the title of declamation to be used that I may by correspondence prevent any two contestants from using the same selection.

Let us work to make this the best contest ever held in Houston county, and the best in Texas this year.
S. E. Tanner,
Director of Declamation.

Will-Contest Case Appealed.

The suit in the probate court of Houston county to contest the will of the late W. E. Mayes came up for a hearing before Probate Judge E. Winfree this week. The suit was instituted by George A. Mayes, a half-brother of the deceased. The lawyers employed to contest the will are Adams & Dent of Crockett, Senator D. W. Odell of Cleburne, Harrel & Johnson of Cleburne and Judge J. C. Patton of Dallas, all of whom were present at the hearing.

On the other side, representing those named as beneficiaries of the will, the heirs of Mrs. W. E. Mayes by her first marriage, W. E. Mayes being her second husband, are Attorneys Adams & Young and D. A. Nunn of Crockett and Judge Penick of Mineral Wells. The general prediction is that the probate court hearing was only the first skirmish.

Probate Judge Winfree denied the petition asking that the will be set aside or broken and ordered the probating of the will. The attorneys for the petitioners gave notice of appeal to the district court, which means that the case will next come up for trial in that court.

Luncheon.

A most pleasant hospitality of last Wednesday was the beautifully appointed luncheon given by Mrs. John Ellis to the H. T. club. The guests arrived at an early hour, for the wonderful disposition and generous hospitality of this particular hostess makes her invitations always very much appreciated.

At one o'clock luncheon was served and thoroughly enjoyed. Overlaying the oval-shaped table was a luncheon set of Irish crochet. Baskets of golden daffodils, finished with bows of gold tulle and tapers shaded in orange, gave an effective adornment. Covers were placed for twelve. Marking the places of the guests were dear little bluebirds, emblems of "Friendship," which is

Cotton Seed

All having cotton seed for sale, or those wanting to buy for planting purposes, will please bring in or call and get what you need by the first of April, as we want to close out what few we have on hand by that date.

The Houston County Oil Mill & Mfg. Co.
Crockett, Texas

the password of the H. T. club. The color scheme of white and gold was observed in every detail of decorations and the delicious menu of four courses. The daintiest of maids in caps and aprons who served were Misses Mary Ellis, Lucile Millar and Totsie Foster, directed by a most wonderful little woman, Mrs. Alfred Collins. The hours of the afternoon were happily spent in conversation interspersed with music. X.

Peanuts as a Money Crop.

Editor Courier:
I am receiving so many inquiries about seed peanuts, the advisability of planting peanuts as a money crop, etc., that I have decided I would answer the many questions arising through the papers, thereby giving what information I have to a greater number of farmers. The peanut crop is destined to be the foremost money crop of the south. We have, just this year, found new uses for the peanut and they will soon be manufactured into many different varieties of food for both man and beast.

I have just recently had a letter from the Fidelity Oil Co., Houston, Texas, stating that they could crush more peanuts than were raised in Texas last year, and do this after the cotton seed crushing was over. Now if this one company has added peanut crushing machinery with capacity sufficient to handle more than a million bushels annually, what a competitive market it will mean when all the oil mills in the state put in this machinery, and there are over two hundred oil mills in the state. The Fidelity Co. also stated to me that their cotton seed buyers over the state would be authorized to purchase all the peanuts they could get next fall, buying them from the farmers' wagons in any quantity. This means that you can sell your peanuts as you now do your cotton seed.

Now the only obstacle we have in the way is the matter of a threshing machine. We have not a sufficient number of threshers in the county. But I believe that if a sufficient acreage is planted to peanuts the thresher will follow, just as the cotton gin comes to the cotton fields. Now, I would like to urge upon the business men of every town in the county that they take action on this matter at once and see if some man or men cannot be induced to purchase a threshing machine for this year's peanut crop, and we should have one or more machines in each section of the county. The machines are paying propositions to their owners. Let the merchants of Grapeland, Crockett, Ratcliff, Kennard, Lovelady and Weldon call meetings at once, and find some one who will agree to purchase a machine. If the merchants help the farmers this much, the farmer will repay him by having more money to spend with him next fall.

There are a great many opinions

as to the best method of planting, time to plant, distance, etc. I shall here give you the benefit of my experience, and the actual tests made by the experiment stations of different states. First, flat break your land with turning plow or disc harrow. If weeds or grass appear, use a section harrow once or twice over the land or re-break. Then about the last of April or the first of May lay off in rows two feet apart, using a small shovel. Soak the peanuts (I am talking of the Spanish peanut) for about two days and nights and sow them in these rows, trying to drop them not more than three inches apart in the drill. Work them flat. A good way is to take the middle tooth out of a side harrow attachment to the cultivator and plow two rows at a time, or there are many ways to work them in these narrow rows.

Now, some may take issue with me on that method of planting, as it will require from two to three bushels of seed per acre; but you will make from two to three times as many peanuts per acre, and won't have to work so much land. The Arkansas experiment station made their greatest yield on peanuts planted in this way, making 118 bushels on one acre. Planting them in two-foot rows and six inches apart in the drill they made only 98 bushels per acre. Thus, you see, for the extra expense of only about one bushel more of seed, they raised an additional 20 bushels of peanuts on the same acre of ground. Last year I sowed one and a half acres broadcast in Spanish peanuts, planting on ground after oats were cut. I mowed the tops off for hay and let the hogs root the peanuts out. I never saw more peanuts on any place of the same size than I raised there.

I shall not take up more space this week, but will try to give you another article soon along this line.
Yours truly,
O. C. Goodwin.

Cut This Out—It is Worth Money.

Don't miss this. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for lagrippe coughs, colds and croup, Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Cannot Praise Them Enough.

Many sick and tired women, with aches and pains, sore muscles and stiff joints, do not know that their kidneys are out of order. Mrs. A. G. Wells, Box 90, Route 5, Rocky Mount, N. C., writes: "I am taking Foley Kidney Pills and cannot praise them enough for the wonderful benefit I derived in such a short while." Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Greatest known cure for pellagra. Dr. W. Marion Thomas, 103 1/2 East Seventh St., Fort Worth, Texas. 4t.

Try Courier advertisers.

WHO'S YOUR DRUGGIST

?

Nearly every family has a regular physician, but how many have a regular pharmacist? The modern drug shop carries a large variety of goods in connection with drugs. The stock of such goods is apt to be most complete and worthy in the store where the stock of drugs is most ample and of best quality.

SELECT ONE

who buys drugs and sundries with his customers' interests in view. We solicit your trade on everything that druggists sell, and ask for it only on the basis of reliable quality and superior service. You can depend upon us having what you want and you can be sure of utmost value for the price.

Reliability is our motto and we adhere to it in every department of our business.

LET US BE YOUR DRUGGISTS.

PHONE 47 OR 140

Bishop Drug Company

THE PROMPT SERVICE STORE

Local News.

Drugs and jewelry at the Rexall Store.

Wm. M. Patton for feed—he sells for less. **1t.**

F. B. Berry has returned from Kemps.

Roasted coffee, 95 cents per peck, at Patton's. **1t.**

R. E. McConnell was a visitor to Houston Sunday.

Dry salt bacon, 12½ cents per pound, at Patton's. **1t.**

Call at T. D. Craddock's for seed corn and Irish potatoes. **2t.**

Nine pounds of good green coffee for \$1.00 at Patton's. **1t.**

Miss Ida Cunyus of Houston is visiting Mrs. A. H. Wootters.

Two hundred chickens wanted Saturday by Johnson Arledge.

Miss Louella Gardner returned to Palestine Sunday afternoon.

D. A. Nunn is attending the cattlemen's convention in Houston.

The ladies of the Christian church will give a white sale on April 5.

A complete, up-to-date abstract. **tf-adv.** Aldrich & Crook.

Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Asher and child have returned from St. Louis.

Help your corn yield by using fertilizer. Buy from T. D. Craddock.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Adams are spending the week on Elkhart lake.

Barb wire, hog wire, poultry wire, nails and staples at Moore & Shivers. **tf.**

John Cook, attending college in Dallas, was at home for the weekend.

Buy your fertilizer from T. D. Craddock—the Planters, Blood and Bone. **2t.**

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Lacy are making preparations to rebuild their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Clark and Ernest J. have returned to Mineral Wells.

Mrs. Madie E. Stokes left Monday afternoon for her home at Mineral Wells.

Jeff Strickland of Palestine, candidate for state senator, was here Saturday.

Mrs. W. V. Clark and Miss Mildred McGill returned Friday to Mineral Wells.

The ladies of the Christian church will give a white sale on April 5.

Leon Reynolds is among the number remembering the Courier this week.

Mrs. R. D. Calhoun of Grapeland is among those renewing Courier subscriptions.

N. L. Asher will add a modern front to his brick building during the summer.

If in the market for plow goods, see Moore & Shivers, and ask for the J. I. Case line. **tf.**

Mrs. Nat Wetzel and Miss Nell Wetzel returned to Houston Wednesday afternoon.

Fresh tomatoes and strawberries Friday and Saturday at Johnson Arledge's. Phone 29. **1t.**

Congressman A. W. Gregg of Palestine was shaking hands with friends here Saturday.

Miss Sue Smith, teaching at Elkhart, spent Saturday and Sunday with her mother here.

T. D. Craddock can supply you with the Blood and Bone fertilizer for cotton and corn. **2t.**

C. H. Beazley and W. V. Berry are among those remembering the Courier since last issue.

Dr. W. B. Collins, state health officer, was a recent visitor here and to his home at Lovelady.

Rev. C. U. McLarty and Mr. J. S. Cook attended the laymen's convention in Houston last week.

A. F. Daniel of Route 6 and Hugh Adams of Route 2 were among callers at this office Saturday.

Jas. S. Shivers & Co's. is the place to buy your new spring suits in light weight wools and taffetas.

W. E. Hail and Peyton Tunstall attended the fat stock and horse show at Fort Worth last week.

Flour.

Get our prices before you buy. It will pay you. Wm. M. Patton.

The D. A. Nunn chapter of the U. D. C. will meet with Mrs. L. Meriwether Saturday, March 25.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hobson and Nolan E. Hobson Jr. have returned to their home at Marietta, Okla.

Incubator Wanted.

I want to buy a second-hand incubator. **1t.*** M. McCarty.

Wood for Sale.

Telephone 250 for any kind of wood—delivered on short notice. **6t.*** J. D. Woodward.

This is the year to fertilize your cotton to get ahead of the boll weevil. Buy from T. D. Craddock.

Mrs. J. H. Smith is improving in a Houston sanitarium, where she underwent an appendicitis operation.

L. E. Straughan of Lovelady and J. E. Dominy of Pennington were among Saturday's callers at this office.

Mrs. Tom Jordan has recovered from an appendicitis operation and returned from the Houston sanitarium.

It saves time, labor and seed. What? The J. I. Case cotton and corn planter. Get them from Moore & Shivers. **tf.**

W. G. Creath of Route 6, H. O. Hall of Route 3 and T. J. Sartor of Route 6 were among Friday's callers at this office.

Lost—Two rings were lost Saturday, March 18. The finder will be rewarded when he leaves them at the Courier office. **1t.***

Your Easter shopping will be made easy by a visit to the different departments of the Crockett Dry Goods Company's. **1t.**

Dried fruits this week—raisins, currants, figs, dates, evaporated apples, peaches and prunes—at Johnson Arledge's. Phone 29. **1t.**

Miss Nell Beasley, a student of the Sam Houston Normal at Huntsville, spent Saturday and Sunday at home with her parents here.

Hides and poultry wanted—highest market prices paid. I sell maize. See me before buying. **1t.*** J. R. Howard.

Next Monday night is bald-head night at the Queen Theater. A bald-head will be the only ticket needed for admission. Show your ticket and walk in.

Hawkes' Specialist

Will be here Monday, March 27, 1916. Glasses fitted free. Be sure to come on that day.

1t. Crockett Drug Company.

The Palm Beach weather is commencing and we will show the biggest line of Palm Beach and Mohair suits in all shades ever shown in Crockett. **Jas. S. Shivers & Co.**

We have just received a big shipment of dresses, coat suits and skirts. You'll profit by a look even if you're not ready to buy.

1t. Crockett Dry Goods Co.

Glasses Fitted Free of Charge

By Hawkes' specialist of Atlanta, Ga. Come in on Monday, March 27. He will be here one day only.

1t. Crockett Drug Company.

Shoes in all the new low cuts for ladies, misses and children—the Queen Quality for ladies and Biliken for misses and children.

tf. Jas. S. Shivers & Co.

You can't afford this year to make a crop without a Case Easy cultivator. Come over to Moore & Shivers and let them show you the easiest adjusted cultivator made.

Eggs for Setting.

Full blood Brown Leghorns—especially bred for eggs. \$1.00 for 15.

Apply S. J. Moody, **3t.*** Crockett, Texas.

Farm for Rent.

Desire tenant for 360-acre farm, 90 acres open, ten miles from Crockett. Small cash rent or crop plan. **2t.** M. L. Fuller.

G 8 Ry. Exchange Bldg., **St. Louis, Mo.**

Keep Your Bowels Regular.

As everyone knows, the bowels are the sewerage system of the body, and it is of the greatest importance that they move once each day. If your bowels become constipated, take a dose of Chamberlain's Tablets just after supper and they will correct the disorder. Obtainable everywhere.—Adv.

Real Estate and Loans.

We have real estate for sale and we would like to examine any vendor lien notes you may have for sale.

CALL ON US AT OUR PLACE OF BUSINESS.

Warfield Bros.

Office North Side Public Square.

CROCKETT, TEXAS

A full line of misses' and children's school dresses, the kind you can wash, now on display at from 50 cents up.

tf. Jas. S. Shivers & Co.

Monday Only

Hawkes' specialist—will be with us. March 27 is the day. Examination of the eyes absolutely free.

1t. Crockett Drug Company.

See those new sport shirts in our window—the celebrated Ferguson-McKinney line—from 50 cents up to \$2.50. Don't fail to see them. **tf.** Jas. S. Shivers & Co.

Jim Cook, Walter Richardson and John Arrington have landed a \$40,000 railroad grading contract at Maysville, La. They will ship their teams and railroad graders right away.

Specially Arranged Visit

Of the famous Hawkes' specialist of Atlanta, Ga. No charge for his expert advice. See him at our drug store Monday, March 27, 1916.

1t. Crockett Drug Company.

For Sale or Trade—My dairy farm and ice cream factory—separately or all together. Bargain if taken at once.

2t.* C. L. Mansfield,

Route 1, Crockett, Texas.

We are showing the newest styles in shoes—patent, dull kid, soap kid, in the plain ankle, instep and barred instep pumps as well as all standard styles. We are always glad to show you.

1t. Crockett Dry Goods Co.

Hawkes' Optician

Will be at our drug store one day only, Monday, March 27. He will make a careful test of your eyes and fit the genuine Hawkes' glasses at regular prices. No charge for examination.

1t. Crockett Drug Company.

Any Information

Which will help me find a couple of heifers, which got out of my pasture 7 miles on Pennington road, will be rewarded. Cattle branded ZD, marked crop off right, two splits in left. **A. M. Decuir,** Druggist in Pickwick Hotel Bldg.

1t. Crockett Drug Company.

Has Eight Children.

Mrs. P. Rehkamp, 2404 Herman St., Covington, Ky., writes: "I have been using Foley's Honey and Tar for nearly two years and can find no better cough syrup. I have eight children and give it to all of them. They were subject to croup from babies on. It is a safe and reliable medicine. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Try Courier advertisers.

Changeable Weather Brings Sickness.

The changeable weather of March causes coughs, colds, croup and grippe. There is no such thing as a "light cold"—none that a person can safely neglect. Foley's Honey and Tar is a safe and reliable family medicine that heals inflamed, congested air passages, stops coughs and eases breathing. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

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Cotton Seed

All having cotton seed for sale, or those wanting to buy for planting purposes, will please bring in or call and get what you need by the first of April, as we want to close out what few we have on hand by that date.

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