

# The Memphis Democrat

MEMPHIS, TEXAS, THURSDAY JUNE 20, 1918.

NUMBER 1

## PRESIDENTIAL PROCLAMATION CALLS FOR WAR SAVINGS PLEDGES

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES—GREETING:

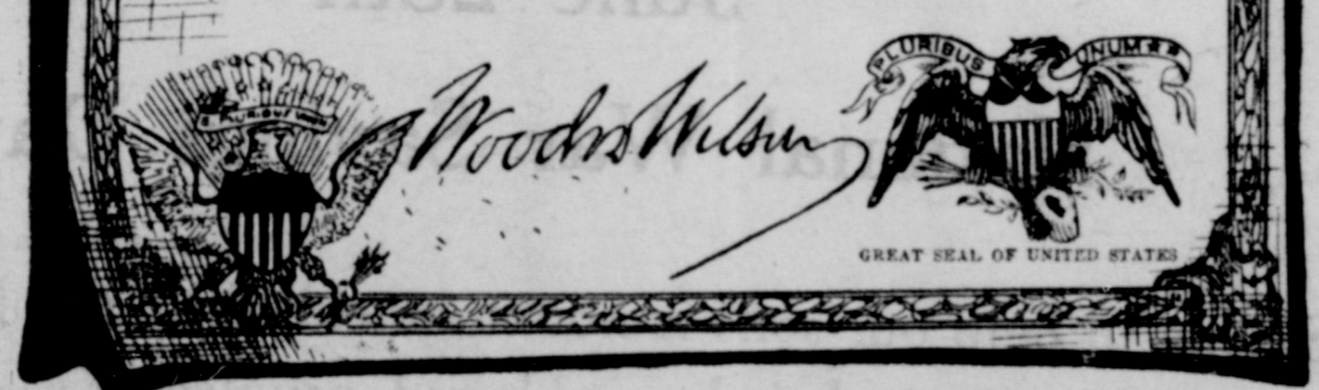
This war is one of nations—not of armies, and all of our one hundred million people must be economically and industrially adjusted to war conditions if this nation is to play its full part in the conflict. The problem before us is not primarily a financial problem, but rather a problem of increased production of war essentials and the saving of the materials and the labor necessary for the support and equipment of our army and navy. Thoughtless expenditure of money for nonessentials uses up the labor of men, the products of farms, mines and factories and overburdens transportation, all of which must be used to the utmost and at their best for war purposes.

The great results which we seek can be obtained only by the participation of every member of the Nation, young and old, in a National concerted thrift movement. I therefore urge that our people everywhere pledge themselves as suggested by the Secretary of the Treasury to the practice of thrift; to serve the Government to their utmost in increasing production in all fields necessary to the winning of the war; to conserve food and fuel and useful materials of every kind; to devote their labor only to the most necessary tasks, and to buy only those things which are essential to individual health and efficiency, and that the people, as an evidence of their loyalty, invest all they can in Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps.

The securities issued by the Treasury Department are so many of them within the reach of everyone that the door of opportunity in this matter is wide open to all of us. To practice thrift in peace times is a virtue and brings great benefit to the individual at all times; with the desperate need of the civilized world today for materials and labor with which to end the war, the practice of individual thrift is a patriotic duty and a necessity.

I appeal to all who now own either Liberty Bonds or War Savings Stamps to continue to practice economy and thrift and to appeal to all who do not own Government securities to do likewise and purchase them to the extent of their means. The man who buys Government securities transfers the purchasing power of his money to the United States Government until after this war, and to that same degree does not buy in competition with the Government.

I earnestly appeal to every man, woman and child to pledge themselves on or before the 28th of June to save constantly and to buy as regularly as possible the securities of the Government, and to do this as far as possible through membership in War Savings Societies. The 28th of June ends this special period of enlistment in the great volunteer army of production and saving here at home. May there be none unenlisted on that day.



### FERGUSON ADDRESSES VOTERS OF TEXAS

Placing of His Name Upon  
Ticket Settles Question of  
Right to Hold Office.

I have now entered upon the stretch of the most eventful campaign in Texas. For every technical attempt has been made to deprive me of their God-given right to upon every official action of who are supposed to be their faithful servants; after every effort has been resorted to to deceive the people into believing I could not get my name on a democratic ticket; after every legal lawyer has had his say and my not being able to hold the office, right has at last prevailed the State Democratic Committee has put my name on the same ticket that Will Hobby asked to have his name put on as a candidate for governor and the people now left free to vote for their choice for governor. In the perpetration of this right I want to thank the thousands of friends who have so valiantly and continuously fought the crooked politics of the state in their corrupt effort to thwart the will of the people. It is no longer a question of my right to hold the office if the people elect me, because Hobby, by coming to the same democratic ticket which put my name on it, will himself subscribe to the following pledge when he casts his ballot: "I am a democrat and pledge myself to support the nominee of this primary." By this act Hobby has cut all real constitutional lawyers from any further argument and said "if Ferguson gets the majority of the votes he is the nominee which I agree to support for office in the November election." Every other man who goes to the July primary says the same and every candidate for the future who asks the people to elect him says the same thing. My candidate for office who has already said or hereafter says he will not support me as the nominee of the party after my name has been placed on the ticket—the regular and legal party

(Continued on page four)

### READY TO BE FEDERALIZED SOON

to Prepare for Federal  
Army Received. Troop  
"H" Recruiting.

As a result of a conference between Secretary Baker and Ad. General Harley at Washington, Friday preparations for the Federalization of the cavalry brigade in North Texas are being rushed. Draft quotas have taken a considerable number of men in organization and an active recruiting campaign is now in progress. Local organization, Troop H, has about ninety-four members those to be drawn from the approaching draft of the Cavalry. Captain Dalton says about thirty men have been drawn from his troop since it was mustered into the State Cavalry last month and that about a dozen of recruits have been added to the troop. The clerks have been at work this week preparing additional blanks that will be needed for inspection and must be filled out before the troops are being made to the front. The soldiers and notaries returned by Sunday night. For about twenty recruits were drawn this week to provide for possible loss by draft selection, which may come at any time. It is thought that inspection of the blanks will be completed by the end of the week, or less, and that the troops will immediately follow.

### WANT DRAFT AGES CHANGED TO 18-45

Chairman of Senate Military Committee Favors Crowder's Recommendations.

Washington, June 17.—Support for Provost Marshal General Crowder's proposal to extend the army draft to men between 18 and 45 years was given today by Senator Chamberlain of Oregon, chairman of the Senate Military Committee, at the hearing on the \$12,000,000,000 army appropriation bill. "I have always advocated having it apply to men of those ages," said Senator Chamberlain, "and think we will yet come to it. There are lots of men over 30 who really are doing nothing and ought to be reached." Unanimous approval of the House provision authorizing the President to call all men of draft age who can be trained and equipped was voted by the military subcommittee considering the appropriation bill. Small son of J. H. Jones, while playing with other children on the bank of a creek, four miles east of here, Friday fell in the creek and was drowned before aid could be secured.

### QUITAQUE SURVEY GANG MOVES CAMP

Work of Surveying Pipe Line to Quitaque Creek is Progressing Nicely—Camp at Estelline

Engineer Wilson and corps left Monday for Estelline and for the next week will make that town their headquarters. They are getting too far away from Childress to make the daily trips from here to their place of work. Engineer Wilson says that they are now out of the rough country and are again on the level land. This enables them to work faster as the instruments can be set and the line mapped out a long distance ahead, as the country is rolling and permits of long sighting. Next week the surveyors expect to be in the Parnell community and will move their camp to that vicinity. Early in July the camp will be in Briscoe county, which will be the final camping point. When the survey reaches Quitaque creek it will take a few days to survey the lines that will determine the final route out of the creek bed—Childress Index. Mrs. L. W. Drew and daughter, Miss Beatrice, of Clarendon, visited friends here this week.

### COURT DISMISSED FOR THIS WEEK

Court Takes Recess So That Farmers May Plant Crops. Smith Case Continued.

District court was dismissed for one week last Monday by Judge Nabers because of the necessity for immediate planting. Because of the delayed rains many farmers had a large part of their planting yet to do, particularly feed stuff, and Judge Nabers recognizing this fact dismissed the jury for the week declared a recess for the court until next Monday. The Ed C. Smith case set for last Monday, for which a special venire of one hundred jurors had been summoned, was continued until the January 1919 term. Judge Nabers and Attorney Warlick left Monday night for Vernon. Busch Estate Taken Over Washington, June 17.—The entire estate in this country of Mrs. Lilly Busch, widow of Adolphus Busch, millionaire brewer of St. Louis, Mo., has been taken over by the Government under the Alien Property Law. Melvin Woody of Clarendon was here Monday.

### FIFTEEN MEN ARE CALLED IN DRAFT

More Hall County Boys Will Leave For Army Camp Next Tuesday Morning.

List of the names of the men who will be sent to Camp Travis in June 24 call, next Tuesday morning. Ernest Hood, Parnell. Milton Curtis Harrell, Memphis. Don Nelson Grady, Brice. Edward Driver, Parnell. Willie Cook Brown, Memphis. William P. Butler, Parnell. Porter Daniel Beavers, Brice. Lewis Clarence Hillis, Newlin. George E. Hart, Memphis. Baker Jones, Lakeview. William Jesse Messer, Lakeview. Pleas Elijah Mayhew, Memphis. Charles James McBride Newlin. Elton McMurphy, Memphis. Thomas Erwin Payne, Lakeview. James J. Wallace, Lakeview. Walter Lee Wright, Estelline. Four of the above registrants, W. P. Butler, Porter Beavers, W. J. Messer and C. J. McBride had joined the local cavalry troop, but will have to answer the board call. After the cavalry is Federalized, which will probably be within a few days, no more drafted men can be taken from that organization.

### W. S. S. PLEDGE MEETING JUNE 28

Economy Is Watch-Word of War,  
Everyone Expected to Attend Meetings.

Dallas, Texas, June 19.—Stressing the responsibility which rests upon all adult men and women to attend the 11,000 Federal War Savings Stamps pledge meetings to be held in Texas June 28, National War Savings Day, four-minute speakers in the State have been instructed by the Texas State Council of Defense to visit and speak at the schoolhouses in their counties June 28, or earlier if possible. In the letter of instructions to the four-minute men of the State, Joseph Hirsch of Corpus Christi, publicity chairman of the Council of Defense, said: "This is one of the most important campaigns in which we have engaged. The only way we can pay the terrible cost of this war is by saving; by rigid economy. Sooner or later our people will have to learn that lesson. If we help to teach that lesson we shall indeed be performing a national service. Information relative to the action of the Council of Defense has been received by Louis Lipsitz, State Director of the National War Savings Committee. There are between 1,500 and 1,700 four-minute speakers in the State Mr. Lipsitz said, and they will carry the Government's message to a great number of people. Every precaution is being taken to notify Texas adults of the Government's desires. All persons affected by the President's Proclamation will be authoritatively summoned by the Federal Government to attend the June 28 meetings; in addition to this notification, every officer who has been charged with the holding of a meeting in his district will personally summon the people of his district as far as possible. The President Proclamation is now being posted in all public places by Sheriffs, postmasters and railroad station agents who are considered Government employees. From all sections of Texas Mr. Lipsitz is receiving reports from County war savings chairmen notifying him that all is in readiness for the pledge meetings to be held in their districts.

### RED CROSS MAKES REPORT OF WORK

Committee Issues Address to Hall County People Urging Cooperation.

District	Quota	Amt. Paid
Salisbury	\$ 282	\$ 286.50
Memphis	2,900	3,482.35
Newlin	470	255.50
Friendship	94	94.10
Indian Creek	105	158.00
Lakeview	657	657.00
Pleasant Valley	226	227.75
Lodge	236	244.50
Deep Lake	282	282.35
Turkey	470	470.00
Churchman	188	188.00
Parnell	188	306.50
Brice	376	376.00
Estelline	658	521.00
Finger	282	282.50
John Mann	188	217.30
Hulver	282	345.50
Webster	232	354.00
Gammage	188	50.00
Fairview	94	122.00
Pen Creek	94	51.00
Baylor	94	94.00
Elite	188	207.00
Bridle Bit	188	84.00
Wolf Flat	282	3.93
Leach	94	69.00
Totals	\$9,388	\$9,429.78

To the Citizens of Hall County, Greeting: We wish to express our sincere thanks to each and every citizen of Hall County who subscribed to the 2nd Red Cross War Fund and helped to keep Hall county's name out of the delinquent column in the recent campaign for \$100,000,000.00. We were sorry to learn after the (Continued on last page)

## Keep Faith With Your Boy "Over There"

When your boy was so little that all the world was a foreign country to him, he trusted you to take care of him:

You sent that boy to school and to play and on your little errands, and with implicit faith he did your bidding.

Now we have sent your boy or your neighbor's boy out into a foreign land, into terrors that we cannot even know---and his faith has not faltered. He knows we will do our part, and we know he will do his.

Are we keeping the faith? Are we scrimping and saving and giving to help our boys do the thing that humanity has asked of them, and to help them come back to us sane and whole?



### June 28th

## National War Savings Day

Saving to help our sons is not to be called by the ugly name of duty or sacrifice. It is love's blessed privilege.

## National War Savings Committee

**W.S.S.**  
*Pledge the President*  
**JUNE 28<sup>th</sup>**

This space contributed to the  
winning of the war by

**W.S.S.**  
*Pledge the President*  
**JUNE 28<sup>th</sup>**

RUSSELL BROTHERS	HIGHLAND MERCANTILE CO.	R. E. MARTIN	A. BALDWIN
STAFFORD GROCERY CO.	SLATON, MILLER & COMPANY	W. A. WOMACK	BRADFORD GROCERY CO.
GREENE DRY GOODS CO.	MEMPHIS BATTERY SERVICE	TOURIST GARAGE	F. E. ADAMS & COMPANY
HATTENBACK & McKELVY	HALL COUNTY NAT'L. BANK	THOMPSON BROTHERS	FICKAS DRUG CO. NO. 1
GENERAL AUTO SUPPLY CO.	HARRISON-CLOWER HWD. CO.	MEMPHIS DRY GOODS CO.	FIRST NATIONAL BANK

**IDEAS FOR THE PERFECT DAYS OF JUNE.**

**Favors The Cape.**

In the month of beautiful June one must indeed clothe herself carefully to be in tune with the perfect days. The shops are full of any number of lovely frocks that there is a wide choice which to choose even the most and most inexpensive of the summer things. One several thin dresses, voile andie preferably for afternoon and so forth for the day, and a simple net or crepe for evenings.



**Cape and Sports Skirt**

In question of the proper dress for June, again, and here are some ideas such as a wide choice of almost bow-tied. The designer's favorite, the one that we ever get along with, these fascinating wraps so easy to slip on and that they cover the costume and it against rain, sun or dust. It illustrates there is a party graceful, with its big crosses in the front and in the back. It is made of black satin with a giddy of Roman stripe just by surprise, and the collar is thin. Note also the skirt smart pockets in a dinter-back extension coming out to the front. This may be unbuttoned if desired, thus the skirt easier to walk in. You noticed one pleasant year; everything is being d with two thoughts, one of conservation of material, and with an eye to comfort. re the tests that you can all the new designs, and determining factors in the to whether a design be enough to label 1918.

**Importance of the Correct Belt** is nothing that can make a costume so much as the here are any number of novel ways of making important feature. Some are of medieval days, in fact, that go once or round the waist and hang tasseled ends far down to even to the hem edge in. Then there are belts of silk, satin, or erial of the dress, that are off at the back with a bump bow perhaps, or two buttons. Sometimes on floored costumes there are ashes for one side of the through. Often a narrow leather or kid is worn, ie is being used a great wide sashes on dresses of a or percale, or of organ-couse ribbon is used a al, with big butterfly bows side of the back, and long is such as were worn in our od are considered especialy for the more dressy frock here Women Choose.

y now and then we hear a uniform style for women, a ridiculous as well as an ble idea, for so many reas- here is one thing that we ll do, however, and that is fully plan every detail of robes, so that nothing be- or bought without due con- sion. It is the duty of ean here and every where to well as possible. We must en up this world, and think ers as well as for ourselves, all materials with an eye future; buy what you need, y the best quality, for that economy, but remember very thing you buy can be as well as practical!

**Sweet Sixteen** dress is a dainty and as possible, and it is one tinate designs that can the Miss or the woman tender and youthful fig- add pockets and collar,



**Dress of Pink Chambray**

with the fascinating tassels, are quite unusual features. This frock was of pink chambray but the design could be copied in any of the summery materials. It is refreshingly cool, and will be joy to wear on warm days.

**"Scandal"**

Portraying the role of the worst spoiled girl in America, Constance Talmadge as Beatrix Vanderdyke in "Scandal," the new Select production, gives an exceedingly clever study of the pampered New York debutante, self-willed and high tempered, but strangely appealing in her moments of sympathy. The picture will be shown today, Thursday, at the Dixie theatre and promises to hit the high water mark in popularity.

The scenario which is an adaptation for the screen from Constance Talmadge's famous novel, "Scandal," tells the story of Beatrix Vanderdyke, a little rich girl, who hardly knows her own parents, so busy are they with social obligations. She is left to her own devices and the adoring chaperonage of Mrs. Keane, an English woman of breeding and charm, but too weakly fond of her charge to act as a curb on Beatrix' impulses.

As a result Beatrix flits here and there, chaperoned occasionally but more often, not. Sutherland Yorke, a painter of fashionable women, attracts her attention. He is an accomplished roue and his affairs with women of all stations are common gossip. Beatrix in pursuit of excitement enters into a flirtation with him and visits his studio in the evenings. But Yorke finally oversteps the bounds and attempts a bit of passionate love making. Beatrix quite decisively puts him in his place and leaves the apartment.

Gossip reaches the ears of her self-righteous family and Beatrix is summoned to the Vanderdyke country home where a big house party is in progress. The family accuse her of visiting Yorke and in the same breath announce that she is to go West until the talk dies down. Beatrix with only one thought in her mind and that, to avoid exile, lies desperately and recklessly. She declares that instead of visiting Yorke she had been in Pelham Franklin's rooms across the hall. To back up her assertion she announces that she has been secretly married to Franklin.

Pelham Franklin is a marriageable entity. For some time the family have had an eye on him

with a view to presenting him with Beatrix, and her announcement is received with gratification. She makes haste to reach him first and, deeply angered, he nevertheless agrees to uphold her farce for the moment. The marriage announcement appears in the society columns and Beatrix's set is a-buzz with interest. Yorke attempts to blackmail Franklin, and is thrown out of the latter's apartment. The family add to the complications surrounding the hapless pair by forcing them away on Franklin's yacht for a honeymoon cruise. Beatrix at the last moment smuggles chaperones aboard and is looked upon as an exceedingly odd and erratic bride.

The story works out logically and convincingly and aside from the suspense which distinguishes the action, it is filled with delightful humor, and amusing incidents, an evening's entertainment will be bound to be a tremendous success, and will win Miss Talmadge new admirers by the score.

**Citation**  
To the Sheriff or any Constable of Hall county—GREETING:

You are hereby commanded to summon R. L. Smith by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your county, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the nearest county thereto to appear at the next regular term of the county court of Hall county, Texas, to be held at the Court House thereof, in Memphis on the 3rd Monday in July A. D. 1918, the same being the 15th day of July A. D. 1918, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 13th, day of February A. D. 1918, in a suit numbered on the docket of said court, No. 384, wherein A. W. Howard, is Plaintiff and R. L. Smith, Cap Orett, Windy Wynne and Tom Hart are Defendants; the nature of plaintiff's demand being as follows: A suit upon a promissory note executed by defendant, R. L. Smith, in favor of plaintiff in the sum of \$300.00 dated December 1st, 1916, due one year after date, bearing 10 per cent interest per annum from date, and providing for 10 per cent additional as attorney's fees if sued upon after maturity, dated at Estelina, Texas, and due at said place, being secured in payment by a chattel mortgage upon two sorrel horses, four and six years old, one branded B-Y on left thigh; one brown mare about 16 hands high, branded B-Y on left thigh; two brown horses, one

branded WD and one not branded, about 15 1-2 hands high, 7 and 9 years old; one black mule 6 years old with no brands, 16 hands high, executed December 11th, 1916, and filed for record in the office of the county clerk of Hall county, Texas, on said last mentioned date as provided by law. That defendant Tom Hart thereafter purchased the black mule from defendant, Smith, without plaintiff's consent and is now claiming said mule; that defendant, Cap Orett, purchased brown horse from said Smith, without plaintiff's consent and later sold said horse to defendant, Windy Wynne, without plaintiff's consent, who now claims the same, and charging defendants, Orett, Wynne and Hart with alleging that the same is in Hall county Texas, that said note is past due and wholly unpaid, praying for foreclosure of said mortgage and judgment against said defendant, Smith, for the amount of said note interests, attorney's fees and costs, and against all defendants for foreclosure said mortgage lien and for conversion against defendants, Orett, Wynne and Hart, and for all costs.

Herein fail not, but have you before said court, on the first day of the next term thereof, this Writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Witness my hand and official seal at my office in Memphis, Texas, this 12 day of June A. D. 1918.

T. C. Anthony, Clerk, County Court, Hall County, Texas.  
524 By G.H. Trueblood, Deputy.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. One hundred dollars reward is offered for any case that Hall's Catarrh Cure fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo.  
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Cheap money to loan on Farms and Ranches. Vendor's lien notes bought and extended. If you are interested it will pay you to see us.

11-1f GRUNDY BROS.

**Lands for Sale**

38 sections well improved 14 miles of running water, two hay meadows, two 300 acre farms, 6 windmills, well fenced. On market at present at \$10.00 per acre \$50,000.00 cash rest on terms at six percent; 50 miles from Amarillo.

11 sections plains land 90 per cent farming land, 45 miles from Amarillo. \$15.00 per acre; will give terms.

9 sections for sale and one leased; this is a bargain, well improved, 8 miles of good town, large per cent is farming land. Price \$13.50 per acre, 1-4 cash, rest terms one, two, three, four and five years at 6 per cent.

5 sections for sale, 15 acres, a nice ranch, cheap lease and land for sale is worth the money. Will give terms on this also. Price \$15.00 per acre.

8 sections for sale, about 8 for lease. 90 per cent farming land, well improved. \$13.50 per acre on terms. Several single sections for sale \$12.50 per acre.

I can sell you 5 sections and lease you 5. In other words can lease you the same amount you buy, with very small payments.

All this land is within 100 miles of Amarillo. We loan you money on your Farms and Ranches.

**W. H. Coon**  
P. O. Box 1414. Office, Mission Bldg., Amarillo, Texas.

**Every Man in Hall County Should Sign One of the Victory Army Cards**

No obligation other than doing your best to raise every pound of stuff possible. SHIPYARD VOLUNTEERS—Have you offered your services to Uncle Sam as a carpenter? Ask us about the details.

**COUNCIL OF DEFENSE**  
S. S. Montgomery, Chairman

**Church of Christ**

**SUNDAY**  
Bible study, at the church, 10:00 o'clock a. m.  
Preaching service at the church 11:00 a. m.  
Preaching at, Some mission Point 3:30 p. m.  
Preaching service at the church, 7:30 p. m.

**WEDNESDAY**  
Prayer meeting and Bible study at the church, 7:30 p. m.  
Phone 453, W. A. Kercheville, Resident Preacher.

**For Sale**

1 year old, Black with white points, Well bred.  
1 jack, 15 hands, 15 years old, black with white points, well bred.  
1 jack, 15 hands, 3 years old, gray, good breeder.

1 Peregion stallion 6 years old, weight 1500 pounds. Come, phone or write, L. CARLISLE, Clarendon, Texas.

Any amount of money, large or small, T. B. Norwood has what you want. See or write him at Memphis.

J. C. Woodriddle has the screens come and get them, screen your houses before the flies get you.

**Drives Out Malaria, Builds Up System**  
The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC, drives out Malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 60c.

**Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days**  
Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. The first application gives Ease and Rest. 50c.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Catarrh Deafness that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Circulars free. All Druggists, 75c.

For Indigestion, Constipation or Biliousness  
Just try one 50-cent bottle of LAX-FOS WITH PEPSIN. A Liquid Digestive Laxative pleasant to take. Made and recommended to the public by Paris Medicine Co., manufacturers of Laxative Bromo Quinine and Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic.

If you want to borrow money, See or write, T. B. Norwood, Memphis, Texas.

**Drives Out Malaria, Builds Up System**  
The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC, drives out Malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 60c.

Red Cross

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**

**W. C. MAYES**  
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat  
OFFICE CADWELL BUILDING  
Hours 9 to 12 and 1 to 5

**G. Y. BOWMAN**  
Piano Tuning  
Regulating, Voicing and Repairing  
Tuning \$5.00  
Regulating \$2.50  
Material charged extra  
Phone 442

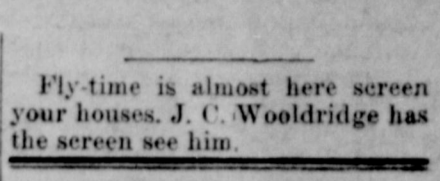
**Dr. T. L. LEWIS**  
Dentist  
Over Fickas Drug Store No. 2  
Memphis, Texas

**To Cure a Cold in One Day.**  
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine. It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 50c.

**The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head**  
Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in the head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. 50c.

Let us sell you screen doors for your house before the flies get in.  
J. C. Woodriddle.

Fly-time is almost here screen your houses. J. C. Woodriddle has the screen see him.



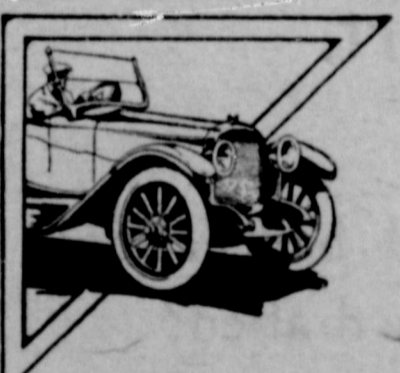
**Tailoring**  
**DURABLE**  
and  
**Wartime Economy**

It's poor economy to buy "cheap" clothes — because "cheap" clothes are cheap in quality.

And it is extravagant to pay high prices for clothes of good quality, when—

Born-tailored Clothes offer the best of materials and workmanship at sensibly moderate prices.

(Resident Born Dealer)  
**L. McMillan**  
Memphis Texas



Before you start on your summer vacation, bring your car to us and have it looked over, thoroughly greased and all necessary adjustments made. We are well equipped with good tools and mechanics to take care of your automobile. Give us a trial. **MEMPHIS BATTERY SERVICE** A. Travis, Jim Travis and John H. Young. Phone Number 9.

**DELCO-LIGHT**  
Increases Farm Efficiency

Fifty thousand Delco-Light plants in operation on American farms are saving at the most conservative estimate, an hour a day each—or over 18,000,000 work hours a year. That is equal to an army of 60,000 men working ten hours a day for a full month.

Delco-Light is a complete electric light and power plant for farms and suburban homes. It furnishes an abundance of clean, safe, economical light, and operates pump, churn, cream separator, washing machine and other appliances. It is also lighting rural stores, garages, churches, schools, army camps and railway stations.

**T. S. KEMP**  
Dealer  
Clarendon, Texas

The Research Engineering Company, Dayton, Ohio

Over 50,000 DELCO-LIGHT Plants in Actual Use

(Continued from front page)  
 machinery, then he is no longer a democrat and he is a fraud. A voter who should not receive the support of the honest democrats of the state.

To show that my position is correct, I hereby offer to give \$500 to the Red Cross if Hobby will say in a published statement that he will not support Ferguson as the nominee of the democratic party if Ferguson gets the majority of the votes in the July primary in which he expects to cast his ballot with the pledge at the top above quoted.

In other words, Hobby has accidentally sawed off the limb and has dropped his whole crowd and his whole campaign into the rising stream of democratic voters and is now "good-bye, Little Willie." To save themselves from the biggest political drowning of little politicians that ever took place in Texas, all kinds of political slanders and falsehoods will be circulated with the big campaign fund which has been furnished by the big corporations who want Hobby for governor.

The first is that I have borrowed money from the kaiser and that I obtained \$156,000 from the German government as pay to carry on German propaganda in this country.

If there was a semblance of truth in this charge, the secret service department of the government would have me behind the bars long ago. It is blamed strange that these Hobby politicians have found out more about German propaganda in the last sixty days of their losing campaign than the whole department of justice could find out in the last twelve months.

I never borrowed a dollar in my life except from good loyal American citizens and any statement to the contrary is a bald-faced lie told by a bald-faced liar. If those crooks know of any fact that connects me in any way with the kaiser, then they are the worst slackers that ever lived when they do not at once go before some agent of the department of justice and stick their names to an affidavit and cause my immediate arrest—especially when it would do the Hobby campaign so much good.

While we are talking about loyalty, I again want to call to the attention of the people that O. B.

Colquitt is now on the stump for Hobby campaign and at Crockett recently said that he was not sorry that he had criticized President Wilson and that "President Wilson failed and refused to help him prevent the plundering of ranches, the murdering of American women, and the outrage of American women." This is the basest slander ever uttered against a public official and this loyalty crowd ought to have Colquitt arrested or call their kangaroo legislature together and repeal their loyalty laws and admit their political hypocrisy as well as their disloyalty to the President of the United States.

The Houston Post has recently declared that the rural school law is unconstitutional and if Hobby should by accident be elected, the rural school aid will be repealed by the next legislature and the University appropriation will be increased in a like sum. So let every mother and father who want their children to have an equal chance, arrange for the mother to register at the county seat so no question can be raised about her right to vote.

Let every laboring man not forget that the backbone and main-spring of Hobby's campaign is John H. Kirby, the lumber king, who is now at the head of the lumber-combinations, and that under his rule the price of lumber is going up every day.

This same Kirby recently in a public speech before the lumber barons of the country, viciously denounced the American Federation of Labor and said they were anarchists who wanted to rule the Government and said that the members were like the Bolsheviks and otherwise bitterly denounced the federation and denied the right of workingmen to organize.

So every man who loves his family and who believes that his union has protected him from those who would exploit his brain and brawn, must choose in this campaign between John H. Kirby and Will Hobby on one side, and Samuel Gompers and Woodrow Wilson on the other. I stand and have always stood for Gompers and the Federation of Labor. Hobby stands for Kirby against organized labor.

Unfortunately, politics has been very expensive to me and I am much poorer in purse than when I went in office. The Hobby

crowd will spend \$500,000 to elect him. I am now selling my farm products to get \$5,000 to put in my campaign. I must therefore rely on my farmer friends in the country and my laboring friends in the country to sustain me. This campaign is won by 150,000 already and if my friends will continue their loyalty I can easily get 400,000 votes out of the 550,000 that will be cast in the primary. It is now an issue between the Ferguson democratic 400,000 and the Hobby aristocratic 400.

JAMES E. FERGUSON.

**Prisoners of War Must Work.**

Included in War Department regulations regarding the employment of prisoners of war and interned enemy aliens are the following statements:

All classes of prisoners, excepting commissioned officers and such others as are physically not fit for labor, will be required to perform work necessary for their comfort or for the upkeep of their prison barracks. Interned enemy aliens will not be held for compulsory labor except as provided in this paragraph.

Prisoners of war, excepting officers, warrant, petty, and noncommissioned officers, may be required to work for the public service—they may be authorized to work on their own account. Under exceptional circumstances, when specially authorized by the Secretary of War, they may, upon their written request, be authorized to work for private persons or for corporations. Petty and noncommissioned officers may be authorized to work on their own account, and, upon their written request, may be authorized to work in the same manner as other prisoners of war, except that they will be employed in a supervisory capacity only.

An order for labor will be regarded as a military command, and prisoners failing to obey such order will be punished accordingly.

When employed on work that is necessary for their comfort, or for the upkeep of the barracks in which they are interned prisoners will receive no compensation. When the work is done for the Government prisoners will be paid at a rate according to the work executed; when the work is for other branches of the public service or for private persons, the condition

of and the compensation for such work will be settled in agreement between representatives of said branches or persons and The Adjutant General of the Army.

The wages of the prisoners shall go toward improving their position, and the balance shall be paid them on their release, after deducting the cost of their maintenance.

**Appropriate for an Epitaph.**

(Brooklyn Eagle.)  
 Here lies a poor woman who always was tired.  
 She lived in a house where the help was not hired.  
 Her last words on Earth were:  
 "Dear friends I am going  
 To where there's no cooking, no washing, or sewing;  
 But everything there is exact to my wishes,  
 For there they don't eat, there's no washing of dishes,  
 I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing,  
 But having no voice I'll get out of the singing.  
 Don't mourn for me now. Don't mourn for me, never;  
 I'm going to do nothing forever and ever."

**Lubbock Leaves Ferguson Off**

Lubbock, Texas, June 17.—Lubbock County Democratic Executive Committee today refused to put the name of James E. Ferguson on the ticket.

—Red Cross—

**CONSPIRACY ON WAR CONTRACTS ALLEGED**

**Department of Justice Raids Many Business Offices Over Country to Get Evidence.**

Washington, June 17.—A Nation-wide conspiracy between manufacturers and contractors' agents in Washington to solicit Government war orders under an agreement to pay commissions illegally to the agents was disclosed today by the Department of Justice.

Simultaneously with the announcement raids were made on hundreds of manufacturers' business offices throughout the United States in search of papers showing the scope of the illegal practice, and four Boston business men were indicted in Washington on charges of acting as contingent fee agents.

Officials indicated they had evidence that perhaps hundreds of contracts have been made with pledge to turn over to contract commission agents in Washington, New York and elsewhere a percentage of their profits.

Officials said the manufacturers were led to enter into the agreement by assurances of the agents that they had special influence with many officers or other in charge of letting contracts and under threat to use that influence against the manufacturers.

—Red Cross—

**MICKIE SAYS**  
 THEY MAY BE SOME PLACE WHERE THEY DO BETTER JOB PRINTING THAN WHAT WE DO IN THIS OFFICE, BUT I CAN FIND IT ON THIS MAP!



W. S. S.  
 Buy War Savings Stamps to the utmost of your financial capacity and then increase your capacity saving more.  
 W. S. S.  
 They also serve who buy Savings Stamps—if they save buy to the utmost of their ability and buy in time.  
 The philosophy of the War is save, save, save.  
 Line up and sign up on National War Savings Day.

**There's A Reason Why?**  
 Others are being Photographed by us. It is for friends and loved ones.  
 They will appreciate your Photo more than anything you could give them.  
 Phone 30 **W. D. ORR** 713 Main  
 "The Photographer in Your Town"

**Be A Volunteer!**

Of course you expect to serve your country as a soldier, unless you are physically unfit or have dependents whom you must support.

Is it not better to go as a volunteer and have choice of the branch of service than to wait to be drafted?

Troop H can take several recruits before it is mustered into Federal service. Join before it is too late—you may not have another opportunity to volunteer.

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**Local and Personal News**

**Short News Paragraphs and Personal Mention of General and Special Interest to Memphis and Hall County Readers**

... was at Childress Sunday morning for a visit with friends at Amarillo.

Phone No. 1 if you want the best tailoring work. Ross The Tailor.

Mrs. Vernon Williams and little daughter, Anne Ruth, came in Wednesday from Snyder.

If you want to get by with your old clothes, let me fix 'em up. Ross The Tailor.

Mrs. W. T. Clifford, Walter and Miss Lelia and Mrs. G. B. Bagby of Clarendon, were here Tuesday.

Dr. Tomlinson, Raymond Ballew, Chas. Gober and Howard Randal left Wednesday for Fort Worth.

Mrs. C. A. Crozier and daughter, Miss Clarice, returned Wednesday of last week from Dallas, Decatur and other points where they had visited relatives and friends.

Hiram Ledbetter of Chillicothe, came in last Thursday and expects to make Memphis his future home.

M. P. Holland returned Tuesday from Houston, where he attended a meeting of the Oil Mill Superintendents. He says that crops in the south part of the state are flourishing.

Mrs. D. B. DeArman wishes to thank the people of Memphis for their help and offerings to the Pilot Point Rescue Home for erring girls and out-cast children.

We have 200,000 fine Nancy Hall potato slips to ship out at once beginning June 24, at \$2.50 per 1,000. T. Jones & Co. Clarendon.

V. C. Evans, lost gray coat Saturday night between Martin's Drug Store and Ice Plant, finder will leave it at drug store and get \$1.00 reward.

Miss Ollie Thompson returned to her home at Amarillo Monday after an extended visit with relatives here.

We have a full line of door and window screens see them before you buy. J. C. Wooldridge.

**CHEERFUL WORDS**

**For Many a Memphis Household.**

To have the pains and aches of a bad back removed—to be entirely free from annoying dangerous urinary disorders, is enough to make any kidney sufferer grateful. The following statement of one who has suffered will prove helpful to hundreds of Memphis readers.

Mrs. J. C. Williams, Fourteenth & Radford Sts., Memphis, says: "I had occasion to use a kidney medicine a couple of years ago and I had heard so much about Doan's Kidney Pills, I got some. They proved satisfactory, relieving me. I gladly advise anyone to get a box at Tomlinson's Drug Store. I'm troubled with a weak back or any disorder of the kidneys."

Price 60c at all dealers. "Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Williams had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y."

**Patrols for the Rio Grande.**

Twenty-four thousand men are needed to guard the Rio Grande border from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of Lower California. Texas is to furnish these men. They will be inducted into the federal service immediately upon their organization.

Preparedness is the thing. Some day hell may break loose in one of the republics lying between the Rio Grande and Cape Horn.

Our Government invented the Monroe doctrine.

Our government is responsible for the Monroe doctrine.

Our government should uphold the Monroe doctrine.

Our government is fighting to fight for the enforcement of the Monroe doctrine through out all the coming years.—Fort Worth Record.

W. S. S.

Come and see our screen doors and window screens, we have just what you want. J. C. Wooldridge.

You can at least be in the second line of defense—be a war saver.

**COUNTY DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE MEETS**

**Decide August Second Primary for County Offices. Voters to Sign Pledge**

A meeting of the Hall County Executive Committee met at the office of the Chairman, T. T. Clark in Memphis, Monday June 17th, 1918, with the following members present: T. T. Clark, Chairman; T. J. Dunbar, Secretary; G. R. Dickson; A. D. Giddings; J. C. Wells; T. J. Cope; T. N. Baker; Robert Jones; Cross Randle.

By majority vote, it was decided not to call a second primary in this county. The following resolution was passed:

1. Be it resolved by the Democratic Executive Committee of Hall County, Texas, that all persons offering to vote at the coming democratic primary election, (on July 27, 1918) shall, in order to vote, possess in addition to the qualifications prescribed by the statute the following qualifications: "Such person shall be a white democrat and shall, if he voted at the last general election, have voted for the nominees of the democratic party from the president of the United States down to constable."

2. Be it further resolved that in case any election judge shall be in doubt as to the qualifications of any voter or in case any voter is challenged by anyone, then it shall be the duty of the election judges, upon the affidavit of such persons offering to vote to make and subscribe to the following affidavit before any such election judges:

**THE STATE OF TEXAS )  
COUNTY OF HALL )**

Before me, the undersigned authority, on this day personally appeared the undersigned, who being first by me duly sworn, upon oath says: That I am a white democrat and if permitted to vote in this democratic primary election, I will support the nominees of said primary election.

Sworn to and subscribed to before me this 27th day of July, 1918.

3. The person offering to vote, if he shall have made the foregoing affidavit, shall be permitted to vote; if he shall have failed or refused to make said affidavit he shall not be permitted to vote.

4. The election judges shall preserve all such affidavits made before them, and shall enclose same with their returns of said election, to the clerk of Hall county, and all of which said affidavits shall be open for inspection of public.

5. Be it further resolved that the chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of Hall county, Texas is hereby instructed to have printed and furnished to the presiding judge of each election precinct, a sufficient number of blank affidavits herein provided for. The cost of printing the same shall be paid by said committee.

Austin, June 19.—That the two brigades of cavalry now nearly recruited for the new Texas National Guard will be federalized and equipped as soon as possible, was the word brought back from Washington today by Adjutant General James A. Harley. Just where the new guard will be mobilized had not been definitely determined, but General Harley said the belief obtained at the war department that the mobilization should take place at one of the cantonments in Texas.

**Discouraging Letters Cause Desertions.**

In a recent statement the War Department strongly advised against discouraging letters to soldiers:

"Recent reports from commanding generals of certain Army divisions indicate that one of the fruitful causes of soldiers absenting themselves without leave is the discouraging letter from home. Such letters frequently give alarming and exaggerated reports of conditions surrounding the soldier's family, that some member is desperately ill, that all are starving, or that they are being in some way harassed. In instances such letters have so preyed upon the minds of soldiers that they have absented themselves without leave to go home, only to find that conditions had been grossly exaggerated.

"Meanwhile, the soldier has been absent without leave—a serious military offense. His problem then became one of facing the penalty of getting deeper into trouble by deserting. Sometimes a man's pride or fear has led him to desert.

"Every soldier wants to receive letters from home. They should be frequent, cheerful, hopeful, and appreciative of the sacrifice that he is making for his country. They should be full of family incidents and cheerful home gossip. They should protect him from the trifling alarms and the small annoyances of everyday life. They should encourage him by giving full evidence that his family and his friends stand behind him in the great enterprise he has undertaken.

"The value of such letters to soldiers is beyond estimate. The harm that discouraging letters from home do to him is clearly indicated by reports at The Adjutant General's Office. Here are some extracts from recent reports of division commanders:

"I find, also, that many of the families of the men write to them of unsatisfactory conditions at home, sickness of relatives, and how much various members of the family wish to see the soldier. These letters, so far as sickness, etc., are concerned, are often overdrawn, but, combined with the homesick feeling, often result in the man going absent without leave and finally being dropped as a deserter."

"I am now, through the newspapers of Indiana and through lectures in Kentucky, whom we are able to reach through the office of the adjutant general of that state, endeavoring to advise the home people of these men of the seriousness of these offenses, and that their efforts should be to assist every man in performing the duty that has devolved on him, to lighten his worries and, above all, to regard desertion in its proper light. I shall also attempt to get the West Virginia papers to institute a campaign of education along similar lines."

"A division inspector submitted the following in this connection:

"While stationed at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, last year I was a member of a general court-martial that tried approximately 100 enlisted men for desertion from National Guard regiments stationed on the border. I believe I am safe in saying that at least 90 per cent of them gave as their reasons for desertion the fact that they had received letters from home to the effect that a wife, sister, or mother was either dying, very ill, or in destitute circumstances, and begged the man to come home at once. Many of the men admitted that when they arrived home they found that the writer of the letter had exaggerated conditions."

"Many young soldiers, fresh from home, suffer from homesickness, no matter how Army officers may try to make their surroundings pleasant and comfortable and provide proper amusements. Extraordinary measures have been taken by the War Department during the past year to keep the young soldier actively engaged while in camp with sports, amusements, and comforts that a whole some psychology might be sustained. Still, a type of soldier will yearn for home and fall into a brooding mood. It is obvious how harmful to him and to the service a discontented letter from home might be."

**PRICE OF ICE AT HOUSTON REASONABLE SAYS FOOD DEPARTMENT**

**Houston's Method of Arriving at Increased Costs Establishes a Precedent for Summer Ice Over Texas.**

Under date of April 26, Herbert Hoover, U. S. Food Administrator, wired Administrator Peden for Texas that the Food Administration was concerned that there should be no profiteering in ice, and especially that cost of ice to those elements of the community who are least able to protect themselves should not be increased over last year unless absolute proof could be given by ice companies for its necessity.

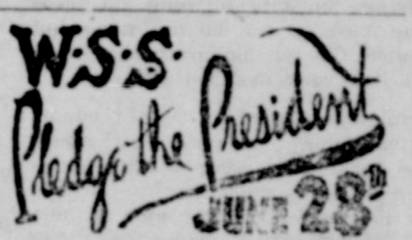
Promptly upon receipt of this telegram Administrator Peden started an investigation to ascertain the cost of manufacturing and distributing ice in Houston this season compared with the cost of last season in order that he might determine from this comparative cost whether the higher prices charged by the manufacturers and distributors this season are justified.

The investigation made under R. F. Crow, head of the ice division for the Texas Food Administration, disclosed the fact that the selling price of ice is practically controlled by the wages paid to employees, the cost of horse feed and the fuel or power cost.

It was found that of the delivery expenses, labor represents over 50 per cent of the total cost, and horse feed and auto truck expenses 25 per cent. The balance of the delivery cost consists of expenses which are not subject to great increases and can be kept within a reasonable limit by proper management or war-time economy. In the factory expenses, fuel represents from 50 to 60 per cent of the operating cost and wages from 25 to 30 per cent. The schedule of prices in effect this season compared with last season shows a maximum increase of 33 1/3 per cent for ward deliveries in small quantities down to an increase of 25 per cent at the platform on sales in small quantities.

In view of the fact that the increased cost of wages shows a minimum of 25 per cent and the increased cost of fuel is as high in some instances as 100 per cent, the Food Administration considers the increased selling prices this season over last season as reasonable.

Below is given the schedule of prices the Food Administration considers reasonable at Houston:



**FOR SALE**

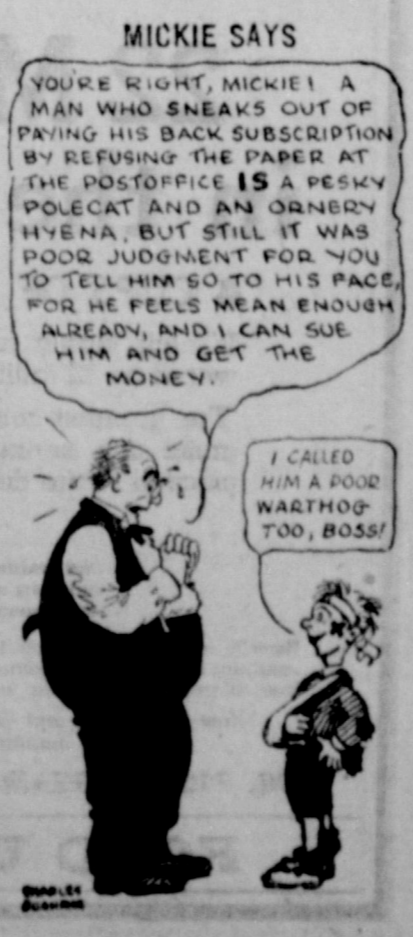
**Household Goods**

The following household goods, which will be sold cheap, may be seen at our residence opposite old Fire Station.

Chiffrobe, Kitchen Cabinet, Davenport, Ironing board, Oil Cook Stove, Chairs, Cot, Tables, Oil Heaters, Linoleum, Chiffonier, Stoves, range and heater, Dress Form, Sewing Machine, two Leather-Seated Rockers, 9-12 Art Square, Hall-Runner, Rugs, Beds, Springs, Mattresses, Dining table, 50 Foot Hose, Garden Tools such as dirt fork, weed hoes, pick, shovel, post auger.

Those wishing to inspect these goods will please call after 6:00 o'clock p. m.

**MRS. JERRY DALTON.**



(Continued from page seven)

reigns supreme. Wednesday and Sunday of each week were visiting days and were looked forward to by the men, because they meant parcels containing fruit, sweets or fags. When a patient had a regular visitor, he was generally kept well supplied with these delicacies. Great jealousy is shown among the men as to their visitors and many word wars ensue after the visitors leave.

When a man is sent to a convalescent home, he generally turns over his steady visitor to the man in the next bed.

Most visitors have autograph albums and bore Tommy to death by asking him to write the particulars of his wounding in same. Several Tommies try to duck this unpleasant job by telling the visitors that they cannot write, but this never phases the owner of the album; he or she, generally she, offers to write it for them and Tommy is stung into telling his experiences.

The questions asked Tommy by visitors would make a clever joke book to a military man.

Some kindly looking old lady will stop at your bed and in a sympathetic voice address you: "You poor boy, wounded by those terrible Germans. You must be suffering frightful pain. A bullet, did you say? Well, tell me, I have always wanted to know, did it hurt worse going in or coming out?"

Tommy generally replies that he did not stop to figure it out when he was hit.

One very nice-looking, overenthusiastic young thing, stopped at my bed and asked, "What wounded you in the face?"

In a polite but bored tone I answered, "A rifle bullet."

With a look of disdain she passed to the next bed, first ejaculating, "Oh! Only a bullet? I thought it was a shell." Why she should think a shell would be more of a distinction beats me. I don't see a whole lot of difference myself.

The American Women's War hospital was a heaven for wounded men. They were allowed every privilege possible conducive with the rules and military discipline. The only fault was that the men's passes were restricted. To get a pass required an act of parliament. Tommy tried many tricks to get out, but the commandant, an old Boer war officer, was wise to them all, and it took a new and clever ruse to make him affix his signature to the coveted slip of paper.

As soon as it would get dark many a patient climbed over the wall and went "on his own," regardless of many signs and then he asked, "How do you feel, smashed up a bit?"

I answered: "I'm all right, but I'd give a quid for a drink of Bass."

He nodded to the sergeant, who disappeared, and I'll be darned if he didn't return with a glass of ale. I could only open my mouth about a quarter of an inch, but I got away with every drop of that ale. It tasted just like Blighty, and that is heaven to Tommy.

The doctor said something to an orderly, the only word I could catch was "chloroform," then they put some kind of an arrangement over my nose and mouth and it was me for dreamland.

When I opened my eyes I was lying on a stretcher, in a low wooden building. Everywhere I looked I saw rows of Tommies on stretchers, some dead to the world, and the rest with fags in their mouths.

The main topic of their conversation was Blighty. Nearly all had a grin on their faces, except those who didn't have enough face left to grin with. I grinned with my right eye, the other was bandaged.

Stretcher-bearers came in and began to carry the Tommies outside. You could hear the chug of the engines in the waiting ambulances.

I was put into an ambulance with three others and away we went for an eighteen-mile ride.

I was on a bottom stretcher. The lad right across from me was smashed up something horrible.

Right above me was a man from the Royal Irish rifles, while across from him was a Scotchman.

We had gone about three miles when I heard the death-rattle in the throat of the man opposite. He had gone to rest across the Great Divide. I think at the time I envied him.

The man of the Royal Irish rifles had had his left foot blown off, the jolting of the ambulance over the rough road had loosened up the bandages on his foot, and had started it bleeding again. This blood ran down the side of the stretcher and started dripping. I was lying on my back, too weak to move, and the dripping of this blood got me in my unbandaged right eye. I closed my eye and pretty soon could not open the lid; the blood had congealed and closed it, as if it were glued down.

An English girl dressed in khaki was driving the ambulance, while beside her on the seat was a corporal of the R. A. M. C. They kept up a running conversation about Blighty which almost wrecked my nerves; pretty soon from the stretcher above me, the Irishman became aware of the fact that the bandage from his foot had become loose; it must have pained him horribly, because he yelled in a loud voice:

"If you don't stop this bloody death wagon and fix this d— bandage on my foot, I will get out and walk."

The girl on the seat turned around and in a sympathetic voice asked, "Poor fellow, are you very badly wounded?"

The Irishman, at this question, let out a howl of indignation and answered, "Am I very badly wounded, or not bloody cheek; no, I'm not wounded."

I've only been kicked by a canary bird."

The ambulance immediately stopped, and the corporal came to the rear and fixed him up, and also washed out my right eye. I was too weak to thank him, but it was a great relief. Then I must have become unconscious, because when I regained my senses, the ambulance was at a standstill, and my stretcher was being removed from it.

It was night, lanterns were flashing here and there, and I could see stretcher-bearers hurrying to and fro. Then I was carried into a hospital train.

The inside of this train looked like heaven to me, just pure white, and we met our first Red Cross nurses; we thought they were angels. And they were.

Nice little soft bunks and clean, white sheets.

A Red Cross nurse sat beside me during the whole ride which lasted three hours. She was holding my wrist; I thought I had made a hit, and tried to tell her how I got wounded, but she would put her finger to her lips and say, "Yes, I know, but you mustn't talk now, try to go to sleep, it'll do you good, doctor's orders." Later on I learned that she was taking my pulse every few minutes, as I was very weak from the loss of blood and they expected me to snuff it, but I didn't.

From the train we went into ambulances for a short ride to the hospital ship Panama. Another palace and more angels. I don't remember the trip across the channel.

I opened my eyes; I was being carried on a stretcher through lanes of people, some cheering, some waving flags, and others crying. The flags were Union Jacks. I was in Southampton. Blighty at last. My stretcher was strewn with flowers, cigarettes, and chocolates. Tears started to run down my cheek from my good eye. I like a booby was crying. Can you beat it?

Then into another hospital train, a five-hour ride to Paignton, another ambulance ride, and then I was carried into Munsey ward of the American Women's War hospital and put into a real bed.

This real bed was too much for my unstrung nerves and I fainted.

When I came to, a pretty Red Cross nurse was bending over me, bathing my forehead with cold water, then she left and the ward orderly placed a screen around my bed, and gave me a much-needed bath and clean pajamas. Then the screen was removed and a bowl of steaming soup was given me. It tasted delicious.

Before finishing my soup the nurse came back to ask me my name and number. She put this information down in a little book and then asked:

"What was your name in the States?"

"Out of bounds for patients." Generally the nurses were looking the other way when one of these night raids started. I hope this information will get none of them into trouble, but I cannot resist the temptation to let the commandant know that occasionally we put it over on him.

One afternoon I received a note, through our underground channel, from my female visitor, asking me to attend a party at her house that night. I answered that she could expect me and to meet me at a certain place on the road well known by all patients, and some visitors, as "over the wall." I told her I would be on hand at seven-thirty.

About seven-fifteen I sneaked my overcoat and cap out of the ward and hid it in the bushes. Then I told the nurse, a particular friend of mine, that I was going for a walk in the rose garden. She winked and I knew that everything was all right on her end.

Going out of the ward, I slipped into the bushes and made for the wall. It was dark as pitch and I was groping through the underbrush, when suddenly I stepped into space and felt myself rushing downward, a horrible bump, and blackness. When I came to my wounded shoulder was hurting horribly.

I was lying against a circular wall of bricks, dripping with moisture, and far away I could hear the trickling of water. I had in the darkness fallen into an old disused well. But why wasn't I wet? According to all rules I should have been drowned. Perhaps I was and didn't know it.

As the shock of my sudden stop gradually wore off it came to me that I was lying on a ledge and that the least movement on my part would precipitate me to the bottom of the well.

I struck a match. In its faint glare I saw that I was lying in a circular hole about twelve feet deep—the well had been filled in! The dripping I had heard came from a water pipe over on my right.

With my wounded shoulder it was impossible to shimmy up the pipe. I

could not yell for help, because the rescuer would want to know how the accident happened, and I would be haled before the commandant on charges. I just had to grin and bear it, with the forlorn hope that one of the returning night raiders would pass and I could give him our usual signal of "siss-s-s-s," which would bring him to the rescue.

Every half-hour I could hear the clock in the village strike, each stroke bringing forth a muffled volley of curses on the man who had dug the well.

After two hours I heard two men talking in low voices. I recognized Corporal Cook, an ardent "night raider." He heard my "siss-s-s-s" and came to the edge of the hole. I explained my predicament and amid a lot of impertinent remarks, which at the time I did not resent, I was soon fished out.

Taking off our boots, we sneaked into the ward. I was sitting on my bed in the dark, just starting to undress, when the man next to me, "Ginger" Phillips, whispered, "Op it, Yank, ere comes the matron."

I immediately got under the covers and feigned sleep. The matron stood talking in low tones to the night nurse and I fell asleep.

When I awoke in the morning the night sister, an American, was bending over me. An awful sight met my eyes. The coverlet on the bed and the sheets were a mass of mud and green slime. She was a good sport all right, and hustled to get clean clothes and sheets so that no one would get wise, but "on her own" she gave me a good tongue lashing but did not report me. One of the Canadians in the ward described her as being "a Jake of a good fellow."

Next visiting day I had an awful time explaining to my visitor why I had not met her at the appointed time and place.

And for a week every time I passed a patient he would call, "Well, well, here's the Yank. Hope you are feeling well, old top."

The surgeon in our ward was an American, a Harvard unit man, named Frost. We nicknamed him "Jack Frost." He was loved by all. If a Tommy was to be cut up he had no objection to undergoing the operation if "Jack Frost" was to wield the knife. Their confidence in him was pathetic. He was the best sport I have ever met.

One Saturday morning the commandant and some "high up" officers were inspecting the ward, when one of the patients who had been wounded in the head by a bit of shrapnel, fell on the floor in a fit. They brought him round, and then looked for the ward orderly to carry the patient back to his bed at the other end of the ward. The orderly was nowhere to be found—like our policemen, they never are when needed. The officers were at a loss how to get Palmer into his bed. Doctor Frost was fidgeting around in a nervous manner, when suddenly with a muffled "d—n" and a few other qualifying adjectives, he stooped down and took the man in his arms like a baby—he was no feather, either—and staggered down the ward with him, put him in bed and undressed him. A low murmur of approval came from the patients. Doctor Frost got very red, and as soon as he had finished undressing Palmer, hurriedly left the ward.

The wound in my face had almost healed and I was a horrible-looking sight—the left cheek twisted into a knot, the eye pulled down, and my mouth pointing in a north by northwest direction. I was very downhearted and could imagine myself during the rest of my life being shunned by all on account of the repulsive scar.

Doctor Frost arranged for me to go to the Cambridge Military hospital at Aldershot for a special operation to try and make the scar presentable.

I arrived at the hospital and got an awful shock. The food was poor and the discipline abnormally strict. No patient was allowed to sit on his bed, and smoking was permitted only at certain designated hours. The face specialist did nothing for me except to look at the wound. I made application for a transfer back to Paignton, offering to pay my transportation. This offer was accepted, and after two weeks' absence, once again I arrived in Munsey ward, all hope gone.

The next day after my return Doctor Frost stopped at my bed and said: "Well, Empey, if you want me to try and see what I can do with that scar I'll do it, but you are taking an awful chance."

I answered: "Well, doctor, Steve Brodie took a chance; he hails from New York and so do I."

Two days after the undertaker's sound carried me to the operating

room or "pictures," as we called them, because of the funny films we see under ether, and the operation was performed. It was a wonderful piece of



The Author Just Before Leaving for Home.

surgery and a marvelous success. From now on that doctor can have my shirt.

More than once some poor soldier has been brought into the ward in a dying condition, resulting from loss of blood and exhaustion caused by his long journey from the trenches. After an examination the doctor announces that the only thing that will save him is a transfusion of blood. Where is the blood to come from? He does not have to wait long for an answer—several Tommies immediately volunteer their blood for their mate. Three or four are accepted; a blood test is made, and next day the transfusion takes place and there is another pale face in the ward.

Whenever bone is needed for some special operation, there are always men willing to give some—a leg if necessary to save some mangled mate from being crippled for life. More than one man will go through life with another man's blood running through his veins, or a piece of his rib or his shinbone in his own anatomy. Sometimes he never even knows the name of his benefactor.

The spirit of sacrifice is wonderful. For all the suffering caused this war is a blessing to England—it has made new men of her sons; has welded all classes into one glorious whole.

And I can't help saying that the doctors, sisters, and nurses in the English hospitals, are angels on earth. I love them all and can never repay the care and kindness shown to me. For the rest of my life the Red Cross will be to me the symbol of Faith, Hope and Charity.

After four months in the hospital, I went before an examining board and was discharged from the service of his Britannic majesty as "physically unfit for further war service."

After my discharge I engaged pass-

(Continued next week.)

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Lobster Pickles Oysters Goulash Chile-Con-Carne Sardines Sausage Spaghetti Swiss Cheese Ravioli

These make up the usual Dutch lunch—but what will you serve to drink?

For years the host and hostess have been asking themselves that same question—especially whenever the occasion happens to be one of those cozy little after-theatre or "in-between-times" parties. Now, there is a ready answer—

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A BEVERAGE

This distinctively new creation in drinks is sparkling-snappy-delicious. It is healthful with the wholesomeness of the choicest cereals—appetizing with the agreeable bitter tang which makes it a choice beverage to encounter no prejudiced palate.

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Have the bottle opened in your presence, first seeing that the seal has not been broken, and that the crown bears the Fox. Bevo is sold in bottles only—bottled exclusively by ANHEUSER-BUSCH

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The animals we kill are slaughtered in an absolutely sanitary slaughterhouse and nothing but fat, healthy animals are used. We buy and sell stock of all kinds.

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4 CUPS OF WHEAT FLOUR TO THE POUND

If each family used 4 cups of flour less per week, the saving would be 22 million pounds or 112,244 barrels every week.

The greatest help housekeepers can give to win the war is to make this saving and it can be done by using this recipe in place of white flour bread.

Corn Meal Biscuits

3/4 cup scalded milk 1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 cup corn meal 1 cup white flour  
2 tablespoons shortening 4 teaspoons Dr. Price's Baking Powder

Save 1/2 cup of the measured flour for bread. Pour milk over corn meal, add shortening and salt. When cold, add sifted flour and baking powder. Roll out lightly on floured board. Cut with biscuit cutter and bake in greased pan fifteen to twenty minutes.

New Red, White and Blue booklet, "Best War Time Recipes," containing many other recipes for making delicious and wholesome wheat saving foods, mailed free.

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FOR MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S SHOES



# OVER THE TOP

## AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

### ARTHUR GUY EMPY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

#### SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I**—Fired by the news of the sinking of the Lusitania by a German submarine, Arthur Guy Empey, an American, leaves his office in Jersey City and goes to England where he enlists in the British army.

**CHAPTER II**—After a period of training, Empey volunteers for immediate service and soon finds himself in rest billets somewhere in France, where he first makes the acquaintance of the ever-precious "cooties."

**CHAPTER III**—Empey attends his first trench services at the front while a German machine gunner circles over the congregation.

**CHAPTER IV**—Empey's trench mates are ordered to "dig" the front-line trenches and is under fire for the first time.

**CHAPTER V**—Empey learns to adopt trench habits of the British Tommy. "If you're going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry."

**CHAPTER VI**—Empey gets his first experience as a mess orderly.

**CHAPTER VII**—Empey learns how the British soldiers are fed.

**CHAPTER VIII**—Back in the front-line trench, Empey sees his first friend of the crown to whom he says "go West."

**CHAPTER IX**—Empey makes his first trip to a dugout in "Suicide Ditch."

**CHAPTER X**—Empey learns what constitutes a "day's work" in the front-line trench.

**CHAPTER XI**—Empey goes "over the top" for the first time in a charge on the German trenches and is wounded by a machine gun.

**CHAPTER XII**—Empey joins the "suicide club" as the bombing squad is called.

**CHAPTER XIII**—Each Tommy gets an official bath.

**CHAPTER XIV**—Empey helps dig an advanced trench under German fire.

**CHAPTER XV**—On "matting post" in No Man's Land.

**CHAPTER XVI**—Two artillerymen "put one over" on Old Pepper, their regimental sergeant-major.

**CHAPTER XVII**—Empey has narrow escape while on patrol duty in No Man's Land.

**CHAPTER XVIII**—Back in rest billets Empey writes and stages a farce comedy.

**CHAPTER XIX**—Soldiers have many ways to amuse themselves while "on their own."

**CHAPTER XX**—Empey volunteers for machine gun service and goes back into the front-line trenches.

**CHAPTER XXI**—Empey again goes "over the top" in a charge which cost his company 17 killed and 11 wounded.

**CHAPTER XXII**—Trick with a machine gun silences one boisterous Fritz.

**CHAPTER XXIII**—German attack, preceded by gas wave, is repulsed.

During the intervals of falling star shells we carried on with our wire cutting until at last we succeeded in getting through the German barbed wire. At this point we were only ten feet from the German trenches. If we were discovered, we were like rats in a trap. Our way was cut off unless we ran along the wire to the narrow lane we had cut through. With our hearts in our mouths we waited for the three-tap signal to rush the German trench. Three taps had gotten about halfway down the line when suddenly about ten to twenty German star shells were fired all along the trench and landed in the barbed wire in rear of us, turning night into day and silhouetting us against the wall of light made by the flares. In the glaring light we were confronted by the following unpleasant scene.

All along the German trench, at about three-foot intervals, stood a big Prussian guardsman with his rifle at the aim, and then we found out why we had not been challenged when the man sneezed and the barbed wire had been improperly cut. About three feet in front of the trench they had constructed a single fence of barbed wire and we knew our chances were one thousand to one of returning alive. We could not rush their trench on account of this second defense. Then in front of me the challenge, "Halt," given in English rang out, and one of the finest things I have ever heard on the western front took place.

From the middle of our line some Tommy answered the challenge with, "Aw, go to h—l." It must have been the man who had sneezed or who had improperly cut the barbed wire; he wanted to show Fritz that he could die game. Then came the volley. Machine guns were turned loose and several bombs were thrown in our rear. The Boche in front of me was looking down his sight. This fellow might have, under ordinary circumstances, been handsome, but when I viewed him from the front of his rifle he had the goblins of childhood imagination relegated to the shade.

Then came a flash in front of me, the flare of his rifle—and my head seemed to burst. A bullet had hit me on the left side of my face about half an inch from my eye, smashing the cheek bones. I put my hand to my face and felt forward, biting the ground and kicking my feet. I thought I was dying, but, do you know, my past life did not unfold before me the way it does in novels.

The blood was streaming down my tunic, and the pain was awful. When I came to I said to myself, "Emp, old boy, you belong in Jersey City, and you'd better get back there as quickly as possible."

The bullets were cracking overhead. I crawled a few feet back to the German barbed wire, and in a stooping position, guiding myself by the wire, I went down the line looking for the lane we had cut through. Before reaching this lane I came to a lump of form which seemed like a bag of outstretched hanging over the wire. In the dim light I could see that its hands were blackened, and knew it was the body of one of my mates. I put my hand on his head, the top of which had been blown off by a bomb. My fingers sank into the hole. I pulled my hand back full of blood and brains, then I went crazy with fear and horror and rushed along the wire until I came to our lane. I had just turned down this lane when something inside of me seemed to say, "Look around." I did so; a bullet caught me on the left shoulder. It did not hurt much, just felt as if someone had punched me in the back, and then my left side went numb. My arm was dangling like a rag. I fell forward in a sitting position. But all the fear had left me and I was consumed with rage and cursed the German trenches. With my right hand I felt in my tunic for my first-aid or shell dressing. In feeling over my tunic my hand came in contact with one of the bombs which I carried. Gripping it, I pulled the pin out with my teeth and blindly threw it towards the German trench. I must have been out of my head, because I was only ten feet from the trench and took a chance of being mangled. If the bomb had failed to go into the trench I would have been blown to bits by the explosion of my own bomb.

By the flare of the explosion of the bomb, which luckily landed in their trench, I saw one big Boche throw up his arms and fall backwards, while his rifle flew into the air. Another one wilted and fell forward across the sandbags—then blackness.

Realizing what a foolhardy and risky thing I had done, I was again seized with a horrible fear. I dragged myself to my feet and ran madly down the lane through the barbed wire, stumbling over cut wires, tearing my uniform, and lacerating my hands and legs. Just as I was about to reach No Man's Land again, that same voice seemed to say, "Turn around." I did

so, when "crack," another bullet caught me, this time in the left shoulder about one-half inch away from the other wound. Then it was taps for me. The lights went out.

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Overhead shrapnel was bursting. I could hear the fragments snap the ground. Then I went out once more. When I came to everything was silence and darkness in No Man's Land. I was soaked with blood and a big flap from the wound in my cheek was hanging over my mouth. The blood running from this flap choked me. Out of the corner of my mouth I would try and blow it back, but it would not move. I reached for my shell dressing and tried, with one hand, to bandage my face to prevent the flow. I had an awful horror of bleeding to death and was getting very faint. You would have laughed if you had seen my ludicrous attempts at bandaging with one hand. The pains in my wounded shoulder were awful and I was getting sick at the stomach. I gave up the bandaging stunt as a bad job, and then fainted.

When I came to, hell was let loose. An intense bombardment was on, and on the whole my position was decidedly unpleasant. Then, suddenly, our barrage ceased. The silence almost hurt, but not for long, because Fritz turned loose with shrapnel, machine guns, and rifle fire. Then all along our line came a cheer and our boys came over the top in a charge. The first wave was composed of "Jocks." They were a magnificent sight, kilts, flapping in the wind, bare knees showing, and their bayonets glistening. In the first wave that passed my shell hole, one of the "Jocks," an immense fellow, about six feet two inches in height jumped right over me. On the right and left of me several soldiers in colored kilts were huddled on the ground, then over came the second wave, also "Jocks." One young Scot, when he came abreast of my shell hole, leaped into the air, his rifle shooting out of his hands, landing about six feet in front of him, bayonet first, and stuck in the ground, the butt trembling. This impressed me greatly.

Right now I can see the butt of that gun trembling. The Scot made a complete turn in the air, hit the ground, rolling over twice, each time clanging at the earth, and then remained still, about four feet from me, in a sort of sitting position. I called to him, "Are you hurt badly, Jock?" but no answer. He was dead. A dark red smudge was coming through his tunic right under the heart. The blood ran down his bare knees, making a horrible sight. On his right side he carried his water bottle. I was crazy for a drink and tried to reach this, but for the life of me could not negotiate that four feet. Then I became unconscious.

When I woke up I was in an advanced first-aid post. I asked the doctor if we had taken the trench. "We took the trench and the wood beyond, all right," he said, "and you fellows did your bit; but, my lad, that was thirty-six hours ago. You were lying in No Man's Land in that bally hole for a day and a half. It's a wonder you are alive." He also told me that out of the twenty that were in the raiding party, seventeen were killed. The officer died of wounds in crawling back to our trench and I was severely wounded, but one fellow returned without a scratch, without any prisoners. No doubt this chap was the one who had sneezed and improperly cut the barbed wire.

In the official communique our trench raid was described as follows:

"All quiet on the western front, excepting in the neighborhood of Gommecourt wood, where one of our raiding parties penetrated into the German lines."

It is needless to say that we had no use for our persuaders or come-alongs, as we brought back no prisoners, and until I die Old Pepper's words, "Personally I don't believe that that part of the German trench is occupied," will always come to me when I hear some fellow trying to get away with a fishy statement. I will judge it accordingly.



In "Blighty."

"Where do you come from?" I answered: "From the big town behind the Statue of Liberty;" upon hearing this she started jumping up and down, clapping her hands, and calling out to three nurses across the ward: "Come here, girls—at last we have got a real live Yankee with us." They came over and besieged me with questions, until the doctor arrived. Upon learning that I was an American he almost crushed my hand in his grip of welcome. They also were Americans, and were glad to see me.

The doctor very tenderly removed my bandages and told me, after viewing my wounds, that he would have to take me to the operating theater immediately. Personally I didn't care what was done with me.

In a few minutes, four orderlies who looked like undertakers dressed in white, brought a stretcher to my bed and placing me on it carried me out of the ward, across a courtyard to the operating room or "pictures," as Tommy calls it.

I don't remember having the anesthetic applied.

When I came to I was again lying in a bed in Munsey ward. One of the nurses had draped a large American flag over the head of the bed, and clasped in my hand was a smaller flag, and it made me feel good all over to again see the "Stars and Stripes."

At that time I wondered when the boys in the trenches would see the emblem of the "land of the free and the home of the brave" beside them, doing its bit in this great war of civilization.

My wounds were very painful, and several times at night I would dream that myriads of khaki-clad figures would pass my bed and each would stop, bend over me, and whisper, "The best of luck, mate."

Soaked with perspiration I would awake with a cry, and the night nurse would come over and hold my hand. This awakening got to be a habit with me until that particular nurse was transferred to another ward.

In three weeks' time, owing to the careful treatment received, I was able to sit up and get my bearings. Our ward contained seventy-five patients, 50 per cent of which were surgical cases. At the head of each bed hung a temperature chart and diagnosis sheet. Across this sheet would be written "G. S. W." or "S. W.," the former meaning gun shot wound and the latter shell wound. The "S. W." predominated, especially among the Royal Field Artillery and Royal engineers.

About forty different regiments were represented, and many arguments ensued as to the respective fighting ability of each regiment. The rivalry was wonderful. A Jock arguing with an Irishman, then a strong Cockney accent would butt in in favor of a London regiment. Before long a Welshman, followed by a member of a Yorkshire regiment, and, perhaps, a Canadian intrude themselves and the argument waxed loud and furious. The patients in the beds start howling for them to settle their dispute outside and the ward is in an uproar. The head sister comes along and with a wave of the hand completely routs the donkey warriors and again silence.

### MONUMENTS

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## F. E. Adams & Co.

(Continued on page six)

Subscribe for the Democrat, \$1.00

We now have 230 suits and 100 trousers in our store to select from. If you are looking for values, it will pay you well to see them before you buy. L. McMILLAN.

and through costly experience Tommy has become an expert in doing this. You must grasp the wire about two inches from the stake in your right hand and cut between the stake and your hand.

If you cut a wire improperly, a loud twang will ring out on the night air like the snapping of a banjo string. Perhaps this noise can be heard only for fifty or seventy-five yards, but in Tommy's mind it makes a loud noise in Berlin.

We had cut a lane about halfway through the wire when down the center of our line, twang! went an improperly cut wire. We crouched down,



Receiving First Aid.

cursing under our breath, trembling all over, our knees lacerated from the strands of the cut barbed wire on the ground, waiting for a challenge and the inevitable volley of rifle fire. Nothing happened. I suppose the fellow who cut the barbed wire improperly was the one who had succeeded about half an hour previously. What we wished him would never make his new year a happy one.

The officer, in my opinion, at the noise of the wire should have given the four-tap signal, which meant, "On your own, get back to your trenches as quickly as possible," but again he must have relied on the spiel that Old Pepper had given us in the dugout. "Personally I believe that that part of the German trench is unoccupied." Anyway, we got careless, but not so careless that we sang patriotic songs or made any unnecessary noise.

Then came a flash in front of me, the flare of his rifle—and my head seemed to burst. A bullet had hit me on the left side of my face about half an inch from my eye, smashing the cheek bones. I put my hand to my face and felt forward, biting the ground and kicking my feet. I thought I was dying, but, do you know, my past life did not unfold before me the way it does in novels.

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In the official communique our trench raid was described as follows:

"All quiet on the western front, excepting in the neighborhood of Gommecourt wood, where one of our raiding parties penetrated into the German lines."

It is needless to say that we had no use for our persuaders or come-alongs, as we brought back no prisoners, and until I die Old Pepper's words, "Personally I don't believe that that part of the German trench is occupied," will always come to me when I hear some fellow trying to get away with a fishy statement. I will judge it accordingly.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Blighty.

From this first-aid post, after inoculating me with antitetanus serum to prevent lockjaw, I was put into an ambulance and sent to a temporary hospital behind the lines. To reach this hospital we had to go along a road about five miles in length. This road was under shell fire, for now and then a flare would light up the sky—a tremendous explosion—and then the road seemed to tremble. We did not mind, though no doubt some of us wished that a shell would hit us and end our misery. Personally, I was not particular. It was nothing but bump, jolt, rattle, and bang.

Several times the driver would turn around and give us a "Cheero, mates, we'll soon be there—" fine fellows, those ambulance drivers, a lot of them go West, too.

We gradually drew out of the fire zone and pulled up in front of an immense dugout. Stretcher-bearers carried me down a number of steps and placed me on a white table in a brightly lighted room.

A sergeant of the Royal Army Medical corps removed my bandages and cut off my tunic. Then the doctor, with his sleeves rolled up, took charge. He winked at me and I winked back

## Dial

### Feed and Coal

Phone 125

# The Memphis Democrat

Jerry Dalton, Editor

Published Weekly, on Thursdays

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Memphis, Texas, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

### ADVERTISING RATES

Display advertising 15 cents per inch, column measure, each insertion. Professional cards \$1.00 per month.

Local readers, among news items, one cent per word, all initials and numbers count as words. Count ten words for each heading in black type.

Cards of thanks, obituaries, resolutions, etc., one cent per word. No charge for church, lodge, club or other similar announcements, except when they derive revenue therefrom. No advertisement will be taken for less than twenty-five cents. Count the words and send cash with copy unless you have an advertising account with this paper.

### DESCRIPTION PRICE

One Year, \$1.00; Six Months, 60 cents; Three Months, 35 cents

**W.S.S.**  
*Pledge the President*  
**JUNE 28<sup>th</sup>**

Attention Knitters!

Changes in Knitting Heavy Sweaters. See Red Cross Chairman.

Quantity of wool required about one pound or 4 hanks of 4-5 yarn, 1 pair Red Cross needles No. 3, diameter 1-5 inch.

Cast on 72 stitches; knit 2, purl 2 for 3 inches, knit across and purl back 10 inches, knit 1 row.

(A) Knit 6 stitches, purl across and knit last 6 stitches.

(B) Knit all the way across, repeat A and B for 8 inches, knit knit across and back 8 times, making 4 ridges, knit 6 stitches, then purl 1, knit 1, for 11 stitches; knit 6 stitches. Bind off 26 stitches for neck.

First Shoulder: Knit 6 stitches purl 1, knit 1 for 11 stitches; knit 6 stitches. Knit 7 stitches, then purl 1, knit 1 for 10 stitches; knit 6 stitches. Continue to knit and purl back and forth in this way 14 times, which leaves the wool at inner edge, break off wool and tie it on at neck-opening for

Second Shoulder: Knit 7 stitches, then purl 1, knit 1 for 10 stitches; knit 6 stitches. Knit 6 stitches, then purl 1, knit 1 for 11 stitches; knit 6 stitches. Continue to knit and purl back and forth in this way 14 times, which leaves the wool at inner edge; cast on 26 stitches, knit 6 then purl 1, knit 1 for 11 stitches; knit 6 stitches, knit across and back 8 times, making 4 ridges.

(C) Knit all the way across.

(D) Knit 6 stitches; purl across and knit last 6 stitches, repeat C and D for 8 inches, knit across and purl back for 10 inches, purl 2, knit 2 for 3 inches; bind off loosely. Sew up sides, leaving 9 inches for armholes. Single crochet 1 row around neck and armholes.

Measurements: Neck when stretched 11-12-12-12 inches. Across chest, not stretched, 17-20 inches.

The Southwestern Division must furnish four hundred thousand pairs of socks and one hundred and eighty sweaters before the first of September. Generally speaking the proportion to be maintained in your knitting is one muffler and one pair of wristlets to ten helmets, fifty sweaters and one hundred pairs of socks. We do not want to give chapters a quota on this because if a chapter is peculiarly fortunate in getting a supply of yarn suitable for socks we do not want them to knit only a specified number of socks and then use the rest of their yarn for some other purpose, but we want all the available sock yarn knitted into socks, and the coarser yarn used for sweaters, and we will let you know when to stop. We have a tremendous task before us for the summer months.

MRS. EDMUND F. BROWN,  
Director, Women's Work

**W.S.S.**  
*Pledge the President*  
**JUNE 28<sup>th</sup>**

### POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Democrat is authorized to make the following announcements for the offices named, subject to the action of the Democratic primary election to be held July 27, 1918.

For Representative 104th. District  
S. A. BRYANT

For District Judge, 46 Judicial District,  
WILEY C. TISDALE, Foard Co.

R. H. COCKE, Jr., Collinsworth.

J. A. NABERS, Vernon.

For State Senator, in 29th District  
R. L. TEMPLETON, Wellington.

W. S. BELL, Crowell.

### COUNTY OFFICES

For County Judge,  
S. G. ALEXANDER.

W. A. McINTOSH

For Sheriff and Tax-Collector,  
L. McMILLAN

J. A. PRESSLEY

J. E. KING.

M. J. CUMMINGS.

J. V. (Doc) BARBER

For District and County Clerk,  
M. O. GOODPASTURE

E. E. WALKER

GEORGE N. SCRUGGS

For Tax-Assessor,  
A. G. POWELL (Second term)

For County Superintendent,  
M. E. McNALLY (Second term)

For County Attorney,  
W. J. BRAGG

### PRECINCT OFFICES

For Constable, Precinct No. 1,  
E. A. ("TATER") THOMAS.

For Justice of Peace  
A. C. HOFFMAN. (Second term)

For Commissioner, Precinct No. 1  
T. M. McMURRY

For Commissioner, Precinct No. 2  
J. T. DENNIS (Second term)

For County Commissioner, Pre. 3  
JOHN R. BARNES, Estelline

For Public Weigher, Precinct No. 1  
JOHN T. BISHOP (re-election)

R. C. (BOB) HIGHTOWER.

### Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days

Your druggist will refund money if FAZO GENTLE'S fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. The first application gives Ease and Rest. 50c.

W. S. S.

### Drives Out Malaria, Builds Up System

The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out Malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 60c.

W. S. S.

### WESTERN STATE POINTS WAY

New Mexico Retains Title to Lands, Getting Millions a Year for Schools.

New Mexico has retained title to its lands. As a result many cattle raisers, crowded off by speculators from the privately monopolized lands of other states, are making use of New Mexico's public lands. Thus we get another object lesson showing the responsibility of land monopoly for decrease in our meat supply and for the rising cost of living. New Mexico's enlightened policy is proving profitable to the state. From the rental of its land it has derived a revenue of \$1,098,000 for the eleven months ending with November 1. For the current month \$250,000 more is anticipated.

This entire revenue goes to the school system. Had the land been sold, it is not difficult to see that most of it would before now be withheld from use, while the state would long ago have spent the money it had received. This is the case where the sale policy has prevailed. But the mistake is not irreparable. Through land value taxation it is possible for states and communities to get, in the future, the advantages a prodigal policy has lost them in the past. And the advantage need not be confined to certain lands set aside for the support of the schools, but to all that have any value.

### MICKIE SAYS

SAY, FOLKS! WHEN YOU WRITE PIECES FOR THE PAPER, FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE, SIGN YOUR NAME TO 'EM SO THE BOSS WON'T THROW 'EM ON THE FLOOR FOR ME TO PICK UP. HE SAYS AN UNSIGNED LETTER AINT ANY BETTER THAN AN UNSIGNED CHECK!



## King the Tailor

Does better work, takes more care than most cleaners and pressers. He will appreciate a fair trial. Work called for and delivered.

Phone 3

We carry an up-to-date line of gents furnishings, including the Wilson Brothers' Shirts.  
L. McMILLAN, O. K. Tailor

### Cut the Weeds.

Cut the weeds! Begin now, and keep them down; it is much easier to do if you begin when the weeds are small and tender.

Wanted—Book-keeper at cotton gin, also necessary to be competent to operate wagon scales. Lady preferred. For particulars see Coleman White at the gin office, Memphis, Texas.

Williams & Miller Gin Co.

W. S. S.

Remember! the men in our Army and Navy do not expect luxuries. Should we at home expect them? Buy necessities and War Savings Stamps.

W. S. S.

War Savings Stamps save lives.

**W.S.S.**  
*Pledge the President*  
**JUNE 28<sup>th</sup>**

## Tourist Garage

G. A. SAGER, Prop.

Oils, Gas, Storage, Accessories  
Tires and Tubes

MEMPHIS.

We would like to have a little trade please.

We need it and will appreciate and treat you the best we know

Neel Grocery Co.



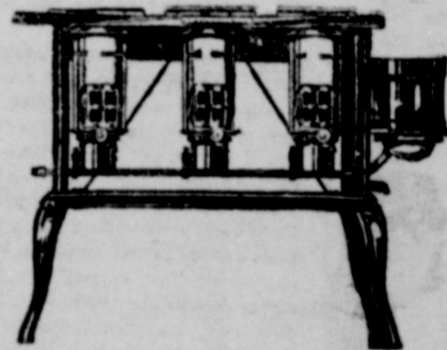
We appreciate your business and will have nothing undone to give you the most satisfactory Service. Our goods are always fresh and are kept and delivered in the most sanitary manner possible.

Phone No. 116

## The Stafford Grocery

# "PERFECTION"

Fool Proof  
No Smoke  
No Odor



Require little  
Attention  
Gives Service

Ain't it hot? Sure Mike, and we think you should have the old man come in and get a "Perfection" Oil Stove to use during the hot summer weather. Then you will be good looking when you're old.

Slaton-Miller Hdw. Co.

New fall line of A. E. Nettleton shoes for men, worth \$10.00, our price \$8.00.

## Connally Shoe Company