

WINTER

TIME

Is Looking us in
the face and remind-

ing us of

Clothing

Shoes

and Dry

Good

That we need and must have within the next few days, so we take pleasure in asking that you call and let us supply your wants with dry goods of all kinds, clothing and shoes at a very close price on the best and highest grade of

Merchandise

that money can buy. We have any item you may want in the dry goods line, and can fill your bill complete for the least amount of money. Our

Grocery Department

is complete, and we offer for your consideration the best grades of all kinds of groceries at a price that is not made you every day on the quality of goods we offer you. Come and allow us to show you the many good items offered.

Kennedy Brothers

The Store for Everybody

HOW DURNELL GROWS POTATOES

I have been asked by several of my friends and neighbors, who knew that I was conducting an experiment with sweet potatoes to give them the results of the experiment and also my method of growing potatoes. This is my third year experimenting with different kinds of fertilizer and varieties of sweet potatoes and can see that I have just begun to learn how to raise them.

No man can reach perfection in any branch of farming in three years, even with the assistance and co-operation of the agricultural college force, so I will say to the readers of this article that what I have accomplished this year you can do as well and if you will try a few new methods you may even do much better. I expect to do better myself another year and I hope someone will compete with me and next fall we will report the result of our efforts to the Messenger. I believe we could accomplish lots of good in that way and I am sure the most of us would have more "taters and hog" and less hard luck stories to tell. Let each one who cares to enter a contest of this kind begin to get his plot of ground in shape and select the crop he wishes to grow. You will find it quite interesting and profitable. Every year there are sent out from College Station, fertilizers to about one hundred applicants over the state for the purpose of conducting co-operative fertilizer tests in order to find out which kind of fertilizer pays best on that particular soil or in that locality. For truck growing, one half of an acre is required, for other crops one acre is planted. The department sent me the fertilizers and my test was with the Improved Pumpkin Yam variety of sweet potatoes. My land was two years in cotton and two years in potatoes previous to the experiment. Rows were 70 yards long. Had three rows in each plot. Rows were three feet and two inches apart. Had ten plots making one half acre. Land was sown in oats last fall and the oats plowed under in April when about knee high; listed and relisted before planting; harrowed down at planting time; set from May 13, to June 1. Set by hand two feet apart in the row. Cultivated them once only at the time they began to vine. This plowing was done with a large heel sweep very shallow, as I did not want to disturb the roots. Had no rain after the big rain the first week in May until Ferguson knocked the Ball over the fence and made a home run for Austin, or in other words July 25th. Harvested October 30th. Dried three days and were weighed by John F. Martin and G. L. Waddell. Plot No. 1 or first three rows were not fertilized—yield 643 lbs. Plot No. 2; 15 lbs. acid phosphate—yield 743 lbs. Plot No. 3, 20 lbs. cotton seed meal—yield 645 lbs. Plot No. 4, 15 lbs. acid phosphate, 20 lbs. cotton seed meal and 5 lbs. nitrate of soda—yield 711 lbs. Plot No. 5, 15 lbs. acid phosphate and 20 lbs. cotton seed meal—658 lbs. Plot No. 6, 15 lbs. acid phosphate and 20 lbs. cotton seed meal and 2 lbs. sulphate of potash—yield 716 lbs. Plot No. 7, 15 lbs. acid phosphate, 20 lbs. cotton seed meal and 5 lbs. sulphate of potash—yield 792 lbs. Plot No. 8, nothing—yield 714 lbs. Plot No. 9, 1500 lbs. stable manure—yield 980 lbs. Plot No. 10, 1500 lbs. stable manure and 15 lbs. acid phosphate—yield 990 lbs. Total yield 7592 lbs. or 188 bushels at 55 lbs. per bushel.

Some don'ts for prospective potato growers.
Don't put potatoes on poor land.
Don't put them on grassy land.
Don't bed your land when it is too wet.
Don't set your plants out right after a rain, wait a few days.
Don't set them shallow in the bed.
Don't leave them in a hole.
Don't put them too close together.
Don't plant a poor kind it don't pay to plant poor seed.
Don't bed out strings and expect to grow potatoes from them.
Don't bed them flat but raise the ground.
Don't put the fertilizer that you use in bedding under the potatoes, put it on top where the slips will take root in it.
Don't set slips too young.
Don't be stingy about bedding seed, as a dollar saved there means several dollars lost in yield from late planting, and last of all don't fail to grow enough potatoes in 1915 for your own use.

W. R. DURNELL.
Route 3.

JUNIOR LEAGUE PROGRAM

Song.
Leader, Balis Edens.
Prayer.
Reading, Dorothy Clewis.
Solo, Alta Kershner.
Reading, Louise McCarty.
Song.
Reading, Elizabeth Leaverton.
Roll Call.
Closing song.
Benediction.

THE HONOR ROLL

The following belong on the Messenger's honor roll this week
J. D. Haltom, David Caskey, Turner Skidmore, Mrs. Hattie Jones, W. S. Tyler, W. R. Matthews, Jack Beazley, Dr. C. C. Hill, J. L. Kennedy, Grapeland. R. J. Gee, Percilla. Wm. Springman, Alton, Ill.

The "boss" could not resist the temptation to hike off to Houston to take in the Deep Water Jubilee, as the newspaper men will be especially entertained, so if there are any shortcomings in the Messenger this week just charge it to loss and gain, and look for the gain later.

Fred Bridges and J. L. Kennedy of the New Prospect community were pleasant callers at the Messenger office Monday. Mr. Bridges just moved back to his old home from Victoria county, where he resided the past year. He says he is glad to get back.

As Long as You Live You Must Eat

You may search the country from end to end and you will not find better things to eat, or at less cost than we are giving you right now at the Cash Grocery Store.

No need to say anything more in this advertisement--IT HAS HIT THE SPOT.

THE CASH GROCERY COMPANY
FREE DELIVERY Phone us Your Orders

COOK STOVES!

Good house wife, are you worried sick every time you try to cook a meal on that old stove? We have COOK STOVES that will please you and give you perfect satisfaction. The price ranges from

\$8.50 to \$25.00

Everyone guaranteed—why pay more. Let us show you these stoves. We have the things you want to cook, too. Remember our specialty in the grocery line, Blue Ribbon flour and Sunset coffee. Come to see us for what ever you want, and be assured that we will serve you to the very best of our ability.

McLean & Riall

THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE
BOTH PHONES FREE DELIVERY

IF

**WE HAVE IT IT'S RIGHT
IT'S RIGHT WE HAVE IT**

**OUR CHIEF AIM IS TO SATISFY
OUR CUSTOMERS**

Our stock is large and of wide variety. Inspect it.

High-grade Drugs and Medicines represent the principal line handled, but we have all the different SUNDRIES AND TOILET ARTICLES that are in demand.

You'll do well to come here first when in need of anything in the drug line. WE HAVE IT.

WE SELL FOR CASH ONLY

D. N. Leaverton

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

Patronize The Messenger's Advertisers

The Human Slaughter-House

By WILHELM LAMSZUS

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CHAPTER VIII.

The Swamp.

For the whole of the forenoon we had heard firing in the distance, the thunder of cannon and the rattle of musketry. Our regiment had been marched hither and thither. The fight had drawn nearer and nearer. We were expecting to be under fire at any moment, and then we had to fall back again, and look for a new place to develop our attack. It seemed as if the orders that came through were contradictory, and this tension of uncertainty fell like a blight on our spirits, and got on the nerves both of officers and men. At length we had wound through a defile, the steep slopes of which, left and right, were thickly grown with trees. Things had got into a bit of a mess. We had had to force our way through undergrowth soaked with rain, through brambles and clumps of tall broom on which the green pods were still pendent. At times there was nothing in sight except the roof and wall of greenery. We breathed more freely when at last the sky spread clear overhead again.

So now we have reached a green meadow, and are marching straight across it, but are still unable to see anything of the enemy's forces yet. Even the firing has died down, and has become more distant than before. It seemed as if we had come into another, remoter world, and—so we have; for soon we notice how soft the ground has become under our feet, how water is oozing up at every step. We shall, if we go on, be right in the middle of a swamp.

That is the reason of the solitude reigning all around us.

The terrain is impracticable. To the right and left of us, and all about us, nothing but swamp, running out into a broad sheet of open water, the depths of which no one can guess, or tell whether it be fordable.

The head of the column is already swinging round and we are retracing our steps toward the defile to get out of the rat-trap.

And in the middle of the meadow: "Halt! Form sections!"

The companies have fallen in. The officers have assembled, and are pow-owing. We seem to have lost touch. The sergeant beside me is swearing up his sleeve, and is cursing at something about lunacy and blindman's buff. I am gazing up meditatively at the heights, overgrown with trees and undergrowth, and am thinking what fun it would be if we were to have to make our way back to the defile now, and in the thick of it the enemy were to break in on us right and left—no man would come out of it alive—the battle of the Teutoburger forest recurs to me—I am trying to make out if they are oaks or beeches over there—

Of a sudden there is a flash of lightning from the undergrowth; the very firmament cracks and sways as if it were going to fall in on us.

"Lie down!" Horror screams somewhere or other.

And trembling, we lie down . . . and over our heads rushes something that howls for our flesh. . . . What's the next thing? Up and at them now! Rush straight at the guns. Suffocate their fiery mouths with our flesh and bones.

"Up! Get up!" The captain comes up to us at a run. The breath of the iron holds us tight pressed to the ground as if in a vice.

Turn your head away. Now! Now! Then—A-a-h!

The vault of Heaven has cracked above us, and has spurted down on to the sand from above. Life is lying there, wriggling on the earth, and the hands that were clawing the ground are now clutching idly at the shattered air. I rise to my feet again. . . . I have not been hit. But the man who leaped up beside me—he is lying flat in the sand and screaming in a broken voice. He is lying as if he had been nailed firmly through his stomach to the earth, and as if he could not get free again. The body itself is dead, only the arms and legs are still alive. And arms and legs are working wildly through the air.

"Up! Get up! Quick march!" a voice yells in our ears. We no longer know who it is shouting to us, and we don't know from what quarter they have called us. . . . We leap to our

feet. We leave the captain and the wounded in their blood; we start up and run away, and are running for our bare, naked life. But the shells have the legs of us. They catch us up from behind in our backs, and where- ever the invisible sheaf plunges hissing down, men are falling with it and rolling helter-skelter in their blood. But we speed away over twitching and dismembered bodies, and over bodies turning somersaults, and look neither to the right nor to the left. We are on the run, and shrink into ourselves as we run. We draw our necks deep between our shoulders, for every man feels that the next moment his head will be leaping out from between his shoulder blades from behind.

And eyes of iron are glaring at us from behind. The swamp! The swamp! The thought suddenly up- rears its head in me. We are running blindly straight into the swamp. Only another twenty paces now—already the foremost have reached it, and, senseless in their terror, jump into it—the water spurts up high—and now—what has happened now? Their feet are stuck fast—they tilt over forwards—they claw for something to hold on to—the rifle flies out of their hand—and face forward they plunge into the water—and close on our heels they come stamping up—the tight-packed, maddened mob. . . .

"Back! Get back!" But every one has ceased to be con- scious of what he is doing. And though our eyes start out of our head at the terror we see in front of us, death is breathing its cold breath into the back of our neck.

And into the gurgling water, wrig- gling with bodies and alive with lungs, over human bodies writhing beneath the water, death tramples us to the other bank. Any man who goes down is lost, for they are pressing on be-

hind us past all holding. The water is already up to our armpits. But there is a firm bottom beneath our feet. True, the bottom may clutch at us, and cling round our feet. True, the water may bite savagely at our flesh with teeth and with nails. But what- ever may be trying to draw us down to itself from below, we trample under- foot. The shoulders of a form emerge; they plunge down again, and disappear. The faces of drowning men emerge and cleave to the light, and sink gurgling into the depths. Lost arms wave about in the air and try to find support on the surface of the water. We dodge these arms, for whomever they may seize they draw down with them to death.

And in the thick of this hurly-burly of death, amid these whistling lungs, amid these panting, red, panic-stricken faces, the cloud of shells strikes home, and hurls its hail of iron overhead. The water spurts up in jets.

And again! Explosions and screams, and the hissing of lead, and the shrieks of men, and blood and water foam up, till no one knows whether he has been hit or is still alive; for in front of me—so close that I could clutch it—I see a jugular vein, ripped through, spurt- ing in an arch like a fountain—and in his blood the fellow hit staggers back, and blood and howls surfelt the black flood, until it is at length reddened with human blood—Get on! get on! Don't look round! There—the other bank over there! There life is stand- ing and spreading out his arms to- ward us. Get on! Before they have murdered all of us in this swamp! Get up! Get up! Thank God! The wa- ter's falling! Only up to the hips now—only up to the knees.

And now— Our feet leap on to the dry, blessed land and strike forward beyond all control, and race over the field. They refuse to obey any order. They are racing—racing toward the protection of the forest beckoning us of its mercy. There! Headlong in among the trees, and into the bushes, into the thorns. There they are falling lifeless to the ground, their faces buried in the soil, and they are squeezing their eyes tight, to shut out the sight of the accursed blue of heaven that spat down on us so treacherously—You dogs! You beasts! To shoot us down from behind—it is nothing more nor less than cowardly assassination.

And slowly breath and conscious- ness return to us again, and when we have come to our senses we look at one another with dumb eyes, and these eyes pre- s-ent a sight that is good. A great, unspeakable horror that

will never be allayed again has risen in these eyes.

CHAPTER IX.

The Whirling Earth.

Half-way on the march some one fell down beside me, flung out his arms, clawed himself tightly to the earth, and screamed and gasped against the soil. Barely half an hour later we saw another who had fallen into convulsions. And when we were lying in a damp ditch waiting for the enemy, a man suddenly jumped up, and shrieked, and ran away. He laughed back at us from afar until he vanished from our sight in the rain. The shrieking and running away had infected us all. 'Twon't be long before it will be your turn.

We were now drawing on our last reserve. We were still standing with our spades in our hands, and throw- ing, with aching backs and arms, more soil on the works, when in front of us we saw figures passing up and down on the gray, twilight field. They were grubbing the soil up busily, and were putting something we could not see into holes, and covering it in again. They went about their work noiselessly—no incautious step and no unguarded movement—and when they came back again and passed us, and marched on, their faces were livid and their lips dumb. They proved themselves to be first-class moles. They had done a good bit of



"Has Red Hell Opened Its Mouth?"

work. They had undermined the earth. They had stuffed the ground with explosives, and if the enemy comes tonight we shall repay the gifts they lavished upon us from the sky the other day with interest. They have arranged it all like a rat-trap.

Over there, beyond the mined field even, two companies are lying in extended order. And midway between them, without a vestige of cover, stands our battery on the open field. It is planted there as if it were doomed to be delivered into the enemy's hands.

And now we are lying in our long trenches, and are peering out into the field, with our eyes glued to the sharply outlined silhouettes of the guns. The sun has set some time ago.

From the far distance the thin rattle of musketry reaches us clearly. Wonder if it'll last much longer?

Our orders are to remain under arms.

We have put on our overcoats. The night is chilly, and lowering. I gaze out over the field of death—nothing makes any difference to me now—if only it were over quickly.

A scout has come in, and delivers his report in a whisper.

Our instructions are not to fire be- fore the order to fire is given, and— then to fire into the air.

In the background, far on the hori- zon, the ground rises, and the gray skyline stands out against the cloudy sky. The musketry fire has become hotter from minute to minute, and has increased to a threatening rattle. To the right and left of us fighting is in full swing. In front of us the mined field lies silent, and the two companies too, are lying silent in their rifle-pits.

I am conscious that I am terribly tired—I can no longer keep myself on my feet—my head sinks down on my rifle—my eyes close—but the over- strained nerves are still alert.

And now— The earth reverberates sullenly.

That's our battery! It is firing straight into the darkness. So our turn is coming now.

We hear how "ours" over there is opening fire, and how it suddenly in-

creases, and dies down, and then again swells to a maddening rattle. That it an attack by sharpshooters in over- whelming strength . . . they can- not be very far from one another now . . . and yet the battery goes on bellowing, and luring the enemy to assault. . . .

And now a martial symphony rises over the dark country . . . bugles shrill through the darkness, and drums are rolling sullenly . . . that means a general assault . . . there rises a sound of shouting and tramping . . . a thunderous roar of triumph rises to the dark sky . . . that is the shout of victory from a thousand throats . . . in their thousands they have charged "ours" over there, and have crushed them by assault. . . . Ha, ha! they have taken a battery by storm. . . .

Why, of a sudden, has silence fal- len . . . what is the object of it . . . now it's our turn . . .

"Into the air! Rapid fire!" And the volley crashes. And look there . . . over there the cheer rings out again . . . the signals for assault sound, and thousands of voices are shouting it simultaneously . . . there they are foaming up . . . they are charging on, drunk with vic- tory, in closed ranks . . . they are rolling with a roar over the mined field . . . they are trampling the earth, as if with horses' hoofs . . .

fore my eyes . . . I see red death standing outside there on the plain . . . the clouds reveal a face grin- ning down on the symphony . . . and suddenly a clear note detaches it- self from the darkness—a tune which enraptured death is playing to himself till his fiddle splits . . . is that a human being coming up, running, here? . . . he is coming with a rush . . . he will leap upon our backs . . . halt! halt! halt! He stumbles upright into the trenches, and tumbles sobbing and howling, among our rifles. He strikes out at us with hands and feet . . . he is crying and struggling like a child, and yet no man dares go up to him . . . for now he is rising on his knee . . . and then we see! Half his face has been torn away . . . one eye gone . . . the twitching muscle of the cheek is hanging down . . . he is kneeling, and opening and closing his hands, and is howling to us for mercy.

We gaze at him horror-stricken and are paralyzed . . . then at length the yokel—and our eyes thank him for it—raises the butt of his rifle and places the muzzle against the sound temple . . . bang! . . . and the maimed wreckage falls over back- ward and lies still in his blood. . . .

And again the darkness casts up shapes . . . they run up and reel about like drunken men . . . they fall over and pick themselves up anew . . . they race forward through the night in zigzags, until they at last collapse exhausted, and lie still under our very eyes and make an end of it. . . .

And at length some one comes crawling toward us . . . he is crawling up on all fours . . . he is dragging something behind him with his body, and all the time he is whin- ing like a sick dog, and is howling shrilly in long-drawn tones . . . he is still crawling along fast—and when he has reached us we see—and the blood stands still in our hearts—they are his entrails hanging out of his body . . . his belly has been ripped up from below . . . he is crawling, he is crawling up on his entrails . . . he is coming . . . the en- trails are coming . . . horror breaks out from every pore . . . for hardly three paces away from me he lies still . . . and then . . . May God forgive me! . . . he raises himself slowly on his hands . . . he succeeds for a moment . . . and looks . . . Merciful God! . . . he looks at me, and re- fuses to let my eyes go again . . . I can see nothing except these great, death-stricken eyes . . . Merciful God! . . . his eyes, those eyes! Those are a mother's eyes looking down on me unspeakably . . . that is a son of his mother lying there before us butchered. . . . I will break out of my fastness. . . . I will throw myself on him, sobbing, and kiss his face, and bathe his anguish away in my tears. . . . I will do it! I will! . . . and cannot stir myself from my rigid tension. . . . Then the monstrous strain relaxes— his arms give way . . . he falls forward on his face and sinks down on his tortured body. His hands twitch once more . . . then he lies still and kisses Mother Earth, who has slain her children so horri- bly. . . .

I am done . . . my hands are trembling. . . . Then all of a sud- den, a voice behind us begins to sing . . . solemnly—long-drawn. . . . "Now thank we all our God" . . . that is madness singing there . . . we are all next door to madness. . . . I look round, and see gray, dis- torted faces, and blazing, startled eye- balls. . . . And suddenly the sing- ing voice changes to a loud, impudent burst of laughter. . . .

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" The laugh is full of horror, and mingles with the dying whine beyond. . . . The laugh grows ever louder, and ever wilder, and laughs in triumph at the naked, pitiful dying, littering the ground. "Drummers! Strike up!" shouts the voice. "Uncover for prayer!"

We recognize him; he is a Jesuit belonging to some pious sect. A ser- geant has seized him, and tries to hold him . . . the captain has run up, but the madman tears himself away and runs ahead of them to a rifle pit . . . he stands aloft, a black, wild silhouette against the pale sky, and spreads out his arms in blessing over the sick night . . . he stands there like a rapt priest, and raves, and is blessing the mangled darkness. "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Then arms seize him from behind and pull him down . . . they drag him to the ground. . . . "Our Father" he howls aloud, and strikes and kicks out all round him, and goes on praying from his raging body until at length breath fails him . . . they have tied him hand and foot, and have gagged him. . . .

But now the thing-that-couldn't hap- pened . . .

(Continued Next Page)

that means death . . . I am lying rigid . . . now it must break, now . . . I open my mouth wide . . . my rifle is trembling in my grasp.

And then—

The earth has opened her mouth . . . lightnings, crashes and thun- derings, and the heaven splits in twain and falls down in flame—the earth whirrs upwards in shreds . . . men and the earth blaze and hurtle through the air like catharine wheels . . . and then . . . a crash, a madden- ing uproar, strikes us full in the chest,

so that we reel backward to the ground, and half-consciously struggle for breath in the sand . . . and now . . . the storm is over . . . the pressure of the atmosphere re- laxes off our chest . . . we breathe deep . . . only scattered, dancing flames now and squibs . . . fire- works. . . .

But what on earth has happened?— We peer out fearfully over our earthworks.

Has r' hell opened its mouth?

There rises a noise of screams and yells, an uproar so unnaturally wild and unrestrained that we cringe up closer to one another . . . and, trembling, we see that our faces, our uniforms, have red, wet stains, and distinctly recognize shreds of flesh on the cloth. And among our feet some- thing is lying that was not lying there before—it gleams white from the dark sand and uncurls . . . a strange dismembered hand . . . and there . . . and there . . . fragments of flesh with the uniform still ad- hering to them—then we realize it, and horror overwhelms us.

Outside there are lying arms, legs, heads, trunks . . . they are howl- ing into the night; the whole reg- iment is lying mangled on the ground there, a lump of humanity crying to Heaven. . . .

Clouds are arising from the earth . . . they are rising crying aloud in the air . . . they pass over us in thick drifts, so that we can see the wounds steaming, and can taste blood and bones upon our tongues. . . .

And then a spectral vision rises be-

pens—that none the less was bound to happen.

And when the voice calls out it comes over me as if I had lived it all once before.

"Captain!" shouts the hard, naked, impudent voice we all know. "Have-n't you got any cotton wool for us to plug our ears with?"

We have all turned round as if at the word of command. It is the militiaman, the yokel, standing facing the captain and gesticulating at him. "I only wanted to ask if those are wild beasts, or if they're what are called human beings you've torn to pieces there?"

But curt and sharp, as we knew it, the rasping note of command responds:

"What the devil's the matter with you? Pull yourself together. Can't you hear? Get back to your place at once."

But then it bursts out, the voice of nature, and resounds so harshly, and tears down all barriers.

"Murderers!" rears a blasphemous mouth. "Murderers of men! We shall have to knock them all on the head like dogs."

We all start as if under an electric shock . . . that was what was on the tip of the tongues of all of us . . . that was the climax that was bound to come . . . we cannot endure to go on lying in this charnel-house any longer.

"You mind what you're about." The other's wrath breaks out once more . . . and then we know it for certain, the captain is a fool . . . he has lost the game from the very start . . . and now . . . it is like a shadow play before my eyes . . . I see that the militiaman has drawn his bayonet . . . the captain is standing facing him with his revolver in his hand, and gives him an order . . . he promptly gets a blow with the butt end of the rifle on his head that fells him to the ground without a sound . . . and they leap up from all the trenches. "Murderers!" they cry. "Murderers! Kill them!"

There is no stopping it now. . . . I feel I have gone mad. . . . I do not know where I am. . . . I see wild beasts all round me distorted unnaturally in a life-and-death grapple . . . with bloodshot eyes, with foaming, gnashing mouths, they attack and kill one another, and try to mangle one another. . . . I leap to my feet. . . . I must get away, to escape from myself, or in another minute I shall be in the thick of this maddened, death-doomed mob . . . I stumble over the rifle-pits. . . . I race out into the night, and tread on quaking flesh . . . step on hard heads, and stumble over weapons and helmets . . . something is clutching at my feet like hands, so that I race away like a hunted deer with the hounds at its heels . . . and ever more bodies—breathless—out of one field into another. . . . Horror is crooning over my head . . . horror is crooning beneath my feet . . . and nothing but dying, mangled flesh . . .

Has the whole earth exploded then? . . . Are there nothing but dead abroad this night? . . . Has every human being been fustiladed?

How long have I been running? . . . I hear how my lungs are whistling . . . and hear how my temples are beating . . . my breath is choked. . . . I am done. . . . I stagger backwards . . . am falling dead to the ground . . . no! I am sinking back on something soft, and sit still motionless, and listen intently to the night. . . . I can hear nothing except the blood in my ears . . . all of a sudden there is a light in my eyes like bright, clean daylight . . . the sun is shining . . . then I realize it, it is my own head . . . visions are teeming in my brain, and are teeming out of my head, one unwearily on the heels of the other. . . . I see the regiments marching out . . . they are passing by in the bright sunshine . . . the Blues from over there, the Reds from over here; they are marching against each other in long array. . . . Now they halt, and are standing drawn up against each other on a huge front . . . ready for the fray . . . then our captain's voice on this side rings out. . . . "Ready!" . . . and the rifles on both sides are raised. I see the black mass of the muzzles . . . they are scarcely ten paces apart . . . they are aiming straight for the chest. . . . "Stop!" I am trying to cry out, "Stop! You ought to attack in open order with seven paces intervals."

Then our captain's voice rings out again. "Fire!" . . . the volley crashes, and behold! not a man is hit . . . they all are standing there unscathed . . . they have fired into the air . . . and with shouts of joy the ranks dissolve . . . they rush toward one another . . . the rifles fall to the ground . . . but they rush into one another's arms, and fondle one another, and laugh aloud as children laugh . . . then they fall back into line . . . they

shoulder their rifles . . . right about turn! . . . the bands strike up a joyous march, they march off with hands playing—every regiment to its own home. . . .

And now I catch myself slinging an accompaniment to it aloud. . . . I am beating time with my right hand, and supporting myself on my seat with my left . . . and something trickles oddly across my hand—something like warm water . . . I raise my hand to my eyes . . . it is red and moist . . . blood is flowing over my white hand . . . then I realize it, the white thing under me is not a heap of sand. . . . I have been sitting on a corpse . . . horror-stricken, I rush about . . . and one is lying over there, too . . . and there, and there! . . . Merciful God! I see it plainly now; there are only dead tonight . . . the human race died out this very night . . . I am the last survivor . . . the fields are dead—the woods dead—the villages dead—the cities dead—the earth is dead—the earth was butchered tonight, and I, only I have escaped the slaughter-house.

And it comes over me as a great thing, a pathetically great thing—now I know what my destiny is—lowering, I watch my own actions, and wait to see how I shall accomplish it—I mark how I am slowly putting my hand into my pocket—before I left home I took my pocket-pistol with me. I am holding the toy in my hand—the steel is looking up at me and blinking at me—I am gazing with a smile into its black, confiding muzzle—I am holding it against my temples—I pull the trigger, and fall over backward—the last of mankind on this dead earth!

EPILOGUE.

We Poor Dead.

They have now covered up our hot breath with earth. Why are you blinking at me with your bleared eyes, my brother? Are you not glad? Don't they envy us our sweet death? They have laid us out in a picturesque row, and you need only turn your head to rub against human flesh at once, and if you turn your yellow eyeball, you can see nothing but corpses in the twilight. One beside the other, that is how they are sleeping. And corpse upon corpse, ever more of them, through the whole length of the loose soil of the potato-field, and we even fill the whole adjoining field of roots.

Wonder whether the sun still goes on shining above us?—whether they still know how to laugh in the towns as we used to in our time? Wonder whether my wife still goes on remembering her dead husband—and my two kiddies—whether they have already forgotten their father? They were so tiny at the time—another man'll come along—they will call another fellow father—and my wife is still so young and fair.

We poor dead heroes! So do not disturb our last sleep any longer. We had to die to enable the others to live. We died for our native land in its straits. We are victorious now, and have won land and fame, land enough for millions of our brothers. Our wives have land, our children, our mothers, our fathers have land. And now our poor native land has air to breathe. It need no longer be stifled. They have cleared the air of us. They have got rid of us, of us who were far too many. We are no longer eating the bread away from other folks' mouths. We are so full-fed, so full-fed and quiet. But they have got land! Fertile land! And ore! Iron mines! Gold! Spices! And bread!

Come, brother philosopher, let us turn our faces to the earth. Let us sleep upon our laurels, and let us dream of nothing but our country's future.

THE END.

Feed Potatoes to Cows.

When not too expensive, potatoes may be fed to cows in limited quantities. They should be chopped or sliced and fed raw, 20 pounds being about as large a daily allowance as a cow should receive.

HE LISTENED.

"I listened to a few moments of your conversation with Professor Jenkins last night."

"And what were we talking about?"

"You were talking about how silly monkeys are."

"Listeners never hear any good of themselves."

HEARD ON THE TRAIN.

"What have you got in the package?"

"Drawing materials."

"I didn't know you were an artist?"

"Artist nothing! It contains a couple of pairs of forceps the dentist asked me to get for him."—Boston Transcript.

MOTHERS' CLUB PROGRAM

Roll Call—Responded to by one reason why we should be loyal to our country, or a one quotation on loyalty.

Paper—The Influence of Red Letter Days in Home and School, Mrs. Cromwell.

Open discussion on points to be emphasized this year in home and school, observance of Thanksgiving, Christmas, patriotic birthdays, Easter, Fourth of July, etc.

Song—Battle Hymn of the Republic (all standing).

Paper—Some principles to observe in successful study, Mrs. Stafford.

How we can help our children to study right, Mr. Jackson, Miss Hill Mrs. Granberry and Mrs. Kent.

Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for Croup

Croup scares you. The loud, hoarse, croupy cough, choking and gasping for breath, labored breathing, call for immediate relief. The very first doses of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound will master the croup. It cuts the thick mucus, clears away the phlegm and opens up and eases the air passages. Sold by D. N. Leaverton. adv

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

If stains have been neglected and fixed by soap in the laundry, it may be necessary to apply dilute oxalic acid or chloride of lime, or to treat them with lemon juice and salt, afterward exposing the articles to the air and sunshine.

To remove mildew stains on linen dissolve one ounce of chloride of lime in one pint of cold water, then add three pints of boiling water. Soak the stains in this from three to twelve hours. Remove, rinse thoroughly and send to the laundry. If the chloride of lime is not thoroughly washed washed out the fabric may be injured.

To remove tar stains rub the spot first with lard and then with soap. Leave for an hour and then wash in hot water softened with ammonia. If traces will remain, rub with turpentine.

Every family that has children is liable to have croup; invariably at night. If Ballard's Horehound Syrup is kept in the house, it saves going after the medicine at an inconvenient time and checks the attack promptly. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. Adv.

The chill microbe meets its fate in Herbine. There are thousands of these germs in the air you breathe and any derangement of the liver, stomach or bowels gives them the opportunity they seek. A dose of Herbine destroys them, clears them out completely and promotes a fine feeling of strength and buoyancy. Price 50c. Sold by A. S. Porter. Adv.

Remarkable Cure of Croup

"Last winter when my little boy had croup I got him a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I honestly believe it saved his life," writes Mrs. J. B. Cook, Indiana, Pa. "It cut the phlegm and relieved his coughing spells. I am most grateful for what this remedy has done for him." For sale by all dealers. adv

Bring us 35 lbs. of seed cotton on your subscription.

The Messenger.

WHEN YOUR BACK ACHES

It is a sure sign that something is wrong with your kidneys, you should take

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

IT IS A POWERFUL KIDNEY REMEDY

It is a kidney tonic and liver stimulant of the highest order. It relieves the strain on the suffering kidneys, puts new life in the torpid liver, helps digestion, eases the aching back and makes you feel well and strong again.

Sold by Dealers in Medicine.

Price \$1.00 per Bottle

Prickly Ash Bitters Co., Proprietors, St. Louis, Mo.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

A TYPICAL CASE

A sixteen year old boy studied shorthand three months and then began working for the Santa Fe railroad at \$70.00 per month. An elder brother has worked for years on the same road as an unskilled laborer, and gets only \$40.00 per month for his services. If you were in the condition of the elder brother, what would you do? Let us suggest you go right now and take a course of bookkeeping, shorthand, business administration and finance or telegraphy, at the Tyler Commercial College of Tyler, Texas, the largest and best school of the kind in America. If you can't go, write for full particulars of their correspondence course. adv

Despondency Due to Indigestion

It is not at all surprising that persons who have indigestion become discouraged and despondent. Here are a few words of hope and cheer for them by Mrs. Blanche Bowers, Indiana, Pa.: "For years my digestion was so poor that I could only eat the lightest foods. I tried everything that I heard of to get relief, but not until about a year ago when I saw Chamberlain's Tablets advertised and got a bottle of them, did I find the right treatment. I soon began to improve, and since taking a few bottles of them my digestion is fine." For sale by all dealers. adv

Ladies' work a specialty. adv Clewis, the Tailor.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING

After the dust is removed make a mixture of linseed oil one part and turpentine two parts. With a thin flat brush apply this mixture all over the wire netting both sides, and the frame as well. Apply this sparingly so as not to clog the meshes. The screens can be stored away anywhere in this condition and in the spring need only to be wiped free of accumulated dust before going back in the windows.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

Monday, 9—Hannibal born, 247 B. C.

Tuesday, 10—Carnegie establishes \$25,000,000 Educational Fund, 1911.

Wednesday, 11—Birmingham, Ala., founded, 1877.

Thursday, 12—Alexander the Great died, 323 B. C.

Friday, 13—Massachusetts authorizes Privateers, 1775.

Saturday, 14—Revolution in Isle of Pines, 1905.

Sunday, 15—Saturn's D. ring discovered, 1850.

"Doctor" M. L. Clewis, Clothes Specialist. All troubles of any kind of wearing apparel carefully treated. Give him a trial. adv.

Important

Bear in mind that Chamberlain's Tablets not only move the bowels but improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion. For sale by all dealers. (Advertisement)



For Better Bread
Flakier Pastry
and Lighter Cakes

Use **GLADIOLA FLOUR**
Made by a New and Perfect Process

Get a Sack Free

Enter our monthly baking contest. We give a 48-pound sack of Gladiola Flour every month as a prize for good cooking.

Ask Us For Full Particulars

Nothing wholesome taken from the wheat—nothing harmful added.

Try It—You'll Like It

It's Better-Than-Usual goodness will surprise you.

W. R. WHERRY

Sell and Guarantee It

Money Back if you are not Wholly Satisfied

THE GRAPELAND MESSENGER

A. H. LUKER, Editor and Owner

Entered in the Postoffice at Grapeland, Texas, every Thursday as Second Class Mail Matter.

Subscribers ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—Obituaries and Resolutions of Respect are printed for half price—2 1/2c per line. Other matter "not news" charged at regular rates.

Our advertising rates are reasonable and quoted upon application.

OUR PURPOSE—It is the purpose of the Messenger to record accurately, simply and interestingly the moral, intellectual, industrial and political progress of Grapeland and Houston county. To aid us in this every citizen should give us his moral and financial support.

SUBSCRIPTION — IN ADVANCE

1 YEAR-----	\$1.00
6 MONTHS---	.50
3 MONTHS---	.25

THURSDAY, NOV. 12, 1914

The most successful advertisers the world has ever known are those that advertise the most when money is scarce. Some people are always looking for bargains, but when times are hard everybody is looking for bargains.—Justin Tribune.

The republicans came very near getting the democrats' "goat" in the election last week. The majority in the house was reduced from 141 down to about 20. The democrats will now have to stay on the job to hold the advantage.

Teddy Roosevelt and his little bunch of progressives hit the bottom with a sickening thud last Tuesday. It means that in 1916 democrats will have to face a re-united republican party—and that's not encouraging news.

What has become of the old fashioned farmer who used to have from 17 to 29 head of hogs to kill, who had a smoke-house where he cured meat with the smoke of hickory chips, and who fetched country hams to town to sell. Where is he?—Troup Banner.

Search us! He don't live around here anywhere.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR COTTON

The Messenger man has made several trips through the country recently and it is surprising to see the amount of cotton lying out taking the weather.

Several years ago when the price of cotton dropped so low, a holding movement was inaugurated throughout the south for an advance in price. Most of the cotton held was left on the ground out in the open without

any protection from the weather. As all cotton and insurance men will remember, the loss from "country damage" was appalling, in many instances over a hundred pounds per bale.

Now that so much cotton is being held there is likely to be a repetition of these wanton and careless methods, and even though the price is low, there is no reason why a pound of it should be wasted, especially when it costs nothing but a little energy to guard against it. The absorbant nature of cotton is well known and when left on the ground the mud and rain will not only deteriorate the surface, but will eat several inches into the bale. The bales should be laid on skids, rails or planks, on the edges, and covered if possible.

RAISE OUR OWN LIVESTOCK

There is the opportunity of a lifetime awaiting the American raiser of livestock who can now show the world that it is within the power of American breeders to produce livestock which will measure up to the standard of the fancy importations which have carried off our blue ribbons and won our sweepstakes in contests where foreign and domestic livestock were entered in competition. For several months there have been no importations; Europe's cattle must remain in Europe to feed a hungry and warring nation and after the war has exacted its toll, the cream of Europe's prize winners will have been sacrificed to the God of War and a new era will be forced on the American breeder.

We have always looked across the Atlantic for ultimate perfection in our fancy livestock, but the time has come when the raiser of fine stock must stand upon his own feet and develop his own champions.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish so far as words can express to thank the good people who stood by us during the sickness and death of our beloved father, Jerry E. Payne. We wish to also especially thank the ones responsible for the flower offering at the funeral. Could you read our hearts you would fully understand our appreciation. May God bless you.

His Children.

Will Gray and Carl Fulton went to Galveston Saturday to see the big battleship "Texas."

IN MEMORIUM

In memory of our precious father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Payne, who lately departed this life and went home to their final reward to be crowned with glory and eternal life, whose presence was ever a benediction to us while they were with us. These words written by Louisa Mae Alcott.

Mysterious death! Who in a single hour
Life's gold can so refine
And by their art divine
Change mortal weakness into immortal power.

Bending beneath the weight of many years,
Spent with the noble strife
Of a victorious life—
We watched them fading heavenward through our tears.

But ere the sense of loss our hearts had wrung,
A miracle had wrought
And swift as happy thought
They lived again, brave, beautiful and young.

Age, pain and sorrow dropped the veils they wore,
And showed the tender eyes
Of angels in disguise
Whose discipline so patiently they bore.

The past years brought their harvest rich and fair,
While memory and love
Together fondly wove
A golden garland for their silver hair.

How could we mourn like those who are bereft,
When every pang of grief
Found balm for its relief
In counting up the treasures they had left.

Faith that withstood the shock of toil and time,
Hope that defied despair,
Patience that conquered care
And loyalty whose courage was sublime.

The great deep heart that was a home for all,
Just, eloquent and strong
That protest against wrong,
Wide charity that knew no sin, no fall.

The Spartan spirit that made life so grand,
Meeting all daily needs
With high heroic deeds
That wrested happiness from fate's hard hand.

We thought to weep but sang for joy instead,
Full of grateful peace
That followed their release
For nothing but the weary dust lies dead.

J. E. PAYNE DEAD

After an illness of two weeks, Mr. J. E. Payne of the Jones' School House Community, departed this life on November 1, at 4 o'clock, p. m. Deceased was 75 years old, and for 58 years was a consistent member of the M. E. Church South. He has always been a leading citizen in whatever community he has resided, first in the moral, civic and material progress of the people, a loving and affectionate father.

He was born in Tennessee, and came with his father and family to Texas when he was 17 years of age. During the American civil war he did four years' service under General Taylor in Louisiana and Arkansas.

Deceased is survived by eight children, thirteen grand-children and one great grandchild. Just two months and two days before he left his world of sorrows, Mr. Payne saw laid to her last resting

place his beloved wife, who was 69 years of age.

Funeral services were conducted Monday afternoon at 3 p. m. by Rev. D. H. Hotchkiss, pastor First Methodist church, Crockett, assisted by Revs. Whitehead and Leediker, and interment was made in the Grounds cemetery. A large concourse of sorrowing friends and relatives followed the last remains to their final resting place. The flower offering was beautiful, both the new grave and that one made two months previously being covered with them.

The county has lost a most valuable asset, and another home has been broken up. This marks a mile-stone reached by this family that all must sooner or later reach, and then perhaps, but certainly not now, we can realize what such bereavement means.

The Messenger extends condolence to the bereaved ones in this the saddest hour of their lives.

DREW FOUR YEARS

Joe Rawls, former constable of the Grapeland precinct, who was indicted by the grand jury on charges of cattle theft, was tried in the district court at Crockett last Friday. Rawls entered a plea of guilty and was given four years in the penitentiary by the jury. Under the law, this was the lightest sentence that could be imposed.

AT DARSEY'S

Grapeland's Leading Store.

Everyone will find

Only the best of

Everything.

Do you like to trade

At a place where

Right Prices, Quality and

Superior Service go with

Each Purchase? We guarantee

You these--and more.

Satisfaction must be yours.

Winter will soon be here and we offer you our big stock of seasonable merchandise to select your goods from. We are complete outfitters for the entire family. Give us a trial. We appreciate your business.

GEO. E. DARSEY

THE INSTITUTE

The second local teachers' institute met at Grapeland, Nov. 6, and 7, 1914.

The meeting was a decided success. The local schools were well represented by an attendance of teachers, patrons and friends. There were present also, a number of teachers from quite a distance. An interesting program was rendered at each session to a large and appreciative audience.

The people of Grapeland very hospitably entertained the visiting teachers.

Best Cough Medicine for Children

"Three years ago when I was living in Pittsburgh one of my children had a hard cold and coughed dreadfully. Upon the advice of a druggist I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it benefitted him at once. I find it the best cough medicine for children because it is pleasant to take. They do not object to taking it," writes Mrs. Lafayette Tuck, Homer City, Pa. This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic, and may be given to a child as confidently as to an adult. For sale by all dealers. adv

An old bachelor says that he figured on taking a voyage on the sea of matrimony at one time, but fortunately missed the boat and went to Clewis' tailor shop and had his measure taken for a new fall suit.

THERE'S SAFETY IN TRADING HERE

Porter Says:—

Prescription filling requires study, effort, integrity, precision, and work--lots of work. PORTER GIVES YOU ALL--then some.

Porter's Drug Store

Prescription Specialists

Everything in the Drug Line

LOCAL NEWS

Have Clewis to press your trousers. One leg pressed 15c, two legs 25c, top free. adv

Bring us 35 pounds of seed cotton on your subscription. The Messenger.

18 lbs. granulated sugar and 4 lbs. roasted coffee for \$2.00 ANY DAY YOU WANT IT. adv W. R. WHERRY.

Joe Hill has gone to Crockett where he has a position with the Times.

Lewis Keen Meriwether of Crockett visited friends in Grapeland Sunday.

Miss Denny Bynum of Crockett was the week end guest of Misses Lucile and Edna Hill.

Mrs. A. W. Grant of Center and Miss Ruth Berry of Crockett visited their sister, Mrs. J. W. Howard, last week.

Tax Collector Geo. Denny was here Saturday collecting, but reported business dull.

Hon. J. W. Madden and Col. Earl Adams of Crockett were here Saturday attending justice court.

Miss Carnie Murchison, who is teaching at Reynard, came home Friday afternoon to visit homefolks and attend the institute.

Stokes Pelham, who is teaching school near Lovelady, was here Saturday attending the local teachers' institute.

18 lbs. granulated sugar and 4 lbs. roasted coffee for \$2.00 ANY DAY YOU WANT IT. adv W. R. WHERRY.

We are always wide awake to the new styles in men's clothes. Service is our watchword. adv Clewis, the tailor.

A. S. Moore, the newly elected county clerk, went to Crockett last Thursday, and will soon take the oath of office and will assume charge of the clerk's office about December 1.

S. H. Lively, a former Grapeland citizen now living at Dodge, was here Monday on business matters and meeting his many friends.

W. G. Darsey, D. N. Leaverton, E. W. Davis and Billie Alee left Monday afternoon for Houston to attend the deep water jubilee. They went through the country in Mr. Darsey's car.

Dr. Sam Kennedy
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office in Leaverton's Drug Store
Main Street

IF YOUR WATCH, CLOCK or JEWELRY NEEDS ANY REPAIRING

Take it to PORTER'S DRUG STORE and have it put in shape LIKE NEW. Just the kind of work you will get in big cities at REASONABLE PRICES by one who will do the kind of work you will like and fully guaranteed.

W. C. VICKERS
GRAPELAND, TEXAS

NOTICE

According to contract must have cash for meal and hulls when delivered. No exceptions. adv J. W. Howard.

The kidneys are small but important organs. They need help occasionally. Prickly Ash Biters is a successful kidney tonic and system regulator. Sold by all druggists. adv

J. F. Lively, who recently moved to his new farm home south of town on the Crockett road, is making some improvements on his residence.

Mrs. H. S. Robertson of Oakhurst has returned home after visiting her sister, Mrs. B. F. Hill here a few days last week.

The Grapeland girls came out victorious Saturday afternoon in the game of basket ball with Laxo, the score being 32 to 14. They are now preparing to play a game with Crockett in the near future.

NOTICE

I take this method of warning trespassers to keep out of my field and enclosure. This means you. M. D. Murchison. adv.

Bank No. 768

Official Statement

OF THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE

Guaranty State Bank

at Grapeland, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 31st day of Oct., 1914, published in the Grapeland Messenger, a newspaper printed and published at Grapeland, State of Texas, on the 12th day of Nov., 1914.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral.	\$33,720.01
Loans, real estate	3,366.83
Overdrafts	5.30
Cotton Account	159.41
Real estate, (banking house)	3,428.90
Furniture and Fixtures	2,189.40
Due from approved reserve agents, net	\$2,623.86
Due from other banks and bankers, subject to check, net	\$ 38.89
Cash Items	84.54
Currency	500.00
Specie	1,844.45
Interest in Depositors Guaranty Fund and assessment	433.44
Other resources as follows: Collection in Transit	60.00
Total	48,454.53

LIABILITIES:

Capital stock paid in	\$15,000.00
Surplus Fund	3,500.00
Undivided profits, net	327.56
Individual deposits, subject to check	18,551.30
Time Certificates of Deposits	3,103.02
Cashier's Checks	193.15
Bills payable and discounts	7,779.50
Total	48,454.53

State of Texas, }
County of Houston, }

We, C. W. Kennedy as president, and U. M. Brock as cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

C. W. KENNEDY,
President.

U. M. BROCK, Cashier.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 9 day of Nov., A. D., nineteen hundred and fourteen
Witness my hand and notarial seal on the date last aforesaid.

J. N. A. DAVIS,
Notary Public,
Houston County, Texas.

Correct—Attest:
J. R. Pennington }
J. E. Bean } Directors
W. H. Holcomb }

Bank No. 183

OFFICIAL STATEMENT

Of the Financial Condition of the
Farmers & Merchants State Bank
At Grapeland, State of Texas,

at the close of business, on the 31st day of Oct., 1914, published in the Messenger, a newspaper printed and published at Grapeland, State of Texas, on the 12th day of Nov., 1914:

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral.	\$52,991 40
Loans, real estate	6,000 00
Overdrafts	301 48
Bonds and Stocks	000 00
Suspense Account	100 00
Real estate (banking house)	2,983 03
Furniture and fixtures	2,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents	\$3,311 86
Due from other Banks and Bankers subject to check	156 05 3,467 94
Cash Items	521 65
Currency	512 00
Specie	2,278 85 8,312 00
Interest in Depositors Guaranty Fund	901 63
Other resources as follows: Collection in Transit	345 15
Total	\$72,402 60

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in	\$15,000 00
Surplus Fund	10,500 00
Undivided Profits net	6-8 34
Due to Banks and Bankers, subject to check	000 00
Individual Deposits, subject to check	21,368 40
Time Certificates of Deposit	4,104 86
Cotton Account	5,191 00
Bills Payable and discounts	15,500 00
Other liabilities as follows: Dividends unpaid	50 00
Total	\$ 72,402 60

State of Texas, }
County of Houston, } ss

We, George E. Darsey, as President, and W. D. Granberry, as Cashier of said Bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.
GEO. E. DARSEY, President.
W. D. GRANBERRY, Cashier.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 9th day of Nov. A. D., nineteen hundred and fourteen. Witness my hand and notarial seal, on the date last aforesaid.

J. R. RICHARDS,
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
W. G. DARSEY }
T. S. KENT } Directors
M. E. DARSEY }

In damp, chilly weather there is always a large demand for Ballard's Snow Liniment because many people who know by experience its great relieving power in rheumatic aches and pains, prepare to apply it at the first twinge. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter. Adv.

SYRUP FOR SALE

Pure home-made ribbon cane at 70c per gallon.

adv. R. F. Hodges,
Grapeland, Texas, Route 1

Foley Cathartic Tablets

Are wholesome, thoroughly cleansing, and have a stimulating effect on the stomach, liver and bowels. Regulate you with no griping and no unpleasant after effects. Stout people find they give immense relief and comfort. Anti-bilious. Sold by D. N. Leaverton. adv

FOR SALE

One full blood Hampshire sow with pigs; bred to a full blood Hampshire male.

T. F. JOHN,
Ratcliff, Texas. adv

OUR GREAT

COMBINATION

OFFER

All Europe is at war. That's no longer news, but you will find all the latest news of the greatest conflict in history in the

GALVESTON DAILY TRIBUNE

The Tribune also carries the complete day leased wire report of the Associated Press, that great news gathering organization, which fully covers all happenings throughout Texas, the United States and every portion of the entire world.

YOUR LOCAL PAPER

gives you information that is needful, but it cannot cover the whole field, hence if you would keep posted on the momentous events that are now transpiring you should subscribe for a daily paper. By a special arrangement with the publishers of the Galveston Tribune we are able to offer you

THE TRIBUNE AND MESSENGER

ONE YEAR FOR THE LOW SUM

\$4.00

The regular subscription price of the Galveston Tribune is \$5.00 per year, and the Messenger is \$1.00 per year, aggregating \$6.00, but in this combination you get them both for \$4.00.

Think of it! Your favorite local paper and a metropolitan daily paper that gives you the news uncolored both one year for only \$4.00

Send Your Order to This Office To-Day

GRAPELAND MESSENGER

Printing

of the

Quality Kind

LET US KNOW YOUR
PRINTING WANTS

WE'LL EXECUTE THEM IN A
SATISFACTORY MANNER
AND QUICKLY

The Messenger

PAY YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

Community Co-Operation

Copyrighted Farm & Ranch—Holland's Magazine

When co-operation among the builders of the Tower of Babel was destroyed, further construction was rendered impossible, and one of the most gigantic tasks ever undertaken by man was abandoned.

Lack of co-operation on the part of General Grouchy caused the defeat of the French armies at the battle of Waterloo, and forever put an end to Napoleon's dream of empire.

You can possibly think of many other great failures brought about because of the absence of co-operation among the workers employed. Can you name one great achievement in which co-operation was not an important factor?

Surely the most essential element to the growth and prosperity of any community is an intelligent co-operative effort along commercial lines on the part of the individuals residing therein towards its development and upbuilding.

Investigate conditions in any rapidly developing town or community and you will find that commercial co-operation is the keystone to whatever success may have been attained.

To get best results, the raw materials produced by farmers, stockmen and others should find a ready demand at the hands of local merchants at figures in accordance with prices quoted elsewhere.

In turn, the needs and desires of the people in the community should be supplied from stocks of goods in the towns to which their territory is tributary—provided the same lines of goods are carried that are offered in the large city stores.

One of this country's greatest financiers recently stated that the inability of the average consumer to correctly judge the true values of various articles

purchased, is one of the causes of increased cost of living. Unquestionably true, but to what ends would the ordinary person have to go to be able to competently judge the actual quality contained in the countless articles he or she purchases? In many cases it would be impossible.

The consumer as well as the retailer—and even the jobber—is dependent upon the manufacturer's honesty and sincerity for the quality and wholesomeness of one piece of merchandise, as he is the person in position to competently judge and select the raw materials before they are made up into the finished articles.

Now, there just two classes of manufacturers:

1st—Those who place their names and trademarks upon their products, and then advertise them to establish in the mind of the consuming public a standard of quality for every article bearing this name and trademark.

2nd—Those who do not place their names upon their products do not acquaint themselves with the consumer, and in this way destroy the identity of the source of responsibility for inferior and unwholesome goods. This class of merchandise is sold largely under unknown brands.

Upon which class should you depend for value received?

Your local can handle standard brands of goods to as good advantage to himself as the largest merchant in New York City, and on this class of goods you are protected as much as though you were a competent judge of quality and values.

Your progressive merchants who carry standard lines, deserve your patronage, and you should extend it to them, as they are your fellow-workmen in the upbuilding of your community.

Women Suffer Terribly from

Kidney Trouble

Around on her feet all day—no wonder a woman has backache, headache, stiff swollen joints, weariness, poor sleep and kidney trouble. Foley Kidney Pills give quick relief for these troubles. They strengthen the kidneys—take away the aches, pain and weariness. Make life worth living again. Try Foley Kidney Pills and see how much better you feel. For sale by D. N. Leaverton. adv

Hack! Hack! Hack!

With raw tickling throat, tight chest, sore lungs—you need Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, and quickly. The first dose helps, it leaves a soothing, healing coating as it glides down your throat, you feel better at once. Every user is a friend. Sold by D. N. Leaverton. adv

A bottle of Prickly Ash Bitters kept in the house and used occasionally means good health to the whole household. Sold by all druggists. adv

When you need a Liniment, use a good one. To insure beneficial results, get

Ballard's Snow Liniment

It is a Pain Relief and Healing Remedy That Answers Every Requirement.

It is of exceptional power in rheumatic diseases; relieves the aching joints, relaxes the drawn muscles, restores the strength, ease and suppleness of youth. It is also effective in healing all wounds, sores or abrasions of the flesh. It is a splendid household remedy for man or beast.

Try it for cuts, burns, bruises, old sores, lame back, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, frost bites, chilblains, contracted muscles, stiff neck. It stops pain and heals quickly.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per Bottle.

JAMES F. BALLARD PROPRIETOR ST. LOUIS, MO.

To cure Smarting Eyeballs, Sore Eyes or Weak Sight, use Staphys Eye Salve.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

A. S. PORTER, DRUGGIST

COUNTRY MOTHERS CITED WAYS TO HELP THEIR COMMUNITY

By "Observer"

No fair minded man or woman is going to censor those good women in rural district for the interest they take in the churches in their respective communities, but we do sometimes wonder why an equal interest is not taken in the rural schools by the patrons.

It is not enough to elect or appoint a board of directors, who in turn employ a teacher, and then turn the whole school system over to them. We do not believe any board of directors wish to assume the entire responsibility for a school's welfare, and certainly no individual teacher does.

In the cities and towns women's clubs, or at least civic leagues do much toward improving school life. Happily, too, these clubs are being formed among country women, and there is no reason why the women of every rural community should not have their own little club for the moral and educational welfare of their community.

Mrs. Emma Gary Wallace, who conducts the Home and School Club Work department of the American Motherhood magazine, is persistently urging these local organizations among the mothers of country school districts.

There may be those readers of the Messenger who will think Mrs. Wallace's views too "modern" to be practical in this community, but they are not. If the methods of supervision that were in vogue twenty or forty years ago are allowed to rule in this day, then we should expect no better results than were obtained twenty or forty years ago—and the boy or girl of today cannot get very far in the business, or even social world if he or she leaves school with the three "R's" that were everything in education forty years ago.

Mrs. Wallace suggests a Rural Mothers' club look after the following items connected with the school or schools in their district.

Every east, south and west window should have a shade so that bright light need never shine directly on the blackboard or in the pupils' eyes.

Outhouses should be carefully supervised, the approaches screened, and weekly disinfection with chloride of lime insisted upon.

Sometimes the wells go a long time without being cleaned. This should not be, and individual drinking receptacles should be used.

The school should be furnished with a receptacle for liquid soap which is both economical and sanitary. Wash basin and paper towels also should be had.

During cold weather provisions should be made that children could have a drink with their meals at noon. Vacuum bottles will solve this problem if it can be done in no cheaper way.

These and many other things could easily be done for the comfort and health of school children, and as we feel sure the rural mothers are just as resourceful as their city sisters, the taxpayers need not be alarmed by the suggestion.

The best thing a knocker can do for his home town or county is to let Clewis make him a tailor made suit and then move to Europe. adv.

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Patron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without its tiring me, and am doing all my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. 1-62

A Man Feels Better

IN A TAILOR MADE SUIT

Because it fits him all over and not in spots. Because there are no wrinkles and bulges to advertise it as a "hand-me-down." Because it is better made, will last longer and give better satisfaction in every way than a ready made suit. Because it is made to fit his figure, and not a dummy representing a thousand different figures and shapes. Because successful men are known to have a partiality to tailor made suits, and every man likes to be considered successful. Of course people prefer tailor made suits. Call in and see the new fall designs.

M. L. CLEWIS, The Tailor

THE ENEMY OF CHILDHOOD.

The greatest enemy of childhood is the tape worm and similar parasites. They are the direct cause of the loss of thousands of children who were so weakened by the pernicious action of these pests that they became easy victims of disease. The best protection against worms is to give the children an occasional dose of WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE. It not only removes worms, but acts as a general tonic in the stomach and bowels. Price 25c per Bottle. Jas. F. Ballard, Prop., St. Louis, Mo.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

A. S. PORTER, DRUGGIST

I. N. Whitaker

WATCHMAKER and PHOTOGRAPHER

You will find me at my office in Grapeland every Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

I repair watches, clocks, guns and sewing machines.

Are You a Woman?

Take Cardui

The Woman's Tonic

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Caskey and Denson Barbers

Your Business will be Appreciated

Shop in Lively building just around the corner off Main st.

Laundry basket leaves Wednesday and returns Saturday



The Best Medicine Made for Kidney and Bladder Troubles

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

for Backache, Rheumatism, Kidneys and Bladder.

Sold by D. N. Leaverton

ABSTRACTS

You can not sell your land without an Abstract showing perfect title. Why not have your lands abstracted and your titles perfected? We have the

ONLY COMPLETE UP-TO-DATE ABSTRACT LAND TITLES OF HOUSTON COUNTY
ADAMS & YOUNG
CROCKETT, TEXAS

A Sale of Exceptional Values

Beginning Saturday, Nov. 14th and Closing

Saturday, November 27th

IN VIEW Of the present conditions that exist, money being very scarce, and everybody wanting a dollar to buy as much as possible, we have decided to offer our stock of goods to the public at prices that just cover wholesale cost. It has always been our policy to do everything possible to help our customers. If you will remember, in the early part of the season we gave 10c per pound for cotton, and, now we are opening our doors to the public and offering them our goods at prices that can't be duplicated. We feel sure that everyone will take advantage of this sale and supply their wants at a great saving. Everything in our store will be sold at bargain prices. Below are a few of the many bargains we are offering:

<p>Dress Goods, Calicoes, Domestic, Etc.</p> <p>All standard calicoes going at per yard..... 5c</p> <p>Apron check gingham, regular 8 1/2c value, for... 7 1/2c</p> <p>Dress gingham, regular 10c value for..... 8 1/2c</p> <p>Shirtings, regular 10c value for..... 8 1/2c</p> <p>Humbly madras, regular 20c value for..... 15c</p> <p>Brocade silk, all colors, regular 50c value going at 25c</p> <p>All 25 grade suiting going at per yard..... 20c</p> <p>Shirt waist goods, regular 25c values going at... 15c</p> <p>Outing flannels, regular 10c value, going at..... 8 1/2c</p> <p>All 5c grade laces going at per yard..... 3c</p> <p>All embroideries going at HALF PRICE.</p> <p>Bleached domestic, regular price 10c, going at... 8 1/2c</p> <p>Brown domestic, regular price 10c, going at..... 8 1/2c</p> <p>Blankets</p> <p>Gray blankets, 55x72, regular \$1 value, a pair. 75c</p> <p>Gray blankets, 58x76, \$1.25 value going at.... 85c</p> <p>White woolnap blankets, regular \$1.50 value, going at a pair..... 1.10</p> <p>White woolnap blankets, extra heavy, regular \$2.50 value, a pair..... 1.65</p> <p>White woolnap blankets, extra heavy, regular \$3.00 value, a pair..... 2.15</p> <p>Boys' Suits and Pants</p> <p>Boys' blue serge suits, 5 to 9 years, regular 5.00 value at..... 3.00</p> <p>Boys' brown suits regular 3.00 value at..... 2.00</p> <p>Boys gray suits, regular 2.50 value at..... 1.65</p> <p>Children's suits, regular 1.50 value at..... 1.00</p> <p>Boys' pants, 7 to 16 yrs., regular 1.00 value at.... 85c</p> <p>Boys' pants, 7 to 16 yrs., regular 75c value at.... 55c</p>	<p>Boys' pants, 7 to 16 yrs., regular 65c value at.... 40c</p> <p>Men's and Boys' Hats and Caps</p> <p>1 lot men's hats, regular 3.00 value at..... 1.00</p> <p>1 lot men's hats, regular 3.00 value at..... 2.00</p> <p>1 lot men's hats, regular 2.50 value at..... 1.65</p> <p>1 lot men's hats, regular 1.50 value at..... 1.10</p> <p>1 lot boys' hats, regular 1.25 value going at..... 85c</p> <p>Boys' caps worth 25c going at..... 20c</p> <p>Men's Underwear</p> <p>Men's ribbed under shirts, regular 50c values going at..... 40c</p> <p>Men's ribbed drawers, regular 50c values going at..... 40c</p> <p>Men's fleece lined under shirts, regular 50c values going at..... 35c</p> <p>Men's fleece lined drawers, regular 50c values going at..... 35c</p> <p>Men's Dress Shirts and Wool Overshirts</p> <p>All men's dress shirts worth 1.00 going at.... 85c</p> <p>All men's dress shirts worth 75c going at.... 50c</p> <p>All men's dress shirts worth 50c going at.... 40c</p> <p>Men's gray overshirts' regular price 1.50 for 1.00</p> <p>Men's blue overshirts, regular price 1.00 for... 75c</p> <p>Overalls, Jumpers and Work Shirts</p> <p>All jumpers and overalls a garment..... 85c</p> <p>Men's Blue Label work shirts, regular 50c values, going at..... 40c</p> <p>Men's heavy work coats going AT COST.</p> <p>Ladies' Vests</p> <p>Ladies' ribbed vests, 25c values going at.... 20c</p> <p>Ladies' ribbed vests, 50c values going at..... 40c</p>	<p>Sweaters for men, women and Children</p> <p>All grades, all colors, all weights going at actual cost. Dont fail to see our line if you need a sweater.</p> <p>Shoes! Shoes!</p> <p>One lot mens' shoes going at per pair.... \$1.00</p> <p>One lot Women shoes going at per pair..... 1.00</p> <p>One lot children's shoes going at per pair..... 75c</p> <p>Mens' heavy work shoe regular \$3.00, for..... 2.15</p> <p>Mens' dress shoe, regular \$3.00, going at.... 2.15</p> <p>Mens' dress shoe, regular \$4.00, going at.... 3.25</p> <p>Ladies' heavy shoes, regular \$1.75, for..... 1.35</p> <p>Ladies' dress shoe, regular \$3.50, going at.... 2.50</p> <p>Ladies dress shoe, regular \$3.00, going at.... 2.00</p> <p>Ladies dress shoe, regular \$2.25, going at.... 1.75</p> <p>Men's Gloves</p> <p>Mens' work gloves, regular \$1.00, going at.... 80c</p> <p>Mens' work gloves, regular \$1.35, going at.... 1.00</p> <p>Mens' work gloves regular \$1.50, going at.... 1.15</p> <p>Groceries</p> <p>16 lbs granulated sugar (\$1.00 worth to each).. 1.00</p> <p>Garret snuff per bottle..... 20c</p> <p>3 bottles Red Cross snuff for..... 50c</p> <p>3 bottles Honest snuff for..... 50c</p> <p>3 ten cent cans Garret snuff for..... 25c</p>	<p>3 ten cent cans Prince Albert smoking tobacco 25c</p> <p>6 sacks Bull Durham smoking tobacco for.... 25c</p> <p>6 sacks R. J. R. smoking tobacco for..... 25c</p> <p>Brown Mule tobacco 10 pound box for..... 3.15</p> <p>Calumet baking powder, 3 25c cans for..... 50c</p> <p>6 pounds good roasted coffee for..... \$1.00</p> <p>Check Meals coffee in \$1.00 buckets for..... 75c</p> <p>Matches per gross..... 35c</p> <p>Hardware</p> <p>Diamond edge handsaw regular \$1.50 going at... 1.00</p> <p>Carpenters' levels, regular 85c, going at..... 55c</p> <p>Carpenters' squares regular 75c, going at..... 45c</p> <p>Ratchet braces, regular price 75c, going at..... 55c</p> <p>Shingling hatchets regular price 65c going at.. 45c</p> <p>Diamond edge single bit axes, regular \$1.25, for. 95c</p> <p>Diamond edge double bit axes reg. \$1.50, for 1.15</p> <p>One shot gun regular price \$12.50, for..... 7.50</p> <p>Leather Goods</p> <p>All \$2.50 leather horse collars going at..... 1.75</p> <p>All \$3.50 leather horse collars going at..... 2.75</p> <p>One set harness going at..... 10.00</p> <p>Medicines</p> <p>Wine of Cardui, regular price \$1.00 going at.... 70c</p> <p>Peruna, regular \$1 size going at..... 75c</p> <p>Zanzine, a sure cure for malaria, going at..... 25c</p> <p>Herbine, for chills and malaria going at..... 35c</p> <p>Groves chill tonic going at..... 30c</p> <p>Regular 25c size Menthatum, going at..... 15c</p>
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We have in stock one cook stove that cost wholesale \$28.50 that we will sell during this sale for \$22.50.

We will give 20c per doz. for eggs, 30c apiece for hens and 25c apiece for friers during this sale.

W. H. Long & Company

Augusta, - Texas

The Tailor Who Paid Too Much

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

Author of "Do Something! Be Something!"

I WAS buying a cigar last week when a man dropped into the shop and after making a purchase told the proprietor that he had started a clothes shop around the corner and quoted him prices, with the assurance of best garments and terms.

After he left the cigar man turned to me and said:

"Enterprising fellow, that, he'll get along."

"But he won't," I replied, "and, furthermore, I'll wager you that he hasn't the sort of clothes shop that will enable him to."

"What made you think that?" queried the man behind the counter.

"His theories are wrong," I explained; "he's relying upon word of mouth publicity to build up his business and he can't interview enough individuals to compete with a merchant who has sense enough to say the same things he told you, to a thousand men, while he is telling it to one. Besides, his method of advertising is too expensive. Suppose he sees a hundred persons every day. First of all, he is robbing his business of its necessary direction and besides, he is spending too much to reach every man he solicits."

"I don't quite follow you."

"Well, as the proprietor of a clothes shop his own time is so valuable that I am very conservative in my estimate when I put the cost of his soliciting at five cents a head.

"Now, if he were really able and clever he would discover that he can talk to thousands of people at a tenth of a cent per individual. There is not a newspaper in town the advertising rate of which is \$1.00 per thousand circulation, for a space big enough in which to display what he said to you."

"I never looked at it that way," said the cigar man.

It's only "the man who hasn't looked at it that way," who hesitates for an instant over the advisability and profitableness of newspaper publicity.

Newspaper advertising is the cheapest channel of communication ever established by man. A thousand letters with one-cent stamps, will easily cost fifteen dollars and not one envelope in ten will be opened because the very postage is an invitation to the wastebasket.

If there were anything cheaper rest assured that the greatest merchants in America would not spend individual sums ranging up to half a million dollars a year and over, upon this form of attracting trade.

(Copyright.)

MAKING FARMING PAY

EVERY farmer hopes to make a profit as the result of his labors. He toils early and late and spares no trouble to see that his crops are properly planted and harvested. His stock requires constant attention, and, taking it altogether, he has few spare minutes.

Most of the farmers in our community are prosperous. Our market is a good one, while there are certain things to be desired, and we all reap our share of the results to our advantage.

There is one benefit which the farmer receives from his labors that he does not share in but in the making of which we all have a hand. That is the added value of his holdings as they grow in desirability and as the demand for land in our neighborhood increases.

Because increased land values come as the result of conditions which afford additional opportunities of profitable crop raising, not the least of which is the market which permits of a quick and desirable sale. Naturally there can be no need of a market if there is nothing to sell, nor can there be a profitable sale unless there is the right market.

So the increase in the value of the farm comes with the better market conditions, the farmer finding better prices as the market becomes more popular and the market becoming more popular with the number of farmers.

THOSE WHO HELP TO MAKE THE MARKET BETTER ARE ENTITLED TO THE THANKS AND GOOD WILL OF THE FARMER. We all try our best to bring about such a condition and in this way we help to make farming pay.

As a result of our efforts to help the farmer we expect him to do something in return. And when the thought is carefully analyzed it will be seen that we are actually asking him only to help himself even more than he will be helping us, by doing that which we ask.

We ask the farmer to buy his merchandise at home instead of sending to the big mail order houses for his goods. We believe that he can buy at home just as advantageously as to send his orders out of town and that he will be even better satisfied with his merchandise if he buys of our local storekeepers. But the main point is this: We need all of the money in town. We need it for the purposes of business and we need the business that he is accustomed to send away to the mail order houses.

We want to stop their encroachments on local trade. We want to encourage local business men to provide stocks suitable and sufficient for local consumption, but if we send away for the goods we need, then the local business men will become discouraged and decline to invest their money and credit in stocks for our town.

In order to help himself the farmer must help the local merchant. It is only by such reciprocal conditions that a community can become prosperous and grow into a bigger community. And it is only by the fact that a farm is located in proximity to a good market that the farm will become more valuable.

Even if a farmer can make a profit on the buying of certain goods from a mail order house, in the end it will mean that he has helped to stultify his home market, which tends to keep down land values. A DULL MARKET NEVER MADE A BIG TOWN.

In this, we can all help and we are trying to help. The farmers who send their orders to the mail order houses do not think of the effect which their acts have on the community. They do not realize that they are helping to create a sentiment which cannot but injure the financial condition of our home town; a sentiment which interferes with the growth of the community and with the prosperity of every owner of land.

So, to make farming pay, in both the direct and the indirect way, stand by the townspeople and help local business conditions. Every farmer has a share and an interest in his home town. He is as much affected by the prevailing conditions in the town as he is by the conditions on his own farm. THE TOWN CANNOT HAVE PROSPERITY WITHOUT HIS CO-OPERATION AND HE CANNOT LOOK FOR PROSPERITY IF HE DOES NOT LIVE IN A PROSPEROUS COMMUNITY.

Any man can injure his community by failing to co-operate with those whose interests are similar to his own. Short-sightedness may make a man believe that he is not included in this general rule, but few can successfully evade its application.

Make farming pay by helping to "boost" your home town. Do your business with our local storekeepers. You will prosper more in the long run. BUY YOUR MERCHANDISE AT HOME.

GRAPELAND SCHOOL NEWS

CLINTON PARKER, EDITOR

Alta Kershner and Clarence McCarty, Asst. Editors

Miss Denny Bynum of Crockett visited chapel exercises Friday morning.

Miss Eula Riall Hollingsworth will play in chapel this week.

Chapel was conducted by Bro. Clifton Monday morning. He made an interesting talk which was understood by the smaller as well as the larger pupils.

The Grapeland High School Literary Society met in regular session, Nov. 6, 1914. The visitors of the society were: Misses Edna Hill, Francis Driskell and Bynum of Crockett; Mesdames Dave Warren, Mrs. Claud Sadler and J. B. Lively. The program was shortened so that more time could be had in which to clean up the campus.

The first of a series of basket ball games was played on the school court Friday afternoon between Grapeland and Latexo. The score was 36 to 14 in favor of Grapeland. You can't beat Grapeland in anything, not even in sand.

A set of 41 books came in last week. They are the greatest addition that has yet been made to our reading room. Instead of saying reading room we now say library. These books were secured chiefly through the efforts of the teachers, Misses Hill, Denny and Kennedy and Mrs. Logan. To them is extended the thanks of the school.

The larger boys are going to organize a basket ball team.

INSTITUTE PROGRAM

Following is the program for the third local teachers' institute which will meet at Creek Friday, Nov. 27, at 8 p. m., and close Saturday night, November 28:

Song by choir.
Welcome Address, W. L. Bridges.

Response, J. H. Rosser.
The purpose of a local institute, John Gilbert.

The benefits derived from dramatization, Misses Dollie Moore and Adell Smith;

Saturday 9 a. m.

An illustration of an opening exercise, by school.

Should a society be a part of the school work? W. A. Reese.

The importance of rural high schools, Mr. Daft.

Should the county Board of education have the right to appoint the county superintendent, N. A. Gant.

Benefits derived by students keeping note books, W. B. Adams
Saturday 1 p. m.

Can a mothers' club be used successfully in the rural schools, J. L. Jackson.

Benefits of theme writing, J. E. McRee.

Can domestic science be taught successfully in public schools, Mrs. Dr. Taylor.

Introduction of domestic art in a rural school, Miss Inez Skipwith.

Saturday 8 p. m.

Who is the boy or girl that makes a success in life? J. N. Snell.

Debate, Resolved That recent law extending the scholastic age from 17 to 21 years of age is a greater detriment to the younger generation than good. Affirmative, John Gilbert; negative, F. H. Butler.

Need of compulsory attendance in the public schools, Nat Patton and Albert Gainey.

Means of improving sanitary conditions, Geo. McCullar.

Itemize the amount apparatus for an agriculture laboratory, B. F. Freeman.

All teachers and patrons are earnestly solicited to attend this institute. Conveyance will be furnished for all teachers leaving Crockett at 7:00 a. m. Saturday.

C. W. Butler
Miss Johnnie Duren
Miss Rossie Butler
Program Committee.

SEED COTTON WANTED

Will buy your remnant seed cotton, paying highest market price.
adv. Spence Bros. adv.

Paragraphs Pertaining to Community Prosperity.

Clipped from Farm & Ranch.

The solution for the problem of low-price cotton is to raise peas, peanuts and pigs instead. These three might properly be called the trinity in diversified farming.

When we make every acre of land produce food for livestock we will make our country rich and our people prosperous. Make your plans for feed crops next year.

Swine raising where one raises feed enough to fatten the animals should be profitable. In this way you market your feed in high prices for pork or bacon. Why not get a few gilts and begin to raise your own meat and some for sale?

Every cotton farmer should secure a few pigs, a bred gilt or a sow and begin now to raise his own meat next year. With plenty of meat and bread at home it will not require as much cotton as usual to purchase the other articles of food and clothing for the family. Hogs are scarce and now is the time to get breeding stock for your farm.

Kafir, milo, feterita, sorghum and Sudan grass are all worthy of more attention than they receive on cotton farms. The time has come for these crops and others to have some of the attention that cotton has had in the past. "Feed crops and livestock" should be the slogan next year. The live stock will eat the feed and you may eat the livestock and livestock products.

Now is a good time to make repairs on the buildings, implements, roads and fences. It is highly important that these repairs be made before the busy season next spring. While you are making repairs use paint upon the old building, the implements and the machines. Paint improves the appearance of buildings, vehicles and implements almost by magic and transforms unsightly buildings into attractive houses. As to durability it saves years in deterioration.

For the serious diseases that attack the kidneys, Prickly Ash Bitters is an unfailing remedy. Relieves backache, swelling of the feet and persistent headache—symptoms which indicate kidney trouble. For sale by all druggists. adv.

NEW SAN PEDRO LITERARY SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of the New San Pedro Debating and Literary Society and Social Center Club came to hand on last Saturday evening, Nov. 7, at 7 p. m. An enormous crowd of probably 500 people packed the small building; however many could not be seated. There were recitations by little Miss Lora Goodnight, Leora Gentry, and Misses Robbie Whitaker and Ora Bynum, also songs by Misses Minnie Anderson and Robbie Whitaker. Then came the dialogue, "The Right Agent" rendered by Messrs. Norman and Enoch Whitaker, which was pronounced a success. Next was a recitation by Master George Henderson. Following this came a successfully rendered dialogue, "Music vs Education," by Master Garrett Luce and Dan Whitaker.

The subject of debate was Resolved that it should be unlawful for married people to be divorced. The affirmative was represented by J. M. Anderson and G. W. Henderson; the negative by A. M. Anderson and J. R. Luce. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. In Social Center Club, Rev. G. W. Henderson made an able talk on home problems. "Watermelon Pickles" is the caption of a successful dialogue rendered by Mrs. Archie Walls and little Elma Lee Tyer. "Bud Moses' Experience with matrimony" came next with the negro sermon. Messrs. Monroe and Deckert Anderson, successfully rendered another dialogue.

Everybody seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves, and we are sure went away with the determination to come back at the next meeting. On account of being otherwise interested in the program, Mr. Tom Whitaker Jr., secretary of the society, and Miss Jewel Davidson assumed those duties, and most efficiently.

Musicians were Messrs. Cutler, Whitaker and Whitaker, Brown, and Covington.

Next meeting of the society will be at 7 o'clock p. m. Nov. 21. Everybody especially invited.

Secretary.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

If stains have been neglected and fixed by soap in the laundry, it may be necessary to apply dilute oxalic acid or chloride of lime, or to treat them with lemon juice and salt, afterward exposing the articles to the air and sunshine.

To remove mildew stains on linen dissolve one ounce of chloride of lime in one pint of cold water, then add three pints of boiling water. Soak the stains in this from three to twelve hours. Remove, rinse thoroughly and send to the laundry. If the chloride of lime is not thoroughly washed washed out the fabric may be injured.

To remove tar stains rub the spot first with lard and then with soap. Leave for an hour and then wash in hot water softened with ammonia. If traces will remain, rub with turpentine.

In severe cases of sore lungs, you need an internal and external remedy. Buy the dollar size Ballard's Horehound Syrup, you get two remedies for the price of one. With every dollar bottle there is a free Herrick's Red Pepper Porous Plaster for the chest. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv.

BRING IN SEED COTTON AND SUBSCRIBE FOR THE MESSENGER