

# The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 19 No. 23

Grapeland, Houston County, Texas, Aug. 3, 1916

\$1.00 Per Year

## BARGAIN STORE SPECIALS

\$3.25 Ladies slippers for.....	\$2.75
\$3.00 Ladies slippers for.....	\$2.50
\$3.00 Men's low quarter shoes for.....	\$2.25
Scott's Rough Rider overalls, best quality for.....	90c
Cone's Boss Overalls, best quality for.....	90c
High Patent Flour, per sack.....	\$1.40
6 bars of Crystal White Soap for.....	25c
6 bars Bob White Soap for.....	25c
7 bars Silk soap for.....	25c
7 bars Lenox Soap for.....	25c
11 bars Snaps Soap for.....	25c

Just received some new dress goods  
We carry a full line of Shoes and Dry Goods

MY MOTTO: "SPOT CASH AND SMALL PROFITS"

**W. R. WHERRY**

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND

FREE DELIVERY UNION PHONE NO. 45. CALL US UP

## VOTE FOR CHAS. A. CULBERSON

### REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON "ADDRESS."

To Hon. J. W. Madden, Ch'm:  
We, your committee on "Address," beg to report that we have prepared such address, which is as follows:

#### —AN ADDRESS—

To the Democrats of Houston  
—County—

As a result of the primary election held throughout the state on July 22, Senator Chas. A. Culberson and ex-governor Colquitt received the highest number of votes cast for U. S. Senator of any two candidates in the race, and neither of them having received a majority of such votes cast, it is incumbent on them, under the laws of this State governing the matter, to run the race over in a second primary to be held on Saturday, August 26th, next.

This makes it imperative upon the democrats of Texas to select the man who is best fitted to serve them and the whole people of this State for the next six years, and to that end we beg to urge that you give your active and whole hearted support and influence to the re-nomination of Senator Chas. A. Culberson for the following reasons, viz:

1 Because Senator Culberson's experience and long, faithful service qualify him to a superior degree over Gov. Colquitt to represent Texas in the United States Senate, especially just at this time.

2 Because throughout his entire public career his record is without a blemish and Texas never had a better or more faithful officer in all of her long and glorious history.

3 Because he made Texas one of the best, if not the best, Attorney General that ever held that exalted and all-important office.

4 Because, as governor of

this State, he presided over its destinies in a way that reflects great credit to himself and the most distinguished honor upon the people he served so well, and during whose terms in such office many of the best laws now upon our statute books were enacted.

5 Because his career as United States Senator is without a single "flaw" and not a Senator in that great body of law makers excels him in honesty, influence and ability, whereby all Texas is made conspicuous in all that pertains to the general welfare of the nation and should feel proud of her faithful servant and not "turn him down" except for the very best reasons consistent with the public good, not one of which has so far been advanced against him.

6 Because not even his bitterest opponents have ever dared to attack his unbroken record of faithful service and cannot truthfully and successfully do so.

7 Because, in point of intellectual ability and stalwart democratic statesmanship, and in all that will lend dignity, honor and usefulness to the position in question, his opponent cannot compare with him and does not pretend that he could.

8 Because, in this hour of peril, when the nation is confronted with the most serious and far-reaching questions in all its history, both domestic and foreign, the greatest and best men in all its boundaries should fill the office of United States Senator.

9 Because Senator Culberson is in hearty accord with all the dominant policies of the present democratic administration, while his opponent is diametrically opposed to many of

the most important of these policies.

10 Because Gov. Colquitt, in order to further, in a secret and covert way, his political interests and to advance his candidacy for the United States Senate, has appealed to certain self-serving and dangerous elements for assistance—elements whose purposes and policies are not only hostile to President Wilson and his administration, but which are of a nature such as to imperil both the welfare and the perpetuity of the fundamental principles of this government.

F. Weimar,  
W. B. Page,  
Ed C. Thompson,  
Committee.

The foregoing was adopted by the "Houston County Culberson Club," when it was organized at Crockett last Saturday.

(Political Advertisement)

## LOCAL NEWS FROM EPHEBUS

July 31.—Misses Linda Turner and Cora Estill and Mrs. Manie Anderson are on the sick list this week.

Our singing school is progressing nicely under the management of Prof. I. W. Walling.

Mr. Frank Graham and family visited his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Graham last week.

There was a delightful entertainment at Mr. Johnnie Nealy's Friday night. A large crowd was present and everyone reports a fine time.

Mr. George Manning of Belott visited Ruben Graham Sunday.

Mrs. Ellen Revel of Leon Co. is visiting in this community this week.

Mr. Deckert Anderson and wife visited Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Anderson last week.

Miss Effie Estell visited at Mr. Will Robinson's Sunday.

Mrs. Lizzie Allen and Mrs. Lillie Goolsby visited Mrs. Jno. O. Grounds Monday.

Mrs. Jas. M. Anderson visited Mrs. Della Wall last week.

We are glad to say that the little child of Mr. Jno. O. Grounds is better.

## MAKES BROOMS FOR THE MARKET

J. E. Tyer, who lives southeast of Grapeland, was in town Tuesday and brought the Messenger one of his good brooms, which he makes. Mr. Tyer planted ten acres of broom corn this year and expects to make two thousand brooms for the market, which will be a fairly good yield. He is equipped to manufacture a broom that is durable and looks as nice as any you can buy. He sells to local dealers and ships a good many. The profit he makes is fair remuneration for his time and labor, and the brooms he ships to other places are an advertisement for Grapeland, as they have his name and address on the wrapper.

Belting, lace leather, babbitt metal, belt punches and machine oil at Darsey's.

## Don't Scold Your Wife!

### HERE IS SOME SOUND HORSE SENSE

If the dinner doesn't taste just to your liking, if the coffee is a little off color and the flavor poor, if there is anything else you think ought to be improved upon, don't be in too great haste to criticise your wife. She probably is doing the best she can with the groceries you furnish her.

There's just as much in the groceries as there is in the cooking and every woman knows it.

TRY US NEXT TIME. IT PAYS!

## We Have Plenty of Fall Turnip Seed

### CASH GROCERY COMPANY

DAVIS & LONG, PROPRIETORS

PHONE US YOUR ORDER. WE DELIVER RIGHT NOW

## To the Careful Buyer

Make our store your regular trading place and get your entire bill filled at Money Saving prices.

Our business grows because of our many satisfied customers and we want you for one.

We are offering some extremely low prices on low quarter shoes, straw hats and many other items.

If you are a big man we will sell you a \$2.50 pair of Palm Beach Pants for \$1.50.

Bring us your produce. We will pay highest prices for same

## McLean & Riall

THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE  
FREE DELIVERY BOTH PHONES

### ENJOYED BARBECUE

Quite a number of friends of George Calhoun enjoyed his hospitality last Friday at his farm about eight miles west of town. The principal feature of the day was the splendid dinner of barbecued kid and beef furnished by Mr. Calhoun and cooked to a "queen's taste" by the negroes on the farm. The entire day was spent in a most enjoyable manner and in the afternoon a swim was enjoyed in the "ole

swimmin' hole" in the creek. Mr. Calhoun knows how to entertain and those of us who were present can attest to his genuine hospitality. Those present: W. H. Holcomb, D. N. Leaverton, W. P. Traylor, C. W. Kennedy, A. B. Spence, W. G. Darsey, W. R. Wherry, Jim McLean, J. W. Howard, Ed Edge, W. T. Pringle, W. W. Spence, C. R. Taylor, A. E. Owens, M. D. Murchison, E. H. Darsey, J. R. Robinson, W. E. Fondren, A. H. Luker, Daniel Pennington.

# The AUCTION BLOCK

BY REX BEACH



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Peter Knight, defeated for political office in his town, decides to venture New York in order that the family fortunes might benefit by the expected rise of his charming daughter, Lorelei.

CHAPTER II—A well-known critic interviews Lorelei Knight, now stage beauty with Bergman's Revue, for a special article. Her coin-hunting mother outlines Lorelei's ambitions, but Slisson, the press agent, later adds his information.

CHAPTER III—Lorelei attends Millionaire Hammon's gorgeous entertainment. She meets Merkle, a wealthy dyspeptic, who seems fond of scandal.

CHAPTER IV—Bob Wharton breaks into the ball in a novel way and wins a thousand dollars from his father. Merkle asks Lorelei to be his detective in an affair which he fears. The intoxicated Bob Wharton insults Lorelei and then jumps in the fountain.

CHAPTER V—Jim Knight's doings disgust Lorelei and arouse her suspicion. Her dressing room partner looms as a central figure in the blackmail scheme against Hammon. Mrs. Croft, the dresser, tells what she heard.

CHAPTER VI—Lorelei meets Merkle to warn him of the proposed trap for Hammon. They go for a long auto ride in the night.

CHAPTER VII—The auto is wrecked; Merkle and Lorelei are forced to walk to the Chateau. Arriving, they meet Jim Knight and suspicious companions who leave suddenly. Hammon appears from within and tells of being tricked in company with Lila Lynn.

CHAPTER VIII—Lorelei goes shopping and meets Mlle. Demorest, notorious dancer, who takes her home to tea. Lorelei learns that the dancer is not what is said of her.

CHAPTER IX—Lila Lynn confesses to Lorelei her intentions as to Hammon. Jim Knight and his mother prepare to force money from Merkle, using Lorelei's ride with him as a weapon.

CHAPTER X—Jim takes Lorelei to supper to avoid Bob Wharton, who, however, unexpectedly appears at their table. He pours out his apologies to Lorelei and tells her that her brother arranged the meeting for money. Lorelei saves the drunken Wharton from Jim and his gang.

CHAPTER XI—Merkle calls on Lorelei at the theater and tells her of her mother's attempt to extract blackmail from him. Lorelei decides to leave home. Lila Lynn tells of her past.

CHAPTER XII—Bergman forces Lorelei to dinner and promptly loses control of his conduct. Bob Wharton proves a friend in need, as well as dancing instructor to Bergman.

CHAPTER XIII—Jim Knight and Melcher, with the help of Lila Lynn, force a proposal of marriage from Bob Wharton to Lorelei. Too dazed to resist the onslaughts of the trio Lorelei passively submits to an immediate marriage to the drunken Wharton.

CHAPTER XIV—Hammon surprises Lila at her apartments and while enraged she tells him she has meant to ruin him in revenge for her father's death. She also tells him she is responsible for his troubles and that she never intended to marry him. Hammon attacks Lila; she shoots him as he advances toward her.

CHAPTER XV—Hammon orders Wharton and Merkle to remove him quietly to his home. Merkle discovers Lila in her room in a stupor from drugs. He tells Jim Knight to send her out of the country. Bob Wharton hires a cab and drives Hammon home; they leave him alone in his library. He then calls his valet and has Merkle and the doctor summoned.

CHAPTER XVII.

Hannibal Wharton arrived in New York at five o'clock and went directly to Merkle's bank. At eight o'clock Jarvis Hammon died. During the afternoon and evening other financiers, summoned hurriedly from New England shores and Adirondack camps, were busied in preparations for the struggle they expected on the morrow. During the closing hours of the market prices had slumped to an alarming degree; a terrific raid on metal stocks had begun, and conditions were ripe for a panic.

Hammon had bulked large in the steel world, and his position in circles of high finance had become prominent; but alive he could never have worked one-half the havoc caused by his sudden death. That persistent rumor of suicide argued, in the public mind, the existence of serious money troubles, and gave significance to the rumor that for some time past had disturbed the Street. Hammon's enemies summoned their forces for a crushing assault.

In this emergency Bob's father found himself the real head of those vast enterprises in which he had been an associate, and until a late hour that night he was forced to remain in consultation with men who came and went with consternation written upon their faces.

The amazing transformation which followed the birth of the giant steel trust had raised many men from well-to-do obscurity into prominence and undreamed-of wealth. Since then the older members of the original clique had withdrawn one by one from active

affairs, and of the younger men only Wharton and Hammon had remained. Equally these two had figured in what was perhaps the most remarkable chapter of American financial history. Both had been vigorous, self-made, practical men. But the outcome had affected them quite differently.

Riches had turned Jarvis Hammon's mind into new channels; they had opened strange pathways and projected him into a life that was in every way foreign to his early teachings. His duties kept him in New York, while Wharton's had held him in his old home. Hammon had become a great financier; Wharton had remained the practical operating expert, and, owing to the exactions of his position, he had become linked more closely than ever to business detail. At the same time he had become more and more unapproachable. Unlimited power had forced him into the peculiar isolation of a chief executive; he had grown hard, suspicious, arbitrary. Even to his son he had been for years a remote being.

It was not until the last conference had broken up, not until the last forces had been disposed for the coming battle, that he spoke to Merkle of Bob's marriage. Merkle told him what he knew, and the old man listened silently. Then he drove to the Elegancia.

Bob and Lorelei had just returned from the theater, much, he it said, against the bridegroom's wishes. Bob had been eager to begin the celebration of his marriage in a fitting manner, and it had required the shock of Hammon's death added to Lorelei's entreaties to dissuade him from a night of hilarity. He was flushed with drink, and in consequence more than a little resentful when she insisted upon spending another night in the modest little home.

"Say! I'm not used to this kind of a place," he argued. "I'm not a cave-dweller. It's a lovely flat—for a murderer—but it's no place to live."

"Don't be silly," she told him. "We acted on impulse; we can't change everything at a moment's notice."

"But—people take trips when they get married."

"I can't quit the show without two weeks' notice."

"Two weeks?" He was aghast. "Two minutes. Two seconds. I won't have you dodging around stage doors."

"Bergman won't let me go; it wouldn't be right to ask him."

But Bob was insistent. "I intend to cure you of the work habit. You must learn to scorn it. Look at me. I'm an example of the unearned increment. We'll kiss this dinky flat a fond farewell—it's impossible, really—I refuse to share such a dark secret with you. Tomorrow we leave it for the third and last time. What d'you say to the sunny side of the Ritz until we decide where we want to travel?"

Just then the apartment bell rang. Bob went to the door. He returned with his father at his heels. Mr. Wharton tramped in grimly, nodded at his daughter-in-law, who had risen at the first sound of his voice, then ran his eyes swiftly over the surroundings.

"I hear you've made a fool of yourself again," he began, showing his teeth in a faint smile. "Have you given up your apartment at the Charlevoix?"

"Not yet," said Bob. "We're considering a suite at the Ritz for a few days."

"Indeed. You're going back to the Charlevoix tonight?"

Lorelei started. She had expected opposition, but was unprepared for anything so blunt and businesslike. "I think you and Bob can talk more freely if I leave you alone," she said.

Hannibal Wharton replied shortly: "No, don't leave. I'll talk freer with you here."

It appeared, however, that Robert stood in no awe of his father's anger; he said lightly:

"They never come back, dad. I'm a regular married man. Lorelei is my royal consort, my yoke-mate, my rib. We'll have to scratch the Charlevoix."

This levity left the caller unmoved; to Lorelei he explained:

"I want no notoriety, so all we need talk about is terms. You'll fare better by dealing directly with me than through lawyers—I'll fight a lawsuit—so let's get down to business. You should realize, however, that these settlements are never as large as they're advertised. I'll pay you ten thousand dollars and stand the costs of the divorce proceedings."

"You are making a mistake," she

told him, quietly.

"Not at all! Not at all!" Mr. Wharton exclaimed, irritably. "I know real sentiment when I see it, and I'll foot the bill for this counterfeit, but I'm too tired to argue."

Lorelei was standing very white and still; now she said, "Don't you think you'd better go?"

The elder man laid aside his hat and gloves, then spoke with snarling deliberation. "I'll go when I choose. No high and mighty airs with me, if you please." After a curious scrutiny of them both he asked his son: "You don't really imagine that she married you for anything except your money, do you?"

"I flattered myself—" Bob began, stiffly.

"Bah! You're drunk."

"Moderately, perhaps—or let us say that I am in an unaturally argumentative mood. I take issue with you. You see, dad, I've been crazy about Lorelei ever since I first saw her, and—"

"To be sure, that's quite natural. But why in hell did you marry her? That wasn't necessary, was it?"

Lorelei uttered a sharp cry. Bob rose; his eyes were bright and hard. Mr. Wharton merely arched his shaggy brows, inquiring quickly of the bride: "What's the matter? I state the case correctly, do I not?"

"No!" gasped Lorelei.

"Let's talk plainly—"

"That's a bit too plain, even from you, dad," Bob cried, angrily.

"It's time for plain speaking. You got drunk, and she trapped you. I'm here to get you out of the trap." Ad-



"You're Going Back to the Charlevoix Tonight."

dressing himself to Lorelei, he said: "Ten thousand dollars will buy a lot of clothes. I believe that's the amount Merkle offered you, isn't it?"

"Merkle? What are you talking about?" Bob demanded.

"Did Mr. Merkle tell you how and why he came to make that offer?" asked Lorelei, indignantly.

"No. But he offered it, did he not?"

"Yes, and I refused it. Ask him why?"

"We don't seem to be getting along very well," Bob interposed. "Lorelei is my wife and your daughter-in-law. What's more, I love her; so I guess that ends the Reno chatter." He crossed to Lorelei's side and encircled her with his arm. "There's no price-tag on this marriage, dad, and you'll regret what you've said."

Wharton senior shrugged wearily. "You tell him, miss; maybe he'll believe you."

"Tell him what?" asked Lorelei.

"The truth, of course." He paused for a reply, and, receiving none, broke out wrathfully: "Then I will. She's a grafter, Bob, and her whole family are grafters. Now, let me finish. She makes her living in any way she can; she smirks at you out of every catch-penny advertisement along Broadway. She's 'The Chewing-Gum Girl' and 'The Petticoat Girl' and 'The Bathing Girl'—"

"There's nothing dishonest in that." "Just a minute. I won't have my daughter's face grinning at me every time I get into a street car. I'd be the laughing-stock of the country. It's legitimate, perhaps, but it's altogether too damned colorful for me."

"Is that all you have against her?"

"Not by any means. She's notorious—"

"Newspaper talk?"

"Is it? She's made her living by bleeding men, by taking gifts and renting herself out the way she did at Hammon's supper. Men don't support show girls from chivalrous motives. I had her family looked up, and it didn't take two hours. Listen to this report."

"No!" Lorelei gulped.

"No police record as yet"—"Broker

living at the Charlevoix apartments"—"Injured by a taxicab while intoxicated," quoted Wharton. "Scandal,



"That's a Lie!"

blackmail, graft. It's all here, Bob. The report was made by one of our own men, and it's incomplete, but I can have it elaborated. What do you say, Mrs. Wharton? Is it true?"

Lorelei dropped her head. "Most of it, I dare say."

"Did you try to blackmail Merkle?"

"No."

"Your mother and your brother did." She was silent.

"They tried to scare him into marrying you, did they not?"

"Hammon said something about that," ejaculated Bob, "but I don't believe—"

Lorelei checked him. "It's quite true."

"Merkle said you had nothing to do with it personally," conscientiously explained Mr. Wharton, "and I'm willing to take his word. But that's neither here nor there." There was a moment of silence during which he folded and replaced the report; then he shook his head, exclaiming, "Second-hand goods, my boy!"

"That's a lie!" Lorelei's voice was like a whip.

Mr. Wharton eyed her grimly. "That's something for Bob to determine—I have only the indications to go on. I don't blame him for losing his wits—you're very good looking—but the affair must end. You're not a girl I'd care to have in my family—pardon my bluntness."

She met his eyes fairly. At no time had she flinched before him, although inwardly she had cringed and her flesh had quivered at his merciless attack.

"You have told Bob the truth," she began, slowly, "in the worst possible way; you have put me in the most unfavorable light. I dare say I never would have had the courage to tell him myself, although he deserves to know. I've been pretty—commercial—because I had to be, but I never sold myself, and I shouldn't begin now. Bob isn't a child; he's nearly thirty years old—old enough to make up his own mind—and he must make this decision, not I."

Bob opened his lips, but his father forestalled him.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I have no price. If he's sick of the match we'll end it, and it won't cost you a cent."

Bob looked inscrutable; his father smiled for the first time during the interview.

"That's very decent of you," he said, "but of course I shan't put the good faith of your offer to the test. I don't want something for nothing. I'll take care of you nicely."

Thus far Bob had yielded precedence to his father, but he could no longer restrain himself. "Now let me take the chair," he commanded, easily. "My mind is made up. You see, I didn't marry 'Peter Knight, residence Vale,' nor 'James Knight, reputation bad,' nor even 'Mathilda Knight, wife of Peter.' I married this kid, and the books are closed. You say the Knights are a bad lot, and Lorelei's reputation is a trifle discolored; maybe you're right, but mine has some inky blots on it, too, and I guess the cleanest part of it would just about match the darkest that hers can show. I seem to have all the best of the deal."

"Don't be an ass," growled his father.

"I've always been one—I may as well be consistent." Bob felt the slender form at his side begin to tremble, and smiled down into the troubled blue eyes upturned to his. "Maybe we'll both have to do some forgiving and forgetting. I believe that's usual nowadays."

"Oh, I'm not whitewashing you."

Hannibal snapped. "She probably knows what you are."

"I do," agreed Lorelei. "He's a drunkard, and everything that means. But you taught him to drink before he could choose for himself."

Mr. Wharton smiled sneeringly. "Admirable! I begin to see that you're more than a pretty woman. Get his sympathy; it's good business. Now he'll think he must act the man. But that will wear off. And understand this: You can't graft off me. You and your family are due for a great disappointment. Bob hasn't anything, and he won't have until I die, but I'm good for thirty years yet. I'm not going to disinherit him. I'm merely going to wait until you both get tired. Take my word for it, poverty is the most tiresome thing in the world."

"We can manage," said Lorelei.

"You speak for yourself, but he can't make a living—unless he has something in him that I never discovered. I fear you'll find him rather a heavy burden."

Throughout the interview Mr. Wharton had kept his temper quite perfectly, and his coolness at this moment argued a greater fixity of purpose than might have been inferred from a display of rage. He made a final appeal to his son: "Can't you see that it won't do at all, Bob? I won't stand parasites, unless they're my own. Either have done with the matter and let me pay the charges or—go through to the bitter finish on your own feet. She's supporting three loafers; I dare say she can take care of another, but it isn't quite right to put it upon her—she's sure to weary of it some time. You'll notice I've said nothing about your mother so far, but—she's with me in this. I'll be in the city for several days, and I'd like to have you return to Pittsburgh with me when I go. Mother is expecting you. If you decide to stick it out—" Wharton's face showed more than a trace of feeling, his deep voice lowered a tone—"you may go to hell, with my compliments, and I'll sit on the lid to keep you there."

He rose, took his hat, and stalked out of the apartment without so much as a backward glance.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Whew! That was a knockout. But who got licked?" Bob went to the little sideboard and helped himself to a stiff drink.

"Did he mean it?"

"My dear, time wears away mountains, and rivers dry up, and the whole solar system is gradually running down, I believe; but dad isn't governed by any natural laws whatsoever. He's built of reinforced concrete, and time hardens him. He's impervious to rust or decay, and gravity exerts no power over him."

"Then I think you'd better make your choice tonight."

Bob's eyes opened. "I have. Don't you understand? I'm going to stand pat—that is, unless"—he hesitated, his smile was a bit uncertain—"unless you're sick of your bargain. I'm afraid you haven't come out of the deal very well. You thought I was rich—and so did I until a moment ago—but I'm not. I've run through a good deal. I don't blame you for considering me a fine catch or for marrying me. You see, I never expected to find a girl who'd take me for anything except my money, so I'm not offended or disappointed or surprised. A bank account looms up just as big on Fifth avenue as it does on Amsterdam, and there aren't any more love matches over there than elsewhere. I'm not blind to my shortcomings, either; there are a lot of bad habits waiting to be acquired by a chap with time and money like me. I can't live without booze; I don't know how to earn a living; I'm a corking spendthrift. That's one side. Balanced against that, I possess—let me see—I possess a fair sense of humor. Not a very even account, is it?"

For once in his life Bob showed unmistakable self-consciousness; this was, so far as Lorelei knew, his maiden effort to be serious. He ran on hurriedly: "What I mean to convey is this: I have no regrets, no questions to ask, no reproaches. I got all I expected, and all I was entitled to when I married you. But it seems that you've been cheated, and—I'm ready to do the square thing. I'll step aside and give you another chance, if you say so."

During this little declaration Lorelei had watched him keenly; she appeared to be seriously weighing his offer.

"I was getting pretty tired of things," he added, "and I s'pose I'd have wound up in the D. T. parlors of some highly exclusive institution or behind a bathroom door with a gas tube in my teeth. But—I met you, and you went to my head. I wanted you worse than I ever wanted anything—worse even than I ever wanted liquor. And now I have you. I've had you for one day, and that's something. I suppose it's silly to talk about starting over—I don't want to reform if I don't have to; moderation strikes me as an awful cold proposition; but it looks as if reform were indicated if I'm to keep you. I'm just an album of expensive habits, and—we're broke. Maybe I could—do something with myself if you took a

hand. It's a good deal to ask of a girl like you, but"—he regarded her timidly, then averted his eyes—"if you cared to try it we might make it go for a while. And you might get to care for me a little—if I improve." Again he paused hopefully. "I've been as honest as I know how. Now, won't you be the same?"

Lorelei roused herself, and spoke with quiet decision.

"I'll go through to the end, Bob."

Bob started and uttered an inarticulate word or two; in his face was a light of gladness that went to the girl's heart. His name had risen freely to her lips; he felt as if she had laid her hand in his with a declaration of absolute trust.

"You mean that?"

She nodded.

He took her in his arms and kissed her gently; then, feeling her warm against his breast, he burst the bonds that had restrained him up to this moment and covered her face, her neck, her hair with passionate caresses. For the first time since his delirium of the night before he abandoned himself to the hunger her beauty excited, and she offered him no resistance.

At last she freed herself, and, straightening the disorder of her hair, smiled at him mistily.

"Wait. Please—"

"Beautiful!" His eyes were aflame. "You're my wife. Nothing can change that."

"Nothing except—yourself. Now, you must listen to me." She forced him reluctantly into his chair and seated herself opposite. He leaned forward and kissed her once more, then seized her hand and held it. At intervals he crushed his lips into its pink palm. "We must start honestly," she began. "Do you mind if I hurt you?"

"You can't hurt me so long as you don't—leave me. Your eyes have haunted me every night. I've seen the curve of your neck—your lips. No woman was ever so perfect, so maddening."

"Always that. You're not a husband at this moment; you're only a man."

He frowned slightly.

"That's what makes this whole matter so difficult," she went on. "Don't you see?"

He shook his head.

"You don't love me, you're drunk with—something altogether different to love. . . . It's true," she insisted. "You show it. You don't even know the real me."

"Beauty may be only a skin disease," Bob laughed, "but ugliness goes clear to the bone."

"I married you for your money, and you married me because—I seemed physically perfect—because my face and my body roused fires in you. I think we are both pretty rotten at heart, don't you?"

"No. Anyhow, I don't care to think about it. I never won anything by thinking. Kiss me again."

She ignored his demand, with her shadowy smile. "I deliberately traded on my looks; I put myself up for a price, and you paid that price regardless of everything except your desires. We muddled things dreadfully and got our deserts. I didn't love you, I don't love you now any more than you love me; but I think we're coming to respect each other, and that is a beginning. You have longings to be something different and better; so have I. Let's try together. I have it in me to succeed, but I'm not sure about you."

"Thanks for the good cheer."

"You're afraid you can't make a living for us—I know you can. I'm merely afraid you won't."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I don't believe the liquor will let you."

"Nonsense. Any man can cut down."

"Cutting down won't do for us, Bob." He thrilled anew at her inti-

mate use of his name. "The chemistry of your body demands the stuff—you couldn't be temperate in anything. You'll have to quit."

"All right. I'll quit. I divorce the demon rum; lovers once, but strangers now. I'll quit gambling, too."

Lorelei laughed. "That won't strain your will-power in the least, for half my salary goes up Amsterdam avenue, and the rest will about run this flat."

Her listener frowned. "Forget that salary talk," he said, shortly. "D'you think I'd let you—support me? D'you think I'm that kind of a nose—? When I get so I can't pay the bills I'll walk out. Tomorrow you quit work, and we move to the Ritz—they know me there, and—this delightful, home-like grotto of yours gives me the colly-wabbles."

"Who will pay the hotel?" Lorelei smiled.

"Mr. George W. Bridegroom, of course. I'll get the money, never fear. I know everybody, and I've borrowed thousands of dollars when I didn't need it. My rooms at the Charlevoix are full of expensive junk; I'll sell it, and that will help. As soon as we're decently settled I'll look for a salaried job. Then watch my smoke. To quote from the press of a few months hence: 'The meteoric rise of Robert Wharton has startled the financial world, surpassing as it does the sensational success of his father. Young Mr. Wharton was seen yesterday at his Wall street office and took time from his many duties to modestly assure our representative that his ability was inherited, and merely illustrates anew the maxim that 'a chip of the old block will return after many days.'" That will please dad. He'll relent when I attribute my success to him."

"You must quit drinking before you begin work," said Lorelei.

"I have quit."

With a person of such resilient temperament, one who gamboled through life like a fawn, argument was difficult. Bob Wharton was pagan in his joyous inconsequence; his romping spirits could not be damped; he bubbled with the optimism of a Robin Goodfellow. Ahead of him he saw nothing but dancing sunshine, heard nothing but the Pandean pipes. The girl-wife watched him curiously.

"I wonder if you can," she mused. "Before we begin our new life we're going to make a bargain, binding on both of us. You'll have to stop drinking. I won't live with a drunkard. I'll work until you've mastered the craving."

"No!" Bob declared, firmly. "I'll take the river before I'll let you—keep me. Why, if I—"

Lorelei rose and laid her hand over his lips, saying quietly: "I'm planning our happiness, don't you understand? and it's a big stake. You must pocket your pride for a while. Nobody will know. We've made a botch of things so far, and there is only one way for us to win out."

"A man who'd let his wife—"

"A man who wouldn't let his wife have her way at first is a brute."

"You shouldn't ask it," he cried, sullenly.

"I don't ask it: I insist upon it. If you refuse we can't go on."

"Surely you don't mean that?" He looked up at her with grave, troubled eyes.

"I do. I'm entirely in earnest. You haven't strength to go out among your friends and restrain yourself. No man as far gone as you could do it."

"I've a simpler way than that," he told her, after a moment's thought. "There are institutions where they straighten fellows up. I'll go to one of those."

"No." She rejected this suggestion positively. "They only relieve; they don't cure. The appetite comes back. This is something you must do yourself, once and for all. You must fight this out in secret; this city is no place for men with appetites they can't control. Do this for me, Bob, and—I'll let you do anything after that. I'll let you—beat me." Getting no response from him, she added gravely, "It is that or—nothing."

"I can't let you go," Bob said finally.

"Good! We'll keep this apartment and I'll go on working—"

He hid his face in his hands and groaned. "Gee! I'm a rotter."

"You can sell your belongings at the Charlevoix, and we'll use the money. We'll need everything, for I can't piece out my salary the way I've been doing. There can't be any more supper parties and gifts—"

"I should hope not," he growled. "I'll murder the first man who speaks to you."

"Then it is a real, binding bargain?"

"It is—if you'll bind it with another kiss," he agreed, with a miserable attempt at cheerfulness. "But I shan't look myself in the face."

For the first time she came to him willingly.

"Doesn't it seem nice to be honest with yourself and the world?" she sighed, after a time.

"Yes," he laughed. "I'm sorry to cut the governor adrift, but he'll have to get along without our help."

Despite his jocularly he was deeply moved. As the situation grew clearer

to him he saw that this girl was about to change the whole current of his careless life; her unexpected firmness, her gentle, womanly determination at this crisis was very grateful—he desperately longed to retain its support—and yet the arrangement to which she had forced his consent went sorely against his grain. His struggle had not been easy. Her surrender to him was as complete and as unselfish as his own acquiescence seemed unmanly and weak. He rose and paced the little room to relieve his feelings. Days and weeks of almost constant dissipation had affected his mental poise quite as disastrously as the strain of the past twenty-four hours had told upon his physical control, and he was shaking nervously. He paused at the sideboard finally and poured himself a steady drink.

Lorelei watched his trembling fingers fill the glass before she spoke.

"You mustn't touch that," she said, positively.

"Eh?" He turned, still frowning absent-mindedly. "Oh, this?" He held the glass to the light. "You mean you want me to begin—now? A fellow has to sober up gradually, my dear. I really need a jolt—I'm all unstrung."

"I sealed the bargain."

"But, Lorelei—" He set the glass down with a mirthless laugh. "Of course, I won't, if you insist. I intended to taper off—a chap can't turn teetotaler the way he turns a handspring." He eyed the glass with a sudden intensity of longing. "Let's begin tomorrow. Nobody starts a new life at 2 a. m. And—it's all poured out."

She answered by taking the glass and flinging its contents from the open window. This done, she gathered the bottles from the sideboard—there were not many—and, opening the folding



"You Mustn't Touch That," She Said, Positively.

doors that masked the kitchenette, she upended them over the sink. When the last gurgled had died away she went to her husband and put her arms around his neck.

"You must," she said, gently. "If you'll only let me have my way we'll win. But, Bob, dear, it's going to be a bitter fight."

Lorelei's family spent most of the night in discussing their great good fortune. Even Jim, worn out as he was by his part in the events connected with the marriage, sat until a late hour planning his sister's future, and incidentally his own. After he had gone to bed mother and father remained in a glow of exhilaration that made sleep impossible, and it was nearly dawn when they retired to dreams of hopes achieved and ambitions realized.

About nine-thirty on the following morning, just when the rival Wall street forces were gathering, Hannibal Wharton called up the Knight establishment.

(To be Continued)

Look out for malaria. It is seasonable now. A few doses of Prickly Ash Bitters is a sure preventive. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Selkirk and baby of Troup are visiting relatives in Grapeland this week.

Hot weather saps the vital energy and makes the hardest workers feel lazy. To maintain strength and energy, use Prickly Ash Bitters. It is the friend of industry. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

## THE STEPHENS-ASHURST BILL

### To Protect the Public Against Dishonest Advertising and False Pretenses in Merchandising

**What is the "Stephens-Ashurst" Bill?** A bill introduced in Congress by Senator Henry F. Ashurst of Arizona, and by Representative Dan V. Stephens of Nebraska, providing a remedy for the unfair competition of great trading monopolies.

**What is the character of this unfair competition?** Chiefly in advertising at "cut prices" well-known goods as a means of inducing the public to buy unknown goods of doubtful quality.

**What is the purpose of the cut-price concern?** To use the reputation of a reliable article as a bait to catch the consumers, and deceive them into believing that all their goods offered for sale are sold at the same low rate of profit.

**Are the expenses of the great trading monopolies less than those of the average retail merchant?** No. Trade investigations agree that the cost of doing business by these big city concerns is approximately 30 per cent., while the cost of the average small merchant is 16 per cent.

**How then can the predatory price cutters undersell the independent merchant?** They can't; they only seem to. They sell things that people know at cost. On unfamiliar goods they overcharge. The consumer is deceived by the false representation that their mass of unknown goods is sold at the same price reduction offered on a few well-known articles.

**What is the effect of this unfair advertising practice?** It destroys the independent merchants of the towns and small cities, builds up great chain-store and mail-order systems, and compels the sale of inferior goods by all classes of dealers.

**Is price cutting in the interest of the public?** No. It means the destruction of the usual retail channels by which goods reach the consumers to their best advantage. It forces the sale of unknown articles, often of cheap and shoddy quality, instead of reliable goods which have their maker's reputation behind them. It promotes substitution.

**What will be the result of the general extension of the practice throughout the country?** The ruin of hundreds of thousands of independent merchants; the concentration of trade in vast monopolies located in a few great cities; a decline in prosperity and population of the villages, towns and small cities and the ultimate injury of the consumers, by placing them at the mercy of monopolies which will then be able to extort such profits as they please for the sale of such goods as they choose to handle.

**How will the bill aid in giving relief from cut-throat monopoly creating methods?** By preventing the unfair and dishonest use of well-known goods as advertising bait, and guaranteeing a uniform price to all consumers.

**Will the bill operate in any way to give trade-marked goods a monopoly?** Not at all. The bill explicitly states that its provisions shall not apply to any article that is produced or controlled by a monopoly. If any manufacturer asked higher prices than his goods were worth, the public would refuse to buy, and new makers would quickly enter the field.

**How can all who are interested in the prosperity and growth of our villages, towns and small cities aid in having the bill passed?** By writing at once to the U. S. Senators from their State, and the Congressman from their District, urging them to support the Stephens-Ashurst Bill, and use their influence in its favor.



## Be a Home Town Trader!

JOIN THE HOME TOWN PROCESSION.  
This is your home town. Your interest is here.  
The town's prosperity is your prosperity.  
Keep the money in town by spending it in town.  
In order to spend it wisely

## Read the Home Paper

John Spence  
Lawyer  
Crockett, : : : : Texas  
Office Upstairs over Monzingo Millinery Store

A. E. Owens  
NOTARY PUBLIC  
Legal Documents  
Correctly Drawn  
Grapeland, Texas

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS  
FOR RHEUMATISM KIDNEYS AND BLADDER



"I Divorce the Demop Rum."

# The AUCTION BLOCK

BY REX BEACH



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Peter Knight, defeated for political office in his town, decides to venture New York in order that the family fortunes might benefit by the expected rise of his charming daughter, Lorelei.

CHAPTER II—A well-known critic interviews Lorelei Knight, now stage beauty with Bergman's review, for a special article. Her coin-hunting mother outlines Lorelei's ambitions, but Sisson, the press agent, later adds his information.

CHAPTER III—Lorelei attends Millionaire Hammon's gorgeous entertainment. She meets Merkle, a wealthy dyspeptic, who seems fond of scandal.

CHAPTER IV—Bob Wharton breaks into the ball in a novel way and wins a thousand dollars from his father. Merkle asks Lorelei to be his detective in an affair which he fears. The intoxicated Bob Wharton insults Lorelei and then jumps in the fountain.

CHAPTER V—Jim Knight's doings disgust Lorelei and arouse her suspicion. Her dressing room partner looms as a central figure in the blackmail scheme against Hammon. Mrs. Croft, the dresser, tells what she heard.

CHAPTER VI—Lorelei meets Merkle to warn him of the proposed trap for Hammon. They go for a long auto ride in the night.

CHAPTER VII—The auto is wrecked; Merkle and Lorelei are forced to walk to the Chateau. Arriving, they meet Jim Knight and suspicious companions who leave suddenly. Hammon appears from within and tells of being tricked in company with Lillas Lynn.

CHAPTER VIII—Lorelei goes shopping and meets Mlle. Demorest, notorious dancer, who takes her home to tea. Lorelei learns that the dancer is not what is said of her.

CHAPTER IX—Lillas Lynn confesses to Lorelei her intentions as to Hammon. Jim Knight and his mother prepare to force money from Merkle, using Lorelei's ride with him as a weapon.

CHAPTER X—Jim takes Lorelei to supper to avoid Bob Wharton, who, however, unexpectedly appears at their table. He pours out his apologies to Lorelei and tells her that her brother arranged the meeting for money. Lorelei saves the drunken Wharton from Jim and his gang.

CHAPTER XI—Merkle calls on Lorelei at the theater and tells her of his attempt to extract blackmail from him. Lorelei decides to leave home. Lillas Lynn tells of her past.

CHAPTER XII—Bergman forces Lorelei to dinner and promptly loses control of his conduct. Bob Wharton proves a friend in need, as well as dancing instructor to Bergman.

CHAPTER XIII—Jim Knight and Melcher, with the help of Lillas Lynn, force a proposal of marriage from Bob Wharton to Lorelei. Too dazed to resist the onslaughts of the trio Lorelei passively submits to an immediate marriage to the drunken Wharton.

CHAPTER XIV—Hammon surprises Lillas at her apartments and while enraged she tells him she has meant to ruin him in revenge for her father's death. She also tells him she is responsible for his troubles and that she never intended to marry him. Hammon attacks Lillas; she shoots him as he advances toward her.

CHAPTER XV—Hammon orders Wharton and Merkle to remove him quietly to his home. Merkle discovers Lillas in her room in a stupor from drugs. He tells Jim Knight to send her out of the country. Bob Wharton hires a cab and drives Hammon home; they leave him alone in his library. He then calls his valet and has Merkle and the doctor summoned.

CHAPTER XVII.

Hannibal Wharton arrived in New York at five o'clock and went directly to Merkle's bank. At eight o'clock Jarvis Hammon died. During the afternoon and evening other financiers, summoned hurriedly from New England shores and Adirondack camps, were busied in preparations for the struggle they expected on the morrow. During the closing hours of the market prices had slumped to an alarming degree; a terrific raid on metal stocks had begun, and conditions were ripe for a panic.

Hammon had bulked large in the steel world, and his position in circles of high finance had become prominent; but alive he could never have worked one-half the havoc caused by his sudden death. That persistent rumor of suicide argued, in the public mind, the existence of serious money troubles, and gave significance to the rumor that for some time past had disturbed the Street. Hammon's enemies summoned their forces for a crushing assault.

In this emergency Bob's father found himself the real head of those vast enterprises in which he had been an associate, and until a late hour that night he was forced to remain in consultation with men who came and went with consternation written upon their faces.

The amazing transformation which followed the birth of the giant steel trust had raised many men from well-to-do obscurity into prominence and undreamed-of wealth. Since then the older members of the original clique had withdrawn one by one from active

affairs, and of the younger men only Wharton and Hammon had remained. Equally these two had figured in what was perhaps the most remarkable chapter of American financial history. Both had been vigorous, self-made, practical men. But the outcome had affected them quite differently.

Riches had turned Jarvis Hammon's mind into new channels; they had opened strange pathways and projected him into a life that was in every way foreign to his early teachings. His duties kept him in New York, while Wharton's had held him in his old home. Hammon had become a great financier; Wharton had remained the practical operating expert, and, owing to the exactions of his position, he had become linked more closely than ever to business detail. At the same time he had become more and more unapproachable. Unlimited power had forced him into the peculiar isolation of a chief executive; he had grown hard, suspicious, arbitrary. Even to his son he had been for years a remote being.

It was not until the last conference had broken up, not until the last forces had been disposed for the coming battle, that he spoke to Merkle of Bob's marriage. Merkle told him what he knew, and the old man listened silently. Then he drove to the Elegancia.

Bob and Lorelei had just returned from the theater, much, he it said, against the bridegroom's wishes. Bob had been eager to begin the celebration of his marriage in a fitting manner, and it had required the shock of Hammon's death added to Lorelei's entreaties to dissuade him from a night of hilarity. He was flushed with drink, and in consequence more than a little resentful when she insisted upon spending another night in the modest little home.

"Say! I'm not used to this kind of a place," he argued. "I'm not a cave-dweller. It's a lovely flat—for a murder—but it's no place to live."

"Don't be silly," she told him. "We acted on impulse; we can't change everything at a moment's notice."

"But—people take trips when they get married."

"I can't quit the show without two weeks' notice."

"Two weeks?" He was aghast.

"Two minutes. Two seconds. I won't have you dodging around stage doors."

"Bergman won't let me go; it wouldn't be right to ask him."

But Bob was insistent. "I intend to cure you of the work habit. You must learn to scorn it. Look at me. I'm an example of the unearned increment. We'll kiss this dinky flat a fond farewell—it's impossible, really—I refuse to share such a dark secret with you. Tomorrow we leave it for the third and last time. What'd you say to the sunny side of the Ritz until we decide where we want to travel?"

Just then the apartment bell rang. Bob went to the door. He returned with his father at his heels. Mr. Wharton tramped in grimly, nodded at his daughter-in-law, who had risen at the first sound of his voice, then ran his eyes swiftly over the surroundings.

"I hear you've made a fool of yourself again," he began, showing his teeth in a faint smile. "Have you given up your apartment at the Charlevoix?"

"Not yet," said Bob. "We're considering a suite at the Ritz for a few days."

"Indeed. You're going back to the Charlevoix tonight?"

Lorelei started. She had expected opposition, but was unprepared for anything so blunt and businesslike. "I think you and Bob can talk more freely if I leave you alone," she said.

Hannibal Wharton replied shortly: "No, don't leave. I'll talk freer with you here."

It appeared, however, that Robert stood in no awe of his father's anger; he said lightly:

"They never come back, dad. I'm a regular married man. Lorelei is my royal consort, my yoke-mate, my rib. We'll have to scratch the Charlevoix."

This levity left the caller unmoved; to Lorelei he explained:

"I want no notoriety, so all we need talk about is terms. You'll fare better by dealing directly with me than through lawyers—I'll fight a lawsuit—so let's get down to business. You should realize, however, that these settlements are never as large as they're advertised. I'll pay you ten thousand dollars and stand the costs of the divorce proceedings."

"You are making a mistake," she

told him, quietly.

"Not at all! Not at all!" Mr. Wharton exclaimed, irritably. "I know real sentiment when I see it, and I'll foot the bill for this counterfeit, but I'm too tired to argue."

Lorelei was standing very white and still; now she said, "Don't you think you'd better go?"

The elder man laid aside his hat and gloves, then spoke with snarling deliberation. "I'll go when I choose. No high and mighty airs with me, if you please." After a curious scrutiny of them both he asked his son: "You don't really imagine that she married you for anything except your money, do you?"

"I flattered myself—" Bob began, stiltily.

"Bah! You're drunk."

"Moderately, perhaps—or let us say that I am in an unaturally argumentative mood. I take issue with you. You see, dad, I've been crazy about Lorelei ever since I first saw her, and—"

"To be sure, that's quite natural. But why in hell did you marry her? That wasn't necessary, was it?"

Lorelei uttered a sharp cry. Bob rose; his eyes were bright and hard. Mr. Wharton merely arched his shaggy brows, inquiring quickly of the bride: "What's the matter? I state the case correctly, do I not?"

"No!" gasped Lorelei.

"Let's talk plainly—"

"That's a bit too plain, even from you, dad," Bob cried, angrily.

"It's time for plain speaking. You got drunk, and she trapped you. I'm here to get you out of the trap." Ad-



"You're Going Back to the Charlevoix Tonight."

dressing himself to Lorelei, he said: "Ten thousand dollars will buy a lot of clothes. I believe that's the amount Merkle offered you, isn't it?"

"Merkle? What are you talking about?" Bob demanded.

"Did Mr. Merkle tell you how and why he came to make that offer?" asked Lorelei, indignantly.

"No. But he offered it, did he not?"

"Yes, and I refused it. Ask him why?"

"We don't seem to be getting along very well," Bob interposed. "Lorelei is my wife and your daughter-in-law. What's more, I love her; so I guess that ends the Reno chatter." He crossed to Lorelei's side and encircled her with his arm. "There's no pricetag on this marriage, dad, and you'll regret what you've said."

Wharton senior shrugged wearily. "You tell him, miss; maybe he'll believe you."

"Tell him what?" asked Lorelei.

"The truth, of course." He paused for a reply, and, receiving none, broke out wrathfully: "Then I will. She's a grafter, Bob, and her whole family are grafters. Now, let me finish. She makes her living in any way she can; she smirks at you out of every catchpenny advertisement along Broadway. She's 'The Chewing-Gum Girl' and 'The Petticoat Girl' and 'The Bathing Girl'—"

"There's nothing dishonest in that."

"Just a minute. I won't have my daughter's face grinning at me every time I get into a street car. I'd be the laughing-stock of the country. It's legitimate, perhaps, but it's altogether too damned colorful for me."

"Is that all you have against her?"

"Not by any means. She's notorious—"

"Newspaper talk?"

"Is it? She's made her living by bleeding men, by taking gifts and renting herself out the way she did at Hammon's supper. Men don't support show girls from chivalrous motives. I had her family looked up, and it didn't take two hours. Listen to this report."

"No!" Lorelei gulped.

"No police record as yet"—Broker

living at the Charlevoix apartments—'Injured by a taxicab while intoxicated,'" quoted Wharton. "Scandal,



"That's a Lie!"

blackmail, graft. It's all here, Bob. The report was made by one of our own men, and it's incomplete, but I can have it elaborated. What do you say, Mrs. Wharton? Is it true?"

Lorelei dropped her head. "Most of it, I dare say."

"Did you try to blackmail Merkle?"

"No."

"Your mother and your brother did."

She was silent.

"They tried to scare him into marrying you, did they not?"

"Hammon said something about that," ejaculated Bob, "but I don't believe—"

Lorelei checked him. "It's quite true."

"Merkle said you had nothing to do with it personally," conscientiously explained Mr. Wharton, "and I'm willing to take his word. But that's neither here nor there." There was a moment of silence during which he folded and replaced the report; then he shook his head, exclaiming, "Second-hand goods, my boy!"

"That's a lie!" Lorelei's voice was like a whip.

Mr. Wharton eyed her grimly. "That's something for Bob to determine—I have only the indications to go on. I don't blame him for losing his wits—you're very good looking—but the affair must end. You're not a girl I'd care to have in my family—pardon my bluntness."

She met his eyes fairly. At no time had she flinched before him, although inwardly she had cringed and her flesh had quivered at his merciless attack.

"You have told Bob the truth," she began, slowly, "in the worst possible way; you have put me in the most unfavorable light. I dare say I never would have had the courage to tell him myself, although he deserves to know. I've been pretty—commercial—because I had to be, but I never sold myself, and I sha'n't begin now. Bob isn't a child; he's nearly thirty years old—old enough to make up his own mind—and he must make this decision, not I."

Bob opened his lips, but his father forestalled him.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I have no price. If he's sick of the match we'll end it, and it won't cost you a cent."

Bob looked inscrutable; his father smiled for the first time during the interview.

"That's very decent of you," he said, "but of course I sha'n't put the good faith of your offer to the test. I don't want something for nothing. I'll take care of you nicely."

Thus far Bob had yielded precedence to his father, but he could no longer restrain himself. "Now let me take the chair," he commanded, easily. "My mind is made up. You see, I didn't marry 'Peter Knight, residence Vale,' nor 'James Knight, reputation bad,' nor even 'Mathilda Knight, wife of Peter.' I married this kid, and the books are closed. You say the Knights are a bad lot, and Lorelei's reputation is a trifle discolored; maybe you're right, but mine has some inky blot on it, too, and I guess the cleanest part of it would just about match the darkest that he's can show. I seem to have all the best of the deal."

"Don't be an ass," growled his father.

"I've always been one—I may as well be consistent." Bob felt the slender form at his side begin to tremble, and smiled down into the troubled blue eyes upturned to his. "Maybe we'll both have to do some forgiving and forgetting. I believe that's usual nowadays."

"Oh, I'm not whitewashing you,"

Hannibal snapped. "She probably knows what you are."

"I do," agreed Lorelei. "He's a drunkard, and everything that means. But you taught him to drink before he could choose for himself."

Mr. Wharton smiled sneeringly. "Admirable! I begin to see that you're more than a pretty woman. Get his sympathy; it's good business. Now he'll think he must act the man. But that will wear off. And understand this: You can't graft off me. You and your family are due for a great disappointment. Bob hasn't anything, and he won't have until I die, but I'm good for thirty years yet. I'm not going to disinherit him. I'm merely going to wait until you both get tired. Take my word for it, poverty is the most tiresome thing in the world."

"We can manage," said Lorelei.

"You speak for yourself, but he can't make a living—unless he has something in him that I never discovered. I fear you'll find him rather a heavy burden."

Throughout the interview Mr. Wharton had kept his temper quite perfectly, and his coolness at this moment argued a greater fixity of purpose than might have been inferred from a display of rage. He made a final appeal to his son: "Can't you see that it won't do at all, Bob? I won't stand parasites, unless they're my own. Either have done with the matter and let me pay the charges or—go through to the bitter finish on your own feet. She's supporting three loafers; I dare say she can take care of another, but it isn't quite right to put it upon her—she's sure to weary of it some time. You'll notice I've said nothing about your mother so far, but—she's with me in this. I'll be in the city for several days, and I'd like to have you return to Pittsburgh with me when I go. Mother is expecting you. If you decide to stick it out—" Wharton's face showed more than a trace of feeling, his deep voice lowered a tone—"you may go to hell, with my compliments, and I'll sit on the lid to keep you there."

He rose, took his hat, and stalked out of the apartment without so much as a backward glance.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Whew! That was a knockout. But who got licked?" Bob went to the little sideboard and helped himself to a stiff drink.

"Did he mean it?"

"My dear, time wears away mountains, and rivers dry up, and the whole solar system is gradually running down, I believe; but dad isn't governed by any natural laws whatsoever. He's built of reinforced concrete, and time hardens him. He's impervious to rust or decay, and gravity exerts no power over him."

"Then I think you'd better make your choice tonight."

Bob's eyes opened. "I have. Don't you understand? I'm going to stand pat—that is, unless"—he hesitated, his smile was a bit uncertain—"unless you're sick of your bargain. I'm afraid you haven't come out of the deal very well. You thought I was rich—and so did I until a moment ago—but I'm not. I've run through a good deal. I don't blame you for considering me a fine catch or for marrying me. You see, I never expected to find a girl who'd take me for anything except my money, so I'm not offended or disappointed or surprised. A bank account looms up just as big on Fifth avenue as it does on Amsterdam, and there aren't any more love matches over there than elsewhere. I'm not blind to my shortcomings, either; there are a lot of bad habits waiting to be acquired by a chap with time and money like me. I can't live without booze; I don't know how to earn a living; I'm a corking spendthrift. That's one side. Balanced against that, I possess—let me see—I possess a fair sense of humor. Not a very even account, is it?"

For once in his life Bob showed unmistakable self-consciousness; this was, so far as Lorelei knew, his maiden effort to be serious. He ran on hurriedly: "What I mean to convey is this: I have no regrets, no questions to ask, no reproaches. I got all I expected, and all I was entitled to when I married you. But it seems that you've been cheated, and—I'm ready to do the square thing. I'll step aside and give you another chance, if you say so."

During this little declaration Lorelei had watched him keenly; she appeared to be seriously weighing his offer.

"I was getting pretty tired of things," he added, "and I s'pose I'd have wound up in the D. T. parlors of some highly exclusive institution or behind a bathroom door with a gas tube in my teeth. But—I met you, and you went to my head. I wanted you worse than I ever wanted anything—worse even than I ever wanted liquor. And now I have you. I've had you for one day, and that's something. I suppose it's silly to talk about starting over—I don't want to reform if I don't have to; moderation strikes me as an awful cold proposition; but it looks as if reform were indicated if I'm to keep you. I'm just an album of expensive habits, and—we're broke. Maybe I could—do something with myself if you took a

hand. It's a good deal to ask of a girl like you, but"—he regarded her timidly, then averted his eyes—"if you cared to try it we might make it go for a while. And you might get to care for me a little—if I improve." Again he paused hopefully. "I've been as honest as I know how. Now, won't you be the same?"

Lorelei roused herself, and spoke with quiet decision.

"I'll go through to the end, Bob." Bob started and uttered an inarticulate word or two; in his face was a light of gladness that went to the girl's heart. His name had risen freely to her lips; he felt as if she had laid her hand in his with a declaration of absolute trust.

"You mean that?" She nodded.

He took her in his arms and kissed her gently; then, feeling her warm against his breast, he burst the bonds that had restrained him up to this moment and covered her face, her neck, her hair with passionate caresses. For the first time since his delirium of the night before he abandoned himself to the hunger her beauty excited, and she offered him no resistance.

At last she freed herself, and, straightening the disorder of her hair, smiled at him mistily.

"Wait. Please—" "Beautiful!" His eyes were aflame. "You're my wife. Nothing can change that."

"Nothing except—yourself. Now, you must listen to me." She forced him reluctantly into his chair and seated herself opposite. He leaned forward and kissed her once more, then seized her hand and held it. At intervals he crushed his lips into its pink palm. "We must start honestly," she began. "Do you mind if I hurt you?"

"You can't hurt me so long as you don't—leave me. Your eyes have haunted me every night. I've seen the curve of your neck—your lips. No woman was ever so perfect, so maddening."

"Always that. You're not a husband at this moment; you're only a man."

He frowned slightly. "That's what makes this whole matter so difficult," she went on. "Don't you see?"

He shook his head. "You don't love me, you're drunk with—something altogether different to love. . . . It's true," she insisted. "You show it. You don't even know the real me."

"Beauty may be only a skin disease," Bob laughed, "but ugliness goes clear to the bone."

"I married you for your money, and you married me because—I seemed physically perfect—because my face and my body roused fires in you. I think we are both pretty rotten at heart, don't you?"

"No. Anyhow, I don't care to think about it. I never won anything by thinking. Kiss me again."

She ignored his demand, with her shadowy smile. "I deliberately traded on my looks; I put myself up for a price, and you paid that price regardless of everything except your desires. We muddled things dreadfully and got our deserts. I didn't love you, I don't love you now any more than you love me; but I think we're coming to respect each other, and that is a beginning. You have longings to be something different and better; so have I. Let's try together. I have it in me to succeed, but I'm not sure about you."

"Thanks for the good cheer."

"You're afraid you can't make a living for us—I know you can. I'm merely afraid you won't."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I don't believe the liquor will let you."

"Nonsense. Any man can cut down."

"Cutting down" won't do for us, Bob." He thrilled anew at her inti-

mate use of his name. "The chemistry of your body demands the stuff—you couldn't be temperate in anything. You'll have to quit."

"All right. I'll quit. I divorce the demon rum; lovers once, but strangers now. I'll quit gambling, too."

Lorelei laughed. "That won't strain your will-power in the least, for half my salary goes up Amsterdam avenue, and the rest will about run this flat."

Her listener frowned. "Forget that salary talk," he said, shortly. "D'you think I'd let you—support me? D'you think I'm that kind of a nose-ear? When I get so I can't pay the bills I'll walk out. Tomorrow you quit work, and we move to the Ritz—they know me there, and—this delightful, home-like grotto of yours gives me the colly-wabbles."

"Who will pay the hotel?" Lorelei smiled.

"Mr. George W. Bridegroom, of course. I'll get the money, never fear. I know everybody, and I've borrowed thousands of dollars when I didn't need it. My rooms at the Charlevoix are full of expensive junk; I'll sell it, and that will help. As soon as we're decently settled I'll look for a salaried job. Then watch my smoke. To quote from the press of a few months hence: 'The meteoric rise of Robert Wharton has startled the financial world, surpassing as it does the sensational success of his father. Young Mr. Wharton was seen yesterday at his Wall street office and took time from his many duties to modestly assure our representative that his ability was inherited, and merely illustrates anew the maxim that "a chip of the old block will return after many days." That will please dad. He'll relent when I attribute my success to him.'"

"You must quit drinking before you begin work," said Lorelei.

"I have quit."

With a person of such resilient temperament, one who gamboled through life like a fawn, argument was difficult. Bob Wharton was pagan in his joyous inconsequence; his romping spirits could not be damped; he bubbled with the optimism of a Robin Goodfellow. Ahead of him he saw nothing but dancing sunshine, heard nothing but the Pandean pipes. The girl-wife watched him curiously.

"I wonder if you can," she mused. "Before we begin our new life we're going to make a bargain, binding on both of us. You'll have to stop drinking. I won't live with a drunkard. I'll work until you've mastered the craving."

"No!" Bob declared, firmly. "I'll take the river before I'll let you—keep me. Why, if I—"

Lorelei rose and laid her hand over his lips, saying quietly: "I'm planning our happiness, don't you understand? and it's a big stake. You must pocket your pride for a while. Nobody will know. We've made a botch of things so far, and there is only one way for us to win out."

"A man who'd let his wife—"

"A man who wouldn't let his wife have her way at first is a brute."

"You shouldn't ask it," he cried, sullenly.

"I don't ask it: I insist upon it. If you refuse we can't go on."

"Surely you don't mean that?" He looked up at her with grave, troubled eyes.

"I do. I'm entirely in earnest. You haven't strength to go out among your friends and restrain yourself. No man as far gone as you could do it."

"I've a simpler way than that," he told her, after a moment's thought. "There are institutions where they straighten fellows up. I'll go to one of those."

"No." She rejected this suggestion positively. "They only relieve; they don't cure. The appetite comes back. This is something you must do yourself, once and for all. You must fight this out in secret; this city is no place for men with appetites they can't control. Do this for me, Bob, and—and I'll let you do anything after that. I'll let you—beat me." Getting no response from him, she added gravely, "It is that or—nothing."

"I can't let you go," Bob said finally.

"Good! We'll keep this apartment and I'll go on working—"

He hid his face in his hands and groaned. "Gee! I'm a rotter."

"You can sell your belongings at the Charlevoix, and we'll use the money. We'll need everything, for I can't piece out my salary the way I've been doing. There can't be any more supper parties and gifts—"

"I should hope not," he growled. "I'll murder the first man who speaks to you."

"Then it is a real, binding bargain?"

"It is—if you'll bind it with another kiss," he agreed, with a miserable attempt at cheerfulness. "But I sha'n't look myself in the face."

For the first time she came to him willingly.

"Doesn't it seem nice to be honest with yourself and the world?" she sighed, after a time.

"Yes," he laughed. "I'm sorry to cut the governor adrift, but he'll have to get along without our help."

Despite his jocularity he was deeply moved. As the situation grew clearer

to him he saw that this girl was about to change the whole current of his careless life; her unexpected firmness, her gentle, womanly determination at this crisis was very grateful—he desperately longed to retain its support—and yet the arrangement to which she had forced his consent went sorely against his grain. His struggle had not been easy. Her surrender to him was as complete and as unselfish as his own acquiescence seemed unmanly and weak. He rose and paced the little room to relieve his feelings. Days and weeks of almost constant dissipation had affected his mental poise quite as disastrously as the strain of the past twenty-four hours had told upon his physical control, and he was shaking nervously. He paused at the sideboard finally and poured himself a steady drink.

Lorelei watched his trembling fingers fill the glass before she spoke. "You mustn't touch that," she said, positively.

"Eh?" He turned, still frowning absent-mindedly. "Oh, this?" He held the glass to the light. "You mean you want me to begin—now? A fellow has to sober up gradually, my dear. I really need a jolt—I'm all unstrung."

"I sealed the bargain."

"But, Lorelei—" He set the glass down with a mirthless laugh. "Of course, I won't, if you insist. I intended to taper off—a chap can't turn teetotaler the way he turns a hand-spring." He eyed the glass with a sudden intensity of longing. "Let's begin tomorrow. Nobody starts a new life at 2 a. m. And—it's all poured out."

She answered by taking the glass and flinging its contents from the open window. This done, she gathered the bottles from the sideboard—there were not many—and, opening the folding

doors that masked the kitchenette, she upended them over the sink. When the last gurgle had died away she went to her husband and put her arms around his neck.

"You must," she said, gently. "If you'll only let me have my way we'll win. But, Bob, dear, it's going to be a bitter fight."

Lorelei's family spent most of the night in discussing their great good fortune. Even Jim, worn out as he was by his part in the events connected with the marriage, sat until a late hour planning his sister's future, and incidentally his own. After he had gone to bed mother and father remained in a glow of exhilaration that made sleep impossible, and it was nearly dawn when they retired to dreams of hopes achieved and ambitions realized.

About nine-thirty on the following morning, just when the rival Wall street forces were gathering, Hannibal Wharton called up the Knight establishment.

(To be Continued)

Look out for malaria. It is seasonable now. A few doses of Prickly Ash Bitters is a sure preventive. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Selkirk and baby of Troup are visiting relatives in Grapeland this week.

Hot weather saps the vital energy and makes the hardest workers feel lazy. To maintain strength and energy, use Prickly Ash Bitters. It is the friend of industry. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

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## THE STEPHENS-ASHURST BILL

To Protect the Public Against Dishonest Advertising and False Pretenses in Merchandising

**What is the "Stephens-Ashurst" Bill?**

A bill introduced in Congress by Senator Henry F. Ashurst of Arizona, and by Representative Dan V. Stephens of Nebraska, providing a remedy for the unfair competition of great trading monopolies.

**What is the character of this unfair competition?**

Chiefly in advertising at "cut prices" well-known goods as a means of inducing the public to buy unknown goods of doubtful quality.

**What is the purpose of the cut-price concerns?**

To use the reputation of a reliable article as a bait to catch the consumers, and deceive them into believing that all their goods offered for sale are sold at the same low rate of profit.

**Are the expenses of the great trading monopolies less than those of the average retail merchant?**

No. Trade investigations agree that the cost of doing business by these big city concerns is approximately 30 per cent., while the cost of the average small merchant is 16 per cent.

**How then can the predatory price cutters undersell the independent merchant?**

They can't; they only seem to. They sell things that people know at cost. On unfamiliar goods they overcharge. The consumer is deceived by the false representation that their mass of unknown goods is sold at the same price reduction offered on a few well-known articles.

**What is the effect of this unfair advertising practice?**

It destroys the independent merchants of the towns and small cities, builds up great chain-store and mail-order systems, and compels the sale of inferior goods by all classes of dealers.

**Is price cutting in the interest of the public?**

No. It means the destruction of the usual retail channels by which goods reach the consumers to their best advantage. It forces the sale of unknown articles, often of cheap and shoddy quality, instead of reliable goods which have their maker's reputation behind them. It promotes substitution.

**What will be the result of the general extension of the practices throughout the country?**

The ruin of hundreds of thousands of independent merchants; the concentration of trade in vast monopolies located in a few great cities; a decline in prosperity and population of the villages, towns and small cities and the ultimate injury of the consumers, by placing them at the mercy of monopolies which will then be able to extort such profits as they please for the sale of such goods as they choose to handle.

**How will the bill aid in giving relief from cut-throat monopoly creating methods?**

By preventing the unfair and dishonest use of well-known goods as advertising bait, and guaranteeing a uniform price to all consumers.

**Will the bill operate in any way to give trade-marked goods a monopoly?**

Not at all. The bill explicitly states that its provisions shall not apply to any article that is produced or controlled by a monopoly. If any manufacturer asked higher prices than his goods were worth, the public would refuse to buy, and new makers would quickly enter the field.

**How can all who are interested in the prosperity and growth of our villages, towns and small cities aid in having the bill passed?**

By writing at once to the U. S. Senators from their State, and the Congressman from their District, urging them to support the Stephens-Ashurst Bill, and use their influence in its favor.



"You Mustn't Touch That," She Said, Positively.



"I Divorce the Demon Rum."



## Be a Home Town Trader!

JOIN THE HOME TOWN PROCESSION.  
This is your home town. Your interest is here.  
The town's prosperity is your prosperity  
Keep the money in town by spending it in town.  
In order to spend it wisely

## Read the Home Paper

**John Spence**  
Lawyer  
Crockett, : : : : Texas  
Office Upstairs over Monzingo Millinery Store

**A. E. Owens**  
NOTARY PUBLIC  
Legal Documents  
Correctly Drawn  
Grapeland, Texas

**FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOR RHEUMATISM KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

THE GRAPELAND MESSENGER

A. S. LUKER, Editor and Owner

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

Other advertising rates are reasonable and quoted upon application.

PROBATIONER'S NOTICE—Obituaries and Resolutions of respect are printed for half price—2-3c per line. Other matter "not news" charged at regular rates.

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

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, AUG. 3, 1916

What some women can't find to wear these days is too abbreviated to wear at all.

A little sunshine in a shadowed life is as precious as gold to the miser. Give of your abundance to those who are starving for joy, and the world will be brighter to you for your act.

The United States is the only country in which the son of the poorest mechanic or laboring man may become its ruler and where the daughter of a farmer may become the wife of a president and the mother of senators.

A few months ago we were depressed at the cold weather and were wishing that summer would hurry along. It is here in all the glory of its scorching rays, and we are now wondering and longing for the good old winter days again. We just never can be satisfied, no matter what we get.

Governor Ferguson barely squeezed through the primary, Mr. Morris polling more votes than has ever been polled by a candidate against a governor for a second term. The governor lost submission, the repeal of the Robertson insurance law was defeated, Bob Henry, his choice for senator, ran fifth, and Morris carried his home county—Bell—by a few votes. Our advice to the governor is to be more careful and "take care o' yerself."

A community torn by dissensions, rent asunder by strife and contention—the people always ready to fly at each other's throats on account of rivalry and petty jealousies—can never hope to succeed. The universal brotherhood of man is constantly deferred and the end of time will appear before this great desideratum can be brought about, unless man can be brought to the realization of this, his dominant weakness. Let him inquire, "who is my neighbor?"

The best way to reduce the value of land is to cut out roads and schools. But nobody wants to do that. The best way to enhance the value of our land is to build up a high class citizenship, supplemented with good roads, good schools and good churches. An evidence that that condition will do the work we have only to know the contrast between the worst community in East Texas and the best one. Would any self-respecting citizen living in the best community exchange places with anyone living in the worst community? The whole question in its last analysis

amounts to about this: Good people build and support schools and churches, therefore schools and churches make land higher, purely from a standpoint of pride. Good roads add to the value of land, because they save money in many ways and open up markets for agricultural products.—Rusk County News.

ripples on THE TRINITY

July 31.—We consider the cotton prospect better than last year at this time. It is healthy and doing its level best, and if we do not have an extreme wet August, think we will make a fair crop.

While in town the other day we learned something we have been trying to find out for six or seven years—when dog days began. We believe our authority is good. Mr. J. J. Brooks says they begin the 28th of July and run forty days. There are a great many sayings about dog days. One is, that if it rains the first day it will rain the entire forty days; dogs are all subject to rabies and snakes are all blind etc. Let's watch and see about the rain.

The meeting closed at the tabernacle last Wednesday at noon. While there were no confessions, we had a good meeting and we know our labors were not in vain because God's word says so. We are to have another meeting which will begin Tuesday night, August 22. Rev. E. Payne will do the preaching. Bro. Payne preaches with authority from God and it will do you good to hear him. He is a product of Houston county and the Methodists are proud of him. Let's try to be ready to make an investment in the meeting.

The temperature has not been running quite so high the last few days.

There is some sickness. J. L. Chiles had his first fever Saturday evening. Says he would not mind it so much if quinine was not so high.

Mr. and Mrs. West, Stovall White and Malcolm Obent ate melons with the family of P. L. Fulgham and Mrs. Homer Beazley and children and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Fox ate with J. L. Chiles yesterday evening.

Ye scribe attended two Sunday schools yesterday. There were small crowds at both, but good services.

All have plenty of work to do and it seems somehow we are always in a strain. Zack.

A CARD OF THANKS

To the People of Grapeland and the entire northern end of the county: I wish to thank you from the depths of my heart for the support you gave me in the July primary.

The only way that I can repay you for your generous support is to make you an efficient Tax Collector, and this, I promise my very best efforts and concentration in doing.

Many thanks for your never tiring support, I am

Your friend, C. W. Butler Jr.

W. E. Kerr and O. H. Pitts left early Monday morning in a car for Hillsboro, where Mr. Pitts will join his wife and children for a visit with relatives. Mr. Kerr will go on to Mineral Wells to spend a week or two for his health.

LOW QUARTER SHOES ALL SIZES—BEST STYLES

Right now is a hard time of year on the feet. You need a new pair of shoes and as it is too early to buy fall shoes, you no doubt intend finishing the season with that old pair of slippers. The logical thing for you to do is to get a pair of slippers, for with the long period of warm weather before us, low quarters will feel comfortable for a long time. And then you can save money on them by buying them here. Our line of sizes is good and our styles are some of the best sellers for the season.

Men's Low Quarter Shoes—in all popular leathers and sizes from 5 to 11 .. .. \$2.50 and up

Women's Low Quarter Shoes—including the newest pumps, baby dolls, etc., in patent, sizes 1 to 9, at .. .. \$2.00 and up

Misses' Low Quarters—in all the runs of sizes and in popular leathers.

Boys' Low Quarters—in gun metal, button and lace, and line of sizes complete

Now, Mr. Man, You Need a Pair of Good Work Shoes

Do you want just an ordinary kind to make through the summer with or do you want a dandy good one that will wear you for several months? Let us help you decide. We have a line of ALL LEATHER work shoes that last longer and wear easier and better than the other kind at just the same price you will have to pay. When you buy your fall shoes, insist on THE ALL LEATHER LINE, for it takes leather to stand the weather.

We Are Taking Stock This Week

and after inventory, our shelves will begin to receive the new late summer and early fall merchandise. If you want to be sure of having the new things while they are new, you will not lose by visiting this store.

The Designer, Millinery Trade Review, Dry Goodsman and other style sheets at our store for you to look through.

GEORGE E. DARSEY SERVICE FIRST STORE

NEWS FROM NEW PROSPECT

July 31.—We suppose everybody is glad to see the sun shining, as this is Monday morning and some are trying to save fodder and others are getting their cane ready to make up.

Mr. Lee Finch is having some carpenter work done on his house.

No serious sickness, but several have been on the puny list, among whom were: Grady Finch and Mrs. Sim Finch, also two of Mr. Sam Bridges' children.

Sam Parker, who has been in Palestine for some time, was in this community Sunday.

Mrs. Jim Bridges was down from Elkhart Saturday night and Sunday, visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Marshall visited Mr. Luce and family Sunday.

Miss Amblis Collins of Oak Grove visited her sister, Mrs. Archie Parker Saturday.

A good many of the young people took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Jim Musick Sunday, and all attended the baptizing at Chaffin's pond in the evening.

A Reader.

A few ice cream freezers to close out at cut prices at Darsey's.

Own Your Home and Save Rent

For BARGAINS in Homes in Grapeland, or Farms in the country, Town Lots, Acreage, or improved or unimproved lands, where we grow abundant crops, have plenty of wood and water, good health, good churches, schools and good people, see or write--

S. E. HOWARD GRAPELAND, TEXAS

Cure For Cholera Morbus

"When our little boy, now 7 years old, was a baby he was cured of cholera morbus by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," writes Mrs. Sidney Simmons, Fair Haven, N. Y. "Since then other members of my family have used this valuable medicine for colic and bowel trouble with good sat-

isfaction and I gladly endorse it as a remedy of exceptional merit. Obtainable everywhere.

Darsey buys bees wax.

Mr. and Mrs. James Owens and daughter, Lura Mae, and little son, Mulkey, are spending the week with friends on Trinity river.



**THE GRA**

**A. S. LUNER.**

Printed in the  
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**LOCAL NEWS**

Lime and cement at Darsey's.  
You will find plenty of baling wire at Darsey's.

Mrs. Will Musick of Crockett is visiting relatives at Augusta.

Get Darsey's prices on chickens and eggs before selling.

Clewis will give you good service when it comes to cleaning and pressing clothes.

Yes, you will find syrup buckets at Darsey's.

Mrs. Mary Knight of Tyler is here on a visit to her son, J. O. Edington, and family.

Mrs. Geo. Garner of Route 1 and John Tyer and Geo. Ivey of Route 2 have our thanks for their subscription.

Mrs. Dillard of Mississippi was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Brewton a few days this week.

**FOR SALE**

A good milch cow, or will trade for stock cattle. Apply to Dr. Stafford.

Hermie Howard is spending the week here visiting relatives and friends.

H. G. Patton and Wilsie Hail of Crockett, M. S. and S. C. Spence of this city, and Harry Everett of Palestine, left Sunday morning in Mr. Patton's car for a trip to Ft. Worth.

In addition to the farms that we are offering for sale, we have three residences and a few unimproved lots in Grapeland for sale or rent. If interested we will be glad to figure with you.  
Geo. E. Darsey.

S. L. Robison and family, late of Jewett, have moved to Grapeland to make their home. Mr. Robison has rented the brick building next to the F. & M. Bank and will put in a racket store.

Geo. E. Darsey, W. R. Wherry and T. S. Kent were in Crockett Monday and Tuesday serving on the special grand jury convened by Judge Prince to investigate the killing of J. T. Dawes, which occurred near Crockett a few weeks ago.

**NEW GOODS**

I have just received a lot of new dress goods and you can't afford to miss the bargains I am offering. Also remember that I pay more for chickens and eggs than anyone else. Have a lot of children's and ladies' lace hose, regular 25c value, going at 5c a pair.  
J. J. Brooks.

**WILL OPERATE SERVICE CAR**

I am operating a service car from Grapeland to all points. Night trips a specialty. Reasonable charges on all trips. Round trip fare to Crockett \$1 per head whether there is one passenger or four. Your patronage appreciated. Phone or call at Goodson Hotel.  
E. R. Langham.

**PICNIC AT ELKHART**

There will be a picnic at Elkhart August 10, and everybody is invited to come and bring a basket. Morning exercises, music and speaking. Afternoon, music, and at 2 o'clock Kate Richards O'Hare of St. Louis will deliver her famous lecture, which will be worth the attendance of anyone. Committee.

Darsey buys black eye peas.

New fall samples are now on display. Call and see the many pretty patterns. Clewis.

Plenty of barb wire and hog fencing at Darsey's.

Hats cleaned and re-blocked at a small cost. Made to look new and give good service.  
M. L. Clewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Kennedy of Palestine were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Guice several days this week.

**STRAYED**

One sorrel mare mule, about 15 years old, not in good order, branded P. on left thigh. Notify Bob Smith at Salmon.

Maj. J. F. Martin left Tuesday for Bryan where he will visit relatives a few weeks, and upon his return home, will arrange to move to Big Sandy.

Mrs. J. O. Edington and children, and Misses Mary Lou Darsey, Georgia Belle Richards, Esther Darsey and Perlina Spence left today for Henderson to visit Miss Lois Ballenger.

J. L. Chiles of Reynard was here Saturday and brought to the Messenger office a very fine specimen of corn he is raising this year. The corn is Clism's Yellow Dent variety, and the ears are large and well developed. He has about an acre which he will harvest and save for seed.

**LOCAL NEWS FROM WANETA**

July 31.—Crops are looking fine at present, although we are having too much rain, and some are afraid the insects will injure cotton if it rains much more.

Mr. Charley Killgo and family visited at Slocum the latter part of last week.

Mrs. Edmondson entertained with a party last Thursday night at her home. Everyone highly enjoyed the evening.

Messrs. Clem Barnes and Andy Goff and families left last Thursday for Grand Saline to visit relatives.

Misses Mary and Leta Lively were the guests of Ruby Harrington Sunday.

Mrs. Myrtie McRenzie of Percilla was the guest of Mrs. Hendrick Sunday.

Mr. Oliver Edmondson who is visiting here and Miss Lillian Rains of Slocum, were married last Thursday. They will leave in a few days for Arkansas, where they will make their future home.

Several from here attended a concert at Percilla last Friday night and report a nice time.

Several from here attended the funeral of Mrs. Buddie Scarbrough at Augusta last Tuesday.

The protracted meeting is now in progress at New Hope, conducted by Rev. Foster of this place.

Mr. William Moore, wife and daughter were the guests of Mr. Branch Hogan and wife Sunday.  
Bonnie.

**LOST TWO FINGERS**

Carl Lively, young son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Lively, met with an unfortunate accident Sunday afternoon and as a result two fingers of the left hand are gone, caused by the explosion of a dynamite cap. The little boy had been to a neighbor's house and found some of the caps, and not knowing what they were, lighted one with a match with the above result. He was carried to town where the wound was dressed and is now getting along nicely.

**SCHOOL CROP SHOWS UP WELL**

Monday afternoon, accompanied by Prof. C. T. Sims, we visited the crop which has been cultivated and grown by the school children. In view of the fact that this crop was grown on very poor land, they have made a splendid showing and have produced some very fine stuff at a small cost. The crop was planted and cultivated by the school children, with the exception of \$7.00 worth of labor. There are two varieties of peanuts, two of peas and two of corn. Some samples of the corn are on display at the Guaranty State Bank and it will compare favorably with any corn grown around here. About one and a quarter acres is planted to corn and the estimated yield is thirty bushels. The peas are now ready to harvest and the peanuts bid fair to yield a large crop. Mr. Sims is already planning for next year and will include other crops besides the above. Aside from furnishing the pupils a diversion from their studies, they gain many valuable lessons in agriculture that will be beneficial in after years.

**CALL THE ICE MAN**

He is the essence of economy. He is your best friend in the hot, sweltering days of summer. A few pounds of ice a day will preserve many times its cost in perishable goods. It costs but a few cents a day and will save you many dollars. Call the ice man and save your dollars.  
J. W. Howard

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Leaverton and daughter, Miss Adabel, who have been visiting relatives in Kaufman and Midland, returned home Tuesday.

**TRY THESE--- ESPECIALLY PREPARED for US**

- OUR LIQUID TAR SOAP--It's a different and a better soap.
- OUR CORN REMOVER--Will destroy that corn or callus.
- OUR QUININE HAIR TONIC--It keeps your hair healthy and attractive.
- OUR RED CLOVER COMPOUND--Purifies and enriches the blood.
- OUR FRAGRANT BATH POWDER--Softens hard water for bathing or washing.
- OUR CAMPHOR-MENTHOL CREAM--Has many uses. Ask us about.
- OUR HYGENIC TOOTH PASTE--Cleans and beautifies the breath.

**The Peoples Drug Store**

"Honesty and Quality"

WADE L. SMITH

**RUB-MY-TISM**

Will cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headaches, Cramps, Colic Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, Old Sores, Tetter, Ring-Worm, Eczema, etc. Antiseptic Anodyne, used internally or externally. 25c

Before going fishing see those wood minnows at Darsey's.

Miss Maude McCarty left Saturday for Del Rio, where she will spend some time visiting friends.

**Catarrh Cannot Be Cured**

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarrh Cure was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years. It is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in Hall's Catarrh Cure is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. All Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

If you need a new wagon go to Darsey's.

**WE THINK**

**YOU WILL PROFIT BY BECOMING**

**A PATRON OF THIS STORE**

It is not our policy to boast or to make extravagant statements that we cannot back up. But we do make it our business to sell goods just as cheap or cheaper than any other firm from whom you can buy. And in addition to this

**THE QUALITY OF OUR GOODS IS ALWAYS HIGH**

That is Where Your PROFIT as a Patron Comes in.

**KENNEDY BROTHERS**

THE STORE FOR EVERYBODY

**Clipped From  
Our Exchanges**

Other's Views on Current Items

**LETTER FROM A DEFEATED  
CANDIDATE**

The following letter was received with a remittance from a defeated candidate in Johnson county and was plainly written from the junction of Bitter Creek and Salt River.

Dear Sir: Enclosed is check for balance on Political Advertising. This is the last campaign debt I owe and the last of my campaign fund. From all indications it is also the last of my political aspirations, unless I should be so unfortunate as to get all my limbs broken, my eyes punched out and my head cracked. In such a case I might run again. Yours truly,  
—Venus Express.

Just the other day we were going to fight Mexico. Now it seems that we have forgiven her and are going to lend her money to get on her feet again. We have turned the other cheek as the Scripture enjoins, and when our enemy compelled us to go with him a mile we have gone with him twain. Plenty of men have lived up to this Christian doctrine, but when has any other nation done it?—Cleburne Review.

Germans predict the fall of Verdun within this month. If it takes place there will be more peace talk. England is to vote a billion and a half credit for the war. About \$11,900,000,000 has already been voted. Modern warfare is a costly game and the longest purse may win. Financiers say that Great Britain has the greatest borrowing capacity, and that Russia will be able to feed all the allies and furnish all the new recruits. Germany can not fight the world.—Dallas News.

The best way to build up a town is to stand by every man in the place who does right. Whenever a man is doing well, do not tear him down. All residents should be partners, not opponents. In all livelihoods, the more business your rival does the more business you will do. Every business man who treats his customers honestly, courteously and fairly will get his share, and the more business that can be secured by united effort, the better it will be for all. When a town ceases to grow it begins to die, and the more people who try to kill each other's business in their town, the more steadily will utter ruin come to all. Stand together for the advancement of every citizen. If a man shows ability to

prosper, do not pull him back through jealousy or weight him down through cold indifference.—Hutto Record.

An exchange says the parents who allow a big stripling boy to hang around town all day without employment of any kind are committing an injustice against the boy and heaping up trouble for themselves to be realized in the future. There are boys who lie around the streets from early morning till late at night, only going home to eat. It may be a little hard, but every parent should make it a rule that the boy who does not work should not eat. Work has never yet ruined a boy, but the majority of criminally and vicious boys are such because of indulgent parents.—Valley Mills Tribune.

**OVERHEARD**

Little Things That Happen in Everyday Life—Contributed by One of Our Readers

The other day I was walking down the street and two men—whose names I'll omit—were walking ahead of me, and they were talkin' about a man I happened to know and like. What they were sayin' about that man can't be printed. They said everything bad about him they could think of and then some. Just as they had exhausted their vocabulary in vilifying this man they met him face to face, and I knew that man thought those fellows were his friends because he greeted them with a hearty handshake and anybody could tell that he was a good scout and didn't deserve the bad things that had been said about him. Did those fellows give him an indifferent greeting? Not much! They seized his hand like he was a long lost brother and that man invited those fellows to have a cold drink. I thought they would refuse, but they went in and drank with him, patted him on the shoulder and went on their way. And I wonder if some people were not born without a conscience. So you can't always tell whether you are being kind to a friend or an enemy. I wanted to tell that man what I had heard, but I didn't because it would have made him dislike those fellows, and maybe they will feel ashamed when they read this and quit being two-faced. This old world is full of two-faced folks and if they don't discard this manner of lying to their fellow-men, when Gabriel blows his trumpet they will be so busy praisin' some fellow to his face who they "cussed" to his back that they won't hear the trumpet and will get left here on earth with the Devil, and I don't know but what it will serve them right.

**SOME BASEBALL STARS  
of 1916**

The Farm and Small Town furnish Best Material for Big League Timber

Looking over the roster of the big league ball teams you will find name after name of men who only recently were boys on the farm or in the village or small town. On the other hand, surprisingly few ball from the big cities. And yet, this is not so surprising after all. Even laying aside our knowledge of the big part that the so-called country boy has always played in the great affairs of business and the nation, the country is the place to lay the foundation necessary for athletes.

The photographs shown are familiar to all lovers of the great National game. It is rather interesting to note that in addition to their being representatives of their type in the baseball world all of these stalwart athletes are great endorsers of that beverage you know and like so well—Coca-Cola.

**Short Histories of the Players.**  
There follows short life histories of the ball players whose pictures are shown, their achievements on the diamond and their present affiliations and positions.

**JONES, Fielder Allison,** Manager of St. Louis Browns. Born August 13, 1871, at Shingle House, Pa. Active playing member of the famous Brooklyn team of 1896 to 1900, inclusive, managed by Ned Hanlon.

During the war between the American and National leagues, he went to Chicago during 1901, but did not play until 1902. Continued as player in 1903 and on June 8, 1904, he was appointed manager, winning pennant and world's championship in 1906.

Was elected president of Northwestern League, December, 1911, and remained at head of league, 1912-13-14, resigning to take charge of St. Louis Federal League team, August 23, 1914. Last season he came within one-half game of winning Federal League pennant, finishing nearer the top than any team in major leagues since the Browns in 1889.

He says, Coca-Cola is his favorite beverage.

**ALEXANDER, Grover Cleveland,** Pitcher Philadelphia Nationals. Born in St. Paul, Nebraska, February 26, 1887, and lives on a farm there now.

Alexander is one of the greatest pitchers in the game today, being practically responsible for the Philadelphia



National League Team winning the pennant last year. He was the leading pitcher of the National League, pitching 49 full games.

Drafted by Philadelphia in August, 1910, with whom he has since played.

He warmly endorses Coca-Cola as a drink for athletes.

**BAKER, John Franklin ("Home-Run")** Third-baseman, New York Yankees. Born March 13, 1885, at Trappe, Md., and lives on a farm near there at present.

Started to play ball with a semi-professional team at Ridgeley, Md., and is said to have been offered his first job by Charles Herzog, now manager of Cincinnati, for \$5 a week and board. This was in 1908, when Baker was only 19 years old. With Sparrows Point and Cambridge, Md., in 1907 and 1908. However, was released to Reading latter part of 1908, and drafted by Athletics, which he joined towards the close of the season.

Baker is a terrific hitter, and will prove a tower of strength to the New York Yankees with which team he will play this season, and incidentally will make them build a bigger fence around the Polo Grounds, where the Yankees play when at home in New York City.

It was during the World's Series of 1912, with New York, that Baker gained the name by which he is now known—"Home Run" Baker.

Coca-Cola, he says, makes a home-run hit with him.

**DOYLE, Lawrence,** Captain New York National League Club. Born at Caseyville, Ill., July 31, 1886. Second baseman.

Started to play ball with Mattoon semi-professionals in 1906. With Springfield, Ill., in 1907 and later sold to New York Nationals, July 22, 1907, for \$1,500, considered a very high price at that time. He has since played with the New York Nationals and was appointed Captain in 1912, which position he has since held, with them. Leading hitter of the National League for the season of 1915. Like all the best of them he is a staunch believer in Coca-Cola.

**TINKER, Joseph E.,** Shortstop and Manager of Chicago Cubs. The talk of the country for the past two years, as the first player of real merit to jump to the Federal League, and as manager of the Chicago club in that league, won the pennant for

1915. Born July 27, 1880, at Muscatel, Kansas. In 1901, was secured by the Chicago Nationals to play shortstop, which he did from 1902-1912, inclusive. A member of the famous Chicago Cubs when they were at the height of their glory. Released to Cincinnati in 1913, where he managed the Reds and played shortstop that year. Sold to Brooklyn for \$25,000, but did not join team, jumping to the Federal League, which he aided to a great extent in organizing. Tinker is a brainy ball player and a clever manager—no wonder he likes Coca-Cola.

There is, by the way, a wonderful similarity between the origin of these ball players and that of the beverage which they endorse. Coca-Cola might be called an agricultural drink, both from the materials it is made of and because of its great popularity in the country as well as in the city. For Coca-Cola, if ever there was a natural, wholesome beverage, is such—it itself is a gift from Nature. Made from Nature's pure water, flavored with the juices of fine fruits and things that grow and sweetened with Nature's purest, finest sugar—and please particularly remember this—Coca-Cola contains no artificial sweetening matter but just the best of pure cane sugar. It is this fine combination that gives Coca-Cola its deliciousness of flavor, its distinctively refreshing and thirst-quenching qualities and great wholesomeness. That's why ball players, athletes, fans—all classes and kinds of men and women drink and endorse Coca-Cola. Drink a glass or a bottle and you will be just as enthusiastic about it.

**Just the Thing for Diarrhoea**

"About two years ago I had a severe attack of diarrhoea which lasted over a week," writes W. C. Jones, Buford, N. D. "I became so weak that I could not stand upright. A druggist recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. The first dose relieved me and within two days I was as well as ever." Many druggists recommend this remedy because they know that it is reliable. Obtainable everywhere.

**TO THE VOTERS AND LADIES OF HOUSTON COUNTY**

I was scared so bad last week I couldn't write my card of thanks. Now, as everything is settled, I sincerely thank my friends for their support. Also the ladies for the nice dinners that they worried with in our behalf. Sincerely,  
Ney Sheridan.

**Liver Trouble**

"I am bothered with liver trouble about twice a year," writes Joe Dingman, Webster City, Iowa. "I have pains in my side and back and awful soreness in my stomach. I heard of Chamberlain's Tablets and tried them. By the time I had used half a bottle of them I was feeling fine and had no signs of pain." Obtainable everywhere.

Charlie Brewton and family of West Texas are here on a visit to J. W. Jones and family.

**As the Tree Leans So It Grows**



You cannot grow a straight tree from a crooked twig. Teach the child in youth as you want him to grow to manhood.

**The Child Who Learns early to Save**

Has learned a good lesson. Help him by giving him the proper start, and let us help you both.  
GIVE US HIS ACCOUNT.

**Farmers & Merchants  
State Bank**  
A GUARANTY FUND BANK

**The Best Laxative**

To keep the bowels regular the best laxative is outdoor exercise. Drink a full glass of water half an hour before breakfast and eat an abundance of fruit and vegetables, also establish a regular habit and be sure your bowels move once each day. When a medicine is needed take Chamberlain's Tablets. They're pleasant to take and mild and gentle in effect. Obtainable everywhere.

**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

**FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

**HERBINE**  
Cleanses the Liver of Bile  
Sweetens the Breath  
Purifies the Bowels  
Corrects Dizziness  
Restores Energy and Cheerful Spirits  
Price 50 cents  
JAS. F. BALLARD, Proprietor ST. LOUIS, MO.  
**SOLD BY ALL DEALERS**

**It Always Helps**

says Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky., in writing of her experience with Cardui, the woman's tonic. She says further: "Before I began to use Cardui, my back and head would hurt so bad, I thought the pain would kill me. I was hardly able to do any of my housework. After taking three bottles of Cardui, I began to feel like a new woman. I soon gained 35 pounds, and now, I do all my housework, as well as run a big water mill.

I wish every suffering woman would give

**GARDUI**

**The Woman's Tonic**

a trial. I still use Cardui when I feel a little bad, and it always does me good."

Headache, backache, side ache, nervousness, tired, worn-out feelings, etc., are sure signs of womanly trouble. Signs that you need Cardui, the woman's tonic. You cannot make a mistake in trying Cardui for your trouble. It has been helping weak, ailing women for more than fifty years.

**Get a Bottle Today!**

**"JENTLE JABS"**

By Jno. R. Owens

Neal H. Montgomery, Jr. has our thanks for a lot of nice Elberta peaches which he brought us last Saturday.

Instead of obeying the commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself", most people love their neighbor as they do their mother-in-law.

Women who wear "rainbow" hose and knee-length skirts are wasting time and money when they buy hats to attract the attention of men, because they never see them.

**BAD TASTE IN THE MOUTH**

Coated tongue, foul breath, dizziness, and a tired, lazy feeling indicates a torpid condition of the liver and impaired digestion. To get rid of this misery, take

**PRICKLY ASH BITTERS**

**IT IS A THOROUGH SYSTEM PURIFIER**

It drives out badly digested food and bilious impurities through the bowels, tones up the stomach, strengthens digestion, regulates the bowel movements and imparts a fine feeling of health and exhilaration all through the body. Try its excellent correcting properties. It gives you full value for the price. Sold by all druggists and dealers.

**Price \$1.00 per Bottle**

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

**D N LEAVERTON**

**Overland** \$695

Roadster \$675  
J. & S. Toledo



Five-Passenger Touring

**Order Your Overland Now**

Last season it was impossible to fill the demand for the four-cylinder, five passenger Overland—the \$750 car.

There was a demand for this car never before equaled in automobile history.

This justified the purchase of raw materials at before-the-war prices.

So now you can get the same car—with improvements—for \$55 less.

The price will not be lower, for cost of materials is rising.

There is an enormous demand for this car, 60,000 have already been sold, so order your car now, to make sure of getting it.

**Advantages**

En bloc 35 horsepower motor      Demountable rims, with one extra  
Electric starting and lighting system      106-inch wheelbase  
Electric control buttons on steering column      Deep divan upholstery  
Four inch tires      One man top; top cover

Call, Telephone or Write for Demonstration

**CROCKETT LUMBER CO.**  
CROCKETT, TEXAS

Lots of people want something real bad and work and manage every way they can think of to get it. After they get it they are not satisfied because they begin wanting something else.

The world is money mad. Those who have lots of it are mad because they can't get it all, and those who have none are mad because some "rich uncle" doesn't die and leave them a fortune.

After reading about the war in the big papers and reading the prophesies from those who are considered authorities on the subject, we have come to the conclusion that unless something happens it will last until it ends.

**CONVENTION HELD SATURDAY**

July 31.—The democrats of Houston county met in convention at the court house Saturday evening. Hon. Cecil Allen, Chairman executive committee was elected permanent chairman, and E. C. Thompson, secretary. A majority of the voting precincts of the county were represented. For the first time in the memory of the oldest democrat present, Grapeland, the largest box in the county outside of Crockett, was without representation. On motion, a credentials committee was dispensed with, and delegates were seated after proper credentials were presented. A motion was made by D. A. Nunn, duly seconded by W. H. Spinks, that one man from each justice precinct in the county be appointed a committee to select delegates to the different conventions. The motion carried without a dissenting vote. The chair appointed the following on this committee: D. A. Nunn, Crockett; W. B. Collins, Lovelady; J. W. Young, Crockett; T. S. Cook, Augusta; J. H. Painter, Crockett; I. L. Jeffus, Antioch; Dr. E. B. Stokes, Crockett; W. H. Spinks, Kennard.

The following were named by committee as delegates to conventions as follows:

**STATE CONVENTION**

W. B. Page, J. H. Painter, alternate; D. A. Nunn, J. C. Millar, alternate; I. L. Jeffus, W. B. Collins, alternate; Cecil Allen, N. L. Speer, alternate; W. H. Spinks, H. W. McCelvey, alternate; Frank Weimar, W. W. Brown, alternate; J. C. Estes, C. E. Lively, alternate; Jim Alexander, James McLean, alternate; W. B. Newman, C. H. Long, alternate.

**CONGRESSIONAL CONVENTION**

A. A. Aldrich, J. E. Monk, J. W. Hail, John Spence.

**1ST. SUPREME JUDICIAL CONVENTION**

L. L. Moore, E. P. Adams, J. H. Painter.

**3RD JUDICIAL DIST. CONVENTION**

Earl Adams, Jr., B. F. Dent, D. A. Nunn, J. W. Young, Joe Adams, S. A. Denny, J. W. Madden, I. A. Daniel, John Spence.

**SENATORIAL CONVENTION**

Geo. Crook, John Spence, W. H. Denny, J. E. Winfree, W. F. Murchison, J. C. Kennedy.

No further business appearing, the convention was closed in due form, peace and harmony prevailing among all present.



**This MACHINE DOES THE WORK!**

CLEANING AND PRESSING  
BEST WORK  
MODERATE PRICES

**CLEWIS -- Tailor**

Grapeland might be somewhat embarrassed if called upon for leaders in going to battle, but she would be "right there" if called on for hen pecked husbands to lead a "peace at any price" army.

Cyclone Davis says he will come to Texas to stump the state against Colquitt. This good deed from the old congressman should reinstate him in the graces of Texas people and cause them to "pass" him anything he calls for in the future.

"A white woman in Illinois wants negro to wed her 16-year old daughter" read a headline in a paper. From the article it is stated that the daughter became so infatuated with the negro, it was feared by her parents that to refuse the girl's desire, would cause her to commit suicide. We haven't a thing to say about the mother and daughter, but we do feel sorry for the negro.

**MEATS!**

We now keep our meats iced in our large refrigerator, which insures freshness and keeps it tender and sweet.

**Prices Reasonable  
Quality the Best**

**FREE DELIVERY.**  
Phone us.

**Caskey & Denson**


The market is under the personal supervision of J. W. Caskey

**Read all the Ads**

**WE GIVE PROFIT-SHARING COUPONS**

**Reduce the High Cost of Living**  
by Trading with

ASK FOR OUR CATALOG



ASK FOR OUR CATALOG

**THE PEOPLES DRUG STORE, Wade L. Smith, Prop.**

CALL TODAY AND INVESTIGATE HOW YOU CAN PROCURE BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL ARTICLES BY REDEEMING OUR COUPONS AND CERTIFICATES ISSUED WITH EVERY CASH PURCHASE

Arthur Owens, our popular young man who was nominated for County Clerk in the recent primary, left Sunday for Tyler to visit friends a few days, then will join a party of friends at Elkhart for a fishing trip on the Trinity river.

**CASKEY & DENSON BARBERS**

Your Business will be Appreciated

Shop on main street, the new brick building, next door to the Guaranty State Bank.

**INEEDA LAUNDRY, Houston**  
Laundry basket leaves Wednesday and returns Saturday

**No. 666**

This is a prescription prepared especially for **MALARIA or CHILLS & FEVER**. Five or six doses will break any case, and if taken then as a tonic the Fever will not return. It acts on the liver better than Calomel and does not gripe or sicken. 25c

**FILES CURED WITHOUT THE KNIFE**

Files and Fistula cured in a few days. No knife, no pain, no chloroforming. Write for Book references and testimonials from cured patients. Blood and Skin Diseases cured to stay cured. Kidney and Bladder troubles quickly relieved and permanently cured. Arrange terms and payments to suit your convenience. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for free book on Chronic Diseases.

**PELVO-RECTAL SPECIALISTS**  
210 1/2 Main Street Houston, Texas

ALLIES PROGRESS ON EAST AND WEST FRONTS

BRITISH AND FRENCH ADVANCE BY VIOLENT ATTACKS IN THE SOMME REGION.

U.S. NOTE AGAINST BLACKLIST

Russians and Italians Report Progress Made Against the Austro-Germans and the Turks—Mostly Artillery Duels.

Latest From War Fronts.

The British and French forces fighting against the Germans in the Somme region of France have again launched violent attacks and made good progress, while the Russians in Volhynia, in the region of the Stockhod river, have forced the Germans to give further ground before their advance.

Great Britain is warned in the American note of protest against the blacklist made public Monday by the state department of the "many serious consequences to neutral rights and neutral relations which such an act must necessarily involve."

Already in the hands of the British foreign office, the note says "in the gravest terms" that it is "manifestly out of the question that the government of the United States should acquiesce in such methods," and that the United States regards the blacklist as "inevitably and essentially inconsistent with the rights of all the citizens of all the nations not involved in the war."

To the north of the Somme trenches between Hill 129 and the river, near Hardecourt, have been captured by the French on a depth of from 300 to 800 meters, and in addition the French have pressed forward to the outskirts of the village of Maurapas, east of Hardecourt, and also captured positions north of Hem, which lies to the south of Maurapas, and held them against violent German counter attacks.

Driving with the French on their right flank from Delville Wood to the Somme, the British made an advance on their entire line, and also made further progress against the Germans east of Waterlot farm, Trones Wood and Maltzorn farm. To the north, around Ypres, the Canadians raided German trenches, while the Royal Munster Fusiliers on the Loos salient carried out a similar operation.

The Germans raided a front line British trench near Hohenzollern redbut, but later were driven back.

In the fighting between the Germans and the Russians in Volhynia, the men at various points met in hand-to-hand combats. Berlin says that the withdrawal from the Stockhod curve had been contemplated for some time, and was made without interruption by the Russians.

Although Petrograd claims an advance for the Russians near Brody and south of the Dniester, in Galicia, both Berlin and Vienna assert that the Teutonic allies repulsed all attacks.

Rome reports a gain of ground for the Italians against the Austrians on the Tonzza plateau, north of Monte Cimone, and in the Tofano region.

The Turks have been driven out from a series of strong positions by the Russians operating toward Sivas and near Kharput, according to Petrograd.

When the Zeppelin airships raided the English east coast July 28, a German admiralty statement asserts, bombs were dropped on the British naval bases of Grimsby and Immingham. The statement reads: "Bombs were dropped on the railway plants at Lincoln, on industrial establishments near Norwich, on the naval bases at Grimsby and Immingham and on patrol vessels off the Humber. The lighthouse at the mouth of the Humber was destroyed. Despite being fired at with incendiary projectiles all our airships returned undamaged to their hangars."

With the village of Pozieres completely and apparently securely in their hands and having strengthened their position by the capture of two strong trenches west of the village, the British troops seemingly are resting before attempting again to throw their forces against the Germans who are blocking their advance toward

Bapaume. Thursday saw only isolated artillery duels and here and there sharp local infantry attacks along the entire British front in France, where for several weeks sanguinary encounters had been engaged in almost continuously.

In Champagne the Germans raided French first trenches near Prosnos, but later were driven out in a counter attack.

Further advances for the Russian troops in the Slonevka river region on the eastern front are chronicled by Petrograd. Vienna admits the falling back of the Austrians south of Lesniow near Brody in the face of superior forces of the Russians and that northeast of Brody the Russians gained insignificant advantages in which the attackers suffered extraordinary losses.

TEXAS NEWS

A new state bank is being organized at Hallettsville.

Wichita Falls was visited by a \$100,000 fire a few days ago.

Yoakum will hold its fifth annual fair, beginning October 4.

Farmers near Tanglewood are busy curing their big hay crop.

The movement of cotton has started from the South Texas fields.

The annual State Baptist encampment is in session at Lampasas this week.

A bonded warehouse has been chartered at Seguin with a capital stock of \$6,000.

The recent primary election in Harris county cost 4 1/2 cents per vote, it is estimated.

The state banking board has granted a license for a new bank at Commerce, Texas.

Ellinger, Warrenton and Beeville have marketed their first bale of this season's cotton.

The Slavonic Benevolent Order of Texas held its annual meeting at Galveston last week.

The cold storage plant at Mexia, which was recently destroyed by fire has been rebuilt.

The drouth has been broken in Zavalla county and the prospects are good for fall crops.

The training encampment of the National Girls' Honor Guard will be held at Fort Worth in August.

The peanut crushing industry of Texas was discussed at a meeting of oil mill men held at Houston recently.

Floresville's first bale of cotton was grown by H. E. Conn on the Poth place and sold for 15 cents per pound.

Eleven carloads of horses have been sold at Alice to government inspectors and shipped to McAllen to be used by the army.

John McYoung, a well known Confederate veteran and a member of Hood's Brigade, died at his home in Galveston.

The annual convention of the Society of American Florists, the national organization of florists, will be held at Houston in August.

Sudan grass raised on the farm of J. B. Gay near Columbus at places has reached the height of eight feet, and the crop is in excellent shape.

The Texas Rural Mail Carriers' Association closed its annual convention at College Station with the election of W. H. Turk of Hallettsville as president.

A hearing on cotton rates between Texas points and Texas ports has been announced by the State railroad commission to be held in Galveston August 11.

Harry J. Spannall, who shot and killed Lieutenant Colonel Butler and later killed his own wife at Alpine, was denied bail at the preliminary hearing.

Announcement is made at Yoakum that the system of highways which will give that county good roads to coast points will be complete within a few weeks.

Texas spends \$2,000,000 a month on its schools and they should be made worth while, was the assertion of Superintendent Doughty before the county school superintendents' institute at Austin.

The management of the State Con-

CARRANZA TO RETIRE AS FIRST CHIEF OF MEXICO

BUT WILL RUN FOR PRESIDENT AT A GENERAL ELECTION YET TO BE ARRANGED.

U. S. NOTE TO CARRANZA

Informed in Note Washington is Prepared to Submit to a Joint International Commission to Seek Solution to Peace.

Laredo, Tex.—Venustiano Carranza is to retire as first chief of the de facto government of Mexico at an early date and will be succeeded by General Pablo Gonzales, according to information given out by Mexican administrative circles in Nuevo Laredo Sunday. The forthcoming conference between Mexican generals with General Carranza in the City of Mexico, it was stated, is to arrange for the call for general elections, the retirement of Carranza and the latter's entering the field as a presidential candidate. It is known that several high army officers are now en route to the City of Mexico, and the Nuevo Laredo information was that Carranza called the conference to prevent possible friction in military circles over his proposed retirement.

The reported intention of General Carranza to retire as first chief so that he may become a candidate for the presidency conforms to the expectations of officials at Washington who have understood he would follow that course as soon as conditions in Mexico warranted the holding of a national election.

Washington.—General Carranza was informed Saturday in a note handed to his ambassador at Washington that the Washington government is prepared to submit to a joint international commission the task of seeking a solution of the problems facing the two nations.

The proposal of the de facto government for a commission is accepted, with the suggestion, however, that the powers of the commissioners be enlarged beyond the limits proposed in the Mexican note of July 12.

Agreement to this suggestion is expected, and it is stated officially that the American members will be appointed and the commission assembled at some point in the United States at an early date.

"Mr. Secretary: I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your excellency's note transmitted under date of July 12 by Lic. Eliseo Arredondo, your government's confidential agent in Washington, informing me that your excellency has received instructions from the first chief of the constitutional army, charged with the executive power of the union, to propose that each of our governments name three commissioners, who shall hold conferences at some place to be mutually agreed upon and decide forth-

federate Women's Home has named the new hospital at Austin the Fannie Ferguson Memorial Hospital, as a memorial to the mother of Governor Ferguson, who died September 28, 1915.

Joseph Heller, a Goliad county boy, beginning fourteen years ago with one heifer calf which was given him, has up to the present time sold \$140 worth of cattle, and has a bunch of sixteen head left after losing one with blackleg.

Ensilage is being placed by the Washington county farmers in their silos. Those who filled early put in green feedstuffs, such as green corn, sorghum and Johnson grass. Some that are filling now are using half dry corn with the other green products.

A \$100,000 budget to be used in educational and development work, \$35,000 of which will go to newspaper advertising, was included in the plan of reorganization presented to the directors of the Buy-It-Made-in-Texas Association in a meeting held at Dallas Saturday.

A farmer by the name of Orne at La Gloria, in the southern part of Jim Wells county, raised this season on three and one-quarter acres onions from which he shipped two cars, realizing a little more than \$300 per acre.

Six million eight hundred thousand punctured cotton squares were received by the Tyler County Commercial Club as the result of the campaign inaugurated for the extermination of the weevil in the latter part of June. It included the end of the campaign, in which \$100 a week was given away for five weeks.

with the question relating to the evacuation of American forces now in Mexico and to draw up and conclude a protocol of agreement regarding the reciprocal crossing of the frontier by the forces of both countries, and, also, to determine the origin of the incursions to date in order to fix the responsibility therefor, and definitely to settle the difficulties now pending, or those which may arise, between the two countries on account of the same or a similar reason, all of which shall be subject to the approval of both governments.

"In reply I have the honor to state that I have laid your excellency's note before the president, and have received his instructions to inform your excellency that the government of the United States is disposed to accept the proposal of the Mexican government in the same spirit of frank cordiality from which it is made.

"The government believes and suggests, however, that the powers of the proposed commission should be enlarged so that, happily, if a solution satisfactory to both governments of the questions set forth in your excellency's communication may be reached, the commission may also consider such other matters, the friendly arrangement of which would tend to improve the relations of the two countries; it being understood that such recommendations as the commission may make shall not be binding upon the respective governments until formally accepted by them.

"Should this proposal be accepted by your excellency's government, I have the honor to state that this government will proceed immediately to appoint its commissioners and fix, after consultation with your excellency's government, the time and place and other details of the proposed conference.

"Accept, Mr. Secretary, the assurances of my highest consideration.

"Frank L. Polk, Acting Secretary of State."

Washington.—Increased pay for officers and men of the regular army and national guard in active service for the Mexican emergency, improved camp conditions to safeguard their health and authorization for them to vote in the field at the coming presidential election were provided in amendments to the army appropriation bill agreed to Thursday by the senate.

By a vote of 44 to 13 the senate also suspended the rules to adopt an amendment changing the age minimum for enlistment in the regular army from 21 to 18 years.

Keep your vital organs in good condition if you would have health through the malarial season. Prickly Ash Bitters cleanses and strengthens the stomach, liver and bowels and helps the system to resist disease germs. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

- For District Judge, 3rd Judicial District: J S Prince (Re-election) of Henderson county
For State Senator: J J Strickland of Anderson County
For District Attorney, 3rd Judicial District: J J. Bishop of Henderson county
For County Treasurer: Ney Sheridan (Re-election)
For County Attorney: J F Mangum
For County Clerk: Arthur Owens
For Tax Collector: C W Butler Jr
For District Clerk: Jno D. Morgan, re-election
For Representative: J D (Joe) Sallas
For County Judge: E Winfree (Re-election)
For Sheriff: R J (Bob) Spence (Re-election)
For Tax Assessor: John H Ellis (Re-election)
For County Superintendent: J N Snell (re-election)
For Constable Prec't. No. 2: John Scarbrough (Re-election)
For Commissioner Prec't. No. 1: E E Holcomb (Re-election)
For Commissioner Prec't. No. 2: R T (Riley) Murchison
For Justice Peace Prec't. No. 5: Jno A Davis (Re-election)
For Justice Peace Prec't. No. 2: Clyde Story, (re-election)
For Constable Prec't. No. 5: C. R. Taylor (re-election)

EXPRESSES APPRECIATION

I take this method of expressing my deep appreciation to the people of Grapeland and Houston county for the splendid support given me in the recent primary, which re-elected me as Tax Assessor. From the bottom of my heart I am grateful for this expression of confidence and will at all times endeavor to serve you honestly and faithfully. Sincerely, John H. Ellis, adv.

It Is a Fact. We sell reliable drugs and sundries. Cool, soothing drinks. We sell at POPULAR prices. Nearly everybody buys here. They all come again. COME YOURSELF. Prescriptions Given Special Attention. LEAVERTON'S THE LEADING DRUG STORE