

# The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 19 No. 25

Grapeland, Houston County, Texas, Aug. 17, 1916

\$1.00 Per Year

## DON'T FAIL TO DROP IN AT THE BARGAIN STORE

WHEN YOU ARE IN TOWN

WE WILL SAVE YOU MONEY ON

**Dry Goods, Shoes and Groceries**

FIGURE WITH US BEFORE YOU BUY

MY MOTTO: "SPOT CASH AND SMALL PROFITS"

**W. R. WHERRY**

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND

FREE DELIVERY UNION PHONE NO. 45. CALL US UP

## An Appeal to the Supporters Of Campbell, Brooks, Henry and Davis

Gentlemen:—

You doubtless know that upon your course in the election to be held on the 26 inst. between Senator Culberson and Ex-Gov. Colquitt for United States Senator will depend the result of that election. That is, you have it in your hands to nominate or defeat either of the two candidates. In short, YOU HAVE THE BALANCE OF POWER.

This makes the RESPONSIBILITY for the result of this primary to REST upon your shoulders. Just as you go, the election will go; and just as you FAIL to go, if you do not vote, the result will be.

We do not see how any of you can vote for Colquitt, and we feel that you should be a UNIT for Culberson. In any event we are confident that the great majority of you, and perhaps ninety (90) per cent of you, are in sympathy with the present Senator.

Therefore, you should understand that Culberson's success depends upon your VOTE AND INFLUENCE. Without it Colquitt must necessarily win. You can see how absolutely CLEAR that is. It is INEVITABLE. We need not stop to discuss ISSUES with you. You are intelligent men and fully understand the situation. The question is: Do you appreciate the POWER that is in your hands, and will you EXERCISE it properly? We hope you will. We BELIEVE you will. We APPEAL to you TO DO IT. The ISSUES are great. The result FAR REACHING. The Democracy of Texas is ON TRIAL. The Democracy of the NATION is IMPERILED. Woodrow Wilson's success or defeat depends largely upon the result of this primary. What will you do? The EYES OF THE NATION are upon us. The Republicans of the North and East

are "WATCHING AND WAITING." As Texas goes in this contest, they believe the Nation will go in November. They have good reason to so believe. Will you ENCOURAGE them, or will you DISCOURAGE them? You know how this is. We need not elaborate to show it to you. We URGE that you think about these things, and that you do your WHOLE DUTY on the 26th by supporting Senator Culberson. Only in this way do we feel that you can PROPERLY exercise the great POWER and meet the RESPONSIBILITIES resting upon you.

Houston County  
Culberson Club.  
(Political Advertisement)

## MRS. R. H. COOK DIED TUESDAY

Mrs. R. H. Cook died at the home of her son, T. C. Cook, five miles east of town Tuesday morning. She was taken suddenly ill Monday night and died at 6 o'clock a. m. Tuesday. She was 64 years of age and had resided in this county for a number of years. She leaves a host of relatives and friends to mourn her death. J. J. Brooks of this city is a brother to deceased. The Messenger extends condolence to the bereaved relatives in their sorrow.

## NOTICE OF ROAD WORKING

The Messenger is requested to give notice to those interested that the people living on the Navarro road will meet at the creek below Lewis Herod's next Monday, August 21, to work the road and put it in first class shape. Hands and teams are wanted, also the necessary tools with which to do the work.

## NEWS ITEMS FROM CROCKETT

August 14.—In the District Court yesterday morning, the jury in case State vs. J. F. Bell and son, Jim Bell, charged with killing former postmaster, J. T. Dawes near this city July 18th, returned a verdict of guilty, giving each of the defendants a life sentence. Five of the jury were for inflicting the death penalty. The court had been busy with the case since last Tuesday morning. Hundreds of people attended each day, a large number of whom were witnesses from every section of the county, citizens from in and around Lovelady and Grapeland. State was represented by J. J. Pickett of Palestine (representing Mr. Bishop, District Att'y.), B. F. Dent, County Att'y., Earl Adams, Jr.; defense by Moore and Ellis, Earl P. Adams, of Crockett and Judge Robb of Lufkin. A motion for new trial will be filed, and if overruled, the case will be carried to higher courts. The special term of the court will adjourn Wednesday.

Late Friday evening, Hon. I. A. Daniel, Chairman 13th Senatorial District, issued the following call:

By virtue of the authority vested in me as Chairman of the 13th Senatorial District of Texas, composed of the counties of Angelina, Cherokee, Trinity, Houston and Anderson, I hereby call a convention for said district to meet at the court house in the city of Crockett, Texas, at 1:30 o'clock p. m. on Saturday Aug. 26th 1916 for the purpose of nominating a Senator to represent said district in the 35th Legislature of the state of Texas, and for the transaction of such other business as may legally come before it. I. A. Daniel,  
Ch'm. 13th Senatorial  
District of Texas.

Dick Daniel, the young man seriously injured Sunday, Aug. 6th, when a motorcycle he was riding collided with an automobile, is improving and his physician says he will recover unless complications set up.

Messrs. C. W. Butler Jr. of Augusta, Charlie Kennedy of Grapeland, C. Latimore of Kennard and Bob Connor of Ratcliff were Crockett visitors the past week.

A tramp, riding "his private horse" through the country, was taken sick in a vacant house about three miles north of this city the first of last week. The people of the neighborhood looked after him, but he did not get any better, dying Sunday morning, and was buried at the expense of the county. His brother hobo stayed with him until after the funeral ceremonies, then quietly wended his way northward, with apparently no destination in view.

## SENATOR CULBERSON ON THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

In an address before the democratic State convention at Dallas on August 16, 1906, Senator Culberson said:

"Opposition to sumptuary laws which unduly affect the liberties

## Eating a Good Meal is Easy!

How and Where to Buy it is a  
Great Problem to many  
Housewives

You get results when you buy groceries from us. You get quality and quantity for a very moderate price. That is the secret of buying for a good meal. Try it.

## CASH GROCERY COMPANY

DAVIS & LONG, PROPRIETORS

PHONE US YOUR ORDER. WE DELIVER RIGHT NOW

## The Time is Here!

Grapeland has received her first bale of the 1916 crop and we are reminded that every man needs some harness trimming and should BUY IT NOW.

We are prepared to take care of you for—

Horse Collars  
Bridles  
Wagon Lines  
Leather Back Bands  
Britching

In fact, everything in that line you may need and at saving prices.

Also bear in mind that our GROCERY DEPARTMENT is complete at all times and we are always glad to quote you prices.

FRESH CAR OF—

"BLUE RIBBON FLOUR"

DUE TO ARRIVE THIS WEEK. LET US SAVE  
YOU MONEY ON YOUR FLOUR

## McLean & Riall

THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE  
FREE DELIVERY BOTH PHONES

and commerce of the people is a cardinal principle of the democratic faith, but that principle must be rationally applied. When the whiskey traffic becomes lawless, when it harbors the vicious and the criminal, when it invades the residence districts of the towns and cities of the States, and when it defies the will of majorities legally and constitutionally expressed, when it enters politics and seeks to dominate affairs therein, it will find no refuge in the democratic party. As a man of liberal views

upon this question, I warn this interest, as I have warned it heretofore, that such a course as this will exhaust the patience of the people and arouse in them a purpose to enforce their laws which will be resistless."

Did O. B. Colquitt ever demand that the liquor interests, or any other great offender, should obey the law? If so, when was it, and where was it?—Waco Morning News.

RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

# 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 fortune 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 Opera, for a special article. Her coin-tossing mother convinces Lorelei's ambitious, but ill-timed, press agent, later adds his information.

CHAPTER III—Lorelei attends Millionaire Hammon's gorgeous entertainment. She meets Merkle, a wealthy tycoon, 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 deluge disgusts Lorelei and arouses her suspicion. Her dressing room partner looks as a central figure in the blackmail scheme against Hammon. Mrs. Credit, 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 Mike 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 her mother's anger. He unexpectedly appears at her 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 dance 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 Malcher, with the help of Lila Lynn, lure 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 and 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 XVI—Wharton and Lorelei have their first home meal together; each invites a guest and bring about a meeting between the bitter enemies, Mike Demorest, the dancer, and Campbell Pope, the dramatic critic.

CHAPTER XVII—Jarvis Hammon dies of his wound. Bob Wharton's father visits him and offers to buy Lorelei off the marriage deal. She refuses and Bob renounces his father's statements. Mr. Wharton offers Bob the choice of divorce from Lorelei or withdrawal of financial support.

CHAPTER XVIII—Bob and Lorelei decide to continue together. Bob promises a reform in his habits and gets a desire for work. Lorelei's family, unconscious of the true state of affairs, congratulate themselves on Lorelei's catch.

### CHAPTER XXI.

It still lacked something of luncheon time when Bob Wharton swung into Fifth avenue. He was in fine fettle with the certainty of an agreeable hour with his tailor. It was always a pleasure to deal with Kurtz, for in his shop customers were treated with the most delicate consideration. Salesmen, cutters, fitters, all were pleasant acquaintances. Kurtz himself was an artist; he was also a person of generally cultivated taste and a man about town. His books were open only to those he considered his equals. A stony-faced doorman kept watch and ward in the Gothic hallway to discourage the general public from entering the premises. The fact that Bob owed several hundred dollars dismayed that young man not in the least, for Kurtz never mentioned money matters.

Our daily actions are controlled by a variety of opposing influences which are like threads pulling at us from various directions. When for any rea-

son certain of these threads are snapped and the balance is disturbed we are drawn into strange pathways, and our whole lives may be changed through the operation of what seems a most trivial case. In Bob's case the cause approached, all unheralded, in the person of Mr. Richard Cady, a youth whose magnificent vacancy of purpose was the envy of his friends.

Conspicuously, he was destined to appear, flash brightly, then disappear below the horizon of this tale. Mr. Cady greeted Bob with restless enthusiasm, bestowing the while upon his cane like a Japanese equibrist.

"Haven't seen you for ages," he began. "Been abroad?"

Bob explained that he was spending the summer in New York, a statement that filled his listener with the same horror he would have felt had he learned that Bob was passing the bested season in the miasmatic jungles of the Amazon.

"Just ran down from Newport," Cady volunteered. "I'm sailing today. Better join me for a trip. I know—" he cut Bob's refusal short—"Travel's an awful nuisance; I get seasick myself."

"Then why play at it?"

Cady rolled a mournful eye upon his friend. "Girl!" said he, hollowly. "Show girl! If I stay I'll marry her, and that wouldn't do. Post-five-y-not! So I'm running away. I'll wait over if you'll join me."

"I'm a working man."

"How?" Mr. Cady expelled a short laugh.

"True! And I've quit drinking."

Now Cady was blasé, but he had a heart; his sympathies were slow, but he was not insensible to misfortune. Accordingly he responded with a cry of pity, running his eye over his friend to estimate the ravages of temperance.

"Up against it?" inquired the other.

"So says my heartless father. He has sewed up my pockets and scuttled my drawing account, hence the dinner pail on my arm. I'm in quest of toll."

"I'll bet you starve," brightly predicted Mr. Cady, in an effort at encouragement. "I'll lay you five thousand that you make a fiver of anything you try."

"I've quit gambling, too."

As they shook hands Cady grunted: "My invitation to globe-trot is withdrawn. Fine company you'd be!"

As Bob walked up the avenue he pondered deeply, wondering if he really were so lacking in ability as his friends believed. Money was such a common thing, after all; the silly labor of acquiring it could not be half so interesting as the spending of it. Anybody could make money, but to enjoy it, to circulate it judiciously, one must possess individuality—of a sort. Money seemed to come to some people without effort, and from the strangest sources—Kurtz, for instance, had grown rich out of coats and trousers!

Bob halted, frowning, while Ying peered out from his hiding place at the passing throng, exposing a tiny, limp, ping-ribbon tongue. If Kurtz, armed only with a pair of shears and a foolish tape, had won to affluence, why couldn't another? Stock broking was no longer profitable; and old Hannibal's opposition evidently forced a change of occupation.

The prospect of such a change was annoying, but scarcely alarming to an ingrained optimist, and Bob took comfort in reflecting that the best-selling literature of the day was replete with instances of disinherited sons, impoverished society men, ruined bankers, or mere idlers, who by lightning strokes of genius had mended their fortunes overnight. Some few, in the earlier days of frenzied fiction, had played the market, others the ponies, still others had gone west and developed abandoned gold mines or obscure water powers. A number, also, had grown disgustingly rich from patenting rat-traps or shoe buttons. One young man had discovered a way to keep worms out of railroad ties and had promptly bludgeoned the railroad companies out of fabulous royalties.

Over the stock-market idea Bob could work up no enthusiasm—he knew too much about it—and, inasmuch as horse racing was no longer fashionable, opportunities for a Pittsburgh Phil future seemed limited. Moreover, he had never saved a jockey's life nor a jockey's mother from eviction, hence feedback tips were not likely. Nor did he know a single soul in the business of inventing rat-traps or shoe buttons. As for going west,

he was clearly of the opinion that a search for abandoned gold mines or forgotten waterfalls wasn't in his line; and the secret of crossing railroad ties, now that he came to think of it, was still locked up in the breast of its affluent discoverer. Besides, as the whole episode had occurred in the second act of the play, the safety of building upon it was doubtful at best. Bob's wrinkled brow smoothed itself, and he nodded. His path was plain; it led around the nearest corner to his tailor's door.

Mr. Kurtz's greeting was warm as Bob stroided into the stately showroom with its high-backed Flemish-oak chairs, its great carved tables, its paneled walls with their antedated decorations. This, it may be said, was not a shop, not a store where clothes were sold, but a studio where men's distinctive garments were draped, and the difference was perfectly apparent on the first of each month.

"Kurtz," began Bob, abruptly, "I just bet Dick Cady five thousand dollars that I can make my own living for six months." This falsehood troubled him vaguely until he remembered that high finance must be often conducted behind a veil.

Mr. Kurtz, genial, shrewd, gray, raised admiring eyes and said:

"I'll take another five thousand."

But Bob declined. "No, I'm going to work."

This announcement interested the tailor deeply. "Who's going to hire you?" he asked.

"You are."

Kurtz blinked. "Maybe you'd like to bet on that, too," he ventured. "I'll give you odds."

"Work is one of the few things I haven't tried. You need a good salesman."

"No, I don't. I have seven already."

"Say, wouldn't you like the trade of the whole younger set? I can bring you a lot of fresh customers—fellows like me."

"Fresh customers' is right," laughed Kurtz, then sobered quickly. "You're joking of course?"

"I'm so serious I could cry. How much is it worth to you to make clothes for my crowd?"

"Well—" the tailor considered.

"Quite a bit."

"The boys like to see Dick trimmed—It's a matter of principle with them never to let him win a bet—and they'd do anything for me. You're the best tailor in the city, but too conservative. Now I'm going to bring you fifty new accounts, every one good for better than two thousand a year. That's a hundred thousand dollars. How much am I offered? Going? Going!"

"Wait a minute! Would you stick to me for six months if I took you on?"

"My dear Kurtz, I'll positize myself upon you for life. I'll guarantee myself not to slide, slip, wrinkle or skid. Thirty years hence, when you come hobbling down to business, you'll find me here."

Mr. Kurtz dealt in novelties, and the idea of a society salesman was sufficiently new to appeal to his commercial sense.

"I'll pay you twenty per cent," he offered, "for all the new names you put on my books."

"Make it twenty-five on first orders and twenty on repeaters. I'll bring my own luncheon and pay my car fare."

"There wouldn't be any profit left," demurred Kurtz.

"Good! Then it's a bargain—twenty-five and twenty. Now watch me grab adolescent offshoots of our famous Four Hundred." Bob took a bus up the avenue to the College club for luncheon.

At three o'clock he returned, accompanied by four flushed young men whose names gave Kurtz a thrill. In spite of their modish appearance they declared themselves indelicately shabby, and allowed Bob to order for them—a favor which he performed with a rajah's lofty disregard of expense. He sat upon one of the carved tables, selecting samples as if for a quartet of bridegrooms. Being bosom cronies of Mr. Cady, the four youths needed little urging. When they had gone in to be measured Kurtz said guardedly:

"Whew! That's more stuff than I've sold in two weeks!"

"A mere trifle," Bob grinned, happily. "Say, Kurtz, this is the life! This is the job for me—panhandling juvenile plutocrats—no office hours, no heavy lifting, and Thursdays off. I'm going to make you famous."

"You'll break me with another run like this. You don't think they're bluffing?"

"Why should they bluff? They'll never discover how many suits they have. Now figure it up and tell the bad news."

Mr. Kurtz did as directed, announcing, "Fifty-five hundred and five dollars."

"Fivers!" exclaimed the new salesman; then he began laboriously to compute 25 per cent of the sum, using as a pad a bolt of expensive white silk vest material. "Thirteen hundred and seventy-six dollars and twenty-five cents is my blackmail, Kurtz. That's what I call a safe and sane Fourth. Not bad for dull times, and yet it might be better. Anyhow, it's the

hardest thirteen hundred and seventy-six dollars I ever earned."

"Hard?" The merchant's lips twitched, oscillating his cigar violently. "Hard! I'll bet those fellows even bought your lunch. I suppose you mean it's the first money you ever earned." He seemed to choke over the last word.

"Well, it's worth something to get men like these on the books, but—thirteen hundred and seventy-six dollars—"

"And twenty-five cents."

Mr. Kurtz gulped. "In one day! Why, I could buy a farm for that. How much will you have to 'earn' to cover your living expenses for six months?"

"Ah, there we journey in the realm of purest speculation." Bob favored him with a sunny smile. "As well ask me how much my living expenses must be in order to cover my earnings. Whatever one is, the other will be approximately ditto—or perhaps slightly in excess thereof. Anyhow, nothing but rigid economy—bane of my life—will make the one fit into the other. But I have a thought. Something tells me these boys need white flannels, so get out your stock, Kurtz. If they can't play tennis they must learn, for my sake."

Bob's remarkable stroke of fortune called for a celebration, and his four customers clamored that he squander his first profits forthwith. Ordinarily such a course would have been just to his liking; but now he was dying to tell Lorelei of his triumph, and, fearing to trust himself with even one drink, he escaped from his friends as soon as possible. Thus it chanced that he arrived home sober.

It was a happy home-coming. Bob was in a state of exaltation. He had no desire to bind himself to Kurtz' service for six months or for any other period; nor had he the least thought of living up to his agreement until Lorelei began to treat the matter seriously. Then he objected blankly:

"Why, it was all right as a joke, but I don't want to be a tailor. There's no romance in woolen goods."

"How much do you owe?" she asked.

"Really, I've no idea. It's something you don't have to remember—somebody always reminds you in plenty of time, and then you borrow enough to pay up."

"Let's forget the romance and pay up without borrowing. Remember you have two families to support." Noting that the idea of permanent employment galled him, she added, craftily, "Of course you'll never sell another lot of clothes like this, but—"

"Why not? It's like selling candy to a child."

"You can't go with that crowd without drinking."

"Is that so? Now you sit tight and hold your hat on. I can make that business pay if I try, and still stay in the Rainmakers' union. There's big money in it—enough so we can live the way we want to. I'm sick of this telephone booth, anyhow; we'll present it to some nice newsboy and rent an apartment with a closet. This one's so small I don't dare to let my trousers bag. Besides, we've been under cover long enough, and I want you to meet the people I know. We can afford the expense—now that I'm making thirteen hundred and seventy-six dollars and twenty-five cents a day."

"I should like to know nice people," Lorelei confessed. "I'm sick of the kind I've met; the men are indecent

without you in a few days. I'll tell him that we're invited out to Long Island for a week-end."

### CHAPTER XXII.

Under Lorelei's encouragement Bob put in the next two weeks to good advantage. In fact, so obsessed was he with his new employment that it was not long before his imaginary bet with Cady assumed reality in his mind. Moreover, it became gossip around his club; and in quarters where he was well known his method of winning the wager was deemed not only characteristic but ingenious. His exploits were famous; and his friends, rejoicing in one more display of eccentricity, and relishing any mild misfortune to Dick Cady, in the majority of cases changed tailors.

Business at Kurtz' increased so substantially that Bob was treated with a reverential amazement by everyone in the shop. The other salesmen gazed upon him with envy; Kurtz' bearing changed in a way that was extremely gratifying to one who had been universally accounted a failure. And Bob expanded under success; he began to feel more than mere amusement in his experiment.

His marriage had become public, but the affair was too old to be of much news value. Now that he had escaped the disagreeable notoriety he had expected and was possessed of larger means, Bob—inordinate pride of his wife's beauty and boyishly eager to display it—undertook to win social recognition for her. It was no difficult task for one with his wide acquaintance to make a beginning. Lorelei was surprised and delighted one day to receive an invitation for her and her husband to spend a week-end at Fennelcourt, the country home of Bert Hayman's sister. She had not been sorry to give up her theatrical work, and the prospect of meeting nice people, of leaving for good and all the sordid, unhealthy atmosphere of Broadway, bathed her in a glow of anticipation.

Fennelcourt is one of the show places of the Wheatley Hills section. Bert Hayman drove the Whartons out from the city, and Lorelei's first glimpse of Fennelcourt was such that she forgot her vague dislike of Hayman himself. Bert, who had met her and Bob for luncheon, had turned out to be, instead of a polished man of the world, a glib youth with an artificial laugh and a pair of sober, heavy-lidded eyes. That he possessed a keen appreciation of feminine beauty he showed by surrendering unconditionally to Lorelei's charms.

As Hayman's car rolled up the driveway and the beauties of Fennelcourt displayed themselves, Lorelei found her heart throbbing violently. Was not this the beginning of a glorious adventure? Was not life unfolding at last? Was she not upon the threshold of a new world? The flutter in her breast was answer.

Bert led the way through an impressive hall that bisected the building, then out upon a stately balustraded stone terrace, where, in the grateful shade of gaudy awnings, a dozen people were chatting at tea tables.

Mrs. Fennell, the hostess, a plain-faced, dumpy young matron, welcomed the newcomers, then made Lorelei known. As for Bob, he needed no introductions; a noisy outburst greeted him, and Lorelei's heart warmed at the welcome.

A few moments of chatter, then she and Bob were led into the house again and up to a cool, wide bedroom. As Lorelei removed her motor coat and bonnet she exclaimed, breathlessly: "What a gorgeous house! And those people! They weren't the least bit formal."

Bob laughed. "Formality is about the last thing they're famous for. There's liable to be too much informality. Say! You made those dames look like the Monday morning wash-ladies' parade. I knew you would."

"You said this was the younger set—but that awful Thompson-Bellaire widow is here, and that blonde girl I met with her."

"Alice Wyeth?"

"Yes, I thought she was going to kiss you."

Bob grinned. "So did I. She will, too, if she feels like it."

"Won't you have anything to say about it?"

"What could I say? Alice does just as she likes. So does everybody else, for that matter. I've never gone in for this sort of thing very much."

After a moment Lorelei ventured, "I suppose they're all hard drinkers—"

"That wasn't spring water you saw in their glasses."

"Are you—going to?" Lorelei eyed him anxiously.

"I can't very well make myself conspicuous by refusing everything; I don't want to look like a zebra in a honyard—and a cocktail before dinner wouldn't hurt anybody." Noting his wife's expression, he kissed her lightly. "Now don't spoil your first party by worrying over me. Just forget you're married and have a good time."

Music greeted them as they descended the stairs, and they found some of the guests dancing to the strains of



"I Should Like to Know Nice People," Lorelei Confessed.

and the women are vulgar. I've always wanted to know the other kind."

Bob was delighted; his fancy took fire, and already he was far along toward prosperity. "You'll make a hit with the younger set; you'll be a perfect rave. Bert Hayman told me today that his married sister is entertaining a lot, and, since the drama will be tottering on its way to destruction

a giant orchestra built into the music room. Hayman promptly seized upon Lorelei and whirled her away, but not before she saw the Wyeth blonde making for Bob as an eagle makes for its prey.

Guests continued to arrive from time to time; some from Westchester and the Connecticut shore, others from neighboring estates. One couple in riding clothes, out for a gallop, dismounted and stayed for a trot. The huge tiled terrace began to resemble a Broadway the dansant.

There was more freedom, more vivacity than Lorelei was accustomed to, even in the gayest downtown resorts; the fun was swift and hilarious, there was a great deal of drinking. Bob, after a manful struggle against his desires and a frightened resistance to the advances of Miss Wyeth, had fled to the billiard room.

Lorelei became interested in watching Miss Courtenay, the girl in the riding habit, one of the season's debutantes, who, it seemed, was especially susceptible to the influence of liquor.

Lorelei was glad when it came time to dress for dinner. As she went to her room Mrs. Fennell stopped her on the stairs to say:

"My dear, Elizabeth Courtenay was frantically jealous of you."

"Of me? I don't understand."

"She and Bert are great friends—and he's gone perfectly daft over you. Why, he's telling everybody." Lorelei flushed, to the evident amusement of her hostess, who ran on: "Oh, Bert means it! I never heard him rave so. Quite a compliment, my dear! With a playful pat she went on her way, leaving the young wife weak with dismay.

When Bob came in he betrayed an elation only too familiar.

"You've been drinking!" cried Lorelei.

"I had to; I ran fifteen three times. My abstinence is the marvel of the whole party."

"I'm afraid—"

"Say! You can't help sneezing when you have a cold. What's a fellow going to do in a crowd like this? But don't worry, I know when to quit."

In truth he did seem better able to take care of himself than most of the men Lorelei had seen, so she said no more.

As he throttled himself with his evening tie Bob gasped: "Having a good time?"

"Ye-es!" Lorelei could not summon courage for a negative answer; she could not confess that her dream had turned out wretchedly, and that what Bob seemed to consider simply the usual thing impressed her as abnormal and wanton.

"Well, that's good," he said. "I'm not strong for these week-end slaughters, but it's something you'll have to do."

"Is all society like—this?" she inquired.

"Um-m, yes and no! Society is like a layer cake—"

"Because it's made of dough?"

Bob laughed. "Partly! Anyhow, the upper crust is icy, and while the lower layer is just as rich as those above, it's more indigestible. There's the heavy, soggy layers in between, too.



He Made Love Openly, Violently, Now

I don't know any of that crowd. They're mostly Dodos—the kind that endow colleges. This younger set keeps the whole cake from getting tasteless."

After a while Lorelei ventured: "I'm still a little nervous. I wish you'd stay close to me this evening."

"Can't be done," Bob declared. "It's a rule at Fennellcourt that husbands must ignore their wives. Betty doesn't invite many married couples, and a wife-lover is considered a pest. When in Rome do as the tourists do."

Lorelei finished dressing in silence. Dinner was quite different to anything Bob's wife had ever experienced, and if the afternoon had been embarrassing to her the evening was a trial.

As the cocktails were served, Harden Fennell distinguished himself by losing his balance and falling backward, to the great amusement of his guests. No one went to his assistance; he regained his feet by climbing a high-backed chair, hand over hand, and during the dinner he sat for the most part in a comatose state, his eyes bleared and staring, his tongue unresponsive. Lorelei had little opportunity of watching him, since Bert Hayman monopolized her attention. The latter made love openly, violently now, and it added to her general disgust to see that Bob had again fallen into the clutches of Miss Wyeth, who made no secret of her fondness for him.

Lorelei was not the only one to take special note of the blonde girl's infatuation. Mrs. Thompson-Bellaire was equally observant and at length made her disapproval patent by a remark that set the table laughing and drove the blood from Lorelei's face. Some time later Lorelei heard her explain to the man on her right:

"We weren't surprised in the least. . . . Bob's always doing some crazy thing when he's drunk. . . . His latest fancy . . . pretty, of course, but . . . from some western village. I believe . . . can't possibly last. Why should it?" The words were purposely made audible, and during the rest of the meal, when Mrs. Thompson-Bellaire was not bitingly sarcastic to Lorelei, she was offensively patronizing.

After dinner Lorelei had a better opportunity than during the afternoon of becoming acquainted with the women of the party, but the experience was not pleasant. She was made to understand that they regarded her not as Bob's wife in any real sense, but rather as his latest and most fleeting fancy. His marriage they seemed to look upon as a bizarre adventure, such as might happen to any man in their set who was looking for amusement.

There was more dancing during the evening. Miss Wyeth continued to monopolize Bob, and Lorelei was offended to note that his resistance gave signs of weakening. She smothered her feelings, however, and remonstrated gently, only to find that he was in no condition to listen. The dinner had been too much for him.

There were many gayeties to enliven the party, and, although outward decencies were observed after a fashion, Lorelei was stammered by the sheer license that she felt on every hand. She had a wild desire to make her excuses and escape from Fennellcourt, but Bob had disappeared, and she gathered that he and Bert were playing off some fabulous wager in the billiard room. Pleading a headache, she excused herself as soon as she could.

"So sorry," said Mrs. Fennell; then, with a knowing laugh: "There's no likelihood of Bob's annoying you for some time."

Once in her room, Lorelei gave way to the indignation that had been slowly growing in her breast. How dared Bob introduce her to such people! If this was the world in which he had moved before his marriage, he had shown his wife an insult by bringing her into it. Surely people like the Fennells, Bert Hayman, Mrs. Thompson-Bellaire, the Madden woman, were not typical members of New York's exclusive circles! Applied to them, "smart" was a laughably inadequate term; they were worse than fast; they were frankly vicious. This was more than a gay week-end party; it was an orgy. Lorelei's anger at her betrayal was so keen that she dared not send for Bob immediately for fear of speaking too violently, but she assured herself that she would leave in the morning, even though he chose to remain.

Still in a blazing temper, she disrobed and sat down to calm herself and to wait for her husband. A half-hour passed, then another; at last she sent a maid in quest of him, but the report she received was not reassuring; Bob was scarcely in a condition to come to his room. Lorelei's lips were white as she dismissed the servant.

By and by the music ceased. She heard people passing in the hall, and distinguished Betty Fennell's voice bidding good night to someone. Still she waited.

When at last the door opened Hayman stood on the threshold, peering at her. She saw that he was considerably drunker than when she had escaped from his attentions, but evidently he knew quite well what he was about.

"Kindly get out, and close the door after you," she directed, still without raising her voice.

The intruder took no warning from her crisp tones nor from the fact that her twilight eyes were as dark as a midnight sky. She stepped to her dressing table and pressed the pearl push-button, holding her finger upon it and staring at Hayman. He moved toward her, but she snatched one of the candlesticks from among her toilet articles, swung it above her head, and brought the weapon down. Hayman reeled away, covering his face with his hands and cursing wildly; then, Lorelei, guided more by instinct than by reason or memory, found Mrs. Fennell's chamber and pounded upon its door with blind fury. She heard a stir from the direction whence she had

## Will the Democracy of Texas Stand by Woodrow Wilson? That is the Issue in the Race for United States Senator

### CANDIDATE COLQUITT SCORES WILSON

In an interview on December 26, 1914, Colquitt made the following charges against President Wilson and the administration, viz:

- 1 "The Wilson administration has been the GREATEST FAILURE in the history of the presidency."
- 2 That because of his INCOMPETENCY, so far as the South is concerned, "its business is PROSTRATED, its CREDIT is impaired, and thousands of its people are STARVING."
- 3 That the administration's tariff law, instead of lowering the cost of living, "has had the CONTRARY effect."
- 4 That the administration's FOREIGN policy "has been IMBECILE."
- 5 That, if he had been president, he would have sent "American IRONCLADS to England's door to ENFORCE" opposition to England's contraband order.
- 6 That in repealing the "Panama Canal Tolls," Wilson made another "WEAK SURRENDER to England."
- 7 That "the Wilson and Bryan" management of the Mexican affair has been an "egregious FAILURE."
- 8 That "Wilson and Bryan" have stood by ENCOURAGING one GANG of BANDITS after another."
- 9 That this government has "kept England and Germany from restoring order in Mexico and has ITSELF done NOTHING but CONTRIBUTE to the DISORDER AND LAWLESSNESS."
- 10 That the EXPLOITERS in Mexico have obtained "absolute CONTROL of that country" and obtained it by "getting the ear of our GOVERNMENT at WASHINGTON."
- 11 That "the President has STOOD IN THE ROAD and CONDEMNED the SOUTH, which made him."
- 12 That the President vindicated an "OBSCURE THEORY of POLITICAL ECONOMY, but mighty near RUINED THE COUNTRY IN DOING IT."
- 13 That the policies of the president have brought "MORE WIDESPREAD MISERY than the South has known in THREE GENERATIONS."
- 14 That these policies have "CONTRIBUTED TO DEPRIVE MILLIONS OF WAGE EARNERS OF EMPLOYMENT."
- 15 That "I AM CONVINCED THE NATIONAL ELECTION OF 1916 WILL END THE DEMOCRATIC REGIME."

### BARRY MILLER SCORES COLQUITT

In a speech at McKinney on August 2, Judge Barry Miller of Dallas said that Colquitt "is not privileged" to run for office on a democratic ticket, "BECAUSE HE IS A STAND-PAT REPUBLICAN."

That Colquitt's interview wherein he assailed the Wilson administration placed Mr. Colquitt "BEYOND THE PALE OF DEMOCRACY."

That Colquitt is guilty of "TREASON TO THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY."

He said: "THE LEGAL DEFINITION of TREASON is to give AID and COMFORT to the enemy, and under that definition I WILL CONVICT THAT MAN COLQUITT of SUCH TREASON to the DEMOCRATIC PARTY that it becomes an OUTRAGE that he run in a democratic primary."

"When the democratic governor of a democratic state ATTACKED EVERY FUNDAMENTAL POLICY of the national democratic administration and PREDICTED ITS DEFEAT, was he not giving AID and COMFORT to the enemy?"

Only a few days ago it was "Colquitt's friend," J. Hampton Moore, a Pennsylvania republican in congress, a man who voted against a bill to prohibit whites and blacks from marrying, who sought for the third time to READ COLQUITT'S INTERVIEW into the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD to show WHY Texas had REPUDIATED THE WILSON ADMINISTRATION"

This shows how "the ENEMY," the republican party, feels about Colquitt's interview, and is this not "LENDING AID and COMFORT to the ENEMY?"

"Colquitt says now the he is Wilson's friend. Then God PROTECT WOODROW WILSON from his FRIENDS!"

He made the ISSUE and he must FACE IT. Wilson did not make it. Culberson did not make it. I did not make it. Oscar Colquitt made it when he DENOUNCED Wilson in that interview and predicted his DEFEAT in 1916.

"The 1916 campaign is on. WILL YOU MAKE COLQUITT'S PREDICTION COME TRUE? Will you vote for or against the Wilson administration and the national democracy?"

If you want Wilson DEFEATED vote for Colquitt. If you want him ELECTED vote for Culberson. Which will you do? This is the ISSUE, and your vote on the 26th inst. will show which side you are on. TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

## WILL THE DEMOCRACY OF TEXAS STAND BY WILSON?

THAT IS THE REAL ISSUE

(Political Advertisement)

HOUSTON COUNTY CULBERSON CLUB

come, and Hayman's voice calling something unintelligible; then Mrs. Fennell's startled face appeared before her.

"What's the matter? My dear! You'll wake everybody in the house."

"Your brother—forced his way into—my room."

"What are you talking about?" Mrs. Fennell drew her guest swiftly inside.

"Hush! Don't make a show of yourself."

"What's all this?" came from Harden Fennell, who was sprawled in a chintz-covered easy chair.

"Be still!" his wife cried, sharply. "Will you send someone for Bob?"

Lorelei asked, more quietly. "I want to—leave."

But her hostess protested. "Now, why stir up trouble? Bob is drunk; he and Bertie are old friends. Bertie will apologize in the morning, and—after all, it was nothing."

"Will you send for my husband?" Mrs. Fennell's gaze hardened; she stiffened herself, saying coldly:

"Why, certainly, if you insist upon rousing the whole household; but he's in no condition to understand this silly affair. You might have some consideration for us."

Bright disks of color were burning in Lorelei's cheeks; she was smiling peculiarly.

"Rest easy," she said. "I've no wish to embarrass you nor drag my husband into this rotten business. It seems he's as modern as the rest of you, but I'm—old-fashioned."

There came a knock at the door, and Hayman's voice, calling:

"Betty! Let me in!"

His sister opened the door an inch or two. "You mustn't come in now," she expostulated, then cried sharply: "Why, you're badly hurt. You're all bloody!" As Hayman agreed in a burst of profanity, she exclaimed fretfully: "Oh, this is dreadful! Go to your room, for heaven's sake! I'll see what I can do with this—with Mrs. Wharton."

Lorelei broke out sharply: "If you'll

permit me to thank you for your hospitality, I'll leave at once."

"Leave? At this hour?"

Lorelei's forced smile bared her even, white teeth. "Of course, if it's too much trouble I can walk—"

"No trouble at all," Mrs. Fennell showed some relief. "I—I'm dreadfully sorry. Still, I can't permit you—"

"In ten minutes, then. If there's no train I may ask your chauffeur to drive me into the city."

"Why, to be sure! Er—what shall I tell Bob when he asks for you?"

"Use your own judgment, please. You can handle drunken men better than I. And don't trouble to send a maid to my room. I'll be downstairs when the car comes."

She was pacing the gloom of the porte-cochere when an automobile swung out from among the trees and swept the shadows flying with its brushes of flame. As she directed the driver, from an open window behind her came a drunken shout; a burst of men's laughter followed the car as it rolled away.

So that was the charmed circle to which she had aspired, those the people she had envied; behind her was that life to which she had sold herself, and this was the end of her dream of fine ladies and gallant gentlemen! Lorelei scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry. She reached the little apartment in the hushed hours before the dawn, and straightway began her packing. Since Bob was doubtless in a drunken stupor which would last for hours, she did not hurry.

Only once did she halt in her labors, and then only from surprise. In a bureau drawer she uncovered a bundle of letters and documents addressed to her husband, which in some way aroused her curiosity. Swallowing her qualms, she examined the contents. They proved to be, in the main, letters from Bob's mother and father urging him to break off his marriage. Those from Mr. Wharton were characteristically intolerant and dictatorial; those from Bob's mother were plaintive and infi-

nately sad. Both parents, she perceived, had exhausted every effort to win their son from his infatuation, both believed Lorelei to be an infamous woman bent upon his destruction, and, judging from the typewritten reports inclosed with some of the father's letters, there was ample reason for such a belief. These reports covered Lorelei's every movement, they bared every bit of ancient scandal connected with her, they recounted salacious stage gossip as fact and falsely construed those actions which were capable of more than one interpretation. It gave the girl a peculiar sensation of unreality to see her life laid out before her eyes in so distorted a shape, and when she read the business-like biographies of herself and the members of her family she could only marvel at Bob's faith. For evidently he had not answered a single letter. Nevertheless, after preparing an early breakfast, she sent her trunks downstairs and phoned for a taxicab.

(To be Continued)

John Spence

Lawyer

Crockett, : : : Texas

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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 Stinson, 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 Lilas 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**—Lilas 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. Lilas Lynn tells of her past.

**CHAPTER XII**—Bergman forces Lorelei to dinner and promises her a large sum of money. Bob Wharton proves a friend in need, as well as dancing instructor to Bergman.

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

**CHAPTER XIV**—Hammon surprises Lilas 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 Lilas; she shoots him as he advances toward her.

**CHAPTER XV**—Hammon orders Wharton and Merkle to remove him quietly to his home. Merkle discovers Lilas 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 XVI**—Wharton and Lorelei have their first home meal together; each invites a guest and bring about a meeting between the bitter enemies, Mlle. Demorest, the dancer, and Campbell Pope, the dramatic critic.

**CHAPTER XVII**—Jarvis Hammon dies of his wound. Bob Wharton's father visits him and offers to buy Lorelei off the marriage deal. She refuses and Bob renounces his father's statements. Mr. Wharton offers Bob the choice of divorce from Lorelei or withdrawal of financial support.

**CHAPTER XVIII**—Bob and Lorelei decide to continue together. Bob promises a reform in his habits and sets a desire for work. Lorelei's family, unconscious of the true state of affairs, congratulate themselves on Lorelei's catch.

## CHAPTER XXI.

It still lacked something of luncheon time when Bob Wharton swung into Fifth avenue. He was in fine fettle with the certainty of an agreeable hour with his tailor. It was always a pleasure to deal with Kurtz, for in his shop customers were treated with the most delicate consideration. Salesmen, cutters, fitters, all were pleasant acquaintances. Kurtz himself was an artist; he was also a person of generally cultivated taste and a man about town. His books were open only to those he considered his equals. A stony-faced doorman kept watch and ward in the Gothic hallway to discourage the general public from entering the premises. The fact that Bob owed several hundred dollars dismayed that young man not in the least, for Kurtz never mentioned money matters.

Our daily actions are controlled by a variety of opposing influences which are like threads pulling at us from various directions. When for any rea-

son certain of these threads are snapped and the balance is disturbed we are drawn into strange pathways, and our whole lives may be changed through the operation of what seems a most trivial case. In Bob's case the cause approached, all unheralded, in the person of Mr. Richard Cady, a youth whose magnificent vacuity of purpose was the envy of his friends. Comelike, he was destined to appear, flash brightly, then disappear below the horizon of this tale. Mr. Cady greeted Bob with listless enthusiasm, teetering the while upon his cane like a Japanese equilibrist.

"Haven't seen you for ages," he began. "Been abroad?"

Bob explained that he was spending the summer in New York, a statement that filled his listener with the same horror he would have felt had he learned that Bob was passing the heated season in the miasmatic jungles of the Amazon.

"Just ran down from Newport," Cady volunteered. "I'm sailing today. Better join me for a trip. I know—" he cut Bob's refusal short—"travel's an awful nuisance; I get seasick myself."

"Then why play at it?" Cady rolled a mournful eye upon his friend. "Girl!" said he, hollowly. "Show girl! If I stay I'll marry her, and that wouldn't do. Post-ive-ly not! So I'm running away. I'll wait over if you'll join me."

"I'm a working man." "Haw!" Mr. Cady expelled a short laugh.

"True! And I've quit drinking." Now Cady was blase, but he had a heart; his sympathies were slow, but he was not insensible to misfortune. Accordingly he responded with a cry of pity, running his eye over his friend to estimate the ravages of temperance.

"Up against it?" inquired the other. "So says my heartless father. He has sewed up my pockets and scuttled my drawing account, hence the dinner pail on my arm. I'm in quest of toll."

"I'll bet you starve," brightly predicted Mr. Cady, in an effort at encouragement. "I'll lay you five thousand that you make a flivver of anything you try."

"I've quit gambling, too." As they shook hands Cady grunted: "My invitation to globe-trot is withdrawn. Fine company you'd be!"

As Bob walked up the avenue he pondered deeply, wondering if he really were so lacking in ability as his friends believed. Money was such a common thing, after all; the silly labor of acquiring it could not be half so interesting as the spending of it. Anybody could make money, but to enjoy it, to circulate it judiciously, one must possess individuality—of a sort. Money seemed to come to some people without effort, and from the strangest sources—Kurtz, for instance, had grown rich out of coats and trousers!

Bob halted, frowning, while Ying peered out from his hiding place at the passing throngs, exposing a tiny, limp, pling-ribbon tongue. If Kurtz, armed only with a pair of shears and a foolish tape, had won to affluence, why couldn't another? Stock broking was no longer profitable; and old Hannibal's opposition evidently forced a change of occupation.

The prospect of such a change was annoying, but scarcely alarming to an ingrained optimist, and Bob took comfort in reflecting that the best-selling literature of the day was replete with instances of disinherited sons, impoverished society men, ruined bankers, or mere idlers, who by lightning strokes of genius had mended their fortunes overnight. Some few, in the earlier days of frenzied fiction, had played the market, others the ponies, still others had gone west and developed abandoned gold mines or obscure water powers. A number, also, had grown disgustingly rich from patenting rat-traps or shoe buttons. One young man had discovered a way to keep worms out of railroad ties and had promptly bludgeoned the railroad companies out of fabulous royalties.

Over the stock-market idea Bob could work up no enthusiasm—he knew too much about it—and, inasmuch as horse racing was no longer fashionable, opportunities for a Pittsburgh Phil future seemed limited. Moreover, he had never saved a jockey's life nor a jockey's mother from eviction, hence feedback tips were not likely. Nor did he know a single soul in the business of inventing rat-traps or shoe buttons. As for going west,

he was clearly of the opinion that a search for abandoned gold mines or forgotten waterfalls wasn't in his line; and the secret of creosoting railroad ties, now that he came to think of it, was still locked up in the breast of its affluent discoverer. Besides, as the whole episode had occurred in the second act of the play, the safety of building upon it was doubtful at best. Bob's wrinkled brow smoothed itself, and he nodded. His path was plain; it led around the nearest corner to his tailor's door.

Mr. Kurtz's greeting was warm as Bob strolled into the stately showroom with its high-backed Flemish-oak chairs, its great carved tables, its paneled walls with their antlered decorations. This, it may be said, was not a shop, not a store where clothes were sold, but a studio where men's distinctive garments were draped, and the difference was perfectly apparent on the first of each month.

"Kurtz," began Bob, abruptly. "I just bet Dick Cady five thousand dollars that I can make my own living for six months." This falsehood troubled him vaguely until he remembered that high finance must be often conducted behind a veil.

Mr. Kurtz, genial, shrewd, gray, raised admiring eyes and said:

"I'll take another five thousand."

But Bob declined. "No, I'm going to work."

This announcement interested the tailor deeply. "Who's going to hire you?" he asked.

"You are."

Kurtz blinked. "Maybe you'd like to bet on that, too," he ventured. "I'll give you odds."

"Work is one of the few things I haven't tried. You need a good salesman."

"No, I don't. I have seven already."

"Say, wouldn't you like the trade of the whole younger set? I can bring you a lot of fresh customers—fellows like me."

"Fresh customers" is right," laughed Kurtz, then sobered quickly. "You're joking, of course?"

"I'm so serious I could cry. How much is it worth to you to make clothes for my crowd?"

"Well—" the tailor considered. "Quite a bit."

"The boys like to see Dick trimmed—It's a matter of principle with them never to let him win a bet—and they'd do anything for me. You're the best tailor in the city, but too conservative. Now I'm going to bring you fifty new accounts, every one good for better than two thousand a year. That's a hundred thousand dollars. How much am I offered? Going! Going!"

"Wait a minute! Would you stick to me for six months if I took you on?"

"My dear Kurtz, I'll poltice myself upon you for life. I'll guarantee myself not to slide, slip, wrinkle or skid. Thirty years hence, when you come hobbling down to business, you'll find me here."

Mr. Kurtz dealt in novelties, and the idea of a society salesman was sufficiently new to appeal to his commercial sense.

"I'll pay you twenty per cent," he offered, "for all the new names you put on my books."

"Make it twenty-five on first orders and twenty on repeaters. I'll bring my own luncheon and pay my car fare."

"There wouldn't be any profit left," demurred Kurtz.

"Good! Then it's a bargain—twenty-five and twenty. Now watch me grab adolescent offshoots of our famous Four Hundred." Bob took a bus up the avenue to the College club for luncheon.

At three o'clock he returned, accompanied by four flushed young men whose names gave Kurtz a thrill. In spite of their modish appearance they declared themselves indecently shabby, and allowed Bob to order for them—a favor which he performed with a rajah's lofty disregard of expense. He sat upon one of the carved tables, selecting samples as if for a quartet of bridegrooms. Being bosom cronies of Mr. Cady, the four youths needed little urging. When they had gone in to be measured Kurtz said guardedly:

"Whew! That's more stuff than I've sold in two weeks!"

"A mere trifle," Bob grinned, happily. "Say, Kurtz, this is the life! This is the job for me—panhandling juvenile plutocrats—no office hours, no heavy lifting, and Thursdays off. I'm going to make you famous."

"You'll break me with another run like this. You don't think they're bluffing?"

"Why should they bluff? They'll never discover how many suits they have. Now figure it up and tell the bad news."

Mr. Kurtz did as directed, announcing, "Fifty-five hundred and five dollars."

"Pikers!" exclaimed the new salesman; then he began laboriously to compute 25 per cent of the sum, using as a pad a bolt of expensive white silk vest material. "Thirteen hundred and seventy-six dollars and twenty-five cents is my blackmail, Kurtz. That's what I call a safe and sane Fourth. Not bad for dull times, and yet it might be better. Anyhow, it's the

hardest thirteen hundred and seventy-six dollars I ever earned."

"Hard!" The merchant's lips twitched, oscillating his cigar violently. "Hard! I'll bet those fellows even bought your lunch. I suppose you mean it's the first money you ever—earned." He seemed to choke over the last word. "Well, it's worth something to get men like these on the books, but—thirteen hundred and seventy-six dollars—"

"And twenty-five cents." Mr. Kurtz gulped. "In one day! Why, I could buy a farm for that. How much will you have to 'earn' to cover your living expenses for six months?"

"Ah, there we journey in the realm of purest speculation." Bob favored him with a sunny smile. "As well ask me how much my living expenses must be in order to cover my earnings. Whatever one is, the other will be approximately ditto—or perhaps slightly in excess thereof. Anyhow, nothing but rigid economy—bane of my life—will make the one fit into the other. But I have a thought. Something tells me these boys need white flannels, so get out your stock, Kurtz. If they can't play tennis they must learn, for my sake."

Bob's remarkable stroke of fortune called for a celebration, and his four customers clamored that he squander his first profits forthwith. Ordinarily such a course would have been just to his liking; but now he was dying to tell Lorelei of his triumph, and fearing to trust himself with even one drink, he escaped from his friends as soon as possible. Thus it chanced that he arrived home sober.

It was a happy home-coming. Bob was in a state of exaltation. He had no desire to blind himself to Kurtz' service for six months or for any other period; nor had he the least thought of living up to his agreement until Lorelei began to treat the matter seriously. Then he objected blankly:

"Why, it was all right as a joke, but I don't want to be a tailor. There's no romance in woolen goods."

"How much do you owe?" she asked. "Really, I've no idea. It's something you don't have to remember—somebody always reminds you in plenty of time, and then you borrow enough to pay up."

"Let's forget the romance and pay up without borrowing. Remember you have two families to support." Noting that the idea of permanent employment galled him, she added, craftily, "Of course you'll never sell another lot of clothes like this, but—"

"Why not? It's like selling candy to a child."

"You can't go with that crowd without drinking."

"Is that so? Now you sit tight and hold your hat on. I can make that business pay if I try, and still stay in the Rainmakers' union. There's big money in it—enough so we can live the way we want to. I'm sick of this telephone booth, anyhow; we'll present it to some nice newsboy and rent an apartment with a closet. This one's so small I don't dare to let my trousers bag. Besides, we've been under cover long enough, and I want you to meet the people I know. We can afford the expense—now that I'm making thirteen hundred and seventy-six dollars and twenty-five cents a day."

"I should like to know nice people," Lorelei confessed. "I'm sick of the kind I've met; the men are indecent



"I Should Like to Know Nice People," Lorelei Confessed.

and the women are vulgar. I've always wanted to know the other kind." Bob was delighted; his fancy took fire, and already he was far along toward prosperity. "You'll make a hit with the younger set; you'll be a perfect rave. Bert Hayman told me today that his married sister is entertaining a lot, and, since the drama will be tottering on its way to destruction

without you in a few days, I'll tell him that we're invited out to Long Island for a week-end."

## CHAPTER XXII.

Under Lorelei's encouragement Bob put in the next two weeks to good advantage. In fact, so obsessed was he with his new employment that it was not long before his imaginary bet with Cady assumed reality in his mind. Moreover, it became gossip around his clubs; and in quarters where he was well known his method of winning the wager was deemed not only characteristic but ingenious. His exploits were famous; and his friends, rejoicing in one more display of eccentricity, and relishing any mild misfortune to Dick Cady, in the majority of cases changed tailors.

Business at Kurtz' increased so substantially that Bob was treated with a reverential amazement by everyone in the shop. The other salesmen gazed upon him with envy; Kurtz' bearing changed in a way that was extremely gratifying to one who had been universally accounted a failure. And Bob expanded under success; he began to feel more than mere amusement in his experiment.

His marriage had become public, but the affair was too old to be of much news value. Now that he had escaped the disagreeable notoriety he had expected and was possessed of larger means, Bob—inordinately proud of his wife's beauty and boyishly eager to display it—undertook to win social recognition for her. It was no difficult task for one with his wide acquaintance to make a beginning. Lorelei was surprised and delighted one day to receive an invitation for her and her husband to spend a week-end at Fennelcourt, the country home of Bert Hayman's sister. She had not been sorry to give up her theatrical work, and the prospect of meeting nice people, of leaving for good and all the sordid, unhealthy atmosphere of Broadway, bathed her in a glow of anticipation.

Fennelcourt is one of the show places of the Wheatley Hills section. Bert Hayman drove the Whartons out from the city, and Lorelei's first glimpse of Fennelcourt was such that she forgot her vague dislike of Hayman himself. Bert, who had met her and Bob for luncheon, had turned out to be, instead of a polished man of the world, a glib youth with an artificial laugh and a pair of sober, heavy-lidded eyes. That he possessed a keen appreciation of feminine beauty he showed by surrendering unconditionally to Lorelei's charms.

As Hayman's car rolled up the driveway and the beauties of Fennelcourt displayed themselves, Lorelei found her heart throbbing violently. Was not this the beginning of a glorious adventure? Was not life unfolding at last? Was she not upon the threshold of a new world? The flutter in her breast was answer.

Bert led the way through an impressive hall that bisected the building, then out upon a stately balustraded stone terrace, where, in the grateful shade of gaudy awnings, a dozen people were chatting at tea tables.

Mrs. Fennell, the hostess, a plain-faced, dumpy young matron, welcomed the newcomers, then made Lorelei known. As for Bob, he needed no introductions; a noisy outburst greeted him, and Lorelei's heart warmed at the welcome.

A few moments of chatter, then she and Bob were led into the house again and up to a cool, wide bedroom. As Lorelei removed her motor coat and bonnet she exclaimed, breathlessly: "What a gorgeous house! And those people! They weren't the least bit formal."

Bob laughed. "Formality is about the last thing they're famous for. There's liable to be too much informality. Say! You made those dames look like the Monday morning wash-ladies' parade. I knew you would."

"You said this was the younger set—but that awful Thompson-Bellaire widow is here, and that blonde girl I met with her."

"Alice Wyeth?"

"Yes, I thought she was going to kiss you."

Bob grinned. "So did I. She will, too, if she feels like it."

"Won't you have anything to say about it?"

"What could I say? Alice does just as she likes. So does everybody else, for that matter. I've never gone in for this sort of thing very much."

After a moment Lorelei ventured, "I suppose they're all hard drinkers—"

"That wasn't spring water you saw in their glasses."

"Are you—going to?" Lorelei eyed him anxiously.

"I can't very well make myself conspicuous by refusing everything; I don't want to look like a zebra in a hayward—and a cocktail before dinner wouldn't hurt anybody." Noting his wife's expression, he kissed her lightly. "Now don't spoil your first party by worrying over me. Just forget you're married and have a good time."

Music greeted them as they descended the stairs, and they found some of the guests dancing to the strains of

a giant orchestra built into the music room. Hayman promptly seized upon Lorelei and whirled her away, but not before she saw the Wyeth blonde making for Bob as an eagle makes for its prey.

Guests continued to arrive from time to time; some from Westchester and the Connecticut shore, others from neighboring estates. One couple in riding clothes, out for a gallop, dismounted and stayed for a trot. The huge tiled terrace began to resemble a Broadway the dansant.

There was more freedom, more vivacity than Lorelei was accustomed to, even in the gayest downtown resorts; the fun was swift and hilarious, there was a great deal of drinking. Bob, after a manful struggle against his desires and a frightened resistance to the advances of Miss Wyeth, had fled to the billiard room.

Lorelei became interested in watching Miss Courtenay, the girl in the riding habit, one of the season's debutantes, who, it seemed, was especially susceptible to the influence of liquor.

Lorelei was glad when it came time to dress for dinner. As she went to her room Mrs. Fennell stopped her on the stairs to say:

"My dear, Elizabeth Courtenay was frantically jealous of you."

"Of me? I don't understand."

"She and Bert are great friends—and he's gone perfectly daft over you. Why, he's telling everybody." Lorelei flushed, to the evident amusement of her hostess, who ran on: "Oh, Bert means it! I never heard him rave so. Quite a compliment, my dear!" With a playful pat she went on her way, leaving the young wife weak with dismay.

When Bob came in he betrayed an elation only too familiar.

"You've been drinking!" cried Lorelei.

"I had to; I ran fifteen three times. My abstinence is the marvel of the whole party."

"I'm afraid—"

"Say! You can't help sneezing when you have a cold. What's a fellow going to do in a crowd like this? But don't worry, I know when to quit."

In truth he did seem better able to take care of himself than most of the men Lorelei had seen, so she said no more.

As he throttled himself with his evening tie Bob gasped: "Having a good time?"

"Ye-es!" Lorelei could not summon courage for a negative answer; she could not confess that her dream had turned out wretchedly, and that what Bob seemed to consider simply the usual thing impressed her as abnormal and wanton.

"Well, that's good," he said. "I'm not strong for these week-end slaughters, but it's something you'll have to do."

"Is all society like—this?" she inquired.

"Um-m, yes and no! Society is like a layer cake—"

"Because it's made of dough?"

Bob laughed. "Partly! Anyhow, the upper crust is icy, and while the lower layer is just as rich as those above, it's more indigestible. There's the heavy, soggy layers in between, too.

As the cocktails were served, Harden Fennell distinguished himself by losing his balance and falling backward, to the great amusement of his guests. No one went to his assistance; he regained his feet by climbing a high-backed chair, hand over hand, and during the dinner he sat for the most part in a comatose state, his eyes bleared and staring, his tongue unresponsive. Lorelei had little opportunity of watching him, since Bert Hayman monopolized her attention. The latter made love openly, violently now, and it added to her general disgust to see that Bob had again fallen into the clutches of Miss Wyeth, who made no secret of her fondness for him.

Lorelei was not the only one to take special note of the blonde girl's infatuation. Mrs. Thompson-Bellaire was equally observant and at length made her disapproval patent by a remark that set the table laughing and drove the blood from Lorelei's face. Sometime later Lorelei heard her explain to the man on her right:

"We weren't surprised in the least . . . Bob's always doing some crazy thing when he's drunk. . . . His latest fancy . . . pretty, of course, but . . . from some western village, I believe . . . can't possibly last. Why should it? The words were purposely made audible, and during the rest of the meal, when Mrs. Thompson-Bellaire was not bitingly sarcastic to Lorelei, she was offensively patronizing.

After dinner Lorelei had a better opportunity than during the afternoon of becoming acquainted with the women of the party, but the experience was not pleasant. She was made to understand that they regarded her not as Bob's wife in any real sense, but rather as his latest and most fleeting fancy. His marriage they seemed to look upon as a bizarre adventure, such as might happen to any man in their set who was looking for amusement.

There was more dancing during the evening. Miss Wyeth continued to monopolize Bob, and Lorelei was offended to note that his resistance gave signs of weakening. She smothered her feelings, however, and remonstrated gently, only to find that he was in no condition to listen. The dinner had been too much for him.

There were many gayeties to enliven the party, and, although outward decencies were observed after a fashion, Lorelei was sickened by the sheer license that she felt on every hand. She had a wild desire to make her excuses and escape from Fennellcourt, but Bob had disappeared, and she gathered that he and Bert were playing off some fabulous wager in the billiard room. Pleading a headache, she excused herself as soon as she could.

"So sorry," said Mrs. Fennell; then, with a knowing laugh: "There's no likelihood of Bob's annoying you for some time."

Once in her room, Lorelei gave way to the indignation that had been slowly growing in her breast. How dared Bob introduce her to such people! If this was the world in which he had moved before his marriage, he had shown his wife an insult by bringing her into it. Surely people like the Fennells, Bert Hayman, Mrs. Thompson-Bellaire, the Madden woman, were not typical members of New York's exclusive circles! Applied to them, "smart" was a laughably inadequate term; they were worse than fast; they were frankly vicious. This was more than a gay week-end party; it was an orgy. Lorelei's anger at her betrayal was so keen that she dared not send for Bob immediately for fear of speaking too violently, but she assured herself that she would leave in the morning, even though he chose to remain.

Still in a blazing temper, she disrobed and sat down to calm herself and to wait for her husband. A half-hour passed, then another; at last she sent a maid in quest of him, but the report she received was not reassuring; Bob was scarcely in a condition to come to his room. Lorelei's lips were white as she dismissed the servant.

By and by the music ceased. She heard people passing in the hall, and distinguished Betty Fennell's voice bidding good night to someone. Still she waited.

When at last the door opened Hayman stood on the threshold, peering at her. She saw that he was considerably drunker than when she had escaped from his attentions, but evidently he knew quite well what he was about.

"Kindly get out, and close the door after you," she directed, still without raising her voice.

The intruder took no warning from her crisp tones nor from the fact that her twilight eyes were as dark as a midnight sky. She stepped to her dressing table and pressed the pearl push-button, holding her finger upon it and staring at Hayman. He moved toward her, but she snatched one of the candlesticks from among her toilet articles, swung it above her head, and brought the weapon down. Hayman reeled away, covering his face with his hands and cursing wildly; then, Lorelei, guided more by instinct than by reason or memory, found Mrs. Fennell's chamber and pounded upon its door with blind fury. She heard a stir from the direction whence she had

## Will the Democracy of Texas Stand by Woodrow Wilson? That is the Issue in the Race for United States Senator

### CANDIDATE COLQUITT SCORES WILSON

In an interview on December 26, 1914, Colquitt made the following charges against President Wilson and the administration, viz:

- 1 "The Wilson administration has been the GREATEST FAILURE in the history of the presidency."
- 2 That because of his INCOMPETENCY, so far as the South is concerned, "its business is PROSTRATED, its CREDIT is impaired, and thousands of its people are STARVING."
- 3 That the administration's tariff law, instead of lowering the cost of living, "has had the CONTRARY effect."
- 4 That the administration's FOREIGN policy "has been IMBECILE."
- 5 That, if he had been president, he would have sent "AMERICAN IRONCLADS to England's door to ENFORCE" opposition to England's contraband order.
- 6 That in repealing the "Panama Canal Tolls," Wilson made another "WEAK SURRENDER to England."
- 7 That "the Wilson and Bryan" management of the Mexican affair has been an "egregious FAILURE."
- 8 That "Wilson and Bryan" have stood by ENCOURAGING one GANG of BANDITS after another."
- 9 That this government has "kept England and Germany from restoring order in Mexico and has ITSELF done NOTHING but CONTRIBUTE to the DISORDER AND LAWLESSNESS."
- 10 That the EXPLOITERS in Mexico have obtained "absolute CONTROL of that country" and obtained it by "getting the ear of our GOVERNMENT at WASHINGTON."
- 11 That "the President has STOOD IN THE ROAD and CONDEMNED the SOUTH, which made him."
- 12 That the President vindicated an "OBSOLETE THEORY of POLITICAL ECONOMY, but mighty near RUINED THE COUNTRY IN DOING IT."
- 13 That the policies of the president have brought "MORE WIDESPREAD MISERY than the South has known in THREE GENERATIONS."
- 14 That these policies have "CONTRIBUTED TO DEPRIVE MILLIONS OF WAGE EARNERS OF EMPLOYMENT."
- 15 That "I AM CONVINCED THE NATIONAL ELECTION OF 1916 WILL END THE DEMOCRATIC REGIME."

### BARRY MILLER SCORES COLQUITT

In a speech at McKinney on August 2, Judge Barry Miller of Dallas said that Colquitt "is not privileged" to run for office on a democratic ticket, "BECAUSE HE IS A STAND-PAT REPUBLICAN."

That Colquitt's interview wherein he assailed the Wilson administration placed Mr. Colquitt "BEYOND THE PALE OF DEMOCRACY."

That Colquitt is guilty of "TREASON TO THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY."

He said: "THE LEGAL DEFINITION of TREASON is to give AID and COMFORT to the enemy, and under that definition I WILL CONVICT THAT MAN COLQUITT of SUCH TREASON to the DEMOCRATIC PARTY that it becomes an OUTRAGE that he run in a democratic primary."

"When the democratic governor of a democratic state ATTACKED EVERY FUNDAMENTAL POLICY of the national democratic administration and PREDICTED ITS DEFEAT, was he not giving AID and COMFORT to the enemy?"

Only a few days ago it was "Colquitt's friend," J. Hampton Moore, a Pennsylvania republican in congress, a man who voted against a bill to prohibit whites and blacks from marrying, who sought for the third time to READ COLQUITT'S INTERVIEW into the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD to show WHY Texas had REPUDIATED THE WILSON ADMINISTRATION"

This shows how "the ENEMY," the republican party, feels about Colquitt's interview, and is this not "LENDING AID and COMFORT to the ENEMY?"

"Colquitt says now that he is Wilson's friend. Then God PROTECT WOODROW WILSON from his FRIENDS!"

He made the ISSUE and he must FACE IT. Wilson did not make it. Culberson did not make it. I did not make it. Oscar Colquitt made it when he DENOUNCED Wilson in that interview and predicted his DEFEAT in 1916.

"The 1916 campaign is on. WILL YOU MAKE COLQUITT'S PREDICTION COME TRUE? Will you vote for or against the Wilson administration and the national democracy?"

If you want Wilson DEFEATED vote for Colquitt. If you want him ELECTED vote for Culberson. Which will you do? This is the ISSUE, and your vote on the 26th inst. will show which side you are on. TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

## WILL THE DEMOCRACY OF TEXAS STAND BY WILSON?

THAT IS THE REAL ISSUE

(Political Advertisement)

HOUSTON COUNTY CULBERSON CLUB



He Made Love Openly, Violently, Now

I don't know any of that crowd. They're mostly Dodos—the kind that endow colleges. This younger set keeps the whole cake from getting tasteless."

After a while Lorelei ventured: "I'm still a little nervous. I wish you'd stay close to me this evening."

"Can't be done," Bob declared. "It's a rule at Fennellcourt that husbands must ignore their wives. Betty doesn't invite many married couples, and a wife-lover is considered a pest. When in Rome do as the tourists do."

Lorelei finished dressing in silence. Dinner was quite different to anything Bob's wife had ever experienced, and if the afternoon had been embarrassing to her the evening was a trial

come, and Hayman's voice calling something unintelligible; then Mrs. Fennell's startled face appeared before her.

"What's the matter? My dear! You'll wake everybody in the house."

"Your brother—forced his way into my room."

"What are you talking about?" Mrs. Fennell drew her guest swiftly inside. "Hush! Don't make a show of yourself."

"Who's all this?" came from Harden Fennell, who was sprawled in a chintz-covered easy chair.

"Be still!" his wife cried, sharply. "Will you send someone for Bob?" Lorelei asked, more quietly. "I want to—leave."

But her hostess protested. "Now, why stir up trouble? Bob is drunk; he and Bertie are old friends. Bertie will apologize in the morning, and—after all, it was nothing."

"Will you send for my husband?"

Mrs. Fennell's gaze hardened; she stiffened herself, saying coldly:

"Why, certainly, if you insist upon rousing the whole household; but he's in no condition to understand this silly affair. You might have some consideration for us."

Bright disks of color were burning in Lorelei's cheeks; she was smiling peculiarly.

"Rest easy," she said. "I've no wish to embarrass you nor drag my husband into this rotten business. It seems he's as modern as the rest of you, but I'm—old-fashioned."

There came a knock at the door, and Hayman's voice, calling:

"Betty! Let me in!"

His sister opened the door an inch or two. "You mustn't come in now," she expostulated, then cried sharply: "Why, you're badly hurt. You're all bloody!" As Hayman agreed in a burst of profanity, she exclaimed fretfully: "Oh, this is dreadful! Go to your room, for heaven's sake! I'll see what I can do with this—with Mrs. Wharton."

Lorelei broke out sharply: "If you'll

permit me to thank you for your hospitality, I'll leave at once."

"Leave? At this hour?"

Lorelei's forced smile bared her even, white teeth. "Of course, if it's too much trouble I can walk—"

"No trouble at all." Mrs. Fennell showed some relief. "I—I'm dreadfully sorry. Still, I can't permit you—"

"In ten minutes, then. If there's no train I may ask your chauffeur to drive me into the city."

"Why, to be sure! Er—what shall I tell Bob when he asks for you?"

"Use your own judgment, please. You can handle drunken men better than I. And don't trouble to send a maid to my room. I'll be downstairs when the car comes."

She was pacing the gloom of the porte-cochere when an automobile swung out from among the trees and swept the shadows flying with its brushes of flame. As she directed the driver, from an open window behind her came a drunken shout; a burst of men's laughter followed the car as it rolled away.

So that was the charmed circle to which she had aspired, those the people she had envied; behind her was that life to which she had sold herself, and this was the end of her dream of fine ladies and gallant gentlemen! Lorelei scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry. She reached the little apartment in the hushed hours before the dawn, and straightway began her packing. Since Bob was doubtless in a drunken stupor which would last for hours, she did not hurry.

Only once did she halt in her labors, and then only from surprise. In a bureau drawer she uncovered a bundle of letters and documents addressed to her husband, which in some way aroused her curiosity. Swallowing her qualms, she examined the contents. They proved to be, in the main, letters from Bob's mother and father urging him to break off his marriage. Those from Mr. Wharton were characteristically intolerant and dictatorial; those from Bob's mother were plaintive and infinitely sad. Both parents, she perceived, had exhausted every effort to win their son from his infatuation, both believed Lorelei to be an infamous woman bent upon his destruction, and, judging from the typewritten reports inclosed with some of the father's letters, there was ample reason for such a belief. These reports covered Lorelei's every movement, they bared every bit of ancient scandal connected with her, they recounted salacious stage gossip as fact and falsely construed those actions which were capable of more than one interpretation. It gave the girl a peculiar sensation of unreality to see her life laid out before her eyes in so distorted a shape, and when she read the business-like biographies of herself and the members of her family she could only marvel at Bob's faith. For evidently he had not answered a single letter. Nevertheless, after preparing an early breakfast, she sent her trunks downstairs and phoned for a taxicab.

(To be Continued)

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

**ADAMSON & YOUNG**  
CROCKETT, TEXAS

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THE GRAPELAND MESSENGER

H. B. LUKER, Editor and Owner

Published in the Postoffice at GrapeLand, Texas, one day Thursday as Second Class Mail Matter.

Our advertising rates are reasonable and quoted upon application.

Advertisements' Notices—Obituaries and Resolutions and Respect are printed for half price—10¢ per line, 10¢ for name "not news" charged at regular rates.

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

Object Purpose—It is the purpose of the Messenger to record accurately, simply and interestingly the news, historical, industrial and political progress of the grapeLand and Houston country. To all in the every citizen should give us his moral and financial support.

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1 YEAR.....	\$1.00
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THURSDAY, AUG. 17, 1916

Sunshine is healthy, but the shady spot of a tree is darned comfortable on a hot day.

The ass that brays is not half as assinine as the one that makes suggestive remarks about women on the public streets.

The vision of some people reaches only a few yards and they stumble along the rest of the way, and fall in a ditch.

The reason the second primary in the Senatorial race is being termed the "run off" is because everybody knows Calhoun will run off and leave DeLoquitt.

Former governor Hanley of Indiana has been placed by the resolutionsists among the notable who have been notified of their notability. He survived the shock.

Houston county may have a short cotton crop, but it is pleasing to think of the "ribbon cane diseases" which will soon afford us an opportunity to show our "sugaring" ability.

If your wife is indifferent to your excellent qualities just make your seat near an open door and begin talking about the admirations of some other women when best it.

A wife shot and killed her husband in Seabrook because she caught him drinking beer with another woman in a saloon. Husbands should drink alone or at least with their wives if they must drink at all.

If Houston county had the amount of money that has been spent for horses to be killed out on the bad roads for the past ten years, she could build highways that would resemble paved streets all over the county.

THE FIRST BALE

GrapeLand received the first bale of cotton last Friday, which was brought in by J. W. Jones from his farm south of town. The bale weighed 570 lbs. and was bought by Geo. E. Darsey at 15¢ per pound. In addition to this good price, a premium was made up among the business men. Mr. Jones says picking will now begin in earnest and he estimates his crop at 70 bales.

W. H. Holcomb of Augusta has rented a house in GrapeLand and will move here with his family sometime during this month to make advantage of our splendid schools. This splendid family will be a welcome addition to our town and we will be glad to have them with us.

LOCAL NEWS FROM GLOVER

August 14.—Health of this community isn't very good at present. Those on the sick list are Mrs. R. R. Thames, Jake and little Verna Thames, Mr. Sidney Johnson's family and Mr. J. F. Weaver. Chills and fever seem to be the trouble.

Ribbon cane and Jane corn is needing rain.

Messrs. Josse Hall and Charley Martin are in our midst, visiting Mr. W. T. Craig. They spent the day with R. R. Thames Saturday and undertook to rob a beehive, but their attempt was a failure, for the little creatures sure did fight for their honey.

Mr. W. T. Craig spent the day with R. R. Thames and family Sunday.

Mrs. W. T. Craig spent the day with Mrs. Sidney Johnson Sunday.

Mrs. J. F. Weaver spent from Saturday until Sunday with R. R. Thames.

Mr. Willie Parker and son, of Creath called a few minutes at R. R. Thames Monday.

RIPPLES ON THE TRINITY

August 14.—Will give the condition of the cotton crop first. The tale is told for 1916 and it was told about the same time last year. We will make from 1-4 to 1-2. The crop that ought to have made 10 bales will only make 5 and so on. The weather conditions have not been favorable. Have had more rain than was needed. However, the plant is healthy and is putting on forms all the time, which we think is favorable as it will furnish food for the weevils and worms and spare our bolls. The bolls are large and fine and well matured. Have had no rain in two days and am hopeful of some dryer weather, but it will do cotton no good in the way of making—only save what is in sight.

Most of us are leading a rather strenuous life trying to get the odd jobs done up before crop gathering time begins. Some are covering the school house, others are working on the Lincoln road and have a large neighborhood bridge to build.

Had a large congregation at the tabernacle yesterday and Rev. Williams made us a fine talk on the subject of "Giving," which is the business side of religion. Quite a number of visitors were present. Those present from a distance were Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Wherry of Memphis, Mrs. J. E. Spence of GrapeLand, Miss Mollie Moore of Crockett.

Quite a crowd "picnicked" at the look and dam last Thursday. Mrs. Laseter and daughters, Oddie Mae and Mrs. R. B. Edens were in the crowd. We are sure they enjoyed the outing.

P. L. Fulgham has about completed his spacious porch to his residence and it adds to the looks and comfort of his home.

Everything looks as green and flourishing as a bay tree and in one of the last summer months, which is unusual, and we are cheerful and in a good humor.

The meeting will begin Tuesday night, Aug. 22nd at the tabernacle, conducted by E. Payne. Everyone who can, come and invest something in the services. Zack.

EARLY FALL STYLES

Right now in between two seasons we are making a wonderful showing of new goods for late summer and early fall wear. And then there are a number of things you will need to finish out the hot weather with and you can find a full line of these articles in our shelves. Come to our store and let us show you the BIGGEST ASSORTMENT of DRY GOODS in East Tex.

FELT HATS

We are showing the newest styles in felts for this season in a variety of shades. Trimmed and untrimmed. Also featuring the popular stenciled brims.

\$1.75 to \$4.00

NEW DRESS GOODS

This department includes some of the new season's best merchandise. We shall be glad to show you at any time.

Silk, Wool and Cotton Poplin, Serges, Plaids, Suitings, Silks, Messalines, Taffetas, Crepes.

Velvets, Velvetines, Ribbons, Laces, Linings in Cotton and Silk, Satines and a big lot of STAPLE DRY GOODS

SCHOOL DAYS

are not very far ahead and the wise mother is getting her children ready while there is plenty of time. We have a big line of Dress Gingham, Suits, Dresses, Shoes, Hosiery, etc. Come and let us help fit the kiddies out.

SUMMER GOODS MUST GO

We are daily bidding farewell to the stock of summer goods we now have in our shelves. They are going fast and will continue to go as long as the hot weather lasts. If you want some REAL VALUES for the money, we think you will do well by coming here

- Men's Straw Hats
- Men's Underwear
- Ladies' Underwear
- Children's Underwear

and lots of other things equally as popular and as essential to your comfort.

GEORGE E. DARSEY SERVICE FIRST STORE

NEWS FROM SAN PEDRO

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Palmer is having some sickness in his family and hope they will be up in a few days.

A number of the men of our community had to go to Crockett Tuesday on business.

Mr. L. N. Whitaker, Joe Hollis, W. A. Kleckley and Dan Whitaker were Crockett visitors last Wednesday.

The young people had an entertainment at W. R. Brown's Thursday night. They played many games and then had a watermelon cutting. Those present were: Misses Robbie Whitaker, Ora Gaihey, Hattie and Zolbie Kleckley, Mable and Kathryn Hassell, Laura Sexton, Mary Lou Brown, Mrs. Richard Pennington and Messrs. Tom, Norman, Willis and Carl Whitaker, Albert, Walter and Hollis

Gaihey, Walter Hallett and two Benson boys, who are visiting the Whitaker boys, also Harvey Palmer. They all had a delightful time.

Miss Belle Brown visited her brother, W. R. Brown two days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Kleckley and Mr. Brown entertained their visitors down on the creek last Tuesday fishing.

Mr. Jake Cutler and family spent Sunday at Mr. Bill Davidson's.

Miss Ora Gaihey entertained a crowd of young people Saturday night.

Mr. Roy Deupree and family and Mrs. Maud Garrison and children, all of Crockett, spent the day Sunday at W. A. Kleckley's. They went away promising to come again.

Mrs. Richard Pennington returned home Saturday, accompanied by her father and sister,

W. R. Brown and Miss Mary Lou.

All the girls who have been visiting at W. A. Kleckley's returned to their homes Monday. They regretted to leave, as they were having such a good time. We hope to have them again. Nell.

Ride the Waves—Dip in the Surf Galveston Popular Excursion

Tickets on sale for trains arriving Galveston Saturday p. m., August 26, and Sunday a. m., limit Monday. Bathing at its height. For schedules, rates and other particulars, see I. & G. N. Ticket Agent.

Byron Keen and family and Blake Hodge and son returned last week from a visit to Sam Hodge and family at Buffalo Gap. The trip was made overland in Mr. Hodges' car. They report a most pleasant time.

**LOCAL NEWS**

Leonidas Brooks was a visitor to Elmina a few days last week.

Olan Hines of Houston is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Joe Kellam of Kaufman is here on a visit to relatives.

Frank Ross Faris of Ratcliff spent Sunday here.

Warren McFarlane of Palestine spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Grapeland.

Misses Kate Young and Eddie Holcomb of Augusta are visiting relatives in Crockett this week.

Marshall and Harold Hollingsworth of Dallas and Brownwood are here on a visit to relatives.

Mrs. Will Selkirk is visiting her sister, Mrs. D. F. Warren, at Elkhart.

Miss Clarite Elliot of Crockett visited relatives in Grapeland this week.

Miss Ciny Wall of Augusta was the guest of friends here Sunday.

Mrs. Hines has returned to her home in Houston after a visit to her sister, Mrs. S. E. Traylor.

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

**THRESHING NOTICE**

After this week I will thresh peas only on Fridays.

O. Caskey.

**FOUND**

A bunch of keys. Owner may have same by calling at this office and paying for this notice.

U. M. Brock spent the latter part of last week in Livingston visiting relatives and friends. During his absence Stokes Pelham filled his place in the bank.

**FOR SALE**

A large cane mill, 16-foot copper pan, equipped for mule or engine power. W. T. Pridgen, Route 3, Grapeland, Texas.

Keep the body healthy at this season by using Prickly Ash Bitters. It is a necessary condition to successfully resist malarial germs. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

Mrs. George Shipper and children, who have been visiting relatives here for some time, left for their home in DeRidder, La., Monday night.

**PROTRACTED MEETING**

A protracted meeting will begin at Oak Grove Saturday night, August 19. Everybody invited to attend and take part.

**AT BAPTIST CHURCH**

We are requested to announce that Rev. T. L. Fullbright of Lovelady will preach at the Baptist church Sunday morning. A cordial invitation is extended to the public.

**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

T. S. Kent, M. L. Clewis, F. L. Berry, Roy Wherry, Tump Murchison, Jack Murchison and Charlie Kent were visitors to Galveston Sunday and Monday.

**CHRISTIAN MEETING**

The Christian meeting will begin Sunday morning at the tabernacle. Evangelist G. Lyle Smith will have charge of the services, and the singing will be conducted by the pastor, J. W. Shockley. All are invited to attend the services, and all singers are urged to help in the choir. Following are some of the subjects:

**NIGHT SUBJECTS**

The Confusions of Earth and The Certainty of Heaven.

Rightly Dividing the Word of Truth.

Generation, Degeneration and Regeneration.

Heart-felt Religion.

A Glorious Impossibility.

The End of the World and the Judgement.

Heavenly Visions.

What Must I do to be Saved?

**MORNING SUBJECTS**

Fivefold Mission of Christ.

The Voyage of Life.

The Word of God.

Christian Watchfulness.

By Their Fruits You Shall Know Them.

Prayer.

**WILL SPEAK FOR CULBERSON**

Hon. W. L. Dean of Huntsville will address the democrats of this county in the interest of Senator Culberson next Saturday, the 19th inst., at the following times and places:

At Lovelady at 11 o'clock and Crockett at 2 o'clock.

Judge Dean is one of the ablest men and one of the best public speakers in Texas. Let EVERYBODY come out and hear him—including the ladies, who have a special invitation to come out and hear him.

Houston County Culberson Club.

Political Adv

**YOUR GINNING WANTED**

To the Farmers Throughout this Section: The ginning season is upon us, and we solicit your ginning and will appreciate your patronage. We have overhauled our plant and have the machinery in shape to give you the best of service. We have had many years experience in the gin business and understand the value and need of care in preserving the length of the staple by not running the gins too fast, and likewise the value of careful packing, sampling and tying bales. We take special care in saving pure and unmixed your planting seed. We thank you for past business and hope to see you and do business with you again this fall.

Yours truly,  
HEROD & BROOKS,  
Bonded Ginners.

**BIDS WANTED**

The undersigned will receive bids up to and including Friday, August 25, for a depository for the funds of the Grapeland public school.

W. D. Granberry, Pres.  
W. P. Traylor, Sec'y.,  
School Board.

Mrs. J. S. Yarbrough left Monday for Dallas, where she will spend some time visiting her daughter, Mrs. Edward Marsh.

Misses Marjorie Rayburn, Iva Phipps and Jessie Standley of Lovelady were week-end guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Howard last week, and were the honorees of many pleasant social functions.

**TO THE SCHOOL TRUSTEES**

A meeting of the trustees of all the schools of Houston county has been called to meet at the Court House in Crockett on the 21st of August for the purpose of complying with the law passed by the 34th Legislature to the effect that the County Board, district trustees and the County Superintendent, which hold such a session each year.

In this meeting it is expected that the trustees of all the districts, both Common School and Independent, will come together for the purpose of discussing such subjects as may arise and those that may be assigned. Much good will accrue to the schools of the county if all will attend with a view of learning something concerning the proper management of schools, which will enable the County Board and County Sup't. to be of more assistance in building up the schools of the County.

At this session of the trustees the Compulsory School Law will be discussed by those who have made a study of it, and it is expected that the trustees and the Sup't. will agree upon a uniform date for the whole county for the law to go into effect. The hour for the meeting will be 10 a. m. Monday, Aug. 21. J. N. Snell, County Sup't.

W. R. Campbell requests us to state that the singing school at Oak Grove will close Friday night with a fitting program consisting of duets, quartettes and full chorus songs, and an invitation is extended to the public to attend. Mr. Campbell will begin a school at Latexo Monday.

Misses Mary Lou Darsey, Perlina Spence and Georgia Belle Richards, who have been the guests of Miss Lois Ballenger of Henderson for the past week, returned home Monday night, accompanied by Miss Ballenger, who will be the guest of friends and her cousin, Mrs. J. O. Edington for several days.

**To the Thrifty Farmer**  
Or The  
**Industrious Housekeeper**  
You May Need Some of These!  
POULTRY PANACEA--will keep your chickens healthy.  
EL VAMPIRO--will kill flies and mosquitoes.  
Kreso Dip and Kreso Disinfectant  
Superior Quality of Drugs and Merchandise Only. If You Can't  
Call For Them, Order by Mail  
**The Peoples Drug Store**  
"Honesty and Quality"  
WADE L. SMITH

Mrs. P. H. Blalock and son, Phil Horace, who have been visiting relatives here for a week, returned to their home in Livingston Monday morning. Mrs. Blalock was accompanied home by her sister, Miss Esther Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Wherry and little daughter of Memphis returned to their home Monday, after a pleasant visit here with relatives. Mrs. Wherry's sister, Miss Florence Pennington, accompanied her home.

**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.

Mrs. J. A. Carr is visiting relatives in Alto this week.

**OUR OFFERINGS**  
WE ARE GOING TO OFFER FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS  
**Laces, Embroideries and Lawns**  
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES  
You will find our stock complete in most every department for your mid-summer wear, and we especially call your attention to our line of SHOES FOR THE FAMILY that will please you in every particular.  
We will appreciate a call from you at any time you can conveniently call. Use your pleasure--any time suits us.  
**THANK YOU**  
**KENNEDY BROTHERS**  
THE STORE FOR EVERYBODY

## WHICH DO YOU PREFER?



A Road Like this or



One Like This?

We have too many roads like the first picture. We are paying for roads like the second picture but are not getting them. We are paying for them in the depreciation of the value of real estate, in the wear and tear of vehicles, killing stock, in the loss of time in hauling products to market, and in numerous other ways. Why not stop a moment and give some serious consideration to the problem of road building? Why not apply business methods to road building and quit this antiquated and expensive way we now have? It has been figured out that if all hands subject to road duty in the Grapeland bonded district would pay a road tax of \$5.00 (as they can now do and be exempt from road duty) and in addition to that levy a small tax, say ten or fifteen cents on the hundred dollar valuation, upon all property owners, it would give a fund sufficient to buy the necessary teams and tools, pay a competent overseer and an average of three hands and keep them at work each working day in the year. In two years' time they could build a graded, hard-surfaced road into every community in the district. After the roads have been built this tax could be reduced to bring in an amount just sufficient for maintenance purposes. Do you not favor such a plan as against the present system of working with a hoe and shovel and accomplishing nothing? We believe it would be the best investment the people could make.

### BAD ROADS ARE COSTLY

Besides the terrible effect bad roads have on the mentality of those of the rural districts, the government estimate of actual waste to this country annually, on account of bad roads, is \$250,000,000, and a recent government report says:

"It costs a farmer more to haul a bushel of wheat 9.4 miles from his farm to the railroad station than it costs to ship it from New York to Liverpool, a distance of 3,100 miles."

In the United States the average cost of hauling is 23 cents per ton per mile. The building of good roads would easily reduce the cost of hauling one half the present amount and save the

American farmers \$250,000,000 annually, the sum now lost to them on account of this ever-present "mud tax."

The farmer coming to the city enjoys riding over the well-made streets and highways, but he seldom realizes that people in the country might have just the same kind of roads.

How to stop the ceaseless flow of population to the city from the farm has been a problem of serious concern to the United States. It is clearly not the money question, for many of those who drift to the cities prefer poverty there to the farm with its loneliness. In the report of the Commission on country life, it is shown conclusively that because of the isolation and deadly monotony so prevalent in

the country, country life has become intolerable, at least for the women and young people.

A "mud embargo" cuts them off from many advantages that our modern civilization offers. Discontent comes with a continued deprivation of such privileges, and with discontent the abandonment of many farms throughout the country.—Palestine Herald.

### 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.

## : Bank Balance Inspires Confidence :



both in yourself and the people you are dealing with. You are building your future standing. If you are not financially responsible, your credit is all you have.

### Your Credit Your Asset

Nothing will build your credit and financial standing like a BANK ACCOUNT. We would like to have your banking business, and will TREAT YOU RIGHT.

## Farmers & Merchants State Bank

A GUARANTY FUND BANK

## The Soda Fountain

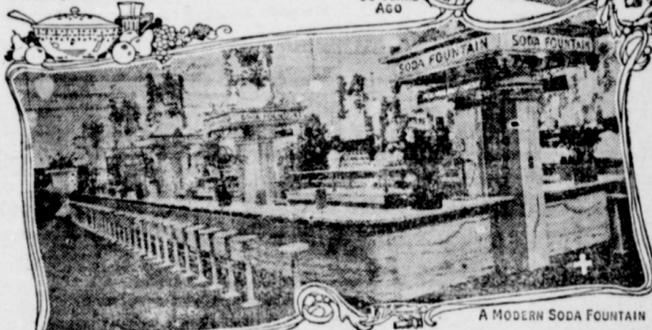
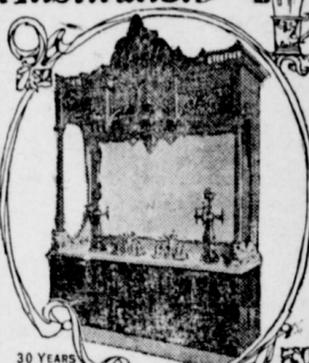
### An American Institution

Did you ever stop to realize that the soda fountain is as much an American institution as the sausage is a German institution, "French Bread" is an institution in France and the Plum pudding an English institution? And the funny part of it all is that though one seldom sees a soda fountain in Europe (and then only for the sake of attracting American tourist trade) just as soon as a foreigner gets to this country he too seems to learn to love the soda fountain.

But, if you are old enough to look back a few years you will remember that only comparatively recently has the soda fountain been either so popular or so beautiful and hygienic.

You may remember what these old soda fountains looked like—what poor provision they made to supply even their scanty trade.

What has wrought this great change—what has made the soda fountain a national institution—a comfort and necessity in the daily lives of men and women—not only during the hot summer time but the whole year 'round.



The answer lies in that delicious beverage Coca-Cola. Soon after its introduction at the fountain people began to ask more and more for this distinctive drink. Along with its demand came the demand for more places that would serve it. Soda fountains sprang up everywhere, improving in beauty, neatness and attractive service. It is a fact that the soda fountain and all its allied industries have come to play in the economic life of the nation today is due largely to the stimulus given to it by Coca-Cola. In the same way has the call for bottled beverages grown. In 1899 Coca-Cola in bottles was first put on the market and the same quick recognition and appreciation was accorded to it in this form as

was so evident in the fountain trade. The same principles of purity, goodness and deliciousness made another astounding record of growth possible. Bottling plants have been established all over the country to take care of this branch. Just think of it—over 90,000,000 glasses and bottles of Coca-Cola are drunk every month. So—just as much as is the soda fountain a national institution so is Coca-Cola the National Beverage.



### 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

### 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

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

## 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

### PILES CURED WITHOUT THE KNIFE

Piles and Fistula cured in a few days. No knife, no pain, no chloroforming. Write for Bank 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.

210 1/2 Main Street Houston, Texas

# HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

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

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

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

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

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

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

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. 7-62

## Clipped From Our Exchanges

Other's Views on Current Items

### THE OUTLOOK FOR COTTON

The last report of the Bureau of Statistics, United States department of agriculture, shows considerable deterioration in the forecast for the 1916 cotton crop. The forecast is for a crop of 12,916,000 bales weighing 500 pounds each. On June 25 the forecast was for 14,266,000. It will be seen that the present outlook is less promising than a month ago by 1,350,000 bales.

Drouth in many localities, with floods in others, accounts for the less promising yield at this time. The cotton belt east of the Mississippi is much less favorable for a cotton crop than the Southwest. In fact, the Southwestern states in most instances make a better average than other states except California.

With these facts before us we should not be in a hurry to market the 1916 crop. There are good reasons for believing that prices will be higher unless the crop is thrown upon the market as fast as it is picked. No one knows what the market will be, but every thinking man knows that it is not wise to require the market to take a crop in the short time that it is generally sold.

There are better facilities for storing and holding cotton than in years past. Those who wish to do this may find facilities in most localities.—Farm & Ranch.

### HAD IT MARKED

A New Orleans cotton broker employed a young woman stenographer who was an accurately incorrect speller. She was so competent in every other way he bought her a dictionary and advised her to use it regularly. The next morning when he came down to his office he noticed that to protect the new book from the constant wear she was expected to give it she had covered the backs with cloth, and across the cover she had written: "Dictionary."—Exchange.

### CAN YOU BLAME THEM?

A girl will carefully undress her chest so that it is half naked, and she will paint her cheeks until she looks like a doll, and she will wear a skirt so thin that you can see the dimples in her knees. Then she will complain because men want to flirt with her.—Exchange.

Culberson and Colquitt are both antis—there is no issue between them on that score. "You can pay your money and take your choice" as the shell game proprietor at the big show says. But on the question of political consistency and statesmanlike ability, we have decided views of our own. Give us the man with the clean, unquestioned, untarnished political record who has always stood by our democratic president, whose capacity as a statesman compares with the very foremost and best in the nation—give us Culberson.—Troup Banner.

Fortify the body to resist malarial germs by putting the system in perfect order. Prickly Ash Bitters is a wonderful system regulator. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

## FOR WOMEN ALSO

Women who complain of sick headaches, nervousness, constipation or the irregularities peculiar to the sex, revive wonderfully under the cleansing and stimulating properties of

## PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

IT IS A POWERFUL SYSTEM REGULATOR

It extends its purifying and restorative influence to every part of the system. Women who are pale, sallow, weak and nervous soon pick up and become bright and cheerful under its excellent correcting properties. It clears the complexion, restores color to pale cheeks, sweetens the breath, brightens the eye and promotes regularity in the bowel movements.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Price \$1.00 per Bottle

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

D N LEAVERTON

### TO DISTRIBUTE VACCINE

Stock owners generally, in Texas, will be interested in the decision of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture to make its local office at Ft. Worth a distributing station for blackleg vaccine. The loss of young cattle from this disease in the State of Texas is considerable. It is being reduced to a minimum by those progressive stock owners who regularly vaccinate.

To secure the Government vaccine stock owners should make request for application blanks to Dr. L. J. Allen, 217 Live Stock Exchange Building, Ft. Worth, Texas. Vaccine will be sent on request made on blanks prepared for the purpose, but only to actual stock owners for their cattle alone.

The Bureau of Animal Industry, through its Ft. Worth office, is cooperating with the Live Stock Sanitary Commission of Texas, County Commissioners' Courts, and stock owners in the eradication of the cattle tick which transmits Texas or Splenic fever. About 40 per cent of the original area quarantined in the United States for these ticks has been cleaned up under such co-operative efforts, and released from quarantine. Systematic dipping is the only method used. A great volume of this work is being done in Texas. Three quarters of a million head of cattle, in some twenty counties in Texas, are being dipped at regular intervals for tick eradication, in approximately 900 vats, most of which have been built since January 1st.

### 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.

Clarence Turner left Monday for Ennis, where he will spend some time visiting his brother.

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

## 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)



**\$695**  
Roadster \$675  
J. & B. Toledo

**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 equalled 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

**Malaria**

in the system destroys energy and makes the most vigorous worker feel lazy. Unless corrected it brings on "the chills."

## HERBINE

**Is a Powerful Medicine  
for Torpid Liver and Malaria**

The malarial germ cannot exist in the system under the searching influence of Herbine. It purifies the stomach, liver and bowels, drives out bilious obstructions and puts the internal organs in fine healthy condition. **Price 50 cents.**

JAS. F. BALLARD, Proprietor    ST. LOUIS, MO.

**SOLD BY ALL DEALERS**

**A. E. Owens**

NOTARY PUBLIC

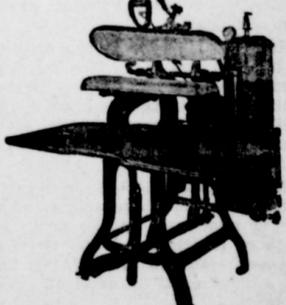
Legal Documents  
Correctly Drawn  
Grapeland, Texas

**WATCH the ADS**  
And Shop Early and Often

**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

RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION



**This MACHINE  
DOES THE WORK!**

CLEANING AND PRESSING  
BEST WORK  
MODERATE PRICES

**CLEWIS -- Tailor**

Don't neglect the warnings of nature. If your appetite is poor, breath bad, tongue coated, you will be sick unless you take steps to put your system in good condition. Prickly Ash Bitters is the remedy you need. It cleanses the entire system. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

**RUSSIAN ADVANCE IN GALICIA UNCHECKED**

**ITALIANS ALSO MAKE MARKED PROGRESS AGAINST THE AUSTRIAN FORCES.**

**OTTOMANS CHECK RUSSIANS**

**Russians in Turkish Armenia Have Been Driven Back by the Turks. Germans Aiding Austrians in the Carpathians.**

**Latest News From War Fronts.**

French and Russian forces have gained additional important successes over the armies of the central powers in Northern France and Galicia, respectively.

A sustained attack over a front of three and three-quarters miles by the French against the third German line north of the Somme resulted in the capture of all the trenches to a depth of from a third to two-thirds of a mile. The line of the victorious French advance extends from Hardecourt to the Somme river at Buscourt.

The village of Maurepas, which has been the center of much severe fighting during the last few weeks, was partly occupied by the French in the same assault. German prisoners to the number of 1,000 and 30 machine guns were captured.

On the eastern front the Austro-Germans have been forced to give up the entire Stripa line from Tarnopol to Buczacz, which they had held since last winter. The capture of the Stripa line by the Russians followed the taking of several towns in the region of Tarnopol.

The Russian success comes closely on their turning of the flanks of the Stripa position in the north by the capture of Brody and in the south by the taking of Stanislaw. The advance of General Letchisky continues south of Stanislaw.

In Galicia, Petrograd says the Russians are making progress along the middle Sereth, having crossed the Jorpace river and occupied two towns. Farther south in the Monasterzyska region the Russians have gained ground, while the advance from Stanislaw toward Halicz and Lemberg continues.

Berlin says the regrouping of the Austro-German forces in the Stanislaw region is being carried out in accordance "with our plans." The Russians have been checked in the Zabi region in the Carpathians with the loss of 700 prisoners, according to Berlin. German troops now are aiding the Austrians in the defense of the Carpathian passes, while it is reported large bodies of Turks are being thrown into the same district.

The duke of Aosta forces continue to advance south of Gorizia in the direction of Trieste, and his troops have occupied Oppacchias Sella, six miles southwest of Gorizia. The Austrians are putting up a strong defense against the attempted Italian advance east of Gorizia.

Heavy attacks have been delivered by the Germans in the Somme region. French artillery stopped attacks against French positions north and south of the river, while the attack against the British near Pozieres resulted in a surprise.

The French and British, according to Berlin, also have been active and delivered numerous attacks north and south of the Somme. The Germans, however, claim to have thrown back the Anglo-French forces at all points.

Fighting continues around the Thiaumont work in the Verdun region. French attacks there being checked by the Germans. Paris claims the repulse of German attacks near Fleury.

Russian forces in the Mush-Bitlis district of Turkish Armenia have been driven back farther by the Turks and the Turkish advance into Persia also is making progress, Constantinople asserted. Petrograd says obstinate fighting continues north of Bitlis and that the Turks are retreating in the region of Bokana, Persia.

**The Railway Strike Situation.**

Washington.—President Wilson conferred Monday with both parties to the threatened countrywide railway strike and it appears that sufficient foundation has been laid to furnish a working basis for a settlement of the differences of the employers and employees.

**Brandeis Declines Commission.** Washington.—Associate Justice Louis D. Brandeis of the supreme court informed President Wilson Tuesday that because of mass of business

before the court he would be unable to accept the president's designation to serve on the joint commission which will attempt to solve the differences between the United States and Mexico.

**Texas State Florists' Convention.** Houston, Tex.—San Antonio was selected as the next meeting place and Thomas J. Wolfe of Waco was elected president of the Texas State Florists' convention Tuesday.

**Cholera Is Raging at Nagasaki.** Nagasaki.—An outbreak of cholera has resulted in forty-eight deaths. One hundred and nine cases have so far been recorded.

**MORE TROOPS ARE SENT TO MEXICAN BORDER**

**By President's Order Between 20,000 and 25,000 Troops Will Be Added to the Border Forces.**

Washington.—All the national guard units included in President Wilson's call of June 18 not yet on the Mexican border were ordered there by an order issued Saturday by the war department.

Between 20,000 and 25,000 additional troops will thus be added to the border forces. National guard forces there will number approximately 125,000 and the total of all troops on the border or in Mexico will be 175,000.

Secretary Baker made a formal announcement that the troop movement had nothing whatever to do with the Mexican situation as such, and was solely to relieve the thousands of troops now held in mobilization camps only because they lacked a few recruits to bring units up to fixed minimum strength.

Saturday's order sent the troops from Ohio, Vermont and Kentucky to the border as soon as transportation can be arranged for them and will move all the others as soon as they are properly equipped.

War department officials decided on their action because the troops are restive in camp and there seemed to be no stimulus to recruiting while there was no prospect of movement to the border.

The Kentucky, Ohio and Vermont troops are composed of the following units:

Kentucky—One brigade of three regiments of infantry, one company signal corps, one field hospital and one ambulance company, mobilized at Fort Thomas.

Ohio—Two brigades of three regiments each of infantry, one squadron cavalry, one battalion field artillery, one battalion engineers, one battalion signal corps, three field hospitals, two ambulance companies, all mobilized at Columbus.

Vermont—One regiment infantry and one squadron cavalry at Colchester.

**MEXICO ISSUES NEW CIRCULAR.**

**Believes First Notice Concerning Requirements for Corporations Was Misunderstood.**

City of Mexico.—Numerous inquiries have been received by the Carranza government regarding the notice it recently issued concerning the requirements for organizing and registering corporations in Mexico, and the government believes that wrong interpretations of the circular were printed in the United States.

In answer to the inquiries the following translation of the text of the circular was given out this week:

"The first chief of the constitutional army in charge of executive power of the republic has provided that the circular of the department of justice of June 17, last, be increased in the sense that in order to be admitted and passed upon the petitions for the formation and registration of corporations in mineral and those whose object is the exploration and exploitation of the oil lands in particular shall contain the following requisites:

"That in the charter of the company it is to be stated that the stockholders shall renounce their nationality for all the effects of their company, and that the certificates of stock mentioned in article 178 of the commercial code contain an expression to the effect that whoever acquires the same, it necessarily implies the waiver of nationality of the foreign purchaser as owner of the said certificate."

**Sale of Storm Cotton.**

Houston, Tex.—In connection with the gathering of 19,102 bales of cotton that were scattered by the August storm of 1915, Henry L. Borden, appointed receiver by Judge Waller T. Burns of the federal court, has filed

with the clerk his semi-final report. The report shows that the cotton sold for \$604,006.40. The sum of \$140,172.73 was expended during the receivership, leaving a balance of \$463,833.67 to be divided among 199 intervenors and five plaintiffs. In spite of the fact that it was storm cotton, it was sold by the receiver at prices ranging from 11 1/4 to 12 3/8 cents.

**323 Typhoid Cases Reported.**

Austin, Tex.—During July 323 cases of typhoid fever were reported to the state board of health, according to a statement issued Saturday by the board. Eighty cases of smallpox, 60 scarlet fever, 68 diphtheria and 77 tuberculosis cases were also reported. The greatest number of typhoid fever was reported from Dallas county, the number being 70. The following counties reported infantile paralysis: Bosque 1 case, Donley 1, Dallas 1, Erath 1, Grayson 2, Galveston 1, Fort Bend 1, Hill 1, Jackson 1, Knox 2, Potter 1, Waller 1, Wharton 1, Hardin 2.

**Many Killed in Collision.**

Johnstown, Pa.—Twenty-five persons were killed and sixty-three injured in a head-on collision between two crowded trolley cars on the line of the Southern Cambria Traction Company between Echo and Brookvale, seven miles from Johnstown, Saturday.

**Oil Mill Resumes Old Activities.**

Flatonina, Tex.—The Flatonina oil mill resumed operation Monday after a close down of several months' duration.

**TEXAS NEWS**

July imports at the port of Galveston were valued at \$484,995.

A splendid gas well has been brought in fifteen miles southeast of Coleman.

More than 1,000 bales of new cotton have been marketed to date at Hallettsville.

Dr. Hugh L. McLaurin, member of the Texas state medical board, died in Dallas.

The Texas Railway General Passenger Agents' Association held its meeting in Galveston last week.

Nearly every Washington county farmer cultivates a few pear trees, which do well in that county.

A mammoth water reservoir with a capacity of 165,000 gallons has just been completed at Brenham.

C. C. Ramsey reports having picked and ginned off of his farm near Goliad to date ninety bales of cotton.

Gins in the cotton growing sections of Texas are being put in running order for the coming cotton crop.

The twentieth annual reunion of Camp Ben McCulloch, U. C. V., was held at Driftwood, Texas, last week.

Houston Wagner, self-confessed slayer of Miss Zola Cramer, the Dallas nurse, was given the death penalty.

A big bale of new cotton weighing 720 pounds was sold at Eagle Lake for 14 1/2 cents per pound, netting the owner \$104.40.

The Farmers' Union of Texas endorsed the proposition to erect concentration warehouses on the Houston ship channel.

Progressive action was urged by President Pope of the Farmers' Union in his annual report to the convention at Houston.

The State Luther League was in convention at Pflugerville last week. Austin was selected for the 1917 jubilee conference.

Farmers in many counties of Texas are now making preparations to house the unusually big feed crops that they have raised this season.

A heavy loss was sustained when fire destroyed the barns, silos and other like buildings of the Birmingham dairy near Huntsville.

The county commissioners court of Fayette county has fixed the county tax rate for the current year 1916 at 38 cents per \$100 valuation.

Dr. A. Caswell Ellis, director of extension of the University of Texas, announced that health campaigns had been inaugurated in Harris and Trinity counties.

So successful was the first "good roads day" ever held in Bedias or vicinity last week that it has now been decided to have a similar event each year in the future.

Good roads was the chief topic discussed by the annual convention of the Texas County Judges and County Commissioners' Association at their session at Greenville.

All mutual insurance companies doing business in Texas are subject to the provisions of the general law, according to an opinion by the attorney general's department at Austin.

With weather conditions favorable, Southwest Texas and South Texas as a whole can raise two crops of peanuts per season, and a pea crop. All are soil builders and will prove valuable to the farmers of Texas.

Committees for the different features of the Brownwood fall fair are busying themselves with the different tasks in connection with the work of making the annual fair this year better and bigger than any previous year.

The attorney general's department has approved the following bond issues: Hale county common school district No. 17, \$5,000; Brown county, No. 37, \$1,000; McLennon county, No. 29, \$2,500; Hopkins county, No. 91, \$1,800.

High winds of late blowing from off shore on Corpus Christi bay have driven great quantities of seaweed upon the beach lining the city of Corpus Christi, and the decaying weeds cause an offensive odor to permeate the atmosphere.

H. L. Bentley, assistant organizer of farmers' institutes, department of agriculture, will organize institutes at the following places: Breckenridge, August 21; Eastland, August 23; Cisco, August 24; Baird, August 25; Merkel, August 26; Tuscola, August 28.

Thirty-five years ago, according to records, Cuero was the largest shipping point in South Texas for fruit and vegetables. In later years the farmers paid more attention to cotton and corn.

Conterbury bells are now beginning to make the prairies of Texas beautiful with their purple-blue blooms. These flowers grow wild and in profusion. They bloom in summer in solid masses, and much the same as the blue bonnets carpet the earth in the springtime.

**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.

**CALL FOR ELECTION**

To the Democratic Voters of Houston County:

Whereas, at the State Democratic Primary election held for the nomination of all offices including United States Senators on the 22nd day of July, 1916, no candidate for United States Senator received a majority of the votes for that office, and

Whereas, Hon. O. B. Colquitt and Hon. Chas. A. Culberson were the two candidates who received the largest number of votes at the Democratic Primary election held on July 22, 1916.

Now, therefore, by virtue of the duty imposed upon me, I, Cecil Allen, Chairman of the County Democratic Executive Committee of Houston county, Texas, do hereby call a second primary for the purpose of determining the choice of the Democratic party as between Hon. O. B. Colquitt and Hon. Chas. A. Culberson, the two candidates receiving the largest number of votes at the first primary election, same to be held on the 4th Saturday in August, same being the 26th day of August, A. D. 1916.

At such primary only the two candidates, viz: Hon. O. B. Colquitt and Hon. Chas. A. Culberson, who received the highest number of votes in the primary election held on July 22nd, 1916, shall be voted upon.

Cecil Allen, Ch'm.  
Dem. Ex. Com., Lovelady, Texas.

**TWO WEDDINGS**

Mr. Edgar Dunnam and Miss Zelma Wells were married Tuesday, August 8, Rev. W. H. Kolb officiating.

Mr. Sidney Smith and Miss Velera Herod were married Wednesday, Aug. 9, Rev. W. H. Kolb officiating. Both couples are popular in their respective communities and the Messenger extends congratulations and best wishes.

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

M. L. Clewis.

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