

The Grapeland News TO LOAN

VOL. 15 No. 14

GRAPELAND, HOUSTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1913

the Real Estate.

If a farm or borrow money on buy Vendors Lien Notes.

OLD BROS.

Factions are an Unknown Quantity in the Ideal Town. Let us all Pull Together

Our Pants



CURLEE'S PANTS \$2.00, \$3.00, \$5.00

Will do the talking. We will not say a word. Come in and look over our line of CURLEE PANTS; examine them carefully and minutely; they will talk for themselves in a cunning way, that you cannot buy the same kind of pants in other makes even at higher prices.

We have a large and wide assortment of nobby patterns tailored Right-Up-To-The-Minute. Let us show them to you. Drop in at any time. Our time is your time, use it.

Kennedy Brothers
The Store for Everybody

NEWS ITEMS FROM OAK GROVE

June 2.—As "General Green" is disappearing I will write a few lines.

The health of this community is very good and hope it will continue so.

As I haven't had time to stir around any I am not up with the happenings of the community.

I see Mr. Dock Clark has purchased a new buggy, and all he needs now to be a gentleman is a derby hat.

The crop prospect in this neighborhood has greatly improved in the last ten days. If we can get rain in a few days there will be some corn made.

I see in the Messenger that James R. is in favor of a special road tax. We boys over on this side of the road don't want any more of that kind of diet. We have a twenty-four thousand dollar debt hanging over us now that will be a burden to our children and grand-children for forty years, and it will cost them many thousands of dollars by the time these bonds are paid, as our road bond tax is increasing every year. There was a good many people misled when this road bond fever struck them. They were told that the percent would not exceed fifteen cents. I was opposed to the bond business from start to finish and favored a special tax of fifteen to twenty-five cents and apply it to roads as it was collected, but we are in it now and our children will have the thing to pay.

Now, just a few words in regard to what our government is doing. It is spending thousands of dollars in trying to learn the farmers how to farm to make larger crops after the people have been tilling the earth over six thousand years. Here comes Mr. Kone and others telling the farmers how to till the foot stool of God. Now if our great and good government will spend this money in sending out men to find a staple market for what we produce they will be of some benefit to the farmers. If the producer can get a price that will pay a small margin above the cost of production they will deliver the goods.

Now, if this misses the waste basket I will say something in my next letter about prize farming.

OLD TIMER.

Take *Herbine* for all disturbances in the bowels. It purifies the bowel channels, promotes regular movements and makes you feel bright, vigorous and cheerful. Price 50c. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv

The editor sincerely thanks his good friend, Chas. Streetman of Rock Hill, for an invitation to be with those good people the third Sunday in June at an all day singing. Nothing would please us more to accept if circumstances will permit.

Dental Notice

Dr. C. L. Cromwell has moved his office up stairs in the Walling building and is prepared to do all kinds of dental work. adv

LETTER FROM OLD GRAY

Jones' Mill, June 1. — We gather from the state papers that the move to develop East Texas is well under way. This is as it should be, and by co-operative work East Texas will deservedly come into its own. To this end every man in East Texas, whether he owns property or not, should put his shoulder to the wheel and give a great push forward. Bring East Texas land and her resources generally to the front where they properly belong. Let us be up and doing to invite immigration to come among us that has capital and will help develop one of the best countries in our dear old southland. The railroads are lending a helping hand, real estate dealers are busy and our East Texas will in the near future loom up like a mountain peak.

In Grapeland yesterday we met a live wire in the way of a real estate dealer—Chas. Fitchett, who is doing all he can to bring his town and county to the front. He should be encouraged by a liberal patronage of those who wish to sell or buy.

Madam Rumor has it that a certain young and enterprising farmer of this community has fully decided to put on matrimonial harness and one of Slocum's fairest daughters may be a bride in our midst. We will listen for the wedding bells.

Crops are looking fine, but we are getting a little dry.

Health is good. As ever,
OLD GRAY.

On Wednesday, May 21. Miss Flora Horne was married to Mr. J. E. Gray, a prominent and prosperous young man of Nacona, Texas. They were married in Galveston, having boarded the train the night before for the island city at Dodge, and were accompanied by Prof. and Mrs. Yarbrough. They passed thru Grapeland Thursday on their way to Nacona where they will make their home. The Messenger joins Miss Flora's many friends in extending best wishes for a long and happy married life.

There is no horse liniment more effective for animal flesh than Ballard's Snow Liniment, nor is there any healing remedy for the human body only, that is milder or more efficacious in its action. It heals the sores or wounds of man and beast. Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter.

Advertisement

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Laseter of Daly's are people after our own heart. Saturday morning when Mr. Laseter drove into town he stopped at the Messenger office and presented the force with a large basket full of fine turnips and greens and beets. They were as fine as we ever saw and the editor extends thanks to these good people for their kind remembrance.

U. M. Brock and family have moved into their home recently purchased.

Children's Day at Percil

CROCKETT, TEXAS

According to previous announcement there was Children's Day Service at Percil Sunday June 1st.

We feel sure that it will go down in the memories of people of this community as one of the brightest of days. There was a good sized crowd present. There was nice music and recitations and drills were well rendered as to be a credit to the children, the committee who helped them so faithfully and the parents, without whose aid and encouragement the service could have been no service.

It is a real pleasure to see children so proudly wear their buttons and badges of blue and white and march behind their banner (also blue and white) on which were the words "Percilla Sunday School." Let us encourage the children to be proud of the opportunity to enjoy church and Sunday School and to work for the Master.

OBSERVER.

P. S. As is expected from Percilla there was an abundance of good things to eat.

Palestine Tomatoes Move

Palestine, Texas, May 31.—The first carload of tomatoes from this county was shipped today from Elkhart and Palestine to British Columbia. The car netted local growers \$1,172.

Bank account may

have been... city.

structing concrete... Wed... here at... will keep them... summer.

The Planters... Chopper... Company is daily... increasing its... capacity for manufacturing their... payroll appreciably.

Gas in the stomach comes from food which has fermented. Get rid of this badly digested food as quickly as possible if you would avoid a bilious attack; *Herbine* is the remedy you need. It cleanses and strengthens the stomach, liver and bowels, and restores energy and cheerfulness. Price 50c. Sold by A. S. Porter. adv

In A Hurry?

When you are in a hurry for what you want, you will save time and worry by going to a store where you know you can get it. We carry a complete and up-to-date line of General Merchandise and are at all times ready to serve you. See us when you need anything in

Fresh Groceries, Paints and Varnishes, Screen Doors and Wire, Hardware and Builders' Material, Oil Stoves and Furniture.

We have a full line of hoes, rakes, forks, etc.

Geo. E. Darsey
Dealer in Everything. Grapeland, Texas

Our Store Closes Every Day at 6:30 Except Saturdays

"AGRAPHS"

Reason some fellows work, because they haven't the time to steal.

There are several periods in a man's life, and the lazy fellow never overlooks one.

Your wife "arsons" the house, it is a pretty good sign she is a militant suffragist.

Some men are large in their estimation, but exceedingly small in other men's.

Most every college girl tries to dodge promotion—from the frying dish to the cook stove.

If you are a self-made man, and have made a failure, you have no one to blame but yourself.

If it is true that men profit by their own mistakes, we know some who should be pretty well fixed.

Probably the affairs of some men do not interest their wives, but the compensation they receive does.

There is one way in which a young man is a great advantage to a young lady—that is by helping her to make a fool of himself.

Four women, claiming to be the wives of a Mormon, with their children, which numbered 29 in all, chased their husband to Chicago, fearing he would desert them. Any man with a family this large ought to feel like deserting, or else divide up.

A young lady in Chicago, only twenty years of age, choked to death on a false tooth, which became loose while laughing at a joke her fiance told. This should be a precaution to the young men of Grapeland who tell funny jokes to the ladies.

but we think the "measley" measles accounts for the greatest part of the shortage.

People are very busy getting their crops worked out and everything is moving right along, but getting a little dry in places where the ground was not well prepared, which is another object lesson on soil preparation that the people should not soon forget.

We learn of some more fishing expeditions and plenty of fish was the report.

There is some little sickness in our midst, but nothing serious.

J. F. Martin and family made a trip to Salmon last Sunday, having gone to see their brother's wife, who is sick.

Hurrah for M. L. Clewis and his Wilson, Taft, and Roosevelt advertisement. You may be sure that if we had a glad rag to our name we would proceed to bundle it up and no grass would grow under our feet until we had reached the cleaning and pressing establishment of Mr. Clewis. But alas, the proverbial hen that laid the golden egg gave this scribe a wide berth.

ANTHRIMITE.

He doesn't stop it, but he has to have his fun, and he gets every pocket full of it. He keeps a gun.

The victim is the best he can get. To conceal his awful fury, for in Texas they hang a man, and sometimes hang the jury.

He then decides to make a stand, and thinks he'll take a chance; but when he sees the cowboy's hand, he puts new steps into the dance.

He then begins to think, of the many things he'll tell—how people down in Texas drink, and delight in raising hell.

Teddy Roosevelt sued a Michigan editor for \$10,000 and received the small sum of six cents. We suggest for him to sue an East Texas editor next time, for we think it would be more profitable to him.

Most men desire to see another man prosper, only when they are permitted to share a portion of his prosperity.

NEWSY LETTER FROM ANTRIM

June 1.—June is here and so is warm weather, and we suppose we will soon hear somebody raging about it being so hot, but that is part of our nature—to be dissatisfied with what we have and wishing for the things we have not got. While this is the case with most of us it should not be so, and we instead should daily give thanks to our Creator who so generously provided all the good things for our use and then created us and placed us here and gave us dominion over them and an understanding whereby we could enjoy them.

Rev. W. D. Andrews preached on the fourth Sunday and Saturday night before, taking for his subject, "The Origin of the Church of Christ." He will probably continue the subject at the next appointment.

Rev. J. I. Weatherby preached Sunday evening for us. Very small crowds were present each Sunday. We are of the opinion that this is not caused by a decrease in our morality or a tendency not to want to go and hear preaching.

T. H. LEAVERTON LUMBER CO.

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

BUILDING MATERIAL

A LETTER TO EVERYBODY

Grapeland, Texas, June 5, 1913

HOW A HOME HELPS—There isn't any question that building yourself a house is a dollar and cents proposition. It takes money, and to build it means to spend money you have saved or to save money you would otherwise spend. It is pretty certain to prove a good investment. It will save rent and uncertainty. It is likely to increase in value as the town grows and earn more in increment than the money would at interest. The building will depreciate with time, but the lot should grow in value if this town does as well as the country at large, which is nearly doubling its land values every decade.

But there is another side to it also that is worth considering. There is another side besides the money side. Men of family are the house builders and the home builders. They are thinking about something in addition to the money saved and money earned. They are thinking of the human side.

There is no doubt that one of the best influences for good is the American home. The children who grow up in it look back at it in after life and the memory is an actual moral influence. The kind of person a fellow is when he is a man depends a good deal on the kind of home he had when he was a boy.

He can never look back at a rented house and feel like he would looking back at the old homestead. It hasn't the same stability. It doesn't awaken the same pride. It has no recollections, or few of them, that serve to straighten him up and make him want to be somebody—somebody worthy of the roof under which he was raised and father and mother who raised him. He never learns anything but wanderlust in a rented house. He thinks life is just living somewhere today with the probability that you will be living on some other street or in some other town tomorrow. It doesn't teach him to settle down or settle up. It just teaches him to move—to be a rolling stone.

So there are the children to be considered as well as the dollars. Children look up to a father who doesn't have to look up to a landlord. And, having known the delights of a home, a real home, when they grow up they want homes of their own. Your daughter will be more likely to marry a man who is likely to provide it; and, if she marries that kind of a man, she will be more likely to be happy. Your son will be more likely to marry the kind of woman who wants a home and a chance to make a home and a husband happy. And that means his chances for happiness are increased.

So, in building a home, you not only make yourself happier, but you do something to assure, or at least to make likely the happiness of your children. And, when you stop to think of it, making your children happy is the greatest happiness in the world.

Yours very truly,

T. H. Leaverton Lumber Company

UNFAIR TO THE DRUGGIST.

The Old Joke About "Something Just as Good," Doesn't Apply to This Drug Store.

You have probably heard dozens of times the old story that a drug store was a place to "get something just as good." There is at least one druggist in the world that you can't say this about.

It is certain that an inferior article will never be submitted for a guaranteed one by Porter's drug store. Take for instance a safe, reliable remedy for constipation and liver trouble like Dodson's Liver Tone. This harmless vegetable liquid has proved so satisfactory a liver stimulant and reliever of biliousness, and to entirely take the place of calomel without any danger of restriction of habits or diet, that there are dozens of preparations springing up with imitations of its claims.

Porter's drug store will hand your money back with a smile. Any person going to this store for a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will be sure of getting a large bottle of this genuine remedy in exchange for his half dollar.

Dr. and Mrs. W. D. McCarty left Tuesday for Mississippi where the doctor goes to visit a sister whom he has not seen in several years. We wish them a pleasant trip.

Backache ?

Kidneys Hurt?

Well, NYAL'S STONE ROOT COMPOUND

is a palatable and efficient remedy for disorders of the Kidneys, Bladder and Liver.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD

Price 50c and One Dollar per Bottle

Porter's Drug Store

P. S.—We are located in the Shaver building, east side railroad

SEE

CLEWIS

IF YOU NEED ANYTHING IN THE WAY OF
Cleaning and Pressing

OR
Tailor Made Clothing

When you feel "Blue," Half Sick, Out of Sorts, and everything seems to go wrong, you can blame it on the Liver, as that organ is usually at fault.

For a Torpid Liver You Need

HERBINE

The Remedy That Puts New Life in the Liver and Regulates the Bowels.

A liver that is torpid exercises a demoralizing influence all through the body. It hampers the kidneys in their work, clogs up the bowels, throws bilious impurities into the blood and interferes with digestion. A person in this condition is pale, sallow and discouraged, feels bad, looks bad and his general condition is bad. Food digests poorly, bowels mostly constipated, suffers from dizzy spells, occasional headaches and prefers to sit around and do nothing in place of his usual hustling energy and cheerfulness.

Herbine changes all this by starting the internal machinery into activity again. Its reviving effect on the Torpid Liver is prompt and thorough. The Stomach and Kidneys feel its stimulating influence. The Bowels are purged of costive conditions and regular daily operations re-established. As a result of this general scouring of the interior, functional activity is resumed everywhere and the purified blood goes coursing through veins, carrying new life and energy to every part.

Sold at Drug Stores, Price 50c per Bottle.

JAMES F. BALLARD

PROPRIETOR

ST. LOUIS, MO.

For Sore Eyes, Granulated Lids, Redness of the Eyeball, Weak Sight, Smarting Sensations in the Eyes, use Stephens Eye Salve. It is a remedy of proven merit.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

A. S. PORTER, Prescription Druggist

ICE ALL THE TIME!

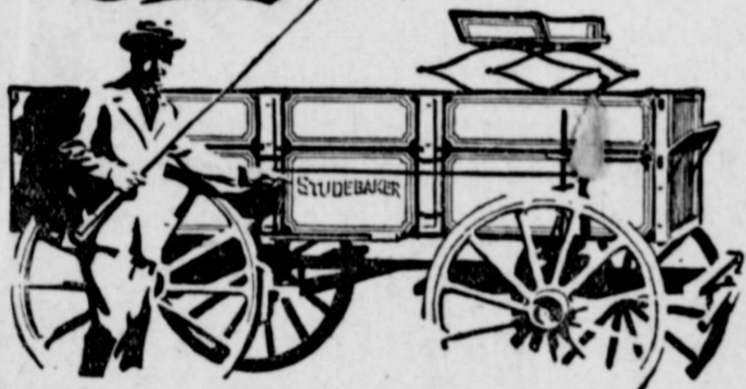
Now handled in car lots and you can get it any time in any quantity.

NOTICE TO CUSTOMERS:

You can get ice on Sunday until 12 o'clock at the ICE HOUSE, near the water tank.

D. N. LEAVERTON

Studebaker



"The wagon that stands up like the reputation of its makers"

When you buy a Studebaker wagon you buy a wagon that will last until you turn the farm over to your son and he turns it over to his son.

One of the first Studebaker wagons ever made saw constant service for thirty years, and we will gladly send you the names of farmers who have in their possession wagons that have been in constant use anywhere from 17 to 48 years—and there are thousands of them. We are building the same kind of wagons today.

A Studebaker wagon is an investment that will give you full return for your outlay. It is built on honor. Iron, steel, wood, paint and varnish used in its construction are tested and retested to make sure each is the best.

For work, business or pleasure—for town or country use—there is a Studebaker vehicle to fit your requirements.

Farm wagons, dump carts, trucks, buggies, surreys, runabouts, pony carriages, business vehicles of every description—with harness of the same high standard.

See our Dealer or write us.

STUDEBAKER South Bend, Ind.
NEW YORK CHICAGO DALLAS KANSAS CITY DENVER
MINNEAPOLIS SALT LAKE CITY SAN FRANCISCO PORTLAND, ORE.

ABSTRACTS

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

ONLY COMPLETE UP-TO-DATE ABSTRACT LAND TITLES OF HOUSTON COUNTY

ADAMS & YOUNG
CROCKETT, TEXAS

Dr. Sam Kennedy

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office: Walling Building, over Kennedy Bros.

MASURY

The name "Masury" means something. It designates quality. Just as the word Sterling stamped on silver indicates fineness and purity, the word Masury means the best—none other as good. It has taken 50 years experience to level up the standard of the Masury Paints to the high level where it stands today, absolutely pure pigments, pure linseed oil, "net weights and full measure," every can labeled, giving actual percentage, composition, etc. Sold by—

T. H. LEAVERTON LUMBER COMPANY

PEBBLES FROM ROCK HILL

June 2.—A week of beautiful weather has passed and our farmers made proper use of it too. Most all have their crops under good condition. A few more days and the battle is won or lost.

Rev. J. I. Weatherby filled his regular appointment today at Antrim church and delivered a very interesting sermon.

Our singing choir held a special meeting Sunday and organized a permanent singing choir, with the following officers: Mr. John Willis, Pres.; Mr. John Warren, Vice-Pres.; Mr. Willie Willis, Sec'y.; Miss Ethel Gray, organist. They are going to do things in a business way. A large enrollment was made at the start.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Streetman were the guests of Mrs. Bessie Weisinger Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Streetman were visiting at the home of R. L. Gray Sunday.

Mr. C. M. Streetman and family visited his daughter, Mrs. Little Sunday, also attended church at Antrim Sunday evening.

Mr. Abb Gammage and wife of Myrtle were pleasant visitors at Sunday school Sunday.

Mr. Charlie Streetman attended church at New Prospect Saturday night.

Miss Luna Kolb was visiting Miss Ola Willis Sunday.

LITTLE ITEMS.

Shake Off Your Rheumatism

Now is the time to get rid of your rheumatism. Try a twenty-five cent bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment and see how quickly your rheumatic pains disappear. Sold by all dealers. Advertisement

First of the Season. Popular Excursion to Galveston Via I. & G. N. Ry., Saturday, June 7th.

Low rate excursion tickets on sale Saturday, June 7th, and for trains arriving Galveston Sunday morning, June 8th; returning leave Galveston Monday, June 9th. For particulars see Ticket Agent of I. & G. N. adv

Blisters on the hands, burns, scalds, old sores, lame back and rheumatism are all subject to the great healing and penetrating power of Ballard's Snow Liniment. It is a marvelous pain relief. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by A. S. Porter, adv

Raise Your Own Stake TO LOAN

Prepare to grasp opportunity by the horns, you can't handle Real Estate.

Opportunity is knocking, sell a farm or borrow money on your door. You probably not fully realize what this means to you. We buy Vendors Lien Notes.

What preparation have you made for the reception of opportunity when it comes? FIELD BROS.

CROCKETT, TEXAS



Bank account may Shop in Lompunity. around the corner. Laundry basket step Wednesday and return Saturday



CITY MARKET

We are now located at our old stand on Second Street.

Fresh Beef
Pork
Sausage, Hams
and Packing House Products
PROMPT SERVICE is Our Motto. Your Business appreciated.
CASKEY & LIVELY PROPRIETORS

FINE FOR LIVER AND BOWELS

Here's the Real Remedy for Constipation and Clogged Up Liver
Don't take Calomel; if you want the best, most gentle and surest remedy for constipation, upset stomach, balky liver you've got to buy the famous
HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS from Hot Springs, Ark.
Immense for malaria, that tired feeling and headache. 25 cents.
Booklet about famous Hot Springs Rheumatism Remedy and Hot Springs Blood Remedy at
A. S. PORTER.

CHILDREN CRY
Frequently and for no apparent reason when they have worms.
WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE
Is the remedy needed.
It destroys and removes worms, strengthens the stomach and restores healthy conditions. A few doses brings back rosy cheeks, vigor and cheerfulness.
Price 25c per Bottle.
Jan. F. Ballard, Prop., St. Louis, Mo.
SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY
A. S. PORTER

Malaria or Chills & Fever

Prescription No. 666 is prepared especially for MALARIA or CHILLS & FEVER. Five or six doses will break any case, and if taken then is a tonic the Fever will not return. It acts on the liver better than Calomel and does not gripe or sicken. 25c

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

FOR RHEUMATISM KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

Keep the Home Dollar at Home

\$\$\$ \$\$\$

Don't send that DOLLAR away! Spend it in your home town! DOLLAR put in circulation here is worth any number in the mail-order house's pocket.

When you send that DOLLAR away some other community makes the profit that might just as well be made by yours.

DOLLARS ATTRACT DOLLARS.

For every DOLLAR in use in your locality another DOLLAR will come. Conversely, every DOLLAR that is sent away has a pulling power on another DOLLAR that is left behind.

A DOLLAR spent in your home town helps to make your neighbors just that much more prosperous. To that extent, also,

it makes the community more prosperous. And it makes you profit in just the same way that the community does.

When there is plenty of money in circulation everybody benefits. That's why you should keep just as many DOLLARS here as you can instead of sending them away. By PATRONIZING HOME INDUSTRIES you can do this.



Isn't it worth while thinking over?

old, sitting on the sidewalk, smoking cigarettes, chewing tobacco, telling "yarns" and swearing so much that an "old timer" would feel ashamed of himself.—Elkhart Record.

It is the same here in this town, and boys who follow this habit will eventually wind up "in bad." Parents, you had better keep an eye on your boys.

"They seem to want to get me all the time; it's persecution, that's all." Those were the words of Jack Johnston, the negro champion, when he was again arrested in Chicago Wednesday. The negro is evidently a human being rather than a beast, since it is nothing but human nature for a law-breaker to utter words like these when the officers bring him to law several times in succession.—Shamrock Texan.

Mistah Johnsing has got an idea into his head that he is the whole cheese and should be given the right-of-way regardless of law or the rules of society. Strange to us that somebody hasn't "knocked his block off" before now.

Dental Notice

Dr. C. L. Cromwell has moved his office up stairs in the Walling building and is prepared to do all kinds of dental work. adv

New Dress Goods at DARSEY'S.

Mrs. L. L. Allen and her little daughter, Lewie Mae, and her sister, Miss Virgie Lee Carter, of Palestine are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dotson.

When a man believes a thing he will talk it. We have the best paint on the market.—MASURY.

T. H. Leaverton Lumber Co. adv

Mrs. W. H. Langham and Mrs. B. F. Weatherford and little son, Sherman Forest, were visitors in Grapeland Wednesday.—Elkhart Record.

We have a very pretty line of men's dress shirts and a large line of work shirts. Prices right adv

New shapes in Darsey's millinery department. adv

IS IT RIGHT TO ADVERTISE COCO-COLA?

Men who play the wily game of politics have discovered that the best way to distract the attention of the public from their own short-comings is to make a loud-mouthed sensational attack upon someone else. As the cuttle fish eludes its pursuer by clouding the surrounding water with the contents of its ink sack, so the political adventurer takes advantage of the ignorance and prejudices of the people to escape from his indefensible position by muddying the waters of public opinion.

A case in point is the recent attack made upon the religious press for carrying Coca-Cola advertising. This attack was made by a politician who was supposed to be an expert in chemistry but who, having brought a suit against the Coca-Cola Company, was humiliated by having to acknowledge that he could not qualify as an expert. The court decided in favor of the Coca-Cola Company as it was clearly shown that the only essential difference between Coca-Cola and coffee or tea is that the former contains only about half as much caffeine as the latter and that the flavor is different.

The question as to whether it is right to advertise Coca-Cola seems to resolve itself therefore into the question as to whether it is right to advertise coffee, tea, chocolate, cocoa and other beverages of the caffeine group. (Advertisement)

Joe Bob Oliphint has returned home from Huntsville, where he has been attending the S. H. N. I. the past term. He took the examination for a permanent certificate and received it on a high grade. He has secured the principalship of the Hempstead high school, which employs seven teachers, for the coming term, and we are sure he will make good and render the patrons valuable service. Such success as this attained by our home boys makes us feel good.

Darsey buys chickens and eggs. adv

BACK TO THE FARM

By Savoyard, in the Houston Chronicle

The debate of the Underwood tariff bill under the "five-minute rule" was amusing and edifying. Republican statesmen insist that the tariff is not a tax. They gravely argue that the measure will destroy many prosperous industries and at the same time advance the price of the products of those industries to the consumer. For instance, here is a shop making boots and shoes. It is now prosperous, sending abroad immense invoices and selling its wares to foreigners at a profit. J. Hampton Moore of Pennsylvania tells congress that free trade in boots and shoes will advance the price of those articles to the men who buy them to wear, but that the American shop will have to close down.

That is what they all say—Mann, Payne, Mondell, Humphry, Fordney, the whole lot of them—that manufacturers will cease operation just as soon as the prices of the goods are increased! That is absurd, and it is as untruthful as it is ridiculous!

All the bill is is this—only this: Our manufacturers must relinquish their monopoly of the domestic market. They must put up with a competitive tariff. They shall no longer write the customs taxes laid on the people. They must go out and seek markets abroad now monopolized by free trade England. They must show, as they can, that they can fashion as cheap goods as England or any other country. That is what the measure means. And a great number of the most extensive manufacturers of the United States are ready for the struggle with England for the markets of the world, and most of them do not doubt their speedy, triumphant success. Certainly they disastrously failed under protection.

Of course they prate about the farmer, insisting that the democratic party is destroying agriculture by the same weapons with which it is murdering manufacture. Well, we know what protection has done for the farm. It has sent farm labor to the city. We know that Iowa, a western farm state, actually decreased in population the decade 1900-10, while Massachusetts, an eastern manufacturing state, enormously increased in population the same period. That was natural and it was inevitable. The government by its system of taxation encouraged men at work in the field to abandon the plow and enter the shop. The factory was protected and the farm paid the bounty. People wondered; they could not understand the exodus from the country to the town. The solution was plain to everybody who knew anything about the Dingley and the Payne tariffs.

Daniel Webster saw what effect protection would produce. He said it would drive the farm boy to the shop, and everybody now knows that the following eloquent passage from Webster was prophetic. It has been realized. Millions of acres east of the Mississippi have been abandoned. Within fifty miles of New York are vast areas of wild lands once fertile fields. Webster foresaw it when he said:

(Continued on next page)



This Week Will Be Special Week on Our Entire Stock

This time of the year we commence to clear out our stock in order to have no summer merchandise to carry through the fall. Our ladies' low quarter shoes will be cut to astonishing low prices. Dry Goods in proportion. Clothing likewise.

Don't fail to come to our Grocery Department. This is the place that we save you the most money.

Extra Special Prices In This Department During the week.

CALL AND GET OUR PRICES BEFORE YOU BUY



Traylor Bros.

"KEEP THE PRICE DOWN."

of extremes. has money to burn. man is eager to freeze. —Baltimore Sun.

If crops turn out fine, and from present indications there will be a bountiful harvest, Grapeland will flourish like a green bay tree, and it will be hard to tell we ever suffered from a big fire.

Whether Japan and the U. S. will go to war or not we don't know, but we notice that while Secretary Bryan is busy building a battleship of friendship and peace, Japan is busy building three superdreadnoughts.

We should consider our schools as agencies that determine the destiny of our country, for that is exactly what they are. When viewed in that aspect they immediately become the bulwarks of liberty and no true patriot can then deny them the moral and financial support needed to make them efficient.

Almost any time of night you can take a stroll or walk on the main business street of Elkhart and find a bunch of boys, aged all the way from 11 to 20 years

DON'T TAKE CHANCES. BUY GOODS OF KNOWN QUALITY

By HOLLAND.

HISTORY is full of warnings about buying a pig in a poke. This is only another way of saying that one should buy articles of known merit—articles that will bear inspection.

The manufacturer who advertises his goods thereby shows his confidence in them. He would not spend money to tell of their merits unless they had merits. His advertisement is an invitation to you to test his sincerity by testing his goods.

You take no chances in purchasing goods advertised in this paper. The advertisement is a guarantee of quality. Insist on having the genuine articles. Something said to be "just as good" is never so good. Get the genuine—the kind that is advertised.

ADVERTISING ELIMINATES RISK.

are ragged Clewis the
ll clothe you. adv

g line of parasols at
y's. adv

. Dave Warren and baby
iting relatives at Arp.

edoch Darsey spent Sun-
a Crockett.

u can now get blank mort-
s at the Messenger office.

you desire satisfactory
k, carry your old clothes to
wis. adv

See Darsey's line of
ollars, belts, fans, pins,
c. adv

Rev. W. A. Craven is in Love-
ady this week conducting a pro-
tracted meeting.

Just received a big ship-
ment of ladies hats at
adv DARSEY'S.

Mrs. W. A. Craven and baby
have gone to Nacogdoches to
visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Darsey
spent a few days at the Elkhart
lake fishing.

Gibbs Pridgen returned to
Houston Wednesday morning
after a few days visit here.

J. R. Richards is taking a
week off and is in Tyler visiting
his brother.

G. W. Lively of Salmon paid
the Messenger a pleasant call
Saturday.

A new stock of screen wire
and screen doors. Stop the flies
and mosquitoes.

T. H. Leaverton Lumber
adv Company

Dental Notice
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ing building and is prepared to
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Mrs. C. W. Fitchett and child-
ren have returned home from
Palestine where they have been
visiting relatives.

Cotton Choppers Wanted

I want a family to chop cot-
ton balance of the season; can
furnish house to live in. See
or write to A. E. Bradley, Route
No. 4. adv

LOST—Ladies gold bracelet
with the names "Irene Johnston"
and "Albert Forman" engraved
on it. Lost Sunday evening at
or near Reynard. Finder will
please notify Walter Penning-
ton, Route 4. adv

"Miss Topsy Turvy"

A Comedy in Three Acts

Will be presented at the School Auditorium,

THURSDAY NIGHT, JUNE 12th.

By the Grapeland Dramatic Club

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Topsy Turvy, (Nellie Clarendon)..... Miss Arline Howard
May Golden, Topsy's cousin,..... Miss Ima Davis
Mrs. Clarendon, Topsy's mother,..... Miss Willie Browning
Miss Spriggs, Topsy's governess,..... Mrs. A. A. Luker
Lord Clarence, a rich Englishman,..... Murdock Darsey
Frank Golden, May's brother,..... Chester Owens
Deacon Jones, Pillar of the Church..... Tim Garland
Ned, Servant..... Ross Murchison

SYNOPSIS:

ACT I.—Mrs. Clarendon's Parlor. The Deacon almost proposes
to Miss Spriggs.
ACT II.—Arrival of Lord Clarence.
ACT III.—Ned makes a contract with Lord Clarence.

The proceeds of this play will be divided between the
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General Admission . . . 35c.
Children 25c.
Reserve Seats 50c.

BACK TO THE FARM

"I am not anxious to accel-
erate the approach of the period
when the great mass of Ameri-
ca labor shall not find its em-
ployment in the field; when the
young men of the country shall
be obliged to shut their eyes
upon external nature, upon the
heavens and the earth, and im-
merse themselves in close and
unwholesome workshops; when
they shall be obliged to shut
their ears to the bleatings of
their own flocks upon their own
hills, and to the voice of the lark
that cheers them at the plow."

For fifty years protection has
not only levied a tribute of mon-
ey on the farm but it has re-
cruited much of the labor of the
shop from the farm. Miles of
silly stuff have been written in
standpat newspapers bewailing
the exodus from farm to shop,
and silly speculations have been
indulged as to the causes. There
is just one cause—protec-
tion.

Remove that cause and agri-
culture will regain the primacy
that is rightfully hers. Cities
will cease to grow at the ex-
pense of the village, the hamlet,
the farm. On the contrary cit-
ies will give back to the farm
millions of their congested pop-
ulation. The waste lands of the
states east of the Mississippi
will be reclaimed and again be-
come fertile fields. All the
farm asks is an equal chance,
relief from taxation for private
interests. It was disclosed in
the tariff debate that the har-
vester trust sells its wares to
foreigners at a price one half
that the American farmer is
compelled to pay for them. That
is the way the farmer has been
"protecting" all the trusts all
the time.

They have the impudence to
say it is not the protection of
capital that owns the fabric, but
of labor that forges the wares;
and of the entire gamut of error
in statecraft that is the biggest
lie. There never yet was a tar-
iff laid for protection that was
not designed for, and did not
have the effect to advantage the
man who owned the article, and
not the artisan who fabricated it.
Our government is 124 years old
and for more than a full century
of that entire period we have
had a protective tariff. At first
it was to nourish infant indus-
tries; then it was to give the
farmer a home market; and it
was not until after the war was
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with appropriate exercises Sun-
day night. The songs, drills
and recitations by the little folks
were greatly enjoyed by a large
audience.

MONEY TO LOAN

We Handle Real Estate.

If you want to buy or sell a farm or borrow money on
it, call on us. We buy Vendors Lien Notes.

WARFIELD BROS.

Office North Side Public Square

CROCKETT, TEXAS



The possessor of a bank account may
face the world with impunity.

It furnishes a shield that protects
your dependents from the vicis-
situdes of the world.

F. & M. STATE BANK

YOU WANT a Better JOB?

That question will be asked you almost daily by business men seeking your
services, if you qualify—take the Draughon Training—and show ambition to rise.
More BANKERS indorse DRAUGHON'S Colleges than indorse all other busi-
ness colleges COMBINED. 48 Colleges in 18 States. International reputation.
Banking, Typewriting, Penmanship, English, Spelling, Arithmetic, Letter Writing, Business
Law—FREE auxiliary branches. Good POSITIONS GUARANTEED under reasonable conditions.
Bookkeeping. Bookkeepers all over the United States say that Draughon's
New System of Bookkeeping saves them from 25 to 50 per cent in work and worry.
Shorthand. Practically all U. S. official court reporters write the System of
Shorthand Draughon Colleges teach. Why? Because they know it is the best.
Home Study. Thousands of bank cash-
iers, bookkeepers, and stenographers are
holding good positions as the result of
taking Draughon's Home Study.
CATALOGUE. For prices on lessons
BY MAIL, write JNO. F. DRAUGHON,
President, Nashville, Tenn. For free cat-
alogue on course AT COLLEGE, write
DRAUGHON'S PRACTICAL BUSINESS COLLEGE
Dallas, Houston, Austin, Galveston, San Antonio, Abilene, Denison,
Amarillo, Texarkana, or El Paso, Texas.

THE GUARANTY STATE BANK

Appreciates all business given us, even though
it be small. While we have been somewhat handi-
capped in the handling of our business since the
fire, we are glad to say that in the next few days
we will install new furniture and fixtures which will
enable us to handle your business more satisfactory
to you, as well as to ourselves. Thanking you for
all business given us in the past and soliciting a
continuance of same, we are

Yours for more business,

Guaranty State Bank

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Dr. C. L. Cromwell has moved
his office up stairs in the Wall-
ing building and is prepared to
do all kinds of dental work. adv

Doors and windows, columns,
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build a house.

T. H. Leaverton Lumber
adv Company

Curtis Walling left Monday
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N. I.

For Sale.

Complete ginning outfit and
shingling mill for sale very cheap.
See or write me at once. This
is a snap.

JOHN A. DAVIS. adv.

The best line of shoes in
Grapeland at prices that will suit
everyone. T. S. Kent. adv

Pure linseed oil, turpentine
stains, varnishes, white lead,
woodfiller—a complete line of
paints. T. H. Leaverton
adv Lumber Co.

Keep the Home Dollar at Home

\$\$\$ \$ \$ \$

Don't send that DOLLAR away! Spend it in your home town! DOLLAR put in circulation here is worth any number in the mail-order house's pocket.

When you send that DOLLAR away some other community takes the profit that might just as well be made by yours.

DOLLARS ATTRACT DOLLARS.

For every DOLLAR in use in your locality another DOLLAR will come. Conversely, every DOLLAR that is sent away has a pulling power on another DOLLAR that is left behind.

A DOLLAR spent in your home town helps to make your neighbors, just that much more prosperous. To that extent, also, it makes the community more prosperous. And it makes you profit in just the same way that the community does.

When there is plenty of money in circulation everybody benefits. That's why you should keep just as many DOLLARS here as you can instead of sending them away. By PATRONIZING HOME INDUSTRIES you can do this.



Isn't it worth while thinking over?

old, sitting on the sidewalk, smoking cigarettes, chewing tobacco, telling "yarns" and swearing so much that an "old timer" would feel ashamed of himself.—Elkhart Record.

It is the same here in this town, and boys who follow this habit will eventually wind up "in bad." Parents, you had better keep an eye on your boys.

"They seem to want to get me all the time; it's persecution, that's all." Those were the words of Jack Johnston, the negro champion, when he was again arrested in Chicago Wednesday. The negro is evidently a human being rather than a beast, since it is nothing but human nature for a law-breaker to utter words like these when the officers bring him to law several times in succession.—Shamrock Texan.

Mistah Johnsing has got an idea into his head that he is the whole cheese and should be given the right-of-way regardless of law or the rules of society. Strange to us that somebody hasn't "knocked his block off" before now.

Dental Notice

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New Dress Goods at DARSEY'S.

Mrs. L. L. Allen and her little daughter, Lewie Mae, and her sister, Miss Virgie Lee Carter, of Palestine are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dotson.

When a man believes a thing he will talk it. We have the best paint on the market.—MASURY. T. H. Leaverton Lumber Co. adv

Mrs. W. H. Langham and Mrs. B. F. Weatherford and little son, Sherman Forest, were visitors in Grapeland Wednesday.—Elkhart Record.

We have a very pretty line of men's dress shirts and a large line of work shirts. Prices right adv T. S. Keat.

New shapes in Darsey's millinery department. adv

IS IT RIGHT TO ADVERTISE COCO-COLA?

Men who play the wily game of politics have discovered that the best way to distract the attention of the public from their own short-comings is to make a loud-mouthed sensational attack upon someone else. As the cuttle fish eludes its pursuer by clouding the surrounding water with the contents of its ink sack, so the political adventurer takes advantage of the ignorance and prejudices of the people to escape from his indefensible position by muddying the waters of public opinion.

A case in point is the recent attack made upon the religious press for carrying Coca-Cola advertising. This attack was made by a politician who was supposed to be an expert in chemistry but who, having brought a suit against the Coca-Cola Company, was humiliated by having to acknowledge that he could not qualify as an expert. The court decided in favor of the Coca-Cola Company as it was clearly shown that the only essential difference between Coca-Cola and coffee or tea is that the former contains only about half as much caffeine as the latter and that the flavor is different.

The question as to whether it is right to advertise Coca-Cola seems to resolve itself therefore into the question as to whether it is right to advertise coffee, tea, chocolate, cocoa and other beverages of the caffeine group. (Advertisement)

Joe Bob Oliphint has returned home from Huntsville, where he has been attending the S. H. N. I. the past term. He took the examination for a permanent certificate and received it on a high grade. He has secured the principalship of the Hempstead high school, which employs seven teachers, for the coming term, and we are sure he will make good and render the patrons valuable service. Such success as this attained by our home boys makes us feel good.

Darsey buys chickens and eggs. adv

BACK TO THE FARM

By Savoyard, in the Houston Chronicle

The debate of the Underwood tariff bill under the "five-minute rule" was amusing and edifying. Republican statesmen insist that the tariff is not a tax. They gravely argue that the measure will destroy many prosperous industries and at the same time advance the price of the products of those industries to the consumer. For instance, here is a shop making boots and shoes. It is now prosperous, sending abroad immense invoices and selling its wares to foreigners at a profit. J. Hampton Moore of Pennsylvania tells congress that free trade in boots and shoes will advance the price of those articles to the men who buy them to wear, but that the American shop will have to close down.

That is what they all say—Mann, Payne, Mondell, Humphry, Fordney, the whole lot of them—that manufacturers will cease operation just as soon as the prices of the goods are increased! That is absurd, and it is as untruthful as it is ridiculous!

All the bill is is this—only this: Our manufacturers must relinquish their monopoly of the domestic market. They must put up with a competitive tariff. They shall no longer write the customs taxes laid on the people. They must go out and seek markets abroad now monopolized by free trade England. They must show, as they can, that they can fashion as cheap goods as England or any other country. That is what the measure means. And a great number of the most extensive manufacturers of the United States are ready for the struggle with England for the markets of the world, and most of them do not doubt their speedy, triumphant success. Certainly they disastrously failed under protection.

Of course they prate about the farmer, insisting that the democratic party is destroying agriculture by the same weapons with which it is murdering manufacture. Well, we know what protection has done for the farm. It has sent farm labor to the city. We know that Iowa, a western farm state, actually decreased in population the decade 1900-10, while Massachusetts, an eastern manufacturing state, enormously increased in population the same period. That was natural and it was inevitable. The government by its system of taxation encouraged men at work in the field to abandon the plow and enter the shop. The factory was protected and the farm paid the bounty. People wondered; they could not understand the exodus from the country to the town. The solution was plain to everybody who knew anything about the Dingley and the Payne tariffs.

Daniel Webster saw what effect protection would produce. He said it would drive the farm boy to the shop, and everybody now knows that the following eloquent passage from Webster was prophetic. It has been realized. Millions of acres east of the Mississippi have been abandoned. Within fifty miles of New York are vast areas of wild lands once fertile fields. Webster foresaw it when he said:

(Continued on next page)



This Week Will Be Special Week on Our Entire Stock

This time of the year we commence to clear out our stock in order to have no summer merchandise to carry through the fall. Our ladies' low quarter shoes will be cut to astonishing low prices. Dry Goods in proportion. Clothing likewise.

Don't fail to come to our Grocery Department. This is the place that we save you the most money.

Extra Special Prices In This Department During the week.

CALL AND GET OUR PRICES BEFORE YOU BUY



Traylor Bros.

"KEEP THE PRICE DOWN."

of extremes. has money to burn. man is eager to freeze. t.—Baltimore Sun.

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ADVERTISING ELIMINATES RISK.

LOCAL NEWS

O'Cedar Mops and Polish at Darsey's. adv

Blank notes and mortgages for sale at the Messenger office.

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

See T. H. Leaverton Lumber Co. for cypress shingles. adv

Miss Esther Davis is visiting relatives in Livingston.

See Clewis, the tailor if your clothes are dirty. adv

See T. S. Kent for buggy harness. It will pay you. adv

Little Miss Melba Brock is visiting relatives in Livingston.

See our line of dress novelties. T. S. Kent. adv

Mrs. U. M. Brock and baby and Ross are visiting relatives in Huntsville this week.

Embroidery and voile flouncing at DARSEY'S. adv

Mrs. C. G. Lansford and children of Crockett are spending the week in Grapeland.

I am now prepared to shoe your horses. See me when in town. Shop east side of railroad adv A. C. Driskell.

Quite a number of old veterans and others attended the old soldiers re-union at Crockett Tuesday.

Cotton Choppers Wanted

I want a family to chop cotton balance of the season; can furnish house to live in. See or write to A. E. Bradley, Route No. 4. adv

LOST—Ladies gold bracelet with the names "Irene Johnston" and "Albert Forman" engraved on it. Lost Sunday evening at or near Reynard. Finder will please notify Walter Pennington, Route 4. adv

If you are ragged Clewis the tailor will clothe you. adv

A big line of parasols at Darsey's. adv

Mrs. Dave Warren and baby are visiting relatives at Arp.

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See Darsey's line of collars, belts, fans, pins, etc. adv

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For fifty years protection has not only levied a tribute of money on the farm but it has recruited much of the labor of the shop from the farm. Miles of silly stuff have been written in standpat newspapers bewailing the exodus from farm to shop, and silly speculations have been indulged as to the causes. There is just one cause—protection.

Remove that cause and agriculture will regain the primacy that is rightfully hers. Cities will cease to grow at the expense of the village, the hamlet, the farm. On the contrary cities will give back to the farm millions of their congested population. The waste lands of the states east of the Mississippi will be reclaimed and again become fertile fields. All the farm asks is an equal chance, relief from taxation for private interests. It was disclosed in the tariff debate that the harvester trust sells its wares to foreigners at a price one half that the American farmer is compelled to pay for them. That is the way the farmer has been "protecting" all the trusts all the time.

They have the impudence to say it is not the protection of capital that owns the fabric, but of labor that forges the wares; and of the entire gamut of error in statecraft that is the biggest lie. There never yet was a tariff laid for protection that was not designed for, and did not have the effect to advantage the man who owned the article, and not the artisan who fabricated it. Our government is 124 years old and for more than a full century of that entire period we have had a protective tariff. At first it was to nourish infant industries; then it was to give the farmer a home market; and it was not until after the war was of 1861-65 that we were told that protection is for labor. And it was not until 1890 that anybody ever heard of the enormous fallacy that the tariff protects the farmer. That was a wonderful discovery of Robert M. LaFollette, now a senator in congress from Wisconsin. Simultaneously with that diabolical miracle William McKinley made the startling revelation that the office of protection is to make goods cheaper to the consumer!

But the fact is the only purpose protection ever served was to give the "interests a monopoly of the home market in order that they might rob according to law."

But the jig's up, gents, unless the senate shall muster enough treason to "Gormanize" the Underwood bill.

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That question will be asked you almost daily by business men seeking your services, if you qualify—take the Draughon Training—and show ambition to rise. More BANKERS indorse DRAUGHON'S Colleges than indorse all other business colleges COMBINED. 48 Colleges in 18 States. International reputation. Banking, Typewriting, Penmanship, English, Spelling, Arithmetic, Letter Writing, Business Law—FREE auxiliary branches. Good POSITIONS GUARANTEED under reasonable conditions. Bookkeeping. Bookkeepers all over Home Study. Thousands of bank cashiers, bookkeepers, and stenographers are holding good positions as the result of taking Draughon's Home Study. CATALOGUE. For prices on lessons BY MAIL, write JNO. F. DRAUGHON, President, Nashville, Tenn. For free catalogue on course AT COLLEGE, write DRAUGHON'S PRACTICAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Dallas, Houston, Austin, Galveston, San Antonio, Abilene, Denison, Amarillo, Texarkana, or El Paso, Texas.

THE GUARANTY STATE BANK

Appreciates all business given us, even though it be small. While we have been somewhat handicapped in the handling of our business since the fire, we are glad to say that in the next few days we will install new furniture and fixtures which will enable us to handle your business more satisfactory to you, as well as to ourselves. Thanking you for all business given us in the past and soliciting a continuance of same, we are

Yours for more business,

Guaranty State Bank

"Miss Topsy Turvy"

A Comedy in Three Acts

Will be presented at the School Auditorium, THURSDAY NIGHT, JUNE 12th.

By the Grapeland Dramatic Club

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May Golden, Topsy's cousin.....Miss Ima Davis
Mrs. Clarendon, Topsy's mother.....Miss Willie Browning
Miss Spriggs, Topsy's governess.....Mrs. A. A. Luker
Lord Clarence, a rich Englishman.....Murdoch Darsey
Frank Golden, May's brother.....Chester Owens
Deacon Jones, Pillar of the Church.....Tim Garland
Ned, Servant.....Ross Murchison

SYNOPSIS:

ACT I.—Mrs. Clarendon's Parlor. The Deacon almost proposes to Miss Spriggs.
ACT II.—Arrival of Lord Clarence.
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The proceeds of this play will be divided between the Woman's Home Mission Society and the School.

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General Admission . . . 35c.

Children 25c.

Reserve Seats 50c.

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Doors and windows, columns, mouldings, brackets, window glass—anything you need to build a house.

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For Sale.

Complete ginning outfit and shingling mill for sale very cheap. See or write me at once. This is a snap.

JOHN A. DAVIS. adv.

The best line of shoes in Grapeland at prices that will suit everyone. T. S. Kent. adv

Pure linseed oil, turpentine stains, varnishes, white lead, woodfiller—a complete line of paints. T. H. Leaverton Lumber Co. adv

The Flying Man

Harry Irving Greene

Author of "The Lash of Circumstance,"
"Barbara of the Snows"

Copyright, 1912, by Harry Irving Greene

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Professor Desmond of the Peak observatory causes a great sensation throughout the country by announcing that what appears to be a satellite is approaching at terrific speed. Destruction of the earth is feared.

CHAPTER II—Panic prevails everywhere. The satellite barely misses the earth. The atmospheric disturbance knocks people unconscious, but does no damage.

CHAPTER III—A leaf bearing a cabalistic design flutters down among the guests at a lawn party. It is identical in design with a curious ornament worn by Doris Fulton. A hideous man-like being with huge wings descends in the midst of the guests. He notices Doris' ornament and starts toward her.

CHAPTER IV—The men fear he intends some harm to Doris and a fierce battle ensues, in which Tolliver and March, suitors of Doris, and Prof. Desmond are injured. The flying man is wounded by a shot from Tolliver, but escapes by flying away.

CHAPTER V—A farmer reports that the flying man carried off his young daughter. People everywhere are terror-stricken at the possibilities for evil possessed by the monster. The governor offers a reward of \$500,000 for his capture, dead or alive.

CHAPTER VI—Putnam is the first of the aviators to respond. After a thrilling chase in the air he is thrown from his machine by the flying man and killed.

CHAPTER VII—Doris tells March of awakening in the night to see the face of the monster at her window. North and a score of aviators arrive to enter the campaign. The reward is increased to a million.

CHAPTER VIII—The aviators find themselves outdistanced and outmaneuvered by the flying man. Artillery proves futile.

CHAPTER IX—North gives a thrilling account of a night chase and all-night vigil. A negro is the latest victim. The aviators go to the scene of the tragedy, some 200 miles distant.

CHAPTER X—Doris invites March to accompany her on a horseback ride. They are joined by Tolliver, much to March's disgust. While the men are rounding up the horses, which have become unaccountably frightened, the flying man suddenly swoops down and carries Doris off.

CHAPTER XI—March and Tolliver pursue the demon. The way leads through canyons and over mountains. Tolliver, driven insane by the strain, shoots March.

CHAPTER XII.

The Ascent.

Rising for three hundred feet as straight up as the side of one of the loftiest skyscrapers built by man the cliffs arose, split from the mountain top by the wedges of the lightnings and guarding the summit by walls of almost absolute perpendicularity. In that hazy of the past, he had seen a sheep upon the summit, and therefore knew that there must be a trail leading to the top despite the fact that it was classed as inaccessible to human foot. Determined, therefore, that he should be the first human to trod its top, for miles he had worked his way about it with keenly searching eyes as he sought for the place where the first step must be made if he would attempt the ascent, found it at last, desperate and scanty to the extreme yet barely possible to one of much activity and steadiness. And with little regard for probable consequences he had undertaken it. It had been a supreme test of nerves and poise, but he had conquered it at last, reached the desolate, boulder haunted plateau and killed his sheep, and then had sat for hours upon the sheer edge as he nerved himself for what seemed a descent impossible to human being except at the expense of life or splintered bones. Yet having come up he must go down, and down he eventually and safely arrived—though great good fortune attended him—and at last had stood beside the broken body of his kill which he had been obliged to tumble bodily from the height. That awful ascent and descent had ever since haunted him as an evil dream, a thing not to be attempted again for all the wealth of the world, but now with the woman he loved borne there in the loathsome embrace of that arch enemy of all mankind he sought for the suicidal path again with straining eagerness. Of March lying inert back there upon the rocks where his bullet had felled him he gave scarcely a thought. Obsessed by the idea that he alone could save the woman he sought, he would have regardlessly slain anything, man or beast, that he imagined might in any way impede his progress.

Before him there lay a narrow shelf leading upward for a score of feet, broken, insecure and seeming to end in nothing but the blank wall itself, but he recognized it instantly and stepped upon it. Arms extended, flattening himself against the rock as a

leech clings, he felt his way upward with infinite caution, his fingers gripping each tiny crevasse with the tenacity of the tentacles of a squid. He reached the end of the narrow shelf and there balanced precariously upon six inches of outcropping, cast his glance cautiously upward and about. Several feet to the right was another foothold equally insecure, but leading upward again, and with the care with which one treads a taut wire he placed his foot upon it, found a shallow finger hold in the cliff and raised himself. For fifty feet more he climbed as a fly scales a wall, periled his life upon the two-inch support of a jutting point, mounted again with the superhuman cunning and strength of the insane and at the end of a half hour's well nigh miraculous effort found for the first time during the ascent a shelf large enough to rest upon. He was half way up now, and with a hundred and fifty feet of beetling cliff above and as much empty space below he sat down for a moment's heavy breathing.

Through his disordered mind there ran a strange medley of the real and the unreal. Well enough he knew that he was scaling this height to save the woman whom he loved, yet he now conceived the Flying Man to be of the supernatural, a winged monster of the inaccessible cliffs, a dragon of the noisome caverns that lay beneath the gorges, and that he was the knight chosen from all others because of his superior strength and valor to go forth and slay him at the portals of his rock bound domain. Well, slay him he would beyond the shadow of a doubt, but already the sun was getting low, the climb was still long and desperate and he must be on his way lest night and certain death should overtake him flattened against the blank wall of the dragon's castle. Once more he cautiously arose to resume his efforts.

He scanned the cliff. Just above his head was another projection which promised a foothold could he but reach it, and burying his fingers in a crack and finding an inch wide support for his foot he drew himself slowly upward. The slightest slip of hand or foot meant instant death now, and his fingers gripped the stone until they grew white and bloodless from the strain. Slowly he raised himself, found another grip and another tiny support and with an effort that sent the blood surging to his temples brought himself gasping one notch higher. Here again the ascent became a trifle less precarious for a ways, and another half-hour found him within a few feet of the summit. Here of all places during the ascent he came the nearest to plunging the whole distance to the rocks below, but a last desperate struggle saved him and weak and trembling from the supreme effort he threw himself down safely over the edge. For a moment he rested, then cautiously arose and looked about.

Upon a far distant western peak the sun was balanced like a broad gold coin poised delicately. Its horizontal rays swept the plateau upon which he stood, but of the heat that had griddled him during that day of frenzied pursuit scarce a vestige remained in the thin air. Oh, that awful pursuit! His brain had seethed as a cauldron, his body reeled like a drunken man's, his numbed limbs responding to the driving power of his will as mechanically as the unfeeling pistons of a machine; the uncanny flying monster bearing the woman of his heart ever close before his glazed eyes, while March, his accursed rival, had hidden upon his back and borne him down like an old man of the sea. At times it had seemed as though he would go mad. March! Had he shot him? Yes, it dimly seemed to him that he had, and had left him dead upon the rocks below. What of it! Had it not been that he had been compelled to carry him on his back all day he would have reached this height an hour before—perhaps would have reached it in advance of the flying one and been prepared to meet him as he alighted. What mattered a dead man or two in a case like this when a dragon was to be slain and a princess—his princess, to be rescued! He laughed quickly, sharply, a single explosive sound more like the bark of a beast than the sound of a human voice. He turned and faced the plateau.

Desolation. It stretched away in a broad sweep on either hand, chaotic, volcanic, lumbered with the left over

debris of mountain making—a junk shop of the unuseable fragments of creation. Boulders little as pebbles, huge as houses were strewn on every side, scattered broadcast, grouped in piles, heaped in monuments. Barren spaces lay between them. No living thing invested the solitude save himself and those to find whom he had so desperately risked his life in the ascent. To his disordered mind it seemed a battlefield well planned for the combat to come, for around these jumbled masses he could creep like a



"He Attempted to Raise His Pistol."

panther until he could find the dragon, and having found him— Silence. It invested all, throbbing, pulsating, ringing in his ears like the voice of a sea shell. It hung quivering in the air, lying upon him as a smothering weight and filling all infinity. The rapid exhaust of his lungs was lost in its unechoing vastness, and when he uttered incoherently his voice was snatched from his lips and its volume dissipated in the void until but its whispered ghost remained.

Uncanniness. It lurked about him upon every side, in the malformed piles, the creeping shadows, the dead air, the brooding silence. As well might he have been a newly created being suddenly finding himself alone upon a world which he knew to be inhabited only by one other human and an evil spirit which he must meet in deadly combat. The thought aroused him. He must creep like a lynx around the outer edge of the plateau, taking advantage of every rock which might screen his form, narrowing his circle with every step until he had found them. In this systematic way he could so cover the ground that there would be no possibility of his overlooking them, and if his caution was keen he could take the dragon unawares, and take him unawares he must else the flying one would be off with her again and once more the maddening chase would have to be resumed. He drew his pistol and stole off among the rocks, his eyes flicking them as closely as a prowling animal's, his ears preternaturally acute. Behind the shelter of every pile he paused to peer and listen, while across the bare places he fitted as silently as a specter. One complete circuit of the plateau he made amidst the utter desolation and silence without results, then narrowing his circuit by a hundred yards began again. He would close in upon them like a contracting noose until at last he had found them.

The sun sank behind the range and dusk fell upon him still crouching, crawling and darting across the unscanned places. In the uncertain shadow of a rock pile his foot tripped against a stone and he fell upon his face, remaining as motionless as a watching lizard as he listened for an answering sound. None came and he slowly raised himself. Clearly enough it would be folly for him to attempt to pursue his search for the night-eyed dragon in the darkness. He might miss them, overrun them, be ambushed himself or eluded in the darkness. There remained but a few moments of even semi-daylight, and taking advantage of it he crept into a niche in one of the rock piles and composed himself to watch and wait with the cunning of the mad.

The darkness thickened. Fold by fold it fell upon the peaks and settled dense in the valleys, while minute by minute the glitter of the stars grew brighter, harder, more scintillant. From his narrow retreat he watched them blazing in their brilliance. Never had he seemed so near to them as now, when bruised, torn and unutterably weary of body but burning of brain he stared up at them with throbbing eyes. The cold of night came settling down from the nearby snow clad peaks, and coatless and damp he shivered beneath its touch. Fuel there was none upon this rock littered waste, nor would he have chanced a fire had there been lest the one for

whom he sought might see or smell it. A new thought flashed through his mind. Undoubtedly the flying one now thought himself safe from his day-long pursuers, and if he possessed the skill of making fire, as did races of the earth no matter how low their order of intellect, then tonight of all times after his labors of the day he would beyond doubt seek to warm and cheer himself beside a blaze. And to creep upon an enemy who sits beside a fire at night is the very A B C of stalking. Shivering with the cold he crept forth.

Across the eastern peaks the moon arose and flooded the mountain top with its shimmer, and keeping in the shadows of the piled masses and pursuing his way with the stealth of a marauding Apache he crept on. Twice he climbed to the top of piles that commanded an exceptionally wide outlook across the waste, and from their summits scanned the plateau through the misty light. Nothing but the broad expanse with its cluttered fragments met his view, and each time he crept softly down again to steal through the shadows as he resumed his quest, alternately shuddering with cold and burning with fever. Above him the snow peaks glowed phosphorescently, on every hand the rock shadows lay like squat, fantastic monsters, while below was an abyss filled to the brim with solid blackness. Benumbed of limbs but with eyes and ears acute as those of a prowling beast of the night he crept along.

He had made two circuits of the plateau without discovery and for the third time turned to constrict the circle. His physical weariness was such that he seemed to move upon wooden limbs, and all pain had left him save the burning of his brain. He thought of the strange premonition of the day before which had told him that he was about to depart upon an unknown journey of mysteriousness, a premonition which he had not dared mention before March for fear of ridicule. Was this, then, the journey of which he had been so subtly warned by that mystic sense which at times he had seemed to possess—this pursuit into these wild heights where tradition said no human foot had ever stepped beside his own. He wondered as he paused for a moment in a strip of moonlight and fixed his eyes upon the next point which he must seek in his ever narrowing search.

Then from above came a sound that thrilled him as an electric shock and he threw his glance upward. Close above him and falling with the speed of a pouncing hawk was a great black shape with enormous wings and huge, bulbous eyes that glowed phosphorescently. With a rabbit like spring to one side he attempted to raise his pistol, only to fall headlong upon the stones beneath a heavy weight. For a moment he struggled desperately, but an instant later his weapon was torn from his hand and he found himself encircled by an arm that held him as in a vise. Then slowly but surely he felt himself being borne upward, up and up through the cold shimmer until the black throat of the canyon yawned bottomless below. From afar, as though travelling through infinite distance he seemed to hear a cry, the cry of a woman who is filled with a nameless horror, and once more he struggled fiercely against the iron grip that held him. Then the grip seemed to loosen and he thought himself falling—falling endlessly into an interminable abyss through a great and roaring darkness.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Search.

March lying flat upon the rocks first stirred uneasily as a sleeper who gradually awakes, moaned and then slowly pushed himself to a half upright posture, sitting in the dazed manner of one just recovered from an anaesthetic. He looked around and above. Beetling cliffs and ragged mountain tops surrounded him, a deep gorge lay at his feet, the dropping sun was sending its horizontal rays into his eyes. He looked himself over. His clothing was torn, his hands and knees lacerated, his head humming like a taut wire vibrating in the wind. He tried to recall, struggling to compel his memory to yield its secrets as one might attempt to drive his limbs to some great physical effort, but his brain, partially paralyzed by the bullet which had raked his hand, responded but feebly. Bewildered he tried to think it out step by step.

Where was he? He cast his eyes over the jagged mountain crests that arose on every side like the waves of a tempest lashed sea. He had seen them before—he was sure of that—but where? Strive as he would he could not recall. Who was he? Vainly he tried to remember, but his personality had wholly escaped him—even his name and place of abode were blank in his mind. Why was he here in the midst of this jumbled chaos of barren mountain peaks? Not a glint of recollection answered him. He was as lost as one would be who suddenly born of full growth found himself adrift in space possessed of his full faculties but with no past and therefore with nothing to remember. He looked at his hand, one finger of

which was encircled by a heavy seal ring. It looked familiar to him—surely he had seen that ring before—but where? Mechanically he searched his pockets and found therein an envelope addressed to Alan March. The name was as familiar to his eyes as was the ring and hand, yet he was totally unable to place it. He thrust the paper back into his pocket and arose. Unquestionably he was upon a great height and instinct told him that he should get down as quickly as possible. Automatically he began the descent, his unfeeling legs finding the way clumsily, his brain benumbed, his throat dry as the waste that lay about him.

He went as one in a dream, sliding, scrambling, sometimes for minutes lying prostrate as a stone rolled from beneath his feet and tripped him into a fall. Eventually he reached the bottom of the canyon and there he found a stream, clear, musical, cold as ice, born of the everlasting snows of the great peak which had fathered and mothered it. He plunged into it as a seal leaves a rock, wallowing in its icy coolness, drinking deeply, submerged himself. Its liquid coldness washed the haze from his brain and he crawled forth refreshed and invigorated. In a twinkling he remembered.

He looked back at the tremendous slide which he had just come down, crowned by its inaccessible top which arose steep as a wall and to the eye as unsurmountable to the foot as the side of a giant bastille. Yet Tolliver had said that he had once been to its top and would now go again. But Tolliver was now insane and little dependence could be placed upon his statements. Yet Doris was undoubtedly somewhere up there and at the mercy of that merciless flying thing that had led them all day long in that fearful pursuit. Desperate and despairing though he was he forced himself to reason calmly. To return to the bottom of the cliff and beat blindly about it as a beetle attacks a window pane would be a waste of time, each minute of which was priceless. He must return, wire the aviators and with their help assail the height from the air. It would take at least a day's time to do this, twenty-four hours of maddening suspense to be endured, yet it seemed his only hope of eventually rescuing her in case she remained alive. As to what might happen to her in that interval he dared not think, but perhaps after all Tolliver might reach the summit, and Tolliver loved her also and despite his madness might be depended upon to protect her to his last gasp. Perhaps for the task in hand his madness was even in his favor, since it might give him additional strength, desperation and cunning. Drenched and shivering from his icy bath, he went scrambling off over the boulders.

The sun sank and the darkness became intense. Guided by instinct alone, he scaled the opposite side of the canyon, often dragging himself upward by pure strength of limb, more than once sending loosened rocks crashing downward to the bottom in leaping flight, their roar accentuated by the darkness. He reached the summit of the ridge and found himself standing in the glow of the moon, another deep plunge before him, but with light once more to serve him. Again he scrambled down the trail.

An hour later from the mountain side he paused as he fought desperately for breath. He looked backward. Miles behind him across canyon and ridge the desolate top of the table mountain loomed uncannily. The moon seemed to hang directly over it. What was happening there, that unspeakable tragedy in that dizzy land of desolation inhabited by an uncanny flying thing, a madman and a more than likely half senseless girl! He bit his lips until they bled, crying aloud in his impotence, his voice as cracked and broken as the voice of a raven. Then of a sudden as he gazed he became frozen to the spot, staring across the waste and upward with eyes which were dilated by horror. For against the face of the rounded moon he had seen a grotesque, bat-like shape arise, hover and then release a squirming object that shot downward as an arrow falls. He pressed his hands to his head, closed his eyes, then looked again. The forms had vanished, and uncertain whether he had really seen this grewsome thing or had been the victim of an apish trick of his imagination he once more plunged onward.

He came to the narrow trail which led around the shoulder of the mountain and where with a blank wall upon one side and a sheer descent of hundreds of feet upon the other he had involuntarily closed his eyes when he had traversed it hours before in the pursuit, guiding himself along it now solely by the sense of touch. The darkness was deep here and he was more thankful for it than otherwise, since it concealed and rendered less unnerving the death which he knew must come from a false step aside. Over the delicately poised slide of shale he crept on hands and knees, feeling his way with his fingers, testing each rock before putting his faith upon it, until reaching its fur-

(Continued on next page)

ther side and finding the going fairly good and the light sufficient, for a short space he broke into a shambling run. Interminably, seemingly through ages, he struggled on with all sense of time lost and all distance but a dream. Yet gradually and despite his efforts to ignore it the consciousness was forced harder and more insistently upon him that he was reaching the limit of human endurance. His strength was leaving him as water rushes through a gap, draining the reservoir of his endurance to its dregs, and more than once he was awakened by the shock of a fall to find himself lying prostrate after his legs had given out beneath him and he had tumbled with no recollection of the mishap remaining. But before him and but two or three miles away, black and serrated against the sky, loomed the summit of the great chain that arose abruptly from the plain, and there he would find the head of the canyon that led to the level ground and the city beyond with its horde of brother men who upon his tale would leap to the chase of the monster of the table mountain as hounds run down a mortal and natural enemy. Somehow he must make those miles, and somehow he would. He struggled on with the choking desperation of a drowning man who flounders towards a life line.

In his exhaustion both mind and body worked mechanically and he pursued his way as thoughtlessly, yet as unerringly as the needle points the magnetic pole. He seemed to have been traveling forever. Perspective both of time and space was lost and he was wandering in an endless dream through wastes of rock that towered about him to incalculable heights, hanging over him suspended by a hair and threatening to crush him at every step. He no longer wondered that Tolliver with his latent streak of madness had at last succumbed beneath the fearful strain upon body and mind. Tolliver! He felt not the least animosity towards him despite that raking wound across his skull made with murderous intent—in fact, he mumbled a prayer for his safety—yet who else could it have been that he had seen whirling downward in that awful fall? During some moments he doubted whether he himself really lived, as with slow desperation he forced his way along steep inclines, sought the bottoms of gulches and dragged himself again from the darkness below into the misty light of another summit. An hour more and he had reached the crest that rising abruptly from the plain contained the canyon from which he had started in the chase the morning before. He had been traveling for twelve hours now almost without a pause, his brain was exhausted and the driving power of his will, which had for so long forced him on, was no longer dominant. It was miles yet to the city, and with the realization that it would be impossible for him to traverse it without a respite he sank upon the ground with his face buried in his arms. He would rest for an hour, then pursue his way, summon North and his comrades and then neither rest nor sleep until they had hunted down their quarry, saved Doris and rid the world of a creature not intended for it.

Irresistibly the stupor of exhaustion enfolded him. His head swam, his form relaxed, darkness engulfed him. He slept.

(To be continued.)

HUNTERS BATTLE WITH FIRE

Society Men and Women See Fine Residence Destroyed Near Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore, Md.—Within a short distance from Avalon inn, burned to the ground late last summer, the home of Mrs. Frank Baldwin caught fire and was destroyed. The estate lies just west of Chattolancee and near Eccleston station. The house was one of the finest in the famous Green Spring Valley, and very near the home of Walter Brooke, Jr., son-in-law of Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury of Philadelphia. The damage will amount to about \$30,000.

The fire was discovered in the roof of the house by members of the Green Spring Valley Hunt club, who were just starting on a fox chase. Led by Remund C. Stewart, a brother of Pluackett Stewart of Philadelphia, the members, including society men and women, drove their horses to the scene, and besides fighting the flames saved nearly all the furniture and valuable articles on the first and second floors.

Bobsled Cupid's Aid.

New York—Cupid was a member of the party of forty youths and members from the fashionable section of the Bronx who went sleighing. When the party returned four of its members announced their engagement.

Customer's Protest.

"So you are going on a strike?" said the cafe patron.

"Yes," replied the waiter.

"Great Scott. If I have put up with this place all these years I don't see why you can't!"

FOR THE GROWING MAID

ECONOMY AND DISPLAY IN ARTICLES OF RAIMENT.

If Time May Be Selected, Many Bargain Possibilities Can Be Secured—Accessories That Are Always to Be in Mind.

Many a mother waits until this month before buying her young daughter's new suit, feeling perhaps that the old one is good enough to wear until then, or, maybe, wanting to be sure of the styles. This delay, while impossible for the boarding school miss, often allows much more choice in models and materials, and, since the majority buy early, the late comer is generally rewarded with some delightful bargains. The ready-made frocks which have lost their first freshness with trying on are then reduced, and there are numerous short lengths of material which it seems to the shopmen advisable to add to the bargain displays, even though the season for wearing these textures is scarcely begun. The dresses are easily revived with a little



Suit with the conventional lines liked by many misses and small women.

cleaning, a few stitches and careful pressing, and as for the remnants any mother who knows how to sew is perfectly aware of their possibilities. Any bit of gay plaid, however small, checks, dots, stripes and bright plain goods will come in for the touches used on girl suits and one-piece school dresses, and one has only to pay a visit to the smartest shop to find this out.

A conventional suit—the sort of thing all the shops keep—is shown, and the model is much liked by the small women who buy their garments in misses' departments. The jacket is double-breasted, with shawl collar and cuffs of a contrasting fabric, the buttons also matching this trimming. The skirt is one of the many tailored models which run to a side plaiting for the sake of more ease in walking.

Accessories for the girl's practical coat suit are as sensible in style, the hats being very plain, neckwear simple and boots and gloves stout. Some very smart little ready-to-wear hats, which have quite a distinctive air from their very plainness, are round affairs of felt in colors to match the gowns—different shades of blue, flambolse, a shade of plum now allowed young girls, green, brown, etc. The sole trimming of such hats is an edge and a side fancy of suede leather in a contrasting color or in a matching one several shades deeper than the hat.

Deerskin gloves, made gauntlet fashion, are smart hand coverings, and although these cost about two dollars they are so durable that only one pair will be needed the whole season. About the smartest boots are those of patent leather with cloth tops, these being made on very straight lasts, with flat heels and round toes. One shop makes such boots to order, using material like the girl's suit for the uppers, and charging little more than the usual price for the special work.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

DREADNOUGHT OUT OF DATE

British Ship of That Name Assigned to Fourth Battle Fleet—Was Built Six Years Ago.

London.—How fleeting is the glory of the modern fighting ship is illustrated in the case of the British battleship Dreadnought, the building of which, as a result of the report of the British naval attaches who accompanied Admiral Togo's fleet in the first naval battles in the Gulf of Pechili against the Pacific fleet of Russia, caused a revolution in battleship construction.

This once proud vessel is now considered so far out of date that she is being removed from the first battle squadron and assigned to the fourth battle squadron, which is based on Gibraltar. The Dreadnought has been in commission less than six years, and while not considered obsolete is more outclassed by the latest ships than were the pre-Dreadnoughts distanced by her when she was first built.

A few weeks ago the battleship King George V. was commissioned. She has a broadside of no less than 14,000 pounds. This gives her a superiority of 106 per cent. over the Dreadnought, which was only 28 per cent. better than the last pre-Dreadnoughts. The new armored cruisers even are 50 per cent. more powerful than the Dreadnought. No British armored ship is reckoned effective today that has been launched over 18 years.

At the battle of Trafalgar the 27 British ships averaged 27 years from the date of launching. The Victory herself was 50 years old.

THIEF PUT BLAME ON MOUSE

Confessed Forger Tells How His Mother's Fright Before His Birth Marked Him.

New York.—That a mouse running up his mother's skirt two months before he was born left him with a birthmark of a rodent's figure on his leg and an irresistible impulse to steal was the unique defense offered in court the other day by Edward H. Huppe, after confessing to forging a check on the Corn Exchange bank for \$90. He said he has also served a term in the Elmira reformatory for theft.

Huppe is a well-to-do young German, who came to this country from Oldenburg, Germany. He said he became converted to Christian Science last fall, and after overcoming his parental influence to steal resolved to confess to the forgery and start life with a clean slate.

The young man rolled up his trouser leg and showed a birthmark on his right calf which closely resembled a picture of a mouse.

"My crimes were like those of a mouse, always stealing—stealing things I did not need," said Huppe. He was remanded to the Tombs for examination by alienists.

HEN TRIES TO HANG ITSELF

Conscience Stricken Because It Failed to Lay Its Share of High-Priced Eggs.

Tarrytown, N. Y.—Mary, the pet hen of Miss Hannah Mace of North Tarrytown, attempted suicide. Miss Mace gravely insists that Mary was conscience stricken, because, at the high price of eggs, she had not been able to contribute her share.

The hen flew up on a wire fence, and, then, sticking her head through one of the holes, jumped off. There she was slowly strangling to death, when her owner, attracted by the other chickens cackling and making a great noise in the yard, ran out and rescued her pet.

To a reporter Miss Mace said: "Mary was hit by an automobile some months ago, and since that time she has not been able to lay any eggs."

"Mary became despondent, and for a week I have noticed a far-away look in her eyes. She didn't care about her appearance, and her feathers were left uncombed. Finally she began to starve herself, and when she could not stand it any longer she just tried suicide."

Where Do the Toads Go?

When a toad buries himself in the garden over winter, does he bury himself so deep that he is below the frost line? If he does not, is he able to freeze up and thaw out again and live on just the same?

It is safe to say that no animal with a well-recognized circulatory system can freeze up solidly and "come to life again" afterward. The toad must be free from frost somewhere. But how deep does he go? The writer of these lines has himself turned up the torpid bodies of living toads with a plow in the early spring, and the creatures were certainly not six inches deep in the soil and they were not frozen. Had they been there all winter, and if so, how did they escape the frost?

In New Building

I am now located in my new corrugated iron building at my old stand, and would appreciate a call from you. I am now better prepared to serve you with the freshest drugs, toilet articles and sundries. Also have a new and up-to-date soda fountain.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO PRESCRIPTIONS

D N LEAVERTON

A BIG BARGAIN

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All the news, the latest farming information, high class stories, and household helps will be found in this trio.

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The Grapeland Messenger,
Grapeland, Texas.

Bad Spells

"I suffered, during girlhood, from womanly weakness," writes Mrs. Mollie Navy, of Walnut, N. C. "At last, I was almost bed-ridden, and had to give up. We had three doctors. All the time, I was getting worse. I had bad spells, that lasted from 7 to 28 days. In one week, after I gave Cardui a trial, I could eat, sleep, and feel, as well as anybody. In 8 weeks, I was well. I had been an invalid for 5 weary years! Cardui relieved me, when everything else failed."

TAKE CARDUI The Woman's Tonic

If you are weak and ailing, think what it would mean, to you, to recover as quickly as Mrs. Navy did. For more than 50 years, this purely vegetable, tonic remedy, for women, has been used by thousands of weak and ailing sufferers. They found it of real value in relieving their aches and pains. Why suffer longer? A remedy that has relieved and helped so many, is ready, at the nearest drug store, for use, at once, by you. Try it, today.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. 137

If you do not read The Messenger every week you don't know what you're missing. Full of items that are of interest to the people of this community.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy

Every family without exception should keep this preparation at hand during the hot weather of the summer months. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is worth many times its cost when needed and is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over. It has no superior for the purposes for which it is intended. Buy it now. For sale by all dealers. adv.

Miss Lillian Pantch of Latexo, who has been visiting Miss Beatrice Whitescarver, left Monday morning for Huntsville.

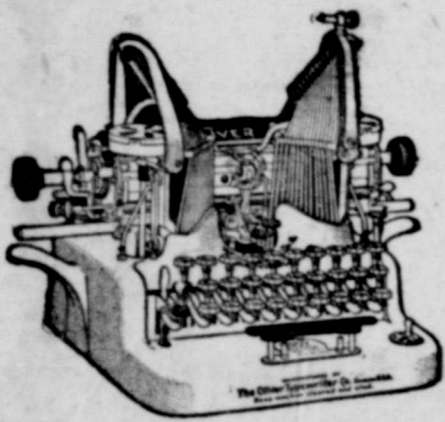
Take Plenty of Time to Eat

There is a saying that "rapid eating is slow suicide." If you have formed the habit of eating too rapidly you are most likely suffering from indigestion or constipation, which will result eventually in serious illness unless corrected. Digestion begins in the mouth. Food should be thoroughly masticated and insalivated. Then when you have a fullness of the stomach or feel dull and stupid after eating, take one of Chamberlain's Tablets. Many severe cases of stomach trouble and constipation have been cured by the use of these tablets. They are easy to take and most agreeable in effect. Sold by all dealers.

Advertisement

C. C. Starling Dentist

Office over Crockett State Bank CROCKETT TEXAS.



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CHANGES IN OUR MANNERS

Things Once Tabooed in Polite Conversation Now General Topics of Discussion.

I was taught in my youth, and very vigorously taught, that it was not good manners to discuss physical ailments in general society, and that it was the height of vulgarity to refer to money or to what anything cost, whether in your own case or in that of other people. I now hear surgical operations, physical functions, disease and its remedies freely and fully discussed at dinner and on all other occasions by the ingenuous youth of both sexes. Money is no longer under a taboo. One's own money and that of one's neighbor is largely talked about, and the cost of everything or anything recurs as often in polite conversation as in a tariff debate. I am not concerned to decide which is the better fashion, the old or the new. I merely note the difference.

The world of Boston when I opened my eyes upon it was a very small and simple world as I look back at it now in the glare and noise of the twentieth century. There was an abundance of gaiety, but expenditures were small. Everybody knew everybody else and all about everybody else's family. Most people were related, for in the small colonial communities of the eighteenth century the established families had intermarried in a manner most bewildering even to the trained genealogists. Yet the extreme familiarity and ease of intercourse which I now observe among young men and young women entirely unrelated did not then exist. However intimate people might be, a certain formality of address was thought to be demanded by good manners.—Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, in Scribner's.

YELLOW POWDER IN FASHION

Women of France Now Affect Complexion Showing a Suggestion of Sunburn.

This is the day of the yellow complexion in France. Gone is the fashion of the pearl white powder with which the French woman used to cover her face, achieving a peaches and cream effect or more often a chalky and interesting pallor. Now, to be really in the mode, a woman must use a yellow powder which gives the skin a slight suggestion of sunburn, a good healthy look which might have been brought back from the Swiss mountains or the Egyptian deserts.

One sees this yellow powder used everywhere, at the opera and the theater, in the drawing room and in the Bois de Boulogne, while the grisettes and the little ladies of Montmartre and St. Michelle, quick to follow the fashions, are also adopting it. There is much discussion as to how such a fashion started. The favorite explanation is that a certain professional beauty whose skin refused the pearl powder and delicate pink rouge finally resigned herself to using the yellow powder and appearing healthy and sunburned, and she looked so charming that she started the vogue of the yellow skin, which all Paris is following.

Real and Spurious Gems.

So nearly do the synthetic sapphire and ruby resemble the gems which nature requires centuries to produce that the expert alone can distinguish the real stone from that of laboratory origin. The average jeweler, who has himself had little experience in handling these gems, cannot tell the difference. He must take the expert's word that the stones he buys are genuine. In Paris they are turned out in the laboratories of chemists in large quantities annually. In Germany and France selling manufactured sapphires and rubies as genuine is so common that the jewelers' associations of Paris and Berlin have asked their respective countries for stringent laws compelling the manufacturers to label their goods.

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

The Crockett Boosters will arrive next Tuesday morning in automobiles. Be ready to give them the glad hand.

Complying with an order issued from the postoffice department which went into effect Tuesday morning, the rural route carriers will in the future leave the office at 9:30 instead of 7:30 o'clock. This means better service for the patrons because the mail which arrives on the morning train will be made up and carried out.

MEN'S WEARING APPAREL FOR SUMMER

Beginning this month the real hot weather sets in, and it is now time for you to look after your comfort in the clothing line. If you have not already made your summer purchases, it will pay you to see our line of hot weather clothes for men and boys

Men's Palm Beach Linen Suits \$7.50 and \$8.50

Men's Mohair Coats \$4.00 and \$5.00

Men's Summer Suits \$8.50 to \$17

Boys' Suits \$2.50 to \$10

We have a big new line of collars, ties, shirts, hose, shoes, hats and summer underwear in both athletic and regular length for men and boys. Ask to see the new military shape at our store. Due to arrive next week:

A large assortment of Bulgarian Ties, Rubber soled walking Shoes and White Oxfords

Darsey's Dry Goods Dep't

League Programs for June 8th

Subject—Did God in His Creation confine woman to her home, or shall she take part in the great questions and issues that involve the home and our country?

Leader—Miss Ima Davis.

Prayer.

For the home and its duties alone was she created.—Marvin Gilbert.

Duet—Miss Edna Driskell and Tim Garland.

The world is my field—Miss Carnie Murchison.

Women have all they can attend to at home without taking up man's business.—Murdoch Darsey.

Quartet—Misses Kent and Howard, Messrs. Morris and Owens.

I'll go where you want me to go.—Miss Maude McCarty.

Song by league.

Benediction.

JUNIOR LEAGUE

Subject: In the Cities.

Matt. XXV, 34-40.

Leader: Rena Ross Richards.

Opening Song by League.

Prayer.

Reading—Ross Brock.

Recitation—Raymond Black.

Song—Bess Howard, Melba

Brock, Lucile Cagle and Adabel Leaverton.

Sentence Prayer.

Reading—Mary Lou Darsey.

Recitation—Paul Kent.

Solo—Miss Maude McCarty.

Roll Call.

Business Session.

Closing Song.

Benedicoin.

A Worker Appreciates This

Wm. Morris, a resident of Florence, Oregon, says: "For the last fourteen years my kidneys and bladder incapacitated me for all work. About eight months ago I began using Foley Kidney Pills, and they have done what other medicines failed to do, and now I am feeling fine. I recommend Foley Kidney Pills." Sold by D. N. Leaverton. adv

M. E. Sunday School Report

For Sunday, June 1.

Pupils present 62.

Officers and teachers, 10.

New members 3.

Total present 75.

Collection \$1.65.

Banner Class No. 7, Mrs. A. H.

Luker, teacher.

Come and join a class. You

will be welcome.

RUB-MY-TISM

Will cure your Rheumatism Neuralgia, Headaches, Cramps, Colic, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts and Burns, Old Sores, Stings of Insects Etc. Antiseptic Anodyne, used internally and externally. Price 25c.

Madam, Read McCall's The Fashion Authority

McCALL'S is a large, artistic, handsomely illustrated 100-page monthly Magazine that is adding to the happiness and efficiency of 1,100,000 women each month.

Each issue is brimful of fashions, fancy-work, interesting short stories, and scores of labor-saving and money-saving ideas for women. There are more than 60 of the newest designs of the celebrated McCALL PATTERNS in each issue.

McCALL PATTERNS are famous for style, fit, simplicity and economy. Only 10 and 15 cents each.

The publishers of McCALL'S will spend thousands of dollars extra in the coming months in order to keep McCALL'S head and shoulders above all other women's magazines at any price. However, McCALL'S is only 50c a year; positively worth \$1.00.

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STYLEPLUS CLOTHES \$17

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