

The Grapeland Messenger.

VOL. 19 No. 14

Grapeland, Houston County, Texas, June 1, 1916

\$1.00 Per Year

THE BARGAIN STORE

SPECIALS

Ladies' Slippers
Ladies' Dress Goods
Ladies' Shoes
Men's Shoes
Tennis Shoes
Flour and Feed Stuff

If the flour that you have been using failed to satisfy you, try a sack of **GLADIOLA**

High Patent Flour, per sack - \$1.50

MY MOTTO: "SPOT CASH AND SMALL PROFITS"

W. R. WHERRY

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND

FREE DELIVERY UNION PHONE NO. 45. CALL US UP

EAT THE BEST

Why continue to eat just ordinary groceries when you can just as well have the BEST for the asking?

Why continue to pay stiff prices for just ordinary groceries when you can get the BEST for the same money, and sometimes for less?

Why punish your stomach and impair your health by consuming the ordinary brands when you can just as easily build up a fine physique by buying goods of PURITY and QUALITY?

Think this over and then come to us.

Buy
the
Best
Here
and
Pay
No
More

Here are some of the groceries that we handle that are sold at popular prices and yet are noted for their purity and excellence:

Light Crust Flour

Armor's Hams and Bacon

Snowdrift and Simon Pure Lard

Wesson Cooking Oil

Beechnut Bottle Goods

Loose-Wiles Sun Shine Cakes

Maxwell House Blend Coffee

Cream of Wheat and Post Toasties

Our goods are standard brands

WE KEEP CHEESE AND BUTTER FRESH ON ICE

: Cash Grocery Company :

Try Our Quick Delivery Service. Use the Telephone

LOCAL NEWS FROM AUGUSTA

May 29.—Since the rain ceased we have decided to plow our grass up instead of cutting it with a mower. Our crops look very well since the sun has commenced shining again.

The people of this community have been doing considerable road work lately.

Mr. Emory Long, who has been attending school at Huntsville has returned home.

Miss Mabel Bolton who has been attending the San Marcos school has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bolton of south Texas, who have been visiting home folks the past week, have returned home.

Mr. Coleman Scarbrough, who has been visiting friends in south Texas the past few weeks, has returned home.

Mr. Charlie Wall and Misses Mary Lou Scarbrough and Cina Wall spent last Saturday and Sunday in Alto.

Messrs. W. H. and Emory

Long made a business trip to Crockett last Thursday.

Mr. Bayes and family of Alto moved here last Tuesday. Mr. Bayes will be engaged in the blacksmith business.

Messrs. Sidney Lively, D. W. Ruby and Charlie Holcomb spent a few days in Alto last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arch Holcomb returned home from Alto last Monday.

Dan McLean has returned home from Grapeland.

Mrs. Eugene Holcomb entertained the young people of Augusta Saturday night with a party. All report a nice time.

A good many people from Augusta attended the memorial services at the Muse cemetery Sunday.

Success to the Messenger and its readers.

Augusta Big Boy.

Miss May Pridgen of Daly's left Monday for Northwest Texas where she goes in the interest of a school, she having been notified by phone Sunday to come. Here's hoping for good luck.

NEWS ITEMS FROM ANTRIM

May 28.—The health of this community is very good at present. There is no serious sickness that we know of.

The big rain we had the 20th put the farmers behind with their work again, and some of them are having to plant their cotton over. We hope the rain is over for awhile now.

Mrs. G. L. Waddell and children visited Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Durnell Sunday.

E. J. Newman spent Saturday night with Jim Ritchie.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Skeen and children visited Mr. and Mrs. Jim Williams Sunday.

Our literary society met Saturday night, May 27. A large crowd was present and a good program was rendered. New Prospect, Rock Hill, Myrtle Springs and Rocky Mound were well represented. Some of the visitors were: Misses Bertha Hanks, Myrtle and Bertie Taylor and Messrs. John and Paxton Taylor, Willie and Taylor Martin, Ed, John and Claude Pearson, Fred Hanks and Harvey Cochran, all of Myrtle Springs. Those from Rock Hill were: Misses Jewel and Ruby Helms and Dewey Willis. From New Prospect were: Messrs. Sam Parker, Willie Louis Fitch, E. J. Newman, Nathan Baker, and Grady Hudson. From Rocky Mound were Messrs. Joe Miller and Earl Monsinger. Our next meeting will be June 10th. Everyone is invited to come.

Mr. Lee Martin and sister, May attended an ice cream supper at Mr. John Walling's near Myrtle Springs Saturday night.

Mrs. J. F. Martin spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Jim Kyle of Rock Hill.

Rev. W. R. Durnell went to Muse Saturday to attend a memorial service held there Sunday.

Mr. A. W. Brinson visited Mr. Jim Taylor Sunday.

We saw in this paper last week where "The Rambler" from Belott said something about the candidates doing so well. I do not know whether they are doing so well or not, but I know there are plenty of them. It's hard to tell which there are the most of, candidates or school teachers.

Success to the Messenger and its many readers.

Hiawatha.

OUR HONOR ROLL

The following have our thanks for their subscription:

Laney Johnston, Route 1.

J. W. Jones, W. W. Sullivan,

Frank Butler, Percilla.

W. R. Campbell, Salmon.

J. F. Ridges, Joe Miller, Elk-

hart, Route 2.

John D. Morgan, Crockett.

Prewit Dubose, Huntsville.

The City Cemetery has recently been cleaned off and put in first-class shape.

Our Summer is Now Here!

Prepare for the hot summer days by buying a

Palm Beach or Mohair Suit

and you will get genuine comfort

Your size in oxfords is here and we'll be glad to show them to you and compare values.

See Us

for what you need.

We Will Save You Money

McLean & Riall

THE HOME OF DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE

FREE DELIVERY BOTH PHONES

JUST UNLOADED MY SECOND

Car of Buggies

They are Beauties. Call around and take a look at them.

PRICES ARE RIGHT!

The quality is the very best that money can buy. Have all the leading styles in stock now.

Don't fail to see them and get my prices before you buy.

A. B. GUICE

The AUCTION BLOCK

BY REX BEACH



SYNOPSIS.

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

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

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

CHAPTER IV.

The hand-clapping ceased as the dancer reappeared, smiling and bowing.

"I will dance again if you wish," she announced, in perfect English, "introducing my new partner, Mr.—" she glanced into the wings inquiringly—"Senor Roberto. It is his first public appearance in this country, and we will endeavor to execute a variation of the Argentine tango."

Mr. Wharton was still talking. "That's my way of raising a son. I taught Bob to drink when I drank, to smoke when I smoked, and all that. My father raised me that way."

The opening strain of a Spanish dance floated out from the hidden musicians, Mlle. Demorest whirled into view in the arms of a young man in evening dress. She was still laughing, but her partner wore a grave face, and his eyes were lowered; he followed the intricate movements of the dance with some difficulty. To Lorelei he appeared disappointingly amateurish. Then a ripple of merriment, growing into a guffaw, advised her that something out of the ordinary was occurring.

"The—scoundrel!" Hannibal Wharton cried.

Merkle observed dryly: "He's won your thousand. I withdraw what I said about him; it requires a gigantic intelligence to outwit you." To Lorelei he added: "This will be considered a great joke on Broadway."

"That is Mr. Wharton's son?"

"It is—and the most dissipated lump of arrogance in New York."

"Bob," the father shouted, "quit that foolishness and come down here!" But the junior Wharton, his eyes fixed upon the stage, merely danced the harder. A few moments later he sank into a chair near his father, saying: "Well, dad, what d'you think of my educated legs? I learned that at night school."

Wharton grumbled unintelligibly, but it was plain that he was not entirely displeased at his son's prank.

"You were superb," said Merkle warmly. "It's the best thing I ever saw you do, Bob. You could almost make a living for yourself at it."

The young man grinned, showing rows of firm, strong teeth. Lorelei, who was watching him, decided that he must have at least twice the usual number; yet it was a good mouth—a good, big, generous mouth.

"Thanks for those glorious words of praise; that's more than we're doing on the street nowadays. Whew! Got any grape-juice for a growing boy?" He helped himself to his father's wine-glass and drained it. "You can settle now, dad—one thousand iron men, I owe it to Demorest."

"What do you mean?"

"Debt of honor. I heard she was due here with some kind of an electric thrill, so I offered her my share of the sweepstakes to further disgrace herself by dancing with me." He caught Lorelei's eye and stared boldly. "Hello! I believe in fairies, too, dad. Introduce me to the Princess."

Merkle volunteered this service, and Bob promptly hitched his chair closer. Lorelei saw that he was very drunk, and marveled at his control during the recent exhibition.

"Tell me more about the 'Parti-color Petticoat' and 'Dental Chewing Gum,' Miss Knight. Your face is a household word in every street car," he began.

She replied promptly, quoting haphazard from the various advertisements in which she figured. "It never shrinks; it holds its shape; it must be seen to be appreciated; is cool, refreshing, and prevents decay."

"How did you meet that French dancer?" Hannibal Wharton queried, sourly, of his son.

"I stormed the stage door and waylaid her in the wings. She thought I was you, dad. Wharton is a grand old name." He chuckled at his father's

exclamation.

"Where did you learn those Argentine wiggles?"

"Hard times are to blame, dad. The old men on the exchange play golf all day, and the young ones turkey-trot all night. I stay up late in the hope that I may find a quarter that some suburbanite has dropped."

The elder men rose and sauntered away in the direction of their host, whereupon Bob winked.

"They've left us flat. Why? Because the wicked Mlle. Demorest has finally made her appearance as a guest. My dad is a splendid shock absorber. Naughty, naughty papa!"

"It's probably well that you came with her; fathers are so indiscreet."

Young Wharton signaled to a waiter who was passing with a wine bottle and a napkin.

"Tarry!" he cried. "Remove the shroud, please, and let me look at poor old Roderer. Thanks. How natural he tastes." Then to Lorelei: "The gov-



"Why Don't You Ask Miss Demorest?"

ernor is a woman hater; but no man is safe in range of your liquid orbs, Miss Knight. Wouldn't mother enjoy reading the list of Hammon's guests at this party? Among those present were Mr. Hannibal C. Wharton, the well-known rolling-mill man; Miss Lorelei Knight, principal first-act fairy of the Bergman Revue, and Mlle. Adoree Demorest, the friend of a king. A good time was had by all, and the diners enjoyed themselves very nice." He laughed loudly, and the girl stirred.

"She'd be pleased to read also that you came late, but highly intoxicated."

"Ah! Salvation Nell." Bob took no offense. "If the hour was late she'd know my intoxication followed as a matter of course. I am a derivative of alcohol, the one and infallible argument against temperance, Miss Knight."

"You talk as if you were always drunk."

"Oh—not always. By day I am frequently sober, but at such times I am fit company for neither man nor beast; I am harsh and unsympathetic; I scheme and I connive. With nightfall, however, there comes a metamorphosis. Once I am stocked up with ales, wines, liquors and cigars, I become a living, palpitating influence for good, spreading happiness and prosperity in my wake."

"Do you consider yourself in such a condition now?" queried Lorelei, vaguely amused.

"I am, and, since it is long past the closing hour of one and the tango parlors are dark, suppose we blow this 'Who's Who in Pittsburgh' and taxi-cab out to a roadhouse where the bass fiddle is still inhabited and the second generation is trotting to the 'Robert E. Lee'?"

Lorelei shook her head with a smile. "I don't care to go."

"Strange!" Mr. Wharton helped himself to a goblet of wine, appearing to heap the liquor above the edge of the glass. "No, if I were sober I could understand how you might prefer these 'peppy guys' to me, for no-

body likes me then, but I'm agreeably pickled. Merkle won't take you anywhere, for he's full of distilled water and has a directors' meeting at ten."

"Why don't you ask Miss Demorest? She came with you."

Wharton sighed hopelessly. "Something queer about that Jane. D'you know what made us late? She went to mass on the way down."

"Mass? At what hour?"

"It was a special midnight service conducted for actors. I sat in the taxi and waited. It did me a lot of good."

Some time later Merkle returned to find Bob still animatedly talking; catching Lorelei's eye, he signified a desire to speak with her, but she found it difficult to escape from the intoxicated young man at her side. At last, however, she succeeded, and joined her supper companion at the farther edge of the fountain, where the tireless cupids still poured water from the cornucopias.

Merkle was watching his friend's son with a frown.

"You have just left the personification of everything I detest," he volunteered. "You heard what his father said about raising him—how he taught Bob to drink when he drank and follow in his footsteps. But that isn't what I want to say to you. Help me feed these foolish goldfish while I talk."

"Do you think anybody would understand if they overheard you? I fancied you and I were the only sober ones left."

"Some of the girls are all right," Merkle eyed his companion closely. "Don't you drink?"

"I have nothing but my looks. Wouldn't I be a fool to sacrifice them?"

"You seem to be sensible, Miss Knight. Something tells me you're very much the right sort. I know you're trying to get ahead, and—I can help you if you'll help me. I need an agent, and I'll pay a good price to the right person."

"How mysterious!"

"I'll be plain. That affair yonder"—he nodded toward Jarvis Hammon and Lillas Lynn—"strikes you as a—well, as a flirtation. It is something very different, for he's in earnest. He thinks he is injuring no one but himself with

this business, and he is willing to pay the price; but the fact is he is putting other people in peril—me among the rest. Nobody outside of a man's family has the right to question his private life so long as it is private in its consequences. But when his secret conduct affects his business affairs, when it endangers vast interests in which others are concerned, then his associates are entitled to take a hand. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly. But you don't want me; you want a detective."

"My dear child, we have them by the score. We hire them by the year, and they have told us all they can. We need inside information."

The girl's answer was made with her habitual self-possession.

"I've heard about such things. I've heard about men prying into each other's private affairs, pretending to be friends when they were enemies, and using scandal for business ends. Lillas Lynn is my friend—at least in a way—and Mr. Hammon is my host, just as he is yours. Oh, I know; this isn't a conventional party, and I'm not here as a conventional guest—inside the little coin purse he gave me is a hundred-dollar bill—but, just the same, I don't care to act as your spy."

Merkle's grave attention arrested Lorelei's burst of indignation.

"Will you believe me," he asked, "when I tell you that Jarvis Hammon and Hannibal Wharton are the two best friends I have in the world? This is more than a business matter, Miss Knight."

"I can hardly believe that."

"It's true, however; I mean to serve Hammon. At the same time I must serve myself and those who trust me. I fear—in fact, I'm sure—that he is being used. I've learned things about Miss Lynn that you may not know. What you have told me tonight adds to my anxiety, and I must know more."

"What, for instance?"

"Her real feeling for him—her intentions—her relations with a man named Melcher—"

"Maxey Melcher?"

"The same. Do you know his business?"

Overland



Electric Control Buttons at Your Finger Tips

Naturally, you want a car that can be operated easily—you realize that the extent of pleasure and safety in driving depends upon the ease of control.

In most cars the details of control seem to be planned with an eye for convenience in assembling the various parts.

But the Overland control was arranged just as you would arrange it if you were designing a car for your own convenience.

You control the electric magneto, the electric lights, the electric horn, with your finger tips, without bending forward.

To start the motor you merely touch a foot button in the floor.

A woman or girl can drive the Overland in safety. Its control is easy and instinctive.

Let us tell you about the other Overland advantages.

Crockett Lumber Company, Crockett, Tex.

- Model 75 Touring Car \$615; Roadster \$595
 - Model 83 B Touring Car \$695; Roadster \$675
 - Model 86 Six—Touring Car \$1145
- Prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio

All models are completely equipped in every particular. There are no extras to buy.

"No."

"He is a gambler, a political power a crafty, unscrupulous fellow who represents—big people. By helping me you can serve many innocent persons and, most of all, perhaps, Hammon himself."

Lorelei was silent for a moment. "This is very unusual," she said at length. "I don't know whether to believe you or not."

"Suppose, then, you let the matter rest and keep your eyes open. Who you convince yourself who means best to Jarvis—Miss Lynn and Melcher or their crowd, or I and mine—make your decision. You may name your own price."

"There wouldn't be any price," she told him, impatiently. "I'll wait."

Merkle bowed. "I can trust your discretion. Thank you for listening to me, and thank you for being agreeable to an irascible old dyspeptic. Will you permit me to drive you home when you're ready?"

"I'm ready now."

But as Lorelei made her way trustfully toward the cloakroom she encountered Robert Wharton, who barred her path.

"Fairly Princess, you ran away," he declared, accusingly.

"I'm leaving." She saw that his intoxication had reached a more advanced stage. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes were wild and unsteady.

"Good news! The night is young we'll watch it grow up."

"Thank you, no. I'm going home. A common mistake. Others have tried and failed." With extreme gravity he focused his gaze upon her, saying, "Home is the one place that a mayor can't close."

She extended her hand. "Good night. I don't understand. Speak English."

"Good night."

Wharton's countenance darkened pleasantly, and his voice was soft. "Where'd you learn that line? country stuff. We'll leave when ready. Now we'll have a trot."

The music was playing; couples were dancing, and he seized her in his arms, whirling her away and out among the chairs he piled

drizzy course, while she yielded reluctantly, conscious, meanwhile, that Adoree Demorest was watching them with interest.

For an interval Wharton said nothing; then, with a change of tone, he murmured in her ear: "D'you think I'd let you spoil the whole night? Can't you see I'm crazy about you?"

Lorelei endeavored to free herself from his embrace, but he clutched her the tighter and laughed insolently.

"Nothing like a good 'turkey' to get acquainted, is there? We're going to dance till we're old folks."

She continued to struggle; they were out of step and out of time, but he held her away from himself easily, bending a hot glance upon her upturned face. She saw that he was panting and doubly drunk with her nearness. "Don't fight. I've got you."

She was smiling faintly, out of habit, but mistaking her expression, he drew her close once more, then buried his face in her neck and kissed her just at the turn of her bare shoulder.

Then she tore herself away, and his triumphant laugh was cut short as she slapped him resoundingly, her stinging fingers leaving their imprint on his cheek.

Her eyes were flaming and her lips were white with fury, though she continued to smile.

"Here! What d'you mean by that?" he cried.

She silenced him sharply: "Hush! Remember you broke in here. I'd like to see you in that fountain."

There was a swish of garments, a musical laugh, and Adoree Demorest was between them.

"I'm madly jealous, Senor Roberto," she exclaimed. "Come, you must dance once more with me. We'll finish this. What?" She swayed toward him in sympathy with the music, napping her fingers and humming the words of the song.

"She—walloped me—like a sailor," the young man stammered, incoherently. "She—wants to see me in the fountain."

"Then jump in like a gentleman," laughed the danseuse. "But dance with me first." She entwined her arms about him and forced him into motion. As she danced away she signaled over her shoulder to Lorelei, who made haste to seek the cloakroom.

When she emerged John Merkle was waiting in the hall. A shout of laughter echoed from the banquet hall, and she started.

"That's nothing," Merkle told her. "Bob Wharton is in the fountain. He says he's a goldfish."

CHAPTER V.

No matter how chaotic the general household schedule, Lorelei was always assured of ten hours' sleep, a dainty breakfast upon rising, and a substantial meal before theater time. Her mother saw to it that this program was religiously adhered to. Irrespective, also, of her careless disregard of social appointments, she was never permitted to miss one with the hairdresser,



"What D'you Mean by That?" He Cried.

he manure, the masseuse, or the ozen and one other beauty specialists who form as important an adjunct to the stage woman's career as to that of the woman of fashion. All this was a vital part of that plan to which the mother had devoted herself. No racecourse on the eve of a Derby was roomed more carefully than this budding woman. In preparing her for masculine conquest the entire family took a hand. Her prospects, her actions, her triumphs, were the main topic of conversation; all other interests were subordinated to the matrimonial quest upon which she had embarked, and the three conspirators lived in a constant state of eager expectation over Lorelei's fortunes.

Mother and daughter were loitering at a midday breakfast and Lorelei,

according to custom, was recounting the incidents of the previous evening.

"It's too bad you quarreled with Mr. Wharton," Mrs. Knight commented, when she heard the full story of Hammon's party. "He'll dislike you now."

The girl shrugged daintily. "He was drunk and fresh. I can't bear a man in such a condition."

"You shouldn't antagonize a man like him, my dear. He's single, at least; and naturally he's impulsive, like all those young millionaires."

"Bob is an alcoholic. He's no good, so Mr. Merkle said."

Jim, who was immersed in the morning paper, spoke from his chair near the window.

"Why don't you go after Merkle himself, sis? Easy picking, these bankers."

Jim also had come home in the still hours of the night before and was now resting preparatory to his daily battle with the world. Just how the struggle went or where it was waged the others knew not at all.

His mother shook her head. "Those old men are all alike. Mr. Hammon will never marry Lillas."

"Is that so?" James abandoned his reading. "The older they are, the softer they get. Take it from me, on the word of a volunteer fireman, Lillas will cash in on him quicker than you think. I know."

"How do you know?" inquired his sister.

"Maybe I got the dogeared dope," mocked the brother. "Maybe Max Melcher told me. Anyhow, you could land Merkle just as easy if you'd declare Max in."

"Now, Jim," protested Mrs. Knight. "I won't let you put such ideas into her head. You and—that gang of yours—are full of tricks, but Lorelei's decent, and she's going to stay decent. You'd get everybody in jail or in the newspapers."

"Has Maxey ever been in jail? Has Tony the Barber? No, you bet they haven't, and they never will be. This fall talk is funny. Just wait and see how easy Lillas gets hers. Of course, if Lorelei could marry Wharton, that would be different, but he's no sucker."

"How is Lillas going to get hers?" insisted Lorelei.

"Wait and see," James returned to his paper.

"She'll never marry him. She hates him."

Jim laughed, and his sister broke out irritably:

"Why be so mysterious? Anybody would think you'd robbed a bank."

Jim looked up again, and this time with a scowl. "Well, every time I come through with a suggestion ma crabs it. What's the use of talking to a pair of haymakers like you, anyhow? I could grab a lot of coin for us if you'd let me. Why, Maxey has been after me a dozen times about you, but I knew you wouldn't stand for it."

"Blackmail, eh?"

Jim was highly disgusted. "What's the difference how you pronounce it? It spells k-a-l-e, and it takes a good-looking girl to pull off a deal in this town. All right—play for Bob Wharton. I'd like to meet him, though; he can do a lot of good."

"How?"

"Well, he dropped eight-four hundred in Hebling's Sixth avenue joint the other night. Maxey owns a place on Forty-sixth street where the sky is the limit."

His sister was staring at him curiously. She had voiced misgivings concerning his activities of late, but Jim had never satisfied her inquiries. Now she asked, "What is your share?"

The young man laughed a little uncomfortably. "Forty per cent. That's usual. If he's going to gamble somewhere I might as well be in on it."

The girl's next words, however, left no doubt as to her feelings.

"You're a fine specimen, aren't you?" Her lip curled; mother and son started at the bitterness of the tone. "Ugh! What a mess you've made of things. Two years ago we were decent, and now—" Lorelei's voice broke; her eyes filled over with tears. "I'd give anything in the world if we were all back in Vale. It took only two years of the city to spoil us."

"Ha! Better try Vale again. You'd end in a straightjacket if you did. You think you could go back, but you couldn't—nobody can after they've had a taste of the city."

"It's all wrong. The whole thing is—rotten. Sometimes I hate myself," Lorelei choked.

Mrs. Knight spoke reprovingly. "Don't be silly, dear. You know we did it all for you. But we're not complaining." Mrs. Knight put added feeling into her words. "We don't want you to live the way we've had to live; we want you to be rich and to have things. After all we've done; after all poor Peter has suffered—"

"Don't!" cried the girl, falteringly. "I think of him every hour."

"He isn't the sort that complains. I consider it very thoughtless of you to behave as you do and make it harder for us." Mrs. Knight sniffed and wiped her eyes, whereupon Lorelei went to her and hid her face upon her mother's shoulder.

"I don't want to be unkind," she murmured, "but sometimes I'm sick with disgust, and then again I'm

frightened. All the men I meet are beasts. That whole party was sordid and mean—old men drinking with girls and pawing them over. Mr. Merkle was the only nice one there." The mother was dismayed to feel her daughter shiver.

"Good Lord! You people make me sick," cried Jim, rising and making for his room. "Anybody'd think you'd been insulted."

When he had gone Mrs. Knight asked, accusingly:

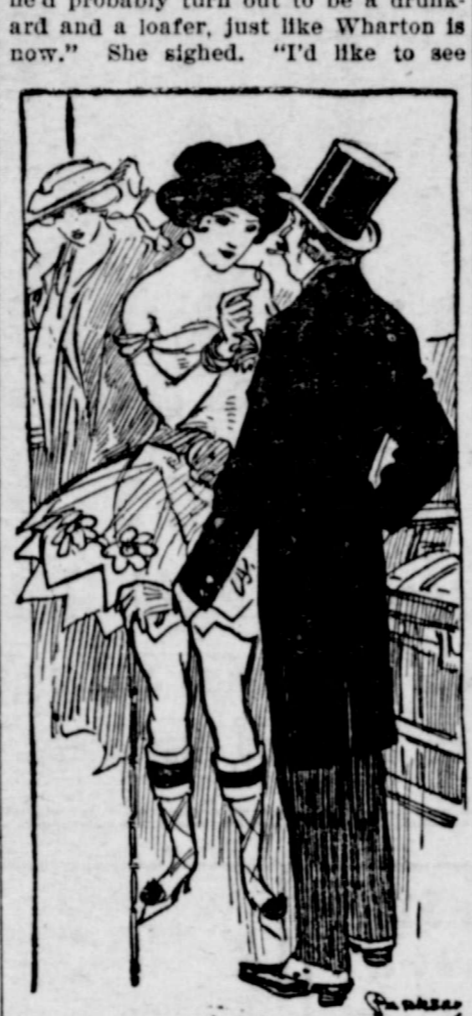
"Lorelei, are you in love?"

"No, why?"

"You've said some queer things lately. You've worried me. I hope you'll never be tempted to do anything so—to be foolish. I don't intend to let you make a mess of things by marrying some chorus man. When the right person comes along you'll accept him, then you'll never have to worry again. But you must be careful."

"Do you think I'd be happy with a man like Mr. Wharton?"

"Why not? You'd at least be rich, and if rich people can't be happy, who can? If you accepted some poor boy he'd probably turn out to be a drunkard and a loafer, just like Wharton is now." She sighed. "I'd like to see



"What Are You Two Planning?" Inquired Lorelei.

you settled; we could take Peter to a specialist, and maybe he could be cured. We could go abroad and get the help of those German surgeons. I've always wanted to travel."

When Lorelei reached the theater that evening she found Lillas Lynn entertaining a caller who had been more than once in her thoughts during the day. Miss Lynn's visitor was a well-tailored man who gave a first impression of extreme physical neatness. He was immaculate in attire, his skin was fine, his color fresh; a pair of small, imperturbable eyes were set in a smiling face beneath a prematurely gray head. Max Melcher was a figure on Broadway; he had the entree to all the stage doors; he frequented the popular cafes, where he surrounded himself with men. Always affable, usually at leisure, invariably obliging, he had many friends.

At Lorelei's entrance he smiled and nodded without rising, then continued his earnest conversation with Miss Lynn. None of their words were audible to the last comer until Melcher rose to leave; then Lillas halted him with a nervous laugh, saying:

"Remember, if it doesn't go, it's a joke, and I run to cover."

"It will go," he told her, quietly, as he strolled out.

"What are you two planning?" inquired Lorelei.

"Nothing. Max drops in regularly; he used to be sweet on me." Lillas completed her make-up, then fidgeted nervously. "Gee!" she presently exclaimed, "I'm tired of this business. We're fools to stay in it. Think of Atlantic City on a night like this, or the mountains. This heat has completely unstrung me." She rummaged through the confusion on her table, then inquired of the dresser, "Croft, where are my white gloves?"

"They haven't come back from the cleaner's," Mrs. Croft answered.

"Not back? Then you didn't send them when I told you. You're getting altogether shiftless, Croft. When I tell you to do a thing I want it done."

"I hope I drop dead if—"

"I hope you do," snapped the indignant girl. "I told you to attend to them; now I've nothing but soiled ones."

The dresser began to weep silently. She was a small, timid old woman, upon whose manifest need of employment Lorelei had taken pity some time before. Her forgetfulness had long been a trial to both her employers.

"That's right; turn on the flood-gates," mocked Lillas. "You stop that sniveling or I'll give you something to cry for. I'm nervous enough tonight

without having you in hysterics. Remember, if it ever happens again you'll go—and you'll take something with you to think about." Seizing the cleanest pair of gloves at hand, she flung out of the room in a fine fury.

"You won't let her—fire me? I need work, I do," quavered Mrs. Croft.

"Now, now. Don't mind her temper. You know Lillas is excitable."

"Excitable?" Croft wiped red eyes with a corner of her apron. "Is that what you call it? I'll be glad if her millionaire takes her out of the business, like she thinks he will. Poor man! He's laying up trouble for himself, that he is. She'll land him in the divorce court—with her flash-light photographs."

Lorelei swung around from her mirror. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, I heard her and that Jew—that Maxey Melcher. They've got a photographer and witnesses. Your brother is one of 'em."

"Jim? What—?"

"It's true. It's a bad crowd Mister Jim's in with. And there's something big in the air. Millions it is. And her saying she'll box my ears. The busy! I've heard 'em talking before tonight!"

"Tell me everything, Croft—quickly."

"I have. Only you better warn your brother—"

The assistant stage manager thrust his head through the curtains, shouting: "Your cue, Miss Knight. What the devil—"

With a gasp, Lorelei leaped to her feet and fled from the room.

(To be Continued)

THE TOWN SLOUCH

By ELLIS M. CLARKE.



Cy Cawkins Would Join th' Militia If He'd Only Have to Stand at Attention.

Th' wise man giveth but scanty thought To th' tale by mercury told. He knoweth well it is too blame hot Or too confoundedly cold.

Th' amateur who runs a patent brooder generally has more troubles than chicks to worry over.

Pleasing Conversation.

"My dear, I know he says a great many things about your good looks."

"What of it?"

"It is mere flattery."

"Well, maybe it is," said the girl, "but it sounds good. I'd rather listen to that sort of talk than literary conversation or opinions about the length of the war."

Should It Be True?

Here's some strange news. A scientist says that women are talking less, and if the decline keeps up the women of 2900 will forget to use their only weapon. "Women are not the persistent, animated conversationalists that they were twenty years ago," says the learned man. "Take, for instance, women in restaurants and at public places of all kinds, where they are seen freely moving about with men. Everywhere you see the men taking not only their own share in the conversation, but even leading it in many cases. At receptions, too, and at public dinners, the fair sex seems, for some time now, to be letting the reins of conversation slip from their hands. One explanation for this queer state of affairs is that women, with their growing interest in outside doings, in business and politics and in the strenuous pursuits of careers independent of men, are becoming more and more self-absorbed." And only the other day a man sued for separation because his wife had a habit of waking him up in the dead of night to nag him.

Remote Possibility.

"Gadton is a crank about chimneys. He has all sorts of more or less artistic chimneys rising from his country home."

"What's the idea?"

"I don't know, but he seems to be an optimist."

"In what particular?"

"He evidently doesn't think his place will ever be a target for Zeppelins."

MEATS!

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

Prices Reasonable
Quality the Best

FREE DELIVERY.

Phone us.

Caskey & Denson

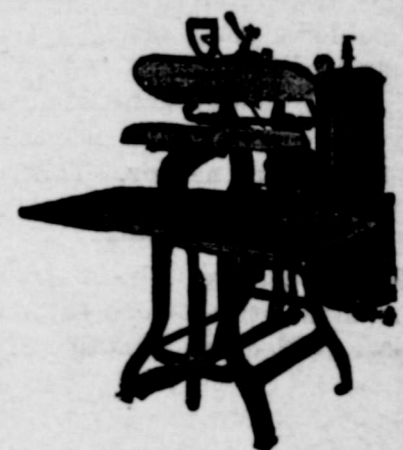
The market is under the personal supervision of J. W. Caskey

CASKEY & DENSON
BARBERS

Your Business
will be
Appreciated

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

INEEDA LAUNDRY, Houston Laundry basket leaves Wednesday and returns Saturday



This MACHINE
DOES THE WORK!

CLEANING AND PRESSING
BEST WORK
MODERATE PRICES

CLEWIS -- Tailor

A. E. Owens

NOTARY PUBLIC

Legal Documents

Correctly Drawn

Grapeland, Texas

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

RUB-MY-TISM

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

PILES CURED WITHOUT THE KNIFE

Piles and Fistula cured in a few days. No knife, no pain, no chloroforming. Write for Book references and testimonials from cured patients. Blood and Skin Diseases cured to stay cured. Kidney and Bladder troubles quickly relieved and permanently cured. Arrange terms and payments to suit your convenience. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for free book on Chronic Diseases. FELVO-RECTAL SPECIALISTS 2104 Main Street Houston, Texas

THE GRAPELAND MESSENGER

A. E. LUKER, Editor and Owner

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

Our advertising rates are reasonable, and quoted upon application.

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

SUBSCRIPTION — IN ADVANCE

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

THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1916

The old soldiers re-union will be held in Grapeland next Wednesday. Are you ready for it?

The Lufkin News refers to our editorial in the last issue on "What's the Matter," as a "broadside." We believe it will take a bomb-shell loaded with shrapnel to get results.

Houston County must change its antiquated system of working the roads before we will ever have first-class highways. We publish an article this week from the facile pen of W. R. Durnell advocating working the roads by taxation. This is an indication of how sentiment in the rural districts is crystalizing for better roads. Everybody wants better roads but the question is, how to get them. The people of Houston county should assemble in mass meeting and formulate plans to this end. We believe the commissioners' court and road overseers should take the lead in the matter. Talk it over with your commissioner.

The sycamore shade trees along main street were set out by our citizens to beautify the town and furnish shade during the hot summer months. They are yet young and should receive the greatest care and attention, and it should be the duty of everyone, children and all, to jealously guard their growth. However, we are sorry to say that Tuesday night, some mischievous boys stripped one of these beautiful shade trees of its foliage and today it stands out as an ugly monument to their deviltry. Boys, don't ever be guilty of such an ungentlemanly act again. Parents, do you know it was not your boy? Do you know where your boy is after the shades of night have fallen? Boys who make a habit of lying around town at night with associates of questionable character will sooner or later come to grief.

IS THERE AN OPPORTUNITY?

There is an opportunity for young men to learn the cotton business. In the South, there is raised from twelve to fourteen million bales of cotton annually. Every bale has to be classed from one to four times, seldom by the same man twice. Until the last two years, there has been no training schools along this line, consequently, the supply of men for this work is necessarily limited. The facts are we lose thousands of dollars each year for lack of trained men. Again, there are being erected in this country thousands of warehouses, and every warehouse requires from two to three men to grade cotton. The young man trained scientifically is more desirable than the one who has learned by guess.

It is an undeniable fact, every young man of the South Land

should know the classification, preservation and handling of cotton. It is our leading product and always will be. The world's production is about sixteen million bales annually. Texas, Oklahoma, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and Georgia supply eighty-five per cent of the total. More money is lost each year by the farmers on the marketing of this product than all other crops combined. The man raising it knows nothing about marketing it, and is therefore wholly at the mercy of the man doing the buying. Some buyers will grade your cotton Strict Low Mid-

dling, and pay you accordingly, when in reality, the cotton offered for sale is middling, and you are entitled to the difference in price, which is no small amount. Can you see the necessity of knowing how to grade your own cotton? In four weeks time, we can prepare you to save in one year more than double the cost of your learning, which is only \$25.00.

The question has been asked, "How do you teach Cotton Classing so successfully?" This has but one answer, but one meaning. We believe the time has come when the South Land

needs to know more about her leading product; when the farmer should know more about marketing the crop which he labors so earnestly to produce; and which means meat, bread and clothing for his family. To this end, we have equipped our department that efficient teaching may be done. Our teachers understand classing, buying and selling from a practical standpoint, and are expert in the training of students. Our head teacher of this department is constantly in touch with the Agricultural Department at Washington, which lends much

to his strength. We have a cotton exchange board, with telegraph instruments attached, giving Liverpool, New York and New Orleans markets. We purchase samples in quantities of three to four thousand, in addition to the Government Types. For full particulars, fill in and mail coupon.

Name.....
Address.....
Course interested in.....

Tyler Commercial College,
Tyler, Texas.

Welcome, Confederate Veterans!

We welcome you and your friends to our city. Make this store the place to meet your comrades and do not fail to command us if we can serve you

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7. GRAPELAND BIDS YOU WELCOME!



Grapeland's Standing Army

of Good Dressers is Right There When it Comes to Looks

The official uniform is a Styleplus Suit and the Badge is the smile of satisfaction you see on the face of all our satisfied customers. If you're thinking of summer clothes see us

Styleplus Clothes \$17

The Same Price the World Over

You can make no mistake in buying Styleplus this season—in fact, it is about the safest thing you can do. The present market conditions and the labor difficulties that have been frequent are some of the causes why most all clothing has advanced in price. In order to maintain quality most all reputable clothing manufacturers have had to raise their prices. No so, however, with the makers of Styleplus, who are giving this season:

- the same wearing qualities
- the same all pure wool fabrics
- the same perfect workmanship and fit.
- the same price.
- and the same guarantee: "If this suit is not satisfactory in every way, return it to the dealer from whom you purchased and receive a new one FREE OF CHARGE."

Come and see our wonderful display of these famous suits WHOSE QUALITY IS NEVER LOWERED, WHOSE PRICE IS NEVER RAISED.

play of these famous suits WHOSE QUALITY IS NEVER LOWERED, WHOSE PRICE IS NEVER RAISED.

Light Weight Clothing

Our line of Palm Beach, Tropical Cloths and other light weight suits for summer comfort is about as complete as you will find in the county. We have been selling them right out but have many good numbers left. If you will call and let us show you the line you will marvel at the fact that we save you \$1 on the same merchandise.

Genuine Palm Beach suits, perfectly made, \$6.50 and \$7.50

Tropical Cloths, summer fabrics, \$7.50 to \$10.00

Blue serges, \$10.00 to \$17.00

Boys Summer Suits

The time was when "grown-ups" thought boys could wear most any old thing in summer. But this is not the case now, as will be evidenced by the big showing of boys'

suits at our store. They are made from the best fabrics and in the season's newest styles—patch pockets, norfolk coats and full peg pants. The price runs from \$2.00 up to \$5.00.

Straw Hats

Nothing adds more to a man's looks than a perfect fitting straw hat. And there are a number of styles for this summer. We have the kind of hat you need at a price you can well afford to pay.

- Genuine Panamas.....\$3.00
- Leghorns \$1.50 to..... 3.00
- Italian Panamas..... 2.00
- Puerto Ricans..... 2.00
- Sailor shirps \$1.50 to..... 3.00

Athletic Underwear
Plain and fancy sox

Collars

Ties

Laundered Shirts

Sport Shirts

Belts

Slippers

And everything to add to your comfort.

Everybody Come Out Next Wednesday and Make the Veterans Feel at Home

SERVICE FIRST STORE

GEORGE E. DARSEY

SERVICE FIRST STORE

LOCAL NEWS

Fresh fruits and candies at Howard's.

W. E. Kerr was a visitor to Crockett Sunday.

George Moore spent Sunday in Houston.

Pure apple vinegar only 35c per gallon. S. E. Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Long visited relatives at Augusta Sunday.

Hats! Hats! More hats to arrive this week. S. E. Howard.

Miss Eula Mae Riall of Tyler is here on a visit to her brother, W. A. Riall.

Monday June 5th three reel feature drama "The Vow." 10c Electric Theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Lacy and children of Crockett visited relatives here Sunday.

Buy your fruit jars from the Cash Grocery Co. Large stock, all sizes, prices right.

John A. Davis, C. R. Taylor and Henry Dailey went to Palestine Monday on business.

We have contracted for 25 cases of eggs. We'll pay highest prices Saturday.

McLean & Riall.

C. W. Kennedy has joined the throng of automobile owners and is the proud owner of a 5-passenger Dodge car.

The pews purchased sometime ago for the Christain church have arrived and will be installed in the next few days. They are up-to-date and will add much to the appearance of the interior of the church.

Mrs. Chas. Hodgkins has returned to her home in Houston, after a visit here with relatives.

Reduce the cost of living by canning all perishable vegetables, fruits, berries, etc. Buy your jars from the Cash Grocery Co.

The Houston county Summer Normal will open at Lovelady next Monday, June 5, for a two months' term.

Bring us your hens and fryers. Hens 12c per pound, fryers 15c per pound.

McLean & Riall.

Mrs. L. L. Allen and children of Palestine are spending the week here visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dotson.

Prewit DuBose left Wednesday morning for Huntsville to enter the Sam Houston Normal and had the Messenger sent to him while there.

It's the best of economy to can your surplus vegetables and use them in the winter months. The Cash Grocery Co. has plenty of jars for that purpose.

TONIGHT-THURSDAY

J. Rufus Wallingford-two reel comedy drama, with one of those funny "Lonesome Luke" comedys. 10c. Electric Theatre.

Mrs. J. B. Selkirk and baby of Troup are here on a visit to relatives. Mr. Selkirk spent Sunday here, returning that night.

Nothing equal to Prickly Ash Bitters for removing that sluggish bilious feeling, so common in hot weather. It creates strength, vigor, appetite and cheerful spirits. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

Misses Adella Duitch, Annie Lois Taylor and Rossie Butler left Monday for Huntsville to attend the Sam Houston Summer Normal.

FOR SALE

My 60 acre farm south of town on Crockett road. For particulars see or write E. G. Pennington, GrapeLand, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Sullivan of Percilla returned Tuesday morning from a visit to relatives at Palestine. They were accompanied by Mrs. Percy Walker and baby, who will visit them a few days.

A HOT IRON

will have a wonderful effect upon your personal appearance. We clean and press anything that you wear. We do it promptly, scientifically and cheaply. When it leaves our shop it will have "tone" and "front" to it. It will attract attention in any crowd and so will you. You send it along—we'll do it. CLEWIS—Tailor.

NOTICE

Don't overlook the fact that I am still with the Texas Nursery Co., and solicit your orders for fruit trees, flowers and ornamental stock. Our May and June peaches are the best. Our figs and grapes cannot be excelled. I want your order. J. E. Hollingsworth, St Agent.

LAST CAR OF FEED

I now have on hand a car of cow feed and it will be the last car I will be able to get this season. It is hulls and meal ground together and put up in sacks. It is impossible to get hulls and meal until the next crop is crushed. If you need any feed you had better see me now. J. W. Howard.

Don't! Don't! Don't!

Throw away your coupons and certificates. Don't even give them away unless you would rather your friends would receive a valuable premium than yourself.

Get one of our catalogues, select one of the premiums and save certificates for it. Pick out one worth saving certificates for. You have months to save in. Think what you can do next fall when times are better, but get busy now.

The Peoples Drug Store

"Honesty and Quality"

WADE L. SMITH

WORK ROADS BY TAXATION

We notice there is beginning to be some interest manifested among the voting people over the county regarding working and maintaining our public highways by taxation. Individually we certainly indorse this as one of the best moves that could be made at the present time. But while we think and believe it would be best, there are others perhaps that will differ. Therefore, we offer some reasons to sustain our position.

First, every property holder in the county would be forced to contribute toward the upkeep of the public roads in proportion to what he is worth. This is not only just, but is in keeping with the progress made in other parts of the state where good roads are maintained. Let the man who has been preaching good roads and better roads object to this and we will at once recognize him as inconsistent.

Second, all able bodied men who are subject to road service would also pay a tax in addition to their property tax as is done in other counties. We believe this is not only the best way to keep up the roads, but is much fairer to the ones most concerned. Men who own large interests in the cities and towns will reap a great benefit from good roads and it is only right that they be called upon to assist in properly maintaining the same. Good roads cause greater prosperity and we all profit or suffer in proportion, therefore all should pay in proportion.

Take the stretch of road the writer lives on, for instance. It is a continuation of hills and hollows; it has a creek and three branches crossing it, and it requires two thirty five foot bridges and two sixteen foot culverts. There is over two and one-half miles of this road and only seven men to work it. The same conditions exist in many other localities but perhaps not quite as bad. It is not necessary to say that it is impossible to make good roads under such conditions. All sensible people know it cannot be done. What's the answer? We say work all the roads with all the people's help. This cannot be done except by a special tax for that

purpose.

If there be anyone who doubts the wisdom of working roads by this method we ask them to compare the roads of Anderson and Houston counties and render their verdict accordingly.

We would like to hear from others on this very important subject.

Respectfully, W. R. Durnell, Rte. 3. GrapeLand, Texas.

Bowel Complaints in India

In a lecture at one of the Des Moines, Iowa, churches a missionary from India told of going into the interior of India, where he was taken sick, that he had a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and diarrhoea Remedy with him and believed that it saved his life. You may know from this that it can be depended upon for the milder forms of bowel complaint that occur in this country. Obtainable everywhere.

VICTROLA ENTERTAINMENT

Friday afternoon from 4 to 6 o'clock at Leaverton's Drug Store, there will be given a Victrola entertainment for the public. This will be a demonstration of the Victor-Victrola, and absolutely free to all. The public is cordially invited and the ladies are especially urged to come. Leave dull care behind and enjoy two hours of laughter with us. Callaway & Moore, Crockett, Texas.

Forethought

People are learning that a little forethought often saves them a big expense. Here is an instance: E. W. Archer, Caldwell, Ohio, writes: "I do not believe our family has been without Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy since commenced keeping house years ago. When we go on an extended visit we take it with us." Obtainable everywhere.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Cure that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, etc.

ARRIVING EVERY DAY

We are receiving goods every day and will be glad to show them to you. They are all the new goods and at prices to please.

WHITE GOODS: Plain and figured lawn.

PLAINSHADE VOILE BARRE: Silk stripe voile, Silk Marquissette, Black Taffeta, White Pique, Embroidery Net.

LADIES' SHOES: Selby Shoes in all leather--none better--few as good. See them and be convinced.

MEN'S SHOES: The best shoes for the least money. All leather. Yes, all leather and at prices less than others are charging. Ask to see them.

STRAWS AND PANAMAS: We are showing plenty of straws and a few panamas at very low prices.

PALM BEACH AND SUMMER SUITS: In these suits you don't find newer designs or better patterns. They are made by the best clothiers in the world--priced right.

TENNIS SHOES: You will find a complete stock of tennis shoes at our place--low quarters and high tops.

We will be pleased to show you any item in our store. Use your pleasure in coming. Any time will please us.

KENNEDY BROTHERS

THE STORE FOR EVERYBODY

lege, Texas.

you e us

e e k g o

s v f e e

o o o o

me

RST

ve a cot- with tel- attached, fork and We pur- tities of in addi- Types. l in and

ew ce ne re a e an d- Lops- s can they et a raise- Ranch- h a w- Ash this k a ver

"JENTLE JABS"

By Jno. R. Owens

The manufacturers of soothing syrup are supported by hush money.

Simple is the only article of social decoration for the feminine face that isn't artificial.

The weather prophet and the political prophet might be termed "two of a kind."

Scores of people who can't keep their own secrets blame others for telling them.

While the dove of peace is still circling o'er us, it is still unable to discover a place on which to alight.

From the reports coming from south Texas, we conclude that Bob Henry is getting like those Laredo onions—strong.

Some men who would "let their light shine", find that the devil is continually getting in the light.

Men need not get frightened when the widows organize a "Merry Widow Club" for the purpose of pursuing happiness.

The political pot is beginning to boil, and of course, there are enough candidates "to keep the pot sweetened" in order for the game to proceed.

While it is human nature to desire to be considered different from others, yet we find ourselves trying to emulate the actions of some people.

A news item from Berlin says bathing in that place is a luxury, on account of a scarcity of soap. We suppose there are some fellows in this country, whose enthusiasm in this duty is at a low ebb, will have a desire to reside in that city.

Mary had a little "sock" Which was well striped, you know; When Mary stepped onto the cars, The 'sock' was sure to show.

It may not be good manners to eat beans with a spoon, but there are some things that have to be done with dispatch, regardless of etiquette.

The North Texas fiend who cut out a mule's tongue should be sentenced to tickle his victim's right hind foot.—K. Lamity's Harpoon.

Make it both feet for good measure.

The old fashioned woman who used to sit up nights to wash the dishes now has a daughter who stays up nights to "tickle the ivory" for her gentleman friends and to tickle the palate of her mouth with chocolate bon-bons.

A dispatch from the war zone says it is considered patriotic to wear clothes that have no more material in them than necessary, while this country produces thousands of people who wear clothes that do not contain as much material as is necessary, yet, they are not called patriots.

In last week's issue of the Granger News, we notice that the editor of that paper, after reading a column of our "jabs", saw fit to reprint them in the News, but did not credit them correctly, crediting them "Exchange." It is ethical, as no doubt, Bro. Alford knows, that where credit is known it is given. We write these paragraphs especially for the readers of the Grapeland Messenger, and only want what is due us, and if Bro. Alford can't give us credit for our "jabs", we'd appreciate him exercising better control over his "scissor arm." However, if he desires a column of these "jabs" weekly, which make good "space killers" in pinches, we'll furnish them and let him use them without giving the credit, if he will forward us a little check to pay us for our trouble.

AESOP ON ADVERTISING

"The ass who wore the lion's skin," says an exchange, "was the original advertiser—when he tried to roar he simply drew attention to the fact that he couldn't deliver the goods. Publicity is never profitable to frauds. That's why second class manufacturers and merchants keep out of print. They don't want you to know who's behind the 'skin.'"—K. Lamity's Harpoon.

Stomach Troubles and Constipation

"I will cheerfully say that Chamberlain's Tablets are the most satisfactory remedy for stomach troubles and constipation that I have sold in thirty-four years' drug store service," writes S. H. Murphy, druggist, Wellsberg, N. Y. Obtainable everywhere.

The following inspiring poetical outburst is from the gifted pen of our efficient and highly esteemed "Devil," Marvin Carr:

Oh, Woman! With a thousand whims—
To grant them would be ruin;
But when you wash our Sunday shirts,
Please don't use no bluin'.

To the Public.

"I have been using Chamberlain's tablets for indigestion for the past six months, and it affords me pleasure to say that I have never used a remedy that did me so much good."—Mrs. C. E. Riley, Illion, N. Y. Chamberlain's Tablets are obtainable everywhere.

Mrs. O. T. Adams of Palestine visiting her sister, Mrs. Owen Johnston, Sunday and Monday, leaving Monday night for Galveston.

Good appetites and cheerfulness follow the use of Prickly Ash bitters. It purifies the blood, liver and bowels and makes life worth living. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

It May Not Be Your Best Friend



But to say the least, it is very convenient to have a Bank Account in times of need.

When Health and Prosperity are bringing a good income, you may not realize this; but there may come a time. We always stand ready to help and assist. Start a bank account today.

Farmers & Merchants State Bank
A GUARANTY FUND BANK

Days You'll Never Forget



THE DAY THE POSTMASTER'S NEPHEW FROM THE CITY COPPED YOUR BEST GIRL.

RAYMOND TRELL

What The War Is Doing For The Farmer

The European war is not an unmitigated evil; nor yet is it an unmitigated blessing for this country. We shall not attempt to go into the ethical side of the question at all, nor shall we discuss "war brides", munition plants or other similar phases of the situation. We shall look at the war purely from the standpoint of prices for raw products, either produced here in this country or imported from foreign countries. And of course when we consider raw products we must carry the subject further on into the matter of the prices we get and the prices we must pay for finished products. We shall confine our consideration, too, to those products which have their origin on the farm either in the raw state or finished and manufactured into edible or wearable articles.

Let us take wheat, for example. We all know that the war has put the price of wheat way up. Very well—this means that the whole country, city, town and rural population



Now Coca-Cola, as you know, is really an agricultural product—a product of the soil. Cane sugar—the very purest and finest—constitutes a large part of Coca-Cola syrup. As you know, sugar has gone way up—so every glass of Coca-Cola you drink makes some farmer's heart gladder.

So it is with the pure fruit juices that, combined, produce the inimitable flavor of Coca-Cola. Not so much in quantity seemingly when you consider a single glass of this delicious beverage, but enormous when the entire Coca-Cola output is considered.

Yet this product of nature—of the farm—increased in cost though it has been to the makers, has not been raised one penny in price to dealer—or to you. The price at the soda fountain and in the bottle has not risen one iota.

Now inasmuch as the rural population alone of America consumes millions of bottles and glasses of Coca-Cola every year, you and the other agriculturists of this country will not only be able to continue to please your palates and get delicious refreshment with this beverage at no increased cost, but you will be sending back to the farm bigger profits and more money at no greater expense to yourself.



as well as paying more for their flour—therefore the wheat raiser should theoretically be getting rich on a product which it costs him no more to raise than formerly and for which he gets more money.

But wait a minute—there are other things to consider in this matter of growing rich of the war. Cotton and wool and meats and farm machinery and sugar have gone up too. This means that while the wheat raiser is getting more for his product, he is also paying some other agriculturist more for his product. This cuts down somewhat on the profits the

war is bringing to the farmer. Then it would seem that the best way to keep ahead of the game is for the farmer to pay the farmer who raises his necessities the increased prices that the war has brought about and when buying his luxuries or those things that are not bare necessities of life to pick and choose from amongst them those that have not gone up in price in spite of the war.

For example, here is a peculiar situation in regard to a beverage which is so universally liked that it has become almost a staple. The name of that beverage is Coca-Cola.



Fish Where the Fishing Is Good!

The best fishing is in this town. If you don't believe it read the home paper for bargains. You'll get the biggest returns for your money right here in town. Besides, you'll boom the town by keeping the money at home.

You haven't read the most important news until you have read the ads. Look for that bargain.

Saved Girl's Life

"I want to tell you what wonderful benefit I have received from the use of Thedford's Black-Draught," writes Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky.

"It certainly has no equal for la grippe, bad colds, liver and stomach troubles. I firmly believe Black-Draught saved my little girl's life. When she had the measles, they went in on her, but one good dose of Thedford's Black-Draught made them break out, and she has had no more trouble. I shall never be without

THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

in my home." For constipation, indigestion, headache, dizziness, malaria, chills and fever, biliousness, and all similar ailments, Thedford's Black-Draught has proved itself a safe, reliable, gentle and valuable remedy.

If you suffer from any of these complaints, try Black-Draught. It is a medicine of known merit. Seventy-five years of splendid success proves its value. Good for young and old. For sale everywhere. Price 25 cents.

Sores and Wounds on the limbs or body should not be neglected. They quickly become ulcers and are hard to cure.

BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT

Heals Quickly

It is an excellent remedy to keep in the house for prompt use when accidents occur. Try it for Cuts, Wounds, Sores, Galls, Swellings, Chafed Skin, Sore Feet, Oak or Ivy Poisoning. It is good for human or animal flesh. Price 25c, 50c and \$1 per bottle.

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

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Church Directory

The following is the directory of the churches and Sunday Schools of Grapeland:

METHODIST:

Services every Second and Fourth Sunday. Prayer Meeting Wednesday night.

Rev. B. C. Ansley, Pastor.
Sunday School at 10 a. m.
M. E. Darsey, Superintendent.

CHRISTIAN:

Services every First Sunday.
Rev. J. W. Shockey, Pastor.
Sunday School at 10 a. m.
T. H. Leaverton, Superintendent.

BAPTIST:

Services every First and Third Sunday. Prayer Meeting Thursday night.

Rev. S. W. Edge, Pastor.
Sunday School at 10 a. m.
W. D. Granberry, Superintendent.

WATCH THE DATE!

Our subscribers are requested to watch the date printed on the paper opposite the name and renew their subscriptions promptly. For an example, your name appears like this—

John Doe § 1 16

Means that the subscription expired June 1st, 1916.

RENEW PROMPTLY!

Clipped From Our Exchanges

Other's Views on Current Items

ABOUT DREAMS

"The London Observer explains the cause for the different kinds of dreams which we are wont to experience, as direct results of physical conditions which surround us at the time. Thus, when we dream of appearing in company attired in insufficient clothing, it is due to the fact that at that time we are not possessed of our usual day attire. We often dream of flying through space, which comes from the fact that we are sensible of no pressure when lying in bed. External causes, such as noises, etc., may also be responsible for the character of our dreams, by exciting the subconscious mind."

All of which we do not accept as good and sufficient reason for dreaming of having a bag full of gold and waking up only to find our pockets turned wrong side out, every cent gone and the wife off in the kitchen frying bacon and trying to keep from looking guilty.—Temple Mirror.

It is one of the ironies of fate that the poet from whose pen has come the immortal lyric of the hearthstone was himself a roving outcast—a homeless wanderer. The world remembers the pathetic story of John Howard Payne. Broken in health and reduced in fortune, the poor American exile found himself in the throbbing heart of the great city of London. Between his publishers—who allowed him little—and his creditors—who came to see him often—the peniless poet was in sore straits. The Atlantic ocean separated him from kith and kin. He felt the acutest sense of isolation—the bitterest pangs of loneliness. Perhaps no solitude is more oppressive than the solitude of great cities—the solitude which broods in the repellent looks of the unsympathetic multitudes. It is, as Lucian Knight has said, the heart's Sahara. Bereft of all other consolations, Payne seized the harp and lightly touched the strings. But not in vain. For the fire of inspiration was in the poet's soul; and on the banks of the River Thames, from the aching heart of a humble exile, leaped the hearthstone melody, "Home, Sweet Home"—Swiped.

INFERTILE EGGS

A good story bears repetition. Fertile eggs begin to deteriorate at a temperature of 68 degrees. Infertile eggs will keep for a long time in proper surroundings. It is almost impossible to market fertile eggs in the summer time in a condition fit for consumption.

Farmers producing fertile eggs are responsible for an annual loss exceeding \$15,000,000. Does it pay to produce infertile eggs?

To produce infertile eggs, remove the rooster from the flock. The hens will lay just as many eggs or more. Ten days after the rooster has been removed from the flock, the eggs may be guaranteed infertile.

Fertile eggs are responsible for the low price of eggs in Texas in the summer. To get a better price we must first produce better eggs. Let us get together and produce infertile eggs, gather them twice a day and market them at least twice a week.

Yes, its too hot for our hens to lay eggs at 12 1-2 cents per dozen. We can't lower the temperature, but we can produce better eggs that will bring a higher price. Let us produce good, first class eggs.—Jacksonville Banner.

PETROLEUM CONSERVATION

When we exhaust the last oil pool the lights will go out in over two million homes. Every wheel in this world will cease to turn; all labor will stand idle; investments aggregating billions of dollars will be thrown in the scrap heap, and a large mass of the most ingenious, and likewise some of the most stupid legislation ever written upon the statute books will become a dead letter. Modern civilization as developed is absolutely dependent upon petroleum. It directly enters into the life of every civilized human being, and there is no line of business that does not at some point demand petroleum or its products, for it lights the pathway of the poor, lubricates most every wheel in commerce, and propels a large percentage of them, and during the last quarter of a century it has produced more material for writers, orators and speakers than any other known product in the world.—Swiped.

THE FARMER'S MISTAKE

Cotton planters run a considerable risk when they yield to the temptation of disposing of all of their cotton seed, save barely enough to plant. The high price of seed at the present time is a great temptation, it is true, but the hazard is also great. Over in Texas, where no stand was had, and where replanting was necessary, farmers who had sold their seed for what they considered the princely sum of \$30 or \$40 dollars a ton had to buy it back at \$100 per ton and over. In fact, cotton seed is so high that it is no longer sold by the ton, but by the bushel, like corn or oats or other cereals. It is not often, of course, that cotton fails to sprout and come up, and that replanting is necessary, but provision should be made against these occasional mishaps, because cotton seed will be worth as much or more after a good stand is assured than it is before that time.—Memphis News-Scimitar.

WHEN YOU FEEL LAZY

Dull, sleepy and "no account" in the day time, you need

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

THE WORKERS REMEDY

It is just the thing for clearing out bilious impurities in the stomach and bowels, brightening you up mentally, putting ginger into your movements and making you feel fresh, vigorous and cheerful. One dose does the work. Try it.

Sold by Dealers in Medicine.

Price \$1.00 per Bottle

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

Sold by D. N. Leaverton

John Spence

Lawyer

Crockett, : : : Texas

Office Upstairs over Monzingo Mercantile Store

No. 666

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

ESTRAY NOTICE

THE STATE OF TEXAS
County of Houston Taken up by J. E. Bush and estrayed before Jno. A. Davis, Justice of the Peace, Precinct No. 5, Houston County, Texas, the following described animal: 1 brown pony mare, about 13 years old, about 13 1-2 hands high, white spot in face, right hind foot white, branded circle star on left shoulder, appraised at \$20.

The owner of said stock is hereby notified to come forward and pay charges and take possession of said animal, or same will be dealt with as the law directs.

Given under my hand and seal of office this 17th day of May, 1916.

A. S. MOORE,
County Clerk, Houston County, Texas

[SEAL] By J. M. Ellis, Deputy.

Our problem this year will be the same as in previous years, to save the orchard, garden, livestock products, and farm crop and get the best possible benefit from them. When we sell our products for less than the cost of production we not only injure ourselves and our families, but society in general. Farm & Ranch.

Every farmer that has a few acres of pasture might produce his own pork and bacon. One sow on a few acres of pasture and with grain enough for a maintenance ration will produce enough pork in one year for an average family of five individuals. Well skimmed milk, slops and a little grain, the pigs can be very cheaply raised and they will save the bacon bill. Get a bred gilt now and begin to raise your own meat.—Farm & Ranch.

No man can work well with a torpid liver or constipated bowels. A few doses of Prickly Ash Bitters will quickly remove this condition and make work a pleasure. Sold by D. N. Leaverton.

WE GIVE PROFIT-SHARING COUPONS

Reduce the High Cost of Living by Trading with

ASK FOR OUR



ASK FOR OUR

CATALOG

CATALOG

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

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

ANNOUNCEMENTS

We are authorized to make the following announcements, subject to the action of the democratic primary:

- For District Judge, 3rd Judicial District: B H Gardner, Anderson County; J S Prince (Re-election) of Henderson county; For State Senator: J J Strickland of Anderson County; J R Luce of Houston County; For District Attorney, 3rd Judicial District: B F Dent Of Houston County; For County Treasurer: W M (Willie) Robison, Ney Sheridan (Re-election); G R Murchison, J. H. Bobbitt, C. G. Lansford, Leonard Arnold; For County Attorney: J L Lipscomb, Sonley LeMay, J F Mangum; For County Clerk: O C Goodwin, A S Moore (Re-election), Arthur Owens, D R Baker, Ed Cassidy, Jeff Kennedy, Bennie E Smith; For Tax Collector: C W Butler Jr, W N (Will) Standley, T. R. Deupree; For District Clerk: John F Gilbert, Jno D. Morgan, re-election, Barker Tunstall; For Representative: J D (Joe) Sallas, W. F. Murchison, Dr. J. B. Smith; For County Judge: E Winfree (Re-election); For Sheriff: R J (Bob) Spence (Re-election); For Tax Assessor: Ed Holcomb, John H Ellis (Re-election); For County Superintendent: J N Snell (re-election); For Constable Prec't. No. 2: John Scarbrough (Re-election); For Commissioner Prec't. No. 1: E E Holcomb (Re-election), Oscar Dennis, Alvey D Grounds, C E Jones; For Commissioner Prec't. No. 2: J C Estes, J E Bean, S A (Silas) Cook, R T (Riley) Murchison, Stell Sharp; For Justice Peace Prec't. No. 5: Jno A Davis (Re-election); For Justice Peace Prec't. No. 2: Clyde Story, (re-election), R R (Riley) Sullivan; For Constable Prec't. No. 5: C. R. Taylor (re-election)

NOTICE W. O. W.

We will decorare at Daly's second Sunday in June at 4 P. M.; at Evergreen, 4th Sunday in June at 11 a. m.; at Davis cemetery, at 4 P. M. same day. All members are requested to meet at the hall the second Saturday night in June at 8:30 p. m.

C. L. Haltom, C. C.

SOCIETY NOTES

SLUMBER PARTY

Last Thursday night Mrs. N. J. Davis was hostess at a slumber party. Beds were spread on the roomy sleeping porch for the following young ladies: Misses Eula May Davis, Annie Rainey Hollingsworth, Sallie May Kent, Winnie Davis, Arline Howard, Eula Riall Hollingsworth, Annie Lois Taylor and Esther Davis.

PICNIC PARTY

Mrs. B. H. Longan assisted by Mrs. Odell Paris delightfully entertained the following young ladies with a picnic party last Tuesday evening: Misses Esther Davis, Annie Rainey Hollingsworth, Sallie May Kent, Helen Long, Eula May Davis, Eula Riall Hollingsworth, Carnie Murchison, Lura May Owens, Arline Howard and Winnie Davis.

After lunch the young ladies were carried to the picture show and then motored to Crockett.

SPEND THE DAY PARTY

Miss Esther Darsey entertained with a "spend the day" party Thursday of last week, honoring Miss Helen Granberry of Cabot, Ark., Miss Velma Lee Hale of Alto, Texas, and Miss Helen McMurphy of Pine Bluff.

The day was closed with the party motoring to Crockett to attend the commencement exercises.

Personnel: Misses Esther and Mary Lou Darsey, Georgia Belle and Rena Ross Richards, Carrie and Perlina Spence, and the honorees.

SIX O'CLOCK DINNER

Miss Sallie Mae Kent complimented a number of her friends with a six o'clock dinner last Sunday evening. Several courses consisting of salads, meats, fruits and other edibles were served in a most delightful manner on the pretty lawn, by the hostess, assisted by her mother. Before dinner was served the guests enjoyed several musical selections, rendered by Misses Kent and Haltom. After dinner the guests attended services at the Methodist church en masse. The following was the personnel: Misses Winnie, Eula Mae and Esther Davis, Annie Rainey Hollingsworth, Lura Mae Owens, Arline Howard, Annie Lois Taylor and Linnie Dee Haltom; Messrs. J. H. Ryan, Reagan Long of Augusta, Arther Walton, Chas. Kent and Jno. R. Owens

LAWN LUNCHEON

Miss Esther Darsey complimented a crowd of her friends with a lawn luncheon at her home last Friday night after the picture show. Sandwiches of several kinds, pickles, cake and strawberry punch were served by the hostess and a most pleasant time was spent, for which profuse expressions of thanks and appreciation were offered.

Following was the personnel: Misses Esther Darsey, Mabel Boykin, Mary Lou Darsey, Carrie and Perlina Spence, Rena Ross and Georgia Belle Richards, Velma Lee Hale, Adelaide Selkirk, Eleanor Granberry, Helen McMurphy. Messrs.

Arthur Owens, Roy Wherry, Speer Darsey, Jack Murchison, Campbell Lively, Arnold Clewis, Jas. Ryan, Murdock Murchison, Jon. R. Owens and Dick Murchison.

MISS DARSEY ENTERTAINS

Miss Mary Lou Darsey entertained a number of her friends in a very delightful manner Tuesday night at her home, ten couples, with chaperones, from Crockett and nine couples of Grapeland boys and girls.

The lawn was profusely decorated with pot flowers and ferns and tables were arranged for the guests, the game of the evening being progressive "42." No efforts were spared by Miss Darsey and her corps of assistants to make this one of the most elaborate and delightful social events of the season. Delicious refreshments, consisting of fruit punch, brick cream and cake were served.

Crockett guests: Misses Lucile Millar, Leeta Cunyus, Delha Millard Wootters, Lizzie Dupuy, Beth Lundy, Katie Barbee, Nodelle Jordan, Lois Millar, Hattie Stokes, Sarah Mc Crook, and Messrs. Arthur Thomas, Howard Jordan, Loch Cook, Cecil Haughton, Paul Stokes, Collin Lochfield, Robbie McConnell, Archie Burton, Smith Wootters, Lanier Edmiston, Jno. Langston, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Crook, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Edmiston, Mrs. S. L. Murchison, Mrs. A. H. Wootters, Mrs. E. B. Stokes.

Grapeland: Misses Helen McMurphy of Pine Bluff, Ark., Eleanor Granberry of Cabot, Ark., Velma Lee Hale of Alto, Rena Ross and Georgia Belle Richards, Carrie and Perlina Spence, Mabel Boykin, Annie R. Hollingsworth and Messrs. Jack Murchison, Murdock Murchison, Jno. R. Owens, Arnold Clewis, Jas. Ryan, Arthur Owens Roy Wherry, Campbell Lively and Dick Murchison.

PEBBLES FROM ROCK HILL

May 29.—Several days of warm glad sunshine results in a miraculous growth of crops and death of grass. In the oat fields many of our farmers are "making hay while the sun shines."

Mrs. N. V. Streetman is in the Hathcock sanitarium at Palestine, where she has undergone one successful operation and will undergo another today. Her friends wish for her a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Streetman are visiting Mrs. N. V. Streetman at the Hathcock sanitarium in Palestine.

Several people from here visited in the Antrim community Sunday.

Sam Parker, of New Prospect community visited in our community Sunday afternoon.

Rev. Jesse Willis filled his regular appointment at Antioch Sunday. We hear that he preached at Center Grove Sunday night.

We are told that we are going to have about a month of meetings in July. The dates will be announced later.

Some of our people attended

The Drug Man Is a Good Man to Know

He is the man who sells you the drugs and medicines that keep you in good health.

He is the man who sells you the preparations that keep you beautiful or handsome.

He is the man who sells you the sweets that make life more enjoyable to you.

He is the man who sells you the toilet articles that keep you in the pink of condition.

Get Acquainted With Him Today!

LEAVERTON'S THE LEADING DRUG STORE

MOVED!

I have moved my stock to the Brooks Building.

Just unloaded a car of doors and windows. Expect this week a car of brick, car of shingles. I have a complete stock of screen doors; screen wire, mouldings, paints, varnishes, stains, linseed oil, paint brushes, builders' hardware, columns, lime, brick, cement, glass, and have the best line of wall paper samples ever displayed in Grapeland. If you are going to build anything I want to talk to you.

T. H. Leaverton Lumber Co. Grapeland, Texas

the literary society at Antrim Saturday night and all report a nice time.

PROGRAM OLD SOLDIERS' RE-UNION

Ten o'clock at the school auditorium.

Invocation by the Chaplain. Address of welcome by W. A. Riall.

Response, Judge E. Winfree. Business meeting.

Twelve o'clock—Private dinner will be served the old Soldiers and their families at the Goodson Hotel.

Two o'clock p. m. Sextette "Tenting Tonight." Solo, "Old Black Joe"—Mrs. M. D. Murchison.

Sextette, "Uncle Ned." Address to old Soldiers—Speaker to be supplied.

Recitation, "The Blue and the Gray"—Miss Beatrice Parker. Piano Solo, Miss Eula R. Hollingsworth. Chorus "Dixie."

"BIG CHIEF" SENTENCED

Several weeks ago we stated that Alexander P. Powell, better known here as the "Big Chief," had been convicted in the Federal Court at Shreveport for fraudulently using the mails. Shortly after this, Powell visited Jacksonville, and while here boasted that he would not have to go to Leavenworth. Evidently he was right, but he will nevertheless have to pay a \$500 fine and serve three months in jail, as is shown by the following dispatch printed in Wednesday's Dallas News:

Shreveport, La., May 23.—United States Judge Boardman today sentenced Alexander P. Powell, the so-called "Indian Chief," to pay a fine of \$500 and serve three months in jail, for using the mails to defraud in soliciting Choctaw claims in Mississippi. Powell took an appeal.—Jacksonville Banner.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER