

# The Headlight.

**BRUCE W. McCARTY**  
Editor and Proprietor.

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And will be made known upon application.

Local advertising five cents per  
line each insertion.

SATURDAY, MAR. 23, 1912.

## Sixteen Pages Today

### None of That Class Here.

There is a class of the land who  
delight in stirring up strife, an-  
tagonism and ill will between the  
people of the town and the coun-  
try.

They are not actuated by a de-  
sire to improve conditions, nor,  
perhaps, to make them any  
worse, but either to promote  
their own selfish personal or po-  
litical interest.

The truth is that the people of  
both town and country are mu-  
tually dependent upon each  
other and there should at all  
times exist a most friendly and  
harmonious feeling.

There is absolutely no reason  
why the country people should  
be enemies of the supposed ad-  
vantages enjoyed by those who  
inhabit the towns and cities.

Each condition has its peculiar  
benefits and objectionable fea-  
tures and when summed up  
neither has any advantage on the  
average.

It is indeed unfortunate that  
there are fomenters of strife and  
contention between the two clas-  
es, but as we have them, it be-  
hooves us to head them off and  
reduce their evil influences to a  
minimum.

The men who are raising cities  
upward and onward are those  
who praise more than they criti-  
cize and work when there is  
work to be done.

The first thing in town build-  
ing is to tell the truth. The  
Eagle Lake country has so many  
advantages over other sections  
that there is no reason for over-  
doing it. An agreeable "disap-  
pointment" will often locate a  
man in a town when a disagree-  
able one will turn him away to  
another section.

Texas does not "need" as  
many "great men" as you have  
been hearing she does. She has  
got 'em to spare. What she  
needs, and what every country  
needs, is good men, business  
men, promoters of enterprise  
and industry, town and country  
builders, and willing workers to  
make the waste places glad.  
Willing workers for the uplift of  
society.

The prosperity of a town is not  
gauged by the wealth of its in-  
habitants, but by the uniformity  
with which they pull together  
when important undertakings  
are to be accomplished. A man  
with a thousand dollars at his  
command and a love for his home  
town in his heart can do more  
for the building up and im-

proving of it than the millionaire  
who locks up his capital and  
snaps his fingers at home pro-  
gress.

Reports indicate that approx-  
imately 25,000 tourists, home-  
seekers and immigrants were  
handled by Texas transpor-  
tation companies during the  
month of February. Of this  
number, less than half were  
classified as tourists, as about  
13,000 have either purchased  
property or declared their  
intention of remaining in the  
state. A large number of im-  
migrants from foreign countries  
were brought into the state by  
colonization companies. These  
companies have generally pur-  
chased large tracts of land and  
subdivided them into small farms  
for their tenants.

Hobble, hobble, little skirt,  
you're a dandy, you're a flirt; up  
above—where you should be like

hobble, near and far, how I won-  
der what you are. When I see  
you hobble here and there, you are  
surely "out of sight." When the  
blazing sun is set, you are "up"  
and "blazing" yet. Then it is  
you are a fright, hobble, hobble,  
all the night. Harem, scare 'em  
while you may, every jag must  
have its day; but you'll flicker  
out and die, like a diamond in the  
sky.—Robstown Reporter.

### Peanuts for Food.

The peanut is still growing in  
favor, and more people are com-  
ing to recognize its great value  
for hogs. But peanuts are good  
as food for men. The meal, when  
oil is taken from it, is still whole-  
some food, rich in protein, and  
capable of taking the place of  
meats in the diet of men to a  
large extent. Peanut butter  
should be used far more than it  
now is, and the meal from the  
factories should have a place on  
the tables of our people. As a  
"money crop" peanuts show far  
better than cotton, and they cost  
less to produce.

The peanut is good to eat, its  
meal is good food, the oil is use-  
ful and in demand, and peanut  
vines are rich hay. Fed whole,  
both vines and nuts, peanuts are  
a well balanced ration and little  
else is needed for the stock ex-  
cept hay. They can be planted  
late, after oats are taken off, and  
if some crop fails there will  
usually be time to plant peanuts.  
—Farm and Ranch.

### Town's Three Elements.

Each and every town is com-  
posed of three elements: (1)  
Those who work patriotically, en-  
ergetically, vigorously and intel-  
ligently for its advancement; (2)  
Those who are indifferent as to  
its success or future, and who  
are effected with ennui, lassi-  
tude or indifference; (3) Those  
who take a delight in knocking  
everything suggested for its  
betterment, and who never lose  
an opportunity to speak dispar-  
agingly of it and its enterprises,  
who by ridicule, insinuation and  
invidious slander its good citizens  
who are public spirited, attrib-  
uting to them false motives and  
lack of discernment in promoting  
or even suggesting anything in  
the way of progress. Take an  
inventory of yourself and see to  
which class you belong. Had you  
rather be rated as a public  
spirited citizen, or a chronic  
grouch, never satisfied, always  
complaining, and which do you  
suppose will prove the most  
profitable to you individually?  
Do you suppose the general pub-  
lic will take to and patronize one  
who is always pulling back or  
one who is always forging ahead?

Hon. Jacob Wolters, candidate  
for United States senator, spoke  
in Farmersville last Saturday.  
In his report of the speech the  
Dallas News correspondent said  
Mr. Wolters had before him on  
the speaker's stand a pitcher of  
sweet milk, and that he drank  
freely of the sacchariferous lac-  
teal fluid, as a stimulant to his  
body and aid to his voice. This  
act was a gratuitous affront to  
every member of the Buttermilk  
Club and a slap at its president  
that cannot be passed lightly.  
Mr. Wolters knows the virtues of  
buttermilk, yet he boldly defies  
the churn and churn dasher and  
their glorious product—the life-  
giving, body-building, inward-  
gladdening kermis. He is will-  
ing to swallow all the deadly bac-  
teria that lurk in sweet milk  
rather than give aid and com-  
fort to those who are giving their  
lives and fortunes to the ex-  
ploitation of the delightful acid-  
ulated lacteal fluid. We would  
like to see Mr. Wolters and his

beverage. If we could tear  
from his system the two physical  
culture contests in the Driscoll  
hotel at Austin.—  
Honey Grove Signal.

### First But Not Last.

Roger A. Pryor, a distinguished  
Virginia lawyer, in an article in  
the New York Herald, says the  
first and last shots of the Con-  
federate war were fired by Ed-  
mund Ruffin of Virginia. This  
is a mistake. He is supposed to  
have directed the gun that  
dropped the first shell just above  
Fort Sumter, and resulted in a  
harmless explosion. As soon as  
Mr. Ruffin could conveniently  
get back to Virginia, after this  
little Charleston episode, and  
finding things getting a little hot,  
he retired to his estate and there  
spent the four bitter and bloody  
years of the war in managing his  
large number of negroes and liv-  
ing on hog and hominy. I won-  
der if he earned any ragged and  
hungry Confederate soldiers  
away from his door? Mr. Pryor  
says that at the close of the war  
Mr. Ruffin, so upset at the con-  
dition of things, loaded up a shot-  
gun and blew the top of his own  
head off. What a pity he did not  
come out into the open during  
the war, join Gen Lee's army  
and give the Yankees a chance to  
blow the top of his head off! No,  
he had to look after his negroes  
—retired on his estate. And  
thousands of Southern nabobs  
did the same thing—and Bobbie  
Lee's ragged, starving army,  
fighting in the last ditch, went  
down in blood and death! Lee,  
Longstreet, Gordon, Hood, did  
not blow the top of their heads  
off, but braced themselves for  
the great struggle of reconstruc-  
tion and the re-establishment of  
Southern homes. Such men as  
Ruffin did their country a ser-  
vice by retiring to another world  
by the shotgun route—which in-  
deed was not the last shot fired  
in the war, as Mr. Pryor inti-  
mates, although Mr. Ruffin did  
far better service by his last  
than by his first shot. The last  
shot fired in the Confederate war  
was fired by a private Texas  
soldier in John S. Ford's regiment  
between Brownsville and Point  
Isable near the mouth of the Rio  
Grande. This occurred two or  
three weeks after the surrender  
of Lee, but the soldiers on the  
Rio Grande had not heard of the  
surrender. The federals, under  
the impression that the Confed-  
erates knew of the surrender,  
started to land and come up to  
Brownsville for a peaceable pos-  
session when the Confederates  
fired on them. The federals re-  
tired. Next day they started to  
come up the coast with a flag of

truce. One lone soldier stood  
out on the open plain and fired  
the last shot at the federals—for  
very soon they managed to let  
the Confederates know that the  
war was over.—H. G. Horton in  
Guadalupe Gazette.

About the hardest time Cold-  
well County farmers have is try-  
ing to get their crops gathered in  
time to plant more.—Lockhart  
News.

Miss Alice Walker of Saticoy,  
California, arrived Saturday and  
is the guest of Mrs. Bruce Mc-  
Carty.

We do not believe in the bachel-  
or tax they are talking about in  
Massachusetts. The bach would  
lie out of it some way. Spend  
more money on the cooking  
schools and hook the scoundrel  
with vittles as is vittles.—Hous-  
ton Post.

## THE RACKET STORE

DRESCHER BROS., PROPS.

The One Price Cash Store where you are  
to get your money's worth. For School  
Supplies, Shoes, Hats, Whips, Glass-  
ware, Enameled ware, Crockery and a  
general line of RACKET GOODS.  
We carry a full line of Sewing Machine  
Needles in tube at only 5 cents per tube.

## THE RACKET STORE

DRESCHER BROS., PROPS.

OUR LINE for this Spring and Summer is  
the Finest Line that was ever prepared—the  
Finest products of the loom—the Finest Crea-  
tions of the designer.

We invite you to call and inspect this super-excellent line—in  
many respects entirely different from any we've ever shown—  
superior to any you've ever seen. Have you seen the new  
fabrics that will be "all the go" this season? In texture and  
in color they're a decided departure from the materials worn  
last season. We're showing these materials in the greatest  
variety, and of course a complete assortment of the shades  
blacks, blues and grays.

GEO. REDFORD, Eagle Lake, Texas.

## CITY MARKET



EAGLE LAKE TIN COMPANY.

O. R. Davis, Funeral Direc-  
tor and Embalmer.

Day Phone 98

Night and Sunday Phone 143

EAGLE LAKE, TEXAS

Look for this Sign on Leading Garages

You cannot know what a good tire is  
until you try a Michelin properly inflated

IN STOCK BY

SMITH AUTO CO.

Look for this Sign on Leading Garages

Look for this Sign on Leading Garages

Look for this Sign on Leading Garages

Look for this Sign on Leading Garages

Look for this Sign on Leading Garages

Look for this Sign on Leading Garages

Look for this Sign on Leading Garages

## Steer Clear

of the dealers who will not guar-  
antee the quality of the Meats  
sold by them. Every citizen  
should be sure to buy from  
selected stock, plump and  
tender.

We don't sell any but prime  
Meats, and a customer can sit  
down to a Roast or Steak or  
Chops from here without fear of  
hunting his teeth or his sense of  
tast.

W. B. Welhausen

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# THE FRANK STEPHENS CO.

We have a few Cotton and Corn Planters left, Superior Rice  
Drills and Fetser Rice Drills. You wont "go a miss" on either.  
We have the cream of all implement lines in stock. What we  
haven't, we have already laid aside as inferior. The implement  
business is about over until the mower and binder comes in, but  
in the meantime we will have Studebaker Wagons and Buggies  
to show. We have a nice line of Refrigerators in stock, Belting,  
Packing, Batteries, Pipes, Fittings of every kind, all kinds of pumps  
and cylinders. All you have to do is to look around and you will  
see we have the goods.

We have a complete line of GROCERIES, and our BREAD is the BEST. Feed, we  
have plenty. Everything in stock. Call and see us and get our prices. We are  
here to please you and dont ask nor insist on you keeping anything that don't suit  
you. Yours for business.

# The Frank Stephens Company

Cultivators!

Cultivators!

Cultivators!

Cultivators!

## When We Find Life Dull.

Some of us find living very dull  
and monotonous. The whole  
scheme of things seem a never-  
ending round of "the same  
thing." We literally drag our  
foot after the other, and we take  
up the daily task with heavy  
hands and nerveless, pulseless  
fingers. What is it, really: the  
endless task, or the way we  
go at it and do it? Have you ever  
seen a few lusterless bits of glass  
in the tube, of a kaleidoscope?  
They are nothing until the sun-

light strikes them as the tube is  
held to the eye. Now Life is  
often like that. It all seems to  
mean nothing to us until a glim-  
mer of light comes, and then all  
at once it becomes beautiful and  
full of meaning. Life is, in short,  
gray and dull if we choose to  
make it so, but we can also make  
it full of life and joy and beauty  
if we will just put spirit into what  
we do. The right spirit can  
make play of the dull task leaps and  
work; the soul, if it be glad, finds  
light and gladness even in the

darkest shadows and the keenest  
pain. We cannot always live on  
the hilltops; most of our days  
must be passed in the valley.  
But a valley is just as beautiful  
as a hilltop if we but make it so.  
It is what we put into our work  
that makes it dull or alive; and  
just as we make of it all that we  
can, so do we make everything  
out of ourselves. Life is only  
dull when we are dull. Put spirit  
into it and the dull task leaps and  
the soul becomes alive.—Ladies  
Home Journal.

## Repels Attack of Death.

"Five years ago two doctors told  
me I had only two years to live."  
This startling statement was made  
by Stillman Green, Malachite, Col.  
"They told me I would die with con-  
sumption. It was up to me then to  
try the best lung medicine and I began  
to use Dr. King's New Discovery. It  
was well I did, for today I am work-  
ing and believe I owe my life to this  
great throat and lung cure that has  
cheated the grave of another victim."  
It's folly to suffer with coughs, colds  
or other throat and lung troubles  
now. Take the cure that's safest.  
Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottles  
free at Calvert's drug store.

Messrs. L. A. Harris and J. W.  
Walker were over from Altair on  
business Tuesday.

## Stung.

"You must find that impet-  
ment in your speech rather in-  
convenient at times, Mr. B—?"  
"Oh, n-no; everybody has his  
little peculiarity. S-stammering  
is m-mine; what is yours?"  
"Well, really, I am not aware  
that I have any."  
"Do you stir y-your tea with  
your right hand?"  
"Why, yes, of course."  
"W-well, that's your peculiar-  
ity; most people use a teaspoon."  
—Secretary Knox ought to have  
made his circle swing of the  
South American republics dur-  
ing O. Henry's lifetime and tak-  
en along the author of "Cabbages  
and Kings."—Houston Chronicle.

## Walt Mason On Weariness.

Sometimes I get tired of my  
writing, and think, with some  
heart-rending groans, of those  
who make business of fighting,  
and gather in bushels of bones.  
Sometimes I grow tired of the  
botches sent out to my readers  
as rhymes, and think of the  
Mahmouts and Gatches who wal-  
low in dollars and dimes. Some-  
times I grow tired of the bustle  
of breaking cheap words from  
their stems, and wish I was Pas-  
tor Russell with whiskers all  
studded with gems. Sometimes  
I get tired of the million disfig-  
urements marring my face, and  
wish I was lovely like Lillian, a

vision of beauty and grace. My  
worries—I simply can't sink  
'em; they float like the leaves on  
the rills! I wish I was Liddy E.  
Pinkham, dispensing my back  
action pills! I wish I was J.  
Rockefeller, with seventeen kinds  
of a roll, when I push myself  
down to the cellar and look at  
what's left of the coal. But,  
happiness soon reappearing, I  
put all my gloom on the shelf,  
and go around whooping and  
cheerin' and saying: "I'm glad  
I'm myself."

All things come to him who  
waits, but in Texas you don't  
have to wait long.—San Marcos  
Herald.

# DON'T!

Send away from Eagle Lake for  
your job printing. The Headlight  
Electric Power Plant can do it  
just as neat and just as cheap as  
the city printing houses.....

# DON'T!