



Scholastic

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See Texas Parks (Highway article),
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Calico-covered scrap book.

LET'S GO!

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Jump out of the summer slump. Put on your autumn dress. Wipe the haze of Indian summer from your eyes. Fall is in the air. Adventure is in the blood. Fill up the tank. And let's go! . . . Where? . . . It matters not, so long as you're in Texas! In the language of the lover describing his "sweetie," Texas "just has EVERYTHING." Atmosphere, climate, scenery, color, fragrance, sound, flavor—and beer! We're off!

Last Sunday we went to Paradise. Now that's a gallant adventure that everybody hopes to take some day. Why postpone it? If you go now you will have the added glamor of seeing the kidnaper's house. (And wasn't Urschel a peach?) It's not so far to Paradise. An early afternoon start will bring you home before dark. Take the kids and drive up there. They'll get the thrill of their lives. Romance is lurking everywhere—behind lone chimneys, sentinels of farm houses now gone; between the shocks of cane and corn; from mesquite groves and peeping through the cracks of abandoned homes. There's the deserted looking house where Urschel was kept . . . roads well worn by travel in recent weeks . . . marked posts. A neighbor of the Shannon family told us somebody had been trying to buy the house. They were going to take it to the Dallas Fair and exhibit it. And wouldn't they have coined the money! Remember Barnum. So much for our curiosity. . . . Urschel ought to buy that house and use it for his watch charm. It's a cinch he could adjust himself to it. . . . Neighbors also told us of the thrilling and mad drive of the officers when they came for Bailey. . . . A trail of red dust obscured the four cars, each filled with men and guns, as they speedily passed. There was no sneaking up on the place. It was a bold, determined dash . . . with blood in the eye . . . and courage in the offing!

We went first to Boyd, via Azle, over the Northwest Highway. It was the church hour in this little town, and we stopped to worship with the Baptists. Giant oaks looked in at the windows of the simple little frame church, painted white, with one steeple, and thoughts crowded fast: how long religion has ministered to mankind—its roots have grown deep into the soil of the human race, like the roots of the oak into the earth; how beautiful the fellowship of kindred minds—whether it be in a remote section of the land, or on a city street; how quiet and restful such a place as this can be, and how we need occasionally "the quiet place" in our lives.

After church we drove on to Paradise. With eyes for the provincial in the history and romance of the land, we spied a bell tower, worn and used in looks, with a big metal bell at its top. This was standing beside the telephone office. In other days, we were told, before phones were installed in private residences and in stores, this bell was used to call persons to the phone. When one had a call from a distance, his number was rung. . . . And then the two miles to the southwest, where the kidnaping tragedy took place.

After dinner at Bridgeport we drove to the dam, four miles up the river. What a "slaughter of the innocents" will take place when acre upon acre of Nature's wildlings—the trees, shrubs and flowers—draw their last breath, under water! When this vast reservoir program gets under way, however, there is no telling what this section will become. . . . It is ever the survival of the fittest.

From Bridgeport we drove out to near-by Cactus Hill, once the cultural center of North Texas. Here on an elevation near Hunt's Creek, once stood the picturesque and hospitable home of Col. William Hudson Hunt, Wise County pioneer, who located at this place about 1855. For several years his home was the abode of the socially and intellectually elite of the community. A book, "The Pioneer History of Wise County," gives a lengthy description of Cactus Hill and its owners, and makes one want to know more of its people, all of whom are now deceased. Colonel Hunt, his wife, one of his daughters, Belle—who later became Mrs. Shortridge, a distinguished poet and literary light of her day—and others of his family were buried at the private burying ground on Cactus Hill. Later, when danger from the encroaching flood waters of the Trinity, due to the carrying out of the water conservation program, threatened a menace, the bodies were removed to the East Bridgeport Cemetery. It is said that once, when the late Dan Waggoner, the Sage of Decatur and the forbear of the noted Waggoner family, who liked horses, wanting to say something nice to Belle upon her return home from boarding school, said, "I'll swear, Mug, you're as purty as a two-year-old." The girl, knowing how pretty a two-year-old was to Mr. Waggoner, measured the compliment accordingly.

LET'S GO!

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Last Sunday afternoon several thousand people gathered at Rock Springs in the west end of Trinity Park to witness the dedication of the Municipal Rose Garden, the second unit of the Fort Worth 15-acre Arboretum. Rich and poor, old and young, and persons from far and near worshipped at the new shrine of Queen Rose, where, beginning this winter, will be planted fifteen thousand choice specimens. The Tarrant County Rose Society, Mrs. Ireland Hampton, president, will plant the garden which was built by the Park Department with R. F. C. labor.

Seats had been provided for the large crowd, and the setting was picturesque and most unique. Dr. J. Horace McFarland delivered the dedicatory address, other talks were made and the Fort Worth Symphony Orchestra gave several musical selections.

Friday the thirteenth wasn't so bad, was it? Eighty-six years ago last Friday a certain family in the East were rejoicing over the arrival of a daughter in the home, little Cynthia Jane Smith. Anyhow this family counted it a lucky day, "come Friday," or not. In Monroeville, Ohio, in 1871, this child, having grown up, was married to the late Albert Ruth, Fort Worth's esteemed citizen and botanist of note. Mrs. Ruth spent her birthday this year enumerating all the changes that have come into the world during her lifetime. She recalled with interest the various stages of artificial light—first the candles, then oil lamps, gas, electricity—and each were welcomed with enthusiasm. Other inventions which Mrs. Ruth has seen installed are automobiles, sewing machines, the phonograph, the telephone and the radio. Mrs. Ruth is especially happy that her husband's work of a lifetime, the herbarium of over 8,000 specimens is now the property of the City of Fort Worth, being at present at the Carnegie Library.

Have you ever been on Burleson Street—that short little stretch of road that connects Camp Bowie Boulevard with North Fort Worth? In springtime it is a veritable bower, green and flower-bordered. Two years ago more than 200 varieties of trees, shrubs, vines and flowers graced the route. There are fewer today, due to road-widening—"a sign of progress" . . . Drive over the three new river drives that skirt the West Fork and enjoy the myriads of asters now in full bloom . . . The tombstones in Evans Park east of Greenwood Cemetery mark the graves of Captain Tom Evans, a Tarrant County pioneer, and his family. Captain Evans' early farm included this section . . . And then there is the picturesque concrete arched-bridge across the Trinity, the Purvis Bridge—named for another pioneer Fort Worth family.

Did you know that the little white church on the corner of Park and Gould Streets is the only church of the kind in the world? It was so featured in a publication of National prominence a few years ago. It is operated for, and solely by, mutes. Rev. J. W. Michael is the pastor.

A lone rock hooded-well stands at the corner of Bluff and Taylor Streets, and is reminiscent of early Fort Worth life. The old rocks are still intact, just as they were when the well was in active use in the family of Captain Ed Terrell, the first white man to set foot in Tarrant County, as far as is definitely known. . . . Captain Terrell built his home on the site where it is located, the land extending to the Trinity on the north. The history of the old well is rather unauthenticated. From the best information obtainable it was built in 1857, but it was never used by the city as a source of water supply, although it is understood that Captain Terrell allowed many families to draw water from the well. . . . A local patriotic society recently marked the spot. Do you know of other old wells in Fort Worth that have a history? This paper would be glad to hear of them.

Robert Anderson, colored, for twenty years janitor of the Fort Worth Club, is now an artist's model: that is to say, he has posed for portraits for several different painters in recent months. Perhaps no person in Fort Worth is more familiar with the affairs of the city's socially elite of thirty and forty years ago than Robert. Before the days when telephones were the custom as now, he used to carry notes from the boys at the club to their best girls, and he laughingly says he has made many a match in this old town.

LET'S GO! 3

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Last week we went to the Panhandle—that neck of Texas upon which the remainder of the Nation rests. It just occurred to me as I wrote the above statement that Texas is truly the great body, or main trunk, of the United States and the Panhandle is the neck, and that geographically speaking, or in terms of maps, it bears the weight of the other States. That brings a further trend of thought: That Texas could adequately care for untold thousands from the overpopulated regions of the country, should they desire to come here—granting, of course, that they would do their part toward the development of their own interests. . . . Many will come as visitors two years hence when this Commonwealth celebrates its centennial—100 years of freedom from Mexican rule—and it's a safe wager most of those who come will remain, or will return later to take up a permanent abode.

But this article has to do with a trip to the Panhandle. So to the subject! This section is particularly entertaining at any time of the year. Its fertile sandy lands, its genial climate and the picturesque, rugged scenery offers allurements at all seasons. It is especially interesting just now with green second crops in the making, with firstlings in the shock and with vast fields white with cotton. (By the way, it will interest you to compare the changing map of Texas' cotton centers. And they say, too, that Panhandle cotton is not subject to the boll weevil.) Especially lovely now are the native fall flowers—asters of many varieties and colors, tall blue salvias, sunflowers of innumerable kinds and vari-hued grasses—and trees (although as you travel northward, leaving the cross-timbers behind, trees are scarce) which are beginning to put on their gay first fall dresses. Most specimens of the vegetable world bedeck themselves for spring, but the trees love the fall.

One would have to journey far to find a more engaging scene than that which can be viewed from the highway for miles beyond Rhome, looking west into the Trinity Valley. When the blue-gray haze hangs heavily over it and sifts down into it, as we saw it recently, in early hours, it is most alluring. Get up ahead of time some crisp fall morning soon and drive up to Rhome—just to view the valley. You'll double your business output that day!

This road, known as the Colorado-to-Gulf Highway, which traverses the north and western part of Texas, runs through a very historic section. While the known history of this region is not as remote as that of certain other localities in the State, it is nevertheless filled with a particular romance and legend, and it has a lure all its own. Indians, bad men and outlaws, the struggles of the early cowman, old Army posts and frontier forts, all are grist for the mills of history and romance.

Wise County, with Decatur sitting squarely in the middle of her back, looking for all the world like an oldtime cowman astride his favorite cow pony (so well has the town held to its traditions—and hats off to it for that!) and Montague County, in which Bowie is located, both have published their histories in book form. Henrietta; Wichita Falls; Iowa Park (the two latter names call to mind at once the vast 6666 holdings and the late S. B. Burnett and his ranching interests); Electra, of oil fame and bearing the name of one of W. T. Waggoner's daughters, now deceased; Vernon and Quanah are all rich in lore and legend and all are reminiscent of the splendor that once was the flourishing cattle industry, when free range was to be had for the using and when a man made the most of it.

A few miles north of Vernon on Red River is Doan's Crossing, the place where the old cattle trail met the river on the trip to points north, and which was given prominence some months ago when the organization, the Old Trail Drivers, of which the late George W. Saunders was president, fittingly marked the spot with due ceremonies. The highway from Fort Worth lies along one of the main old cattle trails that led north through Decatur and on to Doan's Crossing. Trail Driver Park on Anderson's Branch in Niles City, North Fort Worth, took its name from the fact that the old cattle trail passed the site. Cynthia Ann Parker was recaptured from the Indians by the Sul Ross party several miles west of the present town of Vernon on the Pease River.

Quanah was named for Quanah Parker, an Indian chieftain and the son of Cynthia Ann Parker. The tragic life history of this unfortunate girl who was stolen by the Indians when just a mere child constitutes one of the State's most dramatic incidents. Her grave is alongside that of her illustrious son and others of her family at Cache, Okla., at the foot of the Wichita Mountains. The old cabin to which she was taken

when she was captured by the whites is now the property of Amon Carter at Shady Oak Farm. Formerly it was the pioneer home of the Parker family east of Birdville. Because of its historic interest, Mr. Carter moved it to its present site and reclaimed it.

Quanah calls to mind the careers of the early Panhandle editors and their difficulties. These men were truly romantic characters, courageous and fearless. "There was, for example, Wilson Edgell," according to the present editor of the Quanah Tribune-Chief, "one of the brightest of the frontier lights." Edgell took an active part in the fights between cowmen and nestors and incidentally got shot a few times himself, but this did not affect the vigorous policy of his paper. C. F. Rudolph was the versatile editor of the paper at Tascosa, and by changing the heading he made it the official sheet of half a dozen surrounding counties. He was likewise the paper's society editor, and upon an occasion, with great solemnity, he assured his readers that "Mrs. Rudolph was the best dressed woman at the party."

H. H. Brooks of the old Amarillo Champion was a virulent writer, and he had several shooting scrapes with persons whom he had ridiculed. Brooks' daughter, Mary Kounselor Brookes, was also a newspaper woman of note. In 1886 the Quanah paper started in a dugout and was known as the Advance. The person who shipped it in had to collect several subscriptions (ahead of the sheet's delivery) before he could raise enough money to pay the freight. However, the people were anxious for a news medium and everybody subscribed or took subscriptions out in ads. The Quanah Chief was established in the early '90s by B. F. Coulthar, who moved several years ago to Pendleton, Ore. Coulthar was considered a great editor by his contemporaries, but too convivial for his own good. He was sent to jail one night to interview a murderer. The jailer, seeing Coulthar's condition, locked him up with the man. The next morning Coulthar turned over \$1.50 to the editor, and reported that he persuaded the murderer to subscribe for the paper and saw to it that he paid for it. It is said that never did one have poorer material to work on than Coulthar, but he was a good solicitor and time and again he would bring in orders from men who could neither read nor write. The Quanah paper was alternately changed to the agle and to the Quirt before it became the Tribune-Chief, its present name.

Chillicothe, Wellington, Wheeler, and Mobeetie—the latter, formerly old Fort Elliott, one of the last of the Texas forts to be established and a frontier buffalo mart and Indian trading post—were all good sized towns through which we traveled en route to Canadian via Childress. The broad, but shallow, red quicksand river beds of the Pease, Red and Canadian Rivers afforded unusual scenery and were reminiscent of many tales we had heard always concerning the treacherous sands. Wellington and Shamrock each bear names of English origin. The land upon which they are now situated was once a part of a large syndicate, British owned.

Near Canadian we discovered two wild flowers that were entirely new to us—a large double cream-colored poppy (*Argemone mexicana*) and a profuse flowering variety of yellow dandelion. Both were unusual and would make outstanding contributions to a rock garden.

LET'S GO!

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE

Back in the gracious "nineties" we played a ragtime piece entitled "The Ninth Street Rag," the number being the result of a Harlem inspiration. . . . A trip over Fort Worth's East Ninth Street recently recalled the old drag and revealed some interesting sights.

Here one sees in early morning groups of negro boys and girls going to school. Danger hazards are great as they cross innumerable railroad tracks to reach their destination. One notices, too, their cheerful manner, their quiet behavior and their clean and tidy appearance—with the odds against them. The Southern negro, being used to ill-winds, has so ordered his life that his spirit is undaunted, no matter the economic conditions or the elements that beat about him.

And there are pictures for artists in this section. The scenes are often reminiscent of the Old South. . . . A buxom negro woman, returning from market, balanced on her head, "a la Creole," a well-arranged basket of tomatoes, spinach, carrots, apples, oranges and other colorful fruits and vegetables. The arrangement of the basket's contents and her haughty swagger were true to the traditions of the past.

If you like smoke curls and whorls, drive over to the Ninth Street railroad yards and watch the engines puff as they switch on a frosty winter morning. Incidentally, you will enjoy seeing the vast number of pigeons that feed between the tracks over which grain and other food cars have passed.

Beauty has a multitude of followers. They are to be found in every walk and station of life. A flagman on this street entertains himself between trains by ministering to a small flower garden—a little oasis of loveliness in a grimy, dusty spot.

Some three-quarters of a century ago two men came upon the historic Texas arena, made their contributions to Fort Worth and Tarrant County, and passed on. Today their ashes mingle in nearby graves in Pioneer Rest Cemetery. It warms the heart to see that there is now a neat marker at General Tarrant's grave—a tribute of appreciation from the Frances Brewer Chapter, Daughters of 1812. General Edward H. Tarrant, for whom this county is named, was a participant in the Texas Revolution and a leader of the Republic's forces against the Indians. The other man who sleeps by his side is Major Ripley Arnold. It was he who chose the site of Fort Worth and bestowed upon it its name.

Don't miss a drive to the country this coming Sunday. The landscape is gorgeous beyond description out of Fort Wrth will reveal a panorama of indescribable beauty. The Randol Mill road east of town, the Cross Timber section to the northeast, Lake Worth and the highways to Azle and Springtown,

the north roads to Weatherford, or even the beaten path over the main highway to the Parker County seat, to Arlington and Mansfield, or to the Southwest country via Cresson and Granbury—any of these routes will open your eyes in wonderment. But for a real and incomparable treat, leave early and go to Breckenridge via Palo Pinto and Caddo. The hills beyond Mineral Wells are truly Nature's palette. Every color is painted on the landscape, and the reds of sumachs, oaks, plums, persimmons and others fairly shout with gaiety at the varying shades of emerald in the evergreens, cedars, eunoymous, etc. Klondike and Glenrose beyond Cleburne offer particular charm just now. Whatever you do, don't miss a day in the woods soon.

Dec. 1, 1932

LET'S GO!

By Mary Daggett Lake.

Home is the one subject of universal appeal that knows not age nor clime. From the time when primitive man huddled beneath the over-hanging shelter of the nearest rocky cliff to the present day, his most imperative thought has centered about his dwelling place. . . . The homes of our children will unfold from our homes, just as the flower evolves from the bud. Someone has said that homes come forth from other homes in successive and undying efflorescence, just as cells send out innumerable and other cells, to be multiplied a million-fold in the centuries still unborn.

It is a big motive—this thing of home building. At least, it should be. . . . When we consider the homes of the past and compare them with those of the present, we wonder why we build with such insecurity today—with so little forethought.

There recently came to my desk a review copy of a new book, written by a resident of the Southwest for Southwestern people—"The Game of Planning a House," by Dan Scoates of the Engineering Department of Texas A. & M. College, and published by the Southwest Press of Dallas. As I read the book I thought what a help the volume would be to those who contemplate building a home, especially those who would not ordinarily plan to any considerable extent when they recet a dwelling, or who would not engage the services of an architect. It offers a solution to a very perplexing problem—that is, the designing of a house.

The book has been written primarily for the layman, and one can see that the home builder's limitations have been kept well in mind. According to the preface, the writer based his information on years of experience as a teacher in colleges and as a building engineer and designer. Now that the fall home building season is upon us again, the book should prove a source of help to those who contemplate the erection of a home, to students who wish to study house design, to lumbermen and to the building-material trade in general in assisting their customers.

The contents embrace charts, form arrangements for all types of homes and with regard for size of rooms and exteriors, visualizing the whole, and with broad information concerning well defined plans, etc. There are 53 good sized illustrations, in addition. If you contemplate erecting a home soon, you will want this book.

Apropos of homes—it is interesting to compare some of the old dwellings of early Fort Worth that are still standing with the ones that are being built today. . . . On North Hampton Street there stands a small frame house whose foundation is made of the heavy beams that were used in the old fort that stood on the bluff where the Criminal Court building is now. This dwelling likely contains the oldest building material in the city—the fort was constructed in 1849.

On the south corners of Jones and East Weatherford Streets are two homes that were built more than 50 years ago. The one on the east corner is frame and was erected by W. T. Ferguson, the father of Dr. J. T. Feild's wife, Fort Worth's first druggist. The brick structure on the west side of Jones Street, now in use as a filling station, was the early home of one of the city's pioneer families, the Tackaberrys. Both these buildings are good examples of the architecture that was in vogue for homes at that time.

In a grove of large oak trees, Dr. J. T. Feild, a frontier physician, built his home at 706 West Belknap Street, a two-story brick with the conventional two rooms above and two below, with the hall and stairs through the center. This old structure, although remodeled and built on to several times, still stands as originally.

The home of Major K. M. Van Zandt, corner Penn and West Seventh Streets, is an example of the more pretentious type of city residence, and this place also has been remodeled and rebuilt several times, although the original walls are intact. Major Van Zandt's first Fort Worth home, the simple log cabin—a type so

popular and withal so homey in its simplicity—still stands in the west end of Trinity Park where it is a model for artists and for lovers of the picturesque; as it nestles hauntingly amidst giant oaks with far reaching branches.

Captain J. C. Terrell's old home still stands on Terrell Avenue, as do the old homes of Eugene Roach on Samuels Avenue and the Griffin home on Penn Street near Major Van Zandt's. The former was a show place in its day and the latter affords a good pattern of the early one-story brick residence. . . . Examples of first types for North Fort Worth are the old Ellis place on Ellis Avenue, the home of James D. Farmer on N. W. Twenty-fourth Street, the Wolf home on N. W. Twenty-fifth, the McCarthy residence on East Central and the John Lydon place on N. Commerce Street. With the exception of the old Ellis home, which is more than 50 years old, the above were erected in the early nineties.

It is a pity that more of Fort Worth's splendid old homes, with their attendant flower gardens, that graced the town in its early day could not have been preserved for posterity. We shall not see their like again.

Rev. 29, 1934

LET'S GO!

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Now that Christmas, 1933, has turned his footsteps down the highway of time and that jolly little red-cheeked youngster, the New Year 1934, teasingly pelted us with the snowballs of a fresh January, what have we to say? There is something sad about the departing year. We hate to see it go—in a way. Then again, we are glad. And we bid it Godspeed. It brought us joys, just as the year ahead will bring. It vouchsafed to us new friendships, and a challenge to keep them. Some we have kept. Some we have lost. It brought us hardships and trials—suffering and sickness—accidents and hazards. And to some it gave even death! But with it all—and of more worth to us than all—it brought us the will to do—and gave us the courage to carry on amid the strange vicissitudes which have confronted us.

The new year brings us a clean page in the diary of life. What have we to do with former years? Slowly, we look back over the entries. Here and there are disclosed the blotches and blurs of our mistakes. In a place the ink of desire was thin. In another, the light of joy was dim. Still other marks revealed the chilled fires of love—the smudge from the dead ashes of selfishness. All are symbolic of our efforts to make our subjects and titles clear. . . . We will waste time trying to decipher the past. It is enough that the page on which we would write today is white, clear and beautiful—unspotted and unspoiled.

And now the time for resolutions is upon us—for good deeds to ourselves and to our fellow man. The weighing of our vices and virtues. And the cost of our weakness! What is worth while, anyhow? How can we get the most from life? And the eternal problem—what is life and what is death? . . . Likely we shall not answer very many of our questions. It is best that we can not.

Charles J. Finger, "The Squire of the Ozarks," and one of the most beloved of Southwestern writers, in his journal, "All's Well," for December drinks a toast not only to the Christmas season, but to the rebirth of man. It is a beautiful sermon, without the element of preaching. It is a soul-stirring, heart-warming, courage-building message—one that will bear repeating again and again. Hear it!

"Here's to men! Here's to the clean man who contracts no friendships with the hope of gain! Here's to the good citizen, the man who brings order to the State by creating order about him, and who creates order about him by cultivating sincerity, and who cultivates sincerity by thinking straight! . . . Here's to the hearty hater of poverty, and of greed, and of selfishness, and of privilege, and to the man who sees betterment of life as progress! . . . Here's to the man who grows by overcoming and by self-conquest, and who scorns money and position, and who is against that which enfeebles and corrupts!

Friday, April 13, 1934

Let's Go! 7

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

Times may change and customs may come and go, but a cowboy once is a cowboy forever—at least in his heart. Many of them have had to change their mode of living, but they never tire of talking of "the good old days" when they rode the range. Recently E. M. (Emiline) Gardenhire, who lives in Washington Heights, while in reminiscent mood, told of his early experiences in the cattle business. and this is his story:

"This cattle outfit that I worked with moved off of Cedar Creek in Stephens County, Texas, in 1879. It belonged to Jim Fridge and a man by the name of McKee, and it settled on Little Wichita in Baylor County, 15 miles east of the town of Seymour. About the year 1887, the outfit was purchased by John P. Daggett and it became one of the best managed ranches in the West. Daggett trained up some young cowboys on this ranch that were among the best in the country. Some of those I remember were: J. J. Coates, M. A. Coates, W. L. Lyon, Jim Whisenant, E. M. (Emiline) Gardenhire, being myself, who became one of the famous early riders and ropers of Texas—not a trick or fancy rider, but the 'rough and tumble' kind. John Daggett often said, 'Emiline could rope anything that had four feet and ride anything that grew hair.'

"Then there was 'Little' Charlie Daggett, John's brother, who was pretty handy with a rope; 'Uncle Bunk' Adams, the best cowboy fiddler that ever drew a bow, was the horse rustler, and Sam Wright, who could hold any horse by the ears that we had occasion to have in our outfit, was the negro cook. John Daggett, with his bunch of cowboys, could take any herd of cattle anywhere he wanted to. Why? Because he loved the boys and they loved him. He was honest, kind-hearted and always played square with them. He was the easiest man to get along with I ever knew. I worked for the Daggett Brothers—Bud, John and Charles—for years, and if any of the three ever got mad at me, I never knew it. (They kept it a secret, I guess).

"Well do I remember in April, 1889, John Daggett sent word to the other ranches that his outfit would camp on the head of Indian Creek in the Ike Newton Range, best known as the I. N. Range, on the north side of the Big Wichita River in Baylor County. Cowboys came from Greer County, now Oklahoma, Knox County, Throckmorton County, Jack County, Wichita County, Foard County and elsewhere. I can truly say there were about 50 cowboys. This happened on the night of April 18, 1889. 'Old John Daggett,' as he came to be known, could handle 50 men just as easy as the rodeo man of today can handle a plow horse.

"We rounded up the north side of the Wichita; then we crossed over to the south side and rounded the south side down to Wichita Falls. We would ship out our beef cattle to the northern markets, and then we would be foot loose again. In those days saloons and gambling was wide open and the cowboy didn't have much else to spend his money on. The ranch man fed him so he bucked his all on drink or the gambling table. When we were all broke we would start for the ranch 35 miles away on Boggy Creek near its mouth on the Big Wichita.

"A little later on the Wichita Valley Railway built through the U. S. Range, and we started us a little town, Dundee, Texas, seven miles east of the ranch. There was no churches in those days in the West, and we would scare up a dance—the old square dance—and we would have the best time on earth. We used to hear of a dance, and John Daggett would stop the round up and say, 'Boys, there's goin' to be a dance tonight. Turn the herd to the north and we'll all go. We'll finish this bunch up tomorrow.' John Daggett was good to his cowboys, and they were good to him. Any one of them would have laid down his life for him.

"In those days the cowboys on Daggett's ranch always had money—were never broke. As long as any one had money, they all had a part of it. We had no certain pay day, for we had no use for money until we got to Wichita Falls. We then went to the boss and drew what money we needed. It made no difference whether we had it coming to us or not, we got it just the same for all cowboys were honest in those days. Of course they might kill a stray beef occasionally—and skin the brand side first, but this didn't count. It was never possible to elect a prosecuting attorney in that district who could find the brand when one of our bunch got done with the hide. Them WAS the good old days!"

- Let's Go! *Littlejohn*

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

For a rendezvous with other years there's nothing like a visit to an antique shop. This week we went to the very interesting home of Mrs. W. P. Littlejohn, 1208 Belle Place, Arlington Heights. Mrs. Littlejohn, herself a member of a pioneer East Texas family, has her shop in her home—in fact the home is the shop. What an idea! And what convenience it offers, to have the home and one's business interest in combination! Instead of the set and stiff arrangement that greets one in the shop which is just a store only, here in the shop-home one sees a real home with perfect taste, good in appointment, and with the contents at the disposal of the purchaser—but presented in a natural and pleasing manner. So much for the woman in business!

The Littlejohn mantle alone is worth a trip to the place. The plain old brick structure, which may have been an impossibility formerly, has been painted a Colonial white by the present owner—the better to display the beautiful objects which adorn it. A pair of candelabra, with standards of brass and with crystal prisms, and most unique and quaint in design, catches the eye of the visitor upon entering the living room. These were used in some splendid old American homes about the close of the 18th century, or maybe at the beginning of 1800. And, perkily modern in their attitude toward their elders, or so they looked, two exquisite white jade-glass dolphin candle-sticks with opaque blue-glass tops, sit primly beside their forbears, the candelabra. If the candle-sticks had been boxed on the ears, judging from their air, one would not be surprised. And yet, there was something triumphant in the manner of those dolphin sticks! Something that made you wonder, as you examined the purity of the glass—Sandwich, of the early manufacture; perhaps about 1830!

It was hard to leave the mantle. But a peep into the bedroom was reconciling. A period bed, with other pieces of furniture to match—an old bureau, several quaint chairs, a "High-Dandy," and the pictures on the walls, all were reminiscent of beautiful living in other years, as well. The old quilt on the bed, with its fine stitches as if made by fairy fingers, and

beautiful mellow colors, makes one wish women today could find the time for this beautiful art. That "High-Dandy!" What a picture it is of the fine old gentleman—a type—who used it in the long ago! The piece is a tall chest of drawers. It is neither a "High-Boy" that rests on a "Low-Boy," nor distinctively a "Low-Boy" that rests on a frame. It is, like its human counterpart, of another day and generation—just itself! On the bedroom wall were two delightful Currier & Ives prints framed in rough walnut frames with the crossed, leaf-bedded corners, frames popular 50 years ago. The brightly colored prints were bouquets of flowers in artistic arrangement.

In the living room was a lovely old desk—perhaps the oldest piece Mrs. Littlejohn has. There is also a melodeon, a kind of small reed organ—a portable form of the seraphine. It is an American invention and employs a suction bellows, worked by treadles and drawing the air inward through the reeds. The ends are in the shape of a lyre which is a much better collectors item than those having legs. In this room we saw a novel thing—that is, it is new to this generation, but something that the 70's knew—a doctor's leathern pill case, for use on the saddle when he visited his patients horseback as the early Texas doctor did. Due to not only bad and impassable roads for vehicles, but also to the fact that roads of any kind were not numerous in those early times, the doctor of the day just got there the best way he could—and if—he could.

The dining room contained unusual antique pieces of furniture and rare pieces of glass and china—relics of the past. Old bottles, jugs and mugs, and glass plates of special design were seen. Three bread plates, with pictures on, especially interested us—one was a Sandwich piece that featured a freight train, one of the very first and oldest of this pattern; another had a sheaf of wheat for the central figure and the words, "Give us this day our daily bread" worked into the outer design, and the third tray pictured "Rock of Ages," with a cross and a maiden clinging to it. This latter piece also carried the above inscription. Beautiful old pitchers, lamps, bowls, and other objects in all colors were very attractive. One could spend hours at the Littlejohn Shop!

Friday, May 4, 1934

THE NORTH FORT WORTH RECORD and RIVERSIDE NEWS

gar as election judges.

Mrs. Moore says there is still hope for J. T.

Lillian's opinion of a tragedy—a play in which the girl doesn't get her choice of the sweetheart.

Miss Mayo disapproves of pesty boy friends (referring to her used to be's.)

"I'll be faithful," says Woodrow to Ida May Denton.

Can it be Berniece is falling? Who wouldn't for a guy who can catch flies and make home runs?

What's the big secret about the name "Jack Smith"? Not a bad substitute, T. H.)

Russell has a very peculiar habit of smelling stoppers.

Leon—Hey, what did I make in shop?

Teacher—Alfalfa.

Leon—Alfalfa?

Teacher—Yes, you called me hey.

Natchez
Alfalfa
Page
Lets Go!!

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE

Today I shall take you on a trip through a glorious land which we saw recently en route to, and returning from, Natchez, Mississippi, whither we had gone on an "old home and garden pilgrimage." The scenery throughout eastern Texas was particularly lovely, especially so near Tyler and as we came into the pine lands. The Spanish buckeye, red-haw, redbud, several kinds of dogwood — the large white flowered variety and a pink one—wild azaleas, commonly called wild honeysuckles, and other native blossoming shrubs and trees were all in full bloom. The new lacy, green foliage of the deciduous trees against the heavier background of the dark green of the pines and other evergreens, all fresh after spring rains, made an indescribably lovely picture as the sun tossed flickering shadows on the landscape under an azure sky.

We crossed the Sabine River which forms the boundary line between Louisiana and Texas, at Logansport. At Mansfield, La., we caught sight of some very interesting looking old homes as we traversed the town. Here also was

to be seen the historic Mansfield battleground, prominent in the Civil War, now a state park. Natchatochas, La., on romantic Cane River, an abandoned bed of Red River—is the twin sister city to Nacagdoches, Texas, both being about equidistant on either side of the Sabine. Here we visited some really lovely old homes, one in particular, the residence of Dr. W. T. Williams, was most unusual, having been built in 1780. It is the quaint old Spanish type, with low ceilings, floors flush with the ground and wide veranda running the full length of the front of house which is of considerable length. Natchatoches is a picturesque old town which still retains the old world atmosphere—buildings of Spanish and French types of architecture, spiral staircases, wrought iron balustrades, adobe houses and walled gardens. Here also are to be seen the earthworks of Fort Jean Baptiste, 1721, in the American Cemetery; the Natchatoches Art Colony, the only one of its kind in the South; the grave of St. Denis, founder of Natchatoches, 1718; Bayou Amulet, rendezvous of French and Spanish traders two centuries ago; the remains of Camp Salubrity, occupied by Grant during the Mexican War and by Confederate troops under Count de Polignac during the Red River campaign of the Civil War; a bronze statue of an old-time slave negro and many other interesting places.

From Natchatoches we drove over a glassy pavement alongside Red River, past a number of fine old plantations, to Shreveport, where we attended the meeting of the South Central States Region of the National Council of Garden Clubs. A beautifully appointed luncheon, featuring an Italian garden for table decorations, given by the Shreveport Garden Club and the Women's Council at the Shreveport Woman's Club, a most artistic formal dinner in the evening at the Washington-Youree

Hotel and a garden pilgrimage to the lovely homes and estates thereabout were each a part of the entertainment Shreveport provided for her visitors.

On our way to Natchez, we drove in the rain for a long distance after leaving Shreveport, and the great oaks, moss hung, lichen-covered and rain-drenched, were indelibly impressed pictures. And on this gray day, every house we passed had a flowering wistaria bower! Throughout Louisiana and Mississippi one sees many flowering wistarias this time of year. Each home features them, and the garishness of new paint would be sacrilege in this mellow land. Some way, one wishes both states could have the wistaria for a state flower, rather than the magnolia, although the latter is a thing of great beauty with its glossy, dark green foliage and velvety white flowers.

At Natchez we crossed the Mississippi by ferry, that "awful deep and wide" river. Natchez, a choice morsel for the French and Spanish to squabble over in the early period of American history, and later one of the principal objectives during the Civil War, is a beautiful old place situated on the high bluffs of the river, and its history is glamorous beyond words. Palatial old homes, estates and plantations, many still in a good state of repair, so well were they constructed in the beginning, and handsomely furnished throughout with antiques, are still in the hands of the families of the builders and original owners. It staggers the imagination to know that much of the material which went into these splendid old buildings and a great deal of the furnishings were brought from Europe for these ante-bellum homes, whole ships being chartered in some cases, in a day when ocean trans-

portation was at best very uncertain. But—they play golf there! The Chamber of Commerce should suppress that. You resent any encroachment of modernity in Natchez, so charming it is in its antiquity.

To Be Continued.

Lets Go!!

Baton Rouge, the capitol of Louisiana, gave us another view of the mighty river and a chance to see her modernistic State House—also numerous examples of Hughey Long's handiwork. As we went south from Natchez we were greatly impressed with the scenery. It seemed to us a veritable tropical Eden, almost every conceivable variety of palm, tree, vine and shrub being in evidence. And the old trail, known to the ancients, and later called the "Natchez Trace"—the horseback trail from Nashville to Natchez—is worn down to almost a tunnel, now a modern highway. Enroute to New Orleans we saw many splendid old plantations. Here, one naturally glorifies "the cabin in the cotton," for these characteristic abodes (the necesary adjuncts to the "big houses") are "just everywhere."

New Orleans was a disappointment to me, on this, my first visit to the city. Whether it was because we had so recently seen so much of the Old South and of the French and Spanish influence along the route or whether it is because the place has become so Americanized and commercialized, I cannot say. To be sure, some of the former features are still there—the Cabildo, in which place was enacted the scene of the actual transfer of Louisiana when 14 of the United States were formed by representatives of Napoleon and Thomas Jefferson; the St. Louis Cathedral, present building dedicated in 1789, and one of the best known churches in the nation; the above ground cemeteries—crypts in marble walls, one above the other, and the French Quarter, with its iron grill and flower vendors.

Today the latter is inhabited by such persons as one might find in any tenement district in any American city. Antique shops—and O, Lady, beware!—are seen on every hand. The Audubon oaks, several thousand years old, we were told, are worth going far to see. The day tourist-trip includes a ride past the homes of Marguerite Clark and Dorothy Dix (page Hollywood!) and at night they take you to the night clubs and the wide-open gambling resorts, all very modern and just what one might see in one's own city. We saw a thing which impressed us very much, though: An antiquated horse-drawn barouche in which were seated an old-timey looking negro servant who was driving from his elevated front seat (and we fancied him a relic of slavery days) and two demure, quaintly dressed little old women embedded in the rear end of the vehicle, fairly smothered in the blossoms which they held in their laps. The women owned a sugar plantation and maintained it in the olden manner.

We crossed the Mississippi again by ferry at New Orleans as we began our trip homeward, via the Acadian country of Louisiana. Everywhere in Mississippi and Louisiana one sees many flowering shrubs, great masses of color, the azalea and camellia being the favorites. The former is a lovely thing of an incomparable purplish-red shade. All gardens feature the azalea and the wistaria in great profusion. The trip through Morgan City and New Iberia was especially lovely. Along the bayous that skirted the highways for miles we saw many varieties of native water lilies and irises yea, "irises" is the plural for "iris" now), a beautiful flaming red iris and some blue and white ones, together with a white spider lily—all of which made us fairly catch our breath in passing, but we suppressed the desire to "gather them to us" by remembering the fate of our own precious Texas bluebell, our choice and now-rare gentian which has literally been "loved to death" by an admiring public, so we "stepped on the gas," the better to withstand the temptation, and hurried in.

In the current (May) issue of "The American Home," there is a fascinating frontispiece of native Louisiana irises, done in natural color by Caroline Dorman, who talked on native Louisiana flowers at the Shreveport Garden meeting. The magazine also carries Miss Dorman's story of the native irises of that section. Her book, "Wild Flowers of the Gulf Coast States," is now in the hands of the publishers and should be of inestimable value to Texans also, as many of the flowers featured are also indigenous to our state. Miss Dorman is a charming storyteller, and she knows all the little secrets of the flowers, as well as their up-and-doing ways. "Wild Flowers of the Gulf Coast States" will be a welcome and valuable addition to the garden literature of the nation.

On Avery Island for a few minutes at sundown we beheld a sight that will linger as long as memory lasts—perhaps the highlight of our whole trip. But I haven't words to describe it. Thousands of white and blue herons, a type of bird from which we get the exquisite aigrette, were feeding in their sanctuary at even-time. Growing in the bayou were water grasses, trees and other vegetation and here among these, perching in the brush, hovering over the water or sitting on nests were these fairy-like creatures with their beautiful head dress. And as the descending sun played about the waters with sprightly shadows, there came from the birds a unified brooding, humming, crooning sort of sound—an indescribable, haunting, subdued melody, truly "eerie warblings," as Tennyson would say. For those persons who are looking for a sensation in life that offers something unique and different, I would

suggest a visit to the bird sanctuary on Avery Island.

The egret, or heron, from which the aigrettes are taken is rapidly becoming extinct, due to the fact that their plumage has had such commercial value. The aigrettes grow only during the breeding season, so that in obtaining them, not only the parent birds killed, but the young are left to starve. However, Mr. McIlhenny, maker of the famous tobasco sauce, started a few years ago with one pair of herons who were feeding on his estate on the island nearby, and today there are thousands, perhaps millions of these birds who make their home in the sanctuary. The McIlhenny tobasco sauce factory and the fields where the peppers grow are only a short distance from the home and gardens of the philanthropist. Here on the island are also to be found vast salt mines, said to be among the largest in the world.

In St. Martinsville we visited the grave of Evangeline whom Longfellow immortalized with his famous poem. A little iron fence surrounds the plot wherein the grave is located beside a two-century-old church. We also saw the large oak under which Evangeline is said to have waited so often for her lover. A park has been set aside which encloses the tree. Lafayette, in the heart of the "Cajun" country, is a picturesque town, and offers much to the tourist who likes to revel in romance and history. Lake Charles is an interesting town whose fine old homes border the water front, with only a highway between. We crossed the Sabine at Orange and

were once again in our native land. Funny, isn't it, what a thrill one gets from setting foot again, after a journey, on native soil. "Truly, there must be something in a name"

Arboretum

Friday, March 2, 1934

Let's Go!

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

"Give fools their gold, and knaves their power,
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all."
—Whittier.

Do you know the Fort Worth Arboretum? Have you seen it? It is yours. When one owns anything one is supposed to have, at least, a speaking acquaintance with that thing. It is truly yours—this Arboretum—and yours—and yours—and mine. You should see it!

Out in the west end of Trinity Park at Rock Springs there has been established within the past two years a very interesting garden. This garden was built with your money, and, very naturally enough the park department having had the work in charge, hopes that you will be pleased with the result. Go out soon and look it over!

A little more than two years ago the first unit, the water gardens, was built, and Rock Springs was developed. Here you will find a natural setting, although in order to add to its charm and to make it more accessible of enjoyment, expert landscaping has been called into effect. Thousands of tons of flat rocks were hauled from Palo Pinto County and installed on sloping hillsides to flank the springs and hold the soil. A chain of little lakes, rustic bridges, and fascinating rock effects add to the picture.

Near the entrance to the informal water gardens, there stands to greet you, a giant hackberry tree, with massive roots exposed and with great spreading, drooping arms, a tree that is more than two hundred years of age. Expert service has added to its longevity by bracing the limbs with cables and by proper pruning. Characterful mesquites, and the picturesque "honey locust"—by the unpoetic called just plain old "thorn tree;" redbuds; Spanish buckeye; dogwoods; holly, and many other native trees and shrubs keep open house the year round in this happy spot, for your entertainment and pleasure.

Shy little violets peep at you from underneath the trees, and if you visit the place in late summer, (although it is interesting at any season of the year), and if you listen close, you will almost get an audible greeting from the gay lobelia (*Lobelia cardinalis*), so in it is, standing with its feet at the water's edge. Many varieties of aquatic plants, mostly native, although some rare imports are also to be found, thrive in the gardens. And all specimens are marked plainly with both the common and the botanical name, so that persons desiring may study different kinds.

One sees here charming specimens of blue salvia—and what a heavenly blue its flower is! pink hibiscus; lovely white yuccas—old Bill of these were begotten at Fort Worth in the eastern part of Tarrant County in the early 40's; a lovely acacia from a hillside near Mary's Creek; sumacs from the site of the old home of Elizabeth Crockett, the wife of the beloved "Davy," near Granbury; Texas bluebell (*Eustoma russellianum*), and many other novel and interesting plants.

The Rose Garden, the second (and formal) unit of the Arboretum,

is now completed and ready for the roses. These will be planted this winter, and by spring the place should be a thing of great beauty. Lovely vistas, magnificent stone work, alluring nature trails in the woodlands beyond, which lead off in several directions from the Rose Garden, and a setting which is most entrancing will make of this spot one of the most auspicious in the United States when it is completed in its entirety.

The next unit, the arid, or wild flower, garden will contain all your favorite indigenous flowers—the State Flower, the Bluebonnet; the Indian Paint Brush; the Gaillardia, also called the Indian, or Bandana, Daisy; the tall red standing-cypress, Texas Indian Plume, which, by the way isn't a cypress at all, but a member of the Phlox family; the Basket Flower, or Star Thistle (*Centaurea americana*); the Maximillian Sunflower; the Eryngo, that lovely purple fall plant that looks and acts like a thistle, but which belongs to the Carrot family; the Foxglove (*Penstemon*), and innumerable others.

Get acquainted out at the Arboretum! Learn to know and love the "wildlings." Your life will be enriched, your spirit rejuvenated, and it will help you to overcome the "poverty complex" that we have allowed to get a stranglehold upon us in the last few years. While the contact may not change your financial status, it will change your viewpoint. And that's something—if you ask me! After all, one's viewpoint in life is the thing that matters most.

Let's Go!

By Mary Daggitt Lake

While en route this past week to Justin, a Denton County village twenty-five miles north-east of Fort Worth, we stopped for a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mitchell of Haslet. Although both are advanced octogenarians, they are virile, wide-awake and active citizens of their community. Mrs. Mitchell, who is the first white girl to have been born in Tarrant County (1849), is the daughter of the late Seborn Gilmore, Tarrant County's first judge. She is also the mother of Mrs. Roy Green of Denver Avenue, North Fort Worth. Mr. Mitchell is an avid reader, is active in his farm life, and drives his own car frequently to the city. Mrs. Mitchell attends to all of her home duties, and pieces modern quilt paterins to the tune of a radio.

Skirting the southwestern part of Denton County, we came to old Elizabeth Town. This village and a creek nearby were named for one of John B. Denton's daughters. In the fall of 1847 Louis and Charles Medlin, their sons and others of a considerable party, came into this section from Missouri. They "rubbed out the moccasin tracks" from what was then known as Grand Prairie, and erected log and rock houses on their claims which they had secured through the Peters Colony. A trading house erected on Elizabeth Creek was the beginning of the old town that once numbered several hundred inhabitants, today there are only a few homes there.

Justin, a few miles north of Elizabeth, is a thriving little town of 500 or more inhabitants, located on the Santa Fe Railroad. The place was named for Walter Justin Sherman, formerly Chief Engineer of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe. A recent letter from Sherman who now resides in Toledo, O., to J. E. Bradley, a Justin merchant, and who is the son of James Bradley, also of Justin, who went with the Santa Fe as section foreman upon the advent of the railroad in that place, relates that the first Santa Fe surveys were made to the north of Fort Worth in the spring of 1886, and that all trains were in operation over that line by April 1887. The letter also states that other towns on that route, Valley View, Marietta, Ardmore, Overbrook, Berwyn, Wynnewood, Wayne and Paoli, were all named for Pennsylvania towns, being given the designations by surveyors on the line.

The elder James Bradley, now retired, tells of an unusual incident that occurred while he was in the employ of the railroad. On a certain foggy morning in the late 80's or early 90's the end car from a north-bound train of box cars became uncoupled and jumped the track. The loss was not discovered until the crew were checking over the train when they reached Gainesville. This was considered a subject for a "believe it or not" column, although that type of thing was not being done those days. However, the incident was written up in the Santa Fe journal at the time.

Another old timer of Justin, William ("Whig") Harris, who was born on Denton Creek below the present town of Justin in 1857 related many interesting tales of Indian raids, and of early day hardships. He was married in 1881 to a daughter of Sam Runnels, another Denton County pioneer. William Harris' father, O. Wiley Harris, died during the Civil War from injuries received in service, and the son, "Whig", so nicknamed by the father's friends who wanted to tease the father who was anything but a "Whig" sympathizer was "bond out" at the age of seven to his cousin, Mollie (Leonard) Mugg and her husband, John Mugg, who had a horse ranch just east of Speer's Grove near Keller. The Harris family contributed much to the history of Denton County.

Denton, Wise, Jack and Montague Counties are rich in lore and legend. It is said that one of the main old cattle trails out of Fort Worth went via old Aurora in Wise County, on through Bolivar where once, on the Waide farm, was interred the body of John B. Denton, for whom the neighboring county on the north is named, and on to old Spanish Town on Red River where are to be found to this day, the remains of the old Spanish settlement which flourished there long before the days of the Republic.

Lets Go!!

By MARY DAGGETT LAKE

Where will you spend your vacation? If you choose to remain in Fort Worth this year, there are many interesting experiences and adventures awaiting you—if you care to investigate. Fort Worth maintains 42 parks, located in the various sections of the city—"for your use and pleasure." It might interest you to spend your vacation in making a study of these beauty spots. Certain it is that you will enjoy the trees, flowers, insects, etc., which you will find if you wish to be really entertained. Outside of Lake Worth, the Fort Worth park system embraces 1740.68 acres, all usable. Lake Worth has within its confines 2779.25 acres of land and water, and here are to be found the most interesting specimens, both in kind and quantity, of native plant life.

A drive back into the deeper recesses of the newly completed river drives in Rockwood Park, or in the older sections of Forest and Trinity Park will afford particular pleasure to the nature lover. Here are to be found giant trees, cottonwoods, elms, walnuts and pines that invite the imagination to conjecture as to the remote time of their inception. Twining about the trunks of some of these trees are vines that have known so many seasons of growth that they are beginning to assume gigantic proportions in their twisted trunks.

Recently on an excursion into Rockwood Park, we found the decayed wood of trees which have "passed this way" and have departed, once giants too. Now they are lying in a state of decomposition, but are useful still. Their elements are giving back to the soil essential of life, and mushrooms and toadstools are glorying in their decomposition. Thus the life principle is forever at work. Beautifully colored birds and those that thrill us with their song, gorgeous and gay flitting insects and certain animal inhabitants of the wooded and lowlands offer other features of entertainment, in addition to the thousands of specimens of unique wild flowers. It is safe to say that a trip to your Fort Worth parks—if the spirit of adventure is taken into consideration—will offer startling revelations. And you will want to visit the arboretum at Rock Springs in the west end of Trinity Park again and again.

In an old book this week I read the story of the "Barber Pole". Its origin is traced to the time when barbers were also surgeons, and practiced what was called phlebotomy, or bleeding. During the operation the patient was required to grasp a staff, and when not in use the staff was exhibited outside the shop, to show that the barber was not engaged. At length, instead of hanging out the identical staff, a pole was exhibited, which became universally customary. In later times when the profession of surgery gradually disengaged itself from the original barber's shop, a distinction was made. Barbers who were not surgeons exhibited poles painted with blue and white stripes, and to that the

surgeons added a gallipot and a red rag, appendages which the barbers were forbidden to display. An act of the English parliament, enforcing this distinction, remained in effect until 1797, when the Surgeon's Incorporation Bill inaugurated a new era.

While driving this past week on the old Decatur road leading north through the suburb of Niles, we saw a rather strange spectacle. Women were doing the family wash in a creek bed of running water, after the manner of former olden-time years, using the process of thrashing the clothes against the stones in the water to cleanse them.

MRS. TARRANT GOES SHOPPING

Mrs. Blank is Mrs. Tarrant's shopping companion for today.

My sister, Minnie, has a birthday this week and I mean to give her a Sunbeam Electric Coffee maker, though she and Jim have been married for years she has never learned to make good coffee. After the first week of their marriage the breakfast table was the scene of a row. Jim vows that until she learns to make a decent cup of coffee he intends to eat in town. Minnie really loves that red-headed nut and she is desperate, says she will commit suicide if he does that, imagine any woman being silly enough to kill herself about a mere man. Yesterday I drank the best coffee I ever tasted at the Texas Electric Company. Made in one of those Sunbeam Electric glass coffee makers. They cost only \$6.50 and can be bought on the deferred payment plan. The directions are so simple that any nut can use it.

Say, let's go do our shopping at Bruner Bros., 314-16 W. Weatherford St. They certainly have a wonderful store. I was in there the other day and had a long conversation with them. It was before eight in the morning or they would not have had time to talk with me. They were both highly pleased with the crowd the day of the opening. The elder brother told me that while he knew the people of Fort Worth appreciated a good store, he had no idea they would be so cordial to his place. I was glad to tell him a store like theirs was bound to be welcomed because women do love bargains. I never saw such nice meats so reasonably priced, and eggs, too. I can have all the sweets I want next week cause they are so cheap and I took home several dozen.

Yes, I know you made a vow to drive the old bus a lots longer, but take it from me if you mean to keep that vow keep away from Cliff Magers' place, 2224 Main or you will be sure to break it. I noticed that in used cars they have some unusual bargains, in both Fords and Chevrolets. I know I can't trust myself to even look at them, cause I love cars so. So let's step on the gas and put the temptation behind us. That is the only way to resist temptation. I learned years ago to say "when in doubt don't."

believe in slavery and so owned no negroes or slaves, but when the Civil War came on, he engaged a negro boy to stay with his wife and the children and look after the stock, etc. We had to give a certain percent of our crops to the government, I remember. There were no good roads in those days, but the homes were well built and comfortable, even if they did lack the conveniences of today. Travel was slow. It took a long time to get the mail back and forth to the other states, especially during the war.

"Wade Hampton Rattan, who met death at the hands of Indians and was buried at Bird's Fort, was my father's brother. He was married, but his wife, being in delicate health, had gone back to Illinois just before he was killed, that she might have the care and comforts of civilization in a more settled community. Later their son was born and the boy was given his father's name. Mrs. Wade Hampton Rattan, who was, before her marriage, Miss Dolly Pyles, a member of the well-to-do and influential Pyles family of Illinois, never returned to Texas, but her son spent most of his life in Collin County and was buried there. I was named for my father's sister, Ann Rattan, who became the wife of Governor James W. Throckmorton. The older members of the Throckmorton family are dead now and all are buried in the Throckmorton Cemetery near McKinney. The cemetery was a part of the Throckmorton farm. Old Dr. Throckmorton planted a Catalpa tree sapling on the ground many years ago, and from that switch many fine old trees grew later."

William Moore, the husband of Mrs. George Ann (Rattan) Moore, died six years ago last January. He is buried at Mount Olivet Cemetery. Mrs. Moore enjoys reminiscing and likes to recall the pioneer days. She possesses several interesting old letters, papers, and daguerreotype photographs of members of her family, as well as some relics of former years, among which are a pair of hand wrought iron candlesticks of choice design, once the property of Governor Throckmorton. Although well up in years, having been born in Collin County in January, 1856, Mrs. William Moore is still young in spirit. She expects to make a pilgrimage soon to the site of old Bird's Fort and the place where her uncle, Wade Hampton Rattan, was buried.



MRS. TARRANT GOES SHOPPING

(Mrs. Rumph of Grand Avenue is Mrs. Tarrant's Shopping Companion for Today).



"Oh, Effie, let's hurry down to the FAIR. Have you seen those fancy gift boxes of stationery? Such gay little things they are! . . . Just boxes, boxes, boxes everywhere! I want to grab them in my arms and run away with all of them. And priced from 29 cents up! You know they'll go like hot cakes at a cowboy eating house. . . . And there's Tony Wons' new scrap-book! It's only \$1. I am going to buy several of those 'Children of Other Lands' books by Watty Piper for the kiddies in the family this year. They'll love them! . . . And Saturday you can get the Zane Grey and Tarzan stories for 69 cents each. And don't men and boys like those books though! . . . Well, if you must know what you can give me this year, here it is! Nothing would please me better than one—more, if you like—of those darling imported handkerchiefs. They're only \$1 each. And are they Old World! Or, if you'd rather, I'd be happy with some of those sweet little 25-cent and 50-cent handkerchiefs. . . . Or perfume. . . . Or those snugly-wuggly 'undies.' Any gift from the FAIR STORE would simply delight me!



"Horses! Horses! Horses! And what man doesn't love a horse, even though it isn't a real one! The recent races—and March isn't far away now—boosted interest in equestrian novelties. . . . One sees horses everywhere nowadays. But, HALTOM'S horses are distinctive—different—don't you know! When you are looking for gifts for men, you just naturally think of the HALTOM JEWELRY STORE. . . . An adorable non-tarnishable silver horse, with hanging bridle, holds on his back an electric lamp with a frosted, prism-trimmed globe. It is indescribably lovely. . . . Horses fairly neigh at you from every HALTOM stall—one is a desk ornament—some are book ends—others, cigarette trays—some are designed on wonderful den and boudoir boxes, and on boxes containing games (backgammon, poker and other card sets, etc.)—humidors, many of which are inlaid—and some are decorated with hunting scenes. . . . Oh, yes. HALTOM'S have other things besides horses. I just knew how these smart horse features would attract you and your menfolk particularly. There are to be found here innumerable fascinating gifts that men like—field glasses—silver key blanks to be worn on the watch chain—silver electric cigarette lighters and metal bottle openers in fancy design—snappy as can be, and inexpensive too. . . . Oh,

indeed, any man would adore to have on his table those charming rock crystal glasses and plates, especially featured now at 39 cents each! . . . It's a joy to buy at HALTOM'S!



"Christmas is a time when sprites, elves, fairies and other good spirits frequent our habitations. Why not have one of them stay close beside us throughout the year? LEONARD'S SEED DEPARTMENT is featuring genuine imported elves, in all sizes, and they are nominal in price. What an adjunct to a garden! Oh, I'm so glad you suggested garden furniture and garden decorations for gifts this year. Those interesting bird baths would adorn any yard. And how the birds would enjoy them! Isn't it fun to give a substantial gift that will endure for a lifetime! . . . I know how you like your gazing globe you purchased last year at LEONARD'S. Think I'll just get one for the family this year. Nothing could add more to the pleasure of all. . . . Isn't it convenient to be able to shop under one roof? . . . Let's not forget to secure our Christmas decorations while we are shopping today, and thus avoid that awful last-minute rush. . . . LEONARD'S birds and cages, fish and aquariums are always acceptable gifts!



"You can't conceive of Christmas apart from the COTTAGE GARDEN on GREENWOOD ESPLANADE. Especially beautiful for a dear friend this year are those wonderful extra long-stemmed roses. One never makes a mistake when they give flowers, do they? . . . And oh, my dear, have you seen their azaleas, cyclamens and poinsettias! They are more gorgeous than ever before! There's the splendid melior begonia too! . . . Could anything be lovelier than that English holly? So Christmassy! So distinctive! . . . Since seeing the succulents at the COTTAGE GARDEN, I have decided to give rock garden and indoor garden plants for gifts this season. They are such delightful reminders throughout the year! Any garden, or flower, lover would enjoy them immensely. . . . One little Japanese cactus looks for all the world like a tiny spruce tree. It is just a darling! There are many varieties from which to choose, and, installed in those smart wall brackets, or in a hanging basket, nothing could be more appealing or more greatly appreciated, for the wintry shut-in months ahead! You will love the indoor glass-garden containers which are being shown at the COTTAGE GARDEN for these very rare, new and novel plants!"

Mrs. Tarrant Goes Shopping



(Mrs. Harmon of Grand Avenue is Mrs. Tarrant's shopping companion for today.)

"Let's go by the Lovelace Grocery and do our marketing first. Have you tried their jello? I have the nicest recipe for a lime jello salad. In fact, we find that one of the Lovelace veal chuck roasts with browned potatoes and gravy—the roasts are just delicious and are only six cents a pound—and a plate of lime jello salad is a big meal . . . Oh, yes, I do want you to have the salad recipe. Follow the directions on the jello box. Let it cool, add a small can of sliced pineapple, carefully chunked, so that the juice will not make the mixture too watery, and then put in a half pint of dry cottage cheese. When cold and firm place on a lettuce leaf and top with a good oil mayonnaise. You can get anything you want at the Lovelace Grocery, and it's a pleasure to do all your marketing at one place."

"I must have a manicure today, but first I want to take my car by the North Side Chevrolet Company for a greasing and bath. We can leave it and get it again in an hour. I am just crazy for one of the new Chevrolet cars. Aren't they just darling? To my mind they are the 'Mac Wests' of the auto world—so scintillating, accommodating—and they never grow old. John says, too, they can't be beat for service. He has never used anything else for the ranch . . . But you know, every time this old car comes off the rack down there, it looks so clean, so shiny and nice, with never a smear of oil or grease on, I just put off buying a new one a little longer."

"You know Mrs. McVey has been giving me my manicures for years. She does all the

work for our family. You have heard the old saying, 'a painted board never rots'? Well, I found out a long time ago that a carefully manicured fingernail will never be bitten. If mothers could only realize how easy it is to break the nail-biting habit! . . . When I was a child I bit my nails dreadfully. My parents tried everything they could think of to break me of the habit. They gave me money, gifts, trips, just anything to try to check it—to no avail. Manicures finally did the work. Both Mrs. McVey and her assistant, Mrs. Hill, are very capable beauty culturists. They handle all lines of work and carry the best of toiletries at the McVey Beauty Shop, corner Central and Harrington."

"I'm so happy that you suggested going to the Vacker Cafe for lunch. I have heard so much about the place. Friends who drive out to the airport in the evening to watch the planes come in always stop by 3820 North Main Street (I know the number now you see) and get a good evening meal—at least a cup of coffee and a sandwich. It is the nearest restaurant to the airport, isn't it? . . . That makes it so convenient. Just think of getting a big plate lunch with meat, two kinds of vegetables, a salad and a drink—and all for thirty cents! And wasn't that the best cup of coffee you ever drank? No wonder the place is so popular."

"I must go to Cameron's and select the wall paper for a new house we are building. Mr. Tays, the manager, has recently made an improvement in the store, with special display quarters, fitted with a new rug, chairs, etc. It is very cozy. It was in there a few days ago and was just charmed with the new and beautiful patterns of wall paper. The newer designs follow the early American and Colonial patterns, with scenic effects, and they remind you of lovely old toile hand-blocked linens that our ancestors used. . . . The Cameron store has also re-arranged its paints and varnishes. They are now in full view on special counters, with prices plainly marked—sort of on the self-service order."



MRS. TARRANT GOES SHOPPING

(Mrs. Carswell of Denver Avenue is Mrs. Tarrant's shopping companion for today).

"Suppose we begin our shopping today by selecting our holiday candies. That living is near and Christmas is just around the corner.

. . . You know, I've recently returned from a trip to West Texas, and every confectionery, drug store, and even the department stores all carry KING'S CANDIES. In fact, they prefer to show you KING'S. I always ask for KING'S because I know they are deliciously fresh and then too I like the distinctive flavor that the KING products have. They make candies for every taste and age. . . . I am never without candy in the house. Sweets produce heat and energy in the body, they say, and I have found that candy gives you lots of pep—and it positively does not fatten. . . . Next football game you go to, watch the coach feed the 'extras' candy. There's a reason!

"Let's go by the BLUE CROSS DOG AND CAT HOSPITAL at 713 North Main Street. Dr. M. A. PECK is in charge there, and does he know his animals! We took our big old dog, Santo, over there a day or two ago and left him for treatment for a broken leg. A car ran over him and we rushed him down. He's going to recover. If you've never been there, you'll really enjoy seeing the place. It is fitted up after the fashion of a real hospital, with special booths and beds—wards, they are, with isolated quarters, also fully and carefully equipped for contagious patients—bathubs, frigidaires for vaccines, serums, anesthetics, and antitoxins, electric sterilizer for surgical instruments and—would you believe it?—they have a specially equipped operating table, adjustable to all positions. The biological department alone contains several hundred dollars worth of medicines. Everything is very sanitary, and when you leave your pets with DR. PECK, you just know they will receive the best of care and attention.

"I'm so glad you suggested VIRGINIA LODGE for luncheon. That is truly a charming and entertaining spot! I just love going there—so much atmosphere, and oh, the food! . . . That corner, Penn Street and West Seventh, is centrally located and convenient to all parts of town, especially so to North Fort Worth patrons. No wonder it's so popular! . . . MRS. LODGE tells me she is going to serve a special Thanksgiving dinner for seventy-five cents. Can you beat it! Turkey, cranberries, dressing, yams, just everything! Really lots of people will take advantage of that, you know. . . . The shoppers' and business women's luncheon (and have you noticed how many men go there!) that is offered each day at the noon hour is especially attractive. It is restful too to stay afterwards for a hand at bridge. The place is very popular as a social center and special inducements are offered to parties. You'll always meet your friends. Each Wednesday eve-

ning, in addition to the dining features, there are classes in contract bridge, with Mrs. W. W. Hicks as instructor.

"Did you ever see anything nicer than the new FORDS FOSTER JENNINGS showed us? They are really classy—and are they pass-y! They can lead any car. I am truly glad that he has taken over the FORD agency too, in addition to the HUPS which he has made famous in Fort Worth. Everything Foster does, he does well! . . . I know that my car will have the best of attention when I take it to this shop. They always give BETTER SERVICE for your cars. They have installed complete Ford equipment in a well lighted shop with expert mechanics in charge. . . . By the way, I think I'll get ready for cold weather by taking my car there and having it overhauled. . . . Yes, I think it would be a good idea for you to take your car over too. And you know Foster does appreciate your business!

"You are in a hurry to get home I know, but you can take time to run out to STEVE'S with me on Camp Bowie and have a sandwich and a cup of his delicious coffee. Truly, this place just has a way all its own. . . . Have you been out there in the late evening? Really, it's amazing how many people go there for an hour after the show, during party intermissions and while driving. STEVE'S ham sandwiches and hot steaks are known from coast to coast. . . . STEVE caters also to home parties. If you have need for a delectable menu for a party or for impromptu guests, just 'phone STEVE, and your order will be delivered, hot or cold, as you like, to your home. Party orders specially solicited. That's service! And you can depend on STEVE!

"Take this magazine home with you, Bertha. You'd want to give it to your friends for Christmas—SOUTHERN HOME & GARDEN, devoted to landscaping, architecture, horticulture, interior decorating and civic improvement, and published right here in Fort Worth. The editors and contributors are persons well versed in their respective lines, and every home lover and gardener will enjoy the magazine. . . . From now until Christmas, you can send it to three persons for a year for \$2. You know the Southwest needs a good magazine to promote the interests of this section, and the new journal will fill a long-felt want. Helen Steele's menus alone are worth the price of the magazine—and then there are many special features on every phase of home and garden activity. . . . If you do not wish to miss this first issue of the magazine (and don't forget you can send the names of two friends also, together with your own for \$2), write at once to SOUTHERN HOME & GARDEN, P. O. Box 462, Fort Worth. What could make a nicer Christmas present!"

SHOPPING

(Mrs. Walker of N. W. 26th Street, is Mrs. Tarrant's shopping companion for today)

"Gifts for men! How discriminating men are! But so hard to please! One's problem is solved in the offerings at HALTOM'S. . . . Here are to be found truly new and novel ideas . . . cigarette trays with attached lighter . . . combination bottle openers and cork screws, with charming designs in metal from 75 cents up . . . hair brushes in fancy patterns with a comb concealed in the back and handle of the brush . . . HALTOM'S cigar and cigarette cases, with lighters . . . desk sets and ornaments—one bronze case contained a pair of bronze scissors and letter opener . . . belt buckles . . . clever menu liquor and traveling sets . . . HALTOM'S flasks . . . a cocktail mixer in a leather case was just too tricky for words—inclosed were the bottle opener and cork screw, detachable spout, funnel, collapsible cups, glass receptacle and lemon squeezer. . . . And be sure to see those extremely modernistic and compelling illusions—combination brass and copper cigar and cigarette holders. . . . Are they classy! You'll be telling me! If you have a friend that you like a lot, you will want to give him one of these dizzy, hizzy, fizzy, spizzy, whirl-a-ma-gizzy things! . . . HALTOM'S, always—for men!

"Now, Mrs. Walker, don't tell me you're going to buy Judy one of those cute red sweaters at LEONARD'S! Are they really only 98c? And a new collar too! What does a dog know about Christmas, anyhow! . . . After all, though, a sweater is fine for these cold winter days . . . night-time especially . . . and for house dogs, when they go to walk. . . . A dog's life isn't so bad! Not if LEONARD BROTHERS provide for his needs. . . . Oh, yes, I know about the Christmas trees and the trimmings. . . . I always purchase my tree and decorations at LEONARD'S. . . . You get your money's worth! Have you seen their new bird cages? . . . A bird goes with every cage—for a small amount extra! . . . A few of those 10-cent goldfish properly installed in a unique aquarium—and they have some beauties there—wouldn't make a bad gift, would it? . . . I have an idea! Why wouldn't a dozen packages of choice garden or flower seeds, attractively wrapped, bring happy reminders? . . . Or one of those combination boxes of birdseed, with cuttle bone, song rejuvenator, conditioner, etc., would be nice for a bird lover! . . . Oh, you can really just get anything you want right inside the walls of LEONARD BROTHERS.

"I told you you would adore buying gifts at STRIPLING'S BOOK DEPARTMENT. . . . Oh, look at these very clever greeting cards! They're for everyone—mother, father, son, daughter, grandparents, uncles, aunts and friends! . . . Whole boxes of any number of different designs, priced from 80c up to 89c per box. . . . Have you seen the Christmas wrapping papers? Cellophane and tissues, both plain and fancy brightly colored patterns . . . and there are gay cellophane ribbons . . . seals and tags, too! . . . Oh, I just want to buy all these lovely children's books, especially—that beautifully illustrated Voland series simply captivates me.

. . . They are only 68c each, or three for \$2. . . . Four subjects in the series: 'Mother Earth's Children,' 'Flower Children,' 'Animal Children,' and 'Bird Children.' . . . And then there's Madeline Brandeis' 'Children of All Lands' series at 50c each! . . . Be sure to see the educational geographical globes! So reasonably priced. . . . And what about a Bible? It's the one gift of gifts—always reliable—always old, always new . . . always highly acceptable. . . . Did you ever see such a complete line? . . . All sizes, kinds and prices! . . . I should like especially to give a certain friend one of those excellent reference Bibles! STRIPLING'S BOOK DEPARTMENT is the place for Bibles!

"Of course, we can't pass COOPER'S HOME-MADE CANDY SHOP, corner THIRD AND MAIN. (The old Interurban Station.) Really, I know just why everyone wants to buy COOPER'S CANDIES! They are always SO good and made fresh daily, right before your very eyes. . . . You buy it hot—if you like it that way! . . . You don't wonder at the COOPER slogan: 'Oh, boy, how good! Candy that hits the spot!' . . . All the boys and girls come to COOPER'S for their dally sweets. . . . Don't forget that 'sweets' are Life's 'pep squad.' I'll let you in on a secret—but don't let it get out in Dallas! . . . There are women over there who come to Fort Worth each week—to shop—and on business. . . . (would you believe it?) . . . and they always take back COOPER'S HOME-MADE CANDIES on the return trip . . . and that's something—if you ask me!

"Let's go to the LOVELACE GROCERY on North Main Street for our Christmas fruit cake supplies. . . . LOVELACE also carries a complete line of fresh meats, groceries and vegetables. . . . Prices are unusually low. . . . Meats are of extra quality. . . . Veal stew at 4c per pound . . . fancy steaks at 10c per pound . . . pork roasts are 7c. . . . All the extra good things so necessary to a well-appointed Christmas or New Year's dinner are to be found at the LOVELACE GROCERY. . . . Courteous and prompt service is a watchword here too. . . . You'll like marketing at the LOVELACE GROCERY.

"Changing fashions! . . . There is no phase of life that is not affected by the mode of the hour! . . . Christmas is especially a time for giving the emotions free play . . . a time for indulging our better natures. . . . We talk today of the 'forgotten man.' Sadder still is a 'forgotten memory'! And nothing is so dead! . . . Those whom we have loved and lost should be with us always! The DAVIDSON GARDENS, 3113 GLEN GARDEN DRIVE, will take care of the grave of your loved one with an appropriate decoration. . . . Why not order one of those new and novel pine blankets? . . . They are moderately priced. . . . Beautiful individual pieces are also nominal in cost. . . . DAVIDSON GARDENS will supply your need for cut flowers, pot plants, etc. . . . Give them a ring. . . . Phone, 5-14981 . . . And don't forget them when you are ready to do your winter planting and spring gardening!"

This makes add.



MRS. TARRANT GOES SHOPPING

(Mrs. Magruder of Yucca Street is Mrs. Tarrant's shopping companion for today.)



"The STRIPLING BOOK DEPARTMENT can supply gifts of many types. Here you will find framed fancy pictures and mottoes, blank scrapbooks, and the latest modern fiction. . . . Unique and smart stationery in gay art boxes would please the most discriminating. . . . And oh, my dear, you should just take the time to look through the children's books. There are such intriguing sets—series, you know, that you can give, one at a time, for birthdays and on other special occasions, as well as for Christmas. . . . STRIPLING'S prices on books are most appealing right now, and you will want to lay in a supply for through-the-year gifts. . . . Here, too, you will see the loveliest wrappings, ribbons and Christmas cards. . . . Edgar Guest's books are greatly in demand, as are the Elbert Hubbard scrapbooks—and there's a new one by Tony Wons. . . . Be sure to see them at STRIPLING'S."



"Only drive by GORDON BOSWELL'S on Pennsylvania Avenue any evening—if you want a real Christmas thrill! I am sure you will wish to pass the pleasure on by placing your Christmas and New Year flower orders. This up-to-date flower shop invites you to browse around through their greenhouses. . . . Make your selections of holiday flowers now. . . . Cyclamens, begonias and regal poinsettias fairly beckon to you as you pass. . . . Lovely Chinese evergreens, English holly and other distinctive and unusual plants are fascinating and entertaining. Specimens, rare and colorful, are the vogue now for the popular indoor garden. GORDON BOSWELL'S roses, chrysanthemums, carnations and violets—and there are flowers for every taste and pocket-book—are charming friendship reminders. . . . What can convey the season's greetings better than beautiful flowers? Ideal, I say, for any occasion. . . . All forms of wreaths and Christmas decorations are available at GORDON BOSWELL'S."



"And Carrie, for 'the last roundup' of Christmas gifts, we must go to the NOBBY HARNESS COMPANY, 304 Houston Street. That is truly the place to purchase a gift that will please a man! . . . Bridles, quirts, lariats, spurs—and really, the spurs are the fanciest ever!—chaps, saddles for grownups and children, gloves, traveling bags and valises, pistol scabbards, and—gracious me!—I can't begin to enumerate all the attractive gifts that one sees here! . . . Besides, the NOBBY HARNESS COMPANY is a fixture in this city. I can't recall the time when some man or another in the family—women, too—was not supplying his need at the NOBBY HARNESS COMPANY. . . . A Christmas gift, for a lover of horses particularly, would be most acceptable for a man—if he knew it came from the NOBBY HARNESS COMPANY!"



"Very well. . . . LEONARD BROTHERS next! I like trading in the SEED DEPARTMENT especially. Mr. Bigby, the manager, is very accommodating, knows his line well, and spares no pains to see that his customers' needs are amply taken care of. . . . Let's be sure to tell the garden clubs that LEONARD'S is the place to buy their seeds. . . . Winter is truly here now—and spring, and planting time, is just around the first turn. . . . Yes, I have seen the cunning little gnomes, bird baths and gazing globes shown here for the garden. . . . They would add great charm to any yard. . . . I think that aquariums are interesting as gifts, don't you? . . . Remarkably entertaining for a child or a shut-in. And tweet! tweet! a new bird in a new cage would be just too sweet! . . . I also need additional tree lights and decorations, LEONARD'S just have everything! . . . Let's go to the basement and see if Santa will give us a ride in the big sleigh. That thing holds me spellbound—watching the kiddies!"



"An attractive, chummy, home-like shop! Christmas wreaths in the windows! Holly over the doors! And the spirit of Christmas everywhere! That's the COTTAGE GARDEN on GREENWOOD ESPLANADE! When there, it is hard to pull yourself away. You just want to look and look. New ideas . . . and many of them! The greenhouses contain the choicest specimens of poinsettias—and oh, what blossoms!—cyclamens, begonias and other festive and decorative plants! In the rock gardens outside, are all sorts of hardy specimens, almost as entertaining in the dead of winter as they are in the heyday of the flower season—the springtime! Likely when you see this place you will want to go home, start your rockery all over, and garden, even now. . . . THE COTTAGE GARDEN is featuring novel little cacti for your indoor gardens. These diminutive plants—some are dwarf varieties and some are just the 'little babies' of their kind—are proving very popular for the Christmas trade."



"Do you know how long the KING CANDY COMPANY has been making choice candies for choosy people? As far back as I can remember KING'S CANDIES have been THE candies for those who know and appreciate good confections—always fresh and always pure! KING'S CANDIES

FOR AMERICAN QUEENS—their slogan, and a good one it is! All the girls I know prefer KING'S delicious candies—and the boys have found that out! You can get your favorite kind in a box of any size. . . . Oh, yes, I know that candy produces heat and energy in the human body—fine for cold weather or for fatigue—I think nothing can take the place of a little candy every day. When I begin to feel weary in midafternoon, I pep up with a couple of pieces of KING'S candy. I keep it handy in the house all the time. . . . Handy candy!—that's a phrase! Always KING'S! What could make a more excellent Christmas present than a box of KING'S fine candies! Your dealer has it."



"HALTOM'S JEWELRY STORE is a really truly Christmas siren. You can not pass the place. Irresistibly, you are drawn in by the mere spell of beauty and charm of the HALTOM gift display. . . . The attractive specials shown in the windows are only a very few of the thousands of gifts that men and women of discriminating taste are choosing for this Christmas! . . . Here, one finds just everything for men—jewelry (and HALTOM'S jewelry is always in a class to itself), traveling bags, fitted grips, game sets and sporting boxes, desk sets and ornaments, cigarette lighters, bottle openers, cocktail mixers, key blanks, cigarette and cigar cases, humidors, belt buckles, and an unusual number of other exclusive gifts, both for men and women. . . . And what woman wouldn't be 'heady' with a gift from HALTOM'S! Beautiful antique and modern glassware and china, imported and otherwise; jewelry of all kinds (the costume jewelry is especially smart and notable); silver that is distinctive, in patterns old and new, and novelties of all kinds are to be found at HALTOM'S JEWELRY STORE."



"The Legend of the Holly" . . . Every woman will want this beautiful story to read to her children this Christmas. SOUTHERN HOME & GARDEN, ever mindful of the demand for Texas and Southwestern legends and stories, plans to publish a series of fascinating old tales in succeeding issues of the magazine. You can have three year-subscriptions until after the holidays for \$2. How much your friends and family would appreciate this entertaining journal, devoted, as it is, to the interests of the South and Southwest (with departments that will appeal to persons of all ages) and with features written by authorities! . . . The current, or Christmas issue, in a gay dress of red and green, contains articles on gardening for December, aquariums, community health, holiday cookery, water gardening, roses, murals, designing a yard, Lily pools and fish, etc. . . . Call or write SOUTHERN HOME & GARDEN, Box 462, for three year-subscriptions for \$2, until after Christmas, when the subscription price will be \$1 per year. Order now."



"Why not buy at the FAIR STORE one of the excellent biographies, or a beautifully bound classic, for your friend this year? Why not several of these lovely books for your own library? . . . The FAIR can furnish anything you want! And a book is always the ideal gift! . . . There's a new one, 'Precious Jeopardy,' by the author of 'The Magnificent Obsession'—you'll adore this fascinating book; 'Marie Antoinette,' the story of an average woman, a marvelously entertaining biography; wild animal tales and stories of adventure; 'Anthony Adverse,' the most talked-of book of the year, and thousands of others from which to choose. . . . Tinsel, ribbons, and sprightly wrapping papers with which to wrap the gift. . . . And have you seen the Christmas and New Year greeting cards at the FAIR? They are indeed smart, new . . . and different—don't you know! . . . Once you shop in the men's department, you'll see the advantage there. . . . Gifts are swanky and clever as can be! . . . And the fifth floor! I just can't describe it! There are all sorts of wonderful things to be found there! . . . Two blue and gold trimmed—that indescribable old blue—antique vases that fairly set me wild! Oh, I just hope somebody will give them to me for Christmas. . . . Tables here carry beautiful gifts from 15 cents up . . . arranged according to price! To the FAIR!"



"THE COTTAGE GARDEN carries also an unusual line of those wonderful extra long-stemmed roses—all colors—for the holiday special. Nothing in the whole world could be lovelier for a friend than roses. Nothing, certainly, is more distinctive or more complimentary. Roses can be supplied here to carry out your every color scheme for dinner or dance. . . . Spider-webby, straggly, wall-trailing sedums—and oh, the shadows they make on a wall—installed in hanging baskets or in wall brackets; indoor glass-gardens, already planted and adorned with miniature garden figures, birds and animals, to add a note of interest; beautiful holly wreaths and sprays, full and graceful—all are intriguing and suggestive as Christmas remembrances. . . . THE COTTAGE GARDEN will also supply decorations for the grave of your loved one, or for the cemetery lot. . . . Have you seen those evergreen and pine blankets? They are rather different, and are in demand. . . . Don't forget that the COTTAGE GARDEN carries a full line of rare gardenias, orchids, violets and other choice flowers."



MRS. TARRANT GOES SHOPPING

Mrs. W. E. Jarry is Mrs. Tarrant's shopping companion for today.

Well here we are at Leonards. It delights my soul to shop here, this is to be a big day. Leonards calls this February 5th nursery Day. All friends are invited to come in and look whether they buy or not. They want you to see their lovely evergreens, such graceful juniper trees, such gay Nandinas, and, oh, such wonderful cedar-Theodoras. I simply go wild when it comes the time to begin planting things. Now is time to buy sweet pea seed. They are selling a special blend, all colors, 2 ounces, 25 cents, and peat moss for mulching only \$2.50 for a 22-pound bale.

See those Love Birds. Watch them spoon. I am sure they are not Mr. and Mrs. because it is a masculine trait to quit love-making as soon as he leaves the altar.

How many shrubs are you taking home? Go get them while I decide how many I can afford. Did you say we had better wait until after the freeze? You don't need to worry about the weather, don't you know Texas never acts the same way twice? Why this year we may have a regular Indian summer. Put your foot in your pocket and lets go right now.

Come on, now, and let's hurry on to Striplings Book Department. It makes me happy just to start there, for I just love to nose around in a book store. I can always unearth so many interesting things. This is the month of Valentine parties, so everybody must get ready. You had better, too, because you promised the youngsters a party at your house this year. I want you to see the party packages, these contain one large tablecloth, 12 napkins, 8 silhouette place cards besides a Valentine centerpiece, and the prices are so reasonable, too. Let's go look at the new tally cards. I never saw such clever ones, did you? Then there are boxes and boxes of

greeting cards, that say just the right thing to Cousin Bill or Sister Sue or the proper thing to the preacher and his wife, and the glorious thing about them is you did not have to miss a single party or show trying to think up something smart or clever to say on those cards. I mean to buy a whole flock and keep in my desk for emergencies and you should do the same thing, cause your husband would not know what to think should he come home some evening and find you busy trying to really think. I know mine would send for the doctor at once because he would know that I was delirious.

Come, Jonie, I have an appointment with Dr. Binns at 613 Throckmorton. It is really a joy to go to an optometrist like Dr. Binns. He takes such infinite pains to fit my eyes. He wants them just right. He never seems to think of his time, but is only concerned with helping me. I must tell you right now we will be there 45 minutes, for Dr. Binns says it takes fully that time to make a thorough examination, though some so-called optometrist takes only about 15 minutes. He has all the latest instruments for this work. First he makes nine separate tests of the vision to find the lens needed. Then about 10 different ones are made on the eye muscles. This is very necessary because while we have two eyes they must function as one.

Dr. N. N. Binns has lived here since 1909, so you can see he is no fly-by-night optometrist who has come to town and hung out his shingle.

Don't you think these glasses are flattering. Can't you see how they soften my expression, how they relieve that strained nervous look. I don't mind wearing glasses that are becoming. But I don't want to look like my own grandmothers, even if I have passed my sixteenth birthday there is life in the old girl yet.

Mrs. Tarrant Goes Shopping



(Mrs. Davenport of North West Fifteenth Street is Mrs. Tarrant's shopping companion for today.)

"Hello, Edna . . . Can you be ready in 15 minutes? I have a real treat in store for you. FOSTER JENNINGS . . . you know, the HUPMOBILE DEALER, of 1201 West Seventh Street, is sending us one of the new model De Luxe V-8 Fords to go shopping in today. He is also an AUTHORIZED FORD DEALER now . . . and you know how nice a Ford can be for a town car. Jane Lane says they took their old Ford over to Foster last week, and that he reconditioned the cylinder assembly, making the car run like new. . . . You know they have an exchange policy over there now on the 4's and V-8's at the established price of \$37.50 on the A or B models and \$40.00 on the V-8's, plus freight. That is quite nice. They have also installed a number of other economy exchange features."

"Let's go first to HOLMBERG & SONS, popular East Exchange Avenue jewelers. They've just recently moved across the street from where they formerly were. . . . The antique clock you admired on my mantel the other day had been stored in our attic for 20 years. It was my great-grandmother's. MR. HOLMBERG reclaimed it for us. I'm so glad I thought to take it to him. It runs like a top now. It's so smart these days, you know, to reinstate the family heirlooms! . . . Speaking of antiques . . . I'm taking him this morning a lot of old jewelry to put in shape. Some of it was my mother's and some is very, very old—been in the family always. Recently he reset my diamond and cleaned, polished and repaired my lovely antique bracelet. You feel so safe when your valuables are in MR. HOLMBERG'S hands."

"Oh, yes . . . we can go to MRS. WHITE'S now. I, too, am eager to see the new artificial fingernails. I've heard so much about them. They say you can put them on, file

them to suit, and they will remain indefinitely. What will the shops feature next! . . . You can always count on WHITE'S BEAUTY PARLOR, 1508 North Houston, having the latest mode in style and service. Mabel Lee told me last week that MRS. WHITE gave her one of those remarkable new facial treatments, and that she looked—and felt—20 years younger afterwards. . . . And it's so pretty down there in Marine Park! MRS. WHITE and her able assistants always give more than you pay for. . . . And the view in the park is free!"

"MISS BAILEY, I want you to meet Mrs. Davenport . . . Edna, you know I've been telling you about the COTTAGE GARDEN here on Greenwood Cemetery Esplanade. It's really North Fort Worth's most convenient floral shop . . . and, oh, do look at these adorable wall flower brackets! . . . MISS, BAILEY, what is this charming trailer? Oh, yes, I know it's a sedum, but isn't it interesting as an indoor decorative? . . . Such glass gardens! Glass gardening seems to be the vogue now—and why not? Nothing is more entertaining during the shut-in months than these miniature table gardens under glass. . . . I've never seen anything lovelier than your 'mums.' They are simply gorgeous! And what could be more regal? . . . Where do you get such clever and novel ideas for gifts and parties? And haven't you a lot of rock garden plants!"

"Edna, RUTH'S MUSIC SHOP, 109 East Sixth Street, features exclusive phonographs and allied interests. Shall we go there next? I'm going to use my Victor more. Did you know that one of the big national weeklies made a plea on its editorial page this week for the re-establishment of the phonograph in the home? This instrument, the article explained, is a very potent factor in the education of the child. MISS RUTH, always ahead of the public's needs, carries a unique line of children's records—'Songs of Winnie-the-Pooh,' 'Raggedy Ann Sunny Songs' and the 'Playtime' series at 25 cents per record. She has also a large selection of educational books on how to get the most out of your instruments, and albums and portfolios of records, among the latter: Roosevelt's nomination address and his oath of office; classical, modern and popular music. The 'Showboat' number, cleverly designed, is most attractive. RUTH'S also carries radios for the home and car."



MRS. TARRANT GOES SHOPPING

(Mrs. Sears of Boulevard is Mrs. Tarrant's shopping companion for today.)

"Oh, Mrs. Sears, I'm so glad you like the new magazine, SOUTHERN HOME & GARDEN. You sent your subscription to Box 462, Fort Worth, didn't you? . . . Don't you think the special Christmas offer of three year subscriptions for \$2 is an excellent suggestion for a gift? Magazines remind one of the giver in such a happy way all through the year. . . . The next issue will contain special features on outdoor Christmas tree lighting, with illustrated examples of how best to do it; photo murals; indoor and outdoor aquariums; some Christmas legends of our native flowers with an especially beautiful one on the holly—stories you will love to tell the children; splendid Christmas recipes by Helen Steele, and a continuation of the water lily stories by W. W. Coates, Jr., etc.

"Do you really think my glasses are becoming? . . . It takes a clever and capable optician to properly select and fit glasses on one. I dreaded putting them on so much—had an idea they would be uncomfortable, unbecoming, etc. Now I wonder why I was so foolish. . . . Such comfort I have not enjoyed for years—and they don't look bad, do they? Of course, AL BAUER is my OPTICIAN. I shouldn't want anyone else. AL BAUER really knows his line, and his customers are people who know and want what AL BAUER has to offer. . . . You go in there for glasses feeling sort of sorry for yourself and gloomy because you have to wear the things. And you come away 'fit and fine' (never mind the pun), thinking what a privilege it is to wear AL BAUER'S glasses. And believe me, it is! What a fine Christmas present for a loved one who needs glasses! The PLACE—813 HOUSTON STREET.

"Now to STEVE'S we will go,
Out on CAMP BOWIE WAY,
Where good food you can get
For luncheon today.

There is coffee for all tastes—
It's especially ground,
And the hot cakes out there
Are the best to be found.

There are sandwiches—everything!
And what-have-you to drink;
Oh, wait 'til you've tried it,
And then you will think

What everyone else does
Who goes there to eat—
That STEVE'S on CAMP BOWIE
Is just hard to beat!

"Did you ever see anything more intriguing than Mrs. W. P. LITTLE-

JOHN'S ANTIQUE HOME-SHOP at 1208 BELLE PLACE! . . . You know it's strange, but lots of people have an idea that antique shops feature only such things as are beyond the average pocketbook. . . . What a mistake! Wasn't that the darlinest vase at \$1.00, and oh, that blue bottle! And those picture frames, prints, books, that china and glass-ware! Now can you imagine getting an antique gift for Christmas! Nothing could be more wonderful! Most of my friends are doing away with their modern furnishings and installing choice oil things, many of them from MRS. LITTLEJOHN'S. It is the SMART thing to do. And isn't it nice to be able to reclaim and reinstate the old heirlooms! . . . Yes, indeed, she can refinish your old bed. You know, refinishing is one of her specialties. Haven't you seen my antique secretary and chairs that she did? Her prices are very reasonable, too, and her work the best. . . . Yes, her address is 1208 BELLE PLACE.

"There are cars that make you happy,
There are cars that make you sad;
There are cars that make you snappy,
But a FORD car always makes you glad.

There are men who sell you one make,
And another, 'just as good,'
But FORD agents do not mistake—
Simply would not, if they could.

FOSTER JENNINGS is a dealer
On whom any can rely—
'FORDS AND HUPMOBILES' his
'speeler';
You just cannot pass him by!

"As we go home I want you to stop by STRIPLING'S BOOK DEPARTMENT with me. Mr. Rector is in charge there. You know what that means, and Mrs. Gray's discriminating taste can always be relied upon. . . . I think I have never seen such a splendid line of juvenile books as STRIPLING is showing this year—children's classics, tales of adventure, and a special series such as 'Heroes Every Child Should Know' and a similar line on birds, trees, flowers, and other nature subjects. . . . You must see a book I purchased there a few days ago for a little boy's Christmas, 'The Life and Adventures of Daniel Boone.' It has fascinating illustrations and will make a great appeal to a boy. . . . Of course you can find anything you want for adults in modern fiction. Then too, STRIPLING'S BOOK DEPARTMENT is showing a distinctive and unique line of Christmas cards. Nothing is nicer for an inexpensive reminder of the day!"

Mrs. Tarrant Goes Shopping



Mrs. Tarrant was called from the city this week and was unable to prepare the copy for this feature. She will be back with us again next week.

Mrs. Tarrant Goes Shopping



Mrs. Tarrant was called from the city last week on account of illness and was unable to prepare the copy for this feature. She will be back with us again next week.

