

LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 12

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1915.

NUMBER 6

Oct. 30 Clean-Up Day By Proclamation Of Mayor

All Garbage Piled Convenient To The Street Will Be Hauled Off By The City Free Of Charge—King's Stable Will Furnish Team

Mayor J. E. Stokes; announces that Saturday October 30th has been set apart by the city aldermen as clean up day, and in as much as there are certain unsightly, and unsanitary conditions that are a menace to the health of the citizenship of Tahoka, maintained and allowed to exist within the city limits, it is suggested that all parties or whose premises such conditions exist clean them up and take advantage of the following offer of the city to have them removed:

The city will place two men and a team at the service of the citizenship on the above date, and all trash collected in a place easy of access from the street will be hauled to the dumping ground free of charge. The city will also give a cash prize of \$2.50 to the boy or girl that has the cleanest yard in town Saturday night October 30th. Counting from tomorrow morning we have eighteen even days to clean the town of Tahoka of all rubbish and filth. Will we do it?

If we wait until the morning of the 30th to begin operations, we will be only slightly cleaner that night than we are today. If we begin now and work early and late cleaning the nooks and corners of our places, of residence and business, and not waste a moment that might be used in collecting the accumulated trash and rubbish where the city wagon can hardly get at it Saturday morning, we will awake on the fifth Sunday of this month to view, if not the clearest, one of the cleanest towns the sun ever shown on.

Put your shoulder to the wheel and do your share. You owe it to yourself, your family and to the town to make and keep your premises clean.

Saturday at 2 p. m. we will give 25 cents in cash to the pupil returning the most of our tablet backs marked "Parkhurst Broken \$ Store." 6 9

Sweaters, Sweater Coats, Fall Shirts, all kinds. 3 See H. M. Larkin.

If you want action on your money, list your town lots, land and live stock with Paul Miller. 51tf

FIRE INSURANCE.

See McMill Clayton for fire insurance in old line companies.

Money to loan on patented or School land. Paul Miller. 51

WANTED—Stock to pasture: Apply at residence or phone No. 1. Tahoka.—J. F. Carter. 5 tf

FOR SALE—Oliver Typewriter, in first class condition.—See Mrs. J. H. McCoy, at Wells' Store. 5tf

Dissatisfied—List it wit Pau Miller, he will sell it pronto. 51

Mares For Sale

I have a good bunch of brood mares for sale on good terms; will sell any number from one to fifty head.

B. F. MONTGOMERY, Tahoka, Texas. 5 tf

SCENE FROM EPISODE FOUR OF THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE



"A Package for You, Miss Dodge."

ARRESTED ON CHARGE OF SWINDLING IN OKLAHOMA

Buster Cagle, erstwhile promoter and instructor of the Tahoka Cornet Band, was arrested Tuesday afternoon by the sheriff's department of Lynn county on warrant from Bryant county, Oklahoma, charged with obtaining money under false pretenses. It is alleged that Cagle was known in Bryant county, as Jess Kaigler.

Eoroute to Lubbock, where Cagle was taken in charge by the Oklahoma deputy, he declared that he was the wrong man, and that the party wanted was a cousin. He declared he would uncover the mistake as soon as he reached Oklahoma where he was known. The deputy sheriff from Oklahoma where he is known. The deputy sheriff from Oklahoma is quoted as expressing the belief that his department had a strong case against the prisoner.

Cagle and a party from Slaton had leased the Jones brick, to be vacated soon by the Star theatre, for one year and intended installing a complete line of gents furnishing and an up-to-date tailor shop there about the first of the coming month. Cagle declared he would return in a few days vindicated of the charge held against him.

Notice.

To The Farmers.

We now have our Gin completed and ready to operate.

We want a share of your ginning and guarantee to give the very best service possible.

Having installed the very latest and best machinery to be had, we can give you satisfaction.

Should you prefer selling your cotton in the seed, we will buy it and will always try and pay the highest market price.

Give us a trial.

Yours very truly, 5 8 FULLER COTTON OIL CO. TAHOKA

PROGRAM FOR THE JUNIOR LEAGUE SUNDAY OCT. 10TH

ROLL CALL.

Song—By all.
Leader—Zora Hallmark.
Remarks about scripture reading—Conrad Lam.
Piano solo—Lola Donaldson.
Select reading—Jethna Harrison
Song—By all.
League Benediction.

For up-to-date construction and quick work—any and all kinds of building: See S. S. Ramsey; who knows how. Prices moderate. 52tf

Parent-Teacher Club Order School Drinking Fountain

Paper by Mrs. Walker: "Street Loafing One of the Greatest Modern Evils Of Our Public Schools"

The first regular session of the Parent Teachers Club met last Friday evening at the high school building. About twenty mothers were present besides the corps of teachers.

The meeting was called to order and the following officers were elected: Mrs. F. L. Parker, president; and Mrs. J. B. Walker, secretary.

The program arranged was carried out. Supt. B. C. Zornes delivered a talk on "The Inspiration a Teacher Could Be to a Child". Miss King, principle, read a paper portraying the "Influence of Teachers on the Pupils". Mrs. J. B. Walker followed with a paper on "Street Loafing One of the Greatest Modern Evils of our Public Schools". (This paper was cheered by the club and voted to be published in the News.) Prof. Hubert St. Clair delivered a talk on "What Education Is Intended to Do for the Child". In his remarks he stressed the fact that a modern education was not intended to make authors and poets of the children, but to prepare them to meet life in a rational way.

Following the regular program, round table discussions prevailed and it was moved and voted that the club provide the school with a modern sanitary drinking fountain. Mesdames King, Crie and Walker were selected as a committee to select and order same. After the session closed, the above named committee invited the President of the club, Mrs. Parker, to accompany them to the Tahoka Hardware Co., where they selected and ordered a \$36 four bulb fountain. It is expected that this fountain will be installed before the next regular meeting, which will be Friday, Oct. 15th.

Everyone interested in the welfare of the present session or future sessions of the school are invited to join the club and especially are parents who have children in school requested to join the club and lend their support to the movement for a bigger and better school.

Street Loafing One Of The Greatest Modern Evils Of Our Public Schools.

In treating this subject I shall make three subdivisions: First, causes leading to street loafing; Second, results of street loafing; Third, ways of correcting this evil.

Taking them up in their proper order, I shall say that the chief cause of this evil and pernicious habit is slack parental discipline, especially on the part of the mother. The father is to a certain extent exempt from this responsibility from the fact that his business usually demands almost his entire time and attention, making it next to impossible for him to know his child is spending all of his time. But the mother, unthinkingly perhaps, often encourages this habit by permitting her child to loiter on the streets or on his way from school, often reaching home long after school hours. She will likely give him a mild scolding to which he pays small heed and soon learns to disregard entirely. And then again

the mother sometimes sends the child to town on an errand and permits him to remain on the streets until night drives him home. Of course, there are minor causes leading to this habit, one of which is his inborn social instinct and love of amusement which if not properly controlled and directed will often lead him to seek entertainment and associates wholly unfitted for a clean normal child. But, I repeat that the principle cause of street loafing is the failure on the part of the mother to make it her sacred duty to know where and with whom her child is spending his time.

Now, the results of street loafing, a few of which I shall mention are far reaching in their effect upon the life and character of the child who is permitted to form this habit. It effects him seriously both morally and mentally. Take the child between the age of eight and twelve years his moral nature is degraded by coming in contact with things on the street which tend to give him an ugly, sordid impression of life at a time when by the right kind of environment he could have impressed upon his plastic mind the germs of the great truths of life in a pure and beautiful way, and then from a mental viewpoint it tends to divert his mind from his studies and encourages idleness. And these evil influences brought to bear on the life of the younger child develops in the older pupil positive vices. It lowers his moral standard and this necessarily lower his intellectual ideals. He has no aspirations to educational achievement, and a pupil without aspirations never progresses much in his studies no matter how efficient his teacher might be. Having no desire for an education nor noble ambitions in any line for himself the result usually is that he quits school before he completes the high school course. He enters the business of life handicapped by lack of intellectual equipment and with a moral nature so dwarfed and degraded that he is unable to exercise intelligently the rights of citizenship of his country and is wholly unfit to become the progenitor of his race. Oh! The pity of it. I might mention other evil results of this habit, but, I shall desist as these named are sufficient to alarm and place on her guard any right thinking mother.

Now we will notice some of the ways of correcting this evil. If, as I have before stated that the principal blame for street loafing is traced to the mother, it necessarily follows that the remedy lies almost wholly in her hands. In the very infancy of her child should begin her life work, and that is this: Taking the little plant which God has given her and by careful and grayerful cultivation, pruning away evil tendencies and inclinations, fostering and encouraging every noble trait, watering them with unselfish love and words of encouragement; under difficulties and disappointments; fertilizing and enriching them by bits of advice from her wider experience and thru tears and

SCENE FROM EPISODE FOUR THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE



It Was the Clutching Hand.

HAGGART CASE WILL COME UP FOR TRIAL OCTOBER 21

The case of Frank Haggart, indicted for rape, will come up for trial October 21st in the district court of Potter county. A venire of 200 has been ordered which to select the jury. At the time of his arrest, Haggart was engineer on the Tahoka-Lamesa local.

Pupils save your tablet backs they are worth cash at Parkhurst Broken \$ Store. 6 9

Dr. I. E. Smith, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist of Snyder will visit his patients here, Wednesday Oct 13th. 5 6

smiles see them grow into happy useful and beautiful lives whose innocence and purity reflects the image of Christ himself. This is the divine mission of motherhood. And if every mother by working and following the guidance of the Holy Spirit should fulfil this mission perfectly as her limited abilities permit, there would be no need for a paper on this subject for there would be no street loafers among our children. Oh! That every mother could sense the gravity of the responsibility which rests upon her as the architect of her child's life and character. But, unfortunately some of us have failed to get a full conception of our duty to our children and as a consequence this among other evils exists. And in regard to ways for its eradication would suggest that the mother of the street loafing child sees that he reaches home a reasonable time after school hours and keep him there by giving him light tasks to perform and providing innocent amusement. Let him feel free to bring his friends to his home and there engage in games and sports under the immediate observation of his mother. Help him to cultivate a love of good reading and provide plenty of clean wholesome literature; make home so attractive that he will not wish to seek companionship on the street and other questionable places, gain his confidence by evincing a real and sympathetic interest in everything that interests him, and he will soon learn to come to his mother with all of his childish problems, give him help and encouragement in his disappointments and words of appreciation for a task well done. Suppress gently but

firmly his inclinations to do wrong, teaching him to distinguish between the true and the false, instil high ideals in his mind and help him strive to reach them. If you can do this dear mother, you will win such a high place in his affections and esteem that he will not wish to engage in street loafing and other things so utterly foreign to his mother's wishes. You will have, in fact, created in his being such a love for the good and beautiful that he will have no appetite for low associates and cheap amusements. Now, a last word: Let us mothers on every occasion give to our teachers the fullest cooperation in their efforts to improve and advance our children.

A Box or Fancy Candy did you say? Parkhurst Broken \$ Store is the place to get it. 6

Contract Let For Three New Bricks East Side Main St.

Parkhurst Will Erect Thirty By Seventy Structure Next The Star Theatre—Two Twenty By Seventies Join Parkhurst On North

Contractor A. Z. Rodgers, in an interview with the News reporter Wednesday morning confirmed the rumor of three new bricks north of the new home of the Star Theatre on Main and Harper streets.

The building next to the Star Theatre will be 30 by 70 feet and will be owned and occupied by the Parkhurst Broken \$ Store. The next two buildings will be 20 by 70 feet each, and contiguous to the Parkhurst building. Mr. Rodgers informed us he was not at liberty to disclose the identity of the parties who would occupy the structures 20 by 70 feet, but assured us that they would be built, and as proof referred us to the attorney who drew up the contract for the construction, also he stated \$850 of the contract price had been paid.

Construction on these three buildings will begin immediately, as the material has already been ordered.

E. L. Howard informs us that he has bought a strip along the north side of his theatre building six inches wide the length of his lot and will own one half of the Parkhurst building. This deal was consummated with the view to replacing the building now under construction with a modern brick theatre in the next few years.

In regard to the 50 by 125 foot brick department store announced in last week's issue, Mr. Rodgers informs us that while there has been no contract signed, nor any money put up, there is a verbal contract to the effect that the building will be erected.

WEST TEXAS ABSTRACT CO. Miss Bertha Bowder, Mgr. Office in Clerk's Office, Tahoka. Complete abstracts of Lynn County, and Tahoka Real Estate. 5tf

firmly his inclinations to do wrong, teaching him to distinguish between the true and the false, instil high ideals in his mind and help him strive to reach them. If you can do this dear mother, you will win such a high place in his affections and esteem that he will not wish to engage in street loafing and other things so utterly foreign to his mother's wishes. You will have, in fact, created in his being such a love for the good and beautiful that he will have no appetite for low associates and cheap amusements.

Now, a last word: Let us mothers on every occasion give to our teachers the fullest cooperation in their efforts to improve and advance our children.

FOR SALE—480 acres of very fine land in 8 miles East of Tahoka, Lynn county. 95 per cent tillable and 65 acres in cultivation, good fences, deep well, windmill, corral, and small shed room, one 4 room house, well located, near Railroad Switch. Price \$15 per acre; will give good terms; write us your bid. E. P. Logan & Co., 3 6 Godley, Texas.

Big line of mens suits just received. H. M. Larkin. 3

Lynn County News

Published every Friday by
H. C. OAK & CO. TAHOKA,
I. OAK, ED. & MGR.

One Year \$1.00—Strictly in Advance
Advertising Rates on Application

Entered as second-class matter, July
10, 1905, at the post office at Tahoka
Texas, under the Act of Congress of
March 3, 1879.

H. C. Bains, one of A. Z. Rodgers' steadies, is building himself a nice residence just north of A. Z.'s Swiss cottage, on Main street.

Destruction work began on the King Livery Stable this morning, and by night they wont have any more roof than a rabbit.

Mrs. S. S. Ramsey left Wednesday morning to visit her daughter, Mrs. Osear Rutledge of Amarillo.

Mrs. B. F. Montgomery returned Sunday night from a visit to New Mexico.

DOLLARS GROW

IN OUR ADVERTISING COLUMNS.

Advertisers and Readers
Gather Them.

PROFESSIONAL

C. H. CAIN
Lawyer

Office in old First National Bank Building

Tahoka, Texas

M. M. HERRING

Lawyer and Abstractor
Office over Postoffice

Tahoka, Texas

C. P. GENTRY
Jewelry

All Repair Work Guaranteed
Office in Parkhurst Bldg.

Tahoka, Texas

DR. J. R. SJNGLETON
DENTIST

Permanently Located

Tahoka, Texas

DR. E. H. INMON

Physician & Surgeon

Tahoka, Texas

Dr. J. H. McCoy

Physician and Surgeon

Office over Tahoka Drug Co.
Office 23 Phone Res. 108

LYNN COUNTY HEARD FROM.

(Panhandle Weekly)

A good sized delegation from Lynn county is in fair attendance one of whom I. A. Doak, a Tahoka business man gives the Daily Panhandle the following in regard to Lynn county and Tahoka conditions.

"Lynn county's great acreages this year are milo and kafir corn, Indian corn and cotton.

"Milo maize and kafir corn harvesting is now in progress, with an indicated average yield of at least 1 1/2 tons of heads per acre—some farmers claiming that the average yield will reach 2 tons per acre.

"The cotton acreage is larger than that of last year and picking has commenced, with an expected average return of a bale per acre. Tahoka has two good gins and will turn out this year an aggregate of at least 4,000 bales.

"From 10,000 to 12,000 acres of Indian corn are approaching grain maturity, with an estimated yield of from 40 to 50 bushels per acre.

"Peanuts are rapidly growing in favor as an adjunct of milo maize and kafir export pork fattening and finishing—the county annually markets large numbers of prime porkers with an increasing purchase by farmers of brood sows.

"Lynn was one of the first of the South Plains counties to introduce the now generally successful culture of sudan grass, both as a hay and a stock pasturage and has excellent results in both directions.

"The county is noted for its fruits, melons, sweet potatoes and garden vegetables and is especially noted for its practically unending and abundant annual rainfall.

"Lynn county recently voted \$60,000 worth of bonds for the construction of a new court house at Tahoka and a buyer has been found for the bonds whenever the county commissioners desire to close the transaction. It is probable that courthouse construction work will not begin until next spring.

"The \$15,000 new Hotel Lynn at Tahoka is about completed and will probably open for business on the first of next month—while proprietor Stokes, of the Stokes Hotel is figuring on either a big enlargement of the present building, or the erection of a new one.

Many experienced farmers from other localities are settling in the county, about 25,000 of sod land being sold to such settlers within the last 60 days—a very large portion of which will be cropped next year."

Lap Robes, Over Coats, Ladies Cloaks—Come and see them.

H. M. Larkin.

NOTICE.

No hunting allowed in Tahoka Lake pasture without my permission. Please SHUT GATES when going thru pasture. 29 p
J. T. Lofton.

C. W. Scott, a News subscriber at Brady, arrived in Tahoka this week with his family and is now a full fledged citizen of Lynn county. Mr. Scott came out here for his health and incidently to make a living also. May he live long and prosper.

To The Public.

This is to certify that I, T. B. Yates, of Tahoka Drug Co., and J. Gilliam have dissolved partnership: The said J. Gilliam having purchased my interest in said company. 57

J. GILLIAM,
T. B. YATES, JR.

J. H. McNeily, who lives on the Edwards place in the Three Lakes community, talking to a News representative this week said that he had made two crops here and had become so attached to this country that he had decided to stay, so has purchased a place. He will go into the hog business. He has quite a bunch of hogs now and as soon as his crop is gathered will move to his new quarters and improve with a view to specializing in hogs.

If you want to buy or trade for town lots, land or live stock, see me. I will get what you want if it can be had—P. Miller

N. D. Goree, manager of Our Cash Store, on the west side of the square, has purchased the lot and building occupied by this store, and is having an additional forty feet built onto the rear of the present building.

Mr. Goree informed the News representative that this new space with the thirty foot store room in the building south of him, will give him a total of 3500 square feet of floor space, on which he will have displayed a \$14,000 stock of general merchandise.

Notice of Sale of Real Estate Under Execution.

The State of Texas, County of Lynn, In the County Court of Tarrant County, Texas, for Civil Cases, James McCord Company Vs. Jack Alley et al.

Whereas, by virtue of an execution Fi Fa, issued out of the County Court of Tarrant County, Texas, for Civil Cases on a Judgment rendered in said Court on the 10th day of February A. D. 1914 in favor of the James McCord Company and against the said Jack Alley, E. Payne, Luke Riley and T. M. Bartly, No. 13240 on the Docket of said Court, I did on the 6th day of Oct. A. D. 1915 at 6 o'clock p. m. levy upon the following described tracts and parcels of land situate in the County of Lynn, State of Texas, and belonging to the said T. M. Bartly, to-wit:

All of Lots 4 and 6 in Blk. No. 13; Lots Nos. 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 12, 13 and 15 in Blk. No. 32; All of Lots Nos. 9 and 10 in Blk. 33; Lots Nos. 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Blk. No. 35 and Lot No. 6 in Blk. No. 76 in the North Tahoka Addition to the original town of Tahoka in Lynn County, Texas as shown by the plat of said town of record in Vol. 11 page 515, Deed Records of Lynn County, Texas, to which reference is here had for further description of said lots. Also all of the West half of the North-west one-fourth of Sur. No. 482, Cert. 462, Blk. 1, E. L. & R. R. R. Co., containing 80 acres in Lynn County, Texas; Also all of the West half and North-east one-fourth of Sur. 479, Blk. 1, Cert. 461, E. L. & R. R. R. Co., in Lynn County, Texas;

And on the 2nd day of November A. D. 1915, being the first Tuesday of said month, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. of said day at the court house door of said County I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title, and interest of the said T. M. Bartly, Jack Alley, E. Payne and Luke Riley in and to said property.

Dated at Tahoka, this 6th day of Oct. A. D. 1915.

F. E. Redwine, Sheriff of Lynn County, Texas, by S. W. Joplin, Deput.

INSTALLING STEAM LAUNDRY

John Yates is busy this week installing the machinery for a laundry in the lower floor of the Woodman building on the east side of the square.

John has purchased the equipment used by Mr. Barnes when the laundry was located on the east edge of town. He has had this machinery thoroughly overhauled and put in first class shape, and when he begins operations will be able to turn out work equal to a new plant. He will employ some one thoroughly familiar with the laundry business to run the machinery.

This is a business that Tahoka has felt the need of for some time and we believe the people should give the venture their undivided support. Outside laundries take away several hundred dollars a week when it might just as well be spent at home.

Patronize home industry, it is not only fair, but profitable.

Land, Live Stock, Town Lots—If you want to sell or trade, list with Paul Miller. 51

Mrs. W. S. Swan accompanied her mother, Grandma Shook, to her home in Oklahoma Thursday. She will be away a week or ten days.

See our new line Tablets.—Parkhurst Broken \$ Store. 69

Wheat, 60 lbs; Corn, shelled, 56; Corn in ear, 70; Rye, 60; Oats, 32; White Potatoes, 60; Sweet Potatoes, 55; White Beans, 60; Peas, 60; Blue Grass Seed, 14; Buckwheat, 42; Dried Peaches, 33; Dried Apples, 26; Onions, 57; Bran, 20; Turnips, 55; Unslaked Lime, 30; Corn Meal, 48; Salt, fine, 55; Salt, coarse, 50; Barley, 48; Onion Sets, 35 lbs.

Frank King, the well driller is thoroughly convinced that advertising pays. He ordered out his ad this week because it had brought him more wells than he could drill. He stated that he would have a new outfit in the near future and would use printer's ink to keep it busy.

If you need a hay press, phone me at A. R. McGonagill's—C. L. Cyrus. 48 tf

W. S. Crowder, a News subscriber, of Gomez, was in Tahoka Thursday enjoying the experience of receiving upwards of \$75 for a bale of cotton and seed; he also enjoyed the movies at the Star Theatre at night. In conversation with the News man Mr. Crowder made the statement that if the farmers in this country would plant their cotton shallow, they would have no trouble with it opening too late.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss. Lucas County,

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Blacksmithing

Flows made any size, wagon and buggy work done Satisfaction Guaranteed at

J. Macfarlane's
South of Square

Are You Raising a Roof For a Rainy Day?

Longfellow said: "Into each life a little rain must fall." Are you prepared to shelter your family when the storms come.

The wise man builds when the skies are clear. Money in the bank will solve the "Rainy Day" problem.

The First National Bank Of Tahoka Texas

Too Busy

unpacking and assembling a carload of bedsteads to write an ad.

But Lest We Forget

to tell you next week, we have the swellest line out, and the prices beat the catalog houses. Come see them whether you want to buy or not.

ED. MEYERS FURNITURE Every thing for the Home.

A carload Pekin wagons

Just arrived--Second growth hickory apokes and axles. Also line of

Wetter Stoves and Heaters "Best Stoves on Earth"

Auto Casings and Tubes--Dry Cell Batteries
C. L. Williams

Hardware, Harness, Saddles--South Side of the Square
Tin Shop Under Shoe and leather Repair
Expert Workman Work done Satisfactorily

Investigate

The Praetorian Policies

10, 15, 20 pay. Paid up and extended values after third year. Accident benefits with each of our eight different policies. Safe, Sound and Adequite.

TREES! TREES! TREES!

If you want home grown trees that are healthy and propagated from varieties that have been tested and do best in the West, it will pay you to investigate all that to have nurseries on the Plains. Plainview Nursery will pay \$5.00 a day and expenses to anyone who will investigate if they do not find that we have the largest and best stock of home grown trees anywhere in Texas west of Fort Worth or in New Mexico. We are practically the only institution that has a stock of fruit trees ready for the market. For your good and ours too, we solicit your investigation.

J. E. PORTER, Agent, Tahoka, Texas

PLAINVIEW NURSERY.

Regular Program

MONDAY

The Old Clothes Shop, two reels.
In The Valley.

Reliance
Thanouser

TUESDAY

A Woman From Warrens, two reels,
The Molly Coddles
Exploits of Elaine, Episode Four, two reels,

Majestic
Beauty
Pathe

WEDNESDAY

The Moment Of Sacrifice, two reels,
The Home Breaking Hound

Thanouser
Keystone

THURSDAY

The Floating Death, two reel,
Hungry Hank In The Country

Kee Bee
Alwin

FRIDAY

Special Two Reel KEYSTONE Featuring Mack Sennet, Fatty Arbuckle and Mabel Normand in THE LITTLE TEACHER
She Walketh Alone

American

SATURDAY

Matinee and Night
His Obligation, two reel
Home Again

American
Komic



Theatre

10 Cents--ADMISSION--10 Cents--

We Treat You Right

Every time you buy Groceries and Dry Goods, Either in Large or Small Quantities
S. N. McDaniel, the West Side Merchant, Tahoka, Texas

The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE
The Well-Known Novelist and the
Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration with the Pathe Players
and the Eclectic Film Company

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SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders of prominent men. The principal clue to the murderer is the warning letter which is sent the victims signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jameson, a newspaper man. Kennedy frustrates a daring attempt to rob a jewelry store and rescues Elaine from a boiler where she had been imprisoned by the thugs.

FOURTH EPISODE

The Frozen Safe.

Kennedy swung open the door of our taxicab as we pulled up, safe at last, before the Dodge mansion, after the rescue of Elaine from the brutal machinations of the Clutching Hand. Bennett was on the step of the cab a moment, and together, one on each side of Elaine, they assisted her out of the car and up the steps to the house.

Elaine's Aunt Josephine was waiting for us in the drawing-room, very much worried. The dear old lady was scandalized as Elaine excitedly told of the thrilling events that had just taken place.

"And to think they—actually—carried you!" she exclaimed, horrified, adding, "And I not—"

"But Mr. Kennedy came along and saved me just in time," interrupted Elaine with a smile. "I was well happoned!"

Aunt Josephine turned to Craig, gratefully. "How can I ever thank you enough, Mr. Kennedy," she said fervently.

Kennedy was quite embarrassed. With a smile, Elaine perceived his discomfort, not at all displeased by it. "Come into the library!" she cried playfully, taking his arm. "I've something to show you."

Where the old safe, which had been burnt through, had stood, was now a brand-new safe of the very latest construction and design—one of those globular safes that look and are so formidable.

"Here is the new safe," she pointed out brightly. "It is not only proof against explosives, but between the plates is a lining that is proof against fire and even that oxyacetylene pipe by which you rescued me from the old boiler. It has a time lock, too, that will prevent its being

opened at night, even if any one should learn the combination."

They stood before the safe a moment, and Kennedy examined it closely with much interest.

"Wonderful!" he admired. "I knew you'd approve of it," cried Elaine, much pleased. "Now I have something else to show you."

She paused at the desk, and from a drawer took out a portfolio of large photographs. They were very handsome photographs of herself.

"Much more wonderful than the safe," remarked Craig earnestly. Then, hesitating and a trifle embarrassed, he added, "May I—may I have one?" "If you care for it," she said, dropping her eyes, then glancing up at him quickly.

"Care for it?" he repeated. "It will be one of the greatest treasures—"

She slipped the picture quickly into an envelope. "Come," she interrupted. "Aunt Josephine will be wondering where we are. She—she's a demon chaperon."

Bennett, Aunt Josephine and myself were talking earnestly as Elaine and Craig returned.

That morning I had noticed Kennedy fussing some time at the door of our apartment before we went over to the laboratory. As nearly as I could make out he had placed something under the rug at the door out into the hallway.

"Well," said Bennett, glancing at his watch and rising as he turned to Elaine, "I'm afraid I must go now."

He crossed over to where she stood and shook hands. There was no doubt that Bennett was very much smitten by his fair client.

"Good-by, Mr. Bennett," she murmured, "and I thank you so much for what you have done for me today."

But there was something lifeless about the words. She turned quickly to Craig, who had remained standing. "Must you go too, Mr. Kennedy?" she asked, noticing his position.

"I'm afraid Mr. Jameson and I must get back on the job before this Clutching Hand gets busy again," he replied reluctantly.

"Oh, I hope you—we get them soon!" she exclaimed, and there was nothing lifeless about the way she gave Craig her hand, as Bennett, he and I left a moment later.

When we approached our door, now, Craig paused. By pressing a little concealed button he caused a panel

in the wall outside to loosen, disclosing a small, boxlike plate in the wall underneath.

It was about a foot long and perhaps four inches wide. Through it ran a piece of paper which unrolled from one coil and wound up on another, actuated by clockwork.

Across the blank white paper ran an ink line traced by a stylographic pen, used as I had seen in mechanical pencils used in offices, hotels, banks and such places. Kennedy examined the thing with interest.

"What is it?" I asked. "A new kinograph," he replied, still gazing carefully at the rolled-up part of the paper. "I have installed it because it registers every footstep on the floor of our apartment. We can't be too careful with this Clutching Hand. I want to know whether we have had any visitors or not in our absence. This straight line indicates that we have not. Wait a moment."

Craig hastily unlocked the door and entered. Inside I could see him pacing up and down our modest quarters. "Do you see anything, Walter?" he called.

I looked at the kinograph. The pen had started to trace its line, no longer even and straight, but zigzag, at different heights across the paper. He came to the door. "What do you think of it?" he inquired.

"Some idea," I answered enthusiastically.

We entered and I fell to work on a special Sunday story that I had been forced to neglect. I was not so busy, however, that I did not notice out of the corner of my eye that Kennedy had taken from its cover Elaine Dodge's picture and was gazing at it ravenously.

I had finished as much of the article as I could do then and was smoking and reading it over. Kennedy was still gazing at the picture Miss Dodge had given him, then moving from place to place about the room, evidently wondering where it would look best. I doubt whether he had done another blessed thing since we returned.

He tried it on the mantel. That wouldn't do. At last he held it up beside a picture of Galton, I think, of finger print and eugenics fame, who hung on the wall directly opposite the fireplace. Hastily he compared the two. Elaine's picture was precisely the same size.

Next he tore out the picture of the scientist and threw it carelessly into the fireplace. Then he placed Elaine's picture in its place and hung it up again, standing off to admire it.

I watched him gleefully. Was this Craig? Purposely I moved my elbow suddenly and pushed a book with a bang on the floor. Kennedy actually jumped. I picked up the book with a muttered apology. No, this was not the same old Craig.

Perhaps half an hour later I was still reading. Kennedy was now pacing up and down the room, apparently unable to concentrate his mind on any but one subject.

He stopped a moment before the photograph, looked at it fixedly. Then he started his methodical walk again, hesitated, and went over to the telephone, calling a number which I recognized.

"She must have been pretty well done up by her experience," he said apologetically, catching my eye. "I was wondering if—hello!—oh, Miss Dodge—I—er—I—er—just called up to see if you were all right."

Craig was very much embarrassed, but also very much in earnest.

A musical laugh rippled over the telephone. "Yes, I'm all right, thank you, Mr. Kennedy—and I put the package you sent me into the safe, but—"

"Package?" frowned Craig. "Why, I sent you no package, Miss Dodge. In the safe?"

"Why, yes, and the safe is all covered with moisture—and so cold."

"Moisture—cold?" he repeated hastily.

"Yes, I have been wondering if it is all right. In fact, I was going to call you up, only I was afraid you'd think I was foolish."

"I shall be right over," he answered hastily, clapping the receiver back on its hook. "Walter," he added, seizing his hat and coat, "come on—hurry!"

A few minutes later we drove up in a taxi, before the Dodge house and rang the bell.

Jennings admitted us sleepily.

It could not have been long after we left Miss Dodge, late in the afternoon, that Susie Martin, who had been quite worried over our long absence after the attempt to rob her father, dropped in on Elaine. Wide-eyed, she had listened to Elaine's story of what had happened.

"And you think this Clutching Hand has never recovered the incriminating papers that caused him to murder your father?" asked Susie.

Elaine shook her head. "No. Let me show you the new safe I've bought. Mr. Kennedy thinks it wonderful."

"I should think you'd be proud of it," admired Susie. "I must tell father to get one, too."

At that very moment, if they had known it, the Clutching Hand, with his sinister, masked face, was peering at the two girls from the other side of the portieres.

Susie rose to go and Elaine followed her to the door. No sooner had she gone than the Clutching Hand came out from behind the curtains. He gazed about a moment, then, moving over to the safe about which the two girls had been talking, stealthily examined it.

He must have heard someone coming, for with a gesture of hate at the safe itself, as though he personified it, he slipped back of the curtains again.

Elaine had returned, and as she sat down at the desk to go over some papers which Bennett had left relative to settling up the estate the masked intruder stealthily and silently withdrew.

"A package for you, Miss Dodge," announced Michael later in the evening, as Elaine, in her dainty evening gown, was still engaged in going over the papers. He carried it in his hands rather gingerly.

"Mr. Kennedy sent it, ma'am. He says it contains clues, and will you please put it in the new safe for him." Elaine took the package eagerly and examined it. Then she pulled open the little round door of the globular safe.

"It must be getting cold out, Michael," she remarked. "This package is as cold as ice."

"It is, ma'am," answered Michael. She closed the safe, and, with a glance at her watch, set the time lock and went upstairs to her room.

No sooner had Elaine disappeared than Michael appeared again, catlike, through the curtains from the drawing-room, and, after a glance about the dimly lighted library, discovering that the coast was clear, motioned to a figure hiding behind the portieres.

A moment and Clutching Hand himself came out.

He moved over to the safe and looked it over. Then he put out his hand and touched it.

"Listen!" cautioned Michael.

Someone was coming, and they hastily slunk behind the protecting portieres. It was Marie, Elaine's maid.

She turned up the lights and went over to the desk for a book for which Elaine had evidently sent her. She paused and appeared to be listening. Then she went to the door.

"Jennings!" she beckoned.

"What is it, Marie?" he replied.

She said nothing, but as he came up the hall led him to the center of the room.

"Listen! I heard sighs and groans!" Jennings looked at her a moment, puzzled, then laughed. "You girls!" he exclaimed. "I suppose you'll always think the library haunted now."

"But, Jennings, listen," she persisted.

Jennings did listen. Sure enough, there were sounds, weird, uncanny. He gazed about the room. It was eerie. Then he took a few steps toward the safe. Marie put out her hand to it and started back.

"Why, that safe is all covered with cold sweat!" she cried with bated breath.

Sure enough, the face of the safe was beaded with dampness. Jennings put his hand on it and quickly drew it away, leaving a mark on the dampness.

"What do you think of that?" he gasped.

"I'm going to tell Miss Dodge," cried Marie, genuinely frightened.

A moment later she burst into Elaine's room.

"What is the matter, Marie?" asked Elaine, laying down her book. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Ah, but mademoiselle—it sees just like that. The safe—if mademoiselle will come down stairs, I will show it you."

Puzzled, but interested, Elaine followed her. In the library Jennings pointed mutely at the new safe. Elaine approached it. As they stood about, new beads of perspiration, as it were, formed on it. Elaine touched it and also quickly withdrew her hand.

"I can't imagine what's the matter," she said. "But—well—Jennings, you may go—and Marie, also."

When the servants had gone she still regarded the safe with the same wondering look, then turning out the light, she followed.

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She had scarcely disappeared when, from the portiered doorway near by, the Clutching Hand appeared, and, after gazing out at them, took a quick look at the safe.

"Good!" he muttered. Noiselessly Michael of the sinister face moved in and took a position in the center of the room, as if on guard, while Clutching Hand sat before the safe watching it intently.

"Someone at the door—Jennings is answering the bell," Michael whispered hoarsely.

"Confound it!" muttered Clutching Hand, as both moved again behind the heavy velvet curtains.

"I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Kennedy," greeted Elaine unaffectedly as Jennings admitted us.

She had heard the bell and was coming downstairs as we entered. We three moved toward the library and someone switched on the lights.

Craig strode over to the safe. The cold sweat on it had now turned to icicles. Craig's face clouded with thought as he examined it more closely. There was actually a groaning sound from within.

"It can't be opened," he said to himself. "The time lock is set for tomorrow morning."

Outside, if we had not been so absorbed in the present mystery, we might have seen Michael and the Clutching Hand listening to us. Clutching Hand looked hastily at his watch.

"The deuce!" he muttered under his breath, stifling his suppressed fury. We stood looking at the safe. Kennedy was deeply interested, Elaine standing close beside him. Suddenly he seemed to make up his mind.

"Quick—Elaine!" he cried, taking her arm. "Stand back!"

We all retreated. The safe door, powerful as it was, had actually begun to warp and bend. The plates were bulging. A moment later, with a loud report and concussion, the door blew off.

A blast of cold air and flakes like snow flew out. Papers were scattered on every side.

We stood gazing, aghast, a second, then ran forward. Kennedy quickly examined the safe. He bent down and from the wreck took up a package, now covered with white.

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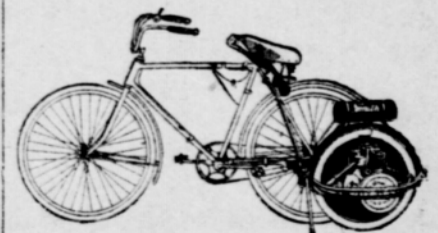
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As quickly he dropped it.
"That is the package that was sent," cried Elaine.
Taking it in a table cover, he laid it on the table and opened it. Inside was a peculiar shape flask, open at the top, but like a vacuum bottle.
"A Dewar flask!" ejaculated Craig.
"What is it?" asked Elaine, appealing to him.
"Liquid air!" he answered. "As it evaporated, the terrific pressure of expanding air in the safe increased until it blew out the door. That is what caused the cold sweating and the groans."

We watched him, startled.
On the other side of the portieres Michael and Clutching Hand waited. Then, in the general confusion, Clutching Hand slowly disappeared, felled.
"Where did this package come from?" asked Kennedy of Jennings suspiciously.

Jennings looked blank.
"Why," put in Elaine, "Michael brought it to me."
"Get Michael," ordered Kennedy.
A moment later he returned. "I found him, going upstairs," reported Jennings, leading Michael in.
"Where did you get this package?" shot out Kennedy.

"It was left at the door, sir, by a boy, sir."
Question after question could not shake that simple, stolid sentence. Kennedy frowned.
"You may go," he said finally, as if reserving something for Michael later.
A sudden exclamation followed from Elaine as Michael passed down the hall again. She had moved over to the desk, during the questioning, and was leaning against it.
Inadvertently she had touched an envelope. It was addressed, "Craig Kennedy."
Craig tore it open, Elaine bending anxiously over his shoulder, frightened.
We read:

"YOU HAVE INTERFERED FOR THE LAST TIME. IT IS THE END." Beneath it stood the fearsome sign of the Clutching Hand!

The warning of the Clutching Hand had no other effect on Kennedy than the redoubling of his precautions for safety. Nothing further happened that night, however, and the next morning found us early at the laboratory.
It was the late forenoon, when, after a hurried trip down to the office, I rejoined Kennedy at his scientific workshop.

We walked down the street when a big limousine shot past. Kennedy stopped in the middle of a remark. He had recognized the car, with a sort of instinct.

At the same moment I saw a smiling face at the window of the car. It was Elaine Dodge.

The car stopped in something less than twice its length and then backed toward us.

Kennedy, hat off, was at the window in a moment. There were Aunt Josephine and Susie Martin, also.
"Where are you boys going?" asked Elaine, with interest, then added with a gasp, that ill concealed her real anxiety, "I'm so glad to see you--to see that--er--nothing has happened from the dreadful Clutching Hand."

"Why, we were just going up to our rooms," replied Kennedy.
"Can't we drive you around?"
We climbed in and a moment later were off. The ride was only too short for Kennedy. We stepped out in front of our apartment and stood chatting for a moment.

"Some day I want to show you the laboratory," Craig was saying.
"It must be so--interesting!" exclaimed Elaine very enthusiastically.
"Think of all the bad men you must have caught!"
Elaine hesitated. "Would you like

to see it?" she wheedled of Aunt Josephine.

Aunt Josephine nodded acquiescence, and a moment later we all entered the building.

"You--you are very careful since that last warning?" asked Elaine as we approached our door.

"More than ever--now," replied Craig. "I have made up my mind to win."

Kennedy had started to unlock the door, when he stopped short.
"See," he said, "this is a precaution I have just installed. I almost forgot in the excitement."

He pressed a panel and disclosed the boxlike apparatus.

"This is my kinograph, which tells me whether I have had any visitors in my absence. If the pen traces a straight line, it is all right; but if--hello--Walter, the line is wavy."

"We exchanged a significant glance."
"Would you mind--er--standing down the hall just a bit while I enter?" asked Craig.

"Be careful," cautioned Elaine.
He unlocked the door, standing off to one side. Then he extended his hand across the doorway. Still nothing happened. There was not a sound. He looked cautiously into the room. Apparently there was nothing.

It had been about the middle of the morning that an express wagon had pulled up sharply before our apartment.

"Mr. Kennedy live here?" asked one of the expressmen, descending with his helper and approaching our janitor, Jens Jensen, a typical Swede, who was coming up out of the basement.

Jens growled a surly, "Yes--but Mr. Kennedy, he bane out."

"Too bad--we've got this large cabinet he ordered from Grand Rapids. We can't cart it around all day. Can't you let us in so we can leave it?"
Jensen muttered: "Well--I guess it bane all right."

They took the cabinet off the wagon and carried it upstairs. Jensen opened our door, still grumbling, and they placed the heavy cabinet in the living room.

"Sign here."
"You fallers bane a nuisance," protested Jens, signing nevertheless.

Scarcely had the sound of their footfalls died away in the outside hallway when the door of the cabinet slowly opened and a masked face protruded, gazing about the room.

It was the Clutching Hand!
From the cabinet he took a large package wrapped in newspapers. As he held it, looking keenly about, his eye rested on Elaine's picture. A moment he looked at it, then quickly at the fireplace opposite.

An idea seemed to occur to him. He took the package to the fireplace, removed the screen and laid the package over the andirons with one end pointing out into the room.

Next he took from the cabinet a couple of storage batteries and a coil of wire. Deftly and quickly he fixed them on the package.

Meanwhile, before an alleyway across the street and further down the long block the express wagon had stopped.

Having completed fixing the batteries and wires, Clutching Hand ran the wires along the molding on the wall overhead, from the fireplace until he was directly over Elaine's picture. Skillfully he managed to fix the wires, using them in place of the picture wires to support the framed photograph until it hung very noticeably askew on the wall.

The last wire joined, he looked about the room, then noiselessly moved to the window and raised the shade.

Quickly he raised his hand and brought the fingers slowly together. It was the sign.

Off in the alley, the express driver and his helper jumped into the wagon and away it rattled.

Jensen was smoking placidly as the wagon pulled up the second time.

"Sorry," said the driver sheepishly, "but we delivered the cabinet to the wrong Mr. Kennedy."

He pulled out the inevitable book to prove it.

"Well, you bane fine fallers," growled Jensen, puffing like a furnace, in his fury. "You cannot go up agane."

"We'll get fired for the mistake," pleaded the helper.

"Just this once," urged the driver, as he rattled some loose change in his pocket. "Hiro--there goes a whole day's tips."

He handed Jens a dollar in small

change.
Still grumpy, but mollified by the silver, Jens let them go up and opened the door to our rooms again. There stood the cabinet, as outwardly innocent as when it came in.

Lugging and tugging they managed to get the heavy piece of furniture out and downstairs again, loading it on the wagon. Then they drove off with it, accompanied by a parting volley from Jensen.

In an unfrequented street, perhaps half a mile away, the wagon stopped. With a keen glance around, the driver and his helper made sure that no one was about.

"Such a shaking up as you've given me!" growled a voice as the cabinet door opened. "But I've got him this time!"

It was the Clutching Hand.

Craig peered into our living room cautiously.

"I can't see anything wrong," he said to me, as I stood just beside him. "Miss Dodge," he added, "will you and the rest excuse me if I ask you to wait just a moment longer?"

Elaine watched him, fascinated. He crossed the room, then went into each of our other rooms. Apparently nothing was wrong and a minute later he reappeared at the doorway.

"I guess it's all right," he said. "Perhaps it was only Jensen, the janitor."

Elaine, Aunt Josephine and Susie Martin entered. Craig placed chairs for them, but still I could see that he was uneasy. From time to time, while they were admiring one of our treasures after another, he glanced about suspiciously.

"What is the trouble, do you think?" asked Elaine wonderingly, noticing his manner.

"I--I can't just say," answered Craig, trying to appear easy.

She had risen and with keen interest was looking at the books, the pictures, the queer collection of weapons and odds and ends from the underworld that Craig had amassed in his adventures.

At last her eye wandered across the room. She caught sight of her own picture, occupying a place of honor--but hanging askew.

"Isn't that just like a man!" she exclaimed. "Such housekeepers as you are--such carelessness!"

She had taken a step or two across the room to straighten the picture.

"Miss Dodge!" almost shouted Kennedy, his face fairly blanched. "Stop!"

She turned, her stunning eyes filled with amazement at his suddenness. Nevertheless she moved quickly to one side, as he waved his arms, unable to speak quickly enough.

Kennedy stood quite still, gazing at the picture, askew, with suspicion.

"That wasn't that way when we left, was it, Walter?" he asked.

"It certainly was not," I answered positively. "There was more time spent in getting that picture just right than I ever saw you spend on the room."

Craig frowned.
As for myself I did not know what to make of it.

"I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to step into this back room," said Craig at length to the ladies. "I'm sorry--but we can't be too careful with this intruder, whoever he was."

Elaine, however, stopped at the door. For a moment Kennedy appeared to be considering. Then his eye fell on a fishing rod that stood in a corner. He took it and moved toward the picture.

On his hands and knees, to one side, down as close as he could get to the floor, with the rod extended at arm's length, he motioned to me to do the same, behind him.

Carefully Kennedy reached out with the pole and straightened the picture.

As he did so there was a flash, a loud, deafening report, and a great puff of smoke from the fireplace.

The fire screen was riddled and overturned. A charge of buckshot shattered the precious photograph of Elaine.

We had dropped flat on the floor at the report. I looked about. Kennedy was unharmed and so were the rest.

With a bound he was at the fireplace, followed by Elaine and the rest of us. There, in what remained of a package done up roughly in newspaper, was a shotgun with its barrel sawed off about six inches from the lock, fastened to a block of wood and connected to a series of springs on the trigger, released by a little electromagnetic arrangement actuated by two batteries and leading by wires up along the molding to the picture where the slightest touch would complete the circuit.

A startled cry from Elaine caused us to turn.

She was standing directly before her shattered picture where it hung awry on the wall. The heavy charge of buckshot had knocked away large pieces of paper and plaster under it.

"Craig!" she gasped.

He was at her side in a second.

She laid one hand on his arm, as she faced him. With the other she traced an imaginary line in the air from the level of the buckshot to his head and then straight to the infernal thing that had lain in the fireplace.

"And to think," she shuddered, "that it was through me that he tried to kill you!"

"Never mind," laughed Craig easily, as they gazed into each other's eyes, drawn together by their mutual peril, "Clutching Hand will have to be cleverer than this to get either of us--Elaine!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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