

LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 12

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1915.

NUMBER 9

Scene From The Double Trap Seventh Episode Of
THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE



There stood her Arch Enemy, the Clutching Hand.

W. C. HOGG RAYMOND DICKSON MIKE HOGG
HOGG, DICKSON & HOGG
We have every facility for handling consignments to your advantage,
whether to sell on arrival or hold as long as you like
Advances at six per cent
COTTON FACTORS HOUSTON

We wish to Announce To the Public

that our line of Ready-to-wear will not be shown in Tahoka as advertised - Some may confuse the fact with the line shown Thursday. However we wish to state that this line is an inferior line of jobs and ends and not in the class with the Mdse., we show.

Our line denotes quality thru out and in comparison with the one shown, you would see in the other a pure example of "sheeney" goods.

Moreover we wish to thank Tahoka just the same as if we had shown here and should you care to use the mail service at any time our \$11,000.00 stock is at your disposal.

Robertson's Dry Goods Compn'y Slaton, Texas

Tomorrow---Clean Up Day, Do It!

REPORT OF W. P. PHENIX

San Antonio, Texas, Oct. 14th.
Hon J. L. Stokes,
County Judge, Lynn Co.,
Tahoka, Texas.

Dear Sir:-

Mr. W. P. Phenix about whom you enquire has improved considerably in his general health since his admission to the institution, but has not made a great deal of mental improvement. He has overcome a great deal of his depression, but is not yet normal. He is eating and sleeping well and most of the time is fairly well satisfied.

Yours very truly,

BEVERLY YOUNG,
Superintendent.

Farm and ranch loans. Vendors Lien notes extended. Quick action.—Hamilton & Winchell, Stanton, Texas. 9 12 p

J. W. Stallcup of Joshua, accompanied by Mat. Landers and son, Hanby, of near Joshua, was here the latter part of last week. Mr. Stallcup came out to look at what is known as the old McBride place, recently advertised in the News. Mr. Landers and son purchased the old M. M. Redwine place south-east of Tahoka, and will move out here right away.

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

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

The Snyder and Harper families are recovering this week from poisoning. They are thought to have been poisoned by eating oysters for supper Thursday of last week, the poison supposed to be in the oysters.

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

Mr. Olin of Slaton was showing a sample line of ladies ready-to-wear clothing here Thursday and today. Mr. Olin stated to a News Reporter that if he could close a deal he had under consideration he would put in an establishment carrying this line in Tahoka. He is proprietor of the Grand Leader in Slaton.

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

Judge Thomas L. Blanton was seen by a reporter for this paper Saturday and asked if he would enter the race for Congress from the 16th District. He replied: "I have never quit running since I announced two years ago. I am in the race and expect to make the most energetic campaign of my life speaking in every county in the district, and am already receiving much encouragement."—Abilene Reporter.

FOR SALE—On good terms, eight or ten mares, worth the money. Sell one or all.—B. F. Montgomery, Tahoka. 8 tf

Sam and Russell Ramsey went down on the afternoon train to O'Donnell Thursday, where they will be busy several days doing the finishing work on the Fuller Cotton Oil Co., gin at that place, also on the local managers residence.

Cupid Drives a Ford to Altar

Marriage ah-la-Ford, is the latest mode of performing the nuptial ceremony in Tahoka. Wednesday evening we received an anonymous invitation to appear upon the north side of the square, and arrived in time to see Sledges Ford Service Car bolt for the depot, in the tonneau of which sat a man and woman; and the Lynn county sheriff stood on the running board. In front of the Hotel St. Clair, Rev. J. E. Nicholson boarded the car, and the party, "kept a flaggon" it. Near the Higginbotham Harris yard the car circled and the minister dropped off. When the dust settled and exhaust of the car was silenced by the distance, it was learned that the quickly gathered crowd had just witnessed the marriage ceremony of Mr. Will C. Chandler, originally of Hillsboro but more recently of Slaton, Tahoka and O'Donnell, to Miss Gladys McClain of Fort Worth. The happy couple boarded the train which was just ready to pull out for O'Donnell.

Money to loan. Vendors liens extended.—J. D. Cunningham, Lamesa, Texas. 7 12

J. A. Kieth has leased the old Williams wagon yard and is busy building a camp house and fixing things up for his customers. This is a clean, well drained yard and with its windmill and fine well of water will make an ideal camping place.

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

Thursday and today, the Star Theatre is moving into its new building across the street north from the Hotel Lyon. The management will give a free show tonight as a house warming for the Star's new home.

FIRE INSURANCE.

See McMill Clayton for fire insurance in old line companies.

A. W. Peck, Jr., of New Britain, Conn., called at the News office Monday and advanced his subscription another year, this being about the tenth time he has contracted for a year's record of the Lynn county rains, crops, and progress. Mr. Peck spent Sunday with Charley Doak at O'Donnell, he having purchased a section of Lynn county dirt from Charley in 1906. Mr. Peck was highly complimentary in his remarks about Charley, the News, Lynn county and Tahoka since he made their acquaintance.

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

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

I was in Tahoka October 27, 1915, and closed up all business relations with the garage on Sweet street north of the Stokes hotel, known as the Daniel & Fielder Garage, and the business is owned and controlled by Scott & Sullivan. Thanking my customers for past patronage, I am, Yours truly, P. M. DANIELS, Sweetwater, Texas. 9 11

See our new line Tablets.—Parkhurst Broken \$ Store. 6 9

IN THE MEDICAL WORLD

A representative of the News had the pleasure Thursday of inspecting the offices of Drs. Inmon & Turrentine on the second floor of the post office building, corner Maine and Harper streets.

The doctors occupy rooms one to four inclusive at present and will have the fifth room in the near future. Room one at the head of the stairs is fitted up as a laboratory. Here is the sterilizer, laboratory paraphernalia, coal bunker and rack for practicing cases are located. Room two is fitted up as an operating room. This room is furnished in electric welded triple enamel plated steel furniture. The operating table is as good as any in the South; the instrument cabinet, a plate glass affair framed in white enameled steel is a beauty, and contains one of the best assortments of instruments in all of West Texas. Another notable feature of their operating room is a table upon which several large glass jars are placed. These jars contain bandage, cotton, wooden tongue depressors, wooden applicators and other accessories of this class made of wood. The idea is to use these instruments once and throw them away that each patient may feel sure that for instance the tongue depressor inserted in their mouth has never been put into anyone's else mouth. Service and sanitation are embodied in the furnishing of this room especially, and is much in evidence throughout the entire suite. Room three is given over to a reception room, office desk and library. Room four is Dr. Turrentine's private quarters, and is also fitted to be used for a dark room for eye, ear, nose and throat examinations.

With the exception of one or two hospitals this is the best equipped office north of the T. & P., according to traveling men who have inspected it.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Seven room residence. Address Box 232, Tahoka, Texas. 9 10

FOR SALE—or trade for good automobile or property east of the Plains, acreage in the south part of the town section of Tahoka.—Box 37, Cross Plains, Texas. 9 11

The back room of the old building that housed the Tahoka Blacksmith Shop has been moved onto the corner of Sweet and Lockwood streets north-west of the News office.

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

The two buildings which have stood in the middle of the street on the north side of the square for the past several months are now located west of the depot near the edge of the right-of-way, and will be used by a Mr. Stevens for an eating joint.

Notice.

I have leased the old Rock House Wagon Yard and will be prepared to take care of you and your team from date. South-east corner square.

Yours to please, 9 10
J. A. KIETH.

Lynn County Singing Convention

The Lynn County Singing Convention will meet with the Lynn class at the school house in that community on the fourth Sunday in November.

Prof. Ben. W. Bailey, leader of the class, extends in behalf of the officers of the convention, a very cordial invitation to all lovers of good singing to be present on the above named date.

Those living at a distance are invited to come Saturday, and remain as guests of the members of the local class. If a sufficient number arrive Saturday, and so desire, a concert singing will be held that night.

Be sure to visit Lynn on the fourth Sunday in November, dinner for the whole country will be served at the school house at noon.

Buy "VELMA-AVIS" brand Pure, country made, Japanese Honey Drip Sorghum Syrup. Grown and put up by W. J. Crouch, Fruitland Farm, 3 miles west of Tahoka. For Sale at the Fair, and Anthony's. 9 1f

30 cents a dozen for eggs at the North Side Restaurant. C. P. Gentry, Prop. 9 1f

The Little Flock congregation of the Primitive Baptist Church, held their regular monthly meeting in the Tahoka High School building last Saturday afternoon and night, and Sunday morning at eleven o'clock. Eld. Newt. Lewis of Tahoka, and his second cousin, Eld. J. C. Lewis of Gomez, did the preaching. Bro. T. W. Brown and his brother were visitors for the occasion.

See that your house is properly protected before you put up your stoves for winter by letting me write your fire insurance in one of the ten old line companies I represent. D. A. Parkhurst, Agt., Tahoka. 8 9

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

Sheriff Redwine and J. N. Thomas, left on the Thursday morning train to take Bill McMean to the asylum at Terrell. They carried a bunch of sample Lynn County News with which to introduce the "Roof Garden" of Texas, also some made in Tahoka business cards to introduce the West Texas Real Estate Co., to prospective Plains settlers.

This firm is composed of F. E. Redwine, Pres., J. N. Thomas, Sec., and S. W. Joplin and Arch. McPhaul. The News office has been printing supplies, off and on, for the W. T. R. S. Co., for the past ten years; there always being enough "old blood" in the firm to know where they always get "Printing a Little Better Than Seems Necessary."

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

Frank E. Brazelton of San Jaun, New Mexico, formerly of San Saba county, was here last week visiting an old San Saba county friend, W. J. Crouch of Fruitland Farm. Mr. Brazelton has his eyes on this country and is trying to connect with a piece of our land.

Lynn County News

Published every Friday by
H. C. CRUE & CO., TAHOKA, TEXAS.
J. CRUE, 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.

Not many years gone there was a ballad entitled, "In the Baggage Coach Ahead," which was very popular. On the special train returning from Dallas, Monday night interest centered in the chair car ahead. Every body knows what the baggage smasher in the song had on ice, well, that wasn't what they had on ice in the chair car ahead on the special, but it caused one jubilant person to shoot the lights out, according to reports received here.

Why not see that your children go to Sunday school every Sunday morning? It surely won't hurt them much to spend one hour studying the bible, even if they have to study under a Methodist or Baptist teacher. Anyway, you know, they can have all the rest of the day learning to shoot craps, play cards, smoke and drink. The streets and sidewalks are full of teachers of a Sunday. Even if your children spend an hour in Sunday school, remember that the "world, flesh and the devil" have about a 16 to 1 shot at them on that day, to say nothing of the rest of the week.

We notice much is being written in the newspapers and magazines of late concerning a practically continuous school year. We believe the idea is not a bad one, and it seems to be growing very fast.

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. SINGLETON
DENTIST
Permanently Located
Tahoka, Texas

Drs. INMON & TURRENTINE
Physicians & Surgeons
Tahoka, Texas

Dr. J. H. McCoy
Physician and Surgeon
Office over Tahoka Drug Co.
Office 23 Phone Res. 108

Drs. Hutchinson and Peebler
J. T. HUCHINSON, M. D.
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
O. P. PEEBLER, M. D.
General Medicine and Surgery
Rooms in 1st Nat'l. Bank Bld'g.
LUBBOCK, TEXAS

\$100 Reward, \$100
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one great disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the condition and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative power that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that fails to cure. Send for testimonials. Address: P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio, sold by all Druggists, etc.

in favor in many towns and cities throughout the nation. The one three-months period of idleness now practiced is not good in many respects; from a physical standpoint, neither the teacher nor the pupil demands such an extended once a year vacation, which results not only in a dead loss to the pupil, but in a lack of opportunity that is nothing short of a drawback. At least that is the way many look at it. Some cities are testing what is called the four-term system, and it seems to be giving better results. A term is twelve weeks, beginning just after New Year's Day. At the end of each term of twelve weeks comes a vacation period of one week. This gives forty-eight weeks of school and four weeks of vacation. Whether this schedule would please the majority of patrons and pupils, we have no way of knowing, but we do believe a discussion along this line might result in a betterment of the present method of all summer idleness—which we believe is not needed, not desired, and not beneficial.—Ex.

The county judge and commissioners of Howard county have adopted a plan for improving the system of public roads in that county that is well worth consideration in other counties. In a modified form it might well be applied in Lynn county. Four teams of big mules have been purchased for the county, and these teams will be kept busy on the roads until all necessary road repairs and building has been completed. The Big Springs Herald says that with the four teams constantly on the job, one hundred miles of road can be graded and put in first class shape each year. The main county roads are to be given attention first and then all lateral roads will receive attention. If four teams will fix up 100 miles of Howard county roads in a year, one team should do as much for Lynn county roads in the same length of time.

Have you heard anything about cleaning up Saturday Oct. 30th?

What with the concrete mixer using a lot of water and a few still days, water has been scarce around the square. Even the pros suffered.

Patrons of the mail order houses ought to try buying a bill of goods from them on credit occasionally.—Kosse Cyclone.

"Little drops of water wear away the hardest rock," "Repeated blows will bend or break the toughest piece of steel," and—we might quote a column of like phrases, but to what purpose. We wish to draw your attention to the fact that persistency will win in anything. Advertising is no exception.

Judge J. P. Satou of Hereford, in a public interview, favors the splitting up of the Lone Star state into two or three sovereign states, and referred to the question by saying: "The time has arrived for the agitation of the question of a separate sovereignty for the Texas Panhandle and Plains. With its endowment of youth, virility, vigor and productive and creative capacities, the Texas Panhandle and Plain should, under its own unfettered guidance and untrammelled control, develop into the wonder state of the American Union.—Ex.

Arrived on our exchange table this week the current issue of the West News, a thirty-six page edition, replete with news and feature stories in respected wit and good advertising. This edition was in celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the News. We wish them many happy returns of the day, and that each issue may grow bigger and better.

UNCLE JUD'S ADVICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Newspaper advertising should be looked on in this way: It's either an investment, worth the cost, and bound to pay, or it's something that a fellow'd better not attempt at all. To dabble in it makes what I call a wicked waste would call. First rid yourself of the idea, whoever put it there, that you will spend some amount—"whatever you can spare." If you expect from your investment adequate returns; if you'll increase and multiply the sum your money earns, the volume of the returns desired should be proportionate to the sum you spend—I hope, my friend, I make this plain to you. The merchant whose announcements are worth money, say to me, will find his customers increasing very rapidly; while if the other fellow's advertising outshines yours, folks will believe his goods are best, and buy them just as sure as I'm writing this; if of the melon, you too want a slice. You'll ponder on these words and profit reap from my advice.

We welcome this week to our table the first number of the second volume of the Texas Journalist, published by the school of journalism of the Texas University. We missed the Journalist during the summer vacation.

Any member of the human family, male or female, noble or despicable, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, handsome or ugly, can help another of the same species to do wrong; but, it takes a Christ-like man or a Saintly woman to help a fellow being to do that which is right.

In towns where its citizens are particular about the condition of food products are in when purchased from the stores of the town, the progressive merchant have become members of the "White List." Their signs and advertisements bear this inscription: "Members of the White List." The rules which must be observed to make a firm eligible to this list are:

1. All provisions must be raised two feet from the floor unless in glass cases.
 2. Flour must be raised from the floor and protected from dust by covering.
 3. Expectoration must be prohibited, and signs to that effect placed in the store.
 4. All garbage must be covered and removed as soon as possible.
 5. Stores must be closely screened during fly season.
 6. Refrigerators must be kept clean and free from odor, and where there are cellars keep them clean and ventilated.
 7. Back premises must be kept clean.
 8. Berries, fruit, vegetables, or other food must not be exposed on open doors or windows.
 9. Utensils must be used in serving foods—as little handling with the hands as possible.
- Of course it would necessitate some extra labor, and a slight expense to observe the above rules, but any Tahoka merchant that would practice and advertise the practice of the above rules would note an increase in his patronage from families particular about the cleanliness of the food they ate.

W. J. Crouch of the Fruitland farm is busy this week making molasses. He will make several barrels from different kinds of sorghum grown on his farm this season. He had labels for 500 cans of Velma Avis brand syrup, named for his youngest daughter, printed by Crue & Co., this week, and states his intention to put 500 more on the market if he can harvest his cane before frost catches it.

Why Send Children To School?

We take pleasure in reprinting this article from the pen of Prof. E. A. White, onetime superintendent of the Tahoka High School. Why do you send your child to school? Is it because he is in the way at home? Is it to give him that training which will enable him to make a better living than you yourself? To say the least of it, he is sent, and it is the primary duty of the teacher to see that he makes a respectable citizen. To be a good citizen, he must be taught respect for the law. We feel that the teacher who fails in this particular is indeed. If you wish the teacher in charge of your child to have any influence for good with him, you must certainly have respect for that teacher. Your child must certainly feel that his teacher is a real man or woman. Who suffers if the child fails to get what is coming to him? Does the teacher? No. The parent and the child suffer directly. Of course society suffers some, but in case the child becomes a menace to society, society deals with him directly. Society may take its liberty and as a result the jail or prison gets an inmate.

We would like to drop this thought: "Your child is becoming what he is to be." And there are a great many other factors beside the school making up the character of your child.

The teachers of Farwell High School want to talk to you about your children. They feel an interest in them. They want to see your children succeed. The reason they do is the reason you want them to succeed. Why do you?

Yours for better schools,
E. A. WHITE, Principal, in State Line Tribune.

Flemming and Cooger and their families, passed thru Tahoka Tuesday in a forty horse M-Quad motor truck bound for San Antonio. They were enroute from Denver, Colo., where they had been using the truck during the summer vacation for sight-seeing tours. Geo. Fields and Bert Anderly were with the party.

REV. J. P. CALLAWAY.

This department of the News would be incomplete without mention of that veteran minister, Rev. Joseph P. Callaway. He is well known around West and vicinity, having been pastor of the Abbot Methodist church twenty-two years ago. He has been in the itinerant service of his church for forty years, during which time he never missed a roll call at an annual conference. He was placed upon the superannuated list about one year ago, but still makes an active interest in all church affairs. He and his aged wife are now making their home with his son-in-law, Mr. L. D. Webster, in this city—West News.

J. S. Clem of south-east of Tahoka, took home the seed from the first two bales of cotton he had ginned this season; the seed was valued at the time at \$35.00 per ton. Friends advised him to sell at the prevailing high price and save his seed from later bales after seed slumped as many predict it will. His reply was that he had rather have early, well developed, matured seed from the first of his crop at \$35.00, than half grown, late seed from the tailings of the crop at \$15. There is food for thought in the above statement for farmers. Mr. Clem is also a believer in diversification. He raised bumper crops of kaffir, maize, corn, cotton, and Jersey cows this year. He will add wheat, oats, alfalfa, sudan, and augs to the list next year.

News Want Ads have secured results for others. Try them.

A Strong Bank

Offers the only logical way of saving money. Deposit your money with us, regulate your expenses by your income and watch your account grow! A penny saved is a penny earned, as poor Richard said—and he knew. Get the saving habit, it is as easy to acquire as the spending habit and much more satisfactory.

Our bank is a strong bank, we appreciate your business whether large or small, Absolute Safety to depositors, courteous treatment to all.

The First National Bank

Of Tahoka, Texas

What Do You Want?

WE HAVE IT
Everything to Eat and to Wear

THE FAIR

H. M. Larkin, Prop.
The Big Store With The Little Price

Old Reliable Peter Schuttle Wagon

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Patron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during his time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side. The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good."

TAN-NO-MORE AND FRECKLEATER

Two of the most Scientific Beautifying Agencies Known.

TAN-NO-MORE THE SKIN BEAUTIFIER
The scientific combination of Cream and Powder. Delightful in appearance and pleasing in its effect. Used during the day it is a protection from the sun and wind. In the evening its use assures a faultless complexion. Experience has taught us that the best way to apply Tan-No-More is to put it on very wet and wipe off with a soft towel at once and do not wait for it to dry.
All Dealers
50 AND 35 CTS.

FRECKLEATER CREAM
For the removing of Liver Freckles, Ring Worm and all blemishes of the skin. It will brighten skin in 10 days and make it as soft as a baby's. Makes Bad Complexions Good. Good Complexions Better.
All Dealers
50 AND 25 CTS.

All goods sold under an absolute guarantee to please or money back. Anyone requesting it will be sent a small sample of Tan-no-More and our little Booklet. **BAKER-WHEELER MFG. CO. DALLAS, TEXAS**

The Exploits of Elaine

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SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal 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. Enraged at the determined effort which Elaine and Craig Kennedy are making to put an end to his crimes, the Clutching Hand, as this strange criminal is known, resorts to all sorts of the most diabolical schemes to put them out of the way. Each chapter of the story tells of a new plot against their lives and of the way the great detective uses all his skill to save this pretty girl and himself from death.

SEVENTH EPISODE

The Double Trap.
Mindful of the sage advice that a time of peace is best employed in preparing for war, I was busily engaged in cleaning my automatic gun one morning as Kennedy and I were seated in our living room.

Our door buzzer sounded, and Kennedy, always alert, jumped up, pushing aside a great pile of papers which had accumulated in the Dodge case.

Two steps took him to the hall, where the day before he had installed a peculiar box about four by six inches, connected in some way with a lens-like box of similar size above our bell and speaking tube in the hallway below it. He opened it, disclosing an oblong plate of ground glass.

"I thought the seismograph arrangement was not quite enough after that spring-gun affair," he remarked, "so I have put in a sort of 'television of my own invention'—so that I can see down into the vestibule downstairs. Well—just look who's here!"

"Some new-fangled periscope arrangement, I suppose?" I queried, moving slowly over toward it.

However, one look was enough to interest me. I can express it only in slang. There, framed in the little thing, was a vision of as well a "chicken" as I have ever seen.

"Um!" I exclaimed shamelessly, "A peach! Who's your friend?"

I had never said a truer word than in my description of her, though I did not know it at the time. She was indeed known as "Gertie the Peach" in the select circle where she belonged. Kennedy had opened the lower door and our fair visitor was coming upstairs.

"Go in there, Walter," he said, seizing me quickly and pushing me into my room. "I want you to wait there and watch her carefully."

Kennedy opened the door, disclos-

ing a very excited young woman. "Oh, Professor Kennedy," she cried, all in one breath, with much emotion. "I'm so glad I found you in. I can't tell you. Oh—my jewels! They have been stolen—and my husband must not know of it. Help me to recover them—please!"

"Just a moment, my dear young lady," interrupted Craig, finding at last a chance to get a word in edge-ways. "Do you see that table—and all those papers? Really, I can't take your case. I am too busy as it is, even to take the cases of many of my own clients."

"But please, Professor Kennedy—please!" she begged. "Help me. It means—oh I can't tell you how much it means to me!"

She had come close to him and had laid her warm little soft hand on his, in ardent entreaty.

From my hiding place in my room, I could not help seeing that she was using every charm of her sex and personality to lure him on, as she clung confidingly to him.

Gertie had thrown her arms about Kennedy, as if in wildest devotion. I wondered what Elaine would have thought if she had a picture of that!

"Oh," she begged him, "please—please help me!"

Still Kennedy seemed utterly unaffected by her passionate embrace. Carefully he loosened her fingers from about his neck and removed the plump, enticing arms.

Gertie sank into a chair, weeping, while Kennedy stood before her a moment in deep abstraction.

Finally he seemed to make up his mind to something. His manner toward her changed. He took a step to her side.

"I will help you," he said, laying his hand on her shoulder. "If it is possible I will recover your jewels where do you live?"

"At Hazlehurst," she replied gratefully. "Oh, Mr. Kennedy, how can I ever thank you?"

She seemed overcome with gratitude and took his hand, pressed it, even kissed it.

"Just a minute," he added, carefully extricating his hand. "I'll be ready in just a minute."

Kennedy entered the room where I was listening.

"What's it all about, Craig?" I whispered, mystified.

For a moment he stood thinking, apparently reconsidering what he had just done. Then his second thought seemed to approve it.

"This is a trap of the Clutching Hand, Walter," he whispered, adding tensely, "and we're going to walk right into it."

"But, Craig," I demurred, "that's foolhardy. Have her trailed—anything—but—"

He shook his head, and with a mere motion of his hand brushed aside my objections as he went to a cabinet across the room.

From one shelf he took out a small metal box and from another a test tube, placing the test tube in his waistcoat pocket and the small box in his coat pocket with excessive care.

Then he turned and motioned to me to follow him out into the other room. I did so, stuffing my "gatt" into my pocket.

"Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Jameson," said Craig, presenting me to the pretty crook.

The introduction quickly over, we three went out to get Craig's car, which he kept at a nearby garage.

That forenoon Perry Bennett was reading up a case. In the outer office Milton Schofield, his office boy, was industriously chewing gum and admiring his feet, cocked up on the desk before him.

The door to the waiting room opened and an attractive woman of perhaps thirty, dressed in extreme mourning, entered with a boy.

Milton cast a glance of scorn at the "little dude." He was in reality about fourteen years old, but was dressed to look much younger.

"Did you wish to see Mr. Bennett?" asked the precocious Milton, politely, on one hand, while on the other he made a wry grimace.

"Yes—here is my card," replied the woman.

It was deeply bordered in black. Even Milton was startled at reading it: "Mrs. Taylor Dodge."

He looked at the woman in open-mouthed astonishment. Even he knew that Elaine's mother had been dead for years.

The woman, however, true to her name in the artistic coterie in which she was leader, had sunk into a chair and was sobbing convulsively, as only "Weepy Mary" could.

It was so effective that even Milton was visibly moved. He took the card in, excitedly, to Bennett.

"There's a woman outside—says she is Mrs. Taylor Dodge!" he cried.

If Milton had had an X-ray eye he could have seen her take a cigarette from her handbag and light it nonchalantly the moment he was gone.

As for Bennett, Milton, who was watching him closely, thought he was about to discharge him on the spot for bethering him. He took the card, and his face expressed the most extreme surprise, then anger. He thought a moment.

"Tell that woman to state her business in writing," he thundered curtly at Milton.

As the boy turned to go back to the waiting room, Weepy Mary, hearing him coming, hastily shoved the cigarette into her "son's" hand.

"Mr. Bennett says for you to write out what it is you want to see him about," reported Milton, indicating the table before which she was sitting.

Mary had automatically taken up sobbing with the release of the cigarette. She looked at the table on which were letter paper, pens and ink.

"I may write here?" she asked.

"Surely, ma'am," replied Milton, still very much overwhelmed by her sorrow.

"Weepy Mary" sat there, writing and sobbing.

In the midst of his sympathy, however, Milton sniffed. There was an unmistakable odor of tobacco smoke about the room. He looked sharply at the "son," and discovered the still smoking cigarette.

It was too much for Milton's outraged dignity. Bennett did not allow him that coveted privilege. This upstart could not usurp it.

He reached over and seized the boy by the arm, and swung him around till he faced a sign in the corner on the wall.

"See?" he demanded. The sign read, courteously: "No Smoking in This Office—Please."

"PERRY BENNETT."

"Leggo my arm," snarled the "son," putting the offensive cigarette defiantly into his mouth.

There was every element of a gaudy mixup, when the outer door of the office suddenly swung open and Elaine Dodge entered.

Gallantry was Milton's middle name, and he sprang forward to hold the door, and then opened Bennett's door, as he ushered in Elaine.

As she passed "Weepy Mary," who was still writing at the table and crying bitterly, Elaine hesitated and looked at her curiously. Even after Milton had opened Bennett's door, she could not resist another glance. Instinctively, Elaine seemed to scent trouble.

Bennett was still studying the black-bordered card when she greeted him.

"Who is that woman?" she asked, still wondering about the identity of the noble outside.

At first he said nothing. But finally, seeing that she had noticed it, he handed Elaine the card, reluctantly.

Elaine read it with a gasp. The look of surprise that crossed her face was terrible.

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Elaine gasped at it. "She—my father's wife!" she exclaimed. "What effrontery! What does she mean?"

Bennett hesitated. "Tell me," Elaine cried. "Is there—can there be anything in it? No—no—there isn't."

Bennett spoke in a low tone. "I have heard a whisper of some scandal or other connected with your father—but—" He paused.

Elaine was first shocked, then indignant. "Why—such a thing is absurd. Show the woman in!"

"No—please—Miss Dodge. Let me deal with her."

By this time Elaine was furious. "Yes—I will see her."

She pressed the button on Bennett's desk, and Milton responded.

"Milton, show the—the woman in," she ordered, "and that boy, too."

As Milton turned to crook his finger at "Weepy Mary," she nodded surreptitiously and dug her fingers sharply into "son's" ribs.

"Yell—you little fool—yell," she whispered.

Obedient to his "mother's" commands, and much to Milton's disgust, the boy started to cry in close imitation of his elder.

Elaine was still holding the paper in her hands when they entered.

"What does all this mean?" she demanded.

"Weepy Mary," between sobs, managed to blurt out: "You are Miss Elaine Dodge, aren't you? Well it means that your father married me when I was only seventeen and this boy is our son—your half-brother."

"No—never," cried Elaine vehemently, unable to restrain her disgust.

"Weepy Mary" smiled cynically. "Come with me and I will show you the church records and the minister who married us."

"You will?" repeated Elaine defiantly. "Well, I'll just do as you ask. Mr. Bennett shall go with me."

"No, no, Miss Dodge—don't go. Leave the matter to me," urged Bennett. "I will take care of her. Besides, I must be in court in twenty minutes."

Elaine paused, but she was thoroughly aroused.

"Then I will go with her myself," she cried defiantly.

In spite of every objection that Bennett made, "Weepy Mary," her son and Elaine went out to call a taxicab to take them to the railroad station where they could catch a train to the little town where the woman asserted she had been married.

Meanwhile, before a little country church in the town, a closed automobile had drawn up.

As the door opened a figure, humped up and masked, alighted.

It was the Clutching Hand. The car had scarcely pulled away when he gave a long rap, followed by two short taps, at the door of the vestry, a secret code, evidently.

Inside the vestry room a man well dressed, but with a very sinister face, heard the knock and a second later opened the door.

"What—not ready yet?" growled the Clutching Hand. "Quick—now—get on those clothes. I heard the train whistle as I came in the car. In which closet does the minister keep them?"


The crook, without a word, went to a closet and took out a suit of clothes of ministerial cut. Then he hastily put them on, adding some side-whiskers, which he had brought with him.

At about the same time Elaine, accompanied by "Weepy Mary" and her "son," had arrived at the little tumble-down station and had taken the only vehicle in sight, a very ancient carriage.

It ambled along until, at last, it pulled up before the vestry room door of the church, just as the bogus minister was finishing his transformation from a frank crook. Clutching Hand was giving him his final instructions.

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Elaine was overcome. "Won't you step in?" he said suavely. "Your friend here doesn't seem well."

They all entered.

"And you—you say—you married this—this woman to Taylor Dodge?" queried Elaine, tensely.

The bogus minister seemed to be very fatherly. "Yes," he asserted, "I certainly did so."

"Have you the record?" asked Elaine, fighting to the last.

"Why, yes. I can show you the record."

He moved over to the closet. "Come over here," he asked.

He opened the door, Elaine screamed and drew back. There stood her arch enemy, the Clutching Hand himself.

As he stepped forth, she turned wildly to run—anywhere. But strong arms seized her and forced her into a chair.

She looked at the woman and the minister. It was a plot!

"A moment Clutching Hand looked Elaine over. 'Put the others out,' he ordered the other crook.

"Now, my pretty dear," began the Clutching Hand as the lock turned in the vestry door. "We shall be joined shortly by your friend, Craig Kennedy, and," he added with a leer, "I think your rather insistent search for a certain person will cease."

Elaine drew back in the chair, horrified at the implied threat.

Clutching Hand laughed diabolically.

While these astounding events were transpiring in the little church, Kennedy and I had been tearing across the country in his big car, following the directions of our fair friend.

We stopped at last before a prosperous, attractive-looking house and entered a very prettily furnished, but small parlor. Heavy portieres hung over the doorway into the hall, over another into a back room and over the bay windows.

"Won't you sit down a moment?" coaxed Gertie. "I'm quite blown to pieces after that ride. My, how you drive!"

As she pulled aside the hall portieres, three men with guns thrust their hands out. I turned. Two others had stepped from the back room and two more from the bay window. We were surrounded. Seven guns were aimed at us with deadly precision.

"Gentlemen," he said quietly. "I

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The Exploits of Elaine

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suspected some such thing. "I have here a small box of fulminate of mercury. If I drop it, this building and the entire vicinity will be blown to atoms. Go ahead—shoot!" he added, nonchalantly.

The seven of them drew back rather hurriedly.

Kennedy was a dangerous prisoner. He calmly sat down in an arm chair, leaning back as he carefully balanced the deadly little box of fulminate of mercury on his knee.

Gertie ran from the room. For a moment they looked at each other, undecided. Then, one by one, they stepped away from Kennedy toward the door.

The leader was the last to go. He had scarcely taken a step.

"Stop!" ordered Kennedy.

The crook did so. As Craig moved toward him, he waited, cold sweat breaking out on his face.

"Say," he whined, "you let me be!"

It was ineffectual. Kennedy, smiling confidently, came closer, still holding the deadly little box, balanced between two fingers.

He took the crook's gun and dropped it into his pocket.

"Sit down!" ordered Craig.

Outside, the other six parleyed in hoarse whispers. One raised a gun, but the woman and the others restrained him and fled.

"Take me to your master!" demanded Kennedy.

The crook remained silent.

"Where is he?" repeated Craig.

"Tell me!"

Still the man remained silent. Craig looked the fellow over again.

Then, still with that confident smile, he reached into his inside pocket and drew forth the tube I had seen him place there.

"No matter how much you accuse me," added Craig casually, "no one will ever take the word of a crook that a reputable scientist like me would do what I am about to do."

He had taken out his penknife and opened it. Then he beckoned to me.

"Bare his arm and hold his wrist, Walter," he said.

Craig bent down with the knife and the tube, then paused a moment and turned to tube so that we could see it.

On the label were the ominous words:

Germ Culture 6248A
Bacillus Leprae (Leprosy)

Calmly he took the knife and proceeded to make an incision in the man's arm. The crook's feelings underwent a terrific struggle.

"No—no—no—don't," he implored.

"I will take you to the Clutching Hand—even if he kills me!"

Kennedy stepped back, replacing the tube in his pocket.

"Very well, go ahead!" he agreed.

We followed the crook, Craig still holding the deadly box of fulminate of mercury carefully balanced so that if anyone shot him from a hiding place it would drop.

No sooner had we gone than Gertie hurried to the nearest telephone to inform the Clutching Hand of our escape.

Elaine had sunk back into the chair as the telephone rang. Clutching Hand answered it.

A moment later, in uncontrollable fury he hurled the instrument to the floor.

"Here—we've got to act quickly—that devil has escaped again," he hissed.

"We must get her away. You keep her here. I'll be back—right away—with a car."

He dashed madly from the church, pulling off his mask as he gained the street.

Kennedy had forced the crook ahead of us into the car which was waiting, and I followed, taking the wheel this time.

"Which way, now—quick!" demanded Craig.

"And if you get me in wrong—I've got that tube yet—you remember."

Our crook started off with a whole burst of directions that rivalled the motor guide—through the town, following trolley tracks, jog right, jog left under the railroad bridge, leaving trolley tracks; at the cemetery turn left, stopping at the old stone church.

"Is this it?" asked Craig incredulously.

"No matter how much you accuse me," added Craig casually, "no one will ever take the word of a crook that a reputable scientist like me would do what I am about to do."

He had taken out his penknife and opened it. Then he beckoned to me.

"Bare his arm and hold his wrist, Walter," he said.

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"Yes—as I live," swore the crook in a cowed voice.

He had gone to pieces. Kennedy jumped from the machine.

"Here, take this gun, Walter," he said to me. "Don't take your eyes off the fellow—keep him covered."

Craig walked around the church out of sight, until he came to a small vestry window and looked in.

There was Elaine, sitting in a chair, and near her stood an elderly-looking man in clerical garb which to Craig's trained eye was quite evidently a disguise.

Elaine happened just then to glance at the window and her eyes grew wide with astonishment at the sight of Craig.

He made a hasty motion to her to make a dash for the door. She nodded quietly.

With a glance at her guardian she suddenly made a rush.

He was at her in a moment, pouncing on her, catlike.

Kennedy had seized an iron bar that lay beside the window where some workmen had been repairing the stone pavement, and with a blow shattered the glass and the sash.

At the sound of the smashing glass the crook turned and with a mighty effort threw Elaine aside, drawing his revolver. As he raised it, Elaine sprang at him and frantically seized his wrist.

Utterly merciless the man brought the butt of the gun down with full force on Elaine's head. Only her hat and hair saved her, but she sank unconscious.

Then he turned at Craig and fired twice.

One shot grazed Craig's hat, but the other struck him in the shoulder and Kennedy reeled.

With a desperate effort he pulled himself toward her and leaped forward again, closing with the fellow and wrenching the gun from him before he could fire again.

Just then the man broke away and made a dash for the door leading back into the church itself, with Kennedy after him.

Up he went into the choir loft and then into the belfry itself. There they came to sheer hand-to-hand struggle. Kennedy tripped on a loose board, and would have fallen backwards if he had not been able to recover himself just in time. The crook, desperate, leaped for the ladder leading farther up into the steeple.

Kennedy followed.

Elaine had recovered consciousness almost immediately and, hearing the commotion, stirred and started to rise and look about.

From the church she could hear sounds of the struggle. She paused just long enough to seize the crook's revolver lying on the floor.

She hurried into the church and up into the belfry, thence up the ladder, whence the sound came.

The crook by this time had gained the outside of the steeple through an opening. Kennedy was in close pursuit.

On the top of the steeple was a great gilded cross, considerably larger than a man. As the crook clambered outside, he scaled the steeple, using a lightning rod and some projecting points to pull himself up, desperately.

Kennedy followed unhesitatingly.

There they were, struggling in deadly combat, clinging to the gilded cross.

The first I knew of it was a horrified gasp from my own crook. I looked up carefully, fearing it was a stall to get me off my guard.

There were Kennedy and the other crook, struggling swaying back and forth, between life and death.

There was nothing I could do.

Kennedy was clinging to a lightning rod on the cross.

It broke.

I gasped as Craig reeled back. But he managed to catch hold of the rod farther down and cling to it.

The crook began to exult diabolically. Holding with both hands to the cross he let himself out to his full length and stamped on Kennedy's fingers, trying every way to dislodge him. It was all Kennedy could do to keep his hold.

I cried out in agony at the sight, for he had dislodged one of Craig's hands. The other could not hold much longer. He was about to fall.

Just then I saw a face at the little window opening out from the ladder to the outside of the steeple—a woman's face, tense with horror.

It was Elaine!

Quickly a hand followed, and in it was a revolver.

Just as the crook was about to dislodge Kennedy's other hand I saw a flash and a puff of smoke, and a second later heard a report—and another—and another.

Horror!

The crook who had taken refuge seemed to stagger back, wildly, taking a couple of steps in the thin air.

Kennedy regained his hold.

With a sickening thud the body of the crook landed on the ground around the corner of the church from me.

"Come—you!" I ground out, covering my own crook with the pistol, "and



Just Then I Saw a Woman's Face Tense With Horror; It Was Elaine.

if you attempt a getaway I'll kill you, too!"

He followed, trembling, unnerved.

We bent over the man. It seemed that every bone in his body must be broken. He groaned, and before I could even attempt anything for him, was dead.

As Kennedy let himself slowly and painfully down the lightning rod, Elaine seized him and, with all her strength, pulled him through the window.

He was quite weak now from loss of blood.

"Are you—all right?" she gasped, as they reached the foot of the ladder in the belfry.

Craig looked down at his torn and soiled clothes. Then, in spite of the smarting pain of his wounds, he smiled, "Yes—all right!"

"Thank Heaven!" she murmured fervently, trying to stanch the flow of blood.

"This time—it was you—saved me!" he cried, "Elaine!"

Involuntarily his arms sought hers—and he held her a moment, looking deep into her wonderful eyes.

Then their faces came slowly together in their first kiss.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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

J. T. Lofton.

Congressman W. R. Smith, came at the News office last Friday, accompanied by Judge Lockhart. We feel highly honored as this is the second time he has graced our office during the ten years we have been running the News in Tahoka.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Herring and little daughter, Eloise, accompanied by Mrs. Herring's aunt, Mrs. A. D. Shook, left Thursday morning of last week for Plainview, Matador and other points north. They returned Tuesday.

Among those who took advantage of Friday's excursion to the Dallas Fair, returning Tuesday afternoon were: P. M. Williams, A. M. Sullivan, Sumner Clayton, Fred Littlepage, Mrs. Paul Miller, Paul Gouch, Ross Ketter, Miss Vera Noble, Miss Christine Swan, Mrs. Hall Robinson, Mrs. B. F. Montgomery, J. B. Keever, Jr., and Raymond King.

G. W. Mitchell of Chilicothe, was in Tahoka last week prospecting. He left the middle of the week for his home, with the intention of selling out and moving here. He took the News for six months to keep up with the country, and become acquainted with the best class of merchants—those who carry advertisements in the News.

Crie & Co., this week printed 300 announcement cards for Drs. Inmon and Turrentine, announcing the opening of their new offices in the post office building. This is the classiest piece of printing ever turned out by this shop.

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Applied Romance, one reel..... Beauty

WEDNESDAY
Court House Crooks, two reels..... Keystone
To Melody a Soul Responds, one reel..... American

THURSDAY
The Scales of Justice, two reels..... Domino
To be supplied, one reel.....

FRIDAY
The Tide of Fortune, two reels..... Kay Bee
Mutual Weekly, No. 27, one reel..... Mutual

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