

### PLANT WHEAT

Washington, D. C.—Considerable interest is being shown in the Southern States this year in wheat growing. On the plains of Texas wheat does well, and will prove a valuable addition to the crops here grown. Much of the well-drained clay and loam soils can be used profitably for wheat-growing. The sandy soils, however, are generally not suitable for wheat.

Wheat can generally be sown on land on which a cultivated crop, such as corn or cotton, has grown by merely disking and harrowing thoroughly, and then drilling in the seed about 1½ inches deep with a disk or hoe drill. If weeds are plentiful plowing preceded and followed by disking, will probably be necessary.

Wheat can be sown here almost any time in November. A good growth of the plant is necessary before cold weather begins, yet if the plant becomes jointed injury from freezing may result.

A variety that has been grown locally for several years and that has become adapted to this locality is generally the best. The soft red winter wheats are best adapted. A beardless, smooth, white-chaffed variety, such as Fultz, Purple Straw, Bluestem (not the Spring Bluestem), Georgia Red, or Alabama Red, or a bearded, smooth, white-chaffed variety such as Fulcaster or Dietz, may be grown with the greatest chance for success. The hard red winter wheats such as Turkey and Kharkov, while well suited to Kansas and Nebraska, should not be sown in this section.

**MOTHER, save your little infants from the ills so common to baby life. Take a glass of Grogans Mineral Water each day for several weeks before and after the little one's birth. It insures a strong and healthy baby. Don't delay, but send \$1.25 today for five gallon jug. Satisfaction guaranteed. 50c credit for the return of the jug.—Grogan Mineral Wells, Sweetwater, Texas. 1018**

The Tahoka Cotton Gin will install a steam plant in the near future to take the place of their gasoline plant which furnishes the power to operate their gin at the present. The gasoline engines will not stand the continued strain of running night and day. After about sixteen hours of steady running they have to stop and let the engines cool down.

You can enter our \$350.00 Piano contest any time up to and including Saturday, November 14th. We will begin the contest Monday, November 16th. Each contestant will be given 5000 free votes to start with. 19-1t  
Thomas Bros. Drug Co.,

The Faithful class of the Methodist Sunday School met in "regular" session at the Crie home Thursday night. Quite a few were present and spent a profitable as well as a pleasant evening studying the lesson and enjoying a little music.

The weather this week has been rather damp and muggy. Only a little over a half inch of water has fallen, but the fog and drizzle has been heavy enough to hinder the farmers in gathering their crops.

Murrell Skinner, of Waco, came Thursday evening, we presume, on a business trip, as we noticed him shoveling cotsn seed Friday morning.

### Report of the Condition of THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK at Tahoka, in the State of Texas, at the Close of Business Oct. 31, 1914

RESOURCES	DOLLARS
Loans and Discounts	74,538.57
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	2,436.65
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation	7,500.00
Commercial paper deposited to secure circulation	14,150.27
Stock in Federal Reserve bank \$350	350.00
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	10,000.00
Other Real Estate owned	1,500.00
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)	11,302.46
Due from State and Private Banks and Bankers, Trust Companies, and Savings	2,602.13
Due from approved Reserv Agents in Central Cities \$670.29; in other Reserve Cities \$21,040.26	21,710.55
Checks and other Cash Items	84.00
Notes of other National Banks	820.00
Fractional Paper Currency, Nickels, and Cents	56.40
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	4,781.90
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 p. c. of circulation)	875.00
Cotton Bills of Exchange	5,276.23
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>157,994.16</b>

LIABILITIES	DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in	25,000.00
Surplus fund	10,000.00
Undivided Profits, less Expenses and Taxes paid	1,720.61
National Bank Notes Outstanding	17,500.00
Individual deposits subject to check	77,183.55
Time certificates of deposit payable within 30 days	7,150.00
Time certificates of deposit payable after 30 days or longer	1,700.00
Cashier's checks outstanding	240.00
Bills payable, including obligations representing money borrowed	17,500.00
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>157,994.16</b>

STATE OF TEXAS,  
COUNTY OF LYNN.)

I, W. B. SLATON, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

W. B. SLATON, Cashier  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of November 1914.

G. E. LOCKHART,  
Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:  
G. W. SMALL,  
A. L. LOCKWOOD,  
W. D. NEVELS,  
Directors.

Services at the Methodist church Sunday were scantily attended, there being less than forty present at Sabbath School. There was no preaching, this being Rev. Ledger's Sunday at Slaton. Rev. Terry preached at the evening hour to a fair congregation, all things considered.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Renfro, of north of Tahoka, Saturday evening, a boy.

### NEW PICTURE SHOW

E. L. Howard and L. D. McGowan, of Plainview, have leased the Jones building, one door south of the Post Office, and are busy this week installing a first class picture show. They are putting in an inclined floor and will seat the building with chairs. Their equipment will consist of a brand new machine, gas light plant and player piano. The piano arrived Thursday.

These gentlemen come to us recommended as A1 picture men and as successful operators from Plainview, Hale Center and other North Plains towns. They promise us a clean, wholesome show and it is our honest opinion that it will be to the interest of the town to see that the show is well patronized if they deliver the goods. There is not a better place to relax after the days work is done than at the picture show, and there is nothing that leaves a more pleasant impression on the transient than an evening spent at a real good movie.

Mr. W. J. Crouch, of the V-Bar stock farm, was on the sick list the last of last week and the first of this. We are glad to say he is up around again as chipper as you please.

### RESOLUTIONS

Whereas on November 4th, 1914 our beloved friend and sister Mrs. M. C. Butler passed to her last reward at the age of seventy, after fifty years of consecrated service in the Master's vineyard. During which time she had led into the kingdom, one by one, her eight children, who are living monuments to her Godly life.

Therefore be it resolved:  
1st. That this church hereby record her sympathy for the bereaved.  
2nd. That we feel our loss in the going of this member, yet realize 'tis heavens gain.  
3rd. That we commend her life as exemplary to all followers of Christ.  
4th. That a copy of this resolution be spread upon our minutes, given the family and our local and denominational paper.

160 acres improved land in Terry county. Will trade for Tahoka Property, see 101f C. L. Williams, Tahoka.

Miss Blanch Cathey, student of Seth Ward College, Plainview, passed thru on the down train Saturday evening to O'Donnell, where she accompanied her father to their ranch, near Pride for a few days visit with her home folks. She returned to Plainview Wednesday.

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### EMBROIDERY CLUB

The embroidery club "enmasse" left Tahoka in buggies Wednesday afternoon, November 11th, bound for the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood.

Everyone arrived on time and were royally recieved by Mrs. Lockwood who was hostess to the club.

The afternoon was one of the pleasantest, interspersed with work and play. The shadows were beginning to lengthen when Mrs. Lockwood and Mrs. Cain slipped away from the sitting room. In a short time we were bidden to the dining room where a five o'clock dinner was served.

The table was beautifully decorated and the repast was one long to be remembered by those present. The chief attraction was a large platter heaped with xuail fried whole. Mrs. Lockwood told us they were the result of her own skill, as she had some traps near the house and caught the birds herself.

The guests exclaimed about the fine flavor of the birds, one lady replied they could not be other wise when captured by such fair hands.

Nut cake, fruit and whipped cream made a fit ending for a repast that made feel as if "Old Santa just around the corner.

The afternoon spent with Mrs. Lockwood was a red letter day for the club and we feel that they could not come to often.

The close of today will find Lynn county with her new corps of officials at the helm of the "beat of state." All of the officers had qualified and taken the oath of office Friday morning except Pat Northcross, clerk.

Prevents as well as cures; cleanses the system against attacks of intestinal trouble; kidney trouble and liver trouble; blood disease, rheumatism and diseases of the skin. Five gallon jug \$1 25. Fifty cents for return of the jug. It comes back free of charge.

Grogan Wells and Boone Institute of Massage. Sweetwater, Texas. 1018

J. W. Crouch, of the V-Bar stock farm, west of Tahoka, called at the News office Thursday evening and presented the scribe in charge with a bucket of real, genuine, home-grown, home-made, 100 percent pure sugar cane syrup, with instructions to convey it to the editor in chief to sample and pass on. The syrup was all one could wish, with the exception that there was not "mo' lasses." Mr. Crouch has made about 125 gallons of this syrup and intends to make 50 or 75 galons more.

### Notice to Hunters

Any person hunting in the Tahoka Lake pasture without permission will certainly be prosecuted. J. T. Lofton 10-17p

### SUNBEAM PROGRAM

(Arranged by Mrs. G. G. Hazel) Subject—The Story of Daniel. Leader—Beulah Davis.

Motto—"Little folks can tell the story of the Savior's Love so sweet."

Opening Exercises—Song. Prayer—That each Sunbeam may shine faithfully each day, by Miss Lillie Harrison.

Bible Reading—Daniel VI, 1-16 The Lesson Story read by Miss Ada Carter.

Discussion of Lesson—by Willie Belle Nicholson.

Song—by Leona Key.

Recitation—"What We Can Do" by Mary Walker.

Solo—by Miss Ada Carter.

Song—Minutes—Roll Call—Collection—Song.

Adjournment.

### A CORRECTION

In the article of last week regarding Mrs. Butler's death we wish to say that upon further information we see the article contained a mistake; and we wish to correct it. The facts were these: The patient's heart was rapidly failing, when a heart stimulant was administered by the needle. This was intended to relieve the heart, which it did momentarily, but it proved unable to hold it up through the crisis.

Grandma Phoenix left on Wednesday morning train for Colorado, Texas, to visit her son, Dr. Phoenix, of that city. Grandma has been in bad health the past few weeks, and last week was very sick, she thinks the change will help her. Mrs. Phoenix's son, W. P. Phoenix, blacksmith, of Tahok, accompanied his mother as far as Slaton.

More human ills can be traced to an impure blood stream than any one cause on earth. Irregularities of the bowels and indigestion follow invariably. GROGAN MINERAL WATER is nature's own infalible remedy. It is swift, sure and pleasant; ro bad after effects. It is truly a boon to humanity. Five gallons for \$125 and allow you 50c for the return of the jug which come back free of charge. GROGAN WELLS, 10 13 Sweetwater, Texas.

Mrs. G. E. Lockhart went to Lubbock Wednesday on a shopping expedition.

Mr. J. M. Hughes, one time agent of Tahoka, and his young wife, returned to Tahoka, Tuesday on the down train, and will make their home with us in the future until such time as the Santa Fe shall deem it wise to send Mr. Hughes else where. Mr. Hughes will take charge Monday, of the depot of the P & S F station here. Mr. McBroom the present incumbent will remain until Mr. Walker, auditor for the company, checks him out. We are indeed sorry to loose Mr. McBroom from among us, but are heartily glad to number Mr. and Mrs. Hughes as one of our citizens again.

Winter Time is Pneumonia time, lagripe time etc. Give the children a tumbler of Grogan Mineral water at bed time three or four times a week, and thus keep their systems clean and strong. With a jug of Grogan Mineral Water in the house all chance of sickness is expelled. Five Gallon jug \$1.25 and we credit 50c for return of jug. Grogan Wells, Sweetwater, Tex. 1018

### TO EPWORTH LEAGUERS

The Epworth League failed to hold forth at the appointed hour last Sunday eve. This a very lamentable fact as the program was an especially live and interesting topic—Mexico.

The same program will be rendered next Sunday and the members are urged to be present as well as the officers. This is not a beneficial organization, but could be made a very pleasant affair if the young people would take hold and make the thing go.

To make anything go you must have motive behind it, and the theory of perpetual motion not yet having been solved, it is up to some one or some thing to put forth the required energy necessary to make any project a success. If each of the members would put forth a small amount of thought and energy, the results would be a marvel to the most sanguine. In a few short weeks would be built up an institution that would be as a pillar erected to the memory of those who sacrificed a few minutes of their time to give the organization life.

Will the young people hearken to the appeal and on the coming Sabbath evening gather at the Methodist church and at least lend attentative ear to the program. With the effort that is being put forth by those who will appear that evening we are sure you will not regret having come.

### BARGAIN

One five year old black work horse, new riding cultivator with planter attachment, and wagon and harness. For sale at a bargain by A. M. Sullivan, Tahoka, Texas.

The Fort Worth stock yards show an increase of 34,827 head of live stock for the month past over the same month in 1913.

Mrs. A. D. Shook and daughter, Miss Mellie, went to Lubbock Saturday to have their eyes treated by Drs. Hutchinson & Peebler, specialists of that city. They returned the same evening.

Let Me Do Your Feed Grinding I have purchased the Utility Grinding machinery and am now ready to grind your feed or corn meal. Will grind every Tuesday at the Tahoka Blacksmith Shop, H. C. SMITH, Prop. 50-tf

C. O. Edwards, owner of the T-Ranch, who has been at the ranch the past few weeks looking after his interests, left on the Saturday morning train for his home in Fort Worth.

A Fort Worth firm has recently closed a deal to furnish the French army with 13,000 horses. This has raised the average valuation of the Texas horses from \$100 to \$130 per head.

J. B. Walker, postmaster of Tahoka, left Thursday morning for Fort Worth on a business trip, he is expected to return Saturday.

The Postex cotton mills, of Post, Texas, are reported to be running night and day shift in fulfillment of the company's policy to use 4,000 more bales of Plains cotton than they had first planned.

Otho Thomas, of Thomas Bros. Drug Co., made a business trip to Lubbock Wednesday.

Mr. Frank King had the misfortune to fall out of his wagon Saturday, and as a consequence was nursing sundry bruises the first of the week.

The standing of the contestants are as follows:	
LILLIE HARRISON	
Standing Nov. 4	536,930
Gain Nov. 11	75,890
Total	612,820
VIOLA ROBERTS	
Standing Nov. 4	543,495
Gain Nov. 11	74,345
Total	617,340
Lillie Harrison recieved the silver this week	

# LYNN COUNTY NEWS

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VOL. 11 TAHOKA, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1914 NO. 10

Within 20 days from the date printed above, J. E. KETNER, or PARKHURST'S BROKEN & STORE, upon receipt of this coupon is authorized by Rule 12 to place 100 votes to the credit of

Candidate for Panama-Pacific Exposition trip or \$350 piano. Provided; that this coupon is countersigned by the subscriber whose printed name is attached to the other side hereof.

Countersigned:  
 Subscriber of the Lynn County News

## 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**

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All Repair Work Guaranteed  
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 LUBBOCK, TEXAS

W. D. Benson Percy Spencer

**BENSON & SPENCER**

Attorneys-at-Law

Rooms 3, 4 and 5, Lubbock State Bank Bldg.

LUBBOCK, TEXAS

Complete set abstracts Lubbock, Hockley and Cochran Counties in office.

## Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.  
 Sold by Druggists. Price 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## GLASS OF SALTS IF YOUR KIDNEYS HURT

Eat less meat if you feel Backache or have Bladder trouble—Salts fine for Kidneys.

Meat forms uric acid which excites and overworks the kidneys in their efforts to filter it from the system. Regular eaters of meat must flush the kidneys occasionally. You must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the acids, waste and poison, else you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment; the channels often get irritated, obliging you to get up two or three times during the night.  
 To neutralize these irritating acids and flush off the body's urinous waste get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then set fine and bladder disorders disappear. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive; harmless and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then, thus avoiding serious kidney and bladder diseases.

Comes to our desk this week, volume one, number one of the Texas Journalist, published under the supervision of the Chair of Journalism, by the student body of that branch of the State University. The Texas Journalist, is of necessity a paper, edited and published for the advancement of journalism in Texas and the South. Thus it fulfills a dual purpose, in that it gives practical knowledge to the student, and distributes to the publishers of the State the best products of the student body, that they might be benefited thereby.

As a whole it is one of the neatest, cleanest six column quarters we have had the pleasure of examining in many a long day. It is machine set, printed on a fair grade of book, and pleasingly illustrated with half tones of the several buildings of the University.

This new department of the University, Chair of Journalism, and its official organ, fulfills a long felt want in the South. The training of her editors. The power of the press is far too great to be entrusted to the hands of incompetents. No single vocation brings a person into direct touch with more people than that of the editor, nor does any class of men have more to do with the swaying of a nation than its editors. Then how carefully should be trained.

A little unpleasantness was the closing feature of the dance at the Play House Saturday night after the program rendered by the "Jolly Three" comedians, of local fame. This is a very regrettable affair, especially to us. First it would make excellent reading for part of our patrons, but we are not minded to drag the names of some of our best young men into a dance hall brawl. Second a few repetitions of last Saturday night's pugilistic demonstrations and our fair name as a peaceful community will have smear drawn across it, and mayhap in a more gasty color than that of bruised flesh. It is an easy matter to take life when one is unbalanced by white hot anger, especially if one has taken more than enough for the stomach's sake. Third and last, of most importance to those who participate in the recreation, brawling and drinking will soon put the dance beyond the pale of tolerance. The authorities are not apt to countenance an institution that endangers the lives and pursuits of happiness of the commonweal.

## ADVERTISING PAYS

All Except Those Who Do Not Advertise.

I take this method of informing my personal friends and all others that I have entered Thomas Bros. Piano Contest and I will appreciate their trade votes very much. Please help me win the Piano.  
**Miss Jewel Sherrod, Tahoka**

## LISTEN, DAUGHTER

Listen, daughter. Your mother tells me that the honey boy who has been festooning the landscape hereabouts for the past month has retreated to a position previously selected. In other words, he has gone and got another baby. Well, don't cry. There's no reason and besides it washes off the powder. Honey boy spent about four bits a week on you. Here's a dollar a week to take its place. Every time he called he cleaned out the refrigerator. Your mother will see that your brothers do this in the future. He kept you up late nights. Your baby sister is teething and she has kept me up late, but I'll resign in your favor so it won't seem strange for you to go to bed early. He took possession of the most comfortable rocker in the living room. When you look at that rocker in the future it will not bring a pang to see it empty, for it will be full of little old George B. Father. Your ma and I stayed by you through teething, colic, measles, croup and whooping-cough and we're going to see you through this if we have to take turns at spanking you. Take your eyes off the moon, daughter and look at the dust around you.

## THE PRICE HE PAID

I said I would have my fling,  
 And do what a young man may;  
 And I didn't believe a thing  
 That the parsons have to say.  
 I didn't believe in a God  
 That gives us blood like fire,  
 Then flings us into hell because  
 We answer the call of desire.

And I said: "Religion is rot,  
 And the laws of the world are nil;  
 For the bad man is he who is caught  
 And cannot foot his bill,  
 And there is no place called hell;  
 And heaven is only a myth,  
 When man has his way with a maid  
 In the fresh keen hour of youth.

"And money can buy us grace,  
 If it rings on the plate of the church  
 And money can neatly erase,  
 Each sign of a sinful smirch."  
 For I saw men everywhere,  
 Hotfooting the road to vice;  
 And women and preachers smiled  
 On them

As long as they paid the price,  
 So I had my joy of life;  
 I went the pace of the town;  
 And then I took me a wife,  
 And started to settle down,  
 I had gold enough and to spare  
 For all the simple joys  
 That belongs with a house and a home

And a brood of girls and boys.  
 I married a girl with health  
 And virtue and spotless fame,  
 I gave in exchange my wealth  
 And a proud old family name.  
 And I gave her the love of a heart  
 Grown sated and sick of sin!  
 My deal with the devil was all  
 Cleaned up.

And the last bill handed in,  
 She was going to bring me a child,  
 And when in labor she cried,  
 With love and fear I was wild—  
 But now I wish she had died.  
 For the son she bore me was blind  
 And crippled, and weak and sore!  
 And his mother was left a wreck.  
 It was so she settled my score.

I said I must have my fling,  
 And they knew the path I would go;  
 Yet no one told me a thing  
 Of what I needed to know,  
 Folks talk too much of a soul  
 From heavenly joys debarred—  
 And not enough of the babes un-  
 born,

By the sins of the fathers scarred,  
 —By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## ONE LUMP INSTEAD OF TWO

The best sugar factories throughout the country are facing a peculiar situation. After working at full capacity to meet a supposed demand for high-priced sugar, they find that there is no such demand. Although the sugar is offered at six cents per pound, wholesale, sales are slow. The jobbers and wholesalers, it seems, stocked up heavily when the war broke out and, with warehouses loaded to the rafters, they are not eager to put more money into the product. So the sugar is going begging at six cents. How long this condition will last is a question. The consumer, however, as long as he uses the usual quantity of sugar, may rest assured that he will not profit. The retail price of sugar has been advanced to about eight cents a pound and it is likely that it will be kept there, indefinitely. The old "law" of supply and demand appears to have been repealed in this century. The only way to touch the speculators is through the pocket. A lack of demand or a falling off in demand is likely to result in a reduction in price, for the jobbers will not care to carry big stocks that are slow sales. Therefore if every American would cut down his allowance of sugar, just a trifle, we would see the prices tumbling in a few weeks. One spoonful or one lump, instead of two in your coffee every morning for a month would result in a return of five-cent sugar before Christmas.

## HOGS HELP FARMERS TO DIVERSIFY

"The recent action of R. O. Barron, of San Benito," says Geo. S. Wehrwein, of the Extension Department of the University of Texas, "in helping the farmers of his community, shows what can be done in this cotton crisis towards ushering in the new era of diversified farming and especially livestock farming. Mr. Barron on his own initiative bought a carload of thoroughbred Duroc Jersey sows from Ft. Worth. These were all bred before shipment and leased to farmers in the neighborhood. The lessee agree to care for the sow and at the end of three months to return the sow and half of her young pigs to Mr. Barron, he keeping the other half of the litter for himself.

"To bring about a change from a one-crop to a livestock system of farming, community action is necessary, unless the farmer is so well fixed that he can finance the change himself" Bulletin 355 of the University of Texas on Cooperation in Agriculture, Marketing and Rural Credit, has some valuable suggestions for the farmers who are intending to go into the dairy or livestock industry. Where it is not possible for a farmer to own an expensive sire, the community may buy a thoroughbred. If two other communities will also buy thoroughbred sires of the same bred, they may exchange after every two years, and in that way get the benefit of six year's service without the danger of inbreeding. The Bulletin describes the workings of successful breeders' associations of Texas and other states. The Livestock Industry invites cooperation in the erection of silos and filling. This is true especially in the case of filling, for the machinery required is usually too expensive for one man to own. Sale through asso-

## ODD BITS OF NEWS

Louisville, Ky.—Two slaughterhouse proprietors of Louisville have been fined \$100 each and sentenced to fifty days in jail for selling horse meat for food.

Frederick, Md.—A negro in the jail refused to escape when three other fugitive effected a jail delivery Saturday night because the warden had promised the prisoners chicken for dinner Sunday.

Belding, Mico.—A silk thread Manufacturing Company of this city, is supplying the United States with crochet cotton, a product, which until the breaking out of the European war, was made exclusively in Alsace-Lorraine. The demand for the cotton is enormous and the manufacturers are putting in new machinery to meet it.

St. Louis, Mo.—The war revenue tax of approximately \$50,000,000 on the annual output of beer is agreeable to the brewers of this city, although this industry already pays a yearly internal revenue tax of \$165,000,000. The new beer tax will yield a revenue more than ten times greater than that of any other single commodity.

Grand Island, Neb.—H. F. Swanback, of Greenwood, Mo. although aged 100 years, was an active participant in the meetings of the State lodge of I. O. O. F. held here last week. He claims to be the oldest living Odd Fellow as well as the oldest in point of membership, having joined the order in Hamburg, Germany, seventy-one years ago.

## SOME TWILIGHT SLEEPERS

The "Twilight Sleep" idea is a beautiful one. Anything that tends to reduce pain and suffering is to be welcomed. But twilight sleeping is nothing new in this part of the country. We know of some towns that are in a chronic state of twilight slumber and they will never "come to." Some of our own citizens, mentioning no names, go about from day to day in a never-ending twilight slumber. And looking over our list of delinquent subscribers makes us rise to inquire what the doctors use to bring their twilight sleepers out of the trance? Send us the formula, for there are a few subjects on that list whom we like to awaken. Did we call them twilight sleepers? Suffering cats! The deepest, blackest, midnight could not begin to equal the darkness and depth of their slumbers.

## BLOW ME

On the battle field I sit  
 Bloomin' ready for to quit,  
 I've been chasin' and been chased  
 for forty days;  
 First some Fritz pursues me 'round  
 Then I run 'im off the ground  
 'Til both me and 'im is in a bleedin'-  
 in' daze.  
 Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys  
 are marchin'  
 Buck up, comrades, all is well  
 But if anxious to find out  
 Wot the bloomin' row's about,  
 I'll be bleedin', blinkin', blowed if  
 I can tell!  
 —E. F. McIntyre.

association, cow testing, creeries, tick eradication, and meat clubs are among the other types of cooperations described in the bulletin.

Great Expectations  
 Will be Realized if They Are Backed  
 Up by Advertising.

## WAR PRICES!

Need not disturb the housewife who knows the nutritive value and culinary use of 4W BREAKFAST FOOD  
 It Contains the Maximum of Ntriment at the Smallest Possible Cost.  
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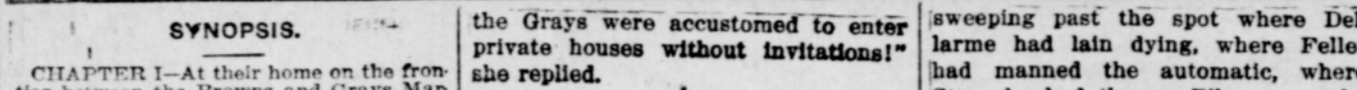
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# THE LAST SHOT

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by FREDERICK PALMER



## SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—At their home on the frontier between the Browns and Grays Marta Galland and her mother, entertains Colonel Westerling of the Grays, see Captain Lanstron, staff intelligence officer of the Browns, injured by a fall in his aeroplane.

CHAPTER II—Ten years later, Westerling, nominal vice but real chief of staff, reinforces South La Tir, meditates on war, and speculates on the comparative ages of himself and Marta, who is visiting in the Gray capital.

CHAPTER III—Westerling calls on Marta. She tells him of her teaching children the follies of war and martial patriotism, begs him to prevent war while he is chief of staff, and predicts that if he makes war against the Browns he will not win.

CHAPTER IV—On the march with the 53d of the Browns Private Stransky, anarchist, decries war and played-out patriotism and is placed under arrest. Colonel Lanstron overhearing, begs him of saying the anarchist will fight well when enraged and is "all man."

CHAPTER V—Lanstron calls on Marta at her home. He talks with Feller, the gardener. Marta tells Lanstron that she believes Feller to be a spy. Lanstron confesses it is true.

CHAPTER VI—Lanstron shows Marta a telephone which Feller has concealed in a secret passage under the tower for use to benefit the Browns in war emergency, pointing out its value as being in the water of the fighting zone in case of war. Marta consents for it and Feller to remain for the present. Lanstron declares his love for Marta.

CHAPTER VII—Westerling and the Gray premier plan to use a trivial international affair to foment warlike patriotism in army and people and strike before declaring war. Partow, Brown chief of staff, and Lanstron, made vice, discuss the trouble, and the Brown defenses. Partow reveals his plans to Lanstron.

CHAPTER VIII—At the frontier the two armies lie crouched for attack and defense. In the town with the non-combatants fleeing from the danger zone, Marta hears her child pupils recite the peace oath.

CHAPTER IX—The Gray army crosses the border line and attacks. The Browns check them. Artillery, infantry, aeroplanes and dirigibles engage. Stransky, rising to make the anarchist speech of his life, draws the Gray artillery fire. Struck by a shrapnel splinter he goes Berserk and fights—"all a man."

CHAPTER X—Marta has her first glimpse of war in its modern, cold, scientific, murderous brutality. She allows the secret telephone to remain.

CHAPTER XI—The Browns fall back to the Galland house. Stransky forages. Marta sees a night attack.

CHAPTER XII—The Grays attack by force. The call of the fight too strong for Feller, he leaves his secret telephone and goes back to his guns. Hand to hand fighting. The Browns fall back again.

CHAPTER XIII—Marta asks Lanstron over the secret telephone to appeal to Partow to stop the fighting. Vandalism by Gray soldiers in the Galland house which Marta is in, and Lanstron, will be made Westerling's headquarters.

CHAPTER XIV—Westerling and his staff occupy the Galland house. At tea with Marta, Westerling begins to woo her, disclosing his selfish ambitions, and apparently offers her fortunes with the Grays and offers to give valuable information.

CHAPTER XV—Marta, "or I'll prick the tummy of mamma's darling!" What happened then was so sudden and unexpected that all were vague about details. They saw Hugo in a catapulsive lunge, mesmeric in his swift, and they saw Pilsner go down, his leg twisted under him and his head banging the floor. Hugo stood, half ashamed, half frightened, yet ready for another encounter.

CHAPTER XVI—Fracasse, entering at this moment, was too intent on his mission to consider the rights of a personal difference between two of his company.

CHAPTER XVII—"There's work to do! Out of here, quick! We are losing valuable time!" he announced, rounding his men toward the door with commanding gestures. "We are going in pursuit!"

Marta, who had observed the latter part of the scene from the shadows of the hall, knew that she should never forget Hugo's face as he turned on Pilsner, while his voice of protest struck a singing chord in her jangling nerves. It was the voice of civilization, of one who could think out of the orbit of a whirlpool of passionate barbarism. She could see that he was about to spring and her prayer went with his leap. She gloried in the impact that felled the great brute with the liver patch on his cheek, which was like a birthmark of war.

Then a staff-officer appeared in the doorway. When he saw a woman enter the room he frowned. He had ridden from the town, which was empty of women, a fact that he regarded as a blessing. If she had been a maid servant he would have kept on his cap. Seeing that she was not, he removed it and found himself in want of words as their eyes met after she had made a gesture to the broken glass on the floor and the lacerated table top, which said too plainly:

"Do you admire your work?"

The fact that he was well groomed and freshly shaven did not in any wise dissipate in her feminine mind his connection with this destruction. He had never seen anything like the smile which went with the gesture. Her eyes were two continuing and challenging flames. Her chin was held high and steady, and the pallor of exhaustion, with the blackness of her hair and eyes, made her strangely commanding. He understood that she was not waiting for him to speak, but to go.

"I did not know that there was a woman here!" he said.

"And I did not know that officers of

the Grays were accustomed to enter private houses without invitations!" she replied.

"This is a little different," he began. She interrupted him.

"But the law of the Grays is that homes should be left undisturbed, isn't it? At least, it is the law of civilization. I believe you profess, too, to protect property, do you not?"

"Why, yes!" he agreed. He wished that he could get a little respite from the steady fire of her eyes. It was embarrassing and as confusing as the white light of an impracticable logic.

"In that case, please place a guard around our house lest some more of your soldiers get out of control," she went on.

"I can do that, yes," he said. "But we are to make this a staff headquarters and must start at once to put the house in readiness."

"General Westerling's headquarters?" she inquired.

He parried the question with a frown. Staff-officers never give information. They receive information and transmit orders.

"I know General Westerling. You will tell him that my mother, Mrs. Galland, and our maid and myself are very tired from the entertainment he has given us, unasked, and we need sleep to-night. So you will leave us until morning and that door, sir, is the one out into the grounds."

The staff-officer bowed and went out by that door, glad to get away from Marta's eyes. His inspection of the premises with a view to plans for staff accommodation could wait. Westerling would not be here for two days at least.

"Whew! What energy she has!" he thought. "I never had anybody make me feel so contemptibly unlike a gentleman in my life."

Yet Marta, returning to the hall, had to steady herself in a dizzy moment against the wall. Complete reaction had come. She craved sleep as if it were the one true, real thing in the world. She craved sleep for the clarity of mind that comes with the morning light. In the haziness of fleecy thought, as slumber drew its soft clouds around her, her last conscious visions were the pleasant ones rising free of a background of horror; of Feller's smile when he went back to his automatic for good; of Dellarme's smile as he was dying; of Stransky's smile as Minna gave him hope; and of Hugo's face as he uttered his flute-like cry of protest. In her ears were the haunting calmness and contained force of Lanstron's voice over the telephone.

She was pleased to think that she had not lost her temper in her talk with the staff-officer. No, she had not flared once in indignation. It was as if she had absorbed some of Lanny's own of the Grays. And she realized that a change had come over her—a change inexplicable and telling—and she was tired—oh, so tired! It had been exhausting work, indeed, for one woman, though she had been around the world, making war on two armies.

The general staff-officer of the Grays, who had tasted Marta's temper on his first call, when he returned the next morning did not enter unannounced. He rang the door-bell.

"I have a message for you from General Westerling," he said to her. "The general expresses his deep regret at the unavoidable damage to your house and grounds and has directed that everything possible be done immediately in the way of repairs."

In proof of this the officer called attention to a group of service-corps men who were removing the sand-bags from the first terrace. Others were at work in the garden setting uprooted plants back into the earth.

"His Excellency says," continued the officer, "that, although the house is so admirably suited for staff purposes, we will find another if you desire."

He was too polite and too considerate in his attitude for Marta not to meet him in the same spirit.

"That is what we should naturally prefer," and Marta bowed her head in indecision.

"We should have to begin installing the telegraph and telephone service on the lower floor at once," he remarked.

"In fact, all arrangements must be made before the general's arrival."

"He has been a guest here before," she said reminiscently and detachedly.

Her head dropped lower, in apparent disregard of his presence, as she took counsel with herself. She was perfectly still, without even the movement of an eye-lash. Other considerations than any he might suggest, he subtly understood, held her attention. They were the criterion by which she would at length assent or dissent, and nothing could hurry the Marta of today, who yesterday had been a creature of feverish impulse.

It seemed a long time that he was watching that wonderful profile under the very black hair, soft with the softness of flesh, yet firmly carved. She lifted her head gradually, her eyes

sweeping past the spot where Dellarme had lain dying, where Feller had manned the automatic, where Stransky had thrown Pilsner over the parapet. He saw the glance arrested and focused on the flag of the Grays, which was floating from a staff on the outskirts of the town, and slowly, glowingly, the light rippling on its folds was reflected in her face.

"She is for us! She is a Gray!" he thought triumphantly. The woman and the flag! The matter-of-fact staff-officer felt the thrill of sentiment.

"I think we can arrange it," Marta announced with a rare smile of assent.

"Then I'll go back to town and set the signal-corps men to work," he said.

"And when you come you will find the house at your disposal," she assured him.

Except that he was raising his cap instead of saluting, he was conscious of withdrawing with the deference due to a superior.

In place of the smile, after he had gone, came a frown and a look in her eyes as if at something revolting; then the smile returned, to be succeeded by the frown, which was followed by an indeterminate shaking of the head.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### Tea on the Veranda Again.

It was more irritating than ever for Mrs. Galland to keep pace with her daughter's inconsistencies. Here was Marta saying coolly:

"Unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's! We have our property, our home to protect. Perhaps the Grays have come to stay for good, so graciousness is our only weapon. We cannot fight a whole army single-handed."

"You have found that out, Marta?" said Mrs. Galland.

"We have four rooms in the baron's tower and a kitchen stove," Marta proceeded. "With Minna we can make ourselves very comfortable and leave the house to the staff."

"The Gallands in their gardener's quarters! The staff of the Grays in ours! Your father will turn in his grave!" Mrs. Galland exclaimed.

"But, mother, it is not quite agreeable to think of three women living in the same house with a score of strange men!" Marta persisted.

"I had not thought of that, Marta. Of course, it would be abominable!" agreed Mrs. Galland, promptly capitulating where a point of propriety was involved.

When Marta informed the officer—the same one who had rung the door-bell on his second visit—of the family's decision he appeared shocked at the idea of eviction that was implied. But, secretly pleased at the turn of events, he hastened to apologize for war's brutal necessities, and Marta's complaisance led him to consider himself something of a diplomatist. Yes, more than ever he was convinced of the wisdom of an invader ringing door-bells.

Meanwhile, the service-corps men had continued their work until now there was no vestige of war in the grounds that labor could obliterate; and masons had come to repair the walls of the house itself and plasterers to renew the broken ceilings.

All this Marta regarded in a kind of charmed wonder that an invader could be so considerate. Her manner with the officers in charge of preparations had the simplicity and ease which a woman of twenty-seven, who is not old-maidish because she is not afraid of a single future, may employ as a serene hostess. She frequently asked if there were good news.

"Yes," was the uniform reply. An unexpected setback here or resistance there, but progress, nevertheless. But she learned, too, that the first two days' fighting along the frontier had cost the Grays fifty thousand casualties.

"In order to make an omelet you must break eggs!" she remarked.

"Spoken like a true soldier—like a member of the staff!" was the reply.

In her constraint and detachment they realized her conscious appreciation of the fact that in earlier times her people had been for the Browns; but in her flashes of interest in the

progress of the war, flashes from a woman's unmillitary mind, they judged that her heart was with the Grays. And why not? Was it not natural that a woman with more than her share of intellectual perception should be on the right side? From her associations it was not to be expected that she would make an outright declaration of apostasy. This would destroy the value and the attractiveness of her conversion. Reverence for the past, for a father who had fought for the Browns, against her own convictions, made her attitude appear singularly and delicately correct.

The war was a week old—a week which had developed other tangents and traps than La Tir—on the morning that the first installment of junior officers came to occupy the tables and desks. Where the family portraits had hung in the dining-room were now big maps dotted with brown and gray flags. Portable field cabinets with sectional maps on a large scale were arranged around the walls of the drawing-room. In what had been the lounge-room of the old days of Galland prosperity, the refrain of half a dozen telegraph instruments made melody with the clicking of typewriters. Cooks and helpers were busy in the kitchen; for the staff were to live like gentlemen; they were to have their morning baths, their comfortable beds, and regular meals. No twinges of indigestion or of rheumatism from exposure was to interfere with the working of their precious intellectual processes. No detail of assistance was to be lacking to save any bureaucratic head time and labor. The bedrooms were apportioned according to rank—that of the master awaited the master; the best servant's bedroom awaited Francois, his valet.

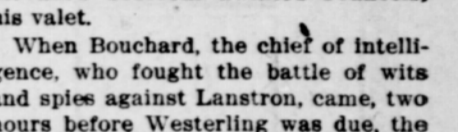
When Bouchard, the chief of intelligence, who fought the battle of wits and spies against Lanstron, came, two hours before Westerling was due, the last of the staff except Westerling and his personal aide had arrived. Bouchard, with his iron-gray hair, bushy eyebrows, strong, aquiline nose, and hawk-like eyes, his mouth hidden by a bristly moustache, was lean and saturnine, and he was loyal. No jealous thought entered his mind at having to serve a man younger than himself. He did not serve a personality; he served a chief of staff and a profession. The score of women who escaped him as he looked over the arrangements were all of directing criticism and bitten off sharply, as if he regretted that he had to waste breath in communicating even a thought.

"I tell nothing, but you tell me everything!" said Bouchard's hawk eyes. He was old-fashioned; he looked his part, which was one of the many points of difference between him and Lanstron as a chief of intelligence.

It lacked one minute to four when Hedworth Westerling, chief of staff in name as well as power now, alighted from the gray automobile that turned in at the Galland drive. His Excellency had not occupied his new headquarters as soon as he expected, but this could have no influence on results. If he had lost fifty thousand men on the first two days and two hundred thousand since the war had begun, should he allow this to disturb his well-being of body or mind? His well-being of body and mind meant the ultimate saving of lives.

Confidence was reflected in Westerling's bearing and in his smile of command as he passed through the staff rooms. Turcas and Bouchard in his train, with tacit approval of the arrangements. Finally, Turcas, now vice-chief of staff, and the other chiefs awaited his pleasure in the library, which was to be his sanctum. On the massive seventeenth-century desk lay a number of reports and suggestions. Westerling ran through them with accustomed swiftness of sitting and then

Continued on last page



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## The Last Shot

By  
**FREDERICK PALMER**

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Continued from preceding page

turned to his personal aide.

"Tell Francois that I will have tea on the veranda."

From the fact that he took with him the papers that he had laid aside, subordinate generals, with the gift of unspoken directions which is a part of their profession, understood that he meant to go over the subjects requiring special attention while he had tea.

"Everything is going well—well!" he added.

"Well!" ran the unspoken communication of confidence through the staff.

So well that His Excellency was calmly taking tea on the veranda! For the indefatigable Turcas the detail; for Westerling the front of Jove.

He had told Marta only two weeks ago that he should see her again if war came; and war had come. With the inviting prospect of a few holiday moments in which to continue the interview that had been abruptly concluded in a hotel reception-room, he

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"Just Like Old Days, Isn't It?"

started down the terrace steps. Above the second terrace he saw a crown of woman's hair—hair of jet abundance, shading a face that brought familiar completeness to the scene. Their glances met where the path ended at the second terrace flight; hers shot with a beam of restrained and questioning good humor that spoke at least a truce to the invader.

"You called sooner than I expected," she said in a note of equivocal pleasantry.

"Or I," he rejoined with a shade of triumph, the politest of triumph. He was a step above her, her head on a level with the pocket of his blouse. His square shoulders, commanding height, and military erectness were thus emphasized, as was her own feminine slightness.

"I want to thank you," she said. "As becomes a soldier, your forethought was expressed in action. It was the promptness of the men you sent to look after the garden which saved the uprooted plants before they were past recovery."

"I wished it for your sake and somewhat for my own sake to be the same that it was in the days when I used to call," he said graciously. "Tea was from four to five, do you remember? Will you join me? I have just ordered it."

A generous, pleasant conqueror, this! No one knew better than Westerling how to be one when he chose. He was something of an actor. Leaders of men of his type usually are.

"Why, yes. Very gladly!" she assented with no undue cordiality and no undue constraint, quite as if there were no war.

Neutrality could not be better impersonated, he thought, than in the even cleaving of her lips over the words. They seemed to say that a storm had come and gone and a new set of masters had taken the place of the old. As they approached the veranda Francois was placing the tea things.

"Just like the old days, isn't it?" he exclaimed with his first sip, convinced that the officers' commissary supplied excellent tea in the field.

"Yes, for the moment—if we forget the war!" she replied, and looked away, preoccupied, toward the landscape.

If we forget the war! She bore on the words rather grimly. The change that he had noted between the Marta of the hotel reception-room and the Marta of the moment was not altogether the work of ten years. It had developed since she was in the capital. In these three weeks war had been brought to her door. She had been under heavy fire. Yet this subject of the war was the one which he, as an invader, considered himself bound to avoid.

"We do forget it at tea, don't we?" he asked.

"At least we need not speak of it," she replied.

"I am staying tonight. I was going to ask if you wouldn't remain on the veranda while I go over these papers. It—it would be very cozy and pleasant."

"Why, yes," she agreed with evident pleasure.

Turcas came, in answer to Westerling's ring. The orders and suggestions on the table seemed to be the product of this lath of a man, the vice-chief, but a lath of steel, not wood, who appeared a runner trained for a race of intellects in the scratch class. One by one, almost perfunctorily, Westerling gave his assent as he passed the papers to Turcas; while Turcas's dry voice, coming from between a narrow opening of the thin lips, gave his reasons with a rapid-fire's precision in answer to his chief's inquiries.

With each order somewhere along that frontier some unit of a great organism would respond. The reserves from this position would be transferred to that; such a position would be felt out before dark by a reconnaissance in force, however costly; the rapid-firers of the 19th Division would be transferred to the 20th; despite the 27th Brigade's losses, it would still form the advance; General So-and-So would be superseded after his failure of yesterday; Colonel So-and-So would take his place as acting major-general; more care must be exercised in recommendations for bronze crosses, lest their value so depreciate that officers and men would lack incentive to win them.

Marta was having a look behind the scenes at the fountainhead of great events. Power! Power! The absolute power of the soldier in the saddle, with premier and government and all the institutions of peace only a dim background for the processes of war! Opposite her was a man who could make and unmake not only generals but even the destinies of peoples. By every sign he enjoyed his power for its own sake. There must be a chief of the five millions, which were as a moving forest of destruction, and here was the chief, his strength reflected in the strong muscles of his short neck as he turned his head to listen to Turcas. Marta recalled the contrast between Westerling and Lanstron as they faced each other after the wreck of the aeroplane ten years ago; the iron invincibility of the elder's sturdy, mature figure and the alert, high-strung invincibility of the slighter figure of the younger man.

He had taken up a paper thoughtfully after Turcas withdrew, when he looked up to Marta in answer to a movement in her chair. She had bent forward in a pose that freed her figure from the chair-back in an outline of suppleness and firmness; her lips were parted, showing a faint line of the white of her teeth, and he caught her gazing at him in a kind of wondering admiration. But she dropped her eyelids instantly and said deliberately, less to him than to herself:

"You have the gift!"

No tea-table flattery that, he knew; only the reflection of a fact whose existence had been borne in on her by observation.

"The gift? How?" he inquired, speaking to the fringe of hair that half hid her lowered face.

She looked up, smiling brightly.

"You don't know what gift! Not the pianist's! Not the poet's! Why, of course, the supreme gift of command! The thing that made you chief of staff! And the war goes well for you, doesn't it?"

Delicious morsel, this, to a connoisseur in compliments! He tasted it with the same self-satisfied smile that he had her first prophecy. To her who had then voiced a secret he had shared with no one, as his chest swelled with a full breath, he bared another in the delight of the impression he had made on her.

"Yes, as you foresaw—as I planned!" he said. "Yes, I planned all, step by step, till I was chief of staff and ready. I convinced the premier that it was time to strike and I chose the hour to strike; for Bodlapoo was only a convenient excuse for the last of all the steps."

The subjective enjoyment of the declaration kept him from any keen notice of the effect of his words. Lanny was right. It had been a war of deliberate conquest; a war to gratify personal ambition. All her life Marta would be able to live over again the feelings of this moment. It was as if she were frozen, all except brain and nerves, which were on fire, while the rigidity of ice kept her from springing from her chair in contempt and horror. But a purpose came on the wings of diabolical temptation which would pit the art of woman against,

the power of a man who set millions against millions in slaughter to gratify personal ambition. She was thankful that she was looking down as she spoke, for she could not bring herself to another compliment. Her throat was too chilled for that yet.

"The one way to end the feud between the two nations was a war that would mean permanent peace," he explained, seeing how quiet she was and realizing, with a recollection of her children's oath, that he had gone a little too far. He wanted to retain her admiration. It had become as precious to him as a new delicacy to Lucullus.

"Yes, I understand," she managed to murmur; then she was able to look up. "It's all so immense!" she added. "Your ideas about war seem to be a great deal changed," he hinted casually.

"As I expressed them at the hotel, you mean!" she exclaimed. "That seems ages ago—ages!" The perplexity and indecision that, in a space of silence, brooded in the depths of her eyes came to the surface in wavering lights. "Yes, ages! ages!" The wavering lights grew dim with a kind of horror and she looked away fixedly at a given point.

He was conscious of a thrill; the thrill that always presaged victory for him. He realized her evident distress; he guessed that terrible pictures were moving before her vision.

"You see, I have been very much stirred up," she said half apologetically. "There are some questions I want to ask—quite practical, selfish questions. You might call them questions of property and mercy. The longer the war lasts the greater will be the loss of life and the misery?"

"Yes, for both sides; and the heavier the expense and the taxes."

"If you win, then we shall be under your flag and pay taxes to you?"

"Yes, naturally."

"The Browns do not increase in population; the Grays do rapidly. They are a great, powerful, civilized race. They stand for civilization!"

"Yes, facts and the world's opinion agree," he replied. Puzzled he might well be by this peculiar catechism. He could only continue to reply until he should see where she was leading.

"And your victory will mean a new frontier, a new order of international relations and a long peace, you think? Peace—a long peace!"

Was there ever a soldier who did not fight for peace? Was there ever a call for more army-corps or guns that was not made in the name of peace? He had his ready argument, spoken with the forcible conviction of an expert.

"The war was made for peace—the only kind of peace that there can be," he said. "My ambition, if any glory comes to me out of this war, is to have later generations say: 'He brought peace!'"

Though the premier, could he have heard this, might have smiled, even grinned, he would have understood Westerling's unconsciousness of inconsistency. The chief of staff had set himself a task in victory which had no military connection. Without knowing why, he wanted to win ascendancy over her mind.

"The man of action!" exclaimed Marta, her eyes opening very wide, as she heard something new that pleased her or gave food for thought. "The man of action, who thinks of an ideal as a thing not of words but as the end of action!"

"Exactly!" said Westerling, sensible of another of her gifts. She could get the essence of a thing in a few words. "When we have won and set another frontier, the power of our nation will be such in the world that the Browns can never afford to attack us," he went on. "Indeed, no two of the big nations of Europe can afford to make war without our consent. We shall be the arbiters of international dissensions. We shall command peace—yes, the peace of force, of fact! If it could be won in any other way I should not be here on this veranda in command of an army of invasion. That was my idea—for that I planned." He was making up for having overshoot himself in his confession that he had brought on the war as a final step for his ambition.

"You mean that you can gain peace by propaganda and education only when human nature has so changed that we can have law and order and houses are safe from burglary and pedestrians from pickpockets without policemen? Is that it?" she asked.

"Yes, yes! You have it! You have found the wheat in the chaff."

"Perhaps because I have been see-

ing something of human nature—the human nature of both the Browns and the Grays at war. I have seen the Browns throwing hand-grenades and the Grays in wanton disorder in our dining-room directly they were out of touch with their officers!" she said sadly, as one who hates to accept disillusionment but must in the face of logic.

Westerling made no reply except to nod, for a movement on her part preoccupied him. She leaned forward, as she had when she had told him he would become chief of staff, her hands clasped over her knee, her eyes burning with a question. It was the attitude of the prophecy. But with the prophecy she had been a little mystical; the fire in her eyes had precipitated an idea. Now it forged another question.

"And you think that you will win?" she asked. "You think that you will win?" she repeated with the slow emphasis which demands a careful answer.

The deliberateness of his reply was in keeping with her mood. He was detached; he was a referee.

"Yes, I know that we shall. Numbers make it so, though there is no choice of skill between the two sides."

His tone had the confidence of the flow of a mighty river in its destination on its way to the sea. There was nothing in it of prayer, of hope, of desperation, as there had been in Lanstron's "We shall win!" spoken to her in the arbor at their last interview.

Continued

## GRAY HAIR BECOMES DARK, THICK, GLOSSY

Look years younger! Try Grandma's recipe of Sage and Sulphur and nobody will know.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You will get a large bottle for about 50 cents. Everybody uses this old, famous recipe, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger.

## "TIZ" FOR TIRED SORE, ACHING FEET

Ah! what relief. No more tired feet; no more burning feet, swollen, bad smelling, sweaty feet. No more pain in corns, callouses or bunions. No matter what ails your feet or what under the sun you've tried without getting relief, just use "TIZ."

"TIZ" draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet; "TIZ" is magical; "TIZ" is grand; "TIZ" will cure your foot troubles so you'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't seem tight and your feet will never, never hurt or get sore, swollen or tired.

Get a 25 cent box at any drug or department store, and get relief.



**BLACKSMITHING**  
Woodwork, Repair Work of all Kinds  
Special attention given to Wagons  
Buggies, Buggy Tops, Buggy Painting  
**W. P. PHENIX,** SOUTH OF SQUARE  
TAHOKA, TEXAS

Let us sell you coal for your cook stove. We have the **GENUINE NIGERHEAD NUT COAL** The best coal for cooking purposes on the market today. Ask those who have tried it. We have the Rockvale and Rugby Lump coal for general purposes. Can fill any size order. Also Plenty of Rock and Chrused Salt. Plenty of Oats and Bran always on hand at the Lowest Market Prices. Will have cottonseed cake on hand soon  
**G. W. SNIDER, North of Square, Tahoka**

## TROUSER SPECIALS

For a limited time I will make below cost prices on made-to-measure trousers.  
**\$7.50 trousers \$5.00**

Get that Thanksgiving suit now. See my 1000 samples at saving prices.

**SHED**  
Tahoka's Tailor

## HEAR THEIR CRY

Appeal to the readers of Tahoka for the incorrigible and delinquent girls of Texas.

This is the week of the Campaign for funds for the Girls Training School being waged all over Texas by the Board of Control and Finance Committee of said school.

Have you given any thing toward this fund? If you haven't, send a one dollar bill, or more if you can to Mrs. W. V. Gailbreath, 1610 W. Magnolia St., Ft. Worth, or myself at Dallas.

Remember that this school will be means of reclaiming many a girl who is incorrigible or who has strayed away from the path of virtue, for they are more to be pitied than censured.

"I care not how far from the paths of virtue, she strayed I care not what inroads, dishonor hath made,

I care not what element hath cankered the pearl, Though stained and sullied, she is somebody's girl!"

Help her. Appealingly yours,  
Quentin D. Corley,  
County Judge, Dalpas County  
Chairman, Finance Committee.

What came near being a serious accident happened at J. E. Ketter's Thursday evening. Otho Shook was up on the ladder that runs along in front of the shelves looking at some hats. Mr. Ketter forgot him being there and pushed the ladder down the line a little way. Mr. Shook, being left nothing to stand on, following the laws of gravitation descended precipitately and failing to "look before he leaped" went thru one of the show cases and brought up in a box underneath. Luckily he was not hurt other than being badly frightened.

Born to Mr and Mrs. Matthews, November 5th, a boy.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Matthews died, Monday November 9th, very suddenly of spasms. The interment took place at the Tahoka cemetery November 9th.

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