

LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 12

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1915.

NUMBER 10

City Dads Pass 8 Mile Speed Limit

Some new city ordinances posted about town that will be of interest to the most of our readers are:

An ordinance making it unlawful to throw rotten fruit, vegetables, trash, or papers on the streets, alleys or sidewalks of the city. Also prohibiting the parking of vehicles, (any kind) or machinery on the streets, alleys or sidewalks for display purposes.

Also making it unlawful to store any kind of fuel on such premises.

Also making it unlawful to in any way obstruct the streets, alleys or sidewalks of the city with building materials. Parties convicted of the violation of this ordinance are guilty of a misdemeanor and subject to fine in an amount not less than \$1 nor more than \$25.

An ordinance subjecting every male within the city limits between the ages of 21 and 45 to five days road duty or \$5 tax.

An ordinance regulating motor driven vehicles. Such vehicles must burn fore and rear lights, when on the public thoroughfares, from sundown to sun up, must not be driven more than eight miles an hour, and shall drive to the right. Violation of this order is made a misdemeanor and is punishable by a fine of not less than \$5 nor more than \$25.

These ordinances were approved the 20th day of September and according to advices received at this office, are now in effect.

The ordinance last mentioned, to the best of our knowledge, makes no mention of signals to be given at corners, but it would be well for all cars equipped with a horn, siren or other device of warning to be sounded before turning corners. We make mention of this fact after observing several near collisions at the corner west of the News office.

We will be glad to show you through our beautiful new line of White Ivory while the stock is complete. We have the piece you are looking for. 10 tf
Parkhurst Broken \$ Store.

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

Born Friday morning to Mr. and Mrs. Earl Morris a daughter. Mother and babe are resting well.

FIRE INSURANCE.

See McMill Clayton for fire insurance in old line companies.

The Doll family at Parkhurst Broken \$ Store, extend you a cordial invitation to attend their luncheon Saturday November 6th from 3 to 6 p. m. Lunch prepared by Cotton-eyed Joe and served by Sunbonnet Sal. It

TERRY-HOLT.

A most attractive wedding was solemnized at the Methodist church on Wednesday morning, October 27th, 1915, when Miss Leska Holt, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. I. Holt and Mr. Claud Terry were married, with the Rev. W. H. Terry, father of the groom, and Rev. A. L. Moore, pastor of the church, officiating.—Big Springs Herald.

You know our high class of stationery. We have just opened up another fancy line. Call and see it, it's something you havn't seen. 10 tf
Parkhurst Broken \$ Store.

Cleanup Day Pleasing Results

Saturday October 30th was cleanup day in Tahoka, and we are proud to say that the last rays of the setting sun on that day looked upon a much cleaner town. Saturday was the day of civic purification, but bonfires twinkled about town on the two nights preceding and all that day. Trash was accumulated in large heaps ready for the city wagon which was announced in the News would be around to gather it up.

Monday this office had several calls from ladies in the west part of town inquiring as to why the city wagon failed to call, also inquiries were received from the boys and girls about the failure of the judges in the cleanest yard contest to put in an appearance.

An investigation was started, and it was learned that owing to a misunderstanding with the parties employed to haul the trash, the wagon did not start before noon, and were unable to get around before night. Other men were hired and the work completed the first of the week. The judges failed to make their rounds because those competing had failed to make their entries with the mayor. This mistake was righted by sending word to school for all children wishing to compete to send in their entry.

An Irishman's Idea.

Winters, Texas, 10-2-1915.
Lynn County News,
Tahoka, Texas,
Dear Editor:—

Please publish this letter to the people of Lynn County.

Your people have the soil out there and it is the best I ever saw since I began traveling. I have traveled thru twelve states and Tahoka, Lynn County, is the best spot of farming ground and stock raising range in the twelve states.

Now the thing for you people to do is to boost for Tahoka. Advertise! No one will ever know anything about the country if you don't advertise. Advertising is half the battle.

First, to make things lively, organize a First Monday's Trades Day for the country men. They will come in to trade horses. And put on a sale at the stores.

Next boost for a light plant; you people need electric lights. Next, boost for an oil mill. Tahoka has the territory and the foundation for an oil mill and can support one just fine.

Next, Tahoka needs a hotel, a No. 1. Why don't someone build a first class hotel.

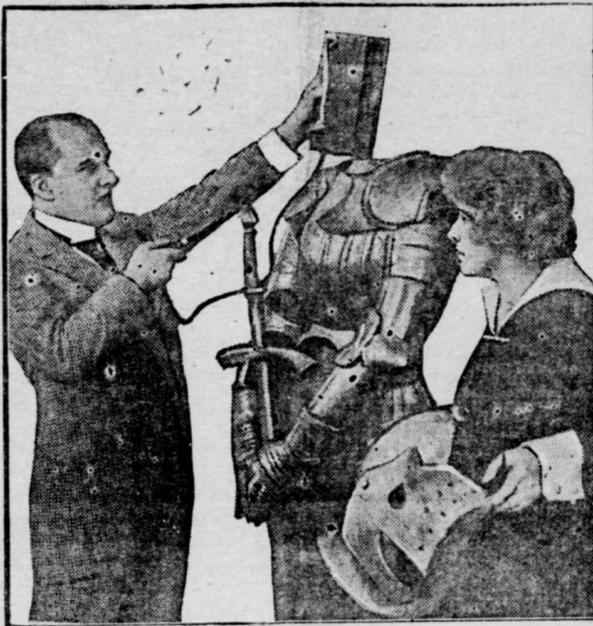
Next, Tahoka needs a first class court house, and when the city gets this you will see a little Irishman moving back to the Plains.

Yours for a boost,
E. E. Patt.

The above letter was received in Thursday's mail, and is now on file at this office. Mr. Patt hit close to some of the needs of Tahoka. Mr. Patt should subscribe for the News and he would know that the "needs" in regard to the hotel have been fulfilled by the completion of the Hotel Lynn.

The Doll family at Parkhurst Broken \$ Store extend you a cordial invitation to attend their luncheon Saturday November 6th from 3 to 6 p. m. Lunch prepared by Cotton-eyed Joe and served by Sunbonnet Sal. It

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



Kennedy Shows Elaine the Little Instrument That Saved Her Life.

Wherein We Pay A Visit to T.H.S.

Tuesday evening a representative of the News took opportunity to pay a long promised visit to the Tahoka High School.

We arrived just before the noon period expired and were warmly welcomed by Supt. H. C. Zornes. We visited all of the high school rooms and listened to several recitations. Generally speaking the pupils exhibited a spirit of thoroughness in the preparation of their lessons. And in both the study and the recitation rooms there was one noticeable feature, which met with our approval. While good order was maintained, nowhere was one oppressed by that death-like stillness which pervades many school rooms. There was no unnecessary racket, but a hum of industry was very noticeable. In fact the pupils studied and recited under the same conditions that would prevail in a busy office or mercantile establishment.

The chief athletic activities center around the boys and the girls basketball teams, both winners. These two teams took a couple of games from Post High last Friday evening. The boys are also winners over Lamesa.

Asked about the literary societies of the school, Prof. Zornes stated that they had as yet found no time to organize societies, but, during this month expected to organize and devote one evening a week to this work. While all branches of society work will be given attention, special stress will be laid upon debating, with a view to sending a team to the district meet and possibly a winner to the state. The subject that will be debated at these meets is: "Resolved that a constitutional tax of one mill, equitably proportioned, should be levied for the support of the state institutions of higher education in Texas, and that supplementary appropriations by the legislature should be prohibited."

A compilation of references upon this subject and also selected arguments on both sides of the question fill a pamphlet issued as a free bulletin by the Extension Department of the

Dirt Broken For Knight & Brashers

Dirt was broken Monday for the Knight & Brashers building on the lots vacated by the blacksmith shop recently.

Mr. R. S. Harris, who has the construction work in charge informed a representative of the News Wednesday that the building would be fifty and a half by one hundred and twenty five feet; fourteen feet walls in the clear. Mr. Harris also stated that they expected to have the building ready for occupancy by the first day of January. There is no forfeit for completion.

A. J. Olson of Cisco, is the contractor of this building.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

It is time to be making your fruit cakes for Thanksgiving and Xmas.

We have a nice line of fruits, candied lemon and orange peel, etc., specially prepared for fruit cakes.

Let us show you. 10 tf
THOMAS BROS. DRUG CO.

University of Texas. The question being a live issue in the state, sufficient copies of the bulletin were printed to take care of the demand not only in schools where the question will be debated, but also of the requests of general readers who are trying to keep posted on public questions.

Prof. Zornes also stated that it was the intention of the school board to plow the school yard, level it and plant it in trees in the spring. This will indeed add much to the attractiveness of the institution and will make a much more convenient playground for the children.

There are enrolled to date 252 students in this school, we believe the largest enrollment that the school has ever enjoyed. The children are making fair progress, all things considered, and both pupils and instructors look forward to a very successful term.

Figure with us before you buy a diamond, a watch, High Class jewelry of any kind, or cut glass. We will please you and save you money. 10 tf
Parkhurst Broken \$ Store.

Opens Best Hotel In West Texas

Monday witnessed the opening of the new Hotel Lynn on the corner of Main and Porterfield streets. This new hostelry is indeed an asset to the town of Tahoka, and will be much appreciated by the traveling public.

Already Tahoka boasted of two of as good hotels as are to be found in places much larger than this. While these hotels were not housed in as good buildings as others, the fare was always kept at a high standard and the service thruout was excellent. They were always taxed to capacity and the greater portion of the time were unable to care for the demand.

The Hotel Lynn is one of the best finished buildings in West Texas. Frame in construction, covered with pressed iron siding in imitation of brick, it is practically proof from external fires. Inside the finishing work is equal to any brick building, not on the Plains alone, but any where in West Texas.

Twenty furnished rooms this new hotel boasts of. Not the mere bed, chair and wastand furnishings, but the best money can buy. Baths and toilet rooms in the building, complete sewerage connection, wired for electric lights, extra large, airy rooms, having exterior openings; it is indeed a model structure.

Will Grade Street.

Under the new city ordinance that went into effect the first of this month, a bailiff was about town the first of the week summoning the gentlemen of the town between the ages of 21 and 45 to report Monday morning for street grading duty. One might secure exemption for the year upon payment of \$5. Most of the gentlemen took advantage of this offer.

We understand that the first street to be repaired is the one on the west side of the square. That it needs working badly, the most indifferent will testify, and there are others within the city limits that are in the same condition. We hope the city dads will keep the ball rolling.

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

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 tf

Mrs. C. A. Thomas returned on the Tuesday afternoon train from a two weeks visit with relatives and to the Dallas Fair. When Mr. and Mrs. Thomas went home that night they were highly pleased to find that a kind neighbor had cooked a splendid supper and put it on table already for them. It is such acts as this, that show that human nature is not so black as sometimes painted.

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

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

50x80 Brick S. W. Corner of Square

Tuesday of this week, H. M. Larkin, proprietor of the Fair Store on the southwest corner of the square, purchased from R. D. Morris lots 1 and 2 in block 35, the same being the north corner and adjoining lot in the southwest key block.

It has been Mr. Larkin's intentions for some time past to build a structure 25x100 facing north on the lot where his store now stands. Instead, he will erect a brick building 50x80 feet facing east on the two lots purchased Tuesday.

Mr. Larkin requested possession of the lots within two weeks as he intended to begin construction by the 15th, however, the tenant occupying the buildings now on the lots could not give possession under two weeks, so Mr. Larkin granted Mr. Morris twenty days in which to clear the ground. The tenant will move fourteen days from date of sale and by the 22nd of this month the lots will be cleared and construction work begun.

Dr. I. E. Smith, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist of Snyder, will make his regular trip here Wednesday, Nov. 10.

Mrs. J. E. Stokes, who underwent an operation at Lubbock not long since, was able to be moved Thursday from the sanitarium to the home of her mother, Mrs. J. E. Penny. Mrs. Stokes is rapidly recovering and her return in the near future is looked forward to by her many friends in Tahoka.

Our new jewelry has begun to arrive and in a few days we will have a full line. Come in and see us. 10 tf
Parkhurst Broken \$ Store.

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

"Out in the wide world alone, Sitting on poverty's knee, No body's darling on earth, No body cares for me." So ended the earthly existence of Joe Andrew, a pauper, known to the town folks as "Uncle Joe." 8:19 p. m. the chilly waters closed over him and he was of another world. He was a native of Tennessee, had been married twice, and as far as could be ascertained, had no living relatives. The remains were interred in the Tahoka Cemetery Tuesday evening.

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

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

C. S. McNeely of Bell county, is here this week spending a few days with his uncle, W. S. Swan, and looking at the country with a view to locating. Mr. McNeely says land is so high in his home county that it takes so much money to handle it even in small tracts that it takes some time to sell out there. As soon as he can cut loose from Bell county, however, he is coming straight to Lynn.

Paul Miller called us up just as we were going to press this morning to tell us about a man who brought his cotton over here from near Post City, and had it ginned at the Edwards gin. This party brought three bales that weighed out 2166 pounds, one of them weighing 772 pounds, and that one alone brought him \$85.75. Paul says they are ginning from eight to twenty bales of Garza county cotton aday, some of which comes from within five or six miles of Post. Two good gins and good buyers make Tahoka a market that brings in the cotton all right.

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

Lynn County News

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

Long Life Commandments

Spend all the time possible in the fresh air, breathe deeply and take plenty of exercise.

Eat slowly of pure food, meat, eggs, cereals, green vegetables (cooked), fruit and milk.

Drink plenty of pure water. Coffee, tea, whiskey, beer are not necessary, and do not take the place of food or water.

Have the bowels move every day.

Wear light, loose fitting, clothes.

Sleep in the open for at least eight hours in the twenty-four.

When tired, rest.

Avoid worry.

Breathe only pure air. Always leave a room when it is stuffy from a crowd.

Marry, and live at home.—
 Heath Bulletin.

From the day of its birth the News has consistently preached and practiced (more the practice) the doctrine of buy at home, everything else being equal. But we have never gone hog wild over the proposition. It has been our observation that the newspapers of Texas are doing their just share of this preachment and in most cases doing a double share of the practice. Many bankers, merchants and manufacturers of Texas are glad to reap the benefits of the newspaper advertisement of the campaign and then fail to suit the action of the words. Here is a good example taken from the editorial columns of the Brownwood Bulletin:

"One of the largest wholesale and retail business houses in Texas which has been a leader in the Buy-it-made-in-Texas movement, ships its goods to Texas patrons in parcels bearing labels printed at Kalamazoo, Mich."

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. LYNN & TURBENTINE

Physicians & Surgeons

Tahoka, Texas

Dr. H. McCoy

Physician and Surgeon

Office over Tahoka Drug Co.

Office 23 Phone Res 103

Drs. Hutchinson and Peebler

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

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

USE BANK CHECKS AND PRINTED LETTER HEADS

Let the Banker be your book-keeper. A canceled check is a good and double receipt. The check and its stub are both silent, sure witnesses that you paid the bill if any one disputes. The farmer ought to have a check book, and his name and address printed on the checks. That is the way the business man does it. The farmer must learn the art of being a business man.

Farmers are getting printed-letter heads. They are adding their wife's name. They also add the name of the bank at which they do business. It's both dollars and sense. The best credential a farmer can have is the name of his bank printed on his letter heads.

Try it, Mr. Farmer. It costs little. It's worth a lot. The Agricultural Commission believes that it is the farmer's duty to be a business man in every sense of the word.—Ex.

As is the case every winter prior to the big election campaign years, a number of new papers are hobnobbing up over the country. The old railroad term, "boomers" is about the best title for them we can think of. They are here while the "pickin' good," and after the election they are gone. Like all other forms of grafting, they should be avoided by those who have the best interests of their respective communities at heart.—Ex.

Many papers in other portions of the state are doing their utmost to convince the farmer that the present price of cotton is due to diversification, and a short crop, and are pleading with him to make this year a repeater and reap the same reward next fall. The keynote of Plains prosperity has always been diversification and we have enough faith in the integrity of our farmers to believe that they will not let present prices lure them away from their old love—diversification.

The Lynn County News reports three new bricks under construction and three more about contracted for, not to mention their new \$60,000.00 court house. By the way, the News seems to have struck a streak of prosperity, too, as she came out an eight page sixer last week, well filled with prospective looking ads, plenty of reading matter, place and other matter. We are glad to see our neighboring towns push onward toward real civilization, and wait and hope for the same to strike our little town.—Terry County Herald.

Shortly after the resumption of court this afternoon, the Haggard jury sent word to the court room that they had found it impossible to agree. The twelve men then hied in before Judge Umbries and after examination were discharged.

For forty-four hours they deliberated and balloted, and during the greater part of that time stood eleven for acquittal and one for conviction. This was the standing on the last ballot taken.—Daily Panhandle Amarillo.

\$100 Reward, \$100
 The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded 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 constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. Its proprietors have so much faith in its curative power that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that fails to cure. Write for free literature to
 J. C. HENRY & CO., Toledo, Ohio
 Sold by all Druggists, etc.
 Beware of cheap imitations.

Geo. Allen
 The House Reliable
 Oldest and Largest Piano and Music House in Western Texas. Latest Sheet Music. MUSIC TEACHER'S Supplies, etc., etc. Catalogue and BOOK OF OLD TIME SONGS FREE for the asking. Established 1890. SAN ANGELO

Hallowe'en Party

Saturday night Misses Edna Montgomery and Pauline Ransey entertained with a communion of the ghosts, the events of Hallowe'en at the Ramsey residence in North Tahoka.

The ghostly robed guests gathered at the Parkhurst parlors on the corner of Main and Porterfield streets and partners were drawn for the silent promenade to the Ramsey home.

Arrived at the gate, a witch in sable habiments, directed the guests with her wand to pass around the house to the south and gain entrance at the rear. Along the path other ghosts were directed until the entrance was gained, where another sable clad figure bowed them welcome. Into the drawing room the guests were silently ushered and there in the stillness of the tomb they awaited their fate as decreed by the spirit of the night. At the spirit's beck, a guest rose and was led to an upper chamber to pass the block. To those below there came the echo of a heavy thud proceeded by a shrill cry of the victim. When the last visitor had passed the block, a light was made and the boys and girls found themselves in separate rooms where they were allowed to divest themselves of their ghostly garments, and retire to the drawingroom again. Here one might imagine one had awoke in a region of the wonderland visited by Alice.

The openings to the room were darkened by white muslin upon which were arrayed in all their sinister glory silhouettes of witches, reptiles, cats, bats, mice and other denizens of darkness. The mantle was draped in orange and black streamers, surmounted by a mammoth pumpkin from whose grinning countenance issued streams of light. Festooned about the walls were sprays of autumn leaves.

Such Hallowe'en games as fortunes rebus, in which each read their destiny, the Hallowe'en cat, poor kitty, and others were indulged in, the intervals between, filled by piano selections by Miss Mae Edlison and Miss Neina Belle Donaldson. Later Miss Edlison favored the party with a couple of vocal selections, "Kentucky Babe" and "Where Dreams Come True."

The young ladies were given instructions by their hostesses where to search for a sign of their fate. Following directions, they found favors emblematic of their future. As the evening advanced, doubts, that the center of which were thrust small slips of white paper, were strung across the room. There the boys secured with their teeth and poked from their support. The slips bore the name of the supper partner. The drawing over the doors to the dining hall and the guests were invited to take places at the Hallowe'en board. As the eyes became accustomed to the semidarkness of the dining hall, a scene worthy of the artist's brush unfolded itself.

A giant pumpkin diffused a soft glow over the table supplemented by tiny pumpkins at each cover. The board was laid for twenty-four.

The Menu (side caps,) sandwiches, Saratoga chips olives, pumpkin pie, chocolate.

Supper over, the guests reassembled in the drawing room where other games and music held sway for a time. As the mid hour approached, they were ushered again into the darkened dining hall and there in stygian darkness awaited preparations in the other rooms. Re-entering, the room was lighted only by the glow of coals in the grate, and from behind the piano a few rays gleamed forth. A period of suspense, and a low moan was heard. Then in modulated tones, a voice read "The Fall of the House of Usher." The story ended and the spell remained unbroken a moment. The lights flared up and the hands of the clock were seen to point at five minutes to the mid hour. The guests were then led to the upper chambers where preparations for departure were made. At the head of the stairs they waited until the first note struck and the backward decent of the steps were made to test the lucky months of the coming year.

Those present were: Misses Anita Jaggier, Era Woods, Mae Edlison, Vera Nones, Christine Swan, Nona Stroud, Neina Belle Donaldson, Edith Weathers, Robbie Chittum, Mollie Snook, Viola Roberts Messers. Mac and Terry Nobles Ayres Robinson, Sam and Russell Ramsey, James Crie, Oscar Roberts, Ross Ketner, Charley Shook, John Gamble and Terrell St. Clair.

District Court convened on the 18th, and was in session only two days, there being no cases to come before the court at this term. The grand jury returned two bills against Boss Ray, one for the killing of Dr. L. C. Beeson, the other for the wounding of Sheriff J. C. Keller. A change of venue was made, and the case for the killing of Dr. Beeson will be tried in Garza county, the other in Crosby county. Bond for defendant was again placed at \$10,000 in the two cases, and was given. The attorneys present with the court District attorney, G. E. Lockhart and Percy Spencer, attorney for the defendant in the cases returned by the grand jury.—Plains Developer.

Rooseveltian methods are satisfactory so far as they go in Terry County, but George Neill, County Judge and main spring of the newly organized Terry County Fair Association, is anxious to increase the possibilities under the Roosevelt system by inducing more people to share his county's prosperity.

On the cover of an attractive folder for the Terry County boosters, of which we have just printed a large edition, Judge Neill succinctly sets forth social facts about his county like this—

No Saloons
 No Negroes
 No Mexicans.
 D—m Few White People.—Amarillo Daily News.

ADVERTISING IS THE
A B C
 OF BUSINESS, AND IT
 BRINGS SUCCESS TO
YOU



TAN-NO-MORE
 AND
FRECKLELEATER



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.
 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 by Mail.

FRECKLELEATER CREAM
 For the removing of Liver Spots, Freckles, Ring Worm and all kindred blemishes of the skin. It will bleach the skin in 10 days and make it as smooth and soft as a baby's.
 Makes Bad Complexions Good
 Good Complexions Better.
 All Dealers
50 AND 25 CTS.
BAKER-WHEELER MFG. CO.
 DALLAS, TEXAS

There Are

two great classes of people—the BUILDERS and the DRIFTERS.

The BUILDERS cultivate the habit of saving money; the DRIFTERS never open a BANK ACCOUNT.

TO WHICH CLASS DO YOU BELONG?

Answer this question by opening a BANK ACCOUNT.

The First National Bank

Of Tahoka, Texas

Without A Smile

You are:

- Like bread without the spreadin',
- Like puddin' without sauce,
- Like a mattress without beddin',
- Like a cart without a 'hoss,
- Like a door without a latch string,
- Like a fence without a stile,
- Like a dry and barren creek bed,
- Is a face without a smile!

You are:

- Like a house without a door yard,
- Like a yard without a flower,
- Like a clock without a mainspring,
- That will never tell the hour:
- A thing that sort o' makes you feel
- A hunger all the while—
- Oh, the saddest sight that ever was
- Is the face without a smile!

The face of man was built for smiles,
 An' thereby is he blest
 Above the critters of the field,
 The birds and all the rest.
 He's just a little lower
 Than the angels in the skies,
 An' the reason that he can smile;
 Therein his glory lies!

So smile, an' don't forget to smile,
 An' smile, an' smile again;
 'Twill loosen up the cords o' care,
 An' ease the weight o' sin;
 'Twill help you on the longest road,
 An' cheer yo' mile by mile;
 An' so, whatever is your lot,
 Jes' smile, an' smile, an' smile.—Selected.

Saved Girl's Life

"I want to tell you what wonderful benefit I have received from the use of Thedford's Black-Draught," writes Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky.

"It certainly has no equal for la grippe, bad colds, liver and stomach troubles. I firmly believe Black-Draught saved my little girl's life. When she had the measles, they went in on her, but one good dose of Thedford's Black-Draught made them break out, and she has had no more trouble. I shall never be without

THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

in my home." For constipation, indigestion, headache, dizziness, malaria, chills and fever, biliousness, and all similar ailments, Thedford's Black-Draught has proved itself a safe, reliable, gentle and valuable remedy.

If you suffer from any of these complaints, try Black-Draught. It is a medicine of known merit. Seventy-five years of splendid success proves its value. Good for young and old. For sale everywhere. Price 25 cents.

The Exploits of Elaine

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SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders of prominent men. The principal clue to the murderer is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend Jameson, a newspaper man. Elaine is kidnapped by the Clutching Hand, but is rescued by Kennedy, who has discovered her whereabouts through using third degree methods on one of the crooks.

EIGHTH EPISODE

The Hidden Voice.

"Jameson, wake up!"
The strain of the Dodge case was beginning to tell on me, for it was keeping us at work at all kinds of hours to circumvent the Clutching Hand, by far the cleverest criminal with whom Kennedy had ever had anything to do.

I leaped out of bed, still in my pajamas, and stood for a moment staring about. Then I ran into the living room. I looked about, rubbing my eyes, startled. No one was there.

"Ney—Jameson—wake up!"
It was spooky.

"Where—the deuce—are you?" I demanded.
Suddenly I heard the voice again—no doubt about it, either.

"Here I am—over on the couch!"
I scratched my head, puzzled. There was certainly no one on that couch.

A laugh greeted me. Plainly, though, it came from the couch. I went over to it and, ridiculous as it seemed, began to throw aside the pillows.

There lay nothing but a little oblong oaken box, perhaps eight or ten inches square at the ends. In the face were two peculiar square holes, and from the top projected a black disk, about the size of a watch, fastened on a swinging metal arm. In the face of the disk were several perforated holes.

I picked up the strange looking thing in wonder, and from that magic oak box actually came a burst of laughter.

"Come over to the laboratory, right away," pealed forth a merry voice. "I've something to show you."

"Well," I gasped, "what do you know about that?"

Very early that morning Craig had got up, leaving me snoring. Cases never wearied him. He thrived on excitement.

He had gone over to the laboratory and set to work in a corner over another of those peculiar boxes, exactly like that which he had already left in our rooms.

Half an hour afterward I walked into the laboratory, feeling a little

sheepish over the practical joke, but none the less curious to find out all about it.

"What is it?" I asked, indicating the apparatus.

"A vocophone," he replied, still laughing, "the loud speaking telephone, the little box that hears and talks. It talks right out in meeting, too—no transmitter to hold to the mouth, no receiver to hold to the ear. You see, this transmitter is so sensitive that it picks up even a whisper, and the receiver is placed back of those two megaphone-like pyramids."

He was standing at a table, carefully packing up one of the vocophones and a lot of wire.

"I believe the Clutching-Hand has been shadowing the Dodge house," he continued thoughtfully. "As long as we watch the place, too, he will do nothing. But if we should seem, ostentatiously, not to be watching, perhaps he may try something, and we may be able to get a clue to his identity over this vocophone. See?"

I nodded. "We've got to run him down somehow," I agreed.

"Yes," he said, taking his coat and hat. "I am going to connect up one of these things in Miss Dodge's library and arrange with the telephone company for a clear wire so that we can listen in here, where that fellow will never suspect."

At about the same time that Craig and I sallied forth on this new mission, Elaine was arranging some flowers on a stand near the corner of the Dodge library where the secret panel was in which her father had hidden the papers for the possession of which the Clutching Hand had murdered him.

She had moved away from the table, but, as she did so, her dress caught in something in the woodwork. She tried to loosen it and in so doing touched the little metallic spring on which her dress had caught.

Instantly, to her utter surprise, the panel moved. It slid open, disclosing a strong box.

Elaine took it, amused, looked at it a moment, then carried it to a table and opened it.

Inside were some papers, sealed in an envelope and marked "Limp Red Correspondence."

"They must be the Clutching Hand papers!" she exclaimed to herself, hesitating a moment, in doubt what to do.

She seized the telephone and eagerly called Kennedy's number.

"Hello," answered a voice. "Is that you, Craig?" she asked excitedly.

"No, this is Mr. Jameson."
"Oh, Mr. Jameson, I've discovered

the Clutching Hand papers," she began, more and more excited.

"Have you read them?" came back the voice quickly.

"No; shall I?"

"Then don't unseal them," cautioned the voice. "Put them back exactly as you found them and I'll tell Mr. Kennedy the moment I can get hold of him."

"All right," said Elaine. "I'll do that. And please get him as soon as you possibly can."

"I will."

"I'm going out shopping now," she returned, suddenly. "But, tell him I'll be right back—right away."

"Very well."
Handing up the receiver, Elaine dutifully replaced the papers in the box and returned the box to its secret hiding place, pressing the spring and sliding the panel shut.

A few minutes later she left the house in the Dodge car.

Outside our laboratory, leaning up against a railing, Dan the Dude, an emissary of the Clutching Hand, whose dress now greatly belied his underworld "monniker," had been shadowing us, watching to see when we left.

The moment we disappeared, he raised his hand carefully above his head and made the sign of the Clutching Hand. Far down the street, in a closed car, the Clutching Hand himself, his face masked, gave an answering sign.

A moment later he left the car, gazing about stealthily. Not a soul was in sight and he managed to make his way to the door of our laboratory without being observed.

Probably he thought that the papers might be at the laboratory, for he had repeatedly failed to locate them at the Dodge house. At any rate he was busily engaged in ransacking drawers and cabinets, in the laboratory, when the telephone suddenly rang.

An instant he hesitated. Then, disguising his voice as much as he could to imitate mine, he took up the receiver.

"Hello," he answered.
His face was a study in all that was dark as he realized that it was Elaine calling. He clenched his crooked hand even more viciously.

"Have you read them?" he asked, curbing his impatience as she unsuspectingly poured forth her story, supposedly to me.

"Then don't unseal them," he hastened to reply. "Put them back. Then there can be no question about them. You can open them before witnesses."

For a moment he paused, then added: "Put them back, and tell no one of their discovery. I will tell Mr. Kennedy the moment I can get him."

Clutching Hand studied for a moment and then grabbed the telephone again.

"Hello, Dan," he called when he got his number. "Miss Dodge is going shopping. I want you and the other falsers to follow her—delay her all you can. Use your own judgment."

It was what had come to be known in his organization as the "Brotherhood of Falsers." There, in the back room of a low dive, were Dan the Dude, the emissary who had been loitering about the laboratory, a gunman, Dago Mike, a couple of women, slatterns, one known as Kitty the Hawk, and a boy of eight or ten, whom they called Billy.

"All right, Chief," shouted back Dan, their leader, as he hung up the telephone after noting carefully the hasty instructions. "We'll do it—trust us."

With alacrity the Brotherhood went their separate ways.

Elaine had not been gone long from the house when Craig and I arrived there.

"Too bad," greeted Jennings, "but Miss Elaine has just gone shopping and I don't know when she'll be back."

Aunt Josephine greeted us cordially, and Craig set down the vocophone package he was carrying.

"I'm not going to let anything happen here to Miss Elaine again if I can help it," remarked Craig in a low tone, a moment later, gazing about the library.

"What are you thinking of doing?" asked Aunt Josephine keenly.

"I'm going to put in a vocophone," he returned, unwrapping it.

"What's that?" she asked.

"A loud speaking telephone—connected with my laboratory," he explained, repeating what he had already told me, while she listened almost awe-struck at the latest scientific wonder.

He was looking about, trying to figure out just where it could be placed to best advantage, when he approached the suit of armor.

"I see you have brought it back and had it repaired," he remarked to Aunt Josephine. Suddenly his face lighted up. "Ah—an idea!" he exclaimed. "No one will ever think to look inside that."

"Now, Mrs. Dodge," he said finally, as he had completed installing the thing and hiding the wire under carpets and rugs until it ran out to the connection which he made with the telephone, "don't breathe a word of it—to anyone. We don't know whom to trust or suspect."

Elaine's car had stopped finally at a shop on Fifth avenue. She stepped out and entered, leaving her chauffeur to wait.

As she did so, Dan and Billy sidled along the crowded sidewalk.

Dan the Dude left Billy and Billy surreptitiously drew from under his coat a half loaf of bread. With a glance about, he dropped it into the

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gutter close to the entrance to Elaine's car. Then he withdrew a little distance.

When Elaine came out and approached her car, Billy, looking as cold and forlorn as could be, shot forward. Pretending to spy the dirty piece of bread in the gutter, he made a dive for it, just as Elaine was about to step into the car.

Elaine, surprised, drew back. Billy picked up the piece of bread and with all the actions of having discovered a treasure began to gnaw at it voraciously.

Shocked at the disgusting sight, she tried to take the bread away from him.

"I know it's dirty, miss," whimpered Billy, "but it's the first food I've seen for four days."

Instantly Elaine was full of sympathy. She had taken the food away. That would not suffice.

"What's your name, little boy?" she asked.

"Billy," he replied, blubbering.

"Where do you live?"

"With me mother and father—they're sick—nothing to eat—"

He was whimpering an address far over on the East side.

"Get into the car," Elaine directed. "Gee—but this is swell," he cried, with no fake, this time.

On they went, through the tenement canyons, dodging children and push-carts stopping first at a grocery's, then at a butcher's and a delicatessen. Finally the car stopped where Billy directed. Billy hobbled out, followed by Elaine, and her chauffeur his arms piled high with provisions. She was indeed a lovely Lady Bountiful as a crowd of kids quickly surrounded the car.

In the meantime Dago Mike and Kitty the Hawk had gone to a wretched flat, before which Billy stopped. Kitty sat on the bed, putting dark circles under her eyes with a blackened cork. She was very thin and emaciated but it was dissipation that had done it. Dago Mike was correspondingly poorly dressed.

He had paused beside the window to look out. "She's coming," he announced finally.

Kitty hastily jumped into the rickety bed, while Mike took up a crutch that was standing idly in a corner. She coughed resignedly and he limped about, forlorn. They had assumed their parts, which were almost to the burlesque of poverty, when the door was pushed open and Billy burst in, followed by Elaine and the chauffeur.

"Oh, ma—oh, pa," he cried, running forward and kissing his pseudo parents, as Elaine, overcome with sympathy, directed the chauffeur to lay the things on a shaky table.

Just then the door opened again. All were genuinely surprised this time.

These fine birds of prey had of her, either.

"Why—wh—what's the matter?" asked Elaine, fidgeting uncomfortably.

"This man is a gunman, that woman is a bad woman, the boy is Billy the Bread Snatcher," she answered precisely, drawing out a card on which to record something, "and you, miss, are a fool!"

There was no combating Miss Statistix. She overwhelmed all arguments by the very exactness of her personality.

Elaine departed, speechless, properly squelched, followed by her chauffeur.

Meanwhile, a closed car, such as had stood across from the laboratory, had drawn up not far from the Dodge house. Near it was a man in rather shabby clothes and a visored cap on which were the words in dull gold lettering, "Metropolitan Window Cleaning company." He carried a bucket and a small extension ladder.

In the darkened recesses of the car was the Clutching Hand himself, masked as usual. He had his watch in his hand and was giving most minute instructions to the window cleaner about something. As the latter turned to go, a sharp observer would have noted that it was Dan the Dude, still further disguised.

A few moments later, Dan appeared at the servants' entrance of the Dodge house and rang the bell. Jennings, who happened to be down there, came to the door.

"Man to clean the windows," saluted the bogus cleaner, touching his hat in a way quietly to call attention to the words on it and drawing from his pocket a faked written order.

"All right," nodded Jennings, examining the order and finding it apparently all right.

Dan followed him in, taking the ladder and bucket upstairs, where Aunt Josephine was still reading.

"The man to clean the windows, ma'am," apologized Jennings.

"Oh, very well," she nodded, taking up her book, to go. Then, recalling the frequent injunctions of Kennedy, she paused long enough to speak quietly to Jennings.

"Stay here and watch him," she whispered as she went out.

Jennings nodded, while Dan opened a window and set to work.

Elaine now decided to go home. From his closed car, the Clutching Hand gazed intently at the Dodge house. He could see Dan on the ladder, now washing the library window,

By a Sort of Instinct Kennedy Seemed to Recognize the Sounds. "Elaine!" He Exclaimed, Turning Pale.

For a prim, spick and span, middle-aged woman entered.

"I am Miss Statistix, of the organized charities," she announced, looking around sharply. "I saw your car standing outside miss, and the children below told me you were up here. I came up to see whether you were aiding really deserving poor."

She laid a marked emphasis on the word, pursing up her lips. There was no mistaking the apprehension that

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Continued on page four

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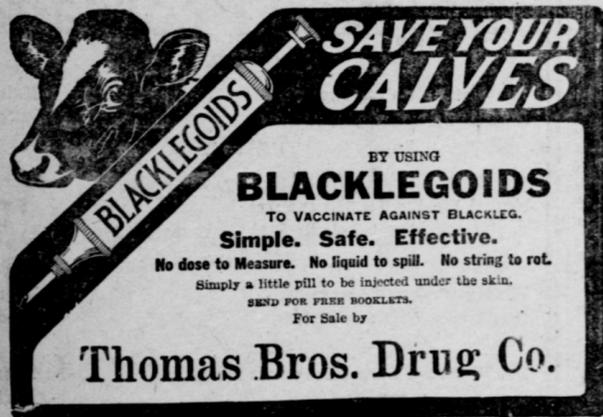
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The Exploits of Elaine

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his back toward him. Dan turned slowly and made the sign of the hand. Turning to his chauffeur, the master criminal spoke a few hurried words in a low tone and the driver hurried off.

A few minutes later the driver might have been seen entering a nearby drug store and going into the telephone booth. Without a moment's hesitation he called upon the Dodge house, and Marie, Elaine's maid, answered.

"Is Jennings there?" he asked. "Tell him a friend wants to speak to him."

"Wait a minute," she answered "I'll get him." Marie went toward the library, leaving the telephone off the hook. Dan was washing the windows, half inside, half outside the house, while Jennings was trying to be very busy, although it was apparent that he was watching Dan closely.

"A friend of yours wants to speak to you over the telephone, Jennings," said Marie, as she came into the library.

The butler responded slowly, with a covert glance at Dan.

No sooner had they gone, however, than Dan climbed all the way into the room, ran to the door and looked after them. Then he ran to the window. Across and down the street, the Clutching Hand was gazing at the house. He had seen Dan disappear and suspected that the time had come.

Sure enough, there was the sign of the hand. He hastily got out of the car and hurried up the street. All this time the chauffeur was keeping Jennings busy over the telephone with some trumped-up story.

As the master criminal came in by the ladder through the open window, Dan was on guard, listening down the hallway. A signal from Dan, and Clutching Hand slid back of the portieres. Jennings was returning.

"I've finished these windows," announced Dan as the butler reappeared. "Now, I'll clean the hall windows."

Jennings followed like a shadow. No sooner had they gone than Clutching Hand stealthily came from behind the portieres.

One of the maids was sweeping in the hall as Dan went toward the window, about to wash it.

"I wonder whether I locked those windows?" muttered Jennings, pausing in the hallway. "I guess I'd better make sure."

He had taken only a step toward the library again when Dan watchfully caught sight of him. It would never do to have Jennings snooping around there now. Quick action was necessary. Dan knocked over a costly Sevres vase.

"There—clumsy—see what you've done!" berated Jennings, starting to pick up the pieces.

Dan had acted his part well and promptly. In the library Clutching Hand was busily engaged at that moment beside the secret panel searching for the spring that released it. He ran his finger along the woodwork, pausing here and there without succeeding.

"Confound it!" he muttered, searching feverishly.

Kennedy, having made the arrangements with the telephone company by which he had a clear wire from the Dodge house to his laboratory, had rejoined me there and was putting on the finishing touches on his installation of the vocophone.

Every now and then he would switch it on, and we would listen in it as he demonstrated the wonderful little instrument to me. We had heard the window cleaner and Jennings, but thought nothing of it at the time.

Once, however, Craig paused, and I saw him listening more intently than usual.

"They've gone out," he muttered, "but surely there is some one in the Dodge library."

"I listened, too. The thing was so sensitive that even a whisper could be magnified, and I certainly did hear something."

Kennedy frowned. What was that scratching noise? Could it be Jennings? Perhaps it was Rusty.

Just then we could distinguish a sound as though someone had moved about.

"No—that's not Jennings," cried

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Then looking about, Clutching Hand quickly took in the situation.

"The man in armor!" he pointed out.

Dan was almost dead with fright at the weird thing.

"Here they come, too, Chief," he gasped, as, down the hall he could hear the family shouting out that someone was in the library.

With a parting thrust, Clutching Hand sent Elaine reeling.

She held on to only a corner of the papers. He had the greater part of them. They were torn and destroyed, anyway.

Finally, with all the venomousness of which he was capable, Clutching Hand rushed at the armor suit, drew back his gloved fist, and let it shoot out squarely in a vicious solar plexus blow.

"There—take that!" he roared. The suit rattled furiously. Out of it spilled the vocophone, with a bang on the floor.

An instant later those in the hall rushed in. But the Clutching Hand and Dan were gone out of the window, the criminal carrying the greater part of the precious papers.

Some ran to Elaine, others to the window. The ladder had been kicked away, and the criminals were gone. Leaping into the waiting car, they had been whisked away.

"Hello! Hello! Hello!" called a voice, apparently from nowhere.

"What is that?" cried Elaine. She had risen by this time, and was gazing about, wondering at the strange voice. Suddenly her eye fell on the armor scattered all over the floor. She spied the little oak box.

"Elaine!" Apparently the voice came from that box. Besides it had a familiar ring to her ears.

"Yes—Craig!" she cried. "That is my vocophone—the little box that hears and talks," came back to her. "Are you all right?"

"Yes—all right—thanks to the vocophone."

She had understood in an instant. She seized the helmet and breastplate to which the vocophone still was attached and was holding them close to herself.

Kennedy had been calling and listening intently over the machine, wondering whether it had been put out of business in some way.

"It works—yet!" he cried excitedly to me.

"Elaine!" "Yes, Craig," came back over the faithful little instrument.

"Are you all right?" "Yes—all right!"

"Thank heaven!" breathed Craig, pushing me aside.

Literally he kissed that vocophone as if it had been human!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Rev. C. L. Ledger left Sunday afternoon for Annual Conference which convened Monday at Clarendon. He goes to conference able to report everything paid and all things considered one of the most successful years of his ministry.

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The Mountain Girl, two reels, A Chase by Moonlight, one reel.

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TUESDAY

The Honor of the District Attorney, two reels, Mutual Weekly No. 27, one reel. Exploits of Elaine, Episode Eight, two reels.

American Mutual Pathé

WEDNESDAY

The Mystic Jewel, two reels, His College Wife, one reel.

Majestic Beauty

THURSDAY

The Picture of Dorian Grey, two reels, Wait and See, one reel.

Thanhouser American

FRIDAY

WHEN AMBROSE DARED WALRUS, two reels, The Little Catamount, one reel.

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