

CROP CONDITIONS IN LYNN COUNTY NEVER BETTER

The Biggest Crop In History Awaits the Harvester. "The Fields Are Ripe Unto the Harvest. But the Laborers Are Few."
Two Car Loads Arrive This Week

The year 1914 will go down in history in big black type. In World's History because that the greatest war since the foundation of the world had its inception in that year; in National History because that it saw the rebirth of the U. S. Merchant Marine and the dawn of the era of manufacturing in this country, up to this time a producer of raw material; in County History because that the greatest crop ever before raised here was harvested in that year.

Far be it from us to say ought that would create a false impression in the minds of our readers and lead them to draw the conclusion that we have here discovered a Garden of Eden, where we may eat of the abundance thereof, neither toiling nor spinning, where the Serpent lives not, and the eye never weeps.

But hear us, we do claim to have a land that will rank with any other spot on God's footstool when it comes to farming. Of course we are not thickly populated and our farms are not over numerous, but we feel safe to say that we will make the greatest average yield per acre of any county in the state.

Farmers send in pleas for help

daily. One farmer accosted a man on the street and asked him to come pick cotton for him, offering one dollar per hundred in cotton that would make a bale and a quarter per acre. The fellow laughed and said, "Why that's nothing, I have just refused the same offer twice in cotton that is making a bale and a half to the acre. Solong, that's the thrasher whistle and I'm going out with it."

The call for help has gone out far and near and responses come in person every day. Wednesday and Thursday the train from Slaton carried an extra coach for the accommodation of laborers. We were informed, by one in a position to know, that close to one hundred laborers had come into the county during the past week. The same party estimated that the crop would not be gathered before the first of the year.

To Lynn county the hard times, caused by the war across the water, will not inflict as deep an injury as to those counties which did not make so great a yield. Our farmers who need to can sell enough to tide them over and hold the remainder till such a time that they can close it out at a substantial profit.

Lynn County's Fair Christmas Ship To Europe's Orphans

Saturday of last week was the day set apart for the Lynn County Fair and Stock Show. The day being ideal for the occasion proved to be the death of the Fair. Some few brought in exhibits, all of which were the best looking stuff we have seen in many a day. But the farmers of this section have the biggest crop ever grown here to harvest, and it seems like criminal waste to let a single day go by without utilizing it. If the weather had been impossible to work in the harvest field we would have had the greatest exhibit ever gathered on the Plains. We have the stuff, but we didn't have the time to waste a whole day to bring it to town.

Being unable to send our exhibit to the several State Fairs, we will make the following offer to any and all persons interested in Lynn County: Come to Lynn County and we will give you a job in the harvest where you can see the stuff as it grows and pay you wages that will make the trip very profitable.

But in conclusion let us drop this thought. To make the trip yield the greatest possible returns, sell out lock, stock, and barrel and come to Lynn county to stay. Don't fret about not liking. Some come and a few go away, but sooner or later they all come back to stay. Take it from us you can't go wrong if you come to Lynn county.

These United States has ever been the refuge of oppressed humanity. Its very foundation was laid on the rock of brotherly love, and the stately edifice that has been reared on that never-shaking rock is so riveted and cemented together that when famine stalks abroad, the giants under the earth shake themselves in their sleep till mountains are made and razed and cities and viliges are made to grovel in the dust, or the dogs of war brake their leashes and spread destruction and death over the face of the earth the American Nation rises as a man and is the first upon the scene of the disaster with relief for the victims.

So, as the Moslem looks to Meccah, war ridden Europe looks to this Nation for sustenance. This the waring nations will pay for, but there approaches the day set apart for the commemoration of the birth of the Prince of Peace. To the Orient this day is of more vital importance than to us of the Western World. Yet how little joy will the day bring fourth. Brothers and fathers, husbands and sweet-hearts have given their lives for their country others are at the front and every moment being marched to the firing line and into eternity.

The American nation, notwithstanding that it finances are severely crippled by the war, has hit upon the idea of sending a ship load of Christmas cheer to the stricken people over seas.

Mrs. J. B. Stokes, of Gail has been a Tahoka visitor this week. Misses Lucy and Kate Gathings moved this week from the Blankenbeckler home to the Harrison home. They will do light house-keeping.

FOR SALE or EXCHANGE—S-E 1/4 of section (1) Block C42, Public School Land, about 8 or 10 miles west of Tahoka. Give me offer. 7-8

G. W. Powell.
928 Elwood Ave., Ft. Worth.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc., Required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Of the Lynn County News published weekly at Tahoka, Tex. for October 1st, 1914.

Editor, Managing Editor, Business Manager, H. C. Crie Tahoka, Mexas. Publishers, H. C. Crie & Co. Tahoka. Owners, H. C. Crie and Mrs. H. C. Crie, Tahoka Texas. No bond holders.

Signed by H. C. Crie Ed. and Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of October 1914.

J. L. Stokes, County Judge Lynn County, Texas.

POSTEX MILLS TO USE 4000 MORE BALES PLAINS COTTON

Tahoka Will Handle a Major Portion of This Amount—This Decision Makes It Possible For Tahoka Buyers to Continue to Pay From 1-2 to 1-2 cts Bulge

W. O. Stevens, manager of the Postex Cotton Mills, in conversation with Paul Miller, the Tahoka cotton buyer, made the statement that at a directors meeting it had been decided to use 4000 more bales of cotton.

Mr. Stevens says the bulk of this will come through Tahoka buyers.

The farmers of this section should congratulate themselves on being located in the immediate territory of a mill. The close proximity of this mill makes it possible for Tahoka buyers to pay more than any other market on the Plains out side of Post City. And Mr. Miller informs us that he pays the same price here as they do at Post minus the freight which is 80c per bale.

The rumor has gone out that this market would close down in the near future. This rumor is absolutely false and no one has any ground whatever to make such a statement. This rumor was set afloat either by some competitor who could not meet Tahoka prices, or some chronic sore head who could find nothing else low down to do, and decided to try to tear down our cotton market.

Through all kinds of seasons our market has ever paid the top price for cotton. Never in the history of the town have we been out bid and seldom do other buyers come up with us. Buyers have come as far as 100 miles to bid on a shipment of cotton and never have they succeed in carrying off the prize.

At the present time we are buying cotton ginned in New Mexico. The buyers have set apart a special day in each week when they buy Mexico cotton. This day is known as Mexico day. Thus Oct. 22 was Mexico day in Tahoka and there was a goodly sized shipment in from that State. Also there were several bales brought over from Gomez, all sold to Tahoka buyees.

When farmers haul cotton a three day journey to sell it you can be dead sure that there is some inducement at the end of the trail.

Bring your cotton here. The Postex Mill will make the market steady and assure our buyers that they intend to stand by them. Do not listen to rumors of this market closing down. It is a fable, pure and simple made out of whole cloth.

A Heart-to-Heart Talk For You

If you are interested in the Ketner-Parkhurst-News trip to the Panama-Pacific exposition, or in the winning of the \$350 piano, we want a little heart to heart talk with you. Of course we understand that there are only two candidates in the race, but each of these two are straining every fiber in their being to win, and it is high time their friends rallied to their support. Oh we know you are giving them your trade votes or the ones out of your paper, but that is no effort on your part; you are already taking the paper or have to trade some where any way.

Here's the idea. You have a favorite, no use denying it. Whether you live here and come in daily contact with the race, or whether you live abroad and knew the contestants only through the paper, you favor one or the other; there is that much in a name. To enjoy a race you have got to put something into it. The way to make the least money do the most good is to send the News one year to a friend. The friend will enjoy reading the paper and you can't hardly realize how much the girls will appreciate the 2000 votes.

The standing of the contestants are as follows:

LILLIE HARRISON	
Standing Oct. 14	337,570
Gain Oct. 21	46,135
Total	383,705
VIOLA ROBERTS	
Standing Oct. 14	370,135
Gain Oct. 21	53,730
Total	423,865

Viola Roberts recieved the silver Sugar Shell this week. The premium for next week will be a Butter Knife.

EPWORTH LEAFLET PROGRAM

Oct. 25-14
Leader—Miss Alta Davis.
Subject—Peace.

Song
Psalms CXXV, 5.
Prayer.

Song.
Talk on "Peace from a Financial Standpoint", Mr. O. M. Shock
Talk on "Peace from a Moral Standpoint", Mr. Russell Ramsey.

Song.
Prayer.

Scriptures Readings—Isiah: LVII, 21 Miss Bessie Crie; Roman III, 17 Miss Eva Coughran; Jeremiah: VI, 14 Mr. Wallace Donaldson; Matthews V, 9 Miss Isobel Crie.

Song.
Roll Call, answer with scripture on Peace.

TAHOKA 3, LUBBOCK 9

The Lubbock Basket Ball Girls played the Tahoka team Saturday at two o'clock. After quite a spirited game the score stood 9 to 3 in favor of Lubbock. This is the first game Tahoka High School ever lost. The Tahoka team this year is a new team with only two of last years players, they have not trained together long enough to be a match for Lubbock who have the same team they had last year with the exception of one player. Tahoka has a team of brilliant players but they have not played together long enough to have much team play.

The girls are getting ready for the matched games and Lubbock will have to look to her laurels if she wins again. When our girls go after a game we are looking to hear from them and be proud we live in the same town.

J. W. WILLIAMS
Jeweler
Santa Fe Thomas Bros.
Watch Inspector. Agent.
Slaton, Texas.

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. 50-1f

Jack White, of northwest of Tahoka, had the misfortune to have his crop badly damaged by hail Wednesday evening. This was the second hail during the week. Only a small territory was covered both times.

FOR SALE:—Lots 7 and 8 block 41, also lots 2 and 3 block 20 Town of Tahoka for 13 bales of cotton grading middling or above and averaging 500 lb. to the bale. J. D. Quick, 4tf
Lubbock, Texas.

The Faithful class of the Methodist Sunday School were to have met at the parsonage Thursday night to study the lesson. The weather intervened. For once the absentees will have a valid excuse.

Rev. C. H. Ledger, pastor of the Tahoka-Slaton charge, took his missionary collection here last Sunday. The result was something like \$75. He confidently expects to make it a hundred before he goes to conference.



DON'T BE A KICKER

CHILDREN BURNED

Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers and small son, of near Snyder, came in on the Saturday down train, and will make their home, for the present, with Mrs. Rodgers' mother, Mrs. R. R. Napier, of two miles north of Tahoka. Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers lost their home and household effects and two baby children by fire last week. It seems that Mr. Rodgers had gone to work and Mrs. Rodgers, with the oldest child, had started to a neighbor's house some half mile distant; the two small children were left asleep on the bed. Mrs. Rodgers had nearly reached her destination when looking back she saw a thin spiral of smoke curling up from the rear of the house. She hesitated a second to make sure she saw aright, and a small tongue of flame licked out from beneath the house. With one frenzied shriek, she broke to run, but alas her effort was in vain. She had not covered half the distance when the whole of the small structure burst into flame, and by the time she got back her home was a roaring furnace and her children beyond human aid. In a very few minutes the home was a smoking heap of ashes. As soon as the ruins cooled and help arrived, the little charred remains were recovered. From their positions, it was decided that they were overcome by the smoke before the awoke, consequently making death come easy.

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J. L. Stokes, County Judge Lynn County, Texas.

2 1-2 Inch Rain Thursday Night

The Weather Man has handed us a varied bunch of specimens this week. Monday, Tuesday and the greater part of Wednesday were fair and warm. Wednesday evening the clouds began to gather and Wednesday night we received 10 inches rain.

All day Thursday it was more or less misty with a few light showers during the day. Thursday night Jupiter Pluv. opened the ball about ten o'clock with a gust of wind and rain. All night the heavens poured down their moisture, sometimes in a slow gentle rain and at other times accompanied by a gusty wind. The government gauge registered 2 57 inches Friday morning. All day today the clouds have hung low over the earth and sometimes have dampened the breath of the north wind. The weather forecaster promise clear and cold Saturday.

The rain this week has done considerable damage to cotton, especially where they have had hail. Some, who are versed in such things, estimate the damage all the way from five to twenty per cent of the prospects Monday morning. The rain will only slightly damage the feed crop.

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RADFORD RE-ELECTED

Fort Worth.—President Chas. S. Barrett, of the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of America has announced the re-appointment of Peter Radford as lecturer of the National Union during the coming year. Extensive plans have been outlined for publicity work throughout the nation to be carried on through Mr. Radford's department. This publicity work will be modeled on the lines of the educational work done in Texas on the subject of farm problems.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES : : : : :
One Year \$1.00 : : : : : Six Months 50c
Strictly in Advance
ADVERTISING RATES:—Locals 10 cents per line first insertion, 5 cents each subsequent issue. Display 15 cents per single column inch, 12 1/2 cents each subsequent issue. Discount on time contracts.
Letters, Write Ups, Country Communications and News Items Solicited
PHONE, OFFICE 3-5 RESIDENCE 1-2
Entered as second-class matter, July 10, 1905, at the post office at Tahoka Texas, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.
VOL. 11 TAHOKA, TEXAS, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23 1914 NO. 8

Within 30 days from the date printed above, J. E. KETNER, or PARKURST'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

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Office in old First National Bank Building
Tahoka Texas

M. M. HERRING
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BENSON & SPENCER
Attorneys-at-Law
Rooms 3, 4 and 5, Lubbock State Bank Bldg.
LUBBOCK, TEXAS
Complete set abstracts Lubbock, Hookley and Cochran Counties in office.

Nominations

For County and District Clerk.
PAT NORTHCROSS.

For Tax Assessor.
JOHN THOMAS

For County Treasurer,
C. T. BEARD.

For Sheriff and Tax Collector
F. E. REDWINE

For County Judge
L. S. STOKES
(re-election)

For District Attorney, 7nd Judicial District:
G. E. LOCKHART

For County Commissioner Precinct No. 3.
H. T. GOUGH

"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.



A number of panhandle counties now have negro laborers. Childress, Cottle and Scurry Counties are among these.

If a girl of fourteen can raise 102 bushels of maize on an acre of land when properly planted and cultivated, why could not the average farm make half that much under favorable conditions? This girl lives near Canyon and was a member of the farm co-operative demonstration work. Of course, she took the prize for the greatest yield.

"Perhaps the most difficult problem submitted by Governor Colquitt to the legislature," says the Austin Tribune, "is that of the reduction of cotton acreage."

The article further states that the Governor isn't altogether pleased with the idea of legislating against the laws of economy, and yet the emergency is one which demands amelioration. And the legislature seems willing enough to do something, except that it doesn't know just what to do.

We quote below what the Mineola farmers intend doing:

Mineola, Tex., Oct. 10.—Three hundred farmers in a mass meeting here today after full discussion, resolved to plant no cotton in 1915, and to ask the legislature to enact a law prohibiting cotton planting next year.

Shall we have a Cotton Prohibition campaign? Has the time come when the legislative bodies of "free America" shall say to the farmer "plant, and it will be planted; plant not, and it will not be planted?"

The San Saba News says:

"No king, prince or potentate, no congress, convention or council has or ever will have authority in free America to say how much cotton, wheat, pigs or turkeys an American citizen shall plant or own. Public opinion may and properly should exert its influence. And when ever a president, governor, congress or legislature undertakes to say to the people of the South you shall plant so much and no more then will the manhood of his land, made sacred by the blood of its noblest sons, hallowed by a chivalry, bravery and devotion unsurpassed on a hundred battle fields, rise up in its eternal majesty and say to all such, thus far and no further shalt thou go."

To the above we say, Amen, and Amen!

Let those who want to plant cotton, if in the face of this year's crisis they still desire to stay with the old order. Besides there will be some cotton needed next year.

We don't need Cotton prohibition, we need diversification.

Does Lynn Co intend to contribute some peanuts to the Christmas ship which the U. S. intends to send to the orphans of the war?

A part of Lynn Co. was visited by a rain Tuesday afternoon. Any wind or rain at this time is bad for the crops amounting almost to a calamity.

POLICY OF "FREE SHIPS" RESTORING FLAG TO SEA

Our Government's policy of "free ships" has made a good beginning towards restoring our flag to high seas.

It was on August 8 that the new measure became a law. Ships that are owned by Americans are now allowed to fly the American flag even if those ships were built abroad.

Under this law, since September 8, 56 American-owned vessels have registered as American ships and have hoisted the American flag. The total tonnage is 217,201, and the total value is between \$12,000,000 \$15,000,000.

The old law was passed in Civil War times. Under its operation our flag almost disappeared from the high seas, except as it was displayed on our naval vessels.

The Proposed Tax on Checks

Congress has been perplexed over the question whether or not to raise money by requiring a two-cent revenue stamp on all bank checks.

Some of the members strongly favor the proposal, on the general ground that anybody who is rich enough to have a bank account can afford to pay two cents tax on each check.

Probably that is true. But that is not the real point. The great objection to a tax on checks is that it tends to make people use checks less and cash more. That puts an extra and needless strain on the limited supply of cash and tends to make money "tight."

Why Send Horses to Suffer?

Speeches protesting against the shipment of American horses, to serve in the European wars, were made at the recent convention of the American Humane Association at Atlantic City.

On the same day 850 horses started on their way to France.

Troops in Colorado All Winter?

The U. S. regulars that have been so long in Colorado seem likely to stay there. The officers have received orders from Washington to provide winter quarters for the cavalry horses. The troops were sent to Colorado at the request of the Governor, to protest the State against "domestic violence" growing out of a strike of miners.

First Football Fatality

The first football death of the season was that of Ray Allen, of the Stanley High School team at Sapulpa, Oklahoma. The boys were playing with the Tahlequah Indians. Allen, who was 19 years of age, was stunned when tackled. He died half an hour later.

Hall Robinson went to Soash Saturday and returned the first of the week with Mrs. Robinson and Master Jack Alley who had been down there on a visit of several days.

Clifford Thomas and wife left Saturday for Dallas where they will attend the Fair. They will then go to Blooming Grove where Mrs. Thomas parents live. They will be gone for sometime.

THE AUTO IN THE FIELD

It is quite a common sight in Texas to see farmers drive to the harvest fields in automobiles. It takes a solemn sum of money to buy an automobile and it takes good roads, as well as gasoline, to run them.

A joy ride in the harvest fields of this State is one of the most exhilarating experiences that is available on this continent and one that would charm a tourist and convince a home-seeker. A speedway lined with growing crops and blooded stock is a landscape that one seldom tours in a lifetime. In mapping out automobile routes the Texas harvest fields should be given prominent position. Why not a "See Rural Texas First" campaign?

Mrs. A. D. Shook returned Saturday from a short trip to Mineral Well.

Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Galloway left this week for California, where the Doctor will take a post-graduate course in dental surgery, while Mrs. Galloway will visit relatives and friends in her old home. Dr. Galloway will return to Tahoka about the 15th of December.

Delevan's Comet may be seen these clear morning in the northeast. It is coming toward the earth and so does not appear as large nor the tail so long as Halley's Comet which crossed the earth's path not long since.

Mrs. SEITZ MURDERED HANGED BY MOB

On Oct. 13, Governor Colquitt commuted the death sentence of Joe Durfee, negro, convicted of the murder of Mrs. J. M. Seitz of Post City in Angleton, July 9, last. The morning of Oct. 14 Joe Durfee was taken from the jail by a mob and hanged to a tree just outside the town.

He confessed his guilt. The mob which stormed the jail, easily overpowered the officers and kept them securely tied until after the negro had been lynched.

The new lights at the Methodist church have been installed and add a great deal to the service. They are the latest thing in gasoline lights and were installed by the Epworth League. We must congratulate the young people on their good judgement in purchasing lights at once so handsome and useful.

James Crie came in from Plainview Saturday where he has been attending school. H. C. Crie has been sick for some time and Jim came down to lend a hand with the News.

A CAT HAS NINE LIVES

An Advertisement Is More Fortunate, as It Has Several Hundred or Several Thousand. In Fact, It Has So Many That It Never Really Dies.

City Garage

SERVICE CARS JEFF FLEMING, PROP. PHONE 33.

All kinds of repair work done promptly, satisfactorily, reasonably. Gas and Oils.

North of the Tahoka Hotel

G. L. Williams

Saddlery, Harness
Repair Work a Specialty

GIVE ME A TRIAL

NORTH SIDE OF PUBLIC SQUARE TAHOKA, TEXAS

4. W. BREAKFAST FOOD For the Children

4. W. BREAKFAST FOOD is beloved by children and made from whole grains, of the wheat nature has stored in ever dish a battery of energy which gives to the growing child that vim and spirit so necessary to the healthful happy childhood.

4. W. BREAKFAST FOOD is handled by your grocer, if you do not already serve this delicious food make your order early.

4. W. BREAKFAST FOOD CO. AMARILLO, TEXAS.

Cream of the Plains Flour

Makes Good Lightbread and Biscuit

Sold By
N. N. BAILEY & SON
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

A Check Book.....

Increases your Standing in Your community.

It broadens your influence, widens the scope of your usefulness, and stamps you with the label of success.

Commence the forward movement today. Open an account with us no matter how small the beginning.

First National Bank

Of Tahoa, Texas

Blacksmithing

Flows made any size, wagon and buggy wor done

Satisfaction Guaranteed at

J. Macfarlane's

South of Square

TAHOKALODGE I. O. O. F. No. 653, Meets Every Tuesday night, J. L. STOKES, N. G. G. R. MILLIKEN, V. G. H. C. CRUE, Sec. & Treas.

Fine Stock Of The Best LUMBER

We have Ever had Wire, Posts, Paints Glass, and Oils, Star Mills and pip.

McAdam Lbr. Co

PRICES For Knife

-Go-Devils-

Made To Order From

\$ 5 to \$10

Better Order Now Before The Rush Season

H. C. Smith

Blacksmith.

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 Galloway and her mother, entertaining Colonel Westering of the Grays, see Captain Lanstron, staff intelligence officer of the Browns, injured by a fall in his aeroplane.

CHAPTER II—Ten years later, Westering, 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—Westering calls on Marta. She tells him of her teaching children the foibles 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, declares war and played-out patriot, and is placed under arrest. Colonel Lanstron overbearing, 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 emergencies, pointing out its value as being in the center 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—Westering and the national staff 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. Nicked by a shrapnel splinter, he goes Berserk and fights "all a man."

ling tornado of bullets, when there is a blast of explosions in their faces with all the chaotic and irresistible force of a volcanic eruption. Not only are they in the midst of the first lot of the Browns' shells at the shorter range, but one Gray battery has either made a mistake in cutting its fuses or struck a streak of powder below standard, and its shells burst among those whom it is aiming to assist.

The ground seems rising under the feet of Fracasse's company; the air splits and racked and wrenched and torn with hideous screams of invisible demons. The men stop; they act on the uncontrollable instinct of self-preservation against an overwhelming force of nature. A few without the power of locomotion drop, faces



A Blood-Curdling Burst of Whistles Passed Over His Head.

pressed to the ground. The rest fled toward a shoulder of the slope through the instinct that leads a hunted man in a street into an alley. In a confusion of arms and legs, pressing one on the other, no longer soldiers, only a mob, they throw themselves behind the first protection that offers itself. Fracasse also runs. He runs from the flame of a furnace door suddenly thrown open.

The Gray batteries have ceased firing; certain gunners' ears burn under the words of inquiry as to the cause of the mistake from an artillery commander. Dellarme's men are hugging the earth too close to cheer. A desire to spring up and yell may be in their hearts, but they know the danger of showing a single unnecessary inch of their craniums above the sky-line. The sounds that escape their throats are those of a winning team at a tug of

war as diaphragms relax. With the smoke clearing, they see 20 or 30 Grays plastered on the slope at the point where the charge was checked. Every one of those prostrate forms is within fatal range. Not one moves a finger; even the living are feigning death in the hope of surviving. Among them is little Peterkin, so faithful in forcing his refractory legs to keep pace with his comrades. If he is always up with them they will never know what is in his heart and call him a coward. As he has been knocked unconscious, he has not been in the pell-mell retreat.

His first stabbing thought on coming to was that he must be dead; but, no; he was opening his eyes sticky with dust. At least, he must be wounded! He had not power yet to move his hands in order to feel where, and when they grew alive enough to move, what he saw in front of him held them frigidly still. His nerves went searching from his head to his feet and—miracle of heaven!—found no point of pain or spot soppy with blood. If he were really hit there was bound to be one or the other, he knew from reading.

Between him and the faces of the Browns—yes, the actual, living, terrible Browns—above the glint of their rifle barrels, was no obstacle that could stop a bullet, though not more than three feet away was a crater made by a shell burst. The black circle of every muzzle on the crest seemed to be pointing at him. When were they going to shoot? When was he to be executed? Would he be shot in many places and die thus? Or would the very first bullet go through his head? Why didn't they fire? What were they waiting for? The suspense was unbearable. The desperation of overwhelming fear driving him in irresponsible impulse, he doubled up his legs and with a cat's leap sprang for the crater.

A blood-curdling burst of whistles passed over his head as a dozen rifles cracked. This time he was surely killed! He was in some other world! Which was it, the good or the bad? The good, for he had a glimpse of blue sky. No, that could not be, for he had been alive when he leaped for the crater, and there he was pressed against the soft earth of its bottom. He burrowed deeper blissfully. He was the nearest to the enemy of any man of the 128th, and he certainly had passed through a gamut of emotions in the half-hour since Eugene Aronson had leaped over a white post.

"Confound it! If we'd kept on we'd have got them! Now we have to do it all over again!" growled Fracasse distractedly as he looked around at the faces hugging the cover of the shoulder—faces asking, What next? each in its own way; faces blank and white; faces with lips working and eyes blinking; faces with the blood rushing back to cheeks in baffled anger. One, however, was half smiling—Hugo Mallin's.

"You did your share of the running. I'll warrant, Mallin!" said Fracasse excitedly, venting his disgust on a particular object.

"Yes, sir," answered Hugo. "It was very hard to maintain a semblance of dignity. Yes, sir, I kept near you all the time. Wasn't that what you wanted me to do, sir?"

Three or four men burst into a hysterical laugh as if something had broken in their throats. Everybody felt better for this touch of drollery except the captain. Yet, possibly, it may have helped him in recovering his poise. Sometimes even a pin-prick will have this effect.

"Silence!" he said in his old manner. "I will give you something to joke about other than a little setback like this! Get up there with your rifles!"

He formed the nucleus of a firing-line under cover of the shoulder, and then set the remainder of his company to work with their spades making a trench. The second battalion of the 128th, which faced the knoll, was also digging at the base of the slope, and another regiment in reserve was deploying on the plain. After the failure to rush the knoll the Gray commander had settled down to the business of a systematic approach.

And what of those of Fracasse's men who had not run but had dropped in their tracks when the charge halted? They were between two lines of fire. There was no escape. Some of the wounded had a mercifully quick end, others suffered the consciousness of being hit again and again; the dead were bored through with bullet holes. In torture, the survivors prayed for death; for all had to die except Peterkin, the pasty-faced little valet's son.

Peterkin was quite safe, hugging the bottom of the shell crater under a swarm of hornets. In a surprisingly short time he became accustomed to the situation and found himself ravenously hungry, for the strain of the last 12 hours had burned up tissue. He took a biscuit out of his knapsack and began nibbling it, as became a true roadster.

CHAPTER X.

Marta's First Glimpse of War.

As Marta and the children came to the door of the chapel after the recitation of the oath, she saw the civil population moving along the street in the direction of the range. There was nothing for Marta to do but start homeward. The thought that her mother was alone made her hasten at a pace much more rapid than the procession of people, whose talk and exclamations formed a monotone audible in its nearness, despite the continuous rifle-fire, now broken by the pounding of the guns.

"It's all done to beat the Grays, isn't it, Miss Galloway? They are trying to take our land," said Jacky Werther as Marta parted from him.

"Yes, it is done to beat the Grays," she answered. "Good luck, Jacky!"

"Yes, yes, to beat the Grays! The same idea—the fighting nature, the brute nature of man—animated both sides. Had the Browns really tried for peace? Had they, in the spirit of her oath, appealed to justice and reason? Why hadn't their premier before all the world said to the premier of the Grays, as one honest, friendly neighbor to another over a matter of dispute:

"We do not want war. We know you outnumber us, but we know you would not take advantage of that. If we are wrong we will make amends; if you are wrong we know that you will. Let us not play tricks in secret to gain points, we civilized nations, but be frank with each other. Let us not try to irritate each other or to influence our people, but to realize how much we have in common and that our only purpose is common progress and happiness."

At the turn of the road in front of the castle she saw the gunners of the batteries making an emplacement for their guns in a field of carrots that had not yet been harvested. The roots of golden yellow were mixed with the tossing spandrels of earth.

A shadow like a great cloud in mad flight shot over the earth, and with the gunners she looked up to see a Gray dirigible. Already it was turning homeward; already it had gained its object as a scout. On the fragile platform of the gondola was a man, seemingly a human mite aiming a tiny toy gun. His target was one of the Brown aeroplanes.

"They're in danger of cutting their own envelope! They can't get the angle! The plane is too high!" exclaimed the artillery commander. Both he and his men forgot their work in watching the spectacle of aerial David against aerial Goliath. "If our man lands with his little bomb, oh, my!" he grinned. "That's why he is so high. He's been waiting up there."

"Fray God he will!" exclaimed one of the gunners.

"Look at him volplane—motor as full speed, too!"

"Into it! Making sure! Oh, splen-O!" cried the artillery commander. A ball of lightning shot forth sheets of flame. Dirigible and plane were hidden in an ugly swirl of yellowish smoke, rolling out into a purple cloud that spread into prismatic mist over the descent of cavoring human bodies and broken machinery and twisted braces, flying pieces of tattered or burning cloth. David has taken Goliath down with him in a death grip.

An aeroplane following the dirigible as a screen, hoping to get home with information if the dirigible were lost, had escaped the sharpshooters in the church tower by flying around the town. However, it ran within range of the automatic and the sharpshooters on top of the castle tower. They failed of the bull's-eye, but their bullets, rimming the target, crippling the motor, and cutting braces, brought the crumpling wings about the helpless pilot. The watching gunners uttered "Ahs!" of horror and triumph as they saw him fall, gliding this way and that, in the agony of slow descent.

"Come, now!" called the artillery commander. "We are wasting precious time."

Entering the grounds of the Galloway house, Marta had to pass to one side of the path, now blocked by army wagons and engineers' materials and tools. Soldiers carrying sand bags were taking the shortest cut, trampling the flowers on their way.

"Do you know whose property this is?" she demanded in a burst of anger.

"Ours—the nation's!" answered one, perspiring freely at his work. "Sorry!" he added on second thought.

Already parts of the first terrace were shoulder-high with sand bags and one automatic had been set in place, Marta observed as she turned to the veranda. There her mother sat in her favorite chair, hands relaxed as they rested on its arms, while she looked out over the valley in the supertranquility that comes to some women under a strain—as soldiers who have been on sieges can tell you—that some psychologists interpret one way and some another, none knowing even their own wives.

"Marta, did any of the children

come?" Mrs. Galloway asked in her usual pleasant tone. So far as she was concerned, the activity on the terrace did not exist. She seemed oblivious of the fact of war.

Marta's monosyllabic absentmindedly answering the question was expressive of her wonder at her mother. Most girls do not know their mothers much better than psychologists know their wives.

"Marta, whatever happens one should go regularly about what he considers his duty," said Mrs. Galloway. "They have been as considerate as they could, evidently by Colonel Lanstron's orders," she proceeded, nodding toward the industrious engineers. "And they've packed all the paintings

impact on the earth below.

Marta put her hands over her eyes for only a second, she thought, before she withdrew them in vexation—hadn't she promised herself not to be cowardly?—to see one Brown dirigible and two Brown aeroplanes ascending at a sharp angle above a cloud of smoke to escape the high-angle guns of the Grays.

"We've got them all! No lips survive to tell what the eye saw!" exclaimed the engineer captain, his words bubbling with the joy of water in the sunlight. "As I thought," he continued in professional enthusiasm and discrimination.

With high-power binoculars glued to his eyes, he then turned to see if the faint brown line of Dellarme's men were going to hold or break. If it held, he might have hours in which to complete his task; if it broke, he had only minutes.

Marta came up the terrace path from the chrysanthemum bed in time to watch the shroud of shrapnel smoke billowing over the knoll, to visualize another scene in place of the collision of the squadrons, and to note the captain's exultation over Fracasse's repulse.

"How we must have punished them!" he exclaimed to his lieutenant. "How we must have moved them down!" Lanstron certainly knew what he was doing.

"You mean that he knew how we should mow them down?" asked Marta. Not until she spoke did he realize that she was standing near him.

"Why, naturally! If we hadn't mowed them down his plan would have failed. Mowing them down was the only way to hold them back," he said; and seeing her horror made haste to add: "Miss Galloway, now you know what a ghastly business war is. It will be worse here than there."

"Yes," she said blankly. Her colorless cheeks, her drooping underlip convinced him that now, with a little show of masculine authority, he would gain his point.

"You and your mother must go!" he said firmly.

She Looked Up to See a Gray Dirigible.

and works of art and put them in the cellar, where they will be safe."

The captain of engineers in command, seeing Marta, hurried toward her.

"Miss Galloway, isn't it?" he asked. "I have been waiting for you. I—I—well, I found that I could not make the situation clear to your mother."

"He thinks me in my second childhood or out of my head," Mrs. Galloway explained with a shade of tartness. "And he has been so polite in trying to conceal his opinion, too," she added with a comprehending smile.

The captain flushed in embarrassment.

"I—I can't speak too strongly," he declared when he had regained his composure. "Though everything seems to be safe here now, it may not be in an hour. You must go, all of you. This house will be an inferno as soon as the 53d falls back, and I can't possibly get your mother to appreciate the fact, Miss Galloway."

"But I said that I did appreciate it and that the Galloways have been in infernos before—perhaps not as bad as this one that is coming—but, then, the Galloways must keep abreast of the times," replied Mrs. Galloway. "I have asked Minna and she prefers to remain. I am glad of that. I am glad now that we kept her, Marta. She is as loyal as my old maid and the butler and the cook were to your grandmother in the last war. Ah, the Galloways had many servants then!"

"This isn't like the old war. This place will be shelled, enfiladed! And you two—" the captain protested desperately.

"I became a Galloway when I married," said Mrs. Galloway, "and the Galloway women have always remained with their property in time of war. Naturally, I shall remain!"

"Miss Galloway, it was you—your influence I was counting on—" The captain turned to Marta in a final appeal.

Mrs. Galloway was watching her daughter's face intently.

"We stay!" replied Marta, and the captain saw in the depths of her eyes, a cold blue-black, that further argument was useless.

Now came the sweep of a rising roar from the sky with the command to attention of the rush of a fast express-train past a country railway station. Two Gray dirigibles with their escort of aeroplanes were bearing toward the pass over the pass road. The automatic and the riflemen in the tower banged away to no purpose, but the central sections of the envelope of the rear dirigible had been torn in shreds; it was buckling. Clouds of blue shrapnel smoke broke around its gondola. A number of field-guns joined forces with a battery of high-angle guns in a havoc that left a drifting derelict; the remainder of the squadron had completed its loop and was pointing toward the plain.

From a great altitude, literally out of the blue of heaven, high over the Gray lines, Marta made out a Brown squadron of dirigibles and planes descending across the track of the Grays.

The Gray dirigibles, stern on, were little larger than umbrellas and the planes than swallows; the Brown dirigibles, side on, were big sausages and their planes specks. To the eye, this meeting was like that of two small flocks of soaring birds apparently unable to change their course. But imagination could picture the fearful clash of forces, whose wounded would find the succor of no hospital except

had been worked out no less systematically than that of wounding them.

"Thank you, no! We don't want to

waste time," he replied. "We must get them away with all speed so that the ambulances may return promptly. It's only a fifteen-minute run to the hospital, where every comfort and appliance are ready and where they will be given the right things to eat."

"Then we will give them some wine!" Marta persisted.

"Not if we can prevent it! Not to start hemorrhages! The field doctors have brandy for use when advisable, and there is brandy in all the ambulances."

Clearly, volunteer service was not wanted. There was no room at the immediate front for Florence Nightingales in the modern machine of war.

"Then water?"

The major surgeon aimed to be patient to an earnest, attractive young woman.

"We have sterilized water—we have everything," he explained. "If we hadn't at this early stage I ought to be serving an apprenticeship in a village apothecary shop. Anything that means confusion, delay, unnecessary excitement is bad and unmerciful."

Marta was not yet at the end of her resources. The recollection of the dying private who had asked her mother for a rose in the last war flashed into mind.

"You haven't any flowers! They won't do any harm, even if they aren't sterilized. The wounded like flowers, don't they? Don't you like flowers? Look! We've millions!"

"Yes, I do. They do. A good idea."

Bring all the flowers you want to!"

The major surgeon's smile to Marta was not altogether on account of her suggestion. "It ought to help anybody who was ever wounded anywhere in the world to have you give him a flower!" he was thinking.

She ran for an armful of blossoms and was back before the arrival of the first wounded man who preceded the stretchers on foot. He was holding up a hand bound in a white first-aid bandage which had a red spot in the center. Those hit in hand or arm, if the surgeon's glance justified it, were sent on up the road to a point a mile distant, where transportation in requisitioned vehicles was provided. These men were triumphant in their cheerfulness. They were alive; they had done their duty, and they had the proof of it in the coming souvenirs of scars.

Some of the forms on stretchers had peaceful faces in unconsciousness of their condition. Others had a look of wonder, of pain, of apprehension in their consciousness that death might be near. The single word "Shrapnel" by a hospital-corps corporal told the story of crushed or lacerated features, in explanation of a white cloth covering a head with body uninjured.

Many of the wounded looked at Marta even more than at the flowers. It was good to see the face of a woman, her eyes limpid with sympathy, and it was not what she said but the way she spoke that brought smiles in response to hers. For she was no solemn ministering angel, but high-spirited, cheery, of the sort that the major surgeon would have chosen to distribute flowers to the men. Every remark of the victims of war made its distinct and indelible impression on the gelatin of his mind.

"I like my blue aster better than that yellow weed of yours, Tom!"

"You didn't know Ed Schmidt got it? Yes, he was right next to me in the line."

"Say, did you notice Dellarme's smile? It was wonderful."

"And old Bert Stransky! I heard him whistling the wedding march as he fired."

"Miss, I'll keep this flower forever!"

"They say Billy Lister will live—his cheek was shot away!"

"Once we got going I didn't mind. It seemed like as if I'd been fighting for years!"

"Hole no bigger than a lead-pencil. I'll be back in a week!"

"Yes; don't these little bullets make neat little holes?"

"We certainly gave them a surprise when they came up the hill! I wonder if we missed the fellow that jumped into the shell crater!"

"Our company got it worst!"

"Not any worse than ours, I'll wager!"

"Oh—oh—can't you go easier! Oh-h-h—" the groan ending in a clenching of the teeth.

"Hello, Jake! You here, too, and going in my automobile? And we've both got lower berths!"

"Sh-h! That poor chap's dying!"

Worst of all to Marta was the case of a shrapnel fracture of the cranium, with the resulting delirium, in which the sufferer's incoherence included memories of childhood scenes, moments on the firing-line, calls for his mother, and prayers to be put out of misery. A prod of the hypodermic from the major surgeon, and "On the operating table in fifteen minutes" was the answer to Marta's question if the poor fellow would live.

Until dark, in groups, at intervals, and again singly, the wounded were coming in from a brigade front in the region where the rifles were cracking and the shrapnel clouds were hanging prettily over the hills; and stretchers were being slipped into place in the ambulances, while Marta kept at her post.

"We shan't have much more to do at this station," said the major surgeon when a plodding section of infantry in retreat arrived.

CHAPTER XI.

At the Galloway House. Every unit engrossed in his own. Continued next week



Why Do You Want to Save the Women?"

had been worked out no less systematically than that of wounding them.

CALOMEL WHEN BILIOUS? NO! STOP! MAKES YOU SICK AND SALIVATES

**"Dodson's Liver Tone" Is Harmless To
Clean Your Sluggish Liver
and Bowels.**

Ugh! Calomel makes you sick. It's horrible! Take a dose of the dangerous drug tonight and tomorrow you may lose a day's work.
Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with your bile crashes into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you are sluggish and "all knocked out," if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour, just try a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone tonight on my guarantee.

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store and get a 50 cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a spoonful and if it doesn't straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine, entirely vegetable, therefore it can not salivate or make you sick.
I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless; doesn't gripe and they like its pleasant taste.

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With each Cash Purchase we will give you a check for full amount of same and when your checks equal the required amount come in and make your selection from our full stock of Wm. A. Rogers Silverware.

Let us Convince you that this
Great Profit Sharing Plan Is All O.K.

Do not take our word for it but come and see for yourself.
Our stock of Dry Good and Groceries are as good as the best and better than most. Our prices are as low and lower than you pay for the same class of goods elsewhere

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ODDWORK, REPAIRWORK OF ALL KINDS
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO WAGONS,
BUGGIES, BUGGY TOPS, BUGGY PAINTING, ETC.
W. P. PHENIX. SOUTH OF QUARTER TAHOCA, TEXAS

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.

Santa Fe **Dallas And Return**
\$7.25
Date of Sale Oct. 24, Final Limit Oct. 27
This will be only Special to the Fair

Secretary of Agriculture Houston, replying to requests for his Department to take action to reduce the cotton acreage next year, says in effect:
The only help, so far as the Department of Agriculture sees, is to adopt a constructive plan.
This plan is to bring home to the farmer the fact that for several years the prices of foodstuffs will be high, and that more of such crops should be grown.
Livestock, including beef and dairy cattle, hogs, and poultry should supplement a diversity of profitable foodstuff crops.
The business men in the towns

and cities must extend the same credit and the landlords make the same equitable arrangements with the farmers for growing other field crops and livestock as were made for cotton production.
In doing these things, thinks Secretary Houston, the way out, not only for Texas but for the entire South, will be found.
It would not be possible to set out more clearly what the Texas Industrial Congress has been preaching for the past five years and what it has been and is endeavoring to bring about than Secretary Houston has done in this letter.

WILL THE LIGHT BE WHITE?

Oh, when I feel my engine swerve
As o'er strange rails we fare,
I strain my eye around the curve
For what awaits us there.
When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown at night
I look along the line to see
That all the lamps are white.

The blue light marks the crippled car,
The green lights signals slow;
The red light is a danger light,
The white light, "Let her go."
Again the open fields we roam,
And, when the night is fair,
I look up in the starry dome
And wonder what's up there.
For who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it mean to die.
Swift towards life's terminal trend,
The runs seem short tonight:
Only God knows what's at the end—
I hope the lamps are white.

—By Cy Warman, who has just recently gone to where the lights are white.

Vices and Luxuries Must Pay

The war tax revenue bill, as revised by the Democratic caucus of the Senate, is expected to pass within the week.
The bill puts the bulk of the new taxes on beer and "rectified" liquors. These are expected to yield the Government \$45,000,000

SAGE TEA DARKENS HAIR TO ANY SHADE

Don't stay gray! Here's a simple recipe that anybody can apply with a hair brush.

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grandmother's time. She used it to keep her hair beautifully dark, glossy and abundant. Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.
But brewing at home is messy and out-of-date. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get this famous old recipe which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry, feverish, itchy scalp and falling hair.
A well-known downtown druggist says it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, it becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and abundant.

GLASS OF SALTS IF YOUR KIDNEYS HURT

Eat less meat if you feel Backachy 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.

IT COSTS \$95.00 TO GET SICK

Dallas, Tex. Oct.—Sickness costs Texans \$15,000,000 annually, and the average cost per case of illness is \$95.00, according to Dr. M. M. Carrick, the famous clean town expert. In discussing this gigantic loss recently, Dr. Carrick said "There is an economic side to the question of sickness that should be considered, as well as that of suffering it entails. The needless and senseless drain upon the public for the care and maintenance of the sick from preventable diseases should cease. It was this aspect of the problem that induced Gladstone, Bismark, Disraeli and other far-seeing statesmen to incorporate into the laws of their respective governments the statement: 'The care of the public health is the first and highest duty of statesmen.'
"Every public official in Texas should consider the care of the health of the public, and their first and highest duty, if every physician co-operated with them in the enforcement of sanitary laws, making vaccination against communicable diseases compulsory—for example—if all the people in Texas could and would observe in their daily lives the laws of health as now known to the scientific world, sickness would soon decrease and health would abound. This is the only practical, logical solution of our civic problem."

\$50,000,000 per year.

Stamp taxes on negotiable "business paper," stocks and bonds, deeds and transfers, bills of lading, Pullman car and steamship tickets, and insurance policies, are expected to yield \$30,000,000. A stamp tax on patent medicines, cosmetics and perfumeries is expected to yield \$7,000,000.
The remainder of the \$100,000,000 wanted will come from special taxes on theaters and places of amusement, on tobacco, cigar and cigarette manufacturers, and on domestic wines.

CULEBRA LANDSLIDE

Oct. 15.—A serious landslide in the Culebra cut at a late hour Oct. 14 interrupted completely all traffic through the Panama canal. Several ships in the canal have been unable to complete their passage.
The reports indicate that there were earth movements on both sides into the channel from the slopes of Gold and Contractor hills, which are virtually opposite each other. It is said that traffic through the canal will probably be interrupted for some time.

Phone 60 and have your ice delivered free, every morning in any sized block. C. L. Williams, Wholesale and Retail Ice. 38tf

E. P. Hicks came in on the Saturday evening train from Lubbock and points north where he had been in the interest of a cattle deal.

Wilson Mercantile Co.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers In
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
Including Hardware, Implements, Harness and Leather Goods
Largest Stock on the South Plains
No Matter How Far You Live You Can Save Money Buying From Us. Nothing Misrepresented
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CARTER BROTHERS
I will sell you the very best Mo. soft wheat \$3 flour, at \$2.90 per cwt. I will sell you an extra high patent blend \$2.90 flour, at \$2.60 per cwt. And will sell you cheaper in wholesale quantities.
Wash bowls and pitchers, cups and saucers, plates and covered bowls at bargain prices. Also kitchen utensils and enamel ware at a bargain. Groceries and Dry Goods, best quality and cheaper and get your silverware free with them.
A Nice Line Of Ladies Pumps, Call And See them
Phone No 16 N. D. Goree, Mgr.

Seeds and Trees
Plainview Nursery Has The Largest
and best stock they have ever had; propagated from varieties that have been tested and do the best; perfectly free from any disease; we make a specialty of varieties that seldom get killed by frost; prize-winning maize and Soudan grass seed for sale; prices on application; agents wanted to sell on commission.
Plainview Nursery, Plainview, Texas

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TAN-NO-MORE AND FRECKLEATER
Two of the most Scientific Beautifying Agencies Known.
TAN-NO-MORE THE SKIN BEAUTIFIER
The scientific combination of Cream and Powder. Delightful in appearance and pleasing in its effect. Used during the day it is a protection from the sun and wind. In the evening its use assures a faultless complexion.
Experience has taught us that the best way to apply Tan-No-More is to put it on very wet and wipe off with a soft towel at once and do not wait for it to dry.
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For the removing of Liver Spots, Freckles, Ring Worm and all blemishes of the skin. It will bleach skin in 10 days and make it as soft as a baby's.
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