

LYNN COUNTY NEWS

Volume XII

Tahoka, Lynn County, Texas, Friday, August 18, 1916

Number 51



CUT DOWN

One Safe Way to Increase Your Profits

is to cut down the Unnecessary Expenses. Money saved is money earned—an old proverb which we are only too apt to forget. Most of us pay out considerable money each year. Which upon analysis, would be found to contain numerous items that could well be eliminated.

These are the items

which keep gnawing away at your resources and eating up your biggest profits just like the little insects which slowly but surely destroy the finest trees in the orchard. There are positive remedies for both cases. In business, the best protection against the evils of the superfluous expense account is the check book which enables you to keep accurate account of every penny expended and shows in a compact way just where the leak occurs.

Have you a check account with the

..The Guaranty State Bank..
Of Tahoka, Texas

Commissioners' Court Takes A Recess.

Commissioners' Court convened Monday afternoon at one-thirty o'clock, up stairs in the Thomas building. County Judge Stokes being absent, Commissioner W. T. Petty was elected chairman of the Court; with the exception of the judge, the entire court was present. The accounts were disposed of and several quarterly reports approved, and Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock the court took a recess until Friday morning at ten o'clock when considerable business will come up for consideration.

To One And All Alike.

Beginning Monday August 21, all meat will be cash over the counter when you get the meat. We make no exceptions to this rule. 51-1f

SANITARY MARKET, TAHOKA.

Mr. Willoby, who recently bought the Shook home in East Tahoka, came in the last of last week with his family, and has moved into his new home. Mr. Shook has moved his household goods into his new home in North Tahoka, and is visiting with his children until the carpenters finish the building.

Contractors Crouce and Gers-tenderger, began work this week on a new school building on the east line of Lynn county.



D. A. Parkhurst--Jewelry and Confections



Clean Sweep!

AT ONE CLEAN SWEEP we want to rid our store of all that remains of this seasons stock of SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, TIES and SUMMER HATS.

Beginning Sat. Aug. 19 at following Clean Sweep Prices:

Sport Shirts	Mens Unions	Undershirts	Dress Shirts
\$2.50 grade at \$1.79	\$1.00 grade now 79c	50c grade now 37 1/2c	\$2.50 grade at \$1.79
1.25 " " .69	50c " " 37c	Drawers	1.50 " " .98
1.00 " " .59	Nechties	50c grade now 37 1/2c	1.25 " " .79
.60 " " .39	50 cent ties 35 cents	Summer hats 1/2 off	1.00 " " .69
	25 " " 20 "	Summer caps 1/2 off	.75 " " .55

Knight & Brashear

Tahoka Public School Opens Monday Sept. 4th

The Tahoka Public School begins the 1916-17 term Monday, September 4th. The faculty for this year follows:

H. C. Zornes, Supt., Miss Maggie King, Hubert St. Clair, Prof. Weakly, Misses Era Wood, Anita Jagglier and Ollie Knight. Miss Knight is the only new teacher yet employed. However, we are informed that if the eighth teacher is necessary any arrangements can be made without placing the school fund too deep in debt, one will be employed. The board has a young

Death of Grandma Standefer

The death angel hovered over the home of J. N. Jones of this city Saturday, and at 2:45 p. m. took the immortal spirit of Grandma Standefer back to God who gave it.

Mrs. J. L. Standefer, nee Harriett Newel Sweany, was born January 22nd, 1837, in Limestone county, Alabama. At the age of seventeen years she professed religion, and identified herself with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, of which institution she has ever been a devoted member. She was known among her friends for the strength of her faith in God, it having been said of her that she never expressed a doubt in her life. Her last words, before death released her, were: "I am tired and want to go home to Jesus."

August 5th, 1856 she married J. L. Standefer of Cherokee county, Alabama. To this union six children were born; two girls and four boys; four of whom are still living, one girl and one boy died when they were quite young. Mr. and Mrs. Standefer settled near Waco in 1878, and moved to Lynn county in April 1901. J. L. Standefer died January 23, 1907, and since that time Grandma has made her home mostly with her daughter, Mrs. J. N. Jones.

Mrs. Standefer has been in bad health many years, in fact Mrs. Jones says she cannot remember when her mother has enjoyed good health.

Mrs. Standefer died Saturday August 12th, 1916, at 2:45 p. m. as a result of a stroke of paralysis, and old age. Her tongue was paralyzed and it was impossible to give her anything for relief.

Funeral services were conducted at the Methodist church at two o'clock, Sunday afternoon by Rev. L. H. Davis, pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Lubbock.

She is survived by three sons, J. E. of Wilson, J. H. of Lane-sa, and W. A. of Taft, New Mexico, and one daughter, Mrs. J. N. Jones of Tahoka. All of her children were here for the funeral except W. A. Standefer.

We see by the Avalanche that A. B. Ellis, formerly of Tahoka, has accepted the cashier's position in a Tulsa bank, and will move there right away.

Mrs. A. E. Hering's Sunday School class gave an ice cream supper on the walk in front of Knight N. Brashear's Tuesday night to raise their missionary collection. They were very successful.

Masons To Lay Corner Stone Aug. Twenty-four

The Masonic Lodge of Tahoka will lay the corner stone for Lynn County's new \$75,000 court house, Thursday, August 24th.

It is the intention of the Lodge to have some prominent speaker in the order with them on the above date.

The stone is inscribed with the names of the officers of the county, the contractor and the architect. We understand that the names of the officers of the lodge will be added.

Jack Rpdinson of Lubbock, was a Tahoka visitor Thursday.

Eugene S. Prother and family and David B. Terry and family, of Richland Springs, were in Tahoka prospecting last week. They spent Thursday night at the home of W. J. Crouch. Mr. Terry left for Terry county to visit Mr. Huckabee who formerly lived in Tahoka. Mr. Prother went to Slaton to look over that country. The two parties will meet at Tahoka for the return trip.

"Doog" Lawson of San Saba, was out here last week prospecting, and W. J. Crouch, an old San Saba friend, tells us he purchased three sections of the Higginbotham land in the New Home community.

Notice to Members.

All members of the Tahoka Grange Yard Association are urged to be present at a meeting of the association at the Methodist church, Wednesday afternoon, August 23rd.

STRAYED OR STOLEN—From our pens north of Tahoka, one 250 pounds stag and two shoats. Notify Keever Bros., Tahoka. 51-1f

Delayed Letter From Morgan Correspondent.

Morgan, Lynn County, Tex. Editor News:

As this is the leisure time of the year, it seems that the most of our people are either entertaining visitors or have gone visiting.

Mr. C. A. Coleman and family have just returned from a two week's visit with relatives in Haskell county.

Mr. W. A. Lichey is visiting his old home in Colorado county.

Mr. J. M. Tice of Hollis, Oklahoma, is visiting his oldtime neighbor, Mr. A. W. Goodwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Laxton and children of Coryell county, are visiting at T. D. Kornegay's.

Mr. Luther Massingill, Herbert Kornegay and J. W. Laxton attended the auto races one day at Lubbock.

Judge and Mrs. Kerr and children Ann Miss Dollie Whitacre and Dimmitt, visited last week with Mrs. Kerr's cousin, W. H. Robison. They also spent one day with another cousin, south of Ragtown, Mrs. John Pennington.

Junge Kerr was very favorably impressed with Lynn county and her prospects; he said we had a much better country than he expected to see. He thought so much of it that he offered to give a section (640 acres) of land in Lamb county for a 160 acre farm here. He says the section is worth ten dollars per acre.

Mrs. Walter Pickett and children of Dimmitt, came in Sunday to visit with her parents and brother, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Robison and Walter Robison, respectively.

Rev. W. L. Lovelady filled his regular appointment at Hackberry, Sunday and brought out with him a Mr. B. E. Cox who is quite a singer and musician, and my understanding is that he has been what you might term a street evangelist. They took dinner at W. H. Robison's and Mr. Cox entertained the whole household with some splendid music.

Mr. R. C. Thrush and family, are visiting his folks in Oklahoma.

Rhen Bailey of Tahoka, called on Miss Etta Shaw, Sunday.

Messrs. Jesse Bartley, Birge Cooper, Ott Patterson and Earl

Miss Linder Ellis Died Sunday of Typhoid.

Miss Linder Ellis, the 14 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Ellis of three miles west of O'Donnell, died Sunday at one o'clock after a sickness of two weeks of typhoid fever. Miss Linder was born in Mills county, Texas, and would have been 14 years old the 15th of this month. She became a member of the Missionary Baptist Church about a year before her death, and leaves a father, mother and seven brothers and sisters to mourn her departure. Mr. Ellis moved his family to their new home just over the line in Dawson county the 23rd day of December last and this berevement came upon them while they were among comparative strangers, but the family have the sympathy of the entire community. Interment was had in the Tahoka cemetery Monday noon.

Patterson, all of Lynn, attended church at Hackberry Sunday.

Mr. J. L. Simpson, the phone man of Southland, was in the Morgan neighborhood Sunday.

Rev. Jack Plant, (Methodist) of Ragtown, and Rev. Beck, (Presbyterian) of Abilene, will begin a union meeting at Southland next Saturday night. Mr. Earnest Patterson of Lynn, will have charge of the singing and Mrs. Clyde Shaw will preside over the organ.

Our school trustees have employed Miss Ella Dillard to teach again the coming school term. PAP.

FOR SALE—Two nice heifers, and a young mare and colt.—G. W. Snider, Tahoka, Tex. 51-32

Card of Thanks.

We take this method of trying to express our thanks to the good Christian people of Tahoka for their help and kindness in our late berevement. May God in his mercy reward each as they so richly deserve.

Especially do we wish to thank Dr. E. E. Callaway for his untiring efforts to save the life so dear to us.

Signed: Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Jones, Tahoka; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Standefer and family, Wilson; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Standefer, Lamesa.

Accidental Death of Mrs. O. M. Shook.

Just before we went to press Friday, we learned of the accidental death of Mrs. Bessie Shook, daughter and sister of the proprietor and editor of the News. Her death was instantaneous and resulted from the accidental discharge of a shot gun, at 2:30 p. m.

Jack Farmed It Dry

Jack White of 14 miles northwest of Tahoka, was in town Thursday and brought along a few exhibits from his crop. He closed a deal to furnish Bowers & Vinson 10,000 pounds of chops manufactured from his last year's crop, at \$1.59 per hundred and then furnish the sacks. He left his specimens at their store. He called at the News office and showed us five ears of corn of the strawberry variety that weighed six pounds. Of course these ears were green, but were large and well developed nevertheless. He has 15 acres of this corn that will make well. The rest of his corn patch, about 25 acres is in June corn. He would not estimate it.

He also had with him a cotton stalk bearing 87 bolls and forms. This was an average stalk out of a 30 acre patch, which it is estimated will yield three-fourths of a bale to the acre.



ONE TRIP TO OUR SHOP MEANS MANY A STOP. THE REASON YOU PAID LARGE OUR CANDY'S SO GOOD, THAT YOU NEVER COULD FIND BETTER JUST TAKE IT FROM ME.

Remember We Give Five Booster Piano Votes With Every Five Cent Purchase at.....

Barnes Drug Store
"The Careful Druggist"

THE GIRL AND THE GAME

A STORY OF MOUNTAIN RAILROAD LIFE

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

AUTHOR OF "WHISPERING SMITH," "THE MOUNTAIN DIVIDE," "STRATEGY OF GREAT RAILROADS," ETC

NOVELIZED FROM THE MOVING PICTURE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME. PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL FILM CORPORATION.

Complete in Fifteen Weekly Installments

CHAPTER I.

In the midmorning quiet, the bathing beach and the ocean reflected only the brightness of the inviting sun. But a little way back from the glistening sand and converging through a small park toward a suburban station the streets of the seaside resort were alive with man and woman, hurrying to the city for the grind of the day. Motor cars, too, glided noiselessly along the boulevards, drew up in turn before the station and discharged their passengers. From one of these a middle-aged, military-looking man, General Holmes, an ex-army officer and a railroad man, alighted on the platform. A governess and pretty little girl, Helen—General Holmes' only child—had accompanied her father to the train, and when he turned to the open tonneau to say good-by, Helen sprang impulsively half into his arms. His train pulled in as he quite simply but affectionately kissed his child and boarded the nearest car.

Helen, promised a morning in the park, left the motor car with her governess the moment they crossed a small scenic railroad running back of the beach. She already had her eye on what she wanted to play with. A contented dog, at peace with the world and sunning himself on a grassy slope, had riveted her alert eye; Helen advanced joyously to get acquainted. The dog seemed not averse to a passive friendship, but the little maid, sitting down, sought something more, and by pulling hard and with confidence at his neck, soon had his unpromising head—after a fashion, at least—in her diminutive lap.

The strain on his sensibilities appeared more than her amiable and carefree friend could stand. After submitting for a time he rolled over, jumped up and trotted briskly away for a new seclusion and a new peace. Helen, undaunted, sprang to her feet and followed. Her governess, engaged with the chauffeur, saw nothing of this part of the incident. But a moment later the few spectators in the scenic railroad square, waiting to

board one of the miniature trains, saw a protesting dog trotting rapidly away from a curly-haired girl, who briskly and relentlessly followed.

A newsboy, relaxing against a convenient lamp post after the morning rush, watched the pursuit for a moment with languid interest, then turned to look at an approaching train on the scenic road. He seemed no more than half awake. His wits, in truth, were wool-gathering. Every morning found him absorbed greatly in the mysteries of the miniature engine that pulled the scenic railroad train.

A shout, then a chorus of cries aroused him from his reverie. The puffing train was pulling swiftly toward the open space. The unhappy dog, casting reproachful glances over his shoulder at his pitiless friend, was galloping uncertainly, but directly down the narrow track toward the oncoming train. Helen, seeing or hearing nothing of the train and fixed only on her chase, ran after at top speed. A dozen people saw her danger as the train rounded the curve just in front of her—only one of them made a move. Dropping his unsold, the day-dreaming newsboy, waking sharply, ran headlong after the heedless girl.

It was none too soon. The dog, dismayed alike by the cries and a second pursuit, sprang, almost in the teeth of the engine pilot, right across the track. Helen fast on his heels was ready to jump after, but it would have been pretty certainly a jump to her death. The newsboy caught her arm and whirled her from the engine just as it shot past with brakes screeching on the drivers. Helen sprawled headlong beside the track, and the boy, unbalanced, rolled on the gravel near her.

He was on his feet in a trice, standing over Helen. She was frightened and breathless, and without speaking he knelt by her. Her eyes began to fill with big tears. She sat confusedly up as her companion brushed the granite dust from her pique skirt and with a coarse handkerchief began wiping the blood from a cut on one of

her pink knees. Her rescuer made little of the accident. He told her not to cry. He even brushed the round tears from her cheeks—Helen liked him. "What is your name, little boy?" she faltered in a would-be commanding tone.

"I'm no little boy," returned her rescuer gruffly. A crowd had gathered and he was already red in the face. Helen gave the bystanders no heed. "What are you, then?" she demanded gravely.

"I'm a big boy. My name is George Storm; I'm named after my father. He was a railroad engineer. My father got killed on a train. Who's your father?"

"Where did that dog go?" quivered Helen, not answering.

"Gee! I didn't see. You pretty near got killed. That dog wasn't any good," declared the boy scornfully. "Some day—" he stopped the blood on her knee once more with his handkerchief, and then added firmly: "I am going to drive a big engine sometime myself, like my father."

A frantic governess, followed by an open-mouthed chauffeur, came running at that moment toward them.

The child parted reluctantly from her new-found friend. "Are you going to be a really-truly engineer and smoky up?" she asked.

George faced her unabashed. "You better believe I am."

"I don't care," declared Helen, gulping solemnly while the governess tried to hurry her away. "I won't ever forget you—no matter what you are."

At eighteen, Helen had lost none of the characteristics of her childhood. They were held in deeper reserve, but they were just as persistent. Restrained by convention, she was still adventurous in spirit and her father's one anxiety, old soldier though he was, was that a spirited horse or an ocean undertow would some day be his daughter's undoing. At that, he was forced to admit, the reckless girl could get more out of a horse than he himself could.

Closest among her father's friends, was Amos Rhineland, a New York man of large means, and General Holmes, returning on Helen's eighteenth birthday with Rhineland and Rhineland's nephew—Robert Seagrue, himself a young and ambitious railroad promoter—from a trip of inspection of the Tidewater terminals of Holmes' road, was eagerly awaited by his daughter at their country home among the San Pablo foothills. A message sent up to her from Signal, the suburban station of the country seat, had asked her to meet her father that day on No. 20, the through eastern passenger train.

The motor car had gone ahead and Helen, taking Rocket, one of her favorite hunting horses, rode down, at her leisure to the station.

While far from being a spoiled child Helen felt very much at home anywhere on the Copper Range and Tidewater railroad. Reared at home, under a discipline almost military, and under teachers held sternly to account for her education by her only living parent, the growing girl had still preserved an innate simplicity—something almost naive—which was reflected in her friendship for the employees, high and low, of the entire Tidewater line, of which her father was president and in which he owned a substantial interest.

On the day that Helen cantered lazily down through the foothills toward Signal, a long west-bound freight train climbing the grade east of a big hill known on the division as Blackbird pass, found itself in trouble. The air pump, after balking all morning, had quit, and the conductor going forward found the engine, after repeated efforts with the big machine, helpless. Without losing much time, the conductor rigged up his emergency telephone and asked for instructions from his dispatcher. The answer to his request was curt: "Bring in No. 14 by hand brakes." The crew sprang to their posts on the decks and the lumbering string of heavily laden cars painfully got away up the hill. It was a struggle all the way to the summit; then, dropping over the hill, the long string began rapidly to pick up.

It picked up, indeed, too rapidly. The crew vainly strove to hold back the unbridled train. Clubs in hand and with the brakes hard jammed they saw their monster resistlessly getting away from them. The train crew tumbled forward, for a conference, to the cab. The conductor, comparing watches with the engineer, looked serious—within ten minutes they would be running on No. 20's time; they might even meet her at the bottom of the hill before they reached Signal.

The conductor acted quickly. Picking up a lump of coal he scratched a message on a white signal flag and wrapped it around a wrench. Cedar Grove station was hardly a mile ahead. As the engine dashed past it, the conductor, in the gangway, hurled the message through the office window. Picking it up and hastily reading the rough scrawl, the startled operator wired the tidings instantly to the next station. That station was Signal.

In the bouncing engine cab there were grave faces. "What are you going to do?" shouted the engineer. Without hesitation the conductor cried: "Cut off the caboose and stop it—let the train go!" The engineer agreed: "We've only got one life apiece. No time to lose George!" he yelled to his fireman, "make for the caboose."

The fireman, perhaps the youngest man in the two crews, without answering, continued to hunt for a wrench. "Wake up, George," shouted the conductor, "come on!"

Searching the tool box, the fireman

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I have just received a carload of wagon and will make you Special Prices until September 1st. If you want a wagon see me before buying

H. M. LARKIN

shook his head. "What do you mean?" demanded the engineer, catching in excitement at his companion's arm, "aren't you coming?"

The fireman did not hurry his answer. "No. I'll stay here," he said, turning simply. He was a stubborn, well-set fellow, really a big, clean-looking boy—with a heavy load of dark hair pushed under his grimy cap and a slow, clear eye matching his deliberate way of speaking.

"Stay here!" thundered the conductor in surprise. "Are you crazy?" He caught the fireman's other arm and with the engineer talked to the obstinate fellow. The two, who liked him, pulled the boy toward the tender. He shook loose. The brakeman joined



The Air Pump Had Quit.

in the struggle. Again the fireman wrenched away. "That's all right—on fellows go ahead."

"It's suicide for you, man," protested the engineer.

"No, Dan," retorted the fireman.

"It's every man for himself," he repeated, backing across the footplate. "I'll stay with the cab."

"Stay and be—hanged," shouted the conductor, with a fiery expletive. "Let him alone, boys," he cried, angrily. "He's dippy. Come!" And with his companions hustling close after, he started over the coal on the tender.

The train had attained a frightful pace. Already glimpses of its long, surving roll on the distant hill might be seen from the window of Signal station, where the disturbed operator had taken the message of the runaway from Cedar Grove and was reading it to Helen Holmes, breathless beside his table.

"AIR BRAKES BROKEN DOWN. RUNNING AWAY. SIDETRACK NO. 20. NO. 145."

It was the import of the last sentence which for an instant froze her senses. Her father! The passenger train facing that runaway on the single track below Signal. More than once she had heard her father declare that the stretch between Signal and the next station, Beaman, must be double-tracked—only, money was so hard to get. If the lack of it should now cost him his life, the lives of perhaps half a hundred others!

While she was thinking, the operator was working furiously at his key with a message for Beaman station. His one hope of avoiding the head-on collision was to catch the passenger train beyond Beaman.

"STOP NO. 20. RUNAWAY ON MAIN LINE."

He told Helen, closely watching the dots and dashes, what he had sent. "I should have an answer in a minute."

It came almost at once. Signal station operator first tried to write it, then threw down his pen and repeated his words unsteadily to the frightened girl.

"NO. 20 LEFT ON TIME. BETWEEN HERE AND THE RIVER."

With wide-open eyes she looked intently toward the mountains. At the moment, the rolling hills now hid the



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SONGS FREE for the asking

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runaway, but the situation was changing itself, like lightning, in her mind. Between where she stood and where the passenger train was coming, the line crossed San Pablo river, a navigable tidewater stream and a waterway that fed a considerable traffic to the railroad. Her father had put across the San Pablo a huge jack-knife drawbridge—the best an honest engineer and an honest railroad directorate could build. Just over the river from Signal station he had already put in, as a start towards double-tracking, a long passing track.

With everything of this speeding like a film through her head, Helen was dashing out of the office when the scream of a whistle signal bore down on her ears. Confused as she was, it meant nothing to her. A chance hope, had flashed across her mind and her resolve had been taken—to reach the passing track switch and slide track the fatal runaway before it

Continued on Page Five

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and
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Miss Amelia Wilson, R. F. D. No. 4, Alina, Ark., says: "I think Cardui is the greatest medicine on earth, for women. Before I began to take Cardui, I was so weak and nervous, and had such awful dizzy spells and a poor appetite. Now I feel as well and as strong as I ever did, and can eat most anything." Begin taking Cardui today. Sold by all dealers.

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Round Trip Excursion Fares

Fall buying season, Dallas Texas, Second Meeting August 13th to 22nd. Third Meeting August 27th to September 5th. Fourth Meeting September 10th to 19th. Fare one and one third. Open to All.

Ten Days Summer Excursion Fares Aransas Pass, Corpus Christi, Galveston, Palcos, Port O'Connor And Rock-Port. One fare plus one dollar. On sale August 18th, & 25th, September 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd, & 29th. Several other excursion tickets on sale. Ask the Agent. J. L. Heare, Agent.

Wayland College

Plainview, Texas.

offers Literary, Business and Fine art Courses. Has property and equipment valued at \$200,000. Separate dormitory for boys and girls. \$225 pays board and literary tuition nine months. Personal instruction given each student as needed. God and His Bible are headed at Wayland College. Opens Friday, September 1, 1916.

R. E. L. FARMER, B. S., A. B., PRES. R. M. CRAB, DIRECTOR OF MUSIC. J. E. WATSON, Mgr., WAYLAND BUSINESS COLLEGE, PLAINVIEW

As We Touch A Passing Julia Chandler Manz

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As the Man Stood Thus in the Midst of His Garden.

THE GARDEN AND THE FLOWER

The Man had a beautiful garden. In it were flowers so many and so rare that everybody talked about it until its fame spread to the ends of the earth.

For many years The Man traveled far and near in search of unusual plants and brought them to his garden. Indefatigably he worked to keep out the weeds, although his friends said he was a dreamer whose wagon was hitched to an impossible star. They told him that no garden in all this world was without its weeds, and declared that they were natural and wouldn't do any damage. The Man only smiled, shook his head, and went on working to rout every ugly and obnoxious growth.

Sometimes he stood in the midst of his garden in the cool of the evening and looked about him to see that it was fair, but each time there seemed to him that something was lacking. He knew that the fame of his work had extended far; that men said his garden was the most perfect in all the world; but in his heart of hearts he was not entirely satisfied.

Some shade of beauty was clearly missing; some needed perfume lacking. So The Man determined that he would find the flower needed, no matter what the cost.

He went on a long journey, searching in every nook and cranny, but he did not find out even so much as the name of the flower which his garden needed, so he returned to work among his plants in great dejection.

One day The Artist came to visit The Man. He was renowned for his painting as The Man for his garden, and although he lived at a great distance, he had heard of the radiance of the garden in which The Man had cultivated rare and wonderful plants, and determined to see the place for himself.

When The Artist had spent an hour in The Man's garden, it seemed to him that he must have died and gone to heaven. He simply revolved in the riot of color and steeped his senses in the perfume of the flowers.

"It is a perfect place," he told The Man.

"I wonder?" came the dejected reply. After this The Artist said nothing; but he, too, began to wonder, for when the first impression of its radiance wore away The Artist became conscious of something wrong.

The garden was not perfect, and it was clear enough that The Man, who had given all the years of his youth to making it so, was sad and disappointed.

"There is a flower missing," said The Artist.

"I know," answered The Man, "but I do not know its name, and therefore I cannot find it."

The Artist looked into the sad, sad eyes of The Man.

"Why, of course," he cried out, suddenly; "I should have known in the first place."

Whereupon he whispered the name of the most beautiful flower in all the world to The Man.

"I shall seek it at once," cried The Man, "but how shall I know when I find it?"

"By its perfume," answered The Artist. "It is like unto that of none other."

The Man journeyed again over land and sea. He went into crowded places and again upon the mountain top, but he did not find any flower whose perfume was strange to him. He became weary and footsore in his search, and finally made up his mind that no such plant as that which The Artist had mentioned existed. Once or twice he stumbled upon lurid blossoms which were unfamiliar, but when he examined them he found that they sprang from the very weeds of which he had worked so hard to keep his garden clear for so many years.

"I will go home, and I will not tend the garden any more," he told himself, "for I could never be satisfied now unless I gain for it the perfume which The Artist says is the sweetest and rarest in the world."

Heart-weary and discouraged, The Man returned. He arrived in the night. Before the sun rose he went out into the garden to take a last look at all the beautiful things he had planted there and tended through many years. He stood in their midst and told them that he had come to say good-by to them. He told them that they were good to look upon; that they had satisfied him for many a year, but that he had now come to the crossroads where he needed a flower that did not grow in his garden, and without which the garden was of no avail. And even while he talked the rare and beautiful flowers about him began to lift their wonderful heads, for the east had confessed a flush, and one by one (quite ignoring The Man) they raised their radiant faces for the first kiss of the morning sun.

The Man watched them in amazement. He had come forth to tell them good-by forever, and one and all they had been "clothed upon" with a new loveliness, a new radiance, inhaling, as it were, the spirit of the new-born day.

As The Man stood thus in the midst of his garden he was suddenly conscious of a new perfume. Over and above all the others it rose, clinging like a fine, sweet mist over the garden. The Man had made it. It penetrated his entire being, suffusing him with great joy.

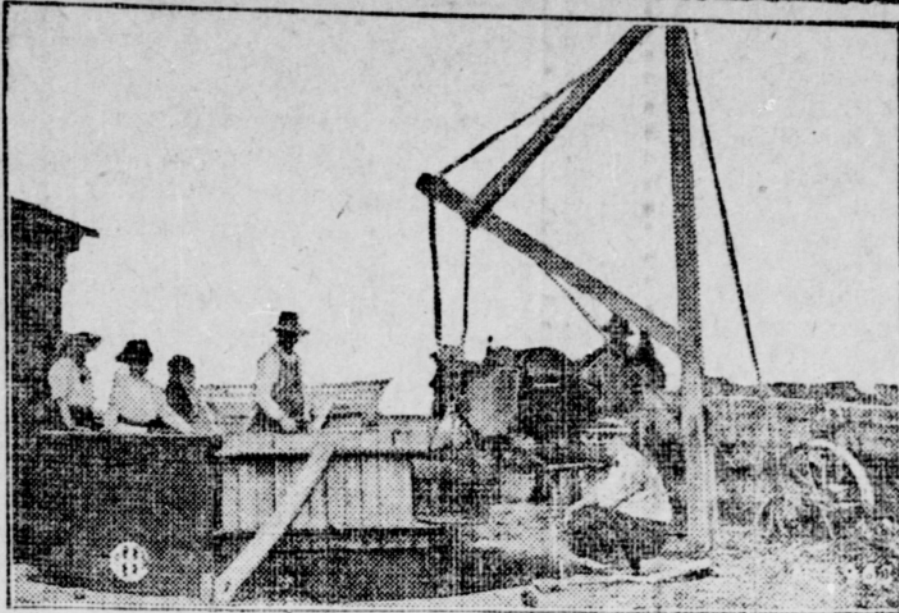
When he lifted his eyes, The Man saw that the small vine which he had often noticed clinging to the outside wall of his Garden of Life had borne a flower—a single blossom, whose petals radiated the myriad lights of mother-of-pearl as it glistened in the morning sun, and he did not need to be told that the name of the flower was Love, nor that it was the same that he had sought over the length and breadth of the land, although he has never ceased to marvel that it blossomed there, within the reach of his very hands, upon a vine which he had frankly despised and often been tempted to cut down.

Helped Themselves.

"Why did you cut out your hot soda department, with all those nice bouillions and wafers and olives?"

"Too many people," explained the druggist, "seemed to think the stuff was free lunch."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

PIT SILOS ARE CHEAP AND EASILY FILLED



Pit Silo Nearing Completion.

By A. S. NEALE, in Charge of Silo Construction, Extension Division, Kansas State Agricultural College.

During the past year a great many pit silos have been built in western Kansas. This type is suitable only to semiarid or arid sections. There is a large proportion of the territory lying between the ninety-ninth meridian and the Sierra Nevada mountains that is suitable for the construction of these silos. East of the ninety-ninth meridian they should not be built except in very rare locations where the land is

depth desired, keeping the wall perpendicular and smooth, and plastering with cement plaster to a thickness of three-fourths to one inch over the dirt. These silos can in most cases be built at a total cost of not to exceed \$1.00 per ton capacity for labor and materials, and when properly constructed in suitable locations, are permanent.

They cannot be constructed according to the above plan where the soil is so sandy that it will not stand up. In such cases it is necessary to put in a retaining wall of masonry, the expense of which will usually be as much as the construction of a silo above ground.

These pit silos are not only very economical to build, but they can be filled very cheaply, as only light engines and cutters are necessary for this purpose. They are particularly to be recommended for the small isolated farmer of the great plains region, who wishes to own his silo-filling machinery, and whose available capital is limited. To take the silage out a hoisting apparatus, either a swinging crane or an overhead track is used, filling the silage in a container with a hinged bottom, so that the feed may be dumped into a wagon box or silage distributor, as desired. In cases where an overhead track is used, the feed may be taken directly from the container and placed before the animals. The experience of farmers who have been using the pit silo is very satisfactory, and this will undoubtedly be the principal type of silo built in the future in the semiarid sections.



Starting a Pit Silo.

quite well drained and there is absolutely no danger of the soil becoming saturated with moisture to such an extent as to cause seepage water.

These are round silos, built by digging a trench six to eight inches wide and two feet deep, which is filled with cement, making a concrete collar or curb. The dirt is then excavated inside the curb and on down to the

Every Thing Locks Good To Him Now.

J. H. Moore and his daughter, Miss Pearl, of Fredricksburg, Texas, came in Friday of last week to visit Mr. Moore's son, Ben Moore, the Tahoka Photographer. Mr. Moore was totally

blind for several years, until a short time ago when he recovered his eyesight so he can see to read fairly well; and so he is making the rounds among his children to see his grandchildren and some of his daughters-in-law, one of whom lived in the same house with him for more than a year, yet he has never seen her. He says no one can conceive what a beautiful world this is and how nice the people in it look, until one has been blind and then regains their sight.

Drink



For Its Wonderful Tonic Properties

Note the following analysis:

Dissolved by water from 100 grams Maté as given by Koni's.

Lime	0.14
MAGNESIA	0.46
Iron Oxide	0.02
Phosphoric Acid	0.07
POTASH	0.44
Manganese Oxide	0.11
Chlorine	0.23
Sulphuric Acid	0.13

El Maté Will Do Your Stomach and Nerves Good.

5c—All Fountains—5c

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Amunition

For Any Standard Cal.
U. M. C. Arrow Sh.
U. M. C. New Clu.

Auto Casings and Tubes—A S.

Blue Bells

Not the Blue Bells of Scotland, but Four and Five Bell Oil Ranges.

We don't ask you to buy them; just come and them, and then talk to some one who owns one; you one home with you.

C. L. Williams

Hardware, Harness, Heiser Saddles, DeLaval Separators, Implem.

Southern Marble & Stone Co.

TEXAS LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF

Best Marble and Granite Monuments

Dealers in Iron Fence. Our Motto, "Satisfaction"
All Work Done by latest Improved Machinery
Yoakum, Texas.

Represented by Jos. P. Callaway, Tahoka, Tex.

City Blacksmith Shop

J. C. WELCH, PROPRIETOR

All kinds blacksmith work promptly done

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Expert Horseshoeing Is Our Specialty

In Corner Woods' Wagon Yard, Southeast Public Square, Tahoka

Tahoka Garage

The Only Garage in town with a Competent Electrician in charge of the Electrical Repairing

Testing Free

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

Wilson, on Santa Fe, Lynn Co. Texas.

PANHANDLE STATE FAIR

Amarillo, Texas, September, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16
Fourth Annual Exhibit

The one Great Event of the Year in the Panhandle and Plains Country

Increased List of Premiums in Special Display of Fire Works in All Departments. Every Day—Change of Program
Many Special Premiums. Each Night.

Old Settlers' Day Wednesday, September 13

Yakoon Ascension and Parachute Races Every Day—Many Other Attractive Entertainment Features Provided—Reduced Railroad Rates

Splendid Race Program

Remember the Dates and Come.

Catalog Sent on Request

Panhandle State Fair Association, Amarillo, Texas

Prepared! We recently purchased New Type and accessories to furnish our Shop thruout in new material and have just finished arranging this material and are NOW PREPARED to handle promptly and satisfactorily any class of Printing at Fair Prices. We believe in HOME TRADE and practice what we preach. Ask us for samples and estimates on your next job, they will compare favorably with any out of town concern. Satisfaction or money back.

"BIMIT"---Buy It Made In Tahoka **Crie & Co.**

Lynn County News

Published Every Friday by
A. C. Cne & Company

Editor and Manager
C. H. Cain

One Year (strictly in advance) \$1.00
Advertising rates on application

Entered as second class matter, July 10, 1906, at
the postoffice at Tahoka, Texas, under the act of
Congress of March 3rd, 1879.

Four Issues Counted a Month

Rex, Arkansas
Aug. 8, 1916.

Mr. Paul Miller,
Tahoka, Texas.

Dear Sir:
As I have some lots in North Tahoka, I am writing you to see if you know their value. As I have had a few copies of the Lynn County News and don't see any Real Estate Agents advertising in it, and see your name several times, I am enclosing a stamp to you and kindly asking you to let me know the value of lots in that part of your city.

Yours truly,

The Sentinel is still the same old price: \$1.00 per year - Semi-monthly Sentinel.

We are slow to think that the old adage, "Things are never worth more than you pay for them," holds good in this instance.

Friday of last week the marble column at the entrance corner of the Guaranty State bank building was placed in position by contractor Goodrum.

Burt King ordered the Lynn County News sent down to Lamesa from now on so he can keep up with the happenings in this community. Burt has been working with the S Ranch people for three months and when he came up here Sunday he was getting plump kumsum for news from Tahoka and Lynn county.

Democratic Nominees

- Dist. Judge 7th Judicial Dist. W. R. Spencer.
- Tax Assessor: J. N. Thomas.
- Treasurer: C. F. Beart.
- Sherriff and Tax Collector: F. E. Redwine.
- County Judge: C. H. Cain.
- Commissioner Pro. 1: W. L. Tunnell.
- County Sec: W. B. Phillips.
- Public Weigher Justice Pro. 1: R. C. (Perry) Wood.

Dr. Harmon & Throckmole

Physicians and Surgeons
Office in stock building
Over Post Office

E. E. Callaway

Physician and Surgeon
Office Phone 40
Office upstairs Thomas Bldg. St. S.

Dr. J. H. McCoy

Physician and Surgeon
Office over the Wells Store
Office phone 8 Rex. phone 108

C. H. Cain

Lawyer
Office upstairs in the Larkin Bldg.
Tahoka, Texas.

M. M. Herring

Lawyer and Notary
Office over Post Office
Tahoka, Texas.

Dr. J. R. Singleton

Deacon
Permanently Located
Tahoka, Texas.

News Subscriber

Visits Tahoka.

T. N. Pearce of Barstow, Texas, came in Thursday of last week to take a look at some land he purchased when he was out here seven years ago. He says he never saw a country that has settled up and developed as this has and he spoke especially of the very substantial growth Tahoka has made since he first saw the town.

Dr. I. E. Smith, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist of Snyder, will be in O'Donnell Aug. 28, Tahoka 24.

This is the time to have School Childrens Eyes Examined; office at Stokes Hotel, 50-51

S. S. and J. L. Howard of Hale Center, father and brother of E. L. Howard, proprietor of the Star Theatre, came down Monday evening in a King eight and spent the night with E. L.

CASH PAID

For Poultry at all times Highest market price, at 4th St. ANTHONY'S GROCERY.

Tunnell-Nordyke.

Mr. Howard Tunnell and Miss Viola Nordyke were married at the home of J. E. Cunningham of the Pride community, at nine o'clock Sunday morning, Rev. J. H. Vinson officiating. Howard is the son of W. L. Tunnell, County Commissioner elect for precinct No. 2, and Miss Viola is a very beautiful young lady, and Howard is to be highly congratulated on securing her as a companion for the voyage thru life.

'Lest You Forget

If you have a fine watch or any piece of jewelry that you wish repaired so it will be as good as new, bring it to me at Cannon's Drug Store and you will find my work satisfactory and charges reasonable. 47-48 J. C. MAY.

Crouch-Minor.

Mr. Pleas Crouch and Miss Mae Minor, of the New Home community, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. W. H. Inard at four o'clock Sunday afternoon August the 13th. Alvin Seth, Howard Pounds, Miss Jessie Minor and her two youngest sisters, were present on this interesting occasion. Mr. Pleas Crouch is the son of Y. F. Crouch and is a well known cowboy. Miss Mae is the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Henry Minor, well known farmer of the New Home community. Their many friends wish them all joy thru life.

He Got The "Jts."

Thursday of last week Gen. C. H. Black of the General Signal Army, made a call on the school in the interest of the Army Mission in Fort Worth, where he stated they did a lot of good in general rescue work. He made a very successful collection among our citizens.

Ephraim Ferguson of now known as, New Mexico, paid the News, force a pleasant call last Friday. He and Mrs. Crie were schoolmates at Bethany, Johnson county, Texas.

D. W. Wynn of Natchitoches, spent Sunday and Monday at the Nobles home in the west side of the county. He returned home Tuesday morning, accompanied by Terry Noble, who will look for grass in Bailey county, and across the line in New Mexico. J. B. Inyard also accompanied him. While here D. W. had his News pushed along another two months.

J. B. Cooper and H. N. Mercer of Waco, were in Tahoka Sunday on their way to Hewell and Cloud Creek. They met several old time friends here.

Classified Column

State land leases for sale by J. U. Williams of Tatum, New Mexico.

For Sale - House and Lot 1 1/2 Blocks of School Small cash payment Balance in Monthly installment. C. W. Brown Tahoka, Texas. 50-41

For Ranch Property in Eastern New Mexico, see J. U. Williams, of Tatum, New Mexico, 491f

FOR SALE - Poland-China gilts and shoats. Phone or write, A. R. McGonigal, Tahoka, Tex. 511f

FOR SALE - Small bunch of Stock Cattle. N. J. Etheredge, on J. F. Carter place 48 51p

If you want to buy a ranch in Eastern New Mexico, see J. U. Williams, of Tatum, New Mexico. 49-41

FOR SALE - 120 acres one mile west, and 220 acres three miles north of O'Donnell. Will divide in 14 sections, small payment down, long time on balance, 6 per cent interest. Write to J. D. Dices, 613 Millers Ave., Portland, Oregon. 49-52

Band Instruments Wanted

Must be worth the money. What have you? Correspond quick with C. W. Olive, Slaton Band, Slaton, Texas. 50 11p

Notice to Creditors.

The State of Texas, County of Lynn To those indebted to or holding claims against the estate of Ed. Fertsch, deceased.

The undersigned having been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Ed. Fertsch, deceased, late of Wilson, Lynn County, Texas, by the County Court of Lynn County, Texas, on April 24, 1916, hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate to come forward and make settlement, and those having claims against said estate to present them to him within the time prescribed by law. His residence and post office address is Hallettsville, Lavaca County, Texas.

CHAS. FERTSCH, Administrator of the Estate of Ed. Fertsch, deceased. 48-53

Port Williams and sister, Mrs. Walker, and small son, of Amarillo, came in on the Monday afternoon train to spend a week or so with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Williams, of the Hotel St. Clair.

My Veterinary powder can now be had from your local druggist. It is especially prepared to combat the ailments of animals incident to this locality, such as wire cuts, collar or saddle galls and sores of various kinds. Dr. A. W. Roberts. 42 1f

J. F. McManis, late of the New Home community, but now living twelve miles west of Tahoka, spent most of last Friday night on the road from his old place with a load of logs, arriving in town about sun-up. He received seven and a half cents a pound for the logs. M. McKean's has finished a new house with three rooms and a porch, on a new place, he also has a well of good water but had not gotten his wind mill to pumping when he was here Saturday.

J. B. Lowe is busy drilling a well for E. A. King in North Tahoka this week. He also has a contract to drill two wells, eight miles north and three west from Tahoka.

C. W. Stever and family of a couple of miles south of town, passed thru Tahoka Saturday on his way to Hale county with his herd of sheep. He stated that he would likely return without the sheep.

The 1st house for the News building on the east side of Main street came in Tuesday afternoon and were unboxed Wednesday. Thanks as to how many stories this building will be and what will occupy it are again in order. In the next few weeks, as the Friedman said, we may look out and again we may go.

Embroidery Club Has

Enjoyable Meeting.

Wednesday afternoon the Embroidery Club met with Miss Christine Swan, and spent a few pleasant hours engaged in fancy work. The time passed more enjoyably, being enlivened by several selections of Victrola music.

As the afternoon drew to a close the guests were invited to lay aside their fancy work and partake of a dainty luncheon prepared by their hostess.

MENU

Pimente Sandwiches Olives
Pickles Tea

Those present were: Misses Pauline Ramsey, Myrtle Christy, Madames A. E. Herring, Marlin Jordan and Charles Shook. The Club meets next Wednesday with Miss Christwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Winfred Scott and family of near Post oak, are here visiting Mrs. Scott's sister, Mrs. S. N. McDaniel. Miss Cowley of Newport, is visiting her cousin, Miss Rescola McDaniel.

Oscar Rutledge of Floydada, came down Sunday in his car, and returned Tuesday. He was accompanied home by his wife and two children who had been visiting Mrs. Rutledge's parents Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Ramsey.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Turk and family of Roscoe, arrived in Tahoka Wednesday afternoon to spend a few days with their daughter, Mrs. G. A. Shook.

The Patriot's Military Creed

By CAPT. JAS. A. MOSS, U. S. A.

I believe in peace, but in peace with honor and self-respect. I believe

that war is a terrible thing that should be avoided, if possible, but I also believe that there are things in this world worse than war, and peace without honor and self-respect is one of them.

I believe in what the flag of my country stands for—honor, justice, truth, liberty, humanity. I believe it the duty of every American to uphold the flag and what it stands for, and I believe it the duty of every able-bodied American to prepare himself in a military way for this responsibility.

I believe in personal preparedness, by which I mean if I am ever needed to defend my sister, my mother, my home and my country, I will be prepared to do so.

I believe in national preparedness, by which I mean my country being prepared to uphold what the flag stands for and to defend itself, if attacked.

I believe that citizenship carries with it obligations as well as privileges, and I believe that military service is one of the most important of these obligations.

I believe in the benefits of military training; I believe that it strengthens the body, benefits the health, improves the mind, and teaches discipline, respect for law and order, patriotism, courage, honor, loyalty, manliness, thoroughness, system, cleanliness, organization and team work. In short, I believe in military training because it makes for efficiency and better citizenship.

Keep Horses Comfortable.

The horse that is compelled to fight flies continually cannot get in a full day's work, or at least if it does there is less in months which eventually tells on the life-work of the animal. Neither can it do its best with an irritating harness. The horse that is comfortable and in good spirits is the one which is the record.

Brush Water for Flies.

Keeping a generous supply of fresh water at hand for the horse is important. This can be easily done if an automatic fountain is used. The fountain should be clean and its own if the weather is warm. Dropping the flies occasionally, and disinfecting the quarters, frequently will prevent disease.

Sleep Provide Food.

Sleep should be left to supply rest for the horse. The farmer should give no credit for the horse to rest, as the horse is not to rest, and sleep for the reason that in this hot time it must rest.

Look After Early Chicks.

Look well after the early chicks. They will pay well if given good treatment, otherwise it is best to let them go.

The First National Bank

Of Tahoka, Texas

Capital . . . \$50,000
Surplus . . . \$10,000

With a record behind it for fair dealing and an earnest desire to please all customers, offers its services in all departments of banking at the same time giving assurance of its appreciation of patronage extended.

Hotel St. Clair

L. L. WILLIAMS, PROP.

Cafe in Connection

Rates \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day

Corner of Main and Lockwood
North of Square

Tahoka, Texas

You will hold our restaurant



high in your esteem after you have eaten a meal prepared and served by us. You will come here for your 'eats' whenever you are in Tahoka, and when you are not near at dinner time you will think of the Busy Bee with longing.

Try one of our merchant's lunches at the noon hour.

Busy Bee Cafe

One Way to a Man's Heart Is to Feed Him Good

Gladiola Flour



makes the best bread and we have a Fresh Car and at the old price, enabling us to sell at competing prices.

We also Handle Bran

Phone 91 for Quick Delivery

H. M. Anthony

Quality holds while Prices talk West side square



"Quality's Right"

The Girl and the Game

Our new photo serial, complete in 15 episodes, is the most interesting, thrilling and popular play shown on the screen today. Read The First Installment on pages 2 and 5. Then See It Played

Mon. Night, Aug. 21st

At The

THEATRE



ADMISSION 100

The Girl and The Game

Continued from page two

and scatter to destruction the helpless passenger train. Rocket, without a thought other than of alfalfa and undisturbed repose in his drooping head, stood at hand in the sunshine. To his amazement his mistress running to him, headlong, vaulted upon his back. In her fear, she cried to him. The horse heard—it seemed as if he understood. He woke, quivering, at the impact of her body. Whirling with his charge, at the touch of the rein, so quick he almost booted from under his mistress, who was trying to seat herself, the brute galloped with Helen down the main track for the river bridge.

She panted at great drafts of sunny mountain air as Rocket's wiry legs stretched and bounded under her.

with every stride her mind cleared. With this, her courage mounted. It was, after all, no more than a smart dash for her to attain for everyone safety. The bridge was a difficulty, but Rocket, who could thread a lava bed without bruising a fetlock, or cross a prairie-dog town at full speed and hold his mistress as steady as if she were sitting a rocking horse, was not likely to balk at galloping over mere ties—besides, she would give him his time. At the worst, any bridge, she said to herself, must be reached before it can be crossed, and her eyes were already fixed hard on the one she must cross, when she thought she saw the great jack-knife span ahead moving mysteriously on its balanced bed. Urging her horse to his best, centering all of her faculties on mastering the ticklish task ahead, Helen's eyes set in a stare on the jack-knife, to determine whether

it was moving or tricking her straining senses. In almost an instant her doubt was resolved; to her consternation she saw the huge knife draw moving unmistakably upward. Her eyes sought the bridge tower—the bridge tender was standing at the open window. Her glance swept the stretch of river; then she remembered, then she understood, then she knew, all—a river tug was bearing rapidly downstream; she could see the pilot and the captain in the wheelhouse; the bridge was lifting for the boat's passage. She had heard its loud whistle at the moment she rushed from the station.

The balked girl drove her little spurs into Rocket. The horse sprang infuriated, to greater effort. If she could make the draw in time she would jump it—a slight rise—noting should keep her back. She wildly waved her free hand at the bridge-tender. He was watching the boat and the span was slowly rising; but a few strides closer and she would have risked making the jack-knife—she realized now she was too late.

Without averting for an instant from her purpose, without shrinking from her single alternative, and only praying for time still to make good her endeavor, Helen headed Rocket straight for the open draw. His feet struck the pier. She gave the horse his head. The wiry beast saw who yawned ahead. He heard his mistress' quick word. As his feet touched the brink of the abutment the horse coiled like a spring, and for an instant quivered. His mistress with a sharp cry of command rose in his stirrups, then launching himself and his burden, like an arrow far out, the hunter sprang with Helen cleanly into the river. There was a great splash and the parted water closed over their heads.

A pilot, captain and bridgetender stood as men dazed, looking on. The river captain, yelling the crew to quarters, hurried forward to throw out lines as soon as the tug should come within reach of the imperiled girl. The bridgetender, in the window glued to the scene, watched the clinging bubbles where horse and rider had plunged down, waiting for them to reappear. For an interminable instant the onlookers waited. It seemed as if the two would never come up. Then a girlish head of soaked curls rose among the ripples, a young face emerged from the troubled pool, and Helen, throwing herself free from Rocket, shook the water from her eyes and nose with a swimmer's quick certain puff and struck out for shore. Rocket was not far away. With a few powerful strokes his mistress caught his mane and recovered him. The tide, running heavily through the channel, carried the two together below the pier on the opposite bank. But Rocket, scrambling in a moment from the water, bore his charge up

hurt up the steep bank, and under her urging ran up the track to the tower.

The bridgetender, at the door, confronted her. The dripping girl, seated on her quivering horse, told the astonished man in a few hurried words what had happened, and as he hurried into the tower agape to lower the draw Helen urged Rocket at a run down the track. It seemed as if her ears bubbled and rang with the rumble of the two approaching trains, but her brain had ceased to take note of anything beyond her one stubborn resolve to reach the passing-track switch—she could see it plainly ahead. The bridgetender was hastily lowering the knife for the freight. Determined, while in the river, to leave the bridge open and wreck the freight, Helen believed she could avoid even that, and had given the tender his orders accordingly. The tug, which had been whistling wildly, low heeled violently toward the wharf, where the captain, a game sport, had resolved to make fast and see the excitement out. With the boat crew ashore and dashing across the wharf to watch Helen, she crouched like a jockey over Rocket as he crashed and scattered the cinders under his flying feet and in what seemed another moment—so fast had she flown—checking the horse cruelly, she threw her lines and slid from his back beside the passing-track switch.

Running to it, she grasped the lever only to find the switch locked. She had feared, almost expected, as much—but now, how to open it! She looked ahead. A shrill engine whistle startled her, and her cup filled—the passenger train, bearing down the long tangent at full speed, was whistling for her home crossing, hardly two miles distant.

She could see smoke streaming from the stack of the engine. Behind, she had no need to look, the rumble of the head-end of the runaway was thundering on the bridge. Desperation cleared her head. She caught up a heavy stone from the right of way and pounded fiercely at the switch lock. She struck at the stout bow and hammered in a fury at the resisting cover.

No mechanism could stand such an assault for long. The ground under her feet was vibrating with the fearful pound of the great freight engine as it dashed with its heavy drag over the close-by rail joints. She knew the reeling machine must be almost on her and the thought spurred her to unnatural strength. The staple gave way. The excited girl jerked the twisted bow clear and threw the switch.

Half fainting beside it as the monster engine struck madly at the switch points. Then, with a shock that tore the heavy roadbed and the roar almost of an earthquake, engine, tender and train lurched heavily into the siding. Car after car jumped and pounded at the stubborn rails. On and on they came, shaking the solid earth under Helen as she panted and gasped. But the thundering, jumping wheels continued to catch the switch in safety and the points held. The long train made the siding to the very end and Helen almost stunned saw, in something like a vision, the passenger train, its brakes throwing streams of fire from the grinding wheels, race past her down the main track toward the bridge. The sight meant little to her now—her senses were too numbed to realize what it meant—that the passenger train at last was quite safe.

The runaway freight was less fortunate. At the farther end of the passing track three box cars stood patiently waiting for orders. They had been standing there unmolested for days; they had tarried one moment too long. The runaway engine with its still obstinate fireman, at times on the running board and at times in the cab, was heading viciously for them. But the fireman saw the game was clearly up. He chose his moment and jumped, landing violently in the cinder ballast. Bruised and cut, he lay breathless, almost insensible. He heard confusedly the terrific crash into the idle box cars. The huge engine scattered them in dust and kindling high in the air. He tried to roll farther from the threatening wreck—for the head-end of the train had been derailed by the impact and the jamming string of cars was zig-zagging wildly across the right of way. The first realization that came to the stunned boy was of someone struggling to help him get away from the wreck—some puny strength exerted to drag his heavy body to greater safety. With a breath, the first he had been able to draw, he opened

his eyes. A young woman was bending over him.

He was a forbidding sight. Blood, dust and gravel hung in half a dozen cuts on his forehead—hardly a feature of his face, except his eyes, had escaped the smash of the cinders. Someone with a very little and very wet handkerchief wiped his eyes and he could see more clearly when he opened them again. He could see the face bent over him and two eyes fixed anxiously on his—a girl's face, strange and yet—what could it be of recollection that struggled through his whirling senses?

Nor had Helen, as she knelt and worked over the injured man, dreamed of seeing any face she had ever looked into before. Even had it been uninjured she would hardly have recalled it under ordinary conditions. But two people, a young man, now, and a young woman, were meeting under extraordinary circumstances and their eyes were very close together. The man caught at her hand as it passed his forehead, stopped it, and looked keenly into Helen's eyes. With that look, a vision swept across their memories.

"I surely know you," he said, not taking his eyes from hers. Unusual to releasing her gaze, she stared at him without speaking. "I'm sure I know you," he exclaimed, perplexed.

He rose of a sudden to his feet—so easily it surprised her. "It was the beach," he went on, slowly. "You were hurt—the miniature railroad!"

She regarded him a moment in silence. Then she spoke: "Is it possible?" she murmured. "You are—?" "I'm the little boy," he smiled grimly. "Till now, I've never seen the little girl since."

A sense of confusion assailed her; she wanted to escape his look. "You are hurt," she said, dismissing with an effort all consciousness of their strange meeting.

He hesitated, then he saw, and he thought he understood. "No," he said brusquely, almost rudely, "only a few scratches."

A cry of recognition and amazement cut off their words. The passenger train had backed down on the scene. Her father, his friend Rhineander, young Seagru, the Signal station operator, the tug captain and the rain passengers crowded the observation platform looking at her and the shaken-up fireman.

The flagman could hardly raise the step cover quick enough to release Holmes so that he might get down to his daughter. He knew all—the operator had told the story. He caught his daughter in his arms with a shower of misty reproaches. "What!" he cried. "Have you lost your mind? Are you mad?" Helen's eyes fell before her father's anger. She was a dutiful girl. "Don't you know what danger is? Have you no sense of fear?" he stormed. "She raised her eyes and gazed at an instant; then she asked, shyly: "Where was I to get it, father?"—she looked queerly up at him—"from you?"

"Gad!" he blustered, edging away from the subject, beaten. "Who's his boy?" he demanded, pointing to the grimed and disfigured fireman. "What's your name?"

"Storm, General Holmes—George Storm, fireman," responded the boy, unmoved.

"What were you sticking like a ceech to a runaway engine for—why didn't you go back with the rest of the crew?" demanded the head of the road severely.

Storm met the assault calmly. "I thought I might be able to get the air pump going," he countered.

"Did you do it?" asked Holmes, with sarcasm.

"I'd have done it if I'd had time," persisted the somewhat dismantled fireman. "I guess," he added calmly, looking back at the mess of cars. "I needed a couple of days more."

"No matter, Storm," declared Holmes, secretly pleased, "you're all right."

"I should think as much," cried Helen, breaking through her reserve. "If you had many men like that!"

Amos Rhinelandt took the scene in with an abundance of satisfied humor. He was a big, wholesome fellow. Beside him stood Seagru, silent and observant. Both before and after her father introduced him, he scrutinized Helen a long time. With his introduction, he ventured something of compliment—tried, as it were, for a moment, to take the stage and seemed to await confidently an appreciation of his remark.

But Helen, whether confused by her much-wilted plight, or engrossed by the recollection of her adventure, could hardly notice his effort to be agreeable. Storm had started back to his engine. Her father was helping his daughter back to the observation platform. From it Helen looked steadily back at Storm, now standing down the track in the midst of the wreckage. The passenger engine sounded four sharp blasts to call in the flagman. Storm looked around; the passenger train was moving ahead. He saw in the group on the rear platform one figure—that of a slender girl, in a wet jockey costume, a smile lighting her face as she looked toward him. She was lifting her hand in a good-by. He started, touched his hand to his bruised forehead and waved back her greeting. Beside Helen stood Seagru. He did not seem pleased with her attitude and dropped an ironical remark in her ear. This one she quite plainly heard and understood: "Very gratifying," he smiled, "to find a president's daughter so very clever. And," he added softly, "she seems to take a real interest in engine men!"

Helen looked deliberately around at him—but whatever may have been her thought, she made no reply.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Citation by Publication.

THE STATE OF TEXAS To the Sheriff or any Constable of Lynn County—Greeting:

YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED to summon Bertha R. Lackey and Victor L. Scott, by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 72nd Judicial District; but if there be no newspaper published in said Judicial District, then in a newspaper published in the nearest District to said 72nd Judicial District, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Lynn County, to be held at the Court House thereof, in Tahoka, Texas, on the first Monday in September A. D. 1916, the same being the 4th day of September A. D. 1916, then and there to answer petition filed in said Court on the 3rd day of August A. D. 1916, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No. 278, wherein T. G. Tidwell Plaintiff, and Bertha R. Lackey and Victor L. Scott, Defendants, and said petition alleging:

1st. That Bertha R. Lackey is a single woman and that the residence of both, Bertha R. Lackey and Victor L. Scott is unknown.

2nd. That he is the owner of the South-east one quarter of survey No. 11, Block 11, Eastline & Red River Railroad Company lands in Lynn County, Texas, as shown by patent No. 259, volume 53.

3rd. That the said Bertha R. Lackey and Victor L. Scott are setting up some claim to said lands the nature of which is unknown to him, that they have no title, right, claim or interest in and to said lands, but that he is the owner thereof and that the claim of the said Bertha R. Lackey and Victor L. Scott, creates a cloud upon his title which he is entitled to have removed. That he is the owner of said land by deed from J. T. Lofton to him, dated November 14, 1908, and recorded in volume 9, page 572, of the Deed records of Lynn County, Texas, and that he has been in possession of said land, owning same under said deed duly recorded, same being fenced and partly in cultivation, and has been paying taxes thereon for more than five years last past. Wherefore he prays, that the residence of the defendants herein being unknown, he may have a citation by publication, citing such defendants to appear and answer thereat, and that upon final hearing he may have judgement, removing all clouds from his title and from all other relief to which he may be entitled.

HEREIN FAIL NOT, but have before said Court on the first day of the next term thereof, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

WITNESS, P. H. Northcross, Clerk of the District Court of Lynn County.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND and the seal of said Court, in the Town of Tahoka, this 10th day of August A. D. 1916.

P. H. NORTH-CROSS, Clerk of the District Court, Lynn County, Texas.

Issued this 10th day of August A. D. 1916.

P. H. Northcross, Clerk, District Court, Lynn County, Texas. 50-11

Citation by Publication.

THE STATE OF TEXAS, To the Sheriff or any Constable of Lynn County—Greetings:

YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED to summon M. M. Eichelberger, E. M. Ruthven, J. L. McCullar, Elizabeth A. Coulter, Edward P. Lundstrom, H. J. Dewey, John A. Allison, Charles F. Mosier, J. H. Green, Mrs. T. J. Houston, T. J. Houston by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 72nd Judicial District; but if there be no newspaper published in said Judicial District, then in a newspaper published in the nearest District to said 72nd Judicial District, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Lynn County, to be held at the Court House thereof, in Tahoka, Texas, on the first Monday in September A. D. 1916, the same being the 4th day of September A. D. 1916, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 10th day of August A. D. 1916, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No. 279, wherein Mrs. Vicda Chisum is Plaintiff, and M. M. Eichelberger, E. M. Ruthven, J. L. McCullar, Elizabeth A. Coulter, Edward P. Lundstrom, H. J. Dewey, John A. Allison, Charles F. Mosier, J. H. Green, Mrs. T. J. Houston, and T. J. Houston are Defendants, and said petition alleging:

That on or about the first day of May 1916, plaintiff was lawfully seized and possessed of all of Survey No. 1, in Block No. A1, Cert. No. 1426, 640 acres of land situated in Lynn County, Texas, holding and claiming the same in fee simple, and that on the day and year last aforesaid, the defendants unlawfully entered into said land and premises and ejected plaintiff therefrom, and unlawfully withheld from plaintiff the possession thereof, to her damage in the sum of five hundred dollars, and that the annual rental value of said land and premises is one hundred dollars.

That plaintiff also claims title to said land under and by virtue of the three, five and ten year statutes of limitation, and plaintiff prays for title and possession of the above described land and premises, and for the cost of this suit, and for judgement removing the cloud cast upon her title to said land by virtue of the claims of said defendants.

HEREIN FAIL NOT, but have before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

WITNESS, P. H. Northcross, Clerk of the District Court of Lynn County.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND and the Seal of said Court, at office in Tahoka, Texas, this 10th day of August A. D. 1916.

P. H. NORTH-CROSS, Clerk, District Court, Lynn County. 50-4t

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Ford Runabout	\$345
Ford Touring Car	\$360
Ford Coupelet	\$505
Ford Town Car	\$595
Ford Sedan	\$645

Freight and delivery charges, oil, gas, etc., to be added.

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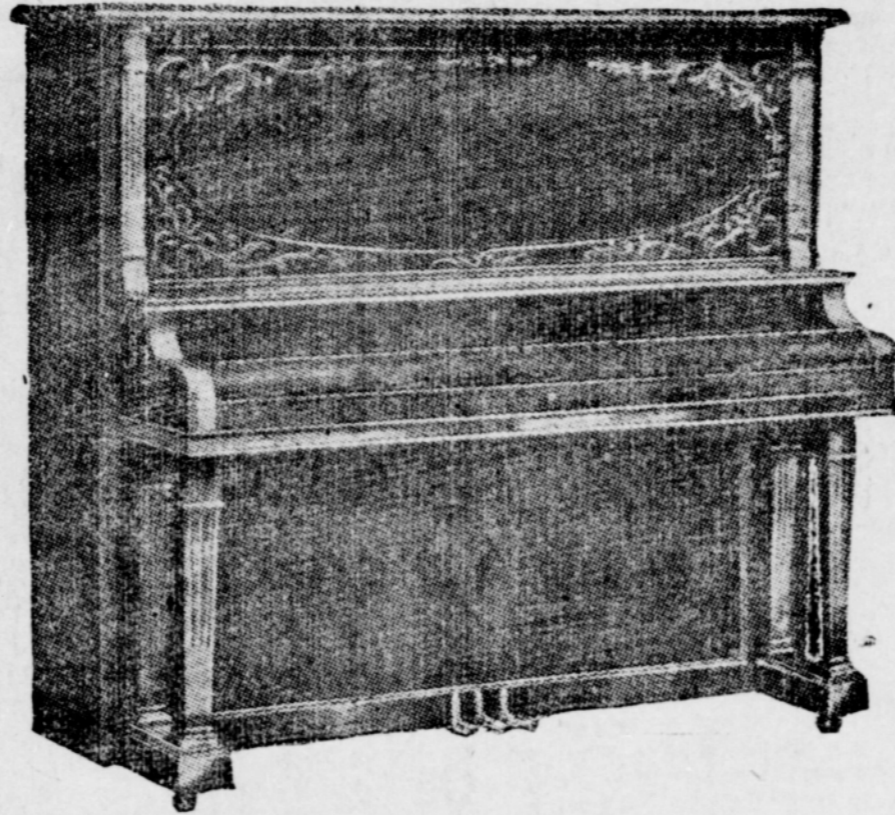


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Read the first episode in this issue--Fill out the blank below and mail it today. You need the News anyway; you can help some one win this \$400 Piano; and you will secure the News at the rate of \$1 a year--We will be forced to raise the rate to \$1.50 January 1st on account of the increased cost of blank paper--It has doubled in the past four months. Act today and save the four-bits.

Contestants Standing

Tuesday August 8th, Last count before final count

Edna Montgomery	204,975
Eunice Cash	382,005
Eva Coughran	8,890
Laura Fleming	82,675
Eunice Smith	137,940
Mrs. B. O. Lockhart	252,160

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