

# LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 12

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1915.

NUMBER 3

## Scene from Episode One - Exploits of Elaine (Beginning on page 3 of this issue)



The Criminal Slid Silently Into Dodge's Room.

If you want to buy or trade for town lots, land or live stock, see me. I will get what you want if it can be had—P. Miller

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Scott and baby, accompanied by their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bumgardner, all of Brady, Texas, were here Saturday, and Mr. Scott purchased a quarter section of land, situated about ten miles north of Tahoka, of A. D. Shook. Mr. Scott ordered The News sent to his address at Brady so he would not be quite such a stranger when he moved out here. He stated that he came out to this country to look at the Post propo-

sitions, but when he arrived here, liked conditions in Lynn county much the best. Both families will move out here shortly, and they will be well acquainted with the merchants who advertise in the News, and it is only natural for people to trade where they are best acquainted.

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

### NOTICE.

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

## OUR PUBLIC FORUM

### Cardinal Gibbons On Woman's Suffrage.



Equal rights do not imply that both sexes should engage promiscuously in the same pursuits, but rather that each sex should discharge those duties which are adapted to its physical constitution and are sanctioned by the canons of society. To some among the gentler sex the words "equal rights" have been, it is feared, synonymous with "similar rights". To debar woman from certain pursuits is not to degrade her. To restrict her field of action to the gentler avocations of life is not to fetter her aspirations after the higher and the better. It is, on the contrary, to secure to her not equal rights so-called, but those superlative rights which cannot fail to endow her with a sacred influence in her own proper sphere.

The insistence on a right of participation in active political life is undoubtedly calculated to rob woman of all that is amiable and gentle, tender and attractive; to rob her of her innate grace of character, and give her nothing in return but masculine boldness and effrontery. Its advocates are habitually preaching about woman's rights and prerogatives, and have not a word to say about her duties and responsibilities. They withdraw her from those obligations which properly belong to her sex and fill her with ambition to usurp positions for which neither God nor nature ever intended her. Under the influence of such teachers we find woman, especially in higher circles, neglecting her household duties, never at peace unless she is in perpetual motion, or unless she is in a state of morbid excitement. She never feels at home unless she is abroad. When she is home the home is irksome to her. Hence arise disputes, quarrels, recriminations, estrangements or the last act of the drama is often divorce.

When I deprecate female suffrage, I am pleading for the dignity of woman, I am contending for her honor, I am striving to perpetuate those peerless prerogatives inherent in her sex, those charms and graces which exalt womankind and make her the ornament and the coveted companion of man.

Woman is queen, indeed, but her empire is the domestic kingdom. The greatest political triumphs she would achieve in public life fade into insignificance compared with the serene glory which radiates from the domestic shrine, and which she illumines and warms by her conjugal and motherly virtues. If she is ambitious of the dual empire of public and private life, then, like the fabled dog beholding his image in the water, she will lose both; she will fall from the lofty pedestal where nature and Christianity have placed her, and will fall to grasp the scepter of political authority from the strong hand of her male competitor.

Though woman is debarred from voting she brings into the world and rocks the cradle of the nation's future citizens. She rears and molds the character of those who are to be the future rulers and statesmen; the heroes and benefactors of the country. Surely this is glory enough for her.

The earliest guide book written in the English language is "Instructions for Foraine Travell," a duodecimo published in 1642 by James Howell.

"As was natural in those days," says the London Chronicle, "Howell assumes that any one traveling on the continent for pleasure was able to entertain a Cooke, a Laquay and some young youth for his Page to parley and chide withall, whereof he shall have occasion enough, and to get some faire lodgings to keep house of himself; but sometimes he may frequent Ordinaries, for it will much breake and embolden him."

The instructions to provide for a tour through France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Belgium and Holland, "all which may be done completely in three years and four months, which four months I allow for itinerary removals and journeys, and the years for residence in places." In those days "foraine travell" meant something more than a month's skip through Europe.

### The Year Without a Summer.

The year 1816 was known throughout the United States as the year without a summer. January of that year was so mild that most people would have let their furnaces go out had they had any, and February was only occasionally colder. March and April coaxed the buds and flowers out, and May was a winter month, with ice and snow. By the end of May everything perishable had been killed by the cold, and the young leaves had been stripped from the trees. June was as cold as May. Both snow and ice were common throughout the month all over the corn belt, and after having planted corn two or three times the farmers threw up their hands. Snow fell ten inches deep in Vermont. The following winter was the hardest the people of the United States have ever known.

KEEP THE DOLLARS AT HOME

BUY HERE

## Road Bond Issue To Be Decided

Tomorrow the voters of Lynn county will be given the opportunity to make a stride in the direction of progress. This opportunity will be in the election to decide whether Lynn county shall issue bonds in the sum of \$25,000 for the purpose of building and maintaining roads throughout the county.

As some have intimated, there are no especial roads that this sum would be expended upon should the voters decide to issue this amount of bonds for this purpose. The commissioners will inspect the roads of the county and the money will be spent where it is most needed. And right here is where those who oppose the proposition, are getting their prise. They try to convince the voter that because there is no especial bad place between him and his market, that he should vote against the proposition, as he will derive no benefit from the issue of the bonds. This is not so. From reliable sources, we learn that the commissioners contemplate the purchase of road working machinery by the county, to be used upon every road in the county. And in all probability no contract work will be done. The commissioners seem to favor the court appointing a county supervisor to have charge of all building.

Our roads all over the county are far from being in as good shape as necessary to handle the immense amount of traffic that passes over them, and if not repaired before this year's crop is harvested, will be in a decidedly woeful condition.

Vote Saturday for good roads and public development of public utilities. Remember it takes two-thirds majority to carry this election.

Fruit jar rubbers at Thomas Bros. Drug Store. 52 2f

### FOURTH SUNDAY PROGRAM

The Mission Study Class will render the following program the 4th Sunday in this month at 3:15 p. m. at the Methodist church, Tahoka, Texas.

Bible Lesson, Matt. 9, 35-38.

Prayer.

Hymn

Story of old and new China—Mrs. H C Crie.

Hymn—144.

Paper—China—Mrs. John Thomas.

Solo—Miss Ellison.

A call to China—Mrs. C. C. Thomas.

Hymn.

The Master is here and calleth for thee—Mrs. Claude Ledger.

If you need a hay press, phone me at A. R. McGonagill's—C. L. Cyrus. 48 tf

Window glass—Thomas Bros. Drug Co. 2.2

There are several new hoses contemplated that will be reported as soon as work is commenced.

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

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

Window glass—Thomas Bros. Drug Co. 52 2f

## Dirt Broken For Star's New Home

Dirt was broken Saturday for the new home of the Star theatre on the corner of Main and Harper. The floor will be inclined below the ground towards the east, and the dirt removed from the excavation has been spread upon Harper street and its juncture with Main. Also some has been used to make a crossing from the court yard to the crossing between Parkhurst's and Hotel Lynn.

Mr. Howard, manager of the Star informs us that he has made arrangements to make his new building thirty by one hundred feet instead of twenty-five by one hundred as at first announced. Work on the brick foundation is being pushed rapidly along.

This new theatre will be seated with opera chairs. There will be three tiers of seats, with two aisles, as the present building is arranged, however, the aisle will be four feet wide, and four seats on each side and six in the middle. Comfort and convenience will be the cardinal features of the new home of the Star.

C. Daughtry, the well known blind Piano tuner, 24 years experience, of Fort Worth, will be in Tahoka for a few days only. Phone 35.

### FIRE INSURANCE.

See McMill Clayton for fire insurance in old line companies.

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

### P. T. REGULAR PROGRAM

Program—Parent-Teachers Club Devotional Exercise:

Rev. Claude Ledger  
How best may the parents assist the teachers in building a better school?

Mrs. F. L. Parker.  
To what extent are the teachers responsible for the child's conduct after school hours?

Miss Maggie King.  
Street Loafing—The greatest modern evil of the Public School.

Mrs. J. B. Walker.  
What should the Parent-Teachers Club accomplish?

Mr. Hubert St. Clair.  
Discussion:

WANTED- To buy a good, light second hand buggy. Must be a bargain. Apply at News office.

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

Saturday of last week, J. B. Franklin of southeast of Tahoka brought in the first bale of 1915 cotton. The bale was ginned by the Snyder Oil Mill gin.

Paul Miller, cotton buyer, bought the bale for nine cents; it weighed 440 pounds. A substantial premium was made up by the merchants and business men of Tahoka.

Fruit jar rubbers at Thomas Bros. Drug Store. 52 2f

Since our last report, J. S. Wells has erected a bungalow in the southeast corner of his place in west Tahoka, which will be occupied by J. S. Welcher, recently from Oklahoma.

Ben King has built an addition to his residence in North Tahoka.

Fresh barrel Carbon just received—Thomas Bros. Drug Co.

## Court News of Interest

The case of the State of Texas vs Jim Dillard, now of Buffalo Gap, but formerly of Lynn county, charged with horse theft, came to trial Tuesday. Dillard entered a plea of not guilty and asked for a suspended sentence in case of conviction. The case was concluded Tuesday afternoon and the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and sentence of two years in the penitentiary. The suspended sentence was denied the defendant. It is thought that a petition will be circulated asking Dillard's pardon, and as his previous record here was good, and he has an aged father, wife and five small children depending upon him the petition will find many signers.

Wednesday, the case of the State of Texas vs P. G. Swafford, was called and a motion was made by the attorney for the State for a change of venue on the plea that race prejudice against the Mexican race made a fair and impartial trial impossible. Too it was alleged that the fact that Tahoka parties made up a purse of \$250 to employ counsel for the defendant showed a predisposition on the part of our citizens to give the defendant more than the benefit of the doubt. After examining several witnesses for both sides, the court ruled in favor of the State. The case will be tried in the District Court of Dawson county, ann is scheduled to come to trial Wednesday of the coming week.

In mentioning the attorneys in the Furgeson-Post trial last week, we failed to include C. D. Russell for the defence.

Besides general routine business, the Commissioners' court in regular monthly session this week were busy about a day and a half interviewing some ten or a dozen architects from all over Texas, in regard to plans and specifications for the new Lynn county court house.

Nothing definite was decided upon this term of court. The commissioners will meet again two weeks from now and decide definitely on the plans.

Of course there is nothing for certain to tell about the building as yet, but there are some generalities in the construction that the court has made up its mind to have. The building will not have a tower or dome, it will have three floors, well provided with conveniences for the public, the court room must be large and roomy, and a balcony is favored. The court seems in favor of only four cells being installed at present.

The new court house in the course of the next six months will probably be on the road to completion. The plans will be selected week after next. The commissioners deserve the greatest commendation for the thorough and vigilant methods they have employed to conserve the peoples interests; however, there is one proviso that has been mentioned to us that perhaps they have overlooked; when the contract is awarded it should be agreed that in as much as it was expedient domestic labor should be used. Let's keep as much of that sixty thousand in Lynn county as possible.

No. 8567.

## REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK AT TAHOKA, IN THE STATE OF TEXAS AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS SEPT. 2, 1915

RESOURCES		DOLLARS
1. a Loans and discounts (except those shown on b)	115,313.50	
Total loans	115,313.50	
2. Overdrafts, unsecured, \$607.95	607.95	
3. a U. S. bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	7,500.00	
Total U. S. bonds	7,500.00	
5. Subscription to stock of Federal Reserve Bank	\$2,100.00	
a Less amount unpaid	1,050.00	1,050.00
6. a Value of banking house (if unincumbered)	7,000.00	7,000.00
7. Furniture and fixtures	3,000.00	
9. Net amount due from Federal Reserve Bank	3,864.89	
10. a Net amount due from approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis	10,510.14	
b Net amount due from approved reserve agents in other reserve cities	13,571.57	24,081.71
11. Net amount due from banks and bankers (other than included in 9 or 10)	6,946.60	
14. a Outside checks and other cash items	464.00	
b Fractional currency, nickels, and cents	60.65	524.65
15. Notes of other national banks	475.00	
Lawful money reserve in bank:		
17. Total coin and certificates	5,505.00	
19. Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (not more than 5 per cent on circulation)	375.00	375.00
TOTAL	176,244.30	

LIABILITIES		DOLLARS
1. Capital stock paid in	25,000.00	
Surplus fund	10,000.00	
TOTAL CAPITAL AND SURPLUS	35,000.00	35,000.00
2. Undivided profits	5,908.64	
Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid	1,339.92	4,568.72
3. Circulating notes	7,500.00	7,500.00
8. Demand deposits:		
a Individual deposits subject to check	105,205.58	
b Certificates of deposits due in less than 30 days	1,000.00	106,205.58
9. Time deposits (payable after 30 days, or subject to 30 days or more notice)		
a Certificates of deposits	2,970.00	2,970.00
14. Bills payable, including obligations representing money borrowed	20,000.00	
TOTAL	176,244.30	

STATE OF TEXAS COUNTY OF LYNN, SS:

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

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of September, 1915.  
C. H. CAIN,  
Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:  
O. L. SLATON,  
A. L. LOCKWOOD,  
W. D. NEVELS,  
Directors,



## Lynn County News

Published every Friday by  
E. C. ORIE & CO. TAHOKA,  
CHIEF, ED. & MGR.  
One Year \$1.00—Strictly in Advance  
Advertising Rates on Application

Entered as second-class matter, July  
10, 1905, at the post office at Tahoka  
Texas, under the Act of Congress of  
March 3, 1879.

The Post City Post issued  
teen page booster edition last  
week, entitled, "Garza county,  
where it is, and what it is." It is  
a humdinger, and a credit to any  
newspaper office. Besides it tells  
the truth in a way that cannot be  
contradicted—by actual photo-  
graphs. Congrats Hal.

The vital statistics report for  
Texas for the month of July show  
some interesting figures. There  
were a total of 4616 white, and  
355 black, children born. Of  
which 128 white and 33 black  
were still born. And 1863 white  
and 397 black persons died during  
the same period. These figures  
show a decrease in the negro race  
of 75, while the white race shows  
an increase of 2,625. The popu-  
lation of Texas July 30th was  
4,343,710 souls. During this

### PROFESSIONAL

C. H. CAIN  
Lawyer

Office in old First National Bank  
Building

Tahoka Texas

M. M. HERRING

Lawyer and Abstractor  
Office over Postoffice

Tahoka Texas

C. P. GENTRY  
Jewelry

All Repair Work Guaranteed  
Office in Parkhurst Bldg.

Tahoka Texas

DR. J. R. SINGLETON  
DENTIST

Permanently Located

Tahoka Texas

DR. E. H. INMON

Physician & Surgeon

Tahoka Texas

Dr. J. H. McCoy

Physician and Surgeon

Office over Tahoka Drug Co.  
Office 23 Phone Res. 108

## Blacksmithing

Plows made any  
size, wagon and  
buggy work done  
Satisfaction  
Guaranteed at

J. Macfarlane's  
South of Square

There's 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 constitu-  
tional disease, and therefore requires  
constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh  
Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney &  
Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitu-  
tional cure on the market. It is taken in-  
ternally in doses from 10 drops to a tea-  
spoonful. 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 tes-  
timonials.

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

period, tuberculosis of the lungs  
was the leading cause of death,  
having 240 victims charged to it  
with 36 new cases, disentry held  
second place with 221 victims.

### Heard In A Tahoka Restaurant.

Three men eating beefsteak.  
"First steak I've had in a long  
time."

"Same here. Good and tender  
too."

"Now, back East they nearly  
always order fish or shrimps."

"Shrimp is a bug I never ate."  
I never shrimped much myself."

Miss Rescola, and Henry Mc-  
Daniel left Monday morning for  
Abilene, where they will enter  
Simmons College.

### Draw Revival

O'Donnell, Tex., 9-8-1915.

The Lynn County News,  
Tahoka, Tex.

Dear News:

Our meeting in the new Metho-  
dist church at Draw, closed out  
last Thursday night. It followed  
the dedication service which was  
held Sunday, August 22.

The services which lasted twelve  
days, will long be remembered be-  
cause of the good done. Twenty-  
four professed saving faith in  
Jesus Christ, and 17 united with  
the Methodist Church, with others  
perhaps to come in later. Several  
also will go to the Baptist Church  
perhaps. The Church, God's  
children, through the entire com-  
munity, were quickened, and  
their faith in the Old time Gospel  
of Christ to save from sin, just  
now, was wonderfully strengthened;  
and many homes were made  
glad because Christ had come into  
the home in a new and peculiarly  
precious way in that He came in  
saving and transforming power to  
individual members of such  
homes. As many as five homes  
having the last member saved who  
was of any size. This is very un-  
usual, even in great revivals.

May this be but the nucleus  
around which shall grow a strong  
community religiously, in the  
future. We hope that God may  
call one or more of the many  
strong young men who surrendered  
to Him into special service in  
His Kingdom.

Faternally,  
W. R. KIRKPATRICK, P. C.

### Jud Shaw's Economy

Jud Shaw sold shoes and seal-  
ing wax, and lamps, fishpoles and  
glue, tobacco, candles, gum, and  
tacks, slickers and sardines, too;  
dry goods and hams were in his  
line; he dealt in peas and beans;  
he kept the general store, in fine,  
—sold overalls and jeans; but Jud,  
somehow, he wasn't wise—  
"Couldn't afford to advertise."

Not that he harbored any  
grudge against his home town  
sheet; he was, as anyone might  
judge, a kindly man to meet; his  
customers he treated fair, and yet  
he prospered not; his goods were  
nonest, one could swear—he sim-  
ply was forgot; for Jud, somehow,  
he wasn't wise—"Couldn't afford  
to advertise."

Mail order firms from out of  
town, much wiser in their day,  
paid liberally for their renown,  
and gathered in the hay; their  
catalogs went everywhere; they  
advertised for trade; their name  
went forth with trumpet blare, and  
ah! the coin they made; couldn't  
afford, they were so wise, couldn't  
afford NOT to advertise.

Now, Jud's stuff was just as  
good; his prices were the same;  
the loss was ours; he simply would  
not spread abroad his name;  
thought townsfolks might have  
much preferred in their home mart  
to buy, of Jud Shaw they had  
never heard—you know the reason  
why, for Jud, somehow, he wasn't  
wise—"Couldn't afford to adver-  
tise!"

## Raised a Whopper

Never in the history of our  
country was there such a crop as  
has just been harvested, or is now  
ripening for the harvest. Never,  
we think, in all the history of the  
world was any nation so blest with  
bountiful yields, with bursting  
plenty.

How eloquent these items are,  
as taken from the latest govern-  
ment estimates: Corn, 2,920,000-  
000, against 2,672,904,000 last  
year, an increase of about 250,-  
000,000 bushels; wheat, 966,000,-  
000 bushels, an increase of 75,-  
000,000 over last year's banner  
crop; oats, 1,400,000,000 bushels  
an increase of 260,000,000.

We will have 4,000,000 tons of  
hay above the 1914 mowing and  
there will be 25,000,000 more  
bushels of potatoes in the great  
American bin. All down the line  
the story is the same, with per-  
haps the single exception of ap-  
ples.

With a prospect of for fair  
prices for most products, if Amer-  
ica does not have a record-break-  
ing prosperity during the next  
twelve months, we will have to  
abandon the theory that "good  
crops mean good times,"—Farm  
Life.

### JITNEY SUPPER

Saturday night of last week,  
quite a few of Tahoka's young  
people enjoyed a "jitney supper"  
at the home of H. C. Crie in east  
Tahoka.

The guests attended the picture  
show first, after which they re-  
paired to the Crie home, where  
they spent the evening in games  
and conversation. Came eleven  
o'clock, the guests assembled in  
the dining room and each assisted  
in the preparation of supper.

#### MENU.

Ham sandwiches	Potted ham
Pickles	Olives
Fresh fruit	Soda pop

### Back Door Revival

Vernon Record:

On Wednesday evening at the  
regular conference of the church  
a very successful back door revival  
was held. On account of flagrant  
non-fellowship, and open violation  
of the church covenant, eighty odd  
were excluded from the mem-  
bership of the church. This is the  
first step in the proper direction,  
and unless some marked improve-  
ments are noted in the very near  
future other revivals will follow.  
The names of ten others were dis-  
cussed in a serious way but after  
due deliberation were held in abey-  
ance until the convening of the  
next regular conference.

#### A PLEASANT SMILE

He was not rich in worldly goods:

No offices he held;  
In no one field it might be said  
Of him that he excelled;  
He managed but to get along,  
To march with rank and file,  
And yet he was unique in this—  
He had a pleasant smile.

While others careworn faces wore,  
He smiled his way through life;  
He'd had his share of trouble, too,  
Of worldly care and strife;  
But somehow furrows never came  
That mark the weary mile;  
His face a benediction was—  
He had a pleasant smile.

He made our burdens lighter seen;  
Our worries chased away;  
His cherry greeting always made  
A brighter, lighter day;  
What though he never rose to fame  
Or never made his pile?  
A monarch might have envied him  
He had a pleasant smile.

ORDER THAT JOB  
PRINTING TODAY  
And Give Us the Time to  
Take Pains With the Work

## Woman's World

The Exquisite "Little Lady"  
Who Interprets Barrie's Plays.



MISS MAUDE ADAMS.

You have seen her—seen her from  
"the front," as they say in stageland—  
perhaps as a little lad in green  
breeches, with a charming, wistful  
face, in his right hand Pandean pipes  
and whom the members of his band  
called Peter Pan, or, perchance, as a  
gypsy girl with mischief in her eyes  
and rowan berries in her hair, re-  
flect Lady Babbie, or, again, it may  
have been as one called Phoebe—Phoebe  
of the ringlets—whose home was in Qual-  
ity street. Or was it as the patient  
Maggie Wylie trying—oh, so hard—to  
implant just one little spark of hu-  
mor in the hopelessly humorless John  
Shand? Besides all these names and  
more which were thought out by a  
little man of Thrums and sent across  
the Atlantic to be made into very real  
people, she who created those charac-  
ters so dear to playgoers has still an-  
other name.

It's Maude Adams.  
Maude Adams and James Matthew  
Barrie—they are a unique and joy-  
ous combination. It scarcely seems  
that either could get along without the  
other. To interpret Barrie's subtle and  
delicious humor, with its ever present  
strain of tenderness, needs just such a  
winsome personality as the "little  
lady," as those who sit "in front" love  
to call her. And, without the Scotch  
playwright to build for her the most  
fascinating roles in the world, what,  
indeed, would Maude Adams do?  
But, though it is Barrie who builds  
the roles and writes the whimsical di-  
alogue of those who people his plays,  
it is Maude Adams who sees to it that  
these characters speak those lines and  
do those things which make them fully  
as real and quite as human as they  
were in the mind's eye of the man  
who conceived them. And this is not  
an easy task.

"It is my contemptible weakness,"  
writes Barrie of himself, "that if I  
say a character smiled vacuously I  
must smile vacuously; if he frowns or  
leers, I frown or leer; if he is a cov-  
ard or given to contortions, I cringe  
or twist my legs until I have to stop  
writing to undo the knot. I bow with  
him, eat with him and gnaw my mus-  
tache with him. If the character be a  
lady with an exquisite laugh I sud-  
denly terrify you by laughing exquisitely.  
One reads of the astounding versatility  
of an actor who is stout and lean on  
the same evening, but what is he to  
the author who is a dozen persons  
within the hour? Morally, I fear, we  
deteriorate. But this is a subject I  
may wisely edge away from."

And so after Mr. Barrie has played  
his part as dramatist Miss Adams'  
work has but begun. How she sets  
about her task is best told by the di-  
rector of her stage:

"When Miss Adams first receives a  
new play from Mr. Barrie she reads it  
over many times. She commits it to  
memory in its entirety. When this is  
accomplished she begins to visualize  
its characters from the most important  
to the most insignificant. Mentally she  
pictures first the segregated situations  
and then the entire action of the play.  
Her conception is always subject to  
subsequent changes, but, as a rule, she  
adheres to her original ideas. When  
she has mastered the play in the man-  
ner described the rehearsals are got  
under way. But these are conducted  
along lines quite different from the  
usual method pursued in stage work.  
Instead of dealing with the cast as a  
whole Miss Adams rehearses the prin-  
cipal characters individually. While  
this work is going on the minor char-  
acters are being taken care of by stage  
directors, who, for the sake of co-  
herency, impersonate the more im-  
portant, yet absent characters. Then  
comes the day when a complete re-  
hearsal is called and the remarkable  
part of this performance is that every  
detail of action and every part of the  
action fits together as splendidly as  
though the complete cast had been  
working side by side for a month.  
And the satisfying result is that en-  
thusiasm has not been dulled nor illu-  
sion dispelled by long and tiresome  
sessions where a more apt individual  
would often be made to wait upon one  
not so quick to perceive a given direc-  
tion."

Temple, Tex.—Esther Grant,  
11-years old, is the mother of a 7-  
pound baby girl. She is supposed  
to be the youngest mother known  
to medical science. Her step-  
father, being held in jail for the  
crime, committed suicide.—  
National News Agency.

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Tickets (2 admissions) will cost only \$3.25.



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## The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE  
The Well-Known Novelist and the  
Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration with the Pathe Players  
and the Eclectic Film Company

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### FIRST EPISODE

#### The Clutching Hand.

"There must be something new in order to catch criminals nowadays. The old methods are all right—as far as they go. But while we have been using them, criminals have kept pace with modern science."

Craig Kennedy laid down his news paper and filled his pipe with my tobacco. In college we had roomed together, had shared everything, even poverty, and now that Craig was a professor of chemistry in charge of the laboratory at the university and I had a sort of roving commission on the staff of the Star, we had continued our arrangement.

"It has always seemed strange to me," he went on slowly, "that no one has ever endowed a professorship in criminal science in any of the large colleges."

I tossed aside my own paper and retrieved the tobacco.

"Why should there be a chair in criminal science?" I replied argumentatively, settling back in my chair. "I've done my turn at police headquarters reporting, and I can tell you, Craig, it's no place for a college professor. Crime is—just crime. And as for dealing with it the great detective is born and bred to it. College professors for the sociology of the thing—yes; for the detection of it, give me a Byrnes."

"On the contrary," persisted Kennedy, his clean-cut features betraying an earnestness which I knew indicated that he was leading up to something of importance, "there is a distinct place for science in the detection of crime. Today we have professors of everything—why not professors of crime science?"

Still, as I shook my head dubiously, he hastened to clinch his point. "Colleges have got down to solving the hard facts of life, nowadays—pretty

nearly all, except one. They still treat crime in the old way, study its statistics and pore over its causes and the theories of how it can be prevented and punished. But as for running down the criminal himself, scientifically, relentlessly—bah! we haven't made enough progress to mention since the hammer and tongs method of your sainted Byrnes."

"Doubtless you will write a brochure on this most interesting subject," I suggested, "and let it go at that."

"No, I am serious," he replied, determined for some reason or other to make a convert of me. "I mean exactly what I say. I am going to apply science to the detection of crime, the same sort of methods by which we trace out the presence of a mysterious chemical or track down a deadly germ. And before I have gone far, I am going to enlist Walter Jameson as an aid. I think I shall need you in my business."

"How do I come in?" I asked.

"Well, for one thing, you will get a 'scoop,' a 'beat'—whatever you call it in that newspaper jargon of yours."

"Fortunately, Walter," he pursued, "the crime-hunters have gone ahead in science faster than the criminals. It's to be my job to catch criminals. Yours, it seems to me, is to show people how they can never hope to beat the modern scientific detective."

"Go as far as you like," I exclaimed, convinced at last.

And so it was that we formed this strange new partnership in crime science that has existed ever since.

"Jameson, here's a story I wish you'd follow up," remarked the managing editor of the Star to me one evening after I had turned in an assignment of the late afternoon.

He handed me a clipping from the evening edition of the Star, and I quickly ran my eye over the headline:

## "THE CLUTCHING HAND" WINS AGAIN.

NEW YORK MYSTERIOUS MASTER CRIMINAL PERFECTS ANOTHER COUP.

City Police Completely Baffled

"Here's this murder of Fletcher, the retired banker and trustee of the university," he explained. "Not a clue—except a warning letter signed with this mysterious clutching fist. Last week it was the robbery of the Haxworth jewels and the killing of old Haxworth. Again that curious sign of the hand. Then there was the dastardly attempt on Sherburne, the steel magnate. Not a trace of the assailant except this same clutching fist. So it has gone, Jameson—the most alarming and inexplicable series of murders that has ever happened in this country. And nothing but this uncanny hand to trace them by."

The editor paused a moment, then exclaimed: "Why, this fellow seems to take a diabolical—I might almost say pathological—pleasure in crimes of violence, revenge, avarice and self-protection. Sometimes it seems as if he delights in the pure devilry of the thing. It is weird."

He leaned over and spoke in a low, tense tone. "Strangest of all, the tip has just come to us that Fletcher, Haxworth, Sherburne and all the rest of these wealthy men were insured in the Consolidated Mutual Life. Now, Jameson, I want you to find Taylor Dodge, the president, and interview him. Get what you can, at any cost."

I had naturally thought first of Kennedy, but there was no time now to call him up and, besides, I must see Dodge immediately.

Dodge, I discovered over the telephone, was not at home nor at any of the clubs to which he belonged. Late though it was I concluded that he was at his office. No amount of persuasion could get me past the door, and, though I found out later and shall tell soon what was going on there, I determined, about nine o'clock, that the best way to get at Dodge was to go to his house on Fifth avenue, if I had to camp on his front doorstep until morning. The harder I found the story to get the more I wanted it.

With some misgivings about being admitted, I rang the bell of the splendid, though not very modern, Dodge residence. An English butler, with a nose that must have been his fortune, opened the door and gravely informed me that Mr. Dodge was not at home, but was expected at any moment.

Once in, I was not going lightly to give up that advantage. I bethought myself of his daughter Elaine, one of the most popular debutantes of the season, and sent in my card to her, on a chance of interesting her and seeing her father, writing on the bottom of the card: "Would like to interview Mr. Dodge regarding 'Clutching Hand.'"

Summoning up what assurance I had, which is sometimes considerable, I followed the butler down the hall as he bore my card. As he opened the door of the drawing-room, I caught a vision of a slip of a girl in evening clothes.

Elaine Dodge was both the ingenue and the athlete—the thoroughly modern type of girl—equally at home with tennis and tango, table talk and tea.

Near her I recognized from his pictures Harry Bennett, the rising young corporation lawyer, a mighty good-looking fellow, with an affable, pleas-

ing way about him, perhaps thirty-five years old or so, but already prominent and quite friendly with Dodge.

"Who is it, Jennings?" she asked.

"A reporter, Miss Dodge," answered the butler, glancing superciliously back at me. "And you know how your father dislikes to see anyone here at the house," he added deferentially to her.

"Miss Dodge," I pleaded, bowing as if I had known them all my life, "I've been trying to find your father all the evening. It's very important."

She looked up at me surprised and in doubt whether to laugh or stamp her pretty little foot in indignation at my stupendous nerve.

She laughed. "You are a very brave young man," she rippled with a roguish look at Bennett's discomfiture over the interruption of the tete-a-tete.

There was a note of seriousness in it, too, that made me ask quickly, "Why?"

The smile flitted from her face, and in its place came a frank earnest expression, which I later learned to like and respect very much. "My father has declared he will eat the very next reporter who tries to interview him here," she answered.

I was about to prolong the waiting time by some jolly about such a stunning girl not having by any possibility such a cannibal of a parent, when the rattle of the changing gears of a car outside told of the approach of a limousine.

The big front door opened and Elaine flung herself in the arms of an elderly, stern-faced, gray-haired man. "Why, dad," she cried, "where have you been? I missed you so much at dinner. I'll be so glad when this terrible business gets cleared up. Tell me. What is on your mind? What is it that worries you now?"

I noticed then that Dodge seemed wrought up and a bit unnerved, for he sank rather heavily into a chair, brushed his face with his handkerchief and breathed heavily. Elaine hovered over him solicitously, repeating her question.

With a mighty effort he seemed to get himself together. He rose and turned to Bennett.

"Harry," he exclaimed, "I've got the Clutching Hand!"

The two men stared at each other.

"Yes," continued Dodge, "I've found out how to trace it, and tomorrow I am going to set the alarms of the city at rest by exposing—"

Just then Dodge caught sight of me. For the moment I thought perhaps he was going to fulfill his threat.

"Who the devil—why didn't you tell me a reporter was here, Jennings?" he pattered indignantly, pointing toward the door.

Argument, entreaty, were of no avail. There was nothing to do but go.

At least, I reflected, I had the greater part of the story—all except the one big thing, however—the name of the criminal. But Dodge would know him tomorrow!

I hurried back to the Star to write my story in time to catch the last morning edition.

Meanwhile, if I may anticipate my story, I must tell of what we later learned had happened to Dodge so completely to upset him.

Ever since the Consolidated Mutual had been hit by the murders he had had many lines out in the hope of enmeshing the perpetrator. That night, as I found out the next day, he had at last heard of a clue. One of the company's detectives had brought in a red-headed, lame, partly paralyzed crook, who enjoyed the expressive moniker of "Limpy Red." Limpy Red was a gunman of some renown, evil-faced and, having nothing much to lose, desperate. Whoever the master criminal of the clutching hand might have been he had seen fit to employ Limpy, but had not taken the precaution of getting rid of him soon enough when he was through.

Therefore Limpy had a grievance, and now descended under pressure to the low level of snitching to Dodge in his office.

"No, governor," the trembling wretch had said as he handed over a grimy envelope, "I ain't never seen his face—but here is directions how to find his hangout."

As Limpy ambled out, he turned to Dodge, quivering at the enormity of his

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on his own desk, bearing that mysterious clutching hand!

He tore it open, and read in amazement:

"Destroy Limpy Red's instructions within the next hour."

Dodge gazed about in wonder. This was getting on his nerves. He determined to go home and rest.

Outside the house, as he left his car, pasted over the monogram on the door, he had found another note, with the same weird mark and the single word: "Remember!"

In spite of the pleadings of young Bennett, Dodge refused to take warning. In the safe in his beautifully fitted library he deposited Limpy's document in an envelope containing all the correspondence that had led up to the final step in the discovery.

It was late in the evening when I returned to our apartment and, not finding Kennedy there, knew that I would discover him at the laboratory. "Craig," I cried as I burst in on him. "I've got a case for you—greater than any ever before."

Kennedy looked up calmly from the rack of scientific instruments that surrounded him—test tubes, beakers, carefully labeled bottles.

"Indeed?" he remarked, coolly going back to his work.

"Yes," I cried. "It is a scientific criminal who seems to leave no clues."

Kennedy looked up gravely. "Every criminal leaves a trace," he said quietly. "If it hasn't been found, then it must be because no one has ever looked for it in the right way."

Still gazing at me keenly, he added: "Yes, I already knew there was such a man at large. I have been called in

that rather case—he was a trustee of the university, you know."

"All right," I exclaimed, a little nettled that he should have anticipated me even so much in the case. "But you haven't heard the latest."

"What is it?" he asked with provocative calmness.

"Taylor Dodge," I blurted out, "has the clue. Tomorrow he will track down the man!"

Kennedy fairly jumped as I repeated the news.

"How long has he known?" he demanded eagerly.

"Perhaps three or four hours," I hazarded.

Kennedy gazed at me steadily.

"Then Taylor Dodge is dead!" he exclaimed, throwing off his acid-stained laboratory jacket, and hurrying into his street clothes.

"Impossible!" I ejaculated.

Kennedy paid no attention to the objection. "Come, Walter," he urged. "We must hurry before the trail gets cold."

There was something positively uncanny about Kennedy's assurance. I doubted—yet I feared.

It was well past the middle of the night when we pulled up in a night-hawk taxicab before the Dodge house, mounted the steps and rang the bell.

Jennings answered sleepily, but not so much so that he did not recognize me. He was about to bang the door shut when Kennedy interposed his foot.

"Where is Mr. Dodge?" asked Kennedy. "Is he all right?"

"Of course he is—in bed," replied the butler.

Continued on next page



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"Don't Let On How You Found Out!"

unpardonable sin in gangland: "For God's sake, governor," he implored, "don't let on how you found out!"

And yet Limpy Red had scarcely left with his promise not to tell, when Dodge, happening to turn over some papers, came upon an envelope left

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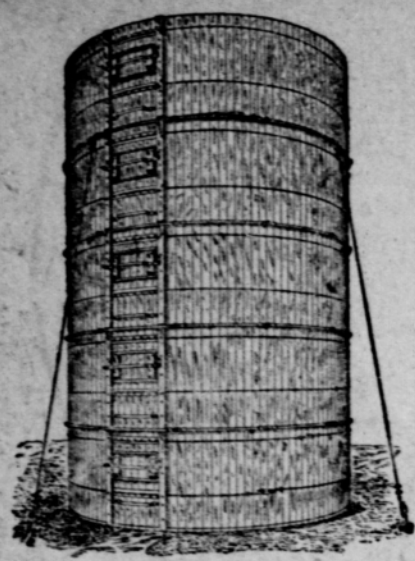
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## The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By **ARTHUR B. REEVE**

The Well-Known Novelist and the  
Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Company

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Just then we heard a faint cry, like nothing exactly human. Or was it our heightened imaginations, under the spell of the darkness?

"Listen!" cautioned Kennedy. We did, standing there now in the hall. Kennedy was the only one of us who was cool. Jennings' face blanched, then he turned tremblingly and went down to the library door, whence the sounds had seemed to come.

He called, but there was no answer. He turned the knob and opened the door. The Dodge library was a large room. In the center stood a big, flat-topped desk of heavy mahogany. It was brilliantly lighted.

At one end of the desk was a telephone. Taylor Dodge was lying on the floor at that end of the desk—perfectly rigid—his face distorted—a ghastly figure. A pet dog ran over, sniffed frantically at his master's legs and suddenly began to howl dismally.

Dodge was dead!  
"Help!" shouted Jennings. Others of the servants came rushing in. There was, for the moment, the greatest excitement and confusion.

Suddenly a wild figure in flying garments flitted down the stairs and into the library, dropping beside the dead man, without seeming to notice us at all.

"Father!" shrieked a woman's voice, heart-broken. "Father! Oh—my God—he—he is dead!"

It was Elaine Dodge. With a mighty effort, the heroic girl seemed to pull herself together.

"Jennings," she cried, "call Mr. Bennett—immediately!" From the one-sided, excited conversation of the butler over the telephone, I gathered that Bennett had been in the process of disrobing in his own apartment uptown, and would be right down.

Together, Kennedy, Elaine and myself lifted Dodge to a sofa and Elaine's aunt, Josephine, with whom she lived, appeared on the scene, trying to quiet the sobbing girl.

Kennedy and I withdrew a little way, and he looked about curiously.

"What was it?" I whispered. "Was it natural, an accident, or—murder?" The word seemed to stick in my throat. If it was a murder, what was the motive? Could it have been to get the evidence which Dodge had that would incriminate the master criminal?

Kennedy moved over quietly and examined the body of Dodge. When he rose his face had a peculiar look.

"Terrible!" he whispered to me. "Apparently he had been working at his accustomed place at the desk when the telephone rang. He rose and crossed over to it. See! That brought his feet on this register let into the floor. As he took the telephone receiver down a flash of light must have shot from it to his ear. It shows the characteristic electric burn."

"The motive?" I queried. "Evidently his pockets had been gone through, though none of the valuables were missing. Things on his desk show that a hasty search has been made."

Just then the door opened and Bennett burst in.

As he stood over the body, gazing down at it, repressing the emotions of a strong man, he turned to Elaine, and in a low voice exclaimed: "The Clutched Hand did this. I shall consecrate my life to bring this man to justice!"

He spoke tensely, and Elaine, looking up into his face, as if imploring his help in her hour of need, unable to speak, merely grasped his hand.

Kennedy, who, in the meantime, had stood apart from the rest of us, was examining the telephone carefully.

"A clever crook," I heard him mutter between his teeth. "He must have worn gloves. Not a finger print—at least here."

Perhaps I can do no better than to reconstruct the crime as Kennedy later pieced these startling events together.

Long after I had left and even after Bennett left, Dodge continued working in his library, for he was known as a prodigious worker.

Had he taken the trouble, however, to pause and peer out into the moonlight that flooded the back of his house, he might have seen the figures of two stealthy crooks crouching in the half shadows of one of the cellar

windows, one crook, at least, masked.

The masked crook held in his hands carefully the ends of two wires attached to an electric feed, and, sending his pal to keep watch outside, he entered the cellar of the Dodge house through a window, whose pane they had carefully removed. As he came through the window he dragged the wires with him, and, after a moment's reconnoitering, attached them to the furnace pipe of the old-fashioned hot-air heater, where the pipe ran up through the floor to the library above. The other wire was quickly attached to the telephone where its wires entered.

Upstairs Dodge, evidently uneasy in his mind about the precious Limpy Red letter, took it from the safe along with most of the other correspondence and, pressing a hidden spring in the wall, opened a secret panel and placed most of the important documents in this hiding place.

Downstairs the masked master criminal had already attached a voltmeter to the wires he had installed, waiting.

Just then could be heard the tinkle of Dodge's telephone, and the old man rose to answer it. As he did so he placed his foot on the iron register, his hand taking the telephone and the receiver. At that instant came a powerful electric flash. Dodge sank on the floor, clutching the instrument, electrocuted.

A moment later the criminal slid silently into Dodge's room. Carefully putting on rubber gloves and avoiding touching the register, he wrenched the telephone from the grasp of the dead man, replacing it in its normal position. Only for a second did he pause to look at his victim as he destroyed the evidence of his work.

Minutes were precious. First Dodge's pockets, then his desk engaged his attention. There was left the safe.

As he approached the strong box, the master criminal took two vials from his pocket. Removing a bust of Webster that stood on the safe, he poured the contents of the vials in two mixed masses of powder, forming a heap on the safe, into which he inserted two magnesium wires.

He lighted them, sprang back, hiding his eyes from the light, and a blinding gush of flame, lasting perhaps ten seconds, poured out from the top of the safe.

It was not an explosion, but just a dazzling, intense flame that sizzled and crackled. It seemed impossible, but the glowing mass was literally sinking, sinking down into the cold steel. At last it burned through—as if the safe had been of tinder!

Without waiting a moment longer than necessary, the masked criminal advanced again and actually put his hands down through the top of the safe, pulling out a bunch of papers. Quickly he thrust them all, with just a glance, into his pocket.

Still working quickly, he took the bust of the great orator, which he had removed, and placed it under the light. Next, from his pocket he drew two curious stencils, as it were, which he had apparently carefully prepared. With his hands, still carefully gloved, he rubbed the stencils on his hair, as if to cover them with a film of natural oils. Then he deliberately pressed them over the statue in several places. It was a peculiar action, and he seemed to fairly glow over it when it was done and the bust returned to its place, covering the hole.

As noiselessly as he had come, he made his exit after one last malignant look at Dodge. It was now but the work of a moment to remove the wires he had placed and climb out of the window, taking them and destroying the evidence down in the cellar.

A low whistle from the masked crook, now again in the shadow, brought his pal stealthily to his side. "It's all right," he whispered hoarsely to the man. "Now you attend to Limpy Red."

The villainous looking pal nodded and, without another word, the two made their getaway, safely, in opposite directions.

When Limpy Red, still trembling, left the office of Dodge earlier in the evening, he had repaired as fast as his shambling feet would take him to his favorite dive up on Park Row.

Had the Bowery "sinkers" not got into his eyes he might have noticed among the late revelers a man who spoke to no one, but took his place near by at the bar.

Limpy had long since reached the point of saturation and lurching forth from his new found cronies he sought other fields of excitement. Likewise did the newcomer, who bore a strange resemblance to the lookout who had been stationed outside at the Dodge house a scant half hour before.

What happened later was only a matter of seconds—and waiting until the hated snitch—for gangdom hates the informer worse than anything else dead or alive—had turned a sufficiently dark and deserted corner.

A muffled thud, a stifled groan followed as a heavy section of lead pipe wrapped in a newspaper descended on the crass skull of Limpy.

It was the vengeance of the Clutched Hand—swift, sure, remorseless.

And yet it had not been a night of complete success for the master criminal, as anyone might have seen who could have followed his sinuous route to a place of greater safety. Unable to wait longer, he pulled the papers he had taken from the safe from his pocket. His chagrin at finding most of them to be blank found only one expression of foiled fury—that menacing clutching hand—the real one!

Kennedy had turned from his futile examination for marks on the telephone. There stood the safe, a moderate sized strong box, but of a modern type. He tried the door. It was locked. There was not a mark on it. The combination had not been tampered with. Nor had there been any attempt to "soup" the safe.

With a quick motion he felt in his pocket as if looking for gloves. Finding none, he glanced about and seized two pieces of paper from the desk.

With them, in order not to confuse any possible finger prints on the bust, he lifted it off.

I gave a gasp of surprise. There, in the top of the safe, yawned a gaping hole, through which one could have thrust his arm!

"What is it?" we asked, crowding about him.

"Thermit," he replied laconically.

"Thermit?" I repeated.

"Yes—a compound of iron oxide and powdered aluminum, invented by a chemist at Essen, Germany. It gives a temperature of over five thousand degrees. It will eat its way through the strongest steel."

Jennings, his mouth wide open with wonder, advanced to take the bust from Kennedy.

"No—don't touch it," he waved him off, laying the bust on the desk. "I want no one to touch it—don't you see how careful I was to use the paper, that there might be no question about any clue this fellow may have left on the marble?"

As he spoke, Craig was dusting over the surface of the bust with some black powder.

"Look!" exclaimed Craig suddenly.

"Finger prints!" I cried excitedly.

"Yes," nodded Kennedy, studying them closely. "A clue—perhaps."

"What—those little marks—a clue?" asked a voice behind us.

I turned and saw Elaine looking over our shoulders, fascinated. It was evidently the first time she had realized that Kennedy was in the room.

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"How can you tell anything by that?" she asked.

"Why, easily," he answered, picking up a glass paper weight which lay on the desk. "You see, I place my finger on this weight—so. You could see it even without the powder on this glass. Do you see those lines? There are various types of markings—four general types—and each person's markings are different, even if of the same general type—loop, whorl, arch or composite."

He continued working as he talked. "Your thumb marks, for example, Miss Dodge, are different from mine. Mr. Jameson's are different from both of us. And this fellow's finger prints are still different. It is mathematically impossible to find two alike in every respect."

Kennedy was holding the paper weight near the bust as he talked. I shall never forget the look of blank amazement on his face as he bent over closer.

"My God!" he exclaimed excitedly, "this fellow is a master criminal! He has made stencils or something of the sort on which, by some mechanical process, he has actually forged his hitherto infallible finger prints!"

I, too, bent over and studied the marks on the bust and those Kennedy had made on the paper weight to how Elaine.

**THE FINGER PRINTS ON THE JUST WERE KENNEDY'S OWN.**  
(TO BE CONTINUED)

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