

ynn County News

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10, 1905, at the post office at Tahoka
Texas, under the Act of Congress of
March 3, 1879.

A stitch in time saves nine—A
y killed now prevents the exist-
ence of one million. Do we need
to tell you what to do?

Precincts in Dickens County,
will vote January 16th on \$12,000
bond issue, to be used to grade
and maintain the Ft Worth-Roswell
highway thru that county. A move
in the right direction. Other plains
counties including our own should
profit by Dickens' example.

Compared with nine other states,
Texas farmers produce the least
percent of their provisions, spend
more and live not so well. Make
the farm a home instead of a treat-
ment and the boys will not flock to
the city.

"What will women do when
they acquire universal suffrage?"
Recently inquires one of our hen-
checked husbands. Vote—and
wear pants.—Ex.

We thought, "vote" was all
they didn't do, but maybe we
don't know.

The University of Texas has in-
stalled a laboratory and apparatus
for the testing of road material.
This laboratory is at the disposal
of the communities of the state
who care to test out their road
material, to ascertain its wearing
resistance.

A. Reddoch, a beggar woman
accompanied by a small boy, was
in Tahoka Tuesday. As is the case
generally in a western town, she
was seldom turned down. A fel-
low can hardly refuse one, because
if they are really in need of assis-
tance, it is not only the duty, but
should be a pleasure to help one.
However, there are so many fakirs
going the rounds now that there
should be some way to determine
between the meritorious unfortunate
and the grafter.

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

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General Medicine and Surgery
Rooms in 1st Nat'l. Bank Bld'g.
LUBBOCK, TEXAS

W. D. BROWN Perry Spencer

BENSON & SPENCER
Attorneys-at-Law

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

Complete set abstracts Lub-
bock, Hockley and Cochran
Counties in office.

DR. J. B. SINGLETON
DENTIST

Permanently Located
Tahoka, Texas

**FARMER RADFORD ON
WOMAN SUFFRAGE.**

The home is the greatest contri-
bution of women to the world,
and the hearthstone is her throne.
Our social structure is built
around her, and social righteous-
ness is in her charge. Her beau-
tiful life lights the skies of hope
and her refinement is the charm
of twentieth century civilization.
Her graces and her power are
the cumulative products of gen-
erations of queenly conquest, and
her crown of exalted womanhood
is jeweled with the wisdom of
saintly mothers. She has been a
great factor in the glory of our
country, and her noble achieve-
ments should not be marred or
her hallowed influence blighted
by the coarser duties of citizen-
ship. American chivalry should
never permit her to bear the bur-
dens of defending and maintain-
ing government, but should pre-
serve her unsullied from the al-
lied influences of politics, and
protect her from the weighty re-
sponsibilities of the sordid affairs
of life that will crush her ideals
and lower her standards. The
motherhood of the farm is our
inspiration, she is the guardian
of our domestic welfare and a
guide to a higher life, but direct-
ing the affairs of government is
not within woman's sphere, and
political gossip would cause her
to neglect the home, forget to
mend our clothes and burn the
biscuits.

Far be it from us to put our in-
terest up against that of the good
Saint Peter (Radford). But the
above sure gives us a pain where
the chinaman wears his heart.
We repeat the following just for
emphasis:

"**and her noble achievements
should not be marred or her hal-
lowed influence blighted by the
coarser duties of citizenship.

"American chivalry should
never permit her to bear the bur-
dens of defending and maintain-
ing government, but should preserve
her unsullied from the allied in-
fluences of politics, and protect her
from the weighty responsibilities
of the sordid affairs of life that
will crush her ideals and lower her
standards."

Such drivel is enough to sicken
the most hardened ward heeler.

Chivalry,—tommyrot. It is all
right for the woman to slop the
hogs, cut the wood, pack the
water, milk, scrub and cook till
the crack of doom, but we must
not let the sordid things etc. crush
her ideals and lower her standards,
Bah!

Ethics vs Justice

Do not get the idea we are rais-
a kick, we merely make mention
of a little matter that came to our
attention this week. It is not
consistent with so-called profession-
al ethics for physicians and sur-
geons to advertise. To this we
merely remark, every profess to
its own likin' as the old woman
said when she kissed the cow.
But a doctor owes it to the town to
carry a card in the paper the same
as he paints a sign on his window.
We cite the following as reason
for this statement.

In our mail we have frequent
requests for sample copies from
would be in migrants. One recip-
ient of a sample copy asks, "Why
do you have no doctors in Tahoka;
I notice outside specialists carry a
card but no resident physician."
Naturally a fellow would not care
to come to a place where he could
not get medical attention, should
he need it. Do you think this
fair Docs.

OIL STOVE EXPLODED

Sunday morning at about 3:30
o'clock, an oil stove exploded in
the central office of the Southwest-
ern Telegraph and Telephone
Company at this place and had it
not been for the cool prompt action
of Miss Florence Brooks who
speedily disposed of the burning
stove at a great risk to her own
safety, there would have been a
very serious fire in which the entire
telephone plant would have been
destroyed.

Miss Brooks will no doubt be re-
membered very handsomely by the
company for her heroic act.—Avalanche.



Big Ben

the clock you've read
so much about in the
magazines, arrived in
our store yesterday with
23 brothers.

They're the finest alarm
clocks we've ever laid eyes
on. They're built right
and right from the ground
up. We're practical clock
men and we know.

They'll be in our window
for the rest of the week and
we wish you'd come in and
look them over.

\$2.50

**Thomas Bros.
Drug Comp'ny**

While Going Up In The World

Be courteous to your enemy—
talk little, try hard and smile.
Opportunity knocks for early
risers, seldom for late sitters.

Every man has a Klondyke in
his own brain—keep digging.

Write your letter when angry,
but don't mail it till next day.

Don't carry your wishbone where
your backbone ought to be.

There's room at the top, but it's
hard work climbing.

Believe not all you hear, Tell
not all you know.—Selected.

Not The Right Answer

Mother (to Johnnie who has
come home from school with tear-
stained eyes)—What's the trouble
today?

Johnnie (blubbing)—Teacher
asked me how much a million was,
and I said, "A hell of a lot."
It wasn't the right answer.

Mrs. Fanny Denny McChristy
died at Richland Springs January
3, 1915. She was the twentieth
child of her father, and was 75
years old at the time of her death.

Rev. Ledger filled his regular
appointment at Slaton Sunday.
He returned on the Monday even-
ing train.

Paul Miller returned Monday
evening from Plainview, where he
took his wife last week to undergo
an operation for appendicitis.
Mrs. Miller was resting well at
the last report. Drs. Turentine,
Tahoka, and Miller, Lamesa, ac-
companied Mr. and Mrs. Miller to
the Sanitarium, but returned last
week.

W. M. (Pap) Moore, of the
Morgan neighborhood, came down
on the local Monday eve to visit
and transact business.

**ASK
For Special
RATES
To All State
Conventions.**

J. M. Hughes, Agt.

NEW GAME LAW

A new game law that should be
passed by all States would contain
the following.

Book agents may be shot between
October 1 and September 1; Spring
Poets from March 1 to June 1;
Automobile Speed Demons from
January 1 to January 1; Road Hogs
from April 15 to April 15; Amateur
Hunters from September 1 to Feb-
ruary 1; War Talkers no closed
season: Any man who accepts a
paper for two years and then, when
the bill is presented, says 'I never
ordered it,' may be killed on sight
and shall be buried face downward
in quicklime so as to destroy the
germs and prevent the spread of
infection.—Ex.

RILEY CASE ENDED

The verdict of the jury in the
case of State vs. E. M. Riley for
the alleged murder of I. W. Smith
in 1913 ended the case this morn-
ing.

The case went to the jury last
night after eight o'clock, after the
attorneys had finished their argu-
ment in a night session. The ver-
dict being guilty and punishment
assessed at five years imprisonment,
with a suspended sentence recom-
mended.

This case has been on trial ever
since the 28th of December and
every point was thoroughly inves-
tigated, by the defense as well as
the State.

Dr. Riley, under the conditions
of a procedure of this kind gave
bond in the sum of \$5,000 for good
behavior during the term of years
covering the sentence, otherwise
he goes free.—Avalanche.

**Pile Up Your Money
For a Rainy
Day!**



ONE of the queerest things about some people is that they will not
follow GOOD ADVICE when they KNOW they OUGHT TO.
Perhaps we are all more or less that way. All the wise men of
all ages have urged their fellow beings to PUT AWAY SOMETHING
for a RAINY DAY. Good old Benjamin Franklin's sayings on economy
and saving alone ought to make a bank book holder of EVERY ONE.
If you have DELAYED, suppose you act HONESTLY with YOUR-
SELF RIGHT NOW.

First National Bank

Of Tahoka, Texas

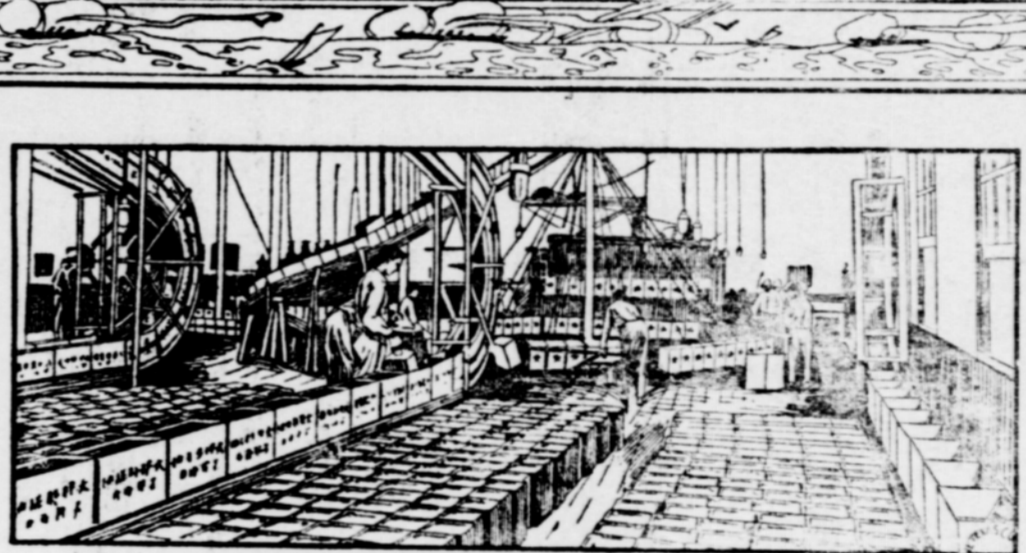
RUMOR HAS IT

We gather from the talk of em-
ployees in and around Post, Texas,
that during the coming year, an
overall factory, a duck mill and
another million dollar cotton mill
will be erected in Post. Post al-
ready boast of the only mill in the
United States that takes the seed
cotton out of wagon and turns it
out in sheets and pillow cases
ready to use. The seat of empire
is moving westward, and West
Texas is coming into her own.

OUTWITTED

He drew a circle and shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in,
Edwin Markham.

Mrs. Oscar Rutledge, left Sat-
urday morning for her home in
Amarillo, Miss Totsie, as Mrs.
Rutledge is familiarly known, is a
great favorite here and her friends
miss her equally, with her father
and mother, Mr. and Mrs. S. S.
Ramsey.



**Texas Factory Makes
Over Two Thousand
Cans Per Hour**

Over eight hundred miles of cans were manufactured last year
in Texas by The Texas Company to supply the requirements of
its business in other countries.

In that huge factory at Port Arthur, Texas, supplied with the most
modern machinery and equipment, covering a large area of ground,
built of concrete and arranged to give the most favorable working
conditions, the busy workmen are making over 2000 cans per hour.

This is merely a small part of the requirements in labor and output
necessary for the conduct of a business like The Texas Company,
shipping the oil products manufactured in this State to countries
all over the world.

Besides these, there are thousands upon thousands of wooden
barrels to be made, wagons to be secured, tanks to be built and
innumerable carloads of supplies, tools, machinery and equipment.

Even the printing of stationery and supplies is sufficient to keep
a number of print shops moving.

Wherever possible all these incidental requirements are filled from
Texas factories. The making of cans and wooden cases, the
manufacture of wooden barrels and a number of the other items
give labor to a large number of Texas citizens, and bring money
from all over the world to Texas.

Quality and service are as much a part of the equipment of The
Texas Company as they are of its goods, and the Star and Green
T emblem of The Texas Company is the sign of this quality. Buy
the goods marked with the Red Star and Green T.

The Texas Company
General Offices: Houston, Texas



COMFORT FOR COLD WEATHER

Can be secured by using
Our Hard Lump Coal
 All other grades handled at peace prices.
Grain, Hay, Meal Cake and Salt
 Sold in large and small quantities.
Edwards Coal & Grain Co.,
 By The Railroad Track Phone 14

The Last Shot

By FREDERICK PALMER

that the Brown artillery fire drove retreating bodies, prodding them in the back with the fearful shepherdry of their shells. Officers' swords flashed in the faces of the bolters or in holding rear-guards to their work. Officers and orderlies were galloping hither and thither with messages, in want of wires. Commanders had been told to hold, but how and where to hold? They saw neighboring regiments and brigades going and they had to go. The machine, the complicated modern war machine, was broken; the machine, with its nerves of intelligence cut, became a thing of disconnected parts, each part working out its own salvation. Authority ceased to be that of the bureau and army lists. It was that of units racked by hardship, acting on the hour's demand.

Gorged was the pass road, overflowing with the struggling tumult of men and vehicles. Self-preservation breaking the bonds of discipline was in the ascendant, and it sought the highway, even as water keeps to the river bed. Like specks on the laboring tide was the white of bandages. An ambulance trying to cut out to one side was overturned. The frantic chauffeur and hospital-corps orderly were working to extricate the wounded from their painful position. A gun was overturned against the ambulance. A melee of horses and men was forming at the foot of the garden gate in front of the narrowing bounds of the road into the town, as a stream banks up before a jam of driftwood. The struggle for right of way became increasingly wild; the dam of men, horses, and wagons grew. A Brown dirigible was descending toward the great target; but on closer view its commander forbore, the humane impulse outweighing the desire for retribution for colleagues in camp and mess who had gone down in a holocaust in the aerial battles of the night. Under the awful spell of the panorama, she did not see Westerling, who

Fine Stock Of The Best LUMBER

We have Ever had Wire, Posts, Paints Glass, and Oils, Star Mills and pipe
McAdam Lbr. Co.

When It Is To Eat Or Wear--

We have one of the freshest, best selected stocks of **Staple and Fancy Groceries** to be found in Tahoka, and our prices will meet all competitors. **Dry Goods!** Well come and see them, and if you want to save money, we will make a deal.
S. N. McDaniel

had stopped only a few feet distant with his aide and his valet, nor did he notice her as the tumult glazed his eyes. He was an artist who looks on the ribbons of the canvas of his painting, or the sculptor on the fragments of his statue. Worse still, with no faith to give him fortitude except the materialistic, he saw the altar of his god of military efficiency in ruins. He who had not allowed the word retreat to enter his lexicon now saw a rout. He had laughed at reserve armies in last night's feverish defiance, at Turcas's advocacy of a slower and surer method of attack. In those hours of smiting at a wall with his fists and forehead, in denial of all the truth so clear to average military logic, if he had only even a few conventional directions all this disorder would have been avoided. His army could have fallen back in orderly fashion to their own range. The machine out of order he had attempted no repair; he had allowed it to trash itself to pieces.

The artillery's maceration of the human jam suddenly ceased; perhaps because the gunners had seen the Red Cross flag which a doctor had the presence of mind to wave. Westerling turned from a sight worse to him than the killing—that of the flowing retreat along the road pressing frantically over the dead and wounded in growing disorder for the cover of the town. Near by were Bellini, the chief of intelligence, and a subaltern who had arrived only a minute before. The subaltern was dust-covered. He seemed to have come in from a hard ride. Both were watching Marta, as if waiting for her to speak. She met Westerling's look steadily, her eyes dark and still and in his reflection of the vague realization of more than he had guessed in her relations with him.

"Well," she breathed to Westerling, "the war goes on!"

"That's it! That's the voice!" exclaimed the subaltern in an explosion of recognition.

A short, sharp laugh of irony broke from Bellini; the laugh of one whose suspicions are confirmed in the mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous. Marta looked around at the interruption, alert, on guard.

"You seem amused," she

furiously.

"No, but you must have been," replied Bellini hoarsely. "Early this morning, not far from the castle, this young officer found in the crater made by a ten-inch shell a wire that ran in a conduit underground. The wire was intact. He tapped it. He heard a voice hanking some one for her part in the victory, and it seems that the woman's voice that answered is yours, Miss Galland. So, General Westerling, the leak in information was over this wire from our staff into the Browns' headquarters, as Bouchard believed and as I came to believe."

So long had Marta expected this moment of exposure that it brought no shock. Her spirit had undergone many subtle rehearsals for the occasion.

"Yes, that is true," she heard herself saying, a little distantly, but very quietly and naturally.

Westerling fell back as from a blow in the face. His breath came hard at first, like one being strangled. Then it sank deep in his chest and his eyes were blood-shot, as a bull's in his final effort against the matador. He raised a quivering, clenched fist and took a step nearer her.

But far from flinching, Marta seemed to be greeting the blow, as if she admitted his right to strike. She was without any sign of triumph and with every sign of relief. Lying was at an end. She could be truthful.

"Do you recall what I said in the reception-room at the hotel?" she asked.

The question sent a flash into a hidden chamber of his mind. Now the only thing he could remember of that interview was the one remark which hitherto he had never included in his recollection of it.

"You said I could not win." He drew out the words painfully.

"When you said that you brought on this war to gratify your ambition, I chose to be one of the weapons of war; I fought for civilization, for my home, with the only means I had against the wickedness of a victory of conquest—the precedent of it in this age—a victory which should glorify such trickery as you practised on your people."

"I should like to shoot you dead!" cried Bellini.

"And you let me make love to you!" Westerling said in a dazed, groping monotone to Marta.

Such a wreck was he of his former self that she found it amazing that she could not pity him. Yet she might have pitied him had he plunged into the fight; had he tried to rally one of the broken regiments; had he been able to forget himself.

"Rather, you made love to yourself through me," she answered, not harshly, not even emphatically, but merely as a statement of passionless fact "If you dared to endure what you ordered others to endure for the sake of your ambition; if—"

She was interrupted by a sharp zip in the air. Westerling dodged and looked about wildly.

"What is that?" he asked. "What?"

Five or six zips followed like a charge of wasps flying at a speed that made them invisible. Marta felt a brush of air past her cheek and Westerling went chalky white. It was the first time he had been under fire. But these bullets were only strays. No more came.

"Come, general, let us be going!" urged the aide, touching his chief on the arm.

"Yes, yes!" said Westerling hurriedly.

Francois, who had picked up the coat that had fallen from Westerling's shoulders with his start at the buzzing, held it while his master thrust his hands through the sleeves.

"And this is wiser," said the aide, unfastening the detachable insignia of rank from the shoulders of the great-coat. "It's wiser, too, that we walk," he added.

"Walk? But my car!" exclaimed Westerling petulantly.

"I'm afraid that the car could not get through the press in the town," was the reply. "Walking, is safer."

The absence in him of that quality which is the soldier's real glory, the picture of this deserted leader, this god of a machine who had been crushed by his machine, his very lack of stoicism or courage—all this suddenly appealed to Marta's quick sympathies. They had once drunk tea together.

"Oh, it was not personal! I did not think of myself as a person or of you as one—only of principles and of thousands of others—to end the killing—to save our country to its people! Oh, I'm sorry and, personally, I'm horrible—horrible!" she called after him in a broken, quivering gust of words which he heard confusedly in tragic mockery.

He made no answer; he did not even look around. Head bowed and hardly seeing the path, he permitted the aide to choose the way, which lay across the boundary of the Galland estate.

CHAPTER XXI.
 The Retreat.

Marta remained where Westerling had left her, rooted to the ground by

J. N. JONES

Dealer In
Furniture and Undertaker's Supplies

City Garage

SERVICE CARS JEFF FLEMING, PROP. PHONE 33.
 All kinds of repair work done promptly, satisfactorily, reasonably. Gas and Oils.
 North of the Tahoka Hotel

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 the Santa Fe, Lynn County TEXAS

COULD SCARCELY WALK ABOUT

And For Three Summers Mrs. Vincent Was Unable to Attend to Any of Her Housework.

Pleasant Hill, N. C.—"I suffered for three summers," writes Mrs. Walter Vincent, of this town, "and the third and last time, was my worst.

I had dreadful nervous headaches and prostration, and was scarcely able to walk about. Could not do any of my housework.

I also had dreadful pains in my back and sides and when one of those weak, sinking spells would come on me, I would have to give up and lie down, until it wore off.

I was certainly in a dreadful state of health, when I finally decided to try Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I firmly believe I would have died if I hadn't taken it.

After I began taking Cardui, I was greatly helped, and all three bottles relieved me entirely.

"I fattened up, and grew so much stronger in three months, I felt like another person altogether."

Cardui is purely vegetable and gentle-acting. Its ingredients have a mild, tonic effect, on the womanly constitution.

Cardui makes for increased strength, improves the appetite, tones up the nervous system, and helps to make pale, sallow cheeks, fresh and rosy.

Cardui has helped more than a million weak women, during the past 50 years. It will surely do for you, what it has done for them. Try Cardui today.

Write for: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. J-65

Moving Pictures

The WORLD'S PASTIME

Saturday's Program

No. 1. That No Account Smith's Baby K.B.
 " 2. " " " " " "
 " 3. The High Grader Alliance.

Two Full Shows Commencing

Every Evening at 7:30 Saturday Matinee at 2:30

STAR THEATRE

Next To The Post Office

10 cents—Admission—10 cents

E. L. HOWARD MGR.

The monstrous spell of the developing panorama of seemingly limitless movement. With each passing minute there must be a hundred acts of heroism which, if isolated in the glare of a day's news, would make the public thrill. At the outset of the war she had seen the Browns, as part of a pre-conceived plan, in cohesive rear-guard resistance, with every detail of personal bravery a utilized factor of organized purpose. Now she saw defense, inchoate and fragmentary, each part acting for itself, all deeds of personal bravery lost in a swirl of disorganization. That was the pity of it; the helplessness of engineers and of levers when the machine was broken; the warning of it to those who undertake war lightly.

The Browns' rifle flashes kept on steadily weaving their way down the slopes, their reserves pressing close on the heels of the skirmishers in greedy swarms. A heavy column of Brown in-

fragger, who shook a handkerchief aloft in fatalistic submission to the inevitable, became the impulse of all. Soon a thousand white signals of surrender were blossoming. As the firing abruptly ceased, Marta heard the faint roar of the mighty buzzes of the hunt-

Continued on back page



fantry was swinging in toward the myriad-legged, writhing gray caterpillar on the pass road and many field-batteries were trotting along a parallel road. Their plan developed suddenly when a swath of gun-fire was laid across the pass road at the mouth of the defile, as much as to say: "Here we make a gate of death!" At the same time the head of the Brown infantry column flashed its bayonets over the crest of a hill toward the point where the shells were bursting. These men minded not the desperate, scattered rifle-fire into their ranks. Before their eyes was the prize of a panic that grew with their approach. Kinks were out of legs stiffened by long watches. The hot breath of pursuit was in their nostrils, the fever of victory in their blood.

In the defile, the impulse of one Gray

SNIDER keeps the best grades of COAL

Also bear in mind that when in need of Hay, Grain, Cottonseed Meal and Cake, Rock and Crushed Salt and Bundle Feed, the place to go is:

G. W. SNIDER'S
 2 blocks N. of N. W. Cor. Pub. Sq. Tahoka, Texas

G. L. Williams

Saddlery, Harness
 Repair Work a Specialty

GIVE ME A TRIAL

NORTH SIDE OF PUBLIC SQUARE TAHOKA, TEXAS

