

LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 12

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1915.

NUMBER 9

Saturday, October 30th Clean Up Day In Tahoka By Proclamation Of The Mayor

Building Progress About The City

And when the days of prosperity come upon us there shall be brick buildings, and rumors of brick buildings.

This week the rumor was about town that three new bricks would be erected on Well's corner. Interviewed by a News representative, Mr. Wells made the statement that while there were no contracts as yet signed up, he had had a proposition to build him a brick submitted that he could hardly turn down.

Mr. Wells declared that should he build a brick, there would be two more started at the same time on the two lots adjoining his on the north. I. S. Doak would build next the Wells brick and Charley Brown north of Doak.

The new home of the Star Theatre is rapidly approaching completion. Lacy & Redmond, decorators will finish up the stage and interior work by the last of this week, and the structural contractor will probably have the building ready for occupancy by the first of the coming month. E. L. Howard, owner of the Star, will install a late model motor driven projector in his new building.

Build along the most modern lines of theatre architecture, seated with opera chairs, finished inside with composition board and stucco tinted in colors restful to the eyes, ventilated by means of a suction and oscillating fans, equipped with a stage capable of accommodating a cast of twenty persons, Tahoka may boast of one of the classiest theatres on the Plains when the Star's new home is completed.

The contractor began the foundation Monday on the three bricks north of the new Star Theatre, and rapid progress is being made. Laying of the walls will be commenced before the first of the month. Already a goodly portion of the brick have arrived, and the draymen are still busy hauling.

In one of these new bricks, and we understand it is the one adjoining Parkhurst on the north, a complete line of gents furnishings will be installed. From semi-official sources the statement is given out that Olin of Slaton, is the man who will handle the stock. There has nothing, as yet, been given out as to who will occupy the third one of these buildings.

As soon as the ground can be cleared, dirt will be broken for the Knight & Brashers building on the site of the Tahoka Blacksmith shop.

CITY BAKERY.

Fresh bread, cakes, pies, cookies, doughnuts, always on hand. Order hot rolls by 9 a. m. for dinner. Baking to order at any time.

Also carry nice line of fresh candies and chewing gum.

Thanks for your patronage.

MRS. J. W. HINTON, Prop. Phone 57. 8 1t

Pupils save your tablet backs, they are worth Cash at Parkhurst Broken \$ Store. 6 9

Big line of mens suits just received. 3

H. M. Larkin.

Sweaters, Sweater Coats, Fall Shirts, all kinds. 3

See H. M. Larkin.

Contemplated Legislation City

As soon as Mayor Stokes returns from Lubbock, where he is attending the bedside of his wife who underwent an operation last week, there will be a call session of the city council to consider several new ordinances and transact some other city business.

Among these ordinances to be considered, is one of especial importance to parents and teachers, and should the meeting of the council not take place until Monday night, it would by no means be out of order for a committee from the Parent Teachers Club to be present. The ordinance referred to is the curfew. The draft of the ordinance places the age limit at eighteen, and the hour of the curfew will in all probability be set at nine o'clock. This is an ordinance that every parent should be glad to see written into the city laws. The street is not a fit playground for children at any time, and after nightfall the place for them is at home.

Another ordinance will be to make it unlawful for any person or persons to shoot across a street or public passage way within the city limits. Of course this is a violation of the State law and could be enforced by state officials, but if written into the city laws it will make the offences easier handled.

The council will also name a city health official.

Jacobs Chocolates—The finest candy at any price. 7 8
Thomas Bros.

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

Saturday at 2 p. m. we will give 25 cents in cash to the pupil returning the most of our tablet backs marked "Parkhurst Broken \$ Store." 6 9

4:46 o'clock Wednesday evening the city of Tahoka was startled by a detonation from an explosion that made one think some seige gun used in the trans-oceanic conflict had been discharged in our midst.

Coincident with the explosion and shock great clouds of smoke rose from the city garage on the south side of the square. The crowd which gathered instantly found that the cause of the commotion was the explosion of a thirty gallon steam tank filled with acetylene gas. Aside from practically demolishing the door, breaking a window and overturning a supply rack, little damage was done. The workmen saw the danger in time to escape the effect of the explosion.

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

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

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

Big assortment school supplies at Thomas Bros. 7 8

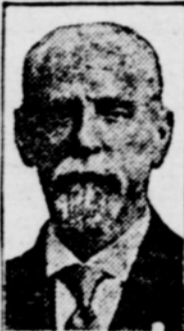
Scene From The Vampire, Sixth Episode Of THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE



Holding his Hand Over Elaine's Mouth to Prevent Her Screaming, He Snatched the Revolver Away Before She Could Fire It.

Peter Radford

On Advertise It In Texas.



As a citizen of Texas and one intensely interested in its material development, I want to add my approval to the "Buy It In Texas" movement. Commercial patriotism and business pride are the foundation stones of success in industry and no country can become supreme in commerce and trade without it fosters a spirit of friendship and partiality for its own products and institutions. It is the spirit of the hive that makes the wheels of industry turn and each community should be a progressive unit in our industrial universe. All things being equal the farmer should patronize the local merchant who is always a good citizen, a heavy taxpayer and friend of the farmer. The farmer ships train loads of raw material to out-of-state and foreign markets and factories that meet on their way car loads of finished and foreign grown products coming to Texas. Any effort to minimize this economic waste ought to be encouraged.

But as a farmer and a friend of the manufacturer and merchant I want to suggest an "Advertise It In Texas" movement. The manufacturer and jobber may blow loud blasts on the horn of patriotism but if they will put an "ad" in the newspapers of this state making a business presentation of their goods they will find it far more effective than waving the star-spangled banner.

The farmer is as much interested in the price of the things he has to buy as in the price of the things he has for sale and the advertising columns of his newspaper is his price list. The price is the thing and the farmer wants the figures in cold type. The politicians give him all the patriotic buncombe he cares for.

Business enterprise is a far more successful salesman than business patriotism and organized enterprise among merchants will become as important a revenue producer as organized patriotism among the people.

There are many most worthy organizations working to promote commerce and trade but we seldom find organized effort to promote the press, yet it is recognized as the most powerful agency for progress the world has ever produced. We have all sorts of days and why not have a press day and all Trades Days; Dollar Days; pay days and why not have a press day and all business concerns advertise the things they have to sell and everybody subscribe for the local paper and all delinquents pay a year in advance. There is nothing so elevating in civilization as the smile of an editor and nothing will contribute more toward the welfare of a community than the prosperity of the press.

The Farmers' Union is a friend of the press and its members subscribe for a liberal number of newspapers and periodicals and it is the best investment a farmer can make. There is no news so valuable as store news; no information so interesting as market demands and no tragedy so entertaining as the rise and fall of prices and no page more closely studied by the farmers than the advertising columns of the press.

See that your house is properly

protected before you put up your stoves for winter by letting me write your fire insurance in one of the ten old line companies I represent. D. A. Parkhurst, Agt., Tahoka. 8 9

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

NOTICE.

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

Lap Robes, Over Coats, Ladies Cloaks—Come and see them.
H. M. Larkin. 3

See our new line Tablets.—Parkhurst Broken \$ Store. 6 9

Remember Boys That Made It Go

When looking over this issue of the News pay especial attention to the advertisers. Remember that they are the ones who made the issuance of this reminder of the Clean Up Day possible, and their appearance in these columns stamp them as men and firms that have the growth and development of the city of Tahoka at heart.

Whenever you are in need of anything handled by them, remember that they are here with the goods, remember they make right that which is not right, remember that they extend accommodations when the out of town man turns a deaf ear. Patronize them when prosperity smiles upon you, and they will be in a position to extend you a helping hand when you need it. Patronize home industry every time, but give preference to those who advertise and lend their means to the upbuilding of your city.

Mrs. H. M. Larkin left Tuesday of last week for Dallas with baby Marguerite, to have her eyes treated, and her tonsils and adenoids operated on. The operation was performed Sunday, and the baby is doing fine.

Will We Clean Up Saturday Week?

By proclamation of the Mayor Saturday week is set apart as cleanup day within and for the city of Tahoka.

People, have we enough civic pride to clean our town Saturday, dress it in its best and let it take its stand among those towns of the great Southwest that are carving out a future for themselves by their indomitable spirit of progress.

Shall we clean up, or shall we be content to live in a trashy, dirty hole, repulsive at once to those who only pass thru because we lie between them and their destination, and to those who happen thru looking for a people and a land with and in which to cast their lot. Each citizen individually must answer.

We believe in the citizenship of Tahoka. We believe an overwhelming majority of them stand for progress, peace and purity. We can neither have progress, peace or purity without a clean town. You realize it and the whole world realizes it. Are you wit the majority? The close of Saturday October 30th will tell.

Boys and girls! Our Mayor has offered a cash prize of \$2 50 for the boy or girl that has the cleanest yard Saturday night, October 30th. Are you going to try for this money? If not, why not? Of course you are going to help your parents clean up the place, then why not have a try at the Mayor's \$2.50? Rake the yard clean and pile all trash and rubbish in a neat pile in the alley or side street, where the city wagon can get at it easy, and your rubbish will be carted away free of charge.

A Lynn County Booster's Method

Jacob Piewertz of Caldwell, arrived in Tahoka Monday, accompanied by Elo Weikel of Lee county. Mr. Piewertz is visiting his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Piwonka, and looking after his Lynn county holdings.

When Mr. Piewertz returned to Caldwell after his last trip up here, Mr. Weikel approached him and enquired of this country. Mr. Piewertz, known there as "that Lynn county booster" told him a few things about this country, and as a result, a few days ago Mr. Weikel declared it his intentions to come take a look for himself. Mr. Piewertz advised him thus: "You save the \$30 it would cost you to go and see. Sell out here, take your money to Lynn county and buy; You'll like it."

Mr. Weikel told a News reporter this: "In three days I had sold out lock stock and barrel, and as Mr. Piewertz was coming, I came with him. They have been showing me land for three days, and I have not seen an acre I did not want to own."

Mr. Weikel is not the first man to come here on Mr. Piewertz's advice, and he has never yet had one gr back dissatisfied.

Charley Coleman and Sam and Joe Powell all of Oglesby, Coryell county, came in Sunday to visit E. Lam, and look over Lynn county with a view to "bitin' off a hunk." They left Wednesday declaring that they would return and own a slice of this land. The Powell brothers will ship a threshing outfit to O'Donnell, immediately. Coleman declared that he would dispose of part of his property there, and return and invest in land here. He intends bringing back a party with him.

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

WEST TEXAS ABSTRACT CO.

Miss Bertha Bowder, Mgr. Office in Clerk's Office, Tahoka. Complete abstracts of Lynn County, and Tahoka Real Estate. 5 tf

PROGRAMME.

Parent-Teacher Club, Friday, October 29th, 1915.

Devotional Exercises—Rev. W. J. Durham.

The Necessity of Teaching Children School Sanitation—Miss Anita Jaeggle.

How Parents May Aid in the Preparation and Recitation of Daily Lessons—Mrs. C. H. Ledger.

The advantage and Disadvantage of School Vacation—Mrs. J. N. Jones.

The Mission of the Teacher—Prof. O. L. Weekly.

Concerning School Land Interest.

To those who pay interest on school land, it is suggested that they bring their last year's receipt with them when they come to make payment in order to avoid mistakes. It will perhaps be a small amount of trouble to hunt these receipts up and bring with you, but the time saved and mabe trouble will more than pay you to take the trouble.

SAVE YOUR CALVES

BY USING
BLACKLEGOIDS
TO VACCINATE AGAINST BLACKLEG.

Simple. Safe. Effective.

No dose to measure. No liquid to spill. No string to rot.
Simply a little pill to be injected under the skin.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLETS.
For Sale by

Thomas Bros. Drug Co.

W. C. HOGG RAYMOND DICKSON MIKE HOGG

HOGG, DICKSON & HOGG

We have every facility for handling consignments to your advantage, whether to sell on arrival or hold as long as you like.
Advances at six per cent.

COTTON FACTORIES HOUSTON

Town Lots

In The Business or Residence Section
Well Located--Priced Right

C. E. Brown Land Company

Land

In Large or Small Tracts Suitable for
Homesteads or Investments.

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

Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company. All Foreign Rights Reserved.

SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders of prominent men. The principal clue to the murderer is the warning letter which is sent the victims signed with a "clutching hand." The victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend Jameson, a newspaper man. Clutching Hand tries to kill Elaine by means of a diabolical device which generates a poison in the wall paper of her room that is deadly to breathe for any length of time. Again Kennedy's scientific knowledge is brought into play just in season to save the heroine from death.

SIXTH EPISODE

"The Vampire."

Kennedy went the next day to the Dodge house, and, as usual, Perry Bennett, Elaine's lawyer, was there in the library with Elaine, still going over the Clutching Hand case in their endeavor to track down the mysterious master criminal.

Bennett seemed as deeply as ever in love with Elaine. Still, as Jennings admitted Craig, it was sufficiently evident by the manner in which Elaine left Bennett and ran to greet Craig that she had the highest regard for him.

"I've brought you a little document that may interest you," remarked Kennedy, reaching into his pocket and pulling out an envelope.

Elaine tore it open and looked at the paper within.

"Oh, how thoughtful of you!" she exclaimed in surprise.

It was a permit from the police made out in her name allowing her to carry a revolver.

A moment later, Kennedy reached into his coat pocket and produced a little automatic which he handed to her.

"Thank you," she cried, eagerly.

Elaine examined the gun with interest, then, raising it, pointed it playfully at Bennett.

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Kennedy, taking her arm quickly and gently, deflecting the weapon away. "You mustn't think it is a toy. It explodes at a mere touch of the trigger—when that safety ratchet is turned."

Bennett had realized the danger and had jumped back, almost mechanically. As he did so, he bumped into a suit of medieval armor standing by the wall, knocking it over with a resounding crash.

"I beg pardon," he ejaculated, "I'm

very sorry. That was very awkward of me."

Jennings, who had been busy about the portieres at the doorway, started to pick up the fallen knight.

"Too bad, too bad," apologized Bennett profusely. "I really forgot how close I was to the thing."

"Oh, never mind," returned Elaine, a little crestfallen, "it is smashed all right—but it was my fault. Jennings, send for someone to repair it."

It was late that night that a masked figure succeeded in raising itself to the narrow ornamental ledge under Elaine's bedroom window.

Elaine was a light sleeper, and, besides, Rusty, her faithful collie, now fully recovered from the poison, was in her room.

Rusty growled and the sudden noise awakened her.

Startled, Elaine instantly thought of the automatic. She reached under her pillow, keeping very quiet, and drew forth the gun that Craig had given her. Stealthily concealing her actions under the covers, she leveled the automatic at the figure silhouetted in her window and fired three times. The figure fell back.

In the street below, the assistant of the Clutching Hand who had waited while Taylor Dodge was electrocuted, was waiting as his confederate, "Pitts Slim"—which indicated that he was both wiry in statura and libelous in delegating his nativity—made the attempt.

As Slim came tumbling down, having fallen back from the window above mortally wounded, the confederate lifted him up and carried him out of sight hurriedly.

Elaine, by this time, had turned on the lights and had run to the window to look out. Rusty was barking loudly.

In a side street near by stood a waiting automobile, at the wheel of which sat another of the emissaries of the Clutching Hand. The driver looked up, startled, as he saw his fellow hurry around the corner carrying the wounded "Pitts Slim." It was the work of just a moment to drop the wounded man, as comfortably as possible under the circumstances, in the rear seat, while his pals started the car off with a jerk in the hurry of escape.

Jennings, having hastily slipped his trousers on over his pajamas, came running down the hall, while Marie, frightened, came in the other direction.

His telephone rang and he took down the receiver.

"Pitts Slim's been wounded, badly, chief," was all he waited to hear.

With scarcely a word he hung up the receiver, then opened a table drawer and took out a full face mask. Next he went to a nearby bookcase, pressed another secret spring, and a panel opened. He passed through, the mask adjusted.

Across, in the larger outside study, another panel opened, and the Clutching Hand, all crouched up, transformed, appeared. Without a word he advanced to the couch on which the wounded crook lay, and examined him.

"How did it happen?" he asked at length.

"Miss Dodge shot him," answered the others, "with an automatic."

"That Craig Kennedy must have given it to her!" he exclaimed with suppressed fury.

For a moment the Clutching Hand stopped to consider. Then he seized the regular telephone.

"Doctor Martin?" he asked, as he got the number he called.

Late as it was, the doctor, who was a well-known surgeon in that part of the country, answered from an extension of his telephone near his bed.

The call was urgent, and apparently from a family which he did not feel that he could neglect.

Doctor Martin was a middle-aged

man, one of those medical men on whose judgment one instinctively relies.

It was only a matter of minutes before the doctor was speeding over the now deserted suburban roads, apparently on an errand of mercy.

At the address that had been given him he drew up to the side of the road, got out and ran up the steps to the door. A ring at the bell brought a sleepy man to the door, in his trousers and nightshirt.

"How's the patient?" asked Doctor Martin, eagerly.

"Patient!" repeated the man, rubbing his eyes. "There's no one sick here."

Slowly it dawned on the doctor that it was a false alarm, and that he must be the victim of some practical joke.

"Well, that's a great note," he growled, as the man shut the door.

He descended the steps, muttering harsh language at some unknown trickster. As he climbed back into his machine and made ready to start two men seemed to rise before him as if from nowhere.

As a matter of fact they had been sent there by the Clutching Hand, and were hiding in a nearby cellarway until their chance came.

One man stood on the running board, on either side of him, and two gins yawned menacingly at him.

"Drive ahead that way!" muttered one man, seating himself in the runabout with his gun close to the doctor's ribs.

The other kept his place on the running board, and on they drove in the direction of the mysterious, dark house. Half a mile, perhaps, down the road, they halted and left the car beside the walk.

Doctor Martin was too surprised to marvel at anything now, and he realized that he was in the power of two desperate men. Quickly they blindfolded him.

It seemed an interminable walk, as they led him about to confuse him, but at last he could feel that they had taken him into a house and along passages, which they were making unnecessarily long in order to destroy all recollection that they could.

Finally he knew that he was in a room in which others were present.

A moment later he felt them remove the bandage from his eyes, and, blinking at the light, he could see a hard-faced fellow, pale and weak, on a blood-stained couch. Over him bent a masked man and another man stood near by endeavoring by improvised bandages to stop the flow of blood.

"What can you do for this fellow?" asked the masked man.

Doctor Martin, seeing nothing else to do, for he was more than outnumbered now, bent down and examined him.

As he rose, he said, "He will be dead from loss of blood by morning, no matter if he is properly bandaged."

"Is there nothing that can save him?" whispered the Clutching Hand hoarsely.

"Blood transfusion might save him," replied the doctor. "But so much blood would be needed that whoever gives it would be liable to die himself."

Clutching Hand stood silent a moment, thinking, as he gazed at the man who had been one of his chief reliance. Then, with a menacing gesture, he spoke in a low, bitter tone:

"She who shot him shall provide the blood."

A few quick directions followed to his subordinates, and as he made ready to go he muttered, "Keep the doctor here. Don't let him stir from the room."

It was just before early daybreak when the Clutching Hand and his confederate reached the Dodge house in the city and came up to the back door, over the fences. As they stood there the Clutching Hand produced a master key and started to open the door. But before he did so he took out his watch.

"Let me see," he ruminated. "Twenty minutes past 4. At exactly half past I want you to do as I told you—see!"

The other crook nodded.

"You may go," ordered the Clutching Hand.

As the crook slunk away Clutching Hand stealthily let himself into the house. Noiselessly he prowled through the halls until he came to Elaine's door.

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CLEAN-UP

—AND You won't know the old place when you brighten it up with a few gallons of **HUGHES HOUSE PAINT!**
McAdams Lumber Co.



—Made by—
C. R. COOK PAINT CO.,
Kansas City, Mo.

Tahoka Blacksmith Shop

General Blacksmithing
And All 'Round Crook

H. C. SMITH, TAHOKA

He gave a hasty look up and down the hall. There was no sound. Quickly he took a syringe from his pocket and bent down by the door. Inserting the end under it, he squirted some liquid through, which vaporized rapidly in a wide, fine stream of spray. Before he could give an alarm Rusty was overcome by the noxious fumes, rolled over on his back and lay still.

Outside, the other crook was waiting, looking at his watch. As the hand slowly turned the half-hour he snapped the watch shut. With a quick glance up and down the deserted street, he deftly started up the rain pipe that passed near Elaine's window.

This time there was no faithful Rusty to give warning, and the second intruder, after a glance at Elaine, still sleeping, went quickly to the door, dragged the insensible dog out of the way, turned the key and admitted the Clutching Hand. As he did so he closed the door.

Evidently the fumes had not reached Elaine, or, if they had, the rush of fresh air revived her, for she waked and quickly reached for the gun. In an instant the other crook had leaped at her. Holding his hand over her mouth to prevent her screaming, he snatched the revolver away before she could fire it.

In the meantime the Clutching Hand had taken out some chloroform, and, rolling a towel in the form of a cone, placed it over her face.

When Elaine was completely under the influence of the drug they lifted

Continued on page seven

Notice of Sale of Real Estate Under Execution.

The State of Texas, County of Lynn. In the County Court of Tarrant County, Texas, for Civil Cases, James McCord Company Vs. Jack Alley et al.

Whereas, by virtue of an execution F1 Fa, issued out of the County Court of Tarrant County, Texas, for Civil Cases on a Judgment rendered in said Court on the 10th day of February A. D. 1914 in favor of the James McCord Company and against the said Jack Alley, E. Payne, Luke Riley and T. M. Bartley, No. 13240 on the Docket of said Court, I did on the 6th day of Oct. A. D. 1915 at 6 o'clock p. m. levy upon the following described tracts and parcels of land situate in the County of Lynn, State of Texas, and belonging to the said T. M. Bartley, to-wit:

All of Lots 4 and 6 in Blk. No. 13; Lots Nos. 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 12, 13 and 15 in

Blk. No. 32; All of Lots Nos. 9 and 10 in Blk. 33; Lots Nos. 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Blk. No. 35 and Lot No. 6 in Blk. No. 76 in the North Tahoka Addition to the original town of Tahoka in Lynn County, Texas, as shown by the plat of said town of record in Vol. 11 page 515, Deed Records of Lynn County, Texas, to which reference is here had for further description of said lots. Also all of the West half of the North-west one-fourth of Sur. No. 482, Cert. 462, Blk. 1, E. L. & R. R. R. Co., containing 80 acres in Lynn County, Texas. Also all of the West half and North-east one-fourth of Sur. 479, Blk. 1, Cert. 461, E. L. & R. R. R. Co., in Lynn County, Texas;

And on the 2nd day of November A. D. 1915, being the first Tuesday of said month, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. of said day at the court house door of said County I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash and the right, title, and interest of the said T. M. Bartley, Jack Alley, E. Payne and Luke Riley in and to said property.

Dated at Tahoka, this the 6th day of Oct. A. D. 1915.

F. E. Redwine, Sheriff of Lynn County, Texas, by S. W. Joplin, Deputy.

See that your house is properly protected before you put up your stoves for winter by letting me write your fire insurance in one of the ten old line companies I represent. D. A. Parkhurst, Agt., Tahoka. 89

FIRE INSURANCE.

See McMill Clayton for fire insurance in old line companies.

FOR SALE - Oliver Typewriter, in first class condition. - See Mrs. J. H. McCoy, at Wells' Store 56

JACOB'S "Made Last Night" Box Candies. A fresh shipment received every few days.

Thomas Brothers Drug Co. Agents. 78

The Biggest Store Carry the Biggest Advertisement

Three Days Clean Up Sale

of my complete stock of
Pattern Hats
Thursd'y, Frid'y, Saturd'y
October 28-29-30
Mrs. G. H. MONTGOMERY
At Ketner's Store

We Treat You Right

Every time you buy Groceries and Dry Goods, Either in Large or Small Quantities
S. N. McDaniel, the West Side Merchant, Tahoka, Texas

The "Home Seekers Retreat"

Lynn County

A county where the real estate boomer hasn't yet pushed the price of land beyond the reach of the average homeseeker. A land as fertile as any on the American continent, inhabited by the best class of people on earth.

Just A Few Close In Bargains

All the tracts listed below are situated in good smooth mixed land within twelve miles of Tahoka, and are mostly unimproved. We handle only what our firm name implies—that is property that to sell it all we have to do is to show it and name our price. These bargains won't last a coon's age, so if interested make a noise like a live wire. Write us your wants, if we don't happen to have it, we'll get it. How are these:

Quarter section at \$8; a half section at \$8; another half at \$8.50; and another at \$10; 80 acres, a snap at \$12.50 per acre

Bargain LAND Company

J. E. Nicholson Tahoka, on the Santa Fe, Texas J. W. Fleming

P. S. When you really want to sell, price your land right and list it with us and we'll get action on your money for you. We are ready to serve you whether you wish to buy or sell.

Quick Action On Your Money

Terms To Suit The Purchaser

Potash, Perlmutter and Others

By MONTAGUE GLASS

IV.—THE TRAIL OF THE SILK

[Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.]

BARNEY GREENBERG, foreman in the cutting room of Potash & Perlmutter's cloak and suit establishment, boasted a distinction that falls to few of his race in New York. His brother was a policeman, a circumstance which impelled Potash & Perlmutter to pay him \$2 a week in excess of a foreman's normal wages as a sort of insurance premium against theft. Nor was this a poor investment, for the thought of Barney's brother had prevented many a piece of silk from going home with one of the twenty odd operators who labored in the cutting room.

In manner Barney was calm and self possessed, not to say superior, and therefore it came as a distinct shock to



"We are missing in six pieces of silk," he announced.

his employers when he burst into the firm's show room and sank panting into a chair.

"O! gewoldt!" he cried and ran both his hands through his thick black hair. "What's the trouble now, Barney?" Abe Potash asked.

It was at least five minutes before Barney was calm enough to reply. "We are missing in six pieces black silk," he announced finally, "at \$50 the piece, or \$300."

"Three hundred dollars!" Abe cried. "Schaafskopf, make no jokes with us!" "Jokes I'm making it," Barney moaned, appealing to Morris Perlmutter. "He says I make jokes, Mr. Perlmutter. It ain't so, believe me. We are missing in six pieces black silk."

"Maybe it's a shortage in delivery, ain't it?" Morris suggested.

Barney shook his head. "Yesterday we got it, and today we ain't got it," he said. "Some one pinched it on us."

Abe sat down heavily and set his hat back from his forehead. "Yes, Mawruss," he said bitterly, "that's a foreman for you! We are missing in silk \$300. Where is it? He don't know. All he could say is some one pinched it, and mind you, Mawruss, his brother is a policeman!"

Barney rocked to and fro and clutched his hair with both fists. "If you expect you should find it that way," Abe continued, "you don't need to get a policeman for a brother."

"Enough's enough, Barney," Morris broke in. "You mourned good and plenty by now, Barney. Tell us who you think done it."

Barney stopped rocking. "Rifkin," he said. "Rifkin!" Abe exclaimed. "What are you talking nonsense? Rifkin! I know his people from the old country yet. His father was a rabbi."

"I know it," said Barney, "but his brother, Aaron Rifkin, is in the remnant business—all kinds of remnants from silk, wool, velvet—on Hester street."

He rocked to and fro for three minutes, and then stopped again. "Near the corner of Eldridge," he said, and resumed his rocking.

"Stop it!" Abe yelled. "You make me dizzy in the head. Why do you think Rifkin done it?"

"Why?" Barney repeated in blank astonishment. "Why? A question! I am just telling you Rifkin's brother is in the remnant business."

"Sure, I know," Abe concluded, "but your brother is in the policeman business, so Mr. Perlmutter and me, we figure it out like this—either you would find the silk by Monday, or you would find another job, and that's all there is to it!"

Max Greenberg, Barney's brother, had never read the works of Gaboriau or Conan Doyle, but he was thoroughly conversant with the methods of de-

tection in vogue with the metropolitan police.

"Leave it to me, Barney," he said on the following morning, when Barney confidentially acquainted him with the circumstances of the theft.

It being Max's day off, he accompanied Barney to the cutting room of Potash & Perlmutter. When they entered Pincus Rifkin was laying out his cloth in long, smooth folds on a cutting table, preparatory to chalking out the pattern on the upper layer. He was humming a psalm to the traditional Hebrew melody, for Pincus was a pious man, as becomes the son of a rabbi.

By token of that same piety, his whiskers had never known the refining influence of scissors. Once they first sprouted, they gave him a venerable, peaceful aspect, and in contemplating their profusion one was apt to lose sight of the well developed chest over which they cascaded. Moreover, Pincus had a jaunty way of carrying himself that made the other cutters and operators treat him respectfully. But Max saw only the flowing whiskers, and he winked confidently at his brother.

"Dis here is a pipe," he muttered. "Come here," he growled, advancing toward Pincus.

Pincus smiled and shrugged his shoulders. His English was rather weak, and he relied a great deal upon gesture. "You're Rifkin, ain't yer?" Max went on.

"Sure," said Pincus. Max thrust his chin out until it was at least six inches in advance of the rest of his body.

"Who pinched the silk?" he bellowed. "Silk!" said Pincus. "What silk?" "G'wan!" Max roared. "You ain't never seen no silk, have you? You don't know narten about it, do you? Maybe dis'll make you remember!"

He threw back his right arm and, clinching his fist, aimed straight for the point of Pincus' jaw. Unfortunately for Max and fortunately for Pincus, the patriarchal beard obscured a receding chin, and what was intended for a crashing blow glanced harmless past the side of Pincus' neck and nearly dislocated Max's shoulder.

Then it was that the spirit of Judas Maccabeus became reincarnated in the frame of Pincus Rifkin. With a shout that echoed through the cloak and suit establishment of Potash & Perlmutter, he leaped upon the astonished Max Greenberg. After the dust settled, it required the combined efforts of the twenty odd operators to pry him loose from Max's throat.

They sent around the corner for a doctor, who resorted to artificial respiration before Max Greenberg recovered sufficiently to go home in a cab at Potash & Perlmutter's expense, but the moral influence of having a policeman for a brother was dissipated, per-

haps forever, in the minds of those twenty odd operators in the cutting room.

"Of course he stole the silk, Mawruss," said Abe the next morning, as they discussed the affray. "Otherwise why should he try to murder Barney's brother? Ain't it?"

"Maybe Barney's brother hit him first, Abe," Morris suggested. "Barney's brother is a policeman, Mawruss," Abe went on; "and you know as well as I do, Mawruss, that a policeman is a loafer. But Rifkin comes from decent, respectable people in the old country, and his father is a rabbi. Ain't it? So why should Rifkin fight like a policeman fights? A feller which he acts like a policeman is a thief, too, I bet yer."

Morris lit a cigar and puffed away with a sour expression on his face. "I guess, Abe," he said, "we'd better forget all about this here silk and get down to business."

"Forget about it, Mawruss?" Abe repeated. "Forget nothing! I suppose, Mawruss, \$300 ain't nothing to you, Mawruss. I suppose you pick \$300 up in the street, Mawruss. No, s'ree, Mawruss, I ain't no policeman, and I ain't no rabbi's son, neither, Mawruss. But I guess I got a little gumption, too, and I'll get back that silk if I have to take Rifkin's brother myself and shake the silk out of him."

The exterior of Aaron Rifkin's store little betrayed the prosperity of the business transacted within, for entrance was had through a narrow slit between a soda water stand and a fish stall. Above this aperture, however, hung an elaborate sign, on which appeared in gilt letters the English word "Remnants," spelled phonetically in straggling Hebrew characters. If this had not been sufficient to guide Abe's footsteps squarely in the entrance stood a replica of Pincus Rifkin, with flowing beard and apologetic smile complete.

Abe elbowed his way past Pincus' brother into the dark store and made straight for the counter.

"Nu," said Aaron, "what can I do for you?"

"Some silk I want to see it," Abe replied.

"Silk?" Aaron murmured. "What for silk you would like?"

"Black silk," said Abe. Aaron went behind the counter and pulled down a roll of silk.

"Here is black silk," he said; "good black silk!"

"How much is there here?" Abe asked.

"Dreissig yard," said Aaron. "Thirty yards, hey?" Abe rejoined. "What you done with the rest?"

"The rest?" Aaron exclaimed. "What d'ye mean—the rest? There ain't no rest. That's all there is of it."

Abe picked up the silk and put it un-

OUR PUBLIC FORUM



C. Smith, Secretary of the Texas Farmers' Union, when asked for a report on the work of the cotton seed department of that organization, said in part:

"In order to show the immense amount of good that has been accomplished by the Farmers' Union through its Cotton Seed Department I have prepared a comparison of four years prior to 1909 when the Department first was started and four years following. These figures were taken from the 1912 statistical abstract of the United States, excepting the 1912 figures, which were obtained from the Department of Commerce and Labor Bulletin Number 116. The price paid for cotton seed according to the reports from the Federal Census Bureau for the four years preceding the establishment of this department were as follows. This is for Texas:

1906, \$12.74 per ton	1907, \$17.35 per ton
1908, \$12.50 per ton	1908, \$13.92 per ton
Average price \$14.12 per ton	
The price per ton for cotton seed paid in the four years following the establishment of the department was as follows:	
1909, \$25.99 per ton	1911, \$17.64 per ton
1910, \$24.40 per ton	1912, \$18.28 per ton
Average price paid during these four years was \$21.63, or a net gain per ton of \$7.50.	
Now in the four years following the establishment of the department for which the above figures speak, the cotton seed crop was as follows:	
1909, 1,128,000 tons	1911, 1,898,000 tons
1910, 1,386,000 tons	1912, 2,171,000 tons
Total, 6,549,000 tons.	

An average of \$7.50 per ton shows a total saved to the farmers of Texas of \$49,117,500.

This saving must be beyond a questionable doubt and is readily attributed by all those that are familiar with our work to the Cotton Seed Department established by the Farmers' Union in Texas, thereby becoming a competitor in the cotton seed market in Texas. There is no question that if the members of the Farmers' Union will consider these figures and the good that this department has done that they will give it their hearty co-operation in order that the department may remain a permanent competitor in the market. This is only a part of what has been accomplished along this line by the organization with the limited co-operation, than what could be accomplished with a perfect organization of farmers with full co-operation with the business world.

In conclusion let me say that organization and co-operation is the only road to success, and should be the watch word of every farmer in the land, and they should have the full co-operation of the business world."

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

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

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County,
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY,
Notary Public.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1912.
(Seal) A. W. GLEASON,
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Notice.
To The Farmers.
We now have our Gin completed and ready to operate.
We want a share of your ginning and guarantee to give the very best service possible.
Having installed the very latest and best machinery to be had, we can give you satisfaction.
Should you prefer selling your cotton in the seed, we will buy it and will always try and pay the highest market price.
Give us a trial.
Yours very truly, 5 8
FULLER COTTON OIL CO. TAHOKA

Lynn County News

Published every Friday by
H. C. CRILE & CO. TAHOCA.
J. CRILE. 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.

A Chicago paper claims that the
people of the South are backward,
half educated, and Dixie a land of
illiteracy, blatant selfishness, cruelty
and violence. We send much of our
wealth every year to these same
Chicago people for mail order
merchandise. Perhaps that is why
they call us ignorant.
—Mt. Pleasant Times-Review.

Smith and Jones stood gassing
on a street corner. A young lady
passed by and Smith made a pert
remark and both men laughed up-
roariously. A few minutes later
another lady tripped along and
Jones let loose a few verbal shots.
And then the fight commenced,
the second lady was Smith's sister.
Moral: Think more and talk less.
—Stanton Reporter.

An English soldier recently
went into battle with a Bible in
his breast pocket. The Bible saved
his life. A bullet struck the Bible
and went as far through the book
as Corinthians. There it stopped.
Lots of people attempt the bullet's
task and never get as far as
Corinthians. Some stop at Samson,
some at Jonah and some at Joshua,
while some begin to ask fool
questions before they get half
way through Genesis.

PROFESSIONAL

C. H. CAIN
Lawyer

Office in old First National Bank
Building
Tahoka Texas

M. M. HERRING

Lawyer and Abstractor
Office over Postoffice
Tahoka Texas

C. P. GENTRY
Jewelry

All Repair Work Guaranteed
Office in Parkhurst Bldg.
Tahoka Texas

DR. J. R. SINGLETON
DENTIST

Permanently Located
Tahoka Texas

Drs. INMON & TURRENTINE
Physicians & Surgeons

Tahoka Texas

Dr. J. H. McCoy
Physician and Surgeon

Office over Tahoka Drug Co.
Office 23 Phone Res 108

Blacksmithing

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

J. Macfarlane's
South of Square

The last Saturday in this month
is Clean Up Day, by proclamation
of the Mayor. If you don't particu-
larly care whether Tahoka
presents a clean face to those who
visit here, it will be a waste of
time to read further.

Here's hoping that everyone
will join in this movement to make
Tahoka appear as she should to
the world.

In an editorial concerning the
contemplated call of an election
for the issue of road bonds, in
Lubbock county, the Slatonite
predicts the same fate to the road
bond issue as it met in this county
following our court house bond
election. They referred to our new
capitol as only a \$40,000 structure.
The election provided for the is-
sue of bonds not to exceed
\$60,000 and we understand the
court will issue the full amount;
\$50,000 to be spent on the build-
ing, and the other \$10,000 to go
for furniture, sewerage disposal,
etc.

In a comparative statement sent
out by the American book com-
pany showing the money spent on
different articles, Liquor comes
first entailing a national expendi-
ture of nearly six hundred mil-
lions, tobacco is second costing
over four hundred millions, and
newspapers third costing the re-
public over three hundred twenty-
five millions. Automobiles come
fourth and text books twenty-
sixth, costing the nation less than
thirteen millions.

A county superintendent in a
neighboring county asked every
teacher at the county institute
who took the local or county news-
paper to hold up their hands and
only six responded. The super-
intendent expressed great surprise
and said: "You don't spend one
dollar a year with the paper, yet
you expect it to print free of
charge, notices of all institutes,
insert long programs, expect it to
advertise you and your school in
every way possible, thus assisting
you to climb the ladder to better
positions and better salaries, with
out a cent in return."

It is the habit of several Tahoka
firms to pile the accumulated trash
from their store in the middle of
the street and set fire to it as a
means of disposing of it. This
gets the trash out of their places
of business, but the first puff of
wind that comes along scatters
cinders, half burnt and scorched
papers all over the street and
thence they are blown about town
to lodge on some ones yard fence
that perhaps is making an effort
to keep their premises clean.
This is not only discouraging but
is also unfair. It would be very
little trouble or expense to get
about eight feet of common hog
wire and fasten the ends together
making a circular enclosure in
which to burn this trash. The
trash would burn completely up
and the unsightly object of blow-
ing paper about the town would
be avoided.

When a stranger calls on you
representing some outside station-
ery house, and you are made to
see that you can secure your sta-
tionery and other printing from
him for less money than you can
from your home concern, stop and
ponder a few things before you
sign the order blank which he
smilingly insists you do. Every
dollar spent with him for printing
is gone forever, every dollar spent
at home will come back to you
directly or indirectly. How much
time and money does this smiling
salesman spend telling the world
of the advantages of your town,
and admonishing the people of
your trade territory that in the
end they are winners when they
trade with you in preference to
the catalog house. If you have
all your printing done out of town
and every one else follows your
example, how long do you think
your town will boast a printing

PROGRAMME OF THE FIFTH SUNDAY MEETING OF THE BROWNFIELD ASSOCIATION WITH THE NEW HOME CHURCH OCTOBER 21 TO 31

THURSDAY

8:00 p. m. Introductory sermon by A. L. Estes.

FRIDAY

10:00 a. m. Devotional services led by Guy King.
10:30 a. m. Relation between Pastor and Church; led
by Bro. Durham.
11:00 a. m. Preaching.
12:00 M. DINNER
2:00 p. m. Devotional services, led by Bro. Clyde
Smith.
2:30 p. m. Is it Scriptural to Pray for a Lost Sinner;
led by J. D. Lampkin.
3:30 p. m. Does God Hear the Prayer of the Lost
Sinner; led by B. F. Dixon.
8:00 p. m. Preaching.

SATURDAY

9:30 a. m. Devotional services, led by Wm. Howard.
10:00 a. m. Bible Doctrine of Repentance; led by Bro.
Engle.
11:00 a. m. Preaching.
12:00 M. DINNER
2:30 p. m. Board Meeting.
8:00 p. m. Preaching.

SUNDAY

10:00 a. m. How to Make a Sunday School Go; led by
Bros. Cole and Nicholson.
11:00 a. m. Preaching.
12:00 M. DINNER
2:30 p. m. Womens Work; led by Sister King of Lub-
bock.
8:00 p. m. Preaching.

New Home Church is 10 miles west of Wilson, and
trains will be met at Wilson Thursday evening. Any
one coming in later can get conveyance by phoning
Bro. Izard.

The Inequality of Some Laws.

What kind of a law is it that
will punish a grocer for selling
ten cents worth of cheese and
crackers to a hungry man on Sun-
day and yet will permit a gasoline
vendedor, perhaps the grocer's next
door neighbor, to sell gasoline to
any auto-driver (or anybody else,
for that matter), who may want
it? Why cannot the auto-owner
or driver lay in his Sunday's sup-
ply of gasoline on Saturday, just
as he does his groceries? Why
make fish of the grocer and fowl
of the gasoline vendor? And
again, why does the law compel
a blacksmith to close his shop on
Sunday while the auto repairer
can keep his shop open on that
day and work on Sunday the same
as on any other day of the week?
Are we building up in this
country an auto aristocracy which
is superior to the laws that are
made to apply to the common
people.—State Topics.

concern. Be fair brother, your
patronage is essential to our suc-
cess, and your success is limited
to a certain extent by the success
of your home printer. Give him
a pass at that next order, he hasn't
grafted enough to retire yet.

The genus canis of Tahoka is
far from suffering from race sui-
cide. In plain English there is a
superabundant population of dogs
of the cur variety in Tahoka that
seem to fulfill no other mission in
life except to run the streets and
make themselves as big a nuisance
as possible. It is suggested that
the city council provide a dog tax
of \$1, (the legal tax) and that
those citizens who care to keep a
dog may pay this tax and fasten
the license number about the ani-

A Good Profit In Land.

With a nominal amount of cap-
ital a man or a corporation with
energy can easily dispose of at
least 5,000 acres of land at a net
profit of \$50 an acre by adopting
the newest plans of colonization;
yet the opportunity is not taken
advantage of by Texas men who
have the means and to whom the
original investment would be a
bagatelle. Texas has a better
climate on an average than Cali-
fornia, yet California exeloids her
climate, even when the mercury
registers over 100 for days and
days in summertime. But the
people of that State are live wires
and are not afraid to spend cash
to develop and induce settlement.
The greatest opportunity in the
world is open in Texas to make
money by colonizing land along
new lines and it will require but a
small sum of ready cash to start
the ball rolling. Whoever seizes
the chance will make a fortune in
a short time and do it legitimately.
—State Topics.

mal's neck. Instructions could be
given the city marshall to kill all
dogs not wearing a license num-
ber. Licensed dogs should be
confined at home, and in event
they escaped and appeared on the
streets should be subject to the
pound as in the case of any other
loose stock. Such an ordinance
would not work a hardship on any
one and would benefit the popula-
tion at large. Those citizens who
cared to keep a dog would be pro-
tected from promiscuous poisoning
which has been the method heret-
ofore of unknown persons who
took it upon themselves to regulate
the dog population. The stray
cur which is of no earthly good
would thus be eliminated.

DO YOU SURE 'NOUGH WANT IT? TRY A WANT AD

Why not? Use Medicated Salt
Before You Loose Any More
Yearlings From Blackleg

D. T. ROGERS

Has It! Furniture and Undertaker's Supp

A Strong Bank

Offers the only logical way of sav-
ing money. Deposit your money
with us, regulate your expenses by
your income and watch you ac-
count grow! A penny saved is a
penny earned, as poor Richard said
—and he knew. Get the saving
habit, it is as easy to acquire as the
spending habit and much more sat-
isfactory.

Our bank is a strong bank, we
appreciate your business whether
large or small, Absolute Safety to
depositors, courteous treatment to all

The First National Bank
Of Tahoka Texas

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

A carload Pekin wagons

Just arrived--Second growth hickory
apokes and axles. Also line of

Wetter Stoves and Heaters

"Best Stoves on Earth"

Auto Casings and Tubes--Dry Cell Batteries

G. L. Williams

Hardware, Harness, Saddles--South Side of the Square

Tin Shop Under Shoe and leather Repair

Expert Workman Work done Satisfactorily

Texas State Fair, Dallas

Special Excursion \$13.10

ON SALE OCT. 15 TO 30 INC.

FINAL LIMIT NOV. 2

J. L. HEARE, AGT., TAHOCA, TEX.

Posts--CEDAR--Posts

See D. T. Rogers

BEFORE YOU BUY

One block north of depot, Tahoka

TREES! TREES! TREES!

If you want home grown trees that are healthy and propagate
from varieties that have been tested and do best in the West, it
pay you to investigate all that to have nurseries on the Plains. Plain-
view Nursery will pay \$5.00 a day and expenses to anyone who
investigate if they do not find that we have the largest and best
of home grown trees anywhere in Texas west of Fort Worth or in
Mexico. We are practically the only institution that has a stock
fruit trees ready for the market. For your good and ours too, we
licit your investigation. J. E. PORTER, Agent, Tahoka, Tex.

PLAINVIEW NURSERY

J. N. JONES

Dealer in

DRINK
Exhilarating
Ideal Refreshment
Energy Builder
At Fountains
5c

Vestal Roses
excel in form, vitality and loveliness. We specialize on roses and absolutely guarantee every one to bloom. We cannot tell you here all about their wondrous beauty, nor about our many other flowers—but will with pleasure mail you our New Spring Catalogue describing our Roses and a vast assortment of other Plants, Shrubs, Fruits, Flower and Vegetable Seed for the Southern Garden. By all means drop a card for it today. **Joseph W. Vestal & Son, Box 856, Little Rock, Arkansas**

TAN-NO-MORE AND FRECKLELEATER
Two of the most Scientific Beautifying Agencies Known.
TAN-NO-MORE THE SKIN BEAUTIFIER
The scientific combination of Cream and Powder. Delightful in appearance and pleasing in its effect. Used during the day it is a protection from the sun and wind. In the evening its use assures a faultless complexion.
Experience has taught us that the best way to apply Tan-No-More is to put it on very wet and wipe off with a soft towel at once and do not wait for it to dry.
All Dealers
50 AND 35 CTS.
All goods sold under an absolute guarantee to please or money back. Anyone requesting it will be sent a small sample of Tan-No-More and our Little Booklet by Mail.
BAKER-WHEELER MFG. CO. DALLAS, TEXAS

It Always Helps
says Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky., in writing of her experience with Cardui, the woman's tonic. She says further: "Before I began to use Cardui, my back and head would hurt so bad, I thought the pain would kill me. I was hardly able to do any of my housework. After taking three bottles of Cardui, I began to feel like a new woman. I soon gained 35 pounds, and now, I do all my housework, as well as run a big water mill.
I wish every suffering woman would give
CARDUI
The Woman's Tonic
a trial. I fill use Cardui when I feel a little bad, and it always does me good."
Headache, backache, side ache, nervousness, tired, worn-out feelings, etc., are sure signs of womanly trouble. Signs that you need Cardui, the woman's tonic. You cannot make a mistake in trying Cardui for your trouble. It has been helping weak, ailing women for more than fifty years.
Get a Bottle Today!

Speed!

MOST of us are interested in Speed Tests—in the roaring flash of the racing auto, in the quick dash of the speed boat, and the thrilling sweep of the aeroplane.
The speed test, however, has an interest more than the spectacular to every man who owns an automobile, tractor, or any gasoline driven engine.
In order to attain this high speed,
Every Ounce of Power Must be Utilized
That is why so many auto racers, fast motorboat drivers, and prominent aviators choose Texaco Motor Oil.
Texaco Motor Oil has shown these people how a high grade lubricant saves power.
You owners of gasoline engines will soon find that Texaco Motor Oil means a saving of power, smaller fuel bills, a better day's work, and no trouble from cylinder wear or soiling of spark plugs.
Get some from the Texaco agent in your town. He carries a full line of Texaco Quality Products.

THE TEXAS COMPANY
General Offices: Houston, Texas. Agents Everywhere

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

Otto Kahn
On Financing Farm Loans
Every citizen who desires to become capable in business should study banking, and every farmer who wants to see the business of agriculture properly financed should study diligently the financial systems of other industries. All other lines of industry have developed financial facilities adapted to their needs. We have all sorts of financial syndicates authorized by law or custom to deal in a certain line of securities, but in none of these financial channels will farm securities travel without a bonus in the way of an excessive rate of interest or heavy discounts.
The most powerful financial institutions in America are private banks and they are the most important to the financial life of industry. In no line of business does honesty, efficiency and stability make more imperative demands than upon private bankers, whose greatest asset is the confidence of the buying public in his business judgment and integrity. Mr. Otto Kahn of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, when asked to state the relation of the private banker to the business of the nation, said in part:
"One of the most important functions of the private banker is to be the instrument for providing the money needed for the efficient conduct and development of railroads and other industries. He does this by buying securities in bulk from those needing capital, for which purpose he usually associates himself with a large number of other financial houses, great and small, thus forming what is called a syndicate. Having in this way concluded the buying transaction he offers to the public the securities purchased, by means of advertising, circularizing and through the facilities of the retail houses included in the syndicate, many of whom employ traveling salesmen. Of course the banker and the syndicate count on a reasonable profit for their services; on the other hand they run the risk of the securities, which they have definitely bought and paid for at a fixed price, remaining on their hands wholly, or in part, if the public, for one reason or another, should be unwilling to buy them. The selling of securities is a highly specialized trade, requiring much experience, organization, machinery and scrutiny. This is one of the reasons why corporations do better in offering securities to the public through bankers than if they offered them direct. The willingness of the public to buy depends upon their confidence in the integrity and the judgment of the banker who makes the offer, and a banker who attempts to mislead the public, or who is deficient in care or judgment, would very soon find himself without customers and, therefore, out of business. In many European countries, the functions of the private banker include the placing of bonds secured by farm mortgages. Bonds of this nature are issued in large quantities by mortgage banks who buy mortgages on farms and other real estate and deposit them as security for their own bonds, which in their turn are sold to bankers. It is to be hoped that similar institutions will, in course of time, be created in America, thus placing the farming industry on a par with other important industries in facilities to obtain capital."

Potash, Perlmutter and Others

Continued from third page
der his arm.
"Half a loaf of bread," he said, "is better as no bread at all," and he turned and walked calmly out of the store.
"Hey, mister!" Aaron yelled frantically, but Abe kept steadily on, and he had reached the corner of Eldridge street before Aaron could scramble over the counter.
"Po-lee-eece!" Aaron howled. "Po-lee-eece!"
At once the cry was taken up by a hundred voices until it was borne to Max Greenberg, who was sunning himself in front of the public school a block away. He secured a fresh grip on his club, and, taking puscicarts two at a jump, bounded toward the corner of Eldridge street.
At this juncture Abe committed a breach of judgment. Had he proceeded down the street as deliberately as he had quitted Aaron's store, no one would have suspected him to be the quarry of the ensuing chase. The impulse to run was too strong, however, and he took to his heels just as Max Greenberg hove into sight. The next moment he tripped over a rejected head of cabbage, and his nemesis, in the person of Max, was literally upon him.
If Max's aim had been poor on the previous day, there were at least no errors of marksmanship on this occasion, and when Abe was arraigned before the desk sergeant in the Eldridge street police station, one of his eyes was completely closed, while the other was reduced to a mere slit.
"Comes this here loafer into mein store," said Aaron, "and says he wants to see some sikk, and before I could stop him at all, he quick takes the sikk, and runs away from mein store."
"What d'ye want to take his sikk for?" the sergeant asked Abe.
"Not his sikk," said Abe. "My sikk! His brother Pincus stole it from my factory already, and gives it to him. Six pieces black sikk worth \$300."
"Black sikk!" Aaron exclaimed.
"Why, I ain't got not one piece black sikk in mein store. The store was dark, and this here loafer thinks it was black sikk. It ain't no such thing. It's blue sikk!"
"Blue sikk!" Abe cried. "That's a fine swindler. Why, actually the feller told me it was black sikk."
"Swindler, hey?" the sergeant commented. "That's certainly tough on you. He cheated you into stealing blue sikk instead of black sikk. Next time you steal black sikk you want to see that it's in the daylight, so that you won't get stuck. Take him back, officer."
"Hold on dere, sergeant," Max broke in. "I know sumpin about dis case myself. I tink dere's some mixup here. Me brudder works fer dis gentleman."
For the first time since his arrest Abe turned and recognized his captor.
"So," he said bitterly. "So I am paying for you and?"
"Chop it!" Max commanded out of the corner of his mouth. "And so, sergeant, I tink dis here case now ought to be straightened out. I didn't get on to who dis party was at first, but now dat I get a good look at him!"
"Take 'em both into the back room," the sergeant interrupted, "and come out here yourself. I want to talk to you."
Max grabbed accuser and accused by the arm and led them none too gently into the back room, where he thrust them into adjacent chairs.
"Don't nicker of youse but an eyelash till I come back. See?" he said in part-

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tion house yet."
"I'll pay him \$25, Mawruss!" Abe replied with ironic emphasis. "Wait till I get a chance at that sucker. I'll fix him, that thief!"
Morris shrugged impatiently.
"Schmooze, Abe!" he broke in. "You ain't got no proof that he stole the sikk."
"I'm surprised to hear you, Mawruss, you should talk that way," said Abe, "after all the trouble what I got in. If he ain't took that sikk, who did take it? I suppose I took it, Mawruss, or maybe I gave it away as a present—what?"
Miss Cohen, the bookkeeper, poked her head into the show room doorway.
"Murray, the packing box man, wants to see you," she said.
"That's another robber for you, Mawruss," said Abe. "Two weeks ago already I sold him a dozen empty packing cases from the cutting room while you and Barney was out to lunch, and he ain't sent you a check yet. I suppose he comes around now to claim deductions. Tell him to come in, Miss Cohen."
Two minutes later a short red faced man entered, bearing a large parcel wrapped in brown paper.
"Good morning, gentlemen," he said. Then for the first time his eye rested on Abe's discolored face. "Well, well," he went on, "I see you was to a weddin' lately. I been to some rousin' old weddin' when I was a lad. Many a good crack I got at a weddin' myself. Although maybe it was a wake you was at?"
"I don't know what you're talking about," Abe growled, "but if you mean I got a couple blue eyes I may as well tell you I got 'em for not minding my own business, Murray. And anyhow, Murray, what's the matter you ain't sent us a check for them packing boxes already?"
"It's like this, Mr. Potash," Murray explained, starting to unpack the parcel: "I kept them packing boxes for my honesty. You sold me them boxes for empty packing cases, but one of 'em had some goods in the bottom of it, and here they are."
He tore away the brown paper wrapping from the parcel and disclosed the missing sikk in all its glossy perfection, six bolts of it, and fifty yards in each bolt.
"Now, what d'ye think of that, Mawruss?" Abe gasped at last.
"Think!" Morris cried. "Think! I think you'd better tell Miss Cohen to charge you up with a cab ride for Barney's brother, \$50 for the fine and the bail, \$25 for Aaron Rifkin and \$6 for them packing cases what Murray here keeps for his honesty."
He handed Murray a couple of cigars. "When a man's a sucker, Abe," he concluded, "he's got to pay for it himself!"

"Blue sikk!" Abe cried. "That's a fine swindler."
"Give dat to your brudder Pincus," he called after him, "and tell him it was from me!"
Several days elapsed before the cloak and suit establishment of Potash & Perlmutter assumed its normal live-like activity. Barney Greenberg again held sway over the twenty-odd operators, with the perfect discipline that is engendered of one's brother being a policeman, for the whole story of Abe's adventure on the east side had leaked out, and not a man of all Potash & Perlmutter's employees but knew that Abe's discolored eyes resulted from the prowess of Barney's brother, the policeman.
As for Abe, after he paid a fine of \$50 in the police court, he went home to bed and stayed there for two days. During the next week the sikk around his eyes varied "chameleon-like in tones of purple, plum color and green, until it gradually faded to a smoky brown, which bade fair to last for months.
Morris viewed these badges of his partner's misfortune with marked disapproval.
"Ain't I told you, Abe," he said for the twentieth time, "you should forget about that sikk and get down to business? We not only lost the sikk, but you lost two days from the store, and \$10 you had to pay that loafer what bailed you out. Also you pay \$50 by the court for nothing, and now Rifkin's brother says you should pay him \$25 for his sikk which you took and which he ain't never got from the sta-

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Boys, the season is now far advanced and you owe it to yourself not to put off the selection of your winter wardrobe another week. We represent:

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North Side Square

Who Says Over Production

L. C. Stark, Louisiana, Mo.
in "Stark Tree Talk."

Uncle Sam's census says "No,"
From 1899 to 1909—ten years—

there was an increase in the production of apples of 11.10 per cent, practically no increase, while the population during that same period increased 15 per cent and the value of these fruit crops during that time increased 68.2 per cent. In other words, the value increased almost 68 times as much as the production. These figures are taken from the U. S. Census Report and are correct.

The Census also shows that all orchard fruit trees of bearing age were reported as follows:

369,000,000 in 1900.

301,000,000 in 1910 (a drop of 68,000,000 trees in 10 years.)

Since 1910 we estimate there has been very little comparative change taking the U. S. as a whole. The Government report

itself states:

"The small increase in the bushels of fruit produced was due to the fact there was a decided increase in the greatest orchard fruit, apples, which was a little more than offset in the production of all other orchard fruits combined."

It also states that the value of orchard fruits in 1909 was \$116,000,000 or 68.2 per cent more than in 1899. Moreover, the value for 1899 included some by-products, such as vinegar, cider, etc., which were not included in 1909 reports. The production of orchard fruits decreased 16,752,000 bushels in the east and north-central states (Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin) during the 10-year period, and it decreased 12,463,000 in the Middle-Atlantic states (New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania). Notable decreases were shown by Pennsylvania, Ohio and Virginia.

BIG DECREASE IN APPLE CROP.
The production of apples for the country as a whole decreased 16.7 per cent between 1899 and

1909, the largest decreases being in Ohio and Pennsylvania. The value of the apple crop produced in 1909 was \$83,231,492.00; the value of the peach crop was \$28,781,078.00; pear crop \$7,910,600.00; plums \$10,299,495.00; cherries \$7,231,160.00; apricots \$2,884,119.00; quinces \$517,243.00.

The value of grapes produced in 1899 was \$22,028,000.

The production of grapes decreased from 1899 to 1909 everywhere except on the Pacific coast. The production of grape juices, including wine, in 1909 was 18,936,000, being more than two and one fourth times as great as 1899, which was 8,246,000 gallons. The production in New York was 347,000 gallons; in Ohio 264,000 gallons; in Illinois 248,000, and in Missouri 346,000 gallons.

The grape juice industry has greatly increased since the last census.

Cider: The production of cider shows a decrease of nearly 2.5; it shows a very great decrease in Pennsylvania and Ohio. The other main cider producing states are New York, Michigan, Indiana, Connecticut, Missouri, Massachusetts, etc.

The man who howls over-production is the man who wants to buy your fruit for less than it is worth.

The above figures show a decrease in the production of the U. S. in the 10-year period. Our population in the U. S. has greatly increased in the same period.

The U. S. export of fruit showed great increase during that same period.

Since the war began, nearly all the leading orchard sections of Europe have been wiped out so that the export business will increase by leaps and bounds. Now as never before is the time to plant commercial orchards. Editor Colingwood of the Rural New Yorker says so, and the Government Statistics prove it.

Any man who will give intelligent thought and care to growing and marketing apples and other staple fruits, is sure to make good money; the only man who fails is the chap who uses poor trees, poor land and slipshod methods. This chap will fail at anything he tackles.

There is big money in the orchard game for any man who will use good horse sense and follow the advice and experience of the men who know—the thousands of wealthy, successful orchardists throughout the country.

AM INTERESTING LETTER FROM NEAR SOUTHLAND

Morgan, Lynn County, Texas,
October 16th, 1915.

Mr. Editor:

As the big rain of last night put a stop to the maize heading thought I would write a few lines.

Mr. John Garrison, a brother-in-law of Walter Robison, and Mr. Clide Miller, both of Jack county, are looking the Plains over with a view of locating here. Both are well pleased with the looks of this country.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Robison have returned from a visit to Dimmit, Castro county.

The young folks enjoyed a singing at Walter Robison's Sunday night.

Mr. J. B. Hadman, who lives on the south half of section 17, will make quite an addition to the Morgan school as they have five children in the scholastic age.

Mr. T. D. Komegay, who lives on the north half of same, as soon as the house is completed, has one daughter in the scholastics.

A Mr. Carter, who lives just west of Temp Skinner's has three or four school children.

Another new comer, Mr. G. J. Jennings, in our district has no scholastics.

Then there is three or four new houses that is completed that is in our district, that the people that have bought them, have not moved to them yet.

To illustrate how our part of the county is settling, will tell of two drummers that came through here a few days ago. They left Wilson to go to Southland, and came by our place. They were told that Southland was five miles north-east. Then they pointed a little south-east and wanted to know what town that was over there, we told them that was just a bunch of nesters that just set-

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP. Management, Circulation, Etc. Required by the Act of August 24th, 1912.

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Known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of Total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

J. CRIE, Editor and Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of October, 1915.

C. H. Cain, Notary Public, Lynn County.
(My commission expires June 1st, 1917.)

ted there.

Mr. Elmer Caddel, of Tahoka Lake ranch, visited Mr. Bryan Shaw last week.

Miss Rebecca Graham of Post, after a ten days visit with Miss Etta Shaw, has returned to her home.

Mrs. Beulah Shaw was a visitor at Post Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Davies are visiting home folks.

PAP.

See that your house is properly protected before you put up your stoves for winter by letting me write your fire insurance in one of the ten old line companies I represent. D. A. Parkhurst, Agt., Tahoka. 8 9

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

THE FEEDING VALUE OF KAFIR AND MILO MAIZE

By G. S. Fraps, State Chemist of Texas, College Station, Texas.

Kafir corn chops contain in 100 pounds 7.0 pounds digestible protein, and it has a productive value of 18.2. Corn chops contain in 100 pounds, 6.5 pounds of digestible protein and has a productive value of 20.6. These are average values. It is seen from this statement that kafir corn chops are somewhat more valuable in protein, and about 10 per cent less valuable in fat producing power than ordinary corn. As the price of kafir corn is decidedly less than 90 per cent of the price of corn chops, kafir corn chops is more economical feed stuff. Since the grains of kafir are small and hard and may escape mastication and digestion, it is always advisable to grind them before feeding or else to feed them as chops.

Milo chops have very nearly the same composition as kafir chops and very nearly the same feeding value, although according to average composition and digestibility, they have slightly more feed value. Thus milo chops have a digestible protein content of 6.7 pounds in one hundred pounds, a productive value of 19.1, or 7 per cent less than grain.

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As the mated birds build and feather nests, so do mated man and maid seek for themselves a home for the years of their companionship.

Secure the home and leave the feathering of your nest to us, we can furnish you with everything used in the home.

Ed. Meyers -Furniture-

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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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Continued from page two

the purpose. They lifted it up and started to carry it out.

"Be careful," cautioned the thrifty Jennings.

Rusty, now recovered, was barking and sniffing at the armor.

"Kick the mutt off," growled one man.

The other did so, and Rusty snarled and snapped at him. Jennings took him by the collar and held him as the repairers went out, loaded the armor on the wagon, and drove off.

Scarcely had they gone, while Jennings straightened out the disarranged library, when Rusty began jumping about, barking furiously. Jennings looked at him in amazement as the dog ran to the window and leaped out.

He had no time to look after the dog, though, for at that very instant he heard a voice calling, "Jennings, Jennings!"

It was Marie, almost speechless. He followed her as she led the way to Miss Elaine's room. There Marie pointed mutely to the bed.

Elaine was not there.

There, too were her clothes, neatly folded, as Marie had hung them for her.

"Something must have happened to her!" wailed Marie.

Jennings was now thoroughly alarmed.

Meanwhile the express wagon outside was driving off, with Rusty tearing after it.

"What's the matter?" cried Aunt Josephine, coming in where the footman and the maid were arguing what was to be done.

She gave one look at her bed, the clothes, and the servants.

"Call Mr. Kennedy!" she cried in alarm.

"Elaine is gone—no one knows how or where," announced Craig, after leaping out of bed that morning to answer the furious ringing of our telephone bell.

When we arrived at the Dodge house Aunt Josephine and Marie were fully dressed. Jennings let us in.

"What has happened?" demanded Kennedy, breathlessly.

While Aunt Josephine tried to tell him, Craig was busy examining the room.

"Let us see the library," he said at length.

Accordingly down to the library we went. Kennedy looked about. He seemed to miss something.

"Where is the armor?" he demanded.

"Why, the men came for it and took it away to repair," answered Jennings.

Kennedy's brow clouded in deep thought.

Outside we had left our taxi waiting. The door was open and a new footman, James, was sweeping the rug, when past him flashed a dishevelled hairy streak.

We were all standing there still as Craig questioned Jennings about the armor. With a yelp Rusty tore frantically into the room. A moment he stopped and barked. We all looked at him in surprise. Then, as no one moved, he seemed to single out Kennedy. He seized Craig's coat in his teeth and tried to drag him out.

"Here, Rusty—down, sir, down!" called Jennings.

"No, Jennings, no," interposed Craig. "What's the matter, old fellow?"

Craig patted Rusty, whose big brown eyes seemed mutely appealing. Out of the doorway he went, barking still. Craig and I followed, while the rest stood in the vestibule.

Rusty was trying to lead Kennedy down the street.

"Wait here," called Kennedy to Aunt Josephine, as he stepped with me on the running board of the cab. "Go on, Rusty; good dog!"

It seemed miles that we went, but at last we came to a peculiarly deserted looking house. Here Rusty turned in and began scratching at the door. We jumped off the cab and followed.

The door was locked when we tried it, and from inside we could get no an-

swer. We put our shoulders to it and burst it in. Rusty gave a leap forward with a joyous bark.

We followed more cautiously. There were pieces of armor strewn all over the floor. Rusty sniffed at them and looked about, disappointed, then howled.

I looked from the armor to Kennedy in blank amazement.

"Elaine was kidnapped—in the armor," he cried.

He was right. Meanwhile, the armor repairers had stopped at last at this apparently deserted house, a strange sort of repair shop. Still keeping it wrapped in blankets, they had taken the armor out of the wagon and had laid it down on an old broken bed. Then they had unwrapped it and taken off the helmet.

There was Elaine!

"Sh! What's that?" cautioned one of the men.

They paused and listened. Sure enough, there was a sound outside. They opened the window cautiously. A dog was scratching on the door, endeavoring to get in. It was Rusty.

"I think it's her dog," said the man, turning. "We'd better let him in. Someone might see him."

The other nodded and a moment later the door opened and in ran Rusty. Straight to Elaine he went, starting to lick her hand.

"Right—her dog," exclaimed the other man, drawing a gun and hastily leveling it at Rusty.

"Don't caution! the first. 'It would make too much noise. You'd better choke him!'"

The fellow grabbed for Rusty. Rusty was too quick. He jumped. Around the room they ran. Rusty saw the wide-open window—and his chance. Out he went and disappeared, leaving the man swearing at him.

A moment's argument followed, then they wrapped Elaine in the blankets alone, still bound and gagged, and carried her out.

In the secret den the Clutching Hand was waiting, gazing now and then at his watch, and then at the wounded man before him. In a chair his first assistant sat, watching Doctor Martin.

A knock at the door caused them to turn their heads. The crook opened it, and in walked the other crooks who had carried off Elaine in the suit of armor.

Elaine was now almost conscious, as they sat her down in a chair, and partly loosed her bonds and gag. She gazed about, frightened.

"Oh, help! help!" she screamed, as she caught sight of the now familiar mask of the Clutching Hand.

"Call all you want—here, young lady," he laughed unnaturally.

"Now, doc," he added harshly to

Doctor Martin. "It was she who shot him. Her blood must save him."

Doctor Martin recoiled at the thought of torturing the beautiful young girl before him.

"Are you willing—to have your blood transfused?" he parleyed.

"No, no, no!" she cried in horror.

Doctor Martin turned to the desperate criminal. "I cannot do it."

"The deuce you can't."

A cold steel revolver pressed down on Doctor Martin's stomach.

The other crooks next carried Elaine, struggling, and threw her down beside the wounded man.

Doctor Martin, still covered by the gun, bent over the two, the hardened criminal and the delicate, beautiful girl. Clutching Hand glared fendishly, insanely.

From his bag he took a little piece of something that shone like silver.

A moment later, Doctor Martin looked up at the Clutching Hand and nodded. "Well, it's working!"

All were now bending over the two. Doctor Martin bent closest over Elaine. He looked at her anxiously, felt her pulse, watched her breathing, then pursed up his lips.

"This is—dangerous," he ventured, gazing askance at the grim Clutching Hand.

"Can't help it," came back laconically, and relentlessly.

The doctor shuddered.

The man was a veritable vampire.

Outside the deserted house, Kennedy and I were looking helplessly about.

Suddenly Kennedy reached into his pocket and produced and pulled out a police whistle. He blew three sharp blasts.

Would it bring help?

While we were thus despairing, the continued absence of Doctor Martin from his home had alarmed his family, and had set in motion another train of events.

When he did not return, and could not be located at the place to which he was supposed to have gone, several policemen had been summoned to his house, and they had come, finally, with real bloodhounds from a suburban station.

It had not been long before the party came across the deserted runabout beside the road. There they had stopped for a moment.

It was just then that they heard Kennedy's call, and one of them had been detailed to answer it.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the officer, eyeing Kennedy suspiciously as he stood there with the armor. "What's them pieces of tin—hey?"

Kennedy quickly flashed his own special badge. "I want to trail a girl," he exclaimed hurriedly. "Can I

find a bloodhound about here?"

"A hound? Why, we have a pack—over there."

"Bring them—quick!" ordered Craig.

Kennedy held the armor down to the dogs. "Searchlight" gave a low whine, then, followed by "Bob" and the others, was off, all with noses close to the ground. We followed.

In the mysterious haunt of the Clutching Hand, all were still standing around Elaine and the wounded Pitts Slim.

Just then a cry from one of the group startled the rest. One of them, less hardened than the Clutching Hand, had turned away from the sight, had gone to the window, and had been attracted by something outside.

"Look!" he cried.

From the absolute stillness of death there was now wild excitement among the crooks.

"Police! Police!" they shouted to each other as they fled by a doorway to a secret passage.

Clutching Hand turned to his first assistant.

"You go, too," he ordered.

The dogs had led us to a strange looking house, and were now baying and leaping up against the door. We did not stop to knock, but began to break through, for inside we could hear faintly sounds of excitement and cries of "Police! Police!"

The door yielded and we rushed into a long hallway. Up the passage we went until we came to another door.

An instant and we were all against it. It was stout, but it shook before us. The panels began to yield.

On the other side of that door from us the master crook stood for a moment. Doctor Martin hesitated, not knowing quite what to do.

Just then the wounded Pitts Slim lifted his hand feebly. He seemed vaguely to understand that the game was up. He touched the Clutching Hand.

"You did your best, chief," he murmured thickly. "Beat it, if you can. I'm a goner, anyway."

Clutching Hand moved over to a panel in the wall and pushed a spring. It slid open and he stepped through. Then it closed—not a second too soon.

At the very moment when we burst in, Doctor Martin, seeing his chance, stopped the blood transfusion, working frantically to stay the flow of blood.

Kennedy sprang to Elaine's side, horrified by the blood that had spattered over everything.

Just then the police burst through



"Elaine Was Kidnaped—in the Armor," Cried Kennedy.

the secret panel and rushed on, leaving us alone, with the unconscious, scarcely breathing Elaine.

From the sounds we could tell that they had come to the private room of the Clutching Hand. It was empty.

A policeman now stood beside Elaine and the wounded burglar, who was muttering deliriously to himself.

He was pretty far gone, as the policeman knelt down and tried to get a statement out of him.

"Who was that man who left you—last—the Clutching Hand?"

Not a word came from the crook.

Doctor Martin had paid no attention whatever to him, but was working desperately now over Elaine, trying to bring her back to life.

"Is she—going to—die?" gasped Craig frantically.

Every eye was riveted on Doctor Martin.

"She is all right," he muttered. "But the man is going to die."

At the sound of Craig's voice Elaine had feebly opened her eyes.

"Thank heaven," breathed Craig, with a sigh of relief, as his hand gently stroked Elaine's unnaturally cold forehead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Order Your Printed Matter and Advertising Typography from Crie & Co.,

NEW methods in selling goods have revolutionized all of the business world during the last ten years. A prominent advertising expert struck twelve when he called printing the "Silent Salesman." As a salesman, Mr. Printing is a great success. He never misrepresents, nor butts in. He doesn't try to tell all he knows the first trip. He can call again for two cents. Now is the time to send your mail salesman out talking for winter business. Let us dress him up for you. We have devoted many years to the study of his needs and know what constitutes the strongest appeal in his whole attire.--Crie & Co., Good Printers.

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

C. E. Schaff

On the "Katy" Paying Her Bills.



When the "Katy" pays her monthly accounts, she reaches down in her stocking and pulls out a roll of bills large enough to burn up a wet mule. If she paid off her annual accounts in silver dollars and stacked them one upon the other they would reach sixty-eight miles high, would fill sixty-three box cars and weigh one thousand two hundred and fifty-two tons. Lying side by side along the track of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway, they would reach from Galveston to St. Louis, and double track from St. Louis to Sedalia. When she opens the pay car door twenty thousand men struggle to "touch the hem of her garment," and when she pays her other expenses as many more smile upon her. Her money speaks every language, visits every clime and is changed into the coin of every nation.

Mr. C. E. Schaff, President of the M., K. & T. Lines, when asked to give the disbursements of his road, during the past year, said in part:

"Comparatively few people appreciate what tremendous sums of money are distributed by the railroads of the country. Last year the 'Katy,' for example, paid out in wages of employes alone over twelve million dollars, and disbursed for material and supplies nearly three million. The locomotives handling our last year's business consumed coal to the value of two million nine hundred and thirty thousand dollars, and the tax gatherer came in for the neat sum of one million three hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars; other operating expenses aggregated over three million dollars. Interest amounting to nearly six million five hundred thousand dollars was paid to thousands of bond holders."

There were millions of transactions involved in the receipts and disbursements and there is hardly a bank in the world which did not handle some item in connection with the M., K. & T. business last year.

Consider for a moment the millions of people outside of railway employes who are indirectly benefited if not entirely dependent upon, the greatest of all industries of the United States."

C. E. Schaff

On, The "Katy" Going to Church.



The railroads are fast becoming the great moral educators of the nation. A big corporation issuing an order against immorality is more far-reaching in its effect than the most powerful sermon. The fear of a time check oftentimes has more influence for righteousness than the fear of the great conflagration.

Mr. C. E. Schaff, President of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Lines, when asked what that road was doing toward influencing religious growth and moral progress of the country his railway serves, said in part:

"The M., K. & T. Lines are as liberal as the law will permit in issuing passes for religious and charitable purposes. We give free transportation to such organizations and issue the clergy half rates, and we also make reduced rates to religious conferences, conventions, etc. It is our policy to co-operate in every way possible that a common carrier can consistently do in the moral uplift of the communities we serve."

We endeavor to employ only men of high moral standards and prefer to get them from Christian homes. It is as important that our employes be morally capable as that they be physically sound, and we encourage righteous living in every reasonable manner.

The company contributes liberally towards the support of the Railway Young Men's Christian Associations, which have a large membership. At least 60 per cent of our trainmen use the Y. M. C. A. Substantial and comfortable buildings are maintained at the principal terminal points along our line for the use of our employes, where they are provided with baths, clean beds, reading and social rooms, etc. This association is doing much toward the moral and physical uplift of the men in the way of providing them with wholesome environment which they might not otherwise have opportunity to enjoy.

We encourage Y. W. C. A. matrons to occupy office space in our stations and our employes co-operate with them in their work. In this and other ways the railway co-operates in work which in its inception and actual operation has a vital effect in producing better conditions of life and morals. Rather than that a railway has no soul, it should be said that the railway has a soul as big as its operations and as far-reaching as its influence."

What Do You Want?

WE HAVE IT

Everything to Eat and to Wear

THE FAIR

H. M. Larkin, Prop.

The Big Store With The Little Price

Old Reliable
Peter Schuttle Wagon.

WE WOULD NOT DARE TO DISAPPOINT YOU

Our reputation for prompt and efficient service in cleaning, pressing and repairing clothes is unexcelled.

Try us only to find that your clothes will look better, set better, and wear longer.

Our method of pressing clothes is the Hoffman sanitary way.

S. N. Weathers The Tailor

We represent the best merchant tailors in America, see before ordering a suit.

Harmony Club

(Written for last week.)

Last Saturday the Harmony Club of the department of music of the Tahoka High School, met in the music room and the following program was rendered:

Piano Solo—Pauline Ramsey.
Reading—Ina Montgomery.
Solo—Miss Ellis n.
Duet—Mary Yates and Lola Donaldson.

Piano Solo—Claudiea Ledger.
Following the program the routine business of the club was taken up and disposed of. A committee composed of Mrs. E. E. Callaway, Misses Mae Ellison, Era Wood and Pauline Ramsey, was appointed by the chair to draft a constitution and by laws for the society.

The Harmony Club meets bi-

monthly, on the second and fourth Saturday afternoons.

The officers are: Miss Edna Montgomery, president; Miss Pauline Ramsey, Secy.-Treas. Misses Ina Montgomery, Era Wood and Anita Jaeggli, program committee.

Jim Cowan told a News reporter this week of six apple trees he has on his place that came into bearing this year. The fruit is yellowish-green in color with pink cheeks. Some of the apples measure 1 1/4 inches circumference.

\$100 Reward, \$100
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by all Druggists. Beware of cheap imitations.

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

Regular Program

MONDAY		
The Tools of Providence, two reels.	Bronco Beauty	
The Guy Upstairs		
TUESDAY		
Her Alibi, two reels.	Domino Reliance	
The Gringleys Wife	Pathe	
Sixth Episode, Exploits of Elaine		
WEDNESDAY		
FATTY'S PLUCKY PUP, TWO REELS,	KEYSTONE Reliance	
At the Postern Gate		
THURSDAY		
The Hammer, two reels,	Kay Bee	
Mutual Weekley No. 26.		
FRIDAY		
The Old High Chair, two reels,	Majestic Alwin	
Hungry Hank Wins a Hundred		
SATURDAY		
Matinee and Night		
The Man From Nowhere, two reels,	Domino Reliance	
The Baby		



Theatre

10 Cents--ADMISSION--10 Cents

Art Exhibit

I will receive in a few day a collection of handsome pictures artistically framed which I will present to my customers. Ask about them

J. E. Ketner, General Merchant