

LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 12

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1915.

NUMBER 11

Parent-Teachers Club Receive Fountain

Friday of last week the Parent and Teachers club held its regular bimonthly session at the school building.

The president was excused and the chair filled by Supt. Zornes. Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Motion was made and carried to have a box supper for the purpose of paying for the drinking fountain. Miss Jaggler read a paper on School Sanitation, and the subject was discussed by the club. Prof Weakly in a short talk handled the subject of The Influence of a Teacher, in a very able manner. Mrs. Jones favored the club with a short talk on The Results of the Environment of a Child During Vacation. The club was dismissed.

We are informed by the Tahoka Hardware Co. that the drinking fountain arrived on the Monday evening train and will be installed and in use when school opens Monday morning.

Seventy five pounds corn to the bushel in your crib for fifty cents.—J. A. KEITH.

Programme.

Parent Teacher Club,
Friday, November 19, 1915.
Devotional Exercise:
To What Extent are the Parents Responsible For the Preparation and Recitation of the Daily Lessons?—Mrs. C. H. Ledger

Who is Responsible for the Failure of the Average Boy to Make His Grade?—Mrs. Goodrich.

Our Duty to The Public School?—Mrs. Thurman Wells.

S. E. Reed of Oglesby, Texas, came down in an auto from Slaton Tuesday morning. Mr. Reed is going to run the threshing engine for E. Lamb this season.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

It is time to be making your fruit cakes for Thanksgiving and Xmas.

We have a nice line of fruits, candied lemon and orange peel, etc., specially prepared for fruit cakes.

Let us show you. 10 tf
THOMAS BROS. DRUG CO.

On our rounds this week we visited the new quarters of the Tahoka Blacksmith Shop and were shown thru by the general proprietor, H. C. Smith. His shop is 32x60 with a 12x24 mill room in the northeast corner. This mill will grind a ton of maize or feed per hour. He also manufactures here a nice brand of corn meal, supplying most of our merchants and grinding the farmers' corn for him.

In his rebuilt quarters he has his shop better arranged and is fixed up equal to any shop on the plains.

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

Mr. Wilson, representing the El Paso Herald, was a Tahoka visitor the first of the week and in the presence of a News reporter, made the remark that "he would have to hand it to the Plains country as being the best strip of territory he had ever seen." He has traveled the Southwest and Pacific coast extensively.

Our new jewelry has begun to arrive and in a few days we will have a full line. Come in and see us. 10 tf
Parkhurst Broken \$ Store.

Ledger Returned to Tahoka Charge

We give below the appointments as read at the close of the session of the Northwest Texas Annual Conference of the M. E. Church South, Monday night at Clarendon.

Andrews, to be supplied; Big Springs Station, J. T. Hicks; Big Springs Mission, W. R. Kirkpatrick; Brownfield, J. M. Friar; Coahoma, S. B. Cox; Gail, W. C. Hart, supply; Lamesa Station A. E. Arrfield; Lamesa Mission, W. T. Gray, supply; O'Donnell, J. W. Fulton, supply; Seminole, Brabban; Slaton, T. C. Willet; Stanton, M. L. Moody; Tahoka, C. H. Ledger, Wilson to be supplied; Student Southern Methodist University, H. L. Hughes; Big Springs, Q. C.; Student Southern Methodist University, J. E. Yeats, Big Springs, Q. C.; District Commissioner of Education, J. T. Hicks.

FIRE INSURANCE.

See McMill Clayton for fire insurance in old line companies.

Buy "VELMA-AVIS" brand Pure, country made, Japanese Honey Drip Sorghum Syrup. Grown and put up by W. J. Crouch, Fruitland Farm, 3 miles west of Tahoka. For Sale at the Fair, and Anthony's 9 tf

Farm and ranch loans. Vendors Lien notes extended. Quick action.—Hamilton & Winchell, Stanton, Texas. 9 12 p

AS THEY COME AND GO

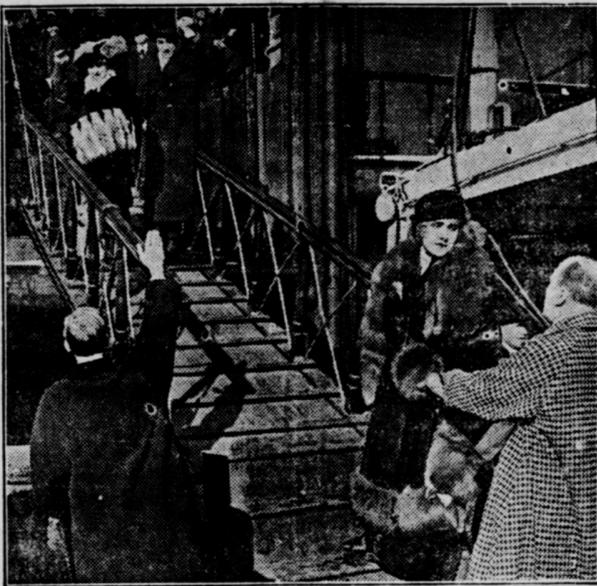
Out of county visitors at the hotels:

Stokes; B. F. Ray, Plains; G. T. Eason, Big Springs; H. R. Strong, Houston; E. L. Brown, L. A. Robinson, J. W. Caudle, Mrs. C. O. Harrison, Mrs. A. Thomas, Lubbock; Mayer Miller, Lamesa; E. M. Dumas, Big Springs; J. M. Casper, Abilene; H. C. Ferguson, Lubbock; S. E. Reid, Oglesby; C. L. M. Carmick, Texhoma; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Dolan, San Angelo; J. B. Bleeker, Lamesa; T. J. Rutledge, Paduca; E. S. Adams, Oklahoma City; Emmett Howard, Plainview; E. E. Lomax, A. McKenna, Ft. Worth; M. R. Heflin, Pampa; J. W. Gillan, W. H. Bledsoe, Lubbock; H. M. Williams, Herkridger; R. W. Rankin, Dallas; E. E. Wilkins, Whiteright.

St. Clair; V. A. Blain, Lamesa; J. F. Dameron, Ft. Worth; Ed. and Steve Leflar, Coleman; B. T. Higginbotham, John Porter, Brownwood; J. H. Bennett, Lamesa; E. B. Wall, Waniska, Ok.; P. R. Tacker, Post; Lish Henderson, Dundee; D. W. Lannell, Shamrock.

Lynn: Frank Higgs, Lubbock; A. B. McAfee, Abilene; A. Bradsky, Denver; L. G. Wilson, Paris; W. L. Armstrong, Jno. V. Guff, Ft. Worth; R. L. Jones, Lubbock; Jno. Drake, Temple; L. W. McPhaul, Terry; D. E. Ward, Ryan, Ok.; Chris Giles, Midland; Jess Hood, Seminole; T. E. Jenkins, Snyder; R. L. Ives, Lubbock; J. F. Tandy, Globe, Ariz.; I. E. Smith, Snyder; Louis Disbrow, New York; DeLoyd Thompson, Chicago; Ted Godfrey and wife, Blanco, Ok.; Chas. Nevill, Hereford; Frank Gigg, Amarillo; R. D. Bradner, Wichita Falls; R. I. Cox, Baird; J. H. Yarber, Dallas; W. B. Burton, Paul Waples, Ft. Worth, Jno. T. Johnson Sweetwater; Mac Edwards, El Paso; J. J. McPhaul, Lubbock.

Scene From The Death Ray Ninth Episode Of THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE



"Bon Voyage," Cried Elaine, Bravely Keeping Back a Choke in Her Voice.

Tahoka Takes Two Finish Brick Laying

Saturday evening on the old tennis court west of the square, the Tahoka highs and Slaton highs played a very interesting game of basket ball. Both boys and girls of the school played.

The Tahoka teams both played a winning game making the third consecutive time they have brought home the bacon. Score, boys 14 to 9, girls 14 to 5. The line up of the two Tahoka teams were: Roberts and Weathers, forwards; Nettles, center; Ketner and Donaldson, guards. Girls: Sadye Dyre and Orean Millman, goals; Pauline Ramsey and Bernice Wells, centers; Christine Swan and Willie Davidson, guards.

These two teams will play Post Friday and Lubbock Saturday. As they are yet undefeated and have some aspirants to carry off the series at the district meeting in the spring, there will be right smart "pep" in the game Friday and Saturday.

You know our high class of stationery. We have just opened up another fancy line. Call and see it, it's something you haven't seen. 10 tf
Parkhurst Broken \$ Store.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

I was in Tahoka October 27, 1915, and closed up all business relations with the garage on Sweet street north of the Stokes hotel, known as the Daniel & Fielder Garage, and the business is owned and controlled by Scott & Sullivan. Thanking my customers for past patronage, I am, Yours truly, P. M. DANIELS, Sweetwater, Texas. 9 11

Thanksgiving Proclamation

By Woodrow Wilson

It has long been the honored custom of our people to turn in the fruitful autumn of the year in praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for His many blessings and mercies to us as a nation.

Never before have the people of the United States been so situated for their own advantage or the advantage of their neighbors or so equipped to serve themselves and mankind.

Now, therefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, president of the United States of America, do hereby designate the last Thursday of November next as a day of thanksgiving and prayer and invite the people throughout the land to cease from their wonted occupations and in their several homes and places of worship render thanks to Almighty God.

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 FACTORS HOUSTON

A. & M. Thanks-giving Address

Under the providence of God, in the smiles of bountiful nature, with prudent forethought, and by careful tillage and studious husbandry, the farmers of Texas as this year have escaped the calamity of cotton production beyond the world's needs. They have fed their own families and their live stock with home-grown supplies, and have furnished a surplus for the peoples of starving and war-ridden lands. They have thus made sure their own sustenance, are blessed with better health by reason of better and more varied food, and are enjoying a measure of prosperity for which they had hardly dared to hope a year ago.

The fertility of the soil, which the plant absorbs in its making and which heretofore has been sold with the crop marketed in the raw state, has been returned to the earth by live stock production for another year's yielding; the diversity of crops has effected a more economical distribution of the farmer's time and labor, and has afforded assurance against failure by dependence upon a single crop involving a whole year's investment. Cotton, being the surplus crop, has been a net gain in cash returns as it will always be when food and feed crops are raised in sufficient quantity; and when the farmer's land is thus employed and his labor thus distributed an excess of cotton is impossible. Smaller debts have been incurred in the making of crops this year and they are the more easily discharged; with food and feed plentiful there is comparatively little need for going into debt to make a new crop and the closing year, despite the disorders and disasters of a war involving half the world, finds Texas farmer's freer from debt, enjoying greater comfort, and better fortified for another year of endeavor than at any time during the past decade.

Moreover, the year's experience has demonstrated that when the farmer exercises forethought and discretion in planting, cultivating, and marketing he will not fail, and that when he fails he should not "blame Heaven for tangled ends and sit and grieve and wonder." With these lessons comes the sense of obligation upon the farmer to conserve the resources of soil and to leave to his children and to future generations a richer possession than was left to him.

For these blessings and these conditions, it is becoming that gratitude be expressed to the Giver of all gifts, the Husbandman of all the earth, for the wisdom of bringing success out of calamity, for the intelligence to see a better way, and for the steadfastness to pursue that way resolutely hereafter as the way of prosperity and happiness.

It is becoming also to recognize and express appreciation for all the agencies of education that touch rural life; for the spirit of co-operation between all the instrumentalities of agricultural betterment; for the spirit of service which is giving to our agriculture a large force

FOR SALE

Lots 12 and 13, block 10, 50x125 feet, with building, north side of public square; also lot 4, block 23, 50x150, on south side of st. first lot west of square. Tahoka, Texas. If interested address, Box 27, Richland, Springs, Texas.

Who Will Reap The Harvest?

The great South Plains of Texas as might well be termed the last retreat where men may settle and by thrift and industry, secure a farm home without slaving away the best years of their life in the endeavor.

To be sure, that place that offers not a single obstacle to the homeseeker, lies yet in the land of the unknown and therefore on some other planet than the one we inhabit, but this particular section offers the greatest number of inducements to the man of small means to come here and join hands with those already here and develop the South Plains into the most fruitful section of the state, or, in fact, of the great Southwest. Soil, climate and water we have, with many other advantages not enjoyed by other portions of the state, and the wonder is that the renters of Texas do not come while there is yet cheap land to be had, while there is yet an opportunity to become the lord of their own acres.

Places there are where exceptional yields may be made provided the soil is builded anew each year by expensive means of fertilization. But here the soil is ready and only awaits the husbandman to make it yield an abundant harvest. This is not a statement for exploitation, but the horny-handed sons of toil have the "goods" to show the skeptical. And that we lead in the production of garden, farm and orchard is proved by conclusive evidence. We have made good in every possible way and yet we have cheap lands for the investor. Of course these conditions will not last forever, and now is the time for the man of small means to come and get a start. Tomorrow will be too late.

As matters now stand, altho it appears there will be now general migration to the Plains until lands advance to a higher level, and then we may expect the big rush. Those who come now will reap the greater reward of their labor. Those who follow will see the folly of having waited. You had better head for the great South Plains today and incidentally, Lynn county offers as many inducements as any, and is worthy of your consideration.

There will be a box supper at Wilson school house, Thanksgiving night. Proceeds to be used toward seating the church. Everyone invited.

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

of men and women endeavoring by practical means to make farm life more profitable and enjoyable; for recognition of the truth that farm problems are the concern not only of the farmer, but of all the people, and for recognition of the truth taught in the parable or talents that the divine way to obtain material blessings is to make the largest possible use of present opportunities so that by proper use of what we have we may have the more.

We will be glad to show you through our beautiful new line of White Ivory while the stock is complete. We have the piece you are looking for. 10 tf
Parkhurst Broken \$ Store.

LET US SERVE YOU on all Your Thanksgiving Needs WHATEVER THEY MAY BE

J. S. Wells Gen'l. Merchant

A Complete Stock....

Of Groceries to Select The Menu For Your Thanksgiving Dinner From; Everything to Make The Meal Enjoyable. Our Dry Goods Department, too, is Complete in Every Detail;

Let Us Serve You

J. S. Wells Gen'l. Merchant

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 and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "Clutching Hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend Jameson, a newspaper man. Enraged at the determined effort which Elaine and Craig Kennedy are making to put an end to his crimes, the Clutching Hand, as this strange criminal is known, resorts to all sorts of the most diabolical schemes to put them out of the way. Each chapter of the story tells of a new plot against their lives and of the way the great detective uses all his skill to save this pretty girl and himself from death.

NINTH EPISODE

THE DEATH RAY.

Kennedy was reading a scientific treatise one morning, while I was banging on the typewriter, when a knock at the laboratory door disturbed us.

By some intuition Craig seemed to know who it was. He sprang to open the door, and there stood Elaine Dodge and her lawyer, Perry Bennett. Instantly Craig read from the startled look on Elaine's face that something dreadful had happened.

"Why—what's the matter?" he asked, solicitously.

"A—another letter—from the Clutching Hand!" she exclaimed breathlessly.

Craig took the letter and we both read, with amazement:

Are you an enemy of society? If not, order Craig Kennedy to leave the country by nine o'clock tomorrow morning. Otherwise a pedestrian will drop dead outside his laboratory every hour until he leaves.

The note was signed by the now familiar sinister hand, and had added to it a postscript which read:

As a token of his leaving, have him place a vase of flowers in his laboratory window today.

"What shall we do?" queried Bennett, evidently very much alarmed at the letter.

"Do?" replied Kennedy, laughing contemptuously at the apparently futile threat. "Why, nothing. Just wait."

We got up as usual the next day, and quite early went over to the laboratory. Kennedy, as was his custom, plunged straightway into his work and appeared absorbed by it, while I wrote.

"There is something queer going on, Walter," he remarked. "This thing registers some kind of wireless rays—infra-red, I think—something like those that they say that Italian scientist, Ulivi, claims he has discovered and called the 'F-rays.'"

"How do you know?" I asked, looking up from my work. "What's that instrument you are using?"

"A bolometer, invented by the late Professor Langley," he replied, his attention riveted on it.

Some time previously Kennedy had had installed on the window ledge one of those mirrorlike arrangements, known as a "busybody," which show those in a room what is going on in the street.

As I moved over to look at the bolometer I happened to glance into the "busybody" and saw that a crowd was rapidly collecting on the sidewalk.

"Look, Craig!" I called hastily. He hurried over to me and looked. We could both see in the busybody mirror a group of excited passers-by bending over a man lying prostrate on the sidewalk.

The excited crowd lifted him up and bore him away, and I turned in surprise to Craig. He was looking at his watch.

It was now only a few moments past nine o'clock!

Some time later our door was excitedly flung open and Elaine and Perry Bennett arrived.

"I've just heard of the accident!" she cried fearfully. "Isn't it terrible! What let us better do?"

For a few moments no one said a word. Kennedy began carefully examining the bolometer and some other recording instruments he had, while the rest of us watched, fascinated.

Somehow that "busybody" seemed to attract me. I could not resist looking into it from time to time as Kennedy worked.

I was scarcely able to control my excitement when again I saw the same scene enacted on the sidewalk before the laboratory. Hurriedly I looked at my watch. It was ten o'clock!

"Craig!" I cried. "Another!" Instantly he was at my side, gazing eagerly. There was a second innocent pedestrian lying on the sidewalk while a crowd, almost panic-stricken, gathered about him.

"It's no use," he muttered, as we gathered about him. "We're beaten. I can't stand this sort of thing. I will leave tomorrow for South America."

I thought Elaine Dodge would faint at the shock of his words coming so

soon after the terrible occurrence outside. She looked at him speechless.

It happened that Kennedy had some artificial flowers on a stand, which he had been using long before in the study of synthetic coloring materials. Before Elaine could recover her tongue he seized them and stuck them into a tall beaker, like a vase. Then he deliberately walked to the window and placed the beaker on the ledge in a most prominent position.

Elaine and Bennett, to say nothing of myself, gazed at him, awe-struck. "Is—there no other way but to surrender?" she asked.

Kennedy mournfully shook his head.

"I'm afraid not," he answered slowly. "There's no telling how far a fellow who has this marvelous power might go. I think I'd better leave, to save you. He may not content himself with innocent outsiders always."

Nothing that any of us could say, not even the pleadings of Elaine herself, could move him. The thought that at eleven o'clock a third innocent passer-by might lie stricken on the street seemed to move him powerfully.

"I'm so sorry—Craig," murmured Elaine, choking back her emotion and finding it impossible to go on.

"So am I, Elaine," he answered, tensely. "But—perhaps—when this trouble blows over—"

He paused, unable to go on, turned and shook his head. Then with a forced gayety he bade Elaine and Perry Bennett adieu, saying that perhaps a trip might do him good.

They had scarcely gone out, and Kennedy closed the door carefully, when he turned and went directly to the instrument which I had seen him observing so intently.

Plainly I could see that it was registering something.

He walked fairly close to the window this time, keeping well out of the direct line of it, however, and there stood gazing out into the street.

"We are being watched," he said slowly, turning and looking at me fixedly. "But I don't dare investigate lest it cost the lives of more unfortunates."

He stood for a moment in deep thought. Then he pulled out a suit case and began silently to pack it.

Although we had not dared to investigate, we knew that from a building across the street emissaries of the Clutching Hand were watching for our signal of surrender.

The fact was, as we found out later, that in a poorly furnished room, much after the fashion of that which, with the help of the authorities, we had once raided in the suburbs, there were at that moment two crooks.

One of them was the famous, or rather infamous, Professor LeCroix. The other was the young secretary of the Clutching Hand.

This was the new headquarters of the master criminal, very carefully guarded.

"Look!" cried LeCroix, very much excited by the effect that had been produced by his infra-red rays. "There is the sign—the vase of flowers. We have got him this time!"

LeCroix gleefully patted a peculiar instrument beside him. Apparently it was a combination of powerful electric arcs, the rays of which were shot through a funnel-like arrangement into a converted or, rather, a sort of concentration apparatus from which the dread power could be released through a tubelike affair at the end.

It was his infra-red heat wave, F-ray, engine.

Bucking the Waves at 54 Miles an Hour



The fastest time ever made on water. On Lake Michigan, in the worst kind of racing weather, the Disturber IV won a world's record at this speed.

Commodore Pugh, her owner and driver, selected TEXACO MOTOR OIL and TEXACO GASOLINE for this important race, after testing them out in every way.

He congratulated us on their performance and credited TEXACO PRODUCTS with his freedom from engine trouble and his unusually high speed. The same "gas" and oil which contributed to this result can be obtained from our agent in your town.

The Texas Company
General Offices—Houston, Texas
Agents Everywhere

"I told you it would work!" cried LeCroix.

I did not argue any further with Craig about his sudden resolution to go away. But it is a very solemn proceeding to pack up and admit defeat after such a brilliant succession of cases as had been his until we met this master criminal.

He was unshakable, however, and the next morning we closed the laboratory and loaded our baggage into a taxicab.

Neither of us said much, but I saw a quick look of appreciation on Craig's face as we pulled up at the wharf and saw that Elaine's car was already there. He seemed deeply moved that Elaine should come at such an early hour to have a last word.

Our car stopped, and Kennedy moved over toward her car, directing two porters, whom I noticed that he chose with care, to wait at one side. One of them was an Irishman with a slight limp; the other a wiry Frenchman with a pointed beard.

In spite of her pleadings, however, Kennedy held to his purpose, and as we shook hands for the last time I thought that Elaine would almost break down.

We finally tore ourselves away, followed by the porters carrying as much as they could.

"Bon voyage!" called Elaine, bravely keeping back a choke in her voice.

Near the gangplank, in the crowd, I noticed a couple of sinister faces watching the ship's officers and the passengers going aboard. Kennedy's quick eye spotted them, too, but he did not show in any way that he noticed anything as, followed by our porters, we quickly climbed the gangplank.

"In there," pointed Kennedy, quickly to the porters, indicating our stateroom, which was an outer room. "Come, Walter."

I followed him in with a heavy heart.

Outside could be seen the two sinister faces in the crowd watching tentatively, with eyes fixed on the stateroom. Finally one of the crew boarded the ship hastily, while the other watched the two porters come out of the stateroom and pause at the window, speaking back into the room as though answering commands.

Then the porters quickly ran along the deck and down the plank to the rest of the luggage.

They took a small, but very heavy box and, lugging and tugging, hastened toward the boat with it. But they were too late. The gangplank was being hauled in.

Continued on page four



Thanksgiving Day

A Day When Every Family Meets Around its Festive Board, With A Few Intimate Friends, Perhaps, And Renew "The Ties That Bind."

On That Day it is the Dearest Wish of Every Housewife That Her Dining Room Looks its Best. If There is Anything in the Furniture of the Room That is Lacking, We Can Supply it: Whether it is to Match a Piece of the Present Furniture, or Supply a New Dining Room Suit Complete.

And Remember, You Can Bring Your Catalogue Along and We Will Sell You the Piece Selected For Less Money, Loaded on Your Own Wagon; And You Get to See What You Buy Before You Pay Your Money.

Ed. Meyers, Furniture

"Everything to Furnish the Home Complete"

Commanding Success

Some people "command" success, others sit down and wait for it.

Those who command success are the ones who watch for opportunity, getting ready meanwhile to seize upon it.

The way they get ready for it is to give constant attention to the growth of their bank account, thus developing, at the same time, business instincts and helpful acquaintance.

Identify yourself with the successful bank, and get in position to command your success.

The First National Bank

Of Tahoka, Texas

In an interview with a News' representative, Mrs. Claude Wells related the following facts in regard to the crops that Claude raised this year on 130 acres of land about two and one-half miles east of Tahoka. Eighteen acres of wheat thrashed twenty-one bushels to the acre. Thirty acres of cotton badly thinned by the hail in the spring, from which he has already ginned fifteen bales and will be certain to get six or seven more. He had five acres of sorghum and eight acres in corn. Thirty-four acres of maize making every bit of two tons to the acre. His corn is making twenty bushels average to the acre. Talking with Claude, later, he confirmed what his wife had said, and stated that anyone could make a good crop a year like this he had been; but it took a farmer, and plenty of work to make a good crop of a dry year; but he had never seen a farmer fail to make good here if he worked toward that end.

Figure with us before you buy a diamond, a watch, High Class jewelry of any kind, or cut glass. We will please you and save you money. 10 tf
Parkhurst Broken \$ Store.

Samuel Edge of Miami, Texas, is here this week visiting his brother-in-law, J. L. Heare, Santa Fe agent at this place. Mr. Edge says that he finds "Joe" altogether too busy to get into any mischief.

Guy King of four and one-half miles east of Tahoka, had six or seven acres planted in broom corn this year and he has sold over \$150 worth of home made brooms and has hardly made a showing in this crop, according to a statement made by Mrs. King to a News' representative, Tuesday.

This issue of the News would be incomplete without mention of the chrysanthemum display in the garden at the T. C. Leedy home in West Tahoka. This writer has seen some good greenhouse displays of this wonderful flower, but, none that for richness of color, beauty of form and size combined could equal these that the Tahoka nurseryman has grown in his yard right here in our city. Flower lovers will be richly repaid for a trip to see these chrysanthemums.

Another neat cottage is being built in West Tahoka; We refer to the one being built for Dr. J. R. Singleton, the dentist. His new building will contain five rooms and a bath, with two nice porches. This is the third residence to be built on the same street corner; the first one was the handsome residence of Dr. J. H. McCoy, on the south-east corner, the next was the nice little cottage of Hardy Montgomery, on the north-east corner, and now Dr. Singleton is building on the north-west corner. There was already a good little residence on the South-west corner.

CARD OF THANKS

To the good friends that have been our stay:

Owing to the serious condition of Mrs. Stokes in her late illness, it was necessary that we should have the kindness and assistance of true friends. This we have received in an abundant way, from the citizens of Lubbock and Tahoka. As it was impossible to see each one of you in person and express our feeling to you, we take this method of letting you know that with the deepest of gratitude we promise you our love to the end. J. E. STOKES AND WIFE.

Mrs. Jessie Blake of Tahoka, has leased the Compton hotel, taking charge Monday. She is experienced in hotel management and expects to keep Cap's Hotel up to the standard as one of the popular lodging places on the South Plains.—Slatonite.

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

Nathan Adams

On "What is Credit?"



The credit which is extended to the farmers of this country is the very foundation upon which all other credits are based, and upon the soundness of this foundation depends the safety and stability of the entire credit structure of the Nation.

What is credit? From the lender's standpoint it is that confidence which is reposed in the ability and purpose of men to meet future obligations. From the borrower's standpoint it is the ability to command the use of money, or its equivalent, with a promise to pay. From the standpoint of society in general credit is a species of machinery invented to aid the purposes of capital and its chief function is to furnish a substitute for money.

When you stop to think of it you must realize that every great crop produced is handled on credit in some form, rather than upon actual money. It is estimated by the best authorities that in every \$100 transaction only \$1 in actual cash is used, the remaining \$99 being represented by some form of credit. So you can readily see that whenever a firm and permanent basis of credit is established there are a great many things we can do that we are not doing now.

With this thought fixed clearly in our minds it is easy to understand the relation between "credit" and "warehouses". Credits based upon commercial paper and self-liquidating bills of exchange usually run for only a short period of time, but when based upon agricultural products its extension is often continuous and indefinite.

For years it has been the custom in the South to loan money, not upon the crop after it is gathered, but upon the seed in the ground, and I believe I am perfectly safe in saying that 50 per cent of the crops in the South are mortgaged at the beginning of every planting. We have always looked upon cotton as the one salvation of the debtor class. And yet, whenever October rolls around and the weather had been bad, the lack of adequate storage facilities invariably precipitates a mad scramble to sell our products. This movement results in a "near-panic", which spreads to every community in the South and forces upon the market, whether it is prepared to absorb it or not, everything that is grown upon the farm.

But I believe that within the next five years the credit policy of Texas and the South will undergo a radical change. When the banker of a community has fully realized the advantages of the new banking system, and is not afraid of the products of his own section, he can protect these products absolutely from the speculator, and secure for them the price that is essential to the welfare of our people.

There is a grave issue that confronts the patrons and teachers of Tahoka public school at present that has so far proved baffling to the instructors. The issue is still more difficult of solution for the simple reason that the parents, considered generally, do not realize the necessity for action on their part, and resent the suspected intrusion of the teachers into the private affairs of the family.

From the observations of the teachers, it is computed that between twenty and thirty percent of the pupils in the primary and intermediate grades are suffering from aduoids.

This disease is a tumorous growth at the root of the nasal passage and is contracted during childhood and disappears in the latter years of adolescence. The chief cause of the disease is chronic cold in the head. A child that nursed a passer in its infancy is more susceptible to the disease, according to medical authorities than others.

The noticeable symptoms are breathing thru the mouth, a loss of energy, weak eyes, a dullness of perception, and in acute stages a disfiguration of the face and emancipation of the limbs. When the two latter symptoms are noticeable the child will be practically an idiot.

So much for the origination and detection of the disease. When one considers that as this grisly substance grows and expands, it presses upward on the brain, checking any growth of the mental faculties, and impairing the nerves of the eyes, not to mention the protruding cheek bones and upper teeth, it appears to this writer that it would be, to say the least, expedient for parents to exercise a certain degree of vigilance over their children, and at the slightest suspicion of the existence of the disease, have them examined and if found to be suffering from aduoids, to have them removed.

Aduoids are non-communicable and the child suffering from them is the only one injured, but consider a moment that if one allows the growth to continue its course until nature disposes of it, that the child will never enjoy the robust health that is its right to enjoy, and that it will never develop mentally beyond the age it is when this defect reaches its maximum growth; do you not owe it to the child to give it relief when it is yet time to save it from a life of mental deficient, or an imbecile.

The operation is simple, inexpensive, and as far as is known

never resulted in the death of the patient; then why not give the child an equal show with the rest of the children.

This plea is couched in simple every day language, that none may mistake its meaning, and it awakens a few to the injustice they are doing their children suffering from aduoids in not having them removed, it will not have been written in vain.

The fight in the coming national Congress will be: For armament against armament.

Where do you stand? It is the intention of the administration to spend on an increased army, a half billion dollars in the next five years, and during the same period to double the present navy of the United States. Mr. Bryan is quoted as saying that the movement is unchristian; that it is against all American principles. And while he realizes that to oppose the administration in this movement means political suicide, still no victory for the right has ever been won except at the sacrifice of some of the leaders of the cause. He avers he is willing to make the sacrifice to save the American people from themselves.

On the other hand, our President has proven himself to be a man of sound judgement, and in the past has refused to be bulldozed into initiating any policy that was not for the ultimate good of the nation. Of course we all know that as compared to the other powers of the earth, of our size, we as a nation are woefully weak in the matter of defending our homeland. And if there is one man in the nation who could anticipate any reason why, in the near future, we should be called upon to defend ourselves against the invasion of foreign host, it would be that man at the head of our government, who has his fingers on the pulse of the world.

Every fellow seems to think his gun is just a little speedier than the other guy's and can't resist the temptation to open her up a few notches past the safety mark in order to keep from taking the other fellow's dust. The result is often: "dust to eus."—Ex.

If you know of a choice piece of scandal that would set the town by its ears, just bury it so deep it can never be resurrected and then promptly forget all about it. The good citizen uses his tongue, but never lets it wag.—Ex.

Not Silence, but ADVERTISING, Is Golden to the Business Man.

Lynn County News

Published every Friday by C. C. CRUE & CO., TAHOKA, TEXAS. 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.

We are indeed glad to see the many manifestations of civic pride and attractiveness that have come to light in the past two or three weeks. Yet, there are some unimproved places maintained, or allowed to remain about the business part of the city.

PROFESSIONAL

C. H. GAIN
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

Drs. Hutchinson and Pebler

J. T. HUCHINSON, M. D.
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
O. F. PEBLER, M. D.
General Medicine and Surgery
Rooms in 1st Nat'l. Bank Bld'g.
LUBBOCK, TEXAS

Blacksmithing

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

J. Macfarlane's
South of Square

Great Expectations

Will Be Realized if They Are Backed Up by Advertising.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, 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.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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.

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

MOST OF THE WORLD'S KNOWLEDGE IS BASED ON NEWSPAPERS. YOU MUST READ THEM IF YOU WOULD KNOW WHAT IS GOING ON.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING PAYS

WE HAVE AT HEART Your pleasure, Improve your half hour leisure

By a visit to the

Theater

10 Cents--ADMISSION--10 Cents



If You Don't Take "Her"

A Box of
"Jacob's" Candy
Thanksgiving, the
Other Fellow will...

Thomas Bros.
Drug Com'ny



The Exploits of Elaine

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

They shouted, but the ship's officers waved them back.

The porters argued. But it was no use. All they could do was to carry the box back to the Dodge car.

Miss Dodge was just getting in as they returned.

"What shall we do with this and the other stuff?" asked the Irish porter.

She looked at the rest of the tagged luggage and the box which was marked:

Scientific Instruments
Valuable
Handle With Care!

"Here—pile them in there," she said, indicating the taxicab. "I'll take care of them."

Meanwhile one of our sinister-faced friends had just had time to regain the shore after following us aboard ship and strolling past the window of our stateroom. He paused long enough to observe one of the occupants studying a map, while the other was opening a bag.

"They're gone!" he said to the other as he rejoined him on the dock, giving a nod of his head and a jerk of his thumb at the ship.

"Yes," added the other crook, "and lost most of their baggage, too."

Slowly the car proceeded through the streets up from the river front, followed by the taxicab, until at last the Dodge mansion was reached.

Elaine sighed moodily as she walked slowly in.

"Here, Marie," she cried petulantly to her maid, "take these wraps of mine."

A moment later Aunt Josephine left her and Elaine went into the library and over to a table. She stood there an instant, then sank down into a chair, taking up Kennedy's picture and gazing at it with eyes filled with tears.

Just then Jennings came into the room, ushering the two porters laden with the boxes and bags.

"Where shall I have them put these things, Miss Elaine?" he inquired.

"Oh—anywhere," she answered hurriedly, replacing the picture.

Jennings paused. As he did so, one of the porters limped forward.

"I've a message for you, miss," he said in a rich Irish brogue, with a look at Jennings, "to be delivered in private."

Elaine glanced at him surprised. Then she nodded to Jennings, who disappeared. As he did so, the Irishman limped to the door and drew together the porters.

Then he came back closer to Elaine. A moment she looked at him, not quite knowing from his strange actions whether to call for help or not.

At a motion from Kennedy, as he pulled off his wig, I pulled off the little false beard.

Elaine looked at us, transformed, startled.

"Wh—what!" she stammered. "Oh—I'm—so—glad. How—"

Kennedy said nothing. He was thoroughly enjoying her face.

"Don't you understand?" I explained, laughing merrily. "I admit that I didn't, until that last minute in the stateroom on the boat when we didn't come back to wave a last good-by. But all the care that Craig took in selecting the porters was the result of work he did yesterday, and the insistence with which he chose our traveling clothes had a deep-laid purpose."

"The change was made quickly in the stateroom. Kennedy's man threw on the coat and hat he wore, while Craig donned the rough clothes of the porter and added a limp and a wig. The same sort of exchange of clothes was made by me, and Craig clapped a Vandyke beard on my chin."

"Mum's the word," cautioned Kennedy. "You must smuggle us out of the house some way."

Kennedy lost no time in confirming the suspicions of his bolometer as to the cause of the death of the innocent victims of the machinations of the Clutching Hand.

Both of them, he had learned, had been removed to a nearby undertaking shop, awaiting the verdict of the coroner. We sought out the shop and prevailed on the undertaker to let us see the bodies.

As Kennedy pulled down the shroud from the face of the first victim he disclosed on his forehead a round, dark spot about the size of a small coin. Quickly he moved to the next coffin and, uncovering the face, disclosed a similar mark.

"What is it?" I asked, awe-struck.

"Why," he said, "I've heard of a certain Viennese, one LeCroix, I believe, who has discovered, or perfected, an infra-red ray instrument which shoots its power a great distance with extreme accuracy and leaves a mark like these."

We thanked the undertaker for his courtesy and went out. Meanwhile Elaine had called up Perry Bennett.

"Mr. Bennett," she exclaimed over the wire, "just guess who called on me?"

"Who?" he answered. "I give it up."

"Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Jameson," she called back.

"Is that so?" he returned. "Isn't that fine? I didn't think he was the

kind to run away like that. How did it happen?"

Elaine quickly told the story as I had told her.

Had she known it, however, Bennett's valet, Thomas, was at that very moment listening at the portieres, intensely interested.

As Bennett hung up the receiver Thomas entered the room.

"If anyone calls me," ordered Bennett, "take the message, particularly if it is from Miss Dodge."

"Yes, sir," nodded the valet with a covert glance at his master.

It was not long afterward that a knock sounded at the door of the new headquarters of the Clutching Hand. LeCroix and the secretary were there, as well as a couple of others.

"The Chief!" exclaimed one. The secretary opened the door, and, sure enough, the Clutching Hand entered.

There came another knock. This time, as the door opened, it was Thomas, Bennett's faithless valet, who entered.

"Say," blurted out the informer, "do you know Kennedy and Jameson are back?"

"Back?" cried the crooks. "Yes—they didn't go. Changed clothes with the porters. I just heard Miss Dodge telling Mr. Bennett."

Clutching Hand eyed him keenly, then seemed to burst into an ungovernable fury.

Quickly he began volleying orders at the valet and the others. Then, with the secretary and two of the other crooks he left by another door from that by which he had sent the valet.

Leaving the undertakers, Kennedy and I made our way, keeping off thoroughfares, to police headquarters, where, after making ourselves known, Craig made arrangements for a raid on the house across the street from the laboratory where he had seen the opera glass reflection.

Then, as secretly as we had come, we went out again, letting ourselves into the laboratory, stealthily looking up and down the street. We entered by a basement door, which Kennedy carefully locked again.

No sooner had we disappeared than one of the Clutching Hand's spies, who had been watching behind a barrel of rubbish, gave the signal of the hand down the street to a confederate, and, going to the door, entered by means of a skeleton key.

We entered our laboratory which Kennedy had closed the day before. With shades drawn it now looked deserted enough.

Kennedy went over to a cabinet, and from it took out a notebook and a small box. Opening the notebook on the laboratory table, he rapidly turned the pages.

"Here, Walter," he remarked. "This will answer your question about the mysterious deadly ray."

I moved over to the table, eager to satisfy my curiosity and read the notes which he indicated with his finger.

INFRA-RED RAY NOTES.

The pure infra-red ray which has been developed by LeCroix from the experiments of the Italian scientist, UVI, causes, when concentrated by an apparatus perfected by LeCroix, an instantaneous combustion of non-reflecting surfaces. It is particularly deadly in its effect on the brain centers.

It can be diverted, it is said, however, by a shield composed of platinum backed by asbestos.

Next Kennedy opened the case which he had taken out of the cabinet, and from it he took out a platinum-asbestos mirror, which was something of his own invention. He held it up, and in pantomime showed me just how it would cut off the deadly rays.

He had not finished even that, when a peculiar noise in the laboratory itself disturbed him, and he hastily thrust the asbestos-platinum shield into his pocket.

"Though we had not realized it, our return had been anticipated. Suddenly from a closet projected a magazine gun, and before we could move Clutching Hand himself slowly appeared behind us.

We started to our feet, but in an instant found ourselves sprawling on the floor.

In the cabinet, beneath the laboratory table, another crook had been hidden, and he tackled us with all the skill of an old football player, against whom we had no defense.

Four of them were upon us instantly.

At the same time Thomas, the faithless valet of Bennett, had been dispatched by the Clutching Hand to commandeer his master's roadster in his absence, and, carrying out the instructions, he had driven up before Elaine's house at the very moment when she was going out for a walk.

Thomas jumped out of the car and touched his hat deferentially.

"A message from Mr. Bennett, ma'am," he explained. "Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Bennett have sent me to ask you to come over to the laboratory."

Unsuspectingly, Elaine stepped into the car and drove off.

Instead, however, of turning and

pulling up on the laboratory side of the street, Thomas stopped opposite it. He got out and Elaine, thinking that perhaps it was to save time that he had not turned the car around, followed.

The door was opened quickly by a lookout of the Clutching Hand and the valet asked if Craig and Elaine's lawyer were in. Of course, the lookout replied that they were, and before Elaine knew it she was jostled into the dark hallway.

And as the door slammed she caught sight of the fearsome Clutching Hand himself.

She drew back, but was too frightened even to scream.

With a harsh, cruel laugh, the super-criminal beckoned to her to follow him and look down through a small trapdoor.

Unable now to resist, she did so. There she saw us. To that extent the valet had told the truth. Kennedy was standing in deep thought, while I sat on an old box, smoking a cigarette—very miserable.

Watching his chance, when the street was deserted, the Clutching Hand and his followers had hustled us over to the new hangout from the laboratory. There they had met more crooks and had thrust us into this vile hole.

As the various ineffectual schemes for escape surged through my head, I happened to look up and caught a glance of horror on Craig's face. I followed his eyes. There, above us, was Elaine!

I saw her look from us to the Clutching Hand in terror. But none of us uttered a word.

"I will now show you, my dear young lady," almost hissed the Clutching Hand at length, "a pretty game of hide and seek as you have ever seen."

As he said it another trapdoor near the infra-red ray machine was opened and a beam of light burst through. I knew it was not that which we had to fear, but the invisible rays that accompanied it, the rays that had affected the bolometer.

Just then a spot of light showed near my foot, moving about the cement floor until it fell on my shoe. Instantly the leather charred, even before I could move.

Kennedy and I leaped to our feet and drew back. The beam followed us. We retreated further. Still it followed, inexorably.

Clutching Hand was now holding Elaine near the door where she could not help seeing, laughing diabolically while he directed LeCroix and the rest to work the infra-red ray apparatus through the trap.

As we dodged from corner to corner, endeavoring to keep the red ray from touching us, the crooks seemed in no hurry, but rather to enjoy prolonging the torture, as does a cat with a mouse.

"Please—oh, please—stop!" begged Elaine.

Clutching Hand only laughed with fiendish delight and urged his men on. The thing was getting closer and closer.

Suddenly we heard a strange voice ring out above us.

"Police!"

"Where?" growled the Clutching Hand in fury.

"Outside—a raid! Run! He's told them!"

Already we could hear the hammers and axes of the police whom Kennedy had called upon before, as they battered at this outside door.

At that door a moment before the lookout suddenly had given a startled stare and a suppressed cry. Glancing down the street he had seen a police patrol in which were a score or more of the strong-arm squad. They had jumped out, some carrying sledgehammers, others axes.

Almost before he could cry out and retreat to give a warning they had reached the door and the first rebounding blows had been struck.

The lookout quickly had fled and drawn the bolts of a strong inner door, and the police began battering that impediment.

Instantly Clutching Hand turned to LeCroix at the Fry machine.

"Finish them!" he shouted.

We were now backed up against a small ell in the wall of the cellar. It was barely large enough to hold us, but by crowding we were able to keep out of the reach of the ray. The ray shot past the ell and struck the wall a couple of inches from us.

I looked. The cement began to crumble under the intense heat.

Meanwhile the police were having great difficulty with the steel bolt-studded door. Still it was yielding a bit.

"Hurry!" shouted Clutching Hand to LeCroix.

Kennedy had voluntarily placed himself in front of me in the ell. Carefully, to avoid the ray, he took the asbestos-platinum shield from his pocket and slid it forward as best he could over the wall to the spot where the ray struck.

It reflected the ray.

But so powerful was it that even that part of the ray which was deflect-



THANKSGIVING TABLE

The reason we can make this statement is because we are exclusive grocers poultry and eggs, and at all times keep our stock clean and fresh and up with the seasons.

Anthony's Cash Grocery.

"You pay only for what you get, and get what you pay for"

A carload Pekin wagons
Just arrived—Second growth hickory
apokes and axles. Also line of
Water Stoves and Heaters
"Best Stoves on Earth"

L. Williams
Hardware, Harness, Saddles—South Side of the Square
Tin Shop Under
Expert Workman Shoe and leather Repair
Work done Satisfactorily



She Looked at Him Speechless.

her head. Just then the door yielded and a policeman stuck his head and shoulders through. His revolver rang out and Clutching Hand's automatic flew out of his grasp, giving him just enough time to dodge through and slam the secret door in the faces of the squad as they rushed in.

Back of the house Clutching Hand and the other crooks were now passing through a bricked passage. The fire had got so far beyond control by this time that it drove the police back from their efforts to open the secret door. Thus the Clutching Hand had made good his escape through the passage which led out, as we later discovered, to the railroad tracks along the river.

"Down there—Mr. Kennedy—and Mr. Jameson," cried Elaine, pointing at the trap which was hidden in the strife.

The fire had gained terrific headway, but the police seized a ladder and stuck it down into the basement. Choking and sputtering, half-suffocated, we staggered up.

"Are you hurt?" asked Elaine, anxiously, taking Craig's arm.

"Not a bit—thanks to you!" he replied, forgetting all in meeting the eager questioning of her wonderful eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Remarkable Island. White Island, which lies in the Bay of Plenty, off the coast of New Zealand, derives its name from the clouds of white steam in which it appears to be continually enveloped. Its area is only 600 acres and its height about 800 feet above sea level. The water of the island is of a pale green hue, and any thing dipped into it becomes of a red brick color. The fumes of sulphur are always plainly perceptible. Covering an area of fifty acres of one of the lakes on the island is an immense cauldron hissing and snorting and sending forth volumes of poisonous steam, while all chances of egress appear to be denied by the steep, silent and gloomy cliffs.

Lost Gold Mine. Among the famous lost mines of the western world and one which is again being sought is the Tisingall of Costa Rica. It is said to have yielded great quantities of gold in the time of the Spanish domination. After quelling the Indian uprisings, however, the Spaniards failed to relocate the mine. It is thought that it lies hidden in the bed of one of the larger streams. Many attempts have been made to find it, but so far without avail.

Wilson Mercantile Co.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers In

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Including Furniture, Dry Goods, Groceries 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

J. N. JONES

Dealer In

Furniture and Undertaker's Supplies

Tahoka Blacksmith Shop

General Blacksmithing
And All Round Crook

H. C. SMITH, TAHOKA

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

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

BIRDS of a Feather

Ves They "Flock Together"
You Will Always Find The
Best Dressed Men Coming
To Our Store Suit, Over-
coat, Cleaning, Altering or
Pressing; it is All The Same.

Look Your Best.....

On Thanksgiving Day. Ap-
pear as Prosperous as You
Are. Call Today And Order
Those Smart Togs For
Thanksgiving.

S. N. WEATHERS

The Tailor

Clothes Cleaned And
Pressed
The
Hoffman
Sanitary
Way



SAVE YOUR CALVES

BLACKLEGOIDS

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.

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

TAN-NO-MORE
AND
FRECKLEATER

Two of the most
Scientific Beautifying
Agencies Known.

TAN-NO-MORE
THE SKIN BEAUTIFIER

The scientific combination of Cream
and Powder. Delightful in appearance
and pleasing in its effect. Used during
the day it is a protection from the sun
and wind. In the evening its use assures
a faultless complexion.

Experience has taught us that the best way
to apply Tan-No-More is to put it on very wet and
wipe off with a soft towel at once and do not wait
for it to dry.

All Dealers
50 AND 35 CTS.

FRECKLEATER CREAM

For the removing of Liver Spots,
Freckles, Ring Worm and all kindred
blemishes of the skin. It will bleach the
skin in 10 days and make it as smooth
and soft as a baby's.

Makes Bad Complexions Good
Good Complexions Better.

All Dealers
50 AND 25 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.

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 assort-
ment of other Plants, Shrubs, Fruits, Flower and Vege-
table Seed for the Southern Garden. By all means drop
a card for it today. **Joseph W. Vestal & Son,**
Box 856, Little Rock, Arkansas

DRINK

Exhilarating
Energy Builder

Ed Mate

Ideal Refreshment
At Fountains

5c

Letter From Great Tahoka Desert.

Tahoka, Texas, October 26.
Editor Eye-Witness:

Perhaps a few lines from this
part of the Lone Star State might
be of interest to some of your read-
ers. It has been quite a while
since I have sent you a communi-
cation. My negligence has in no
way been caused by something of
interest to write about, for the
present year has been all that
most of our plains farmers could
ask for in the way of a proficient
season, abundant yields and fair
prices for products.

A severe hail storm visited a
portion of our county June 28, and
laid waste and destruction in its
path and your humble scribe had
the misfortune to be in its midst.
Corn that gave promise of forty
bushels and cotton as fine as
others are now gathering three-
fourths to a bale per acre from,
was entirely destroyed. Our crop
was planted over to maize, Sudan
grass, sorghum and other feed
crops and has since the first of
July made and matured a fine
yield. We are now busily engaged
in the task of harvesting same.
Will put up, in addition to our
abundant forage crop, one thou-
sand or twelve hundred gallons of
home made sorghum syrup for
which we are finding ready sale at
65 cents per gallon. Our little
bunch of San Saba county cattle
has increased somewhat in num-
bers and size, and range conditions
are splendid, but there is one
thing in which your humble serv-
ant is woefully deficient and that
is the "dollars of our daddies."
We were "knocked out" on 12
cent cotton and \$40 ton seed.

Our town and country is just
now undergoing a wonderful de-
velopment in the way of new
buildings, new farms and a tide of
immigration unsurpassed in the
history of our county. Our little
town has been incorporated and
the crooked horned cow that erst-
while prowled the farmers' wagons
has been relegated to solitary
confinement.

Vegetation of all kind is still
green and thriving. No frost has
yet visited the South Plains and
the pesky boll weevil have not yet
made their appearance above the
"rim."

Have just read the first instal-
ment of "loconic" editorial and
am surprised at the conduct of
your town's "business interests"
in failing to give proper support
to their only medium of advertis-
ing. Conditions are certainly in
bad shape when big business con-
cerns tries to run on past "rep."
I am anxiously waiting for the
next chapter and hope it will be
full of ginger and have a punch
equal to Jess Willard.

Occasionally an old San Saba
county wanderer passes this way.
The latest one to call this way
was Frank Brazelton who was
looking the ground over with a
view of locating and word has just
now come that John Maxcey has
climbed the cap rock headed this
way. (It is all a mistake. John
Maxcey is still in the land of plenty,
sane and rational—Editors.)
Y. T. Crouch has already landed
here. Come on boys, there is
plenty of room and we will take
pleasure in extending you the glad
hand of a hearty welcome to a
land where prodigious crops are
growing, where the hum of indus-
try makes merry music to our in-
habitants and the iron horse rolls
over the plains where ball game
cattle roam at will over verdant
pastures and where man, mere
man, alone of all God's creature,
wails at his lot and the herculean
task of harvesting the immense
crop which a beneficent providence
has bestowed upon her un-
worthy sons of the plains.

Truly yours,
W. J. Crouch.

—Eye-Witness, Richland Springs.

Duties We Owe Living and Dead.

Out in the cemetery the dead
are sleeping. They know nothing
of the flowers placed upon the cold
sod above their pulseless hearts by
loved ones. Their dull ears have
no response for the sweet songs of
the woodland choristers that sing
in the trees overhead. The mod-
est violet and the fragile daffodil
spread their fragrance in vain.
The tears shed by friends and ear-
ones touch no echoing chord in
those still and pulseless bosoms.
The Enterprise believes earnestly
in keeping the city of the dead
beautiful and attractive not as a
tribute or memory to those above
whose heads pale slabs of granite
point skyward, but as an incentive
to the living. The dead are be-
yond the effect of tender ministra-
tions. 'Tis to the living we owe
all our duty. It is eminently
right and proper and is perfectly
natural to enshrine within our
breasts forever the memory of
those who were near and dear to
us in this world, nor can we force
back the tears, for they will un-
bidden come. Yet for the sake of
the living, it is the duty of all to
weep in seclusion and as much as
possible put on a smiling counte-
nance for those who have years
little while to remain on earth.—
Cleburne Enterprise.

About Spilt Milk

There is an old saying that
there is no use crying over spilt
milk. There is no use lamenting
the disappearance of thousands of
dollars from Lynn county that
have been spent with the mail or-
der houses for goods that could
well have been supplied by local
firms; nor is the spender of this
vast amount of money to receive
all the blame. The catalogue
house sends into this country,
tons of catalogues, circular letters
and price lists and thru their int-
imate correspondence with the pur-
chaser, make him feel that they
appreciate his patronage, and that
they can supply his want. Of
course it is impossible for local
merchants to send out yearly the
immense catalogues, but there is
a manufacturing plant in Tahoka
that can furnish them with a me-
dium of communication with their
patrons that is far more effective
and economical than the costly
catalogues. Ask the News rep-
resentative to call and explain;
he knows where this plant is lo-
cated.

Protest to Wilson

The action of the association of
Farmers' Union presidents which
met at New Orleans last week and
passed stirring resolutions against
the closing of foreign ports to
American cotton, will meet with
the approval of every American
citizen who has the agricultural
interest of the nation at heart.
The action of Great Britain in de-
claring cotton contraband is creat-
ing a wider discussion than any
other question before the Ameri-
can public today. The resolution,
given below, fairly represents the
attitude of the farmers, and espe-
cially those of the cotton-producing
states on the subject.

"Resolved that we petition the
President and Congress of the
United States to use every effort
to open all neutral ports to cotton
and all other agricultural prod-
ucts and we direct the attention
of the people of the United States
to England's attitude in declaring
cotton contraband as an act posi-
tively hostile to American agricul-
ture.

We are unalterably opposed to
any further expenditure in in-
creasing the navy until a national
policy shall be first adopted by
which the ports of the world shall
be opened and kept open to Ameri-
can farm products."

Stark Bro's Fruits

Announcing Their
100th Year

How to Grow Bigger Crops of Superb Fruit—FREE

YOU need this practical, expert information. Whether
you own or intend to plant a few trees or a thousand, it is infor-
mation that will save you time, labor and money. It! Simply send us your
name and address on the coupon—or on a postal, if you prefer.

We will gladly mail you a free copy of our New Catalog—an 11 x 8 in. book
that is simply packed with hints that
will enable you to secure bumper crops
of fruit—and sell them at top
prices. The whole book is filled
with interesting and instructive
information for fruit-growers
everywhere are getting prodigious
crops and large cash profits from crops
of young, thrifty, genuine Stark Bro's
trees—facts that emphasize the truth
of the axiom "Stark Trees Bear Fruit."
Beautiful life-size, natural-color photos
of leading fruits all through the book.
Send for your copy today to

Stark Bro's Nurseries at Louisiana, Mo.

Read it and learn about the new fruit-
tree triumph of Stark Bro's long Cen-
tury of Success—the "Double-Life"



Get Our New Catalog
FREE 11 x 8 inches—filled
with beautiful photo-
graphs. Mail us the
coupon on a postal,
bearing your name
and address.
Stark Bro's
Dept. A
Louisiana
Mo.

I expect to plant..... trees
Name.....
R. F. D.....
P. O.....
State.....

A News' representative had the
pleasure of visiting the Edith
school Tuesday afternoon. Edith
school house is eight or nine miles
east of Tahoka, and has an enroll-
ment of twenty scholastics, with
a regular attendance of eighteen,
and this right in the center of a
district that has been blessed with
a bumper crop this year, which
the farmers are having considera-
ble difficulty finding hands to
gather. To our notion nothing
could speak better for the pro-
gressive spirit and prosperity of
these farmers than the fact that
they can and will spare their
children out of the field at such a
busy time to send them to school.
Miss Bessie James, the teacher at
Edith for this term seems to have
the children pretty well in hand,
although one of the smaller boys
wrote something on a piece of pa-
per that another boy of the same
size took exceptions to and as
soon as school was dismissed, they
tried to settle the matter by a re-
course to nature's weapons. They
had hardly got started, however,
when the teacher interfered and
prevented any damage being done.
One thing that won our entire
approbation was seeing a good
sized American flag draped upon
the wall over the teacher's desk.
While we hardly favor a warlike
spirit, the spirit of self sacrificing
patriotism as symbolized by the
stars and stripes is something that
will do no harm to any American
child to learn.

J. V. Dyer of four miles east of
Tahoka tells us that he has one
and one-half acre in the white and

yellow globe turnips, he is satis-
fied that two men could go into
and in half a day pull a car load.
We saw some of these turnips
that Mr. Dyer was bringing to
Tahoka Tuesday afternoon, and
could well believe the truth of the
statement. Very few of the tur-
nips that we saw would drop into
a gallon molasses bucket, and they
looked to be just as crisp and nice
as it is possible for a turnip to be.

In an interview with Mrs. J. B.
Reece, of three and one-half miles
east of Tahoka, the following
facts were learned in regard to
their farming operations for this
year. Mr. Reece had ninety acres
in cultivation; he planted fifteen
acres in cotton and had it nearly
destroyed by the hail, and planted
seven acres in feed; off of the re-
maining eight acres he has ginned
four bales and will get at least two
more. He has thirty-one acres of
corn that will make thirty bush-
els or more to the acre; two acres in
kafir and fifteen in sorghum are
both making bumper yields; the
balance of his cultivated ground
is in maize, with the exception of
one and one-half acres in water
melons, which Mrs. Reece said
they estimated to have made at
least three car loads of melons,
many of which weighed fifty-five
pounds and upward. They have
gathered enough of the maize to
be satisfied that this crop will
make at least one and one-half
tons of heads to the acre. Mrs.
Reece wound up her description
of the crop for this year by saying
that they had all of ten wagon
loads of kershaws.

You Need a Tonic

There are times in every woman's life when she
needs a tonic to help her over the hard places.
When that time comes to you, you know what tonic
to take—Cardui, the woman's tonic. Cardui is com-
posed of purely vegetable ingredients, which act
gently, yet surely, on the weakened womanly organs,
and helps build them back to strength and health.
It has benefited thousands and thousands of weak,
ailing women in its past half century of wonderful
success, and it will do the same for you.
You can't make a mistake in taking

CARDUI The Woman's Tonic

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

Has Helped Thousands.

Honesty Is The Best Policy

Besides Being Right

We could not afford to misrepresent, in the slightest degree, anything that we sell, because we realize that every permanent success is based upon the principle that--

"Honesty is the Best Policy"

EDWARDS BROS.

Dealers In

Grain, Hay, Coal, Salt, Cotton and Cotton Seed Products

ONE BLOCK NORTH OF DEPOT

WAGON YARD IN CONNECTION

Potash, Perlmutter and Others

By MONTAGUE GLASS

VI.—JAKIE

(Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.)

WHEN Jakie Feinberg, at the age of thirteen, attained his religious majority, his father deemed it high time that he should pay for his board and lodging; hence Jakie was withdrawn from the Mangin Street school and instructed to seek a job. It proved to be an elusive matter, and every evening he returned to his father's home behind the delicatessen store on East Houston street with the seal of unsuccess on his chubby face.

"Well?" his father interrogated. Sorrowfully Jakie shook his head.

"Vot for a schmardt boy are you?" his father commented, and Jakie choked down the herring and potato which formed his evening meal, while his tears seasoned anew the pungent viands.

By the dawn of the fourth week Jakie had roamed the financial district over and canvassed every office in the skyscrapers of the neighborhood. "Ain't yer got narten for a young fellow like me?" he asked, the burden of his inquiry, and a curt negative was the only answer.

At length he chanced upon the headquarters of the chocolate trust in the Algonquin building. The boy in the outer room was asleep with his head on the desk, and Jakie opened it least not to disturb him. He tiptoed into another office, where a stenographer sat at her machine, plunged in the concluding chapters of a romantic novel. Thence he passed into a third room, in which an executive meeting was being held. Gathered around a long table were six directors whom Mr. Branscomb, the second vice president, was addressing with impassioned gestures.

"It is an outrage," he declared, "that these duties should have been levied on manufactured chocolate. The goods were raw material, as appears by the statements which I have here." He paused to rummage among the papers on the table just as Jakie opened the door. "Boy," he said sharply, "tell

Miss Doty to give you those customs statements."

Mr. Branscomb was totally wrapped up in his argument and had no eyes for the identification of office boys, while the faculty of obedience was strong in Jakie. He turned on his heel without a word.

"Miss Doty," he cried, "dey want dem customs statements."

Mechanically and without lifting her glance from the absorbing page she handed Jakie some yellow sheets of paper, which he delivered forthwith to Mr. Branscomb. In the meantime another matter had been mooted, and Jakie stood with the papers in his hands for some moments, until there was a lull in the general conversation.

"Go over to 200 Exchange place," said one of the directors, "and ask Mr. Eckhardt if he will be good enough to step around for a few moments."

Jakie laid the statements on the desk and was off in a flash. He returned a few minutes later, before the legitimate incumbent whose duties he had usurped had awakened from his nap, and repaired immediately to the directors' room.

"He ain't in, sir," he announced Miss Doty, who had concluded the last exciting chapter of her novel, followed him into the room and arrived in time to hear him deliver his message.

"All right," Mr. Branscomb said; "get Henry Carr on the phone."

Miss Doty preceded him from the room, and as soon as he crossed the threshold she clutched him by the shoulder.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I'm woin' to see Mr. Branscomb," he replied.

"Who's that?" she asked.

"Mr. Branscomb," he said.

"Dat's de wan."

"When did all this happen?" Miss Doty insisted.

"Just now," Jakie cried, and in the midst of a further colloquy Mr. Branscomb burst out of the directors' room.

"Well," he demanded, "why don't you get Mr. Carr on the wire?" Miss Doty rushed to obey her employer, who held out 50 cents to Jakie.

"Go downstairs and get me three cigars," he said. "Tell the man they're for me. He'll know."

Jakie took the money and descended to the lower hall.

"Gimme 'ree seegars for Mr. Branscomb," he said to the man behind the

counter. The tobacconist handed him three cigars with elaborate gold bands and pocketed the fifty-cent piece which Jakie placed on top of the showcase. Jakie held the cigars gingerly in his left hand, but made no movement toward leaving.

"What are you waiting for?" the man asked.

Jakie laughed raucously. "Say," he said, "wot yer tryin' ter do, kid me? Don't I get no change?"

"You certainly do not," the salesman replied emphatically.

"G'wan, I give yer half a dollar, didn't I?" Jakie rejoined. "Seegars don't cost 'ree for 50 cents."

"These do," said the salesman.

"C'marn, now," Jakie coaxed. "Cough up dat 'irty-five cents. It ain't mine, honest. It belongs ter de bawss."

The cigar man came suddenly from behind the counter. "You get right out of this," he cried, "or I'll fan your breeches!"

Jakie ran up the hall. "Aw right fer youse, yer fat slob!" he cried. "I'll tell Mr. Branscomb on yer."

"Here, what's all this about?" said a voice at his elbow. It was Mr. Branscomb himself who spoke.

Jakie turned quickly. "Here's yer seegars, Mr. Branscomb," he said, "an' dat big stuff dere is tryin' ter hold out 'irty-five cents on yer."

"They're the usual kind," the salesman protested, "and there isn't any change."

"Why, of course not," Mr. Branscomb replied. "And say, young man, what are you doing around my office anyway?"

Jakie stared at his new employer in grieved astonishment. "Why," he gasped, "I'm woin' for youse, Mr. Branscomb, ain't I?"

"Are you?" Mr. Branscomb commented dryly. "And pray, who hired you?"

This was too much for Jakie, who saw his new job melting into thin air, and he gulped once or twice in an effort to stem the gathering tears.

Mr. Branscomb placed his arm around the lad's shoulders. "Let's go upstairs," he said, "and talk it over."

They entered the elevator and repaired once more to the executive offices of the National Chocolate and Cocoa company. Miss Doty and the legitimate incumbent both disclaimed knowledge as to the time or manner of Jakie's advent, and after a rigid examination into his antecedents he found himself employed as assistant office boy at the generous stipend of \$4 a week.

When Jakie returned to his delicatessen home that evening his face was wreathed in so wide a smile that the elder Feinberg stopped midway in the slicing of a smoked tongue. "Might you got a job?" his father and mother inquired with one voice. Jakie nodded ecstatically.

"Mommer," cried the elder Feinberg, seizing him by the chain of frankfurters, "you should fry sahm wurst for de boy's suppaire." And he cut off the last two sausages with a blow of his knife that blended pride and generosity in one eloquent sweep.

Unobtrusively Miss Doty constituted her own idea of a well-dressed woman. Everything about her person betokened a superlative taste, from the road bows on her shoes to the last intimation of her pompadour, which was a wonder of size and construction forever, she demanded and received from every adjacent masculine eye the attention that a judicious use of the rouge pot and powder puff will attract.

Now, there was just enough Irish in James Walsh, the legitimate incumbent—his mother was Wicklow and his father Red Kerry—to give him a certain way with the ladies, and he made 5 cents' worth of milk chocolate go the length of a pound of candy with Miss Doty. Besides, Jimmie was old at his age, and his age was old for his job.

But Jakie represented a long line of ancestry whose interest in womankind was purely academic, and in form a disposition to discuss in the abstract the Talmudical and Mosatic laws of marriage and divorce. If he speculated at all on her raiment it was as to its cost, not its beauty, and her pompadour passed him by unnoticed.

As for milk chocolate, his weekly allowance of 15 cents forbade such extravagance even had the thought of them occurred to him.

This at least was the situation during the first few weeks of Jakie's employment. His duties were neither arduous nor exacting, and he performed them all and most of James Walsh's cheerfully and promptly. In fact, after Jakie's advent there was little for the office boy in chief to do but flirt

with Miss Doty and sleep, for which he had an insatiable appetite.

One afternoon Jakie returned from his lunch to find Miss Doty in the arms of the sixteen-year-old James Walsh. There was but one construction to be placed on the matter, and Jakie saw his duty clear. He walked boldly up to the abashed couple.

"I congratulate youse bote," he said gravely and proffered his hand to Miss Doty. Marrying and giving in marriage is so common an occurrence on the east side that the proper phrase rose blithely to Jakie's lips. Besides, he knew the tenement stoops of Mangin street are crowded with just such scenes, ever greeted with, "I congratulate youse bote," and concluding with a large wedding in a public hall.

The conventional reply of the engaged couple is a blushing thanks, pronounced "tanks," but in this case, while Miss Doty supplied the blush, James Walsh emitted the reply, and it was far from conventional.

"Yer dirty, sneakin' kike," he growled, "come outside and I'll knock yer block awff!"

He was a good twenty pounds heavier than Jakie and head and shoulders taller, but as he grabbed Jakie by the shoulders and violently propelled him into the hall nothing remained to the latter but to defend himself. Then it was that his training at the Neighborhood club on Willett street stood him in good stead.

No doubt it was James Walsh's intention to end the matter in one terrific onslaught, for the blows he aimed at Jakie in force and number were sufficient to have reduced him to the consistency of beef extract. But Jakie avoided them all. He sidestepped and clinched like a veteran and in the breakaway managed to plant one or two short arm jabs where they would do the most good. Just as Mr. Branscomb stepped from the elevator Jakie brought the conflict to an abrupt close with a stinging blow on James Walsh's upturned nose. It followed three watlops to the same member, and James took the count.

"Here, you young rascal," Mr. Branscomb exclaimed, "what's all this about?"

Walsh rose sullenly to his feet, and Jakie, smoothing his hair with one hand, maintained a discreet silence.

"James," asked his employer, "how did you get into this mess?"

But James was making a desperate effort to cope with his rising emotions and merely shook his head.

"Come inside, both of you," said Mr. Branscomb, and the two culprits followed him into the directors' room.

"Now, what's all this about?" he repeated.

"Well," Jakie commenced, "he called me outer me name. Ain't dat right? He turned to James Walsh for corroboration, since he deemed it best to make common cause against the loss of their jobs. James nodded sulkily.

"So," Jakie went on, "we got mad an' scrapped."

Mr. Branscomb sat down at his desk with an air of decision. "You'll both leave on Saturday," he announced. "We can't have any loafers fighting around here."

The two unfortunates fled out, exchanging malevolent glances, and passed into the anteroom. They sat in silence on opposite ends of the bench for a quarter of an hour, when Jakie rose to his feet and walked rapidly into the directors' room. He had made a brave resolve and was afraid to give himself thinking time.

"Mr. Branscomb," he commenced, "kin I say sumpin'?"

The second vice president waved his hand in permission.

"Now, I ain't got no kick comin' because I gets fired, see," he continued, "but James Walsh, outside, is up against it."

"How so?" Mr. Branscomb asked.



Why Loose

Your thanksgiving enjoyment by spending all your time over the hot stove baking pies, cakes, cookies, doughnuts, puddings, and other pastries, when that is our business and we will be glad to relieve you of the work.

MRS. J. W. HINTON
For Real Home Cooking

"Well, he's engaged," said Jakie.

"Engaged?"

"Dat's right, Mr. Branscomb; he's engaged to Miss Doty."

Jakie looked hurt at the peal of laughter with which Mr. Branscomb greeted his announcement. Several minutes passed before the second vice president recovered his composure sufficient to articulate.

"Call him in," he said.

In response James shuffled into the directors' room and blinked solemnly out of his one open eye. His snub nose was swollen to such dimensions that it vied even with Jakie's Hebraic organ.

"James," Mr. Branscomb commenced gravely, "what is this I hear about your proposed alliance?"

"Huh?" James Walsh grunted.

"I understand that Miss Doty is the fortunate lady," his employer continued.

The rest of James Walsh's puffed features assumed the hue of his nose.

"Say, Mr. Branscomb," he protested, "I don't know wot dis kid has been givin' yer, but—"

"To put it more precisely," Mr. Branscomb interrupted, "he says that he thinks I ought to give you back your job because you're engaged to be married to Miss Doty."

"Aw, he's daffy!" James Walsh blurted out.

Jakie turned an astonished face toward his confere.

"Why," he exclaimed, "ain't youse engaged?"

"Aw, cut it out!" James Walsh rejoined and abruptly left the room.

Jakie shifted from foot to foot in his embarrassment. He certainly had made a mess of it, he cogitated; but, then again, weren't their actions those of an engaged couple?

"I guess you'd better go outside," Mr. Branscomb interrupted, "and tell Miss Doty I'd like to see her."

Sorrowfully Jakie departed and delivered his message. Then he repaired to the outer office to sit with the sully James Walsh, whose presence alone stemmed his impending tears. How was he to know that Miss Doty and James Walsh were just friends and nothing more? Surely appearances were against them; but then Miss Doty was such a lady, nicer than the teacher of 6A grade in the Mangin Street school. Yes, she certainly was a—

Here the tide of his reflection was interrupted by the person herself, who bounced into the outer office with her hat pinned on awry. As she passed by Jakie she hissed the one word "Sneak!" and to James Walsh an equally offensive term "Idiot!" Then she banged the hall door behind her and was gone. Mr. Branscomb followed on her heels, smiling grimly.

"James," he said, "you're a pretty good judge of women for a boy your age. On your way home tonight stop in at the International Typewriter company and pick out a homely stenographer. Tell her to come early tomorrow morning."

He turned from the bulking James Walsh to Jakie, whose eyes were bright with unshed tears.

"And you, Jakie," he said, "the next time you want to fight pick out a man your own size." He started to enter the inner office. "Oh, by the way," he called out, "I forgot to say that you both keep your jobs until further notice."

Jakie sat on the bench swinging his legs, too stunned to realize his good fortune. Soon he recovered his wits and again the thoughts chased one another through his brain. If Miss Doty and James Walsh embraced, he reflected, it must have been on account of motives of friendship. On the other hand, he was friends with many girls in the neighborhood of the delicatessen store, but never once had he put his arm around them. Then, like a thunderclap, the true significance of the affair overcame him. He had spoiled it all.

"Say," he croaked, "youse two was secretly engaged. Ain't dat right?"

James Walsh surveyed the agitated Jakie with his remaining useful eyes. "Shurrup," he belowered, "or I'll lift de face off'n yer!"

And when a few moments later Mr. Branscomb departed for the day he found them sitting on opposite ends of the bench, giving vent to their emotions in comforting tears.

GEORGE ALLEN
The House Reliable

Oldest and Largest Piano and Music House in Western Texas. Latest Music, MUSIC TEACHER'S Supplies, etc., etc. Catalogue and BOOK OF OLD TIMES SO NGS FREE for the asking.

1111-1113 N. W. 4th St. DALLAS, TEXAS

McCormick

Binder Twine

We can supply you in large or small quantities and assure better results than can be obtained by using ordinary binder twine.



McCormick Binders And Extras!!!

McAdams Lbr. Co.

Tahoka, Texas

The 25th



Of This Month is Thanksgiving Day. Order That New Suit Today. We Can Furnish You From Our Complete Stock of Gent's Furnishing All Those Little Odds and Ends That Go to Make the Well Dressed Man. Let Us Wrap Them Up For You at The Same Time.

St. Clairs

The Home of Walk-Over Shoes and Everything Else a Man Wears.