

The Borden Citizen

VOL. 12,

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, NOV. 25, 1909.

NO. 3.

Rev H C Jolly Will Deliver a Thanksgiving Sermon at 11 A M You are Invited.

West Texas Development Congress

The West Texas Development Congress meets at San Angelo Dec. 6. The object of this gathering is to more closely unite the people of the west on all matters pertaining to its development. It is a laudable purpose and deserves the hearty support of every citizen of this country. The editor was given the authority to appoint a representation from this county, which he has done, and we hope Borden county will be represented.

See or write C F. Morris, Big Springs, for any kind of crushed feed, cotton seed meal and cake, home ground corn shope and all kinds of grain and hay. Price and quality always guaranteed.

LITERARY ORGANIZED

A Literary Society was organized at the Court House Saturday night. Much interest was taken by those present and the Society has been started under very favorable circumstances. The following officers were elected, Will Kennedy, President Lee Wootton, vice president, Miss Myrtle Jolly, secretary-treasurer, Miss Mollye Hopkins and Guy Clark editors. A program committee consisting of Misses Bertha Willis, Fay Jolly and J. F. Denton was appointed. Miss Mollye Hopkins, Walter Jolly and Ben Ford was appointed a committee on Constitution and By Laws. The regular time of meeting is every Friday night at the court house.

Our Railroad Prospects

It seems that there is nothing definite as to which of the three routes (Gail, Fluvanna or Post) the Texas Central is going to take, yet we believe our chances are still good to secure this road if we will only work hard with this end in view. There is also a strong possibility of the Rock Island system coming this way. Don't give up. Gail's railroad prospects are just as bright as they ever were.

THANKSGIVING

This is the National day of Thanksgiving and will be observed pretty generally over the country. Those servants of the people, the newspapers, will not recognize it as it should be as they have a duty to perform that cannot be shirked.

The Citizen wishes for its readers and friends a happy observance of the day.

The Review Makes a Swipe

In glancing over last week's issue of that esteemed contemporary, the Crosbyton Review, we noticed an editorial the sound of which was strangely familiar to us and upon second glance we recognized it as our own, notwithstanding the fact it appeared on the editorial page of the Review without credit to anybody. While it is a well established principle with newspapers to credit all stuff not original we shall not protest in this instance, Bro. White, as the article in question deserved much publicity and we are glad you reprinted it even though in so doing you failed to give credit to whom credit was due.



A Square Deal

Is What you get when you buy your Dry Goods, Groceries and Hardware at The Blue Front Store in Gail.

We Lead, Others Follow

Our Fall and Winter Line of Men's Suits and Ladies Dress Goods are now on display. We invite your inspection of these Goods. See us when in Need of Pure, Fresh Groceries or anything in Hardware.

The Blue Front Store,

J. W. Gandler, Prop.

Gail, Texas.

The Stokes House,

J. B. Stokes, Prop. Rates \$1.25 Per Day.

Headquarters for Commercial Men, Ranchmen and Farmers. Good Meals and Nice, Clean Beds.

South Side Square.

GAIL,

TEXAS.

The Black Hand

There are in America today 1,500,000 Italians. In the city of New York there are more Italians than in Rome, Italy. The others are found in the larger cities of the country, Boston Philadelphia, San Francisco, New Orleans and Denver having each a considerable Italian population.

These children of sunny Italy have been wonderfully successful in America. It is a matter of record that they send back to Italy \$10,000,000 annually. In New York their holdings are estimated to be \$120,000,000, this amount not including \$100,000,000 invested by them in commerce, \$50,000,000 in realty and \$20,000,000 on deposit in the banks.

The extremely lax immigration laws that permit 49 out of every 50 Italian immigrants to land in America are directly responsible for the presence in this country of 50,000 of the worst types of Italian criminals.

These desperadoes are making a livelihood, in the land of the open door and home of the criminal, by blackmailing the more fortunate members of their own people. A prosperous and hard working Italian receives notice that unless he pays \$5,000 in a certain way, his child will be kidnapped. He ignores the threat and his baby girl disappears never to be seen again. The result is that the blackhand's requests are complied with by its terror stricken victims.

Recently Joseph Petrosino, an Italian New York lieutenant of Police, who was sent to Italy to study the record of some Black Hand criminals, was murdered on the streets of Palermo. He had sent to the electric chair as many of these dastardly Black Hand assassins as any other five New York police officials combined. Consequently this brave and fearless officer was a marked man and paid for his fidelity to duty with his life.

The entire country was aroused over his brutal murder but in spite of all the popular indignation some Italian singers who were to take part in a benefit concert, given for the widow of the officer, were prevented from taking part by a letter signed with the Black Hand. A man who was soliciting funds for the widow was mysteriously murdered.

The victims of the Black Hand are now Italians, but the time will not be long until these red handed murderers will extend their operations. Meanwhile the Italian criminals are yearly coming into the country. We are paying a fearful price for our negligence in failing to provide laws which will shut our doors in the face of these human jackals.—Conyers (Ga.) Times.

What's the matter with the town pride, the public spiritedness and the general progressiveness of us Stanton folks? What ails us as a community that we don't reach out after more things that according to our general surroundings naturally belong to us? Stanton people are all right but some how as a town we are not getting off right. A kind of sentiment to let the town take care of itself seems to be creeping over us. Let us shake off this lethargy and come into our rights as a growing young town. Forget your individual business once in a while and do a little missionary work for your town.—Stanton Reporter.

The above can well be applied to the situation at Gail.

We have an arrangement whereby you can get The Dallas Semi-Weekly News, and the BORDEN CITIZEN, both for \$1.75 cash.

This gives you a live metropolitan paper and a live local paper 3 papers each week, not only through the campaign and election, but for one whole year.

Place your order NOW, with

BORDEN CITIZEN.

Jack Cumbie, Forgerman.

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Mat Cathey, Proprietor.

Blacksmithing, Wood Work and Horseshoeing.

Automobile Work a Specialty.

All Work Guaranteed in Every Respect.

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Best McCalister Lump Coal \$9 a Ton. Peerless Lump \$8.

Reductions on Large Quantities.

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Monitor Steel Mills, Cypress Tanks and Stock Tubs.

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Experienced Plumbers, Phone 64.

SNYDER, TEXAS.

DIRECTORY

District Officers

Jas. L. Shepherd Judge
R N Grisham Attorney
Court convenes on the 1st Monday
January and September.

County Officers

E R Yellott Judge
Jno. R. Williams Sheriff
J S Weatherford Clerk
S. L. Jones, Tax Assessor.
M H Leake Treasurer
H R Debenport Attorney
Court convenes 1st Monday in February, May, August and November.

Precinct Officers

J. N. Hopkins, J. P. Prec. 1
J. C. Miller, J. P. Prec. 3
E. F. Wicker, J. P. Prec. 4,

Commissioners

F M Christopher, Prec. No. 1
Francis Abney " " 2
Walter Bishop " " 3
C E Reeder " " 4

Secret Orders

Masons meet on Saturday night on or preceding the full moon.

W. O. W. meets 1st Saturday night after each full moon and on Saturday night two weeks thereafter.

Gail Commercial Club meets 2nd Thursday night of each month.

Churches

Methodist preaching every 4th Sunday, Rev. J L B Cash, preacher in charge.

Church of Christ Church meeting every Lords day at 2:30 p. m.

Ladies Home Mission Society meets at the church Thursday before the 1st Sunday in each month.

Meeting

W A SUTHERLAND

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

office at

DORWARD'S DRUG STORE

Resident Phone No. 6.

BERT RAMSAY

DISTRICT SURVEYOR.

BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS

E. R. YELLOTT

ATTORNEY & LAND AGENT

Will Practice in District and

Higher courts only.

GAIL, TEXAS.

Therapeutic Offices

Cade Building, Snyder, Texas. Besides other equipment, prepared for scientific treatment of disease by electricity, x-ray high potential and high and other frequency currents.

Dr. E. O. Ellington

DENTIST

Office over R. L. McCamant &

Co's Drug Store, Big Springs,

Located Permanently in Big

Springs. Will Guarantee Per-

fection.

PAID IN FULL

She placed her hand under his chin and raised his head to kiss him. He saw that she was smiling at him encouragingly through her tears, but refused to be comforted.

"I made out the payroll today," he said. "Three other men in the office who also asked for a raise last month got it; so did Smith."

"What, Jimsy?" she asked.

"I said Smith. There's only one Smith in the office," he replied somewhat surlily.

"Well, I'm glad for Jimsy's sake he got what he wanted."

"I think he told Williams to come across with more money or he'd quit."

"How much did he ask for?"

"Eighteen hundred."

"Eighteen hundred? My gracious, isn't that fine?"

"It means that he'll be getting nearly \$5,000 a year now. Great for him, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed it is."

"I saw Jimsy today. Asked him to come to supper. He said he would if he could."

"I wonder why he didn't?"

Her husband did not answer immediately. When he did he burst out savagely:

"Suppose he thought we couldn't afford it. Two don't eat as much as three."

"Why, Joe, how absurd!" she laughed, beginning to gather up the supper plates. "Jimsy knows it's pot luck."

"That's the trouble. Jimsy knows—your mother knows—Williams knows—everybody knows, and they're always talking about how you've got to work and slave because you married me and all that sort of stuff."

"Jimsy doesn't."

"Well, he thinks it, and your mother's always rubbing it in, harping on the same old string—that I ain't worthy of you, that it's a shame the way you have to work and slave, that I don't seem to get along at all and that you—"

"Oh, don't mind mother; you know her."

"She never did want us to marry."

"But dear old dad did, and he was the one I wanted to please—after you, Joe, of course. Mother is just a bit peculiar. I'm sure she doesn't understand me much, and I'm equally sure that I don't understand her, so we won't bother about her. Just sweep up a bit, will you, while I wash the dishes? Jimsy may drop in by and by."

Brooks went into the kitchen, donned an apron from force of habit lusted into him by his wife, ever careful of his clothes, and reappeared with a carpet broom and a dust cloth. He was laboring under excitement, as was manifest by the reckless manner in which he used the broom. Finally, with an expression of determination, he said in a firm voice:

"Emma, you know it will be six months or a year before I get another chance at a raise—unless, of course, I quit and get a job somewhere else. I was thinking that perhaps you're tired and want to call it off."

"Call what off?"

"Why, everything—the whole business I mean our marriage," he said desperately.

Her eyes opened wide with incredulous astonishment.

"You mean separation?"

"That's exactly what I mean."

"What for—because I'm tired?"

"Something like that."

"What an idea! You must have the blues badly to talk such nonsense as that. Don't you think it would be as well to wait until I complain?"

"You have complained."

"No—at least I can't remember."

"Not in words, but—"

"But what?"

"Look here," he said impatiently. "Don't you suppose I have a fever? Don't you suppose I have a fever? You see"

"I know that you're sick of all this drudgery and all the rest—sick of it and sorry. There's Smith with his five thousand—he wanted you first. You could have—"

She interrupted him sharply, her face flashing.

"Joe!"

"Well, I think—"

"That's enough of that!"

"Oh, well," he declared, sullenly, turning away and dropping into a chair. "I didn't mean—"

She followed him and placed her hand on his shoulder.

"Joe, I married you because I loved you," she said gently, "and for nothing else in the world. There wasn't any influence except that, and that overcame all the rest—mother and all of them."

"I know all about that."

"There has been a little hard luck—"

"There has been a precious sight too much of it."

"I know you haven't been treated right, but bad luck and ups and downs are what a woman ought to expect when she marries. She has to take the bad as well as the good, and she ought to know enough to accept the one as cheerfully as the other when the bad is nobody's fault. That is what I mean, and that is what I have tried to do. But there are some things—"

She paused, reluctant to carry her thoughts further into words.

"What? You may as well say all you've got to say while you're about it," he snapped.

"It's just this," she went on. "Never refer to Jimsy in the way you did. I married you, Joe. Please try and leave unsaid things that might make me regret it."

He ventured no further remark and lapsed into his gloomy reflections. Emma put her arm around his neck and snuggled her face against his.

"Poor old boy!" she murmured. "That setback we got today when we had it all fixed up was enough to make you feel sore and glum. Never mind; cheer up. You know what Jimsy says, 'Har luck can give you an awful battle, but if you're on the square you can hand it a knockout punch some time.'"

It was no use, however. Joe's sulkiness had sunk in; his temper was vicious, deep and ingrowing, a temper such as she had never suspected in him, and all her petting, all her loving coaxing, could not wean him from it. She pressed her cheek more closely to his and fondled him, but he jerked away from her embrace and surlily sought another chair.

As he did so the bell rang from downstairs.

"I'll bet that's Jimsy now," he muttered.

Much hurt, but disguising her feelings, Emma hurried into the kitchen and pressed the button that opened the entrance door of the house.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was a knock, the unlatched door opened, and James Smith walked in.

"Anybody at home?" he demanded briskly.

"Not a solitary living soul," Emma assured him. "Come in."

"Hello, Joe! You a dead one, too?" he said.

"Almost," replied Brooks, brightening up a little in spite of himself under the influence of his friend's good natured smile and hearty greeting that he had emitted from him. "Just come up."

"Yes, and here he is about this time," he said, glancing at the doorway of the table.

"Just at three," repeated Emma, who had been sitting on the sofa, and who had been waiting for the other man's arrival, "but that explains what you"

mean by not coming to dinner."

"I couldn't come, really. I tried my best, but I had to attend to such a lot of business that couldn't be put off that I was unable to get here in time. I hope you didn't wait long for me. I'm awfully sorry."

"You look it—I don't think," she scolded. "Go on; get busy if you're going to!"

"All right," he answered, taking up a small pile of cups and saucers very gingerly. "Where do these go? If you left it to me, like as not I'd be putting a soup plate behind the door and slip a broom into the sideboard."

"They go right in here."

He stopped on the way to the sideboard and turned to Brooks.

"Seen the latest extra, Joe?" he inquired. "The Orinoco wasn't hardly scratched getting out of Rio Janeiro."

"You don't say!"

"Kind o' scraped over the bar. She'll only be a day late now."

"Do be careful with those cups, Jimsy," admonished Emma. "They're china."

"Don't you suppose I know that?"

"I mean real china," she emphasized.

"All china and Chinamen look alike to me. Here's the paper, Joe. You'll find all about the Orinoco on the inside page."

He drew it from his pocket, and as he did so one of the cups balanced on the saucers slipped off and smashed to bits on the carpet.

"Now, Jimsy, you certainly are going to get it," commented Joe, rising and taking the paper extended to him.

Smith looked appealingly at his hostess.

"Jimsy," she chided, assuming an expression of mock gravity, "how could you—my very best Sunday go to meeting china! How could you!"

"Not how could I—how did I?" he corrected, stooping and picking up the pieces. "You know, Emma, I've had butter fingers ever since I was a little shaver, and I guess I always will have—in business and everything else."

"Why, how do you mean?"

"I've been clumsy all my life, that's all. Everything I've ever had in my hands that was worth much I've generally let slip and fall. Out in Colorado when I was a kid around Leadville they used to say that I sure would turn out to be a sawed off and hammered down, good for nothing man. So you see the way things have turned out. I've broken about even with that prophecy."

"How broken even?"

"Taking their side for the book, I win the first bet and lose the second. There ain't nothing sawed off and hammered down about me, is there?"

"I should say not," she said, with a merry laugh. "You've been pulled out like a piece of taffy."

"Then I win, but it was in doubt quite some time. Never really did start to grow until I was fifteen, and then I just eased out into my present altitude. But the second proposition—that good for nothing bet—I guess they win."

"Nonsense, Jimsy. How can you say such a thing? You're good for a whole lot."

"Emma," he declared solemnly, "there have been moments of financial stringency when that declaration seemed to be open to doubt."

"Jimsy, you're an idiot!" she laughed.

"Discovered!" he vowed, bowing ceremoniously.

Brooks, who had been reading the paper, threw it down angrily.

"D—n him!" he growled.

"Joe!" exclaimed his wife reproachfully.

"D—n who?" inquired Smith.

"Why, Williams," he replied.

"Lots have done that," said the superintendent. "But what's the matter now, Joe?"

"His luck," went on Brooks. "The Orinoco isn't scratched. If any one else owned a ship and she got into a muzz like that the chances are a hundred to one that she'd have foundered—been a concrete job."

"That's all right," asserted Smith.

"But Williams—his don't lose her. He"

ought to."

"I should think you'd be glad," remarked Emma. "She's a brand new ship, isn't she?"

"No, I'm not glad," he declared furiously, rising and walking about the room. "I'm tired of him, of his rotten old steamship line, of all of it—you hear? Of all of it!"

"Joe, please!" she protested. "You know I—"

"I know you've slaved and bore with me long enough! Here I am—handling all the money of that line, ain't that so, Jimsy?"

"That's right," admitted the latter.

"But what's the matter?"

"Matter? Isn't it matter enough that I should do all this for a mean, miserable living? I suffer and work, and work and suffer, for that nasty, niggardly salary and this beast, this wild animal of a Williams, keeps us all starving—yes, starving! Don't I deserve something a little better? Do you know what I could do? I could steal thousands, and no one would ever know it!"

"Joe!" she ejaculated, greatly shocked.

"Oh, I'm not going to do it; but, with all this responsibility, when I ask for money I don't get it—not a dollar. You do, Jimsy; you're single and you can quit. And then Williams—what does he do? Comes around here to my wife with my mother-in-law—d—n him—and rubs it in."

Emma looked at him pleadingly.

"Joe, you mustn't. Captain Williams means well, but—"

He turned upon her savagely.

"That's it—he means well. He meant well when he was a south Pacific trader. He meant well when he treated his crew like dogs. He meant well when he'd kill a sailor with as much thought as a spider kills a fly. He meant well when he cheated natives, murdered men, smuggled Chinamen into this country, sunk vessels for insurance. He meant well when he came east, bought the Latin-American company and put your father out of business, and now—now that he has his money, his millions maybe, he means well when he refuses to give his men a fair share of what they produce. Means well? Yes, he does—not!"

"Joe, are you crazy?" demanded his wife, alarmed and a little angry at his outburst.

"Well, there's a whole lot of truth in what Joe says," put in Smith conciliatingly. "You see, Williams did start out as a captain of a south Pacific trader, but, like most of them fellows, I guess he stole a good deal more than he traded. He had the reputation of being the strongest man on the coast or in the tropics—could break a man's arm with as much ease as you'd snap a straw. He's harsh, Williams is—harsh! When he came east he got control of the Latin-American. He loved money, and he got it—most any way he could. Yes, Joe ought to have more, that's sure. He ought to have more."

"You know I should," went on Brooks, somewhat mollified by his friend's acquiescence and support and drawing a bulky pocketbook from the inside pocket of his waistcoat. "I've got control of all the money of the company. That's my job. Why, here, this alone is the afternoon collections, too late to put in the safe, nearly \$3,000, more than twice as much as I get in a year. I could take it all and then not be caught or at least not for months, but—"

"Why, Joe, I'm surprised!" his wife broke in.

"Of course Joe wouldn't take a cent that don't belong to him," said Smith. "I know that. Williams does too. So I guess he figures him safe and don't see the least bit of use in paying him more."

"But I won't stand it!" Brooks declared, waxing wrath again and flinging himself in his chair. "Why do you get raises, Jimsy? You've been advanced time and time again."

"Lord, I don't know," he replied. "I just tell the old fellow that I calculate"

The Borden Citizen

Ben Ford, Editor

G A Giesler Manager

Published every Thursday.

Entered at the post office at Gail, Texas, as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:
per year Payable in advance 1.00
Six months 50

ADVERTISING RATES.
Display ads, one inch per double column, \$1.00. per month.
Local ads, first insertion 10 cents per line, five cents per line for each insertion thereafter.
All ads placed in the Citizen without a specified time to run will be charged for till ordered out.

Gail, Texas, Nov 25, 1909

Davidson a Candidate

All lovers of pure government and efficient service were pleased beyond measure last week when the announcement came that Attorney General R. V. Davidson was a candidate for Governor of Texas. For five years General Davidson has served his state well and faithfully as Attorney General and has made the best record of any man who ever held that important office. He has collected in fines over \$2,000,000 during his tenure of office and has caused the tax rate to be very perceptibly lowered. He will resign his present office Jan 1st to make the campaign. In his words, "I cannot find it in my heart to eat the people's bread and not give a fair return in labor." We are glad to see him enter the fight and our confidence in the people of Texas is such as to cause us to believe that he will be elected Governor by a decisive majority, despite the fact he will be fought by every trust and unlawful combine in the country and their hirelings. We need more men in the public service of the stripe of Robert Vance Davidson.

Gov. Campbell announces that J. P. Lightfoot will be appointed Attorney General upon the resignation of Davidson. Lightfoot is a brilliant man and a fearless prosecutor and no better choice could be made. He is a candidate for Attorney General and no doubt will be elected as he stands for all that is good and pure in politics. The Governor is to be commended for his se-

lection and congratulations will be due the people when they elect him for another term at the coming election.

It is a source of genuine regret to the "pure and undefiled" democracy of Texas that Cone Johnson is a candidate for Governor. Johnson is a brilliant, courageous man, and stands for the right on public questions, but we cannot sacrifice a man who has been tried in the balance and found not wanting, even for the man who led the fight for the cause we loved so well last year and who, though defeated, still is secure in our affections. Davidson is the logical candidate for Governor and merits the support of all who are interested in a "government of the people, for the people and by the people."

Men, honest capable men, are needed now in the public service. The prohibition and Bailey issues might never have been injected in the present campaign for Governor. Submission is a platform demand of the party and as such should be submitted by the next legislature. But the issue should be made in the legislative contests as they are the men who must decide the question. No good democrat, regardless of whether or not he favors state wide prohibition, can consistently oppose the submission of the question. Vote for a man for Governor who believes in the sacredness of platform demands and who stands for purity in politics and when you look over the field you will find that man to be R. V. Davidson. In the meantime see that your Senators and Representatives to be elected are Democrats and our platform demands will be acted upon in the right way. And then when the question of state wide prohibition is submitted for a vote of the people, vote your honest convictions and then you will have the satisfaction of knowing you have performed your duty well.

Don't Read This

And take it to heart unless it applies to you.

We have sold lots of goods on credit this year and in every instance the purchaser made known his intention of paying the debt this fall. We believed them and now we expect our money. We have some heavy obligations to meet and must have what is due us. This applies to every man whose name is on our books and we insist on a prompt settlement. Very truly,

J. J. Dodson & Son.

J V Stewart

Will Sell you Buggies, Shop Made Harness and Saddles
Cheaper than you can get them elsewhere, Will repair your
old Harness or Trade you new ones for them.

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AT THE OLD COTTEN & COTTEN STAND IN GAIL

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Do not fail to visit us for Short Orders, Fish and Oysters
Also best regular meal in town, served individually, for
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Subscribe Now.

Stop, Look and Read

Towle, the Jeweler, saves you money on Spectacles, Watches, Jewelry, Watch Repairing and everything in the Jewelry line. All work and goods guaranteed or your money back. Stop and see me. No trouble to show my goods.

H. G. Towle

Snyder, Texas.

Tredway Locals

Parter Tredway and family got in Saturday from Winters where they spent the summer.

The Literary and Farm Club met Friday night. The purpose of the Society is to encourage better farm conditions. Several have promised to take up experimental work. Prizes will be awarded best results. We are glad to see the young ladies interested in this work. One is going to try to pay her way thru one of the State Normals next year.

Some are interested in alfalfa, broom corn, milo and kaffir.

J. J. Walk came in with a fine Red Poll calf Saturday.

Mesare Etter, Austin and Walk returned from a business trip to Snyder Saturday.

This country will have a new threshing machine next year.

Why not have a canning factory? Why buy tomatoes from Maryland?

We noticed a few days since that mercury had been swallowed by a child, perhaps Jonah has swallowed Halley's comet.

P. T. claims that old Pide does better in the open fresh air, and her calves never did thrive on early morning attention. P. T. is also going to wait till spring to start his farming.

How many are really selecting their planting seeds for another year? Remember the parable of the sower. Taylor.

The Singing Class was duly organized Sunday night by the election of J. F. Denton as President and Miss Bertha Willis as Secretary. Misses Bertha Willis Myrtle Jolly and Mrs. J. C. Dorward were appointed to prepare a program for the Singing Convention. The singing is improving greatly all the time and we will soon have a class we may well feel proud of.

Goes to Aspermont

Rev. J. L. B. Cash who has had charge of the Methodist church here the past year has been transferred to Aspermont by the Conference, and will leave for that place next week. He will be succeeded here by Rev. Warren, of Georgetown. Bro. Cash is an able preacher and Gail regrets very much to give him up but wishes him much success in his new field.

Through an oversight on our part Mrs. E. R. Yellott's name was left off the Institute program last week. Her subject is "Music, its value in the Public Schools," and is a part of the exercises of Wednesday, the 22nd.

Callaway Johnson and family returned last week from a trip east.

Oil, Oil, Oil

Will sell you five gallons of best kerosene oil for 65 cents while it lasts. Better come before the present supply is exhausted.

J. W. Chandler

Born to Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Pearce Friday night, a boy.

Remember the meeting of the Literary Society every Friday night. Be sure to attend.

Walter Jolly and Ed Gober are doing the bachelor stunt at H. C. Jolly's place north of town.

A party composed of M. J. Thornton, D. Dorward, J. D. Brown, J. W. Chandler and Jno. R. Williams went over to Snyder Saturday evening on business and pleasure. The trip was made in Thornton & Pearce's new auto. They report that the Texas Central is to make three surveys of its proposed extension one by Gail, one by Fluvanna and one by Post. As to which of these surveys will be accepted is a matter of conjecture.

Higginbotham, Harris & Company

Snyder and Fluvanna, Texas

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NOTICE!

When in Big Springs put your team up at the Big Stall Wagon yard just East of Burton Lingo's. If you will Stop with me once you will be treated in a way that you will come back again. I handle flour and meal, also, and sell all kinds of feed stuff.

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Recitation, Miss Doobie Seal
Dialogues, Guy Clark and Holt Stokes

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Recitation, Miss Fay Jolly

Report.

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