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Volume Five

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Number 35

MINISTER AT AUSTIN REPLIES TO FERGUSON.

Austin, Tex., June 21.—To his congregation at the University Methodist Church, the pastor, Rev. R. P. Shuler, made this morning the following reply to a Dallas County speech of Candidate Ferguson:

"As your pastor, it is due you that I make a statement this morning. I have been accused by Hon. James E. Ferguson, candidate for Governor, with having falsified in making a quotation from a local option speech delivered by him in 1909. It is not enough that this quotation has already been substantiated by the sworn testimony of half a dozen as good men as ever lived in Bell county, Texas. It does not seem sufficient that a thousand people heard Mr. Ferguson's statement. I am sure I could get a hundred affidavits to the effect that I quoted him correctly. And yet, in the face of all this, Mr. Ferguson denounces my quotation and declares he did not utter the sentiment I expressed.

"A few days ago Mr. Ferguson made a speech in Dallas county that was reported in The Dallas News. He there referred to a letter written me five years ago, at the time of the campaign in which he made his famous statement. He says:

"In that campaign when Mr. Shuler, then editor of the Methodist Church Bulletin, charged me with having said that in my speech, I went, to him; and made this proposition: 'If I have said what you say I did, I do not deserve to live in a decent community, but I am so sure I didn't say it that I'll leave it to Rev. George Burgess, a Baptist preacher, and Judge H. M. Evans, a steward in the Methodist Church.'" (In that same challenge he agreed to vote the pro ticket and make an apology if his committee decided that I had quoted him correctly.)

"Now Mr. Ferguson puts his personal word and this old challenge up against the statements and affidavits of many men who have declared that he said what he is being quoted as having said. It is certainly of interest to the people of this State that this matter be settled. If I have falsely quoted Mr. Ferguson, you should ask for my resignation this hour. If Mr. Ferguson has been quoted correctly and is uttering false denials, it is of interest to the people of this State, whom he is asking to make him Governor. Mr. Ferguson has tried to make it appear that Mr. Burgess and Judge Evans were of the opinion that he had been misquoted. Now, I have statements from these two men, to whom he so boldly points the people of this State which statements I shall read.

"Mr. Burgess, now secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in St. Louis, but who lived in Temple five years ago and heard Mr. Ferguson's statement and my question, writes as follows:

"June 15.—Rev. R. P. Shuler, Austin, Tex.: My Dear Shuler—Your request with reference

to a statement made by James E. Ferguson in the Bell County campaign of 1909 has been received, and I shall be glad to give you a statement of facts in connection with the case.

"I was present at the prohibition mass meeting addressed by yourself, in which you quoted Mr. Ferguson as saying: 'What difference does it make if these sap-headed cigarette-smoking boys do go to hell?' and 'My pocketbook is my principles.'"

"Mr. Ferguson took exception to this quotation you made from his speech. He therefore made public, so far as I am able to remember, the following: That if Judge Evans and myself would agree that your quotation was correct, he would vote the pro ticket and make a public apology, providing that you would vote the anti ticket and make a public apology if, in your opinion, you had misquoted Mr. Ferguson. Without waiting to see if you would accept the proposition, in order to save Mr. Ferguson embarrassment, we together called up Mr. Ferguson and informed him that, in our opinion, you had quoted him correctly. This he failed to agree with, but that did not change our opinion in the matter. Yours very sincerely,—George E. Burgess."

"I wish also to give a statement from Judge Evans of Temple, the other man named by Mr. Ferguson on his committee and one of the best men of this State:

"June 18.—Rev. R. P. Shuler, Austin, Tex.: My Dear Sir—Your letter of recent date, referring to that speech of Mr. Ferguson in that strenuous campaign of 1909, has just been received. I beg to make this statement with regard to the matter. At the request of my friends, after talking with both yourself and Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Burgess and myself met and made a written report of what Mr. Ferguson said, or rather as to yours and Mr. Ferguson's statements as to what he said. In our opinion, you and Mr. Ferguson both stated substantially what he said. Your statements differed only in verbiage, not in sense.

"I beg to further add that after an intimate acquaintance of several years with you, I consider you perfectly incapable of willingly misrepresenting any statement made by anyone. Very truly and sincerely,—H. M. Evans."

"Now, here is Mr. Ferguson's self-chosen committee declaring that I quoted Mr. Ferguson correctly. Many affidavits have been published to that effect. Mr. Ferguson has been challenged to make affidavit that he did not express the sentiment I charge he did, and he has not done so. He stands alone, denying and denouncing that statement of his. Mr. Ferguson has money, lands, houses, cattle and other wealth. I have only my good name and my reputation for truthfulness and honor. Thank God, these things have not yet been taken from me. Before I will permit this man to go unanswered with his charge against me that I have falsified, I will take the stump and campaign this State, not for any

SUMMER DAYS.

We realize the long summer days are here and business is not as rushing as we would like, and to induce you to buy we are offering some very attractive prices, especially in Clothing. If you are going to be in need of a Suit, you can't afford to miss this special opportunity. Think of it? A full suit for \$2.50, and for \$10.00 a \$17.00 value. Pants from 50c to \$7.00, and a line that baffles all competitors. We have the price and the merchandise in these lines, and we want your business. Bennett is back ready to serve you, and if you don't want to buy a suit don't let him think you do, for he will startle you with Clothing prices. Some specials on sale now in our Dress Goods line, 35c Crepes at 25c, beautiful designs. We are cleaning up Summer merchandise, and right now is when you need cheap little dresses to fill in your summer wardrobe. Look out for colored Silk Hose. We have a shipment coming this week, all the new colors. And say, we have had to fill in our stock of Iron Clad Hosiery, the hose with a real reputation. Iron Clad 25c hose for men, women and children, nothing better. They are made of long staple cotton and so constructed as to stand the wear. When you think of Hose, it should be Iron Clad.

Miss Burnett left for her summer vacation the first. She will return September the 1st, refreshed and ready to plan your winter headwear.

Sanders Taylor has not yet returned from his vacation. Will be ready for his friends and customers next week. And while telling you his thrilling fish stories, will incidentally let you have some Light Crust and other high class Groceries.

Say boys, you can't afford to go through the summer without

candidate, but to sustain myself in this matter and to prove that I have uttered only the truth.

"I have taken no public interest in the contest between Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Ball, but I have a little boy 4 years old and a baby girl, who shall never grow to manhood and womanhood believing that they had a father who would rest under an accusation of having willfully misrepresented facts. I am not in politics, unless you count my desire to retain my reputation for integrity in politics. I hope this will be sufficient, but if there is a man before me this morning who is doubtful, I will not rest until I have convinced him, if he will only present himself."

The above is published by special request, and while The Texas Spur will not make a practice of copying all the charges and slanders made in the governor's campaign, this exception is made because last week we published a denial from Ferguson to the effect that he used no such language at any time, privately or publicly and denounces such charges as absolutely false. This matter involves the question of veracity, and every reader is at liberty to believe Ferguson or Shuler.

a Buggy. Remember we have just what you want and the price is what you have been hunting, and the terms are easy.

Wagon time is coming, and we have the Old Reliable Peter Schuttler to offer you; also the New Moline. Why not have the best?

A few more Oil Cooks. You can't afford to use your wood or coal stove through the hot summer weather when you can get a New Perfection so cheap. See Higginbotham for your oil stove.

We are looking for you Saturday. We know you are busy with the weeds now. Come on. We will have plenty good water and a welcome hand-shake. We want your business and are taking this means of thanking you for all you have given us, and asking for more.—Bryant-Link Company.

DRY LAND ALFALFA.

There is little doubt that seed of alfalfa grown without irrigation and under conditions of light rainfall for generations is better adapted to semiarid sections than seed produced in a more humid district. By virtue of the crop having been grown under extreme, or at least, severe conditions, a large per cent of the weaker plants have been eliminated, leaving the more drouth resistant ones to produce the seed. There are several so-called varieties that are said to be more resistant to drouth than the common alfalfa. Among those most commonly mentioned are Turkestan and Sand Lucern. Those intending to plant alfalfa this Fall or next Spring should buy their seed from dealers in Texas, New Mexico or Kansas and call for dry-land alfalfa seed that have not been produced under irrigation. I believe seed dealers at Palestine are responsible.

Although the purchasing of the proper kind of seed is very important in this locality, I am satisfied there has been more failures due to poor cultural methods than to the variety seeded. There are two methods of planting alfalfa—broadcast and in cultivated rows. Broadcasting is still more commonly practiced, but growth in rows is gaining rapidly in popularity and is without doubt the coming method. Where the crop is to be grown for hay the cultivated row is highly recommended. It is not only a much surer method of obtaining a stand, but a much more certain of maintaining the stand where moisture is scarce.

For seeding in rows it is just as essential that the seed bed be thoroughly prepared as it is in the case of broadcasting. If the seed are to be sown in the spring it is advisable to in most cases plow the land the preceeding fall, leaving it rough in order to catch the rain and snow and pre-blowing. Beginning early in the spring, frequent discing and harrowing should be given in order to thoroughly settle the subsurface, also to induce the germination of weed seed and destroy as many weed seedlings as possible. If the crop is to be planted in the fall the land should be plowed early in July and treated the same manner as

A REMINDER.

We want to remind you again to bring your Chickens to us, the largest Poultry Dealers in this part of the West. We pay the best market price every day in the year, and sell you Groceries as cheap as can be bought anywhere. Then why not trade where you can sell your home raised stuff, and buy your Groceries at the right price? Let us insist on those that are not bringing in Cream to start now. It is worth your while. Those that are in the cream business are well pleased. "Ask them?" The price is getting up right now—21c per pound for butter fat, and just think, it saves that hard job of churning. You know you don't like to churn? Besides there is just as much money in it, if not more. We ship twice a week—Tuesday and Friday.

Just received a fresh car of Gladiola Flour and Meal. "Every baking a success." It cost no more than lower grades.

When in town, remember us. We have ice cold water for you, which we all enjoy these days. You should have your share? Come on with the crowds that visit our store.—Luce & Brannen Brothers.

in the case of spring planting.

These points should be always borne in mind; the surface of the seed bed should be thoroughly fined, to furnish suitable conditions for the germination of the seed, conserving moisture, and to promote the growth of young plants; and the field should be made as free from weeds as possible, in order to give the young alfalfa the advantage of moisture and light.

On land that is real sandy the method of preparing the land will have to be modified so as to reduce the blowing of the soil as much as possible, the number of workings to be determined by the character of the soil and the probability of its blowing.

Fall seeding is to be recommended over spring seeding in this locality. If the soil is in good condition, from the middle to the last of September is probably the best time, but if it is impossible to get the soil ready for fall planting it is advisable to wait till spring and have the land in first-class condition.

For hay, the wide row is preferable to the narrow row, and a thin stand, that is uniform, to a thick stand. The rows should be 30 to 36 inches apart and not more than 3 1/2 pounds of seed sown per acre. If the stand is thick little advantage is obtained over broadcast seeding. A thick stand cannot be easily thinned, neither can an uneven stand be remedied; hence the desirability of a uniformly thin stand at the beginning.

The nitrifying process, or the inoculation of the soil with nitrogen gathering bacteria aids materially in the successful growing of alfalfa, but this subject is too long and technical to take up in a newspaper article. I will be glad to furnish soil that is already inoculated with instructions for inoculation of new field to those interested in alfalfa if they will come to the station.—R. E. Dickson, Supt. of Experiment Station.

Sanity to Rule Again This Fourth

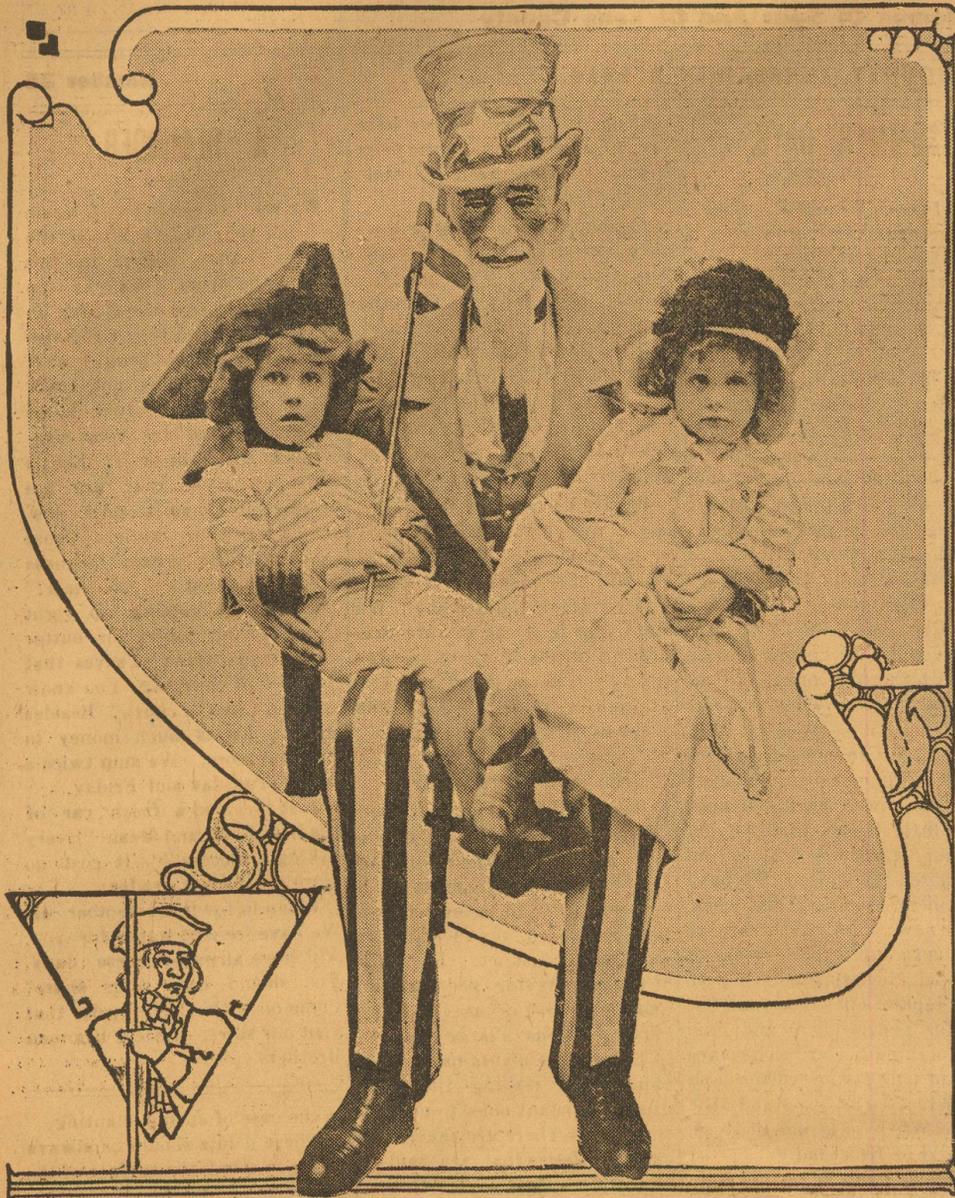


Photo by American Press Association.

Many Cities, Towns and Villages Have Been Added to Those Which Have Already Adopted the "Safety First" Idea of Celebrating Uncle Sam's Birthday. Attractions of All Sorts Are Being Prepared in Every State to Supersede Dangerous Fireworks.

TWO urchins met in a city street a few days before the last Fourth.

"Say," said one of them in an aggrieved tone, "they ain't gonna 'low any firecrackers on the Fourth this year. Ain't that fierce?"

"Aw, shucks, I don't care," said the other boy. "I'm gonna carry the big flag in the street purrade an' I'm gonna be a Continental soldier in the play over in the park an' have a sword an' a cocked hat an' everything."

"Gee," said the first youngster enviously, "do you think I could git to be in the purrade too?"

"Sure you could," declared the Continental soldier. "They want another boy to be a signer o' the Declaration on the float. C'mon."

They went on, eager and absorbed. The firecracker had been forgotten.

Here lies the secret of the extraordinary success of the "safe and sane Fourth" campaign in the last few years. The movement is by no means of recent date. In fact for forty years or more there had been spasmodic efforts to do away with the sinister red explosives that annually wrought increasing loss of life and limb. The trouble was that these efforts were directed merely toward prohibition, not toward substitution.

Destructive and Constructive.

They were destructive, not constructive measures. They threatened to destroy all of the small boy's Fourth of July fun without giving him anything in its place. And Young America, with the intoxicating smell of powder in his nostrils and a thrilling sound of popping and banging in his ears protested loud and long. Even grownups here and there talked grouchyly of the "denatured" Fourth. If the firecracker were prohibited there was danger that Independence day would become a meaningless occasion, safe and sane enough, perhaps, but robbed of all its appeal to the people as a day of great American celebration.

The small boy prevailed for a time and the fireworks dealers prospered. But every year the casualties went higher and higher. In 1908 there were 5,623 catastrophes in the wake of the glorious Fourth. Something must be

done. The attempt to prohibit dangerous explosives had proved to be a losing fight. The situation was getting desperate.

Then it was that a few men who remembered what it felt like to be a small boy realized that the whole movement was on the wrong track. They realized that it was not enough merely to prevent an unsafe and insane Fourth. It was not fair to take away the form of celebration that tradition and custom had built up and supply nothing bigger and better in its place.

They began to plan constructive ways to meet the difficulty. They believed that there were better ways of expressing patriotism than by the exploitation of the cannon cracker, and they set to work to keep legs and fingers and eyes busier than the cannon cracker had kept them. They got instant and magic results and disseminated them. There were only two or three cities in the game that first year, but the following summer twenty cities joined in the movement for the new and more glorious Fourth.

Casualties Went Down.

Down went the casualties to 5,307. The good work spread, and the next year, 1910, up went the number of cities to ninety-one and, seesaw fashion, down went the casualties to 2,923, half what they had been the year before. Last summer the number of cities had climbed to over a thousand and the tragedy list had shrunk to a comparatively small amount.

This year the nation wide campaign for a happier, more impressive Fourth will reach its climax. Additional cities and towns will fall in line this summer, and the casualty record is expected to dwindle until it is almost wiped out. The firecracker has exploded its own cause, its death knell has sounded, and its long lurid day is about over, not solely because it is dangerous, but because it has been superseded by something better. It is rapidly getting to be a disgrace to be a "firecracker town," and in all of the communities where the safe and sane campaign has been made the question is not "Shall we prohibit firecrackers and torpedoes?" but "What shall we have in their place?"

Carnival Idea Favored.

This question will be answered in a hundred different ways on the coming Fourth. The din of snapping firecrackers will be replaced by the cheerful noise of bands, fife and drum, big choruses of singers. Thousands of children's voices will be heard, not in yells of excitement over cannon crackers or shrieks of pain and fright when one explodes too soon, but in cheers for the flag, in patriotic songs, in shouts over athletic meets and exclamations of pleasure at the folk dan-

cing in the parks. There will be parades, carnivals, patriotic floats, celebrations in public squares and buildings; there will be military displays and patriotic dramas and pageants and music, music, music.

The carnival idea is meeting with great favor as a mode of celebrating Independence day. In New York city elaborate plans are afoot for many small district or neighborhood celebrations which will really make one big carnival throughout the city. Music and dancing in the parks, electric illuminations, concerts, field sports for boys and girls, street processions, school celebrations and the free distribution of attractive copies of the Declaration of Independence will not only make young and old forget the insidious firecracker, but will rouse a spirit of patriotism which will swell high in every breast.

Another city which prefers the carnival idea is Cincinnati. The interest of the school children is being roused, and moving pictures of celebrations in other cities in which boys and girls have taken part are being exhibited in the schools.

Fourth of July Club.

In Pennsylvania, where the casualty record was blackest on former Independence days, widespread plans are being made to substitute gorgeous, big celebrations for the death dealing firecracker and its kindred. All over the state the cities and towns are formulating plans for elvish parades, ceremonies for honoring the flag, exercises by school children and band concerts. One city has a novel plan for financing the great celebration that it is to give. A Fourth of July club has been formed, the membership costing \$1. Every man, woman and child of the city is urged to become a member of the club.

Members are furnished with a red, white and blue button, which is worn as a sign of approbation of the "safe and sane" Fourth movement. This clever idea works something like the "tag day" scheme, for no individual will want to be seen without the patriotic button in so popular a campaign as this. No hardship is placed upon the people, for many families have spent ten times the cost of membership in this club for fireworks and explosives in preceding years.

"Uncle Sam's Birthday Party."

In a Kansas city another novel form of celebration has been planned for this year. Their good time will take the shape of a "birthday party given by Uncle Sam." Distinguished guests will be received, among them being Betsy Ross, Miss Columbia, boys and girls of '76 and '61, Mr. Industry, Miss Democracy and cousins from across the sea, which will provide a place in the celebration for the foreign element.

Topics of the Sport World

By SQUARE DEAL

Bits of Baseball.

Miller Huggins says he is sure that last place is not for the Cardinals this season. Huggins has picked the Reds to finish up in this position.

Spokane in the Northwestern league has infielders named Wagner and Butler and pitchers named Gregg and Covalesskie. The lineup has a major league appearance.

Roger Bresnahan is said to be dissatisfied with the way Manager Hank O'Day is running things in Chicago. But President Thomas says Hank has charge and can do as he pleases.

Joe Wood's record of thirty-three victories against five defeats established in 1912 is in no danger of being displaced this season. Walter Johnson's poor start puts him out of the running.

Injuries to his players have forced Manager Larry Schlafly of the Buffalo Federals to get into the game himself, and he showed old time form at his old position—second base.

A Cleveland fan rises to remark that the ideal pitcher would have Walter Johnson's right arm, Vean Gregg's left, Tex Russell's body and Christy Mathewson's head. Quite a combination!

President Gilmore admits that the Feds have been considering Washington as a future place of invasion, thus putting Pittsburgh in the western section of the circuit.

President Comiskey and the White Sox players have contributed \$220 to the fund for the relief of Lou Criger. "Commy" headed the list with \$50 and Callahan turned in \$25. This was the first contribution from players as a body.

Crane's Brave Attempt.

Joshua Crane, Jr., of Boston just failed to rob England of another title when he was beaten recently in the final round for the amateur court tennis championship of Great Britain. While he made a good fight, the strain told at the most critical point.

Why Lord Left Baseball.

Harry Lord, the veteran third baseman and captain of the Chicago Amer-

icans, has quit baseball because "he felt himself slipping." Leaving word with another player for Manager Callahan, saying that he was disgusted with his own poor playing, Lord left the team in Washington and boarded a train for his home in Maine.

Tannehill Again on Top.

They can't keep Jesse Tannehill down. He joined Portsmouth in the Virginia league recently "to finish his career where he started"—a sort of farewell appearance. Now it is announced that Joe Wall of Brooklyn, who gathered the team together as manager, has been canned by Portsmouth and Tannehill given the job.

Meyers on the Job.

Big Chief Meyers, the well known catcher of the New York Nationals, has recovered from a serious injury



Big Chief Meyers' Big Stick Again Making Runs For the Giants.

and is finishing the season with the team. This will improve the Giants' chances, as Meyers is a reliable catcher and an effective batsman.

In the Sunday School Class

SENIOR BEREAN LESSON.

Golden Text.—The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost (Luke xix, 10).

The seeking Saviour (review).

"Wise forethought." The splendor of Christianity lies in the fact that it has a mission even to the least, the last and the lost of the human race. This is where all the other religions of the world confess failure. They have in mind only those who are cultured, but for the outcast, the despairing, the defeated, they have no encouragement.

* * * What did Jesus say to those who keenly craved for recognition? How should genuine benevolence be practiced? What is the teaching of the parable of the great supper? (Lesson I.) Religious thoughtlessness is inexcusable, and Jesus demanded that all his disciples should be serious about life and its issues. On what terms did he invite people to become his followers? How did he emphasize the heroic note? (Lesson III.) No one should be so absorbed in the present that he gives no thought to the future. It will enrich our sense of responsibility if we realize that the deeds of today influence what we shall do tomorrow. In what respect was the steward of the parable a corrupt individual, and why was he commended? What strong point was made in favor of fidelity? (Lesson VI.) The penalty of neglect cannot be escaped. The young man who plays truant from school and shirks his work as a student may never know all that he has missed of efficiency, but he will be severely handicapped. How were the two extremes of society placed in sharp contrast by Jesus? Illustrate from the parable of the rich man and Lazarus the truth of the saying that "to be better off is not to be better."

(Lesson VII.) It is very true that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. Character is not dependent on outward circumstances. It is an inward acquisition, and it is of far more value than silver or gold. Why was the rich man taken aback by the requirements of Jesus? Why were the disciples astonished at what the Master said? (Lesson XII.)

"Sympathetic insight." Dan Crawford, who lived in central Africa for twenty-three years, had learned the art of "thinking black." He got at the back of the black man's brain and looked at life wholly from his point of view. Jesus had such a thorough understanding of life and entered so completely

into the thoughts and feelings of humanity that he was able, out of a rich human experience, to show a large and broad sympathy. The Easter lesson shows how Jesus was both an excellent listener and a splendid talker. He allowed the two companions who were going to Emmaus to tell their story without any interruption. He then interpreted their difficulties with surprising knowledge. Describe the mood of these two men. What happened that they were so completely changed? (Lesson II.) Jesus had a profound conception of the value of human life. Indeed, nothing human was beneath his notice. His holiness of character was of so crystal a nature that men were able to see God in him, and sinners found both pleasure and profit in his company. On what grounds were objections taken to him by the Pharisees and scribes? How did he defend himself? (Lesson IV.) Just as the father waited with eager patience until his wayward boy came to his senses and returned home, so the Heavenly Father longs for the return of a prodigal humanity. * * * (Lesson V.) Those who hold the right conception of God, as taught by Jesus, will think of prayer as a means of divine fellowship. Why was the prayer of the Pharisees so utterly frivolous? How was Zaccheus recognized by Jesus, and what happened as a result? (Lesson XI.)

"True service." The Master had such a knowledge of the human heart that he knew men would respond to strenuous appeals. He encouraged his disciples to use that which they already had and not indulge in fanciful wishes for what was beyond them. Show how he dealt with them as to faith. What is the pre-eminent qualification for Christian work? (Lesson VIII.) The spirit of gratitude is a great aid to devotion, and much can be endured by those who have it. The ungrateful spirit is always petty and troublesome. How did the ten lepers behave after they were healed? What remarks were made by Jesus in that connection? (Lesson IX.) Those who realize the present companionship of Christ are doubly blessed, because they have assurance both for time and eternity. How did Jesus speak concerning the kingdom of God and its progress throughout the world? In what ways were the disciples encouraged to cultivate the spirit of hope? How should we read the signs of the times? (Lesson X.)

O Lord and Master, may thy spirit of wisdom, sympathy and service fill our lives.

For the Man Who Feeds the Nation

APPLE TREE PEST.

White Borers the Worst Enemy of the Young Plant.

SEARCH FOR THEM CAREFULLY

Signs Usually Appear Just Above the Surface of the Ground—When Located Open the Bark and Take the Insect Out.

The worst and most troublesome enemy of newly set and young apple trees is the small white borer that works in the trunk at and just below the surface of the ground. Some orchardists rely almost wholly on painting the trunks at about this time with a whitewash containing a small amount of carbolic acid, but the writer has seen much damage done in orchards which have received only this protection. In the first place, the grass and weeds should be kept hoed away from the trunks of the trees a distance of a foot or more. Often the presence of the borers is indicated by the reddish dustlike excreta which are usually thrown out from openings in the bark just above the surface of the ground.

But sometimes there is no outward appearance. It is well for this reason to go over the trees carefully. The writer has found a curved bladed pruning knife excellent for removing the earth

THE TROUBLESOME POTATO.

Old potato growers agree that the market for this staple crop is one of the most unstable, and consequently one of the most difficult to forecast, among the leading crops. Potatoes are a universal food. They can be grown almost anywhere. The crop is relatively of quick growth, but the serious factor is the inability to preserve the surplus of a bountiful year until the time of shortage when the crop is poor. Consequently any considerable increase in price stimulates increased production, and, with favorable conditions, a surplus results and prices often drop so low as to offer no possibility of profit.

There is no serious need of importing potatoes to this country, since a year of favorable prices and a good growing season are immediately followed by a surplus crop. The danger of importing new and serious diseases is sufficient justification for the secretary of agriculture to maintain his careful quarantine against foreign stock. The department has also cautioned potato growers against using secondhand potato sacks which may have contained British or European potatoes, since these sacks are likely to conceal the germs of a serious disease.—Country Gentleman.

LEG TROUBLES OF FOWLS.

Caused by Too Much Forcing Food to Hasten Growth.

In the brooding season many young chickens and other poultry die of leg troubles. They stagger, tremble in legs, spread around and in the last stages sit only and waste away.

This is caused by too much forcing food to rush growth, the weight of flesh being too great for legs to support, or feeding pepper, or too much fattener instead of building food.

Examination will sometimes reveal rickets, the leg bones bending, an evidence of lack of phosphate of lime in the ration. Lack of exercise, overcrowding and hot, hard brooder floors often bring same conditions. Unnatural under heat, instead of top heat, in brooders, shrivels the shanks and feet and makes many a fine brood sprawl to rise no more.

Such troubles may be avoided by preventing the cause. Pure water and fresh greens, phosphate of lime and balanced rations, natural brooding and less forcing food and exercise on green runs, save young stock from such troubles.

Rheumatism is rather different. It may be hereditary or complicated with congested liver or heart disease. It is often caused by damp, cold, lack of greens or feeding too much protein. The joints generally swell, enlarge, are inflamed, muscles contract, toes draw up, shanks are hot and dry and the victim sits.

Such birds need cooling food, plenty of greens and a bed of dry sand or straw. Rubbing inflamed joints with witch hazel and placing iodide of potassium in the drinking water, fifteen grains to the quart, afford relief if disease has not gone too far.

Destructive Red Squirrels.

The crow, hawk and bluejay are recognized as destructive enemies of bird life, but none of them compare with the ruthless, bloodthirsty little red squirrel, which not only breaks up nests and destroys the eggs, but delights in biting half grown grosbeaks and robins through the back of the head, eating their brains and sucking their blood. The writer would view the above statements with some grains of allowance if he had not seen young birds killed in this way. These red squirrels are sly, and there is a graceful curve to their tails, and this is about all that can be said in their favor. They should be shot on sight in every woodlot and lawn where it is desired to have the birds protected for their songs and insect destruction.

Mexican Plotters

By WALDEMAR MORGAN

A GIRL sat sewing in her room in the City of Mexico. Hearing a footstep on the stairs, she started. A woman entered out of breath.

"Inez!" she gasped. "Oh, Pepita! What is it?"

"If you have anything to compromise you with the Constitutionalists get rid of it at once. This man Manuel Coral, whom you have trusted, is a spy of the dictator. He has informed upon you."

"Then what use to get rid of evidence? The dictator does not need evidence to get rid of his victims."

"Coral's brother, Enrique, came to me and said to me: 'I have just learned that Manuel is in the secret service of the dictator and has informed the tyrant that by searching Inez's room he will find papers revealing the plan of the revolutionists.' Enrique assured me that if no such papers are found you will not be troubled. If they are found it will go hard with you, even though you are a woman."

Inez burst into tears. The man she loved had turned traitor to her. But her friend urged her to waste no time in getting rid of any compromising documents she might possess. She did possess several important ones, for her brother was one of the revolutionary chiefs, and he was using her to lay plans for a rising against the dictator in the City of Mexico. But Inez had received too terrible a blow in the treachery of her lover to keep her mind on what she was doing. After she had destroyed every document, as she supposed, she remembered one she had not destroyed that gave a list of persons in the city who could be relied on to desert the dictator and join the revolutionists as soon as fighting commenced. But this did not occur to her till the sound of heavy footsteps was heard on the staircase. She had only time to unlock a drawer, take out the paper and slip it under her dress at the neck when the door was thrown open and Manuel Coral with a man and a woman entered.

"I am sorry to disturb you, senorita," he said to Inez, "but the government has received news that you are in possession of plans of the revolutionists, and I have been sent here to get them." "You mean," said Inez, whose indignation had got the better of her grief, "that you have accused me." "What matters it?" Pepita broke in, "since you are innocent of the charge? Let them search the room."

"I shall also be obliged to have you searched," said Coral. "I have brought a woman for the purpose."

Coral and the man he had brought with him began to search the room. Pepita asked permission to leave, and it was granted. Before doing so she embraced Inez and, slipping her thumb and forefinger in under the neck of her dress, drew the paper hidden there into the palm of her hand. Then she disengaged herself, but before doing so transferred the paper into her sleeve. Then, with a few words of encouragement for her friend, she took her departure.

As soon as Pepita had gone Coral ordered the woman to take Inez into another room and make a thorough search of her person, promising the former a handsome reward if she found what they were looking for. Inez left with a mingled glance of defiance and contempt for the man she had loved. She felt perfectly safe, Pepita having taken away the compromising document. Coral showed no feeling whatever at her treatment. In due time the two women returned, the searcher announcing that, though she had made a careful investigation of the senorita's clothing and her hair, not a scrap of information had been found. Then Coral, making a ceremonious bow to Inez, left her alone.

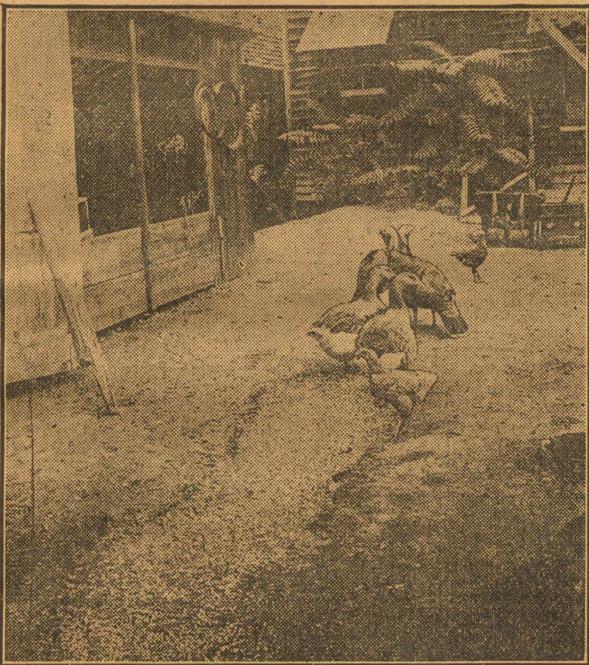
Her usefulness to the cause had ended and she determined to slip away from the city of Mexico and rejoin her brother. She was engaged in getting together the things she would take with her when the door opened, and Manuel Coral entered. Placing his finger to his lips, he looked about him to satisfy himself that no one else was present. Inez looked at him wondering what he would do next. Then he spoke hurriedly:

"I found it necessary to deceive the dictator, whose confidence I have. He had received indirect information that you were here in the interests of the revolutionists. I at once sent my brother to inform you that you were suspected and persuaded the dictator to permit me to make the search. I knew you would be subjected to. I saw Pepita take a paper from the neck of your dress. You think I have betrayed you. I have saved you. Heaven knows what would have become of you had I not warned you or had another conducted the search."

Inez listened to these hurried words till the end, then, toppling, fell into her lover's arms.

When she came to herself Manuel Coral was bending over her anxiously. "Go," he said, "while there is time. I have more to do here or I would go with you."

Waste Eats Up Poultry Profits



Yes, kind reader, that fifteen foot stretch of white in the picture is a path made of a half bushel of cracked corn, with just two geese, two turkeys, two chickens and the sparrows to gobble it. Their owner always says, "Poultry doesn't pay!"

Feed is wasted in several ways. Many feed too much, and the feed is generally fattener—corn, for instance—and the hens waste the time and feed laying on fat, and fat is waste, except what is needed for heat and energy and eggs. Take wheat. Wheat is good feed, but not alone. If fed exclusively a hen gets enough carbohydrates to make three eggs a day, protein for one egg every three days and mineral for one egg every twelve days. What does it cost to feed a hen for a year? We give you below a balanced ration for one hen for a year. Figure it out according to prices you pay:

Pounds.	Pounds.
Wheat	20
Corn	20
Oats	10
Bran	10
Mids	5
Beef scrap	5
Clover	15

about the trunk to the depth of an inch or two and scraping the bark gently.

If the borers are present their excreta will show, as stated, or the bark will show flat and give a hollow sound as the knife passes over it. When located the bark should be opened and the borer taken out. If the borers are in their second year and are in deep they should be prodded with a wire or a pliable peeled apple twig. The borers that have completed their second year bore upward sometimes a distance of four or five inches above the level of the ground and emerge as borer beetles through a round hole about the size of a double B shot.

Weighing Cattle by Girth.

The weight of cattle seems to sustain a fairly regular ratio to their girth. On this theory an animal having a five foot girth should weigh about 750 pounds. For every added inch in girth twenty-five pounds should be added to the weight. When the girth reaches six feet, fifty pounds should be added to the weight for every added inch of girth.

Sunflower For Poultry.

Sunflower seed not only make a splendid ration for poultry, but the rank growing plants furnish much needed shade in the poultry yard, if no other shade is provided.

KEEPING A ROSE BED.

It Should Be Hoed Frequently and Watered Every Day.

Where one has a little time to look after it a bed of roses will give a very large return in fragrance and beautiful bloom. The soil should be of a rather stiff clay, which should be enriched with a generous allowance of well rotted manure and decomposed leaves.

For a bed of the tender tea roses the following list will be found very satisfactory: Maman Cochet, white and pink; Killarney, white and pink; Kaiserin Victoria, W. R. Smith, Rhea Reid and Golden Gate. The bed should be hoed frequently and watered every evening during dry weather. The chief enemies of the rose family are the little red spider and the rose slug. The former may be controlled by spraying as frequently as may be necessary with a solution of tobacco water, while dusting the bushes when the dew is on with road dust will fix the slugs. As a rule, the heavier the pruning the thrifter will the new growth and blossoms be.

Almost any one can make a beehive, but the best ones are factory made, and may be had from any reliable supply house.

Laugh and the World Laughs Too

Where the Trouble Lay.

"There's no doing anything with our choir. The soprano and alto are at it again hammer and tongs."

"I suppose your homely alto is jealous of your soprano's pretty face."

"No; our pretty soprano is jealous of our homely contralto's fine figure."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Regimental Repartee.

"Your voice," said the commanding officer, "is decidedly rasping."

"Yes, sir," said the subordinate, touching his hat. "I have been out roughing it with a file of soldiers all morning."—Chicago Tribune.

Business.

"When Miss Willings married old Moneybags she gave her age as twenty-five. I feel sure she is older than that."

"Oh, I suppose she allowed one-third off for cash!"—Judge.

More Poetry.



"Daughter, I have found a husband for you. He is a poet and he disposes of all his poetry."

"Really? Then I do hope I won't be averse to him!"—Pittsburgh Press.

Pa Is In For It Now.

Willie—Paw, where are all the talking machines made?

Paw—They are not made, my son. They are born.

Maw—You go to bed, Willie.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Loftier Thoughts.

John Thompson was a good husband, but he possessed a weakness for constantly teasing his wife about dress. One day he found her sitting by the window.

"Watching the styles, Emmy?" he asked.

"Now, John, give me credit for having thoughts higher than dresses now and then," she answered.

"Then you must be thinking of a new hat," he retorted.—Lippincott's.

A Guarantee.

Jones—How did you come to have such an extraordinarily pretty nurse girl, my dear?

Mrs. Jones—Because I want our child to have police protection when she is in the park.—New York Post.

There Are Slippers and Slippers.

"I don't approve of a man who sits around in carpet slippers," exclaimed the energetic citizen.

"Nobody does," replied Miss Cayenne. "All the men have to wear dancing pumps."—Washington Star.

No Chance For Him.

"I can't see why you should throw me over because I have lost my money."

"Can't you? Really, you are more of an egotist than I supposed you to be."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Good Material.

Politician—My boy wants a job in your department. Government Official—What can he do? Politician—Nothing. Government Official—Good! Then I won't have to break him in.—Pittsburgh Press.

At the Dock.

"Did you ever notice one thing about a ship?"

"What's that?"

"She can't make knots when she's tied up."—Baltimore American.

Bliss.

"What is your idea of heaven?" "I imagine it to be a place where a man won't be pestered to death by fool questions."—Detroit Free Press.

Unexpected.

Professor—What produces sound waves?

Student—I don't know, sir.

"Well, here I speak to you for fifteen minutes, and that which proceeds from my mouth produces sound waves. Now, what is it?"

"Hot air!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Still He Would Be a Peer.

"If they played baseball in England instead of cricket it would never do to have a nobleman for an umpire."

"Why not?"

"He would be bound to give rank decisions."—Baltimore American.

Blind to His Faults.

"That girl to whom you're writing so frequently must laugh at your bad spelling."

"She? Not on your life! She's a stenographer."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Comparisons.



Daughter—But Archie is remarkably clever, papa!

Father—Clever? And drawing \$15 a week!

Daughter—True, papa; but think how much less he's worth!—Boston Globe.

Different.

"There's nothing new under the sun."

"Nonsense. I know a girl who puts on a new complexion every day."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Done Up Brown.

"I have a rare cook."

"Then is everything she gives you well done?"—Baltimore American.

Wood Cutting Prohibited On Spur Lands!

Notice is Hereby Given That Any Person Who Cuts Wood of Any Kind Whatever From Any of Our Lands Any Where Now or Hereafter will Be Prosecuted to the Fullest Extent of the Law Without Favor or Consideration

IN Some localities in past years, the lands have been shamefully cut over, regardless of our rights, and those of purchasers of land not occupied. Many otherwise honest men, have come to think that what others have done, without a penalty resulting, they can also do, and there is an increasing disposition to appropriate wood wherever it can be found, no matter to whom it belongs. This must and will be stopped. We must protect the people who have already bought Spur Lands, and those who will hereafter buy them, from this wood cutting.

Some people pretend to think there is no objection to it. This is, therefore, public notice that no one has our permission to cut, saw, grub, break down or gather wood of any kind whatever from our lands anywhere, and that prosecution will certainly follow trespassers hereafter without favor.

S. M. Swenson And Sons

CHAS. A. JONES, Manager,

Spur, Dickens Co., Texas

TEXAS SPUR PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

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ORAN McCLURE, Editor & Prop.

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When not specified, all Ads will be continued until ordered out and charged for accordingly.

FOUR ISSUES ONE MONTH

DEMOCRATIC ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Texas Spur is authorized to announce the following as candidates for District and County offices, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary election to be held July 25, 1914:

For Representative, 105th District:

Hon. A. J. Hagins (2nd term)
T. F. Baker, Snyder, Texas

For District Attorney, 50th Judicial District:

J. Ross Bell, of Paducah
Isaac O. Newton (re-election)

For District and County Clerk:

C. C. Cobb (re-election)

For Tax Assessor:

T. J. Harrison (2nd term)
G. B. Joplin
E. L. Harkey

For Sheriff and Tax Collector

J. B. Conner (2nd term)
G. T. Snodgrass

For County Judge:

O. S. Ferguson (2nd term)
Blaine Speer

For County Treasurer:

B. A. Crego (re-election)
J. B. Yantis

For Commissioner Precinct No. 3:

S. R. Bowman
W. A. Johnson

That the farmers of Western Texas have an opportunity to not only grow bumper crops of cotton and feed but secure good prices for cotton and all produce sold is evidenced from every viewpoint. On account of heavy rains crops are cut short not

only in Eastern Texas but all over the Eastern States and as a result the demand for cotton will not be fully supplied and the probability is that the price will go up. The cotton crop in the Spur country and this whole territory is now most promising and with a little extra effort on the part of farmers in the cultivation and harvesting of crops will make big returns. Henry Exall, in his book on scientific farming, says that the cotton and other crops should be plowed shallow until fully matured and that the farmer who "lays-by" before the stalk is fully matured will stunt the crop. With proper cultivation and attention the Spur country this year will make from three-fourths to one bale of cotton to the acre and by wise marketing we believe fifteen cents a pound can be secured for the crop.

Farming is the principal business of this country and one which supports and maintains every other business in the country, and yet this business of farming receives less scientific thought and study and is conducted in the most slipshod methods of any other business of the country. The most successful business men in all pursuits are those who thoroughly understand every detail of their chosen occupation and carefully guard against leaks and unnecessary drains on their capital stock. The farming business requires more extensive study and consideration than other businesses of the country, and notwithstanding the fact that these requirements are not observed the business continues to prosper and enrich the proprietors and the country as a whole.

If a merchant through advertising can induce two men to come to his store when only one came before he gets big returns from his advertising investment. If a merchant can sell two thousand dollars worth of goods through advertising when he only sold one thousand dollars worth before gets big results from advertising. And when a merchant does this it is very apparent to the general public that he can sell goods at cheaper prices. If the merchant figures on making twenty per cent in the sale of goods, as above outlined, he will make a profit of two hundred dollars by advertising, have his stock replenished with new goods and thus give the trade better service. It is just as necessary in this day and time to invest in advertising as it is to invest in goods, and the merchant who fails to realize this fact will continue to remain in the rear ranks of commercial progress.

We would like to see some intelligent, capable but unknown man in politics and one who possesses little of this world's goods elected one time to the highest state office. It is estimated that a campaign for the governor's office in Texas will cost fifty thousand dollars, and so long as such an expenditure is necessary none but the rich need aspire to this high position. We know one or two men in Dickens county who are more capable and who would give the state a wiser and better administration than any one of the candidates in the field at the present time, but it would be foolishness to think of running them in ahead of the professional politicians since they inherit by custom and precedent all political spoils.

A number of Spurites attended the barbecue at Clairemont last week among whom were W. F. Godfrey, J. D. Powell, C. L. Love, F. H. Harrington, Ned Hogan, R. E. Dickson, Oran McClure and family, and Miss Willie Belle Martin.

W. T. Lovell, a leading citizen and prosperous farmer of the Draper country, spent some time in Spur Monday buying supplies of the meachants and greeting his many friends.

W. L. Osborn stuck a nail through his foot one day last week at Peacock while working on the P. H. Miller lumber sheds, and has been laid up for several days as a consequence.

Lee Gilbert, of Jayton, was here the first of the week on business and greeting his many friends. Mr. Gilbert operated a garage here at one time.

J. F. Speer, of Dickens, who underwent an operation several weeks ago at the Standifer Hospital, returned home last week.

Robt. Nichols was down from the Plains country Saturday attending to business matters.

D. C. Abney, of Tap, was a business visitor to Spur the latter part of last week.

Rev. Scott, of the Cat Fish country, was a business visitor to Spur Monday.

Mrs. Morris, of Haskell, is visiting her son, Dr. J. E. Morris and family.

R. L. Shields, a merchant of Dickens, was here Monday on business.

Emmett Kutch was in Spur the first of the week from the 24 Ranch.

A girl was born Saturday to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Koon.

B. G. WORSWICK
Attorney-At-Law
Practice Solicited in District and Higher Courts
County Attorney's Office, Dickens, Texa

W. D. WILSON
LAWYER
Practice in all Courts
Office with W. F. Godfrey Realty Co.
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A Specialty

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For Sale—Lot 15, Block 12, Spur; \$200.00.—C. H. McDonald, Healdton, Oklahoma. 32 4p

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**Real Estate
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TIDWELL & REEVES, Props.
First Class Tonsorial Work. Hot and Cold Baths and
Up-To-Date Service in Every Respect. Call and see us

..J. P. SIMMONS..

Drayman and Agent for Pierce-Fordice Oil Ass'n.
Heavy and light hauling. All work guaranteed

NOTICE

You will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law if caught hunting, fishing, shooting, trapping or trespassing in any way in any of the 24 pastures.—Mrs. Boley Brown & Sons. By Bert N. Brown, manager. 1-26t

W. L. Grubbs, a prosperous farmer and leading citizen of the Red Mud country, was in the city Monday and spent some time here greeting friends and looking after business matters.

T. F. Baker of Snyder, candidate for Representative, was in Spur the first of the week meeting the voters in the interest of his campaign for that office.

We are in the market for frying-size chickens and will pay the very highest market prices for all of such chickens brought to us.—Sol Davis. tf

E. J. Cairnes, the Kent county ranchman, was transacting business in Spur Monday.

T. G. Harkey returned last week from New Mexico where he went to attend a sick brother. We understand that he brought his brother back to Plainview and placed him in a Sanitarium for treatment.

We do all kinds of Auto repairing: keep extras, gasoline, oil, etc. Don't fail to see us when in need of anything in our line.—E. L. Clay. tf

M. L. Blakely, a prosperous farmer and leading citizen of the Afton country, spent some time in Spur Monday on business and greeting his many friends.

Mrs. T. A. Tidwell and children returned Monday from an extended visit to relatives and friends at O'Brien.

Miss Minnie Lee Springer left Sunday for an extended visit to relatives and friends at Stamford and Quanah.

Misses Evelyn and Bessie Burgoon left Sunday for Denton where they will visit relatives and friends for some time.

W. A. Craddock was among the visitors to Clairemont last week.

H. Z. Taylor is reported sick at his home near Spur.

**DON'T LET CONSTIPATION
RUIN YOUR HEALTH**

It Deadens the Brain and Weakens the Body. Nature Needs Real and Harmless Aid to Overcome it.

Nature does her best to fight constipation and its evil effects. She fights to the last atom of her strength, but usually she has to have assistance.

To avoid the sluggish brain and weakened body, the sick headache, coated tongue and biliousness, it is unwise to use unpleasant calomel, a medicine so strong that it leaves most people "all knocked out." Don't take chances with your health.

A great number of people have learned that Dodson's Liver Tone (50c.) makes one brighter, healthier and happier in a perfectly easy and natural way, with no pain nor gripe and no bad after-effects.

The Red Front Drug Store guarantees it without condition and will refund purchase price if you are not entirely satisfied. Dodson's Liver Tone is an absolutely safe, pleasant tasting vegetable liquid and a wonderful liver stimulant which takes the place of calomel, but be sure you get Dodson's.

Earl Harkey, manager of the South Matador Camp, returned last week from a business trip into New Mexico.

Neil Holman, who has been in the Standifer Hospital the past two weeks, is up and able to be about again.

Geo. Bennett and wife returned last week from Rule where they had been visiting relatives and friends.

W. W. Waldrup, of the Croton country, was transacting business in Spur the first of the week.



**Where There's a
Farm There Should
be a Bell Telephone**

The progressive farmer surrounds himself with modern advantages.

He, too, appreciates that convenience ministers to health, happiness, progress and wealth.

What does he do?
With other neighbors he starts a Rural Telephone line. Enough said.

Apply to our nearest Manager for information or write to

THE SOUTHWESTERN
TELEGRAPH
AND
TELEPHONE CO.
DALLAS, TEXAS

Mrs. C. A. Bobo returned the latter part of last week from an extended visit to relatives and friends at Weatherford and Ranger.

Rev. McClelland left Monday for Abilene where he goes to have his eyes treated by a specialist at that place.

Jeff D. Harkey and family, of Dickens, visited relatives and friends in Spur Monday.

State Surveyor Geo. M. Williams is at home again after an absence of several days.

No. 9611
The Spur National Bank
SPUR, TEXAS

CAPITAL STOCK \$100,000
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS \$25,000

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Make Our Bank Your Bank

JIM TUCKER'S SERMON.

Jim Tucker, the youngest preacher that ever came our way, Sat alone in his study one evening—just at the close of day, Sat thinking of the sermon on Sunday next he'd preach, A wordless prayer went upward, that a lost soul it might reach, For Jim was an honest fellow—was doing all he could To preach God's true gospel—to make the people good.

You see it was election time—the Politician's day, And from all corners of the state—they surely did hold sway, They talked about each other—would resort to any trick, They called each other names so vile—that it made many sick, And so they went all o'er the state, from morning until night, Until it seemed the whole blame thing would end up in a fight.

And in our own little city—surely it's a thing I hate to say, Our preachers would forget themselves, and got into the fray, And on every Sunday morning—and on Sunday night as well, Their talks were of "the issue that sent a man to hell" They did not plead the teachings of the Myrtar of the Cross But seemed more versed in politics as taught them by the Boss.

And those who differed from their view—in politics you see, Were said to be unworthy—and unwelcome as could be, And those who loved the gospel, got politics that day, When our church lost its prestige and demagogues held sway, Did I say all, well hardly, there was one among the band, That kept on preaching Christ and the lasting hope of man.

Now among Jim's congregation, there was Deacon Brown, The very richest man that lived in our town; The folks who knew the Deacon—said it was his way, To run the church and preacher—or the preacher couldn't stay, Not so with Jimmie Tucker, no one could run that man, For Jim was right there with the goods when ever he'd taken a stand.

So on this summer evening, a committee from the town Came to Jimmie's study—headed by Deacon Brown, And the Deacon did the talking in his solemn grave-like way— "We have come, dear Brother Tucker, to see you to-day On a matter of importance—to the people of this state, And ask that on next Sunday, your position you'll relate.

"On the prohibition question, make a speech from your pulpit, And make it strong my brother—that the anti's will be hit, Tell them that they're blackguards, who'd vote this here state wet, I know that you can do it—and when you're through I'll bet, That these here critters, who oppose us moral men Will find that you have punctured their old booze-soaked skin."

Jimmie sat there listening while the Deacon had his say, And then he started talking in his quiet-like gentle way— "My friends, my position on the issue now at hand, Is for prohibition, for I know that our land Will be freer from temptation if we win the fight that's on, But your way of winning people—I think, is very wrong.

"As for my speaking on this issue Sunday morn, I beg that you'll excuse me, for that man was never born Who could make me so unworthy of the cause I represent As to turn God's house of worship into a politicians tent, Nor would I degrade the calling—inspired by the One above By abusing a fellow creature—I'll preach to him Christ's love.

"And to you, my dear good Deacon, and Committee of the town, I am honest when I say—I believe the Master frowns When the preachers and the laymen of the Churches of to-day, Turn their house of public worship, (where people come to pray) To a band of politicians—to upbraid their fellow-man For the church is for God's worship—the salvation of our land.

"And my soul grows sick and weary, my heart fills up with pain, When to parody the hymns are set—and that dear old refrain Of "Bringing in the Sheaves" they sang in days gone by, Now rings out on Sunday morn "Is Texas Going Dry" You may know what you're doing—but it's a sacrilege to me, To put the hymns our mothers loved to such a parody.

"I'm going to preach next Sunday—in the church across the way, And you all are mighty welcome to hear what I might say, And you may tell the others—those with whom you disagree To come and hear the gospel, and be sure and say I'll see, That no one is offended, for I'll preach of brotherly love— For I feel that's my duty—to the Master up above."

—Selected.



E. LONG, BOOT-MAKER,
Lubbock, - - Texas

**Murray
Brothers...**

YOU WILL EVENTUALLY
HAVE US DO
That Work

Why Not Now?

CENTRAL MEAT MARKET

PERRY FITE, Proprietor

Fresh and Cured Meats

Call or Phone us Orders. Your Patronage is Solicited.

JACKSON REALTY CO.

Fire, Tornado, Plate Glass and Livestock Insurance. We sell Land, City Property and Livestock. Non-Residents' business promptly attended to.

Notary Public in the Office.

Teddy Brannen visited relatives at Jayton last week.

Eat at the German Kitchen, at the old Poole stand. 31tf

Carl Hale is off on a two weeks vacation.

Go to Harkey for first-class Feed. We don't handle cheap stuff. 84-tf

Mrs. J. C. McNeill, of the Alamo Stock Farm, was shopping in Spur the latter part of last week.

The Sowing of Alderson Cree

By MARGARET P. MONTAGUE

A Strong Story of Character Building, With Scenes Laid In the West Virginia Mountains Among a Picturesque People

PROLOGUE.

Alderson Cree, a West Virginia mountaineer, ejects his boarder, Kip Ryerson. Alderson while hunting is shot from behind. He exacts a promise from his young son, David, to kill Ryerson, whom he suspects. After David goes for aid Alderson relents and prays to live long enough to relieve the son from the promise. Only Martha Lamfire, a character of the mountains, hidden behind the bushes, hears his appeal. Ryerson is arrested, tried, but acquitted. A forest fire is ravaging the mountains. The mountaineers, accused by David of cowardice, band together and order Ryerson out of town. Four years later, on his sixteenth birthday, David had gone out to a neighboring draft to fulfill his promise to his father, but learned that Kip Ryerson was already dead. At twenty-two David is the devoted slave of plain, charming, irresistible Mary Reddin, who returns his affection. Returning home one day, David meets and chats with Ellen Daw of Drupe mountain, the poor, beragged adopted daughter of Silas Daw. Mary Reddin, being the only one in the Draft who succeeds in getting along with Martha Lamfire, visits the old woman at her home. George Hedrick, the village storekeeper, is the most satisfied man in the Draft with his lot in life, situated as he was at the crossroads, where he and the "world" meet. An uncouth stranger excites curiosity when he stops at the store for tobacco. Hedrick recognizes in him Kip Ryerson. Ellen Daw, weary and faint from her lonely farm work, pauses to rest and falls asleep. Adrian Blair, a well to do youth of the Draft, notices the sleeping girl and finishes her work. Waking, Ellen perceives her benefactor and timidly tenders her thanks. On Sunday the people of the Draft flocked to the schoolhouse to hear Brother Braxton's farewell sermon. Ellen travels from her mountain home for the occasion. Mary and David join the procession. Hedrick, Blair and others before the schoolhouse grow suddenly excited when attention is drawn to a figure coming toward them.

The World Reversed.

THE other men, following Hedrick's gaze, beheld a small group of lumbermen swinging leisurely down the road toward the schoolhouse, and in their midst walked Kip Ryerson. "Lord!" ejaculated Snyder. "What's ter do now?" Hedrick questioned turbidly. At that moment a reconnoitring party of children dashed up the hill. "Brother Braxton's comin'!" they cried. "He's jest comin' round ther bend!" At the news the men got up from the grass, shaking themselves together and brushing off their coats. "You all sorter keep yer eyes peeled an' be ready ef anything happens," Hedrick said quickly to Orin Snyder and Adrian. "We don't want ter hev er fight here with all these women folks an' kids an' Brother Braxton's last Sunday too. I don't hardly b'lieve Dave'll know him, though, hit's been so long an' he was so little anyhow. But jest ther same you all mind out an' be ready." Brother Braxton made his way to the front of the room, shaking hands here and there with prominent members of his flock as he passed. Arrived at the table he dropped to his knees for a moment's prayer beside it. "You will please sing a selection," Brother Braxton said, rising and mopping his forehead exhaustively. At his bidding there was a general flutter of hymn books and then after a short pause Ellen Daw, who had now moved up to the front bench among the rest of the women who sang, lifted her voice in the Coronation hymn. One line she sang through by herself, but at the next the rest of the congregation struck in tumultuously, almost shouting out the words, for it was a hymn popular with all. But through all the volume of other voices Ellen's was never lost or obscured, but soared on like a stream of golden light, strong and unafraid. Adrian Blair at the back of the schoolhouse silenced his own exceedingly good tenor voice and fixed his eyes on Ellen's face during all the singing of the hymn, and when it came to an end he drew a long breath. Brother Braxton, with one last and extremely thorough mopping of his brow, rose and began his onslaught upon the sermon.



He Flung Himself Across the Intervening Space and Leaped For Ryerson's Throat.

Many of the younger children put their heads down upon the desks in front of them, or, if their dimensions were extremely short, down upon older sister or mother's lap and went serenely to sleep, undisturbed by the fervor of oratory poured forth above them.

The sermon was a long one, but it was also a good one and reached more than one of the listeners. And when it was over and the preacher concluded with a few words of farewell to the people of the Draft, touched by honest regret, there was scarcely one among the older women present who did not have recourse to her pocket handkerchief, and many of the men as well sniffed in sympathy.

"And now," Brother Braxton concluded, "you will please sing 'God be with you till we meet again,' during which I hope my friends will come forward and shake me by the hand in leavetaking."

Again Ellen Daw's voice rose, and the rest of the congregation followed her into the old hymn of farewell, "God be with you till we meet again," sung over and over, while different members of the church went forward with solemn faces and shook hands with their departing pastor. He stood in a rapt posture, with closed eyes and extended hand, and body that swayed faintly back and forth in time to the singing voices. The last person had shaken hands, the singing ceased and Brother Braxton opened his eyes.

"Let us pray," he said. And in the confusion of the general kneeling down he cast his eye over the congregation for a suitable person to call upon. "Brother David Cree, please lead us in prayer," he said at length, somewhat to the surprise of all, for David had only joined the church the previous autumn. But it was Brother Braxton's habit to encourage the younger members, and perhaps, too, something of David's expression had inspired the preacher to select him.

Surprised though he was, David knelt down obediently, untouched by embarrassment and with a certain feeling of gladness that on the crowning day of his happiness it should be given him, with his sweetheart beside him, to voice the gratitude in his heart for the joy and the glory that had come to him.

Turning around that he might kneel the more easily between the cramped benches, he put his head upon the back of the seat, and, free from self-consciousness, poured out his thanksgiving. The words themselves were clumsy and the sentences awkward and oft repeated ones, but back of the empty makeup of speech was the vital spark of a man in the presence of his Creator. And the spirit spoke through the dead words and awoke in the wornout phrases a freshness and fullness of life that flung them forth recreated and enriched by the vital essence of all things, so that his prayer found a quick answer in the hearts of many of his hearers, for a man cannot come honestly into the presence of God and some of the rest of mankind not be gladly aware of it.

There was a moment's pause over the congregation as David concluded his petition and rose to his feet. In that moment he stood up straight and tall among them, his face exalted and alight with emotion; beside him the fulfillment of his love and all about him faces of his friends, all touched in that moment it seemed to him, be-

The Life of a Willful Boy Who Set Upon Himself the Responsibility of Avenging His Father's Murder :: ::

cause of his own exaltation, with the fire of God's spirit. From one familiar face to another his eyes traveled joyously over the congregation and then—then suddenly they came full upon the face of Kip Ryerson—and with the meeting of their eyes he knew him. For one astounded moment David was still, and in that second in his revulsion of feeling it was as though the whole ocean had rolled over him. Then like a flash of lightning the uplifted look on his face went out, and with a hoarse scream, a blind, infuriated animal, he flung himself across the intervening space and leaped for Ryerson's throat—his eyes flames and his lips drawn back from clinched teeth.

With a crash the men came together, and all was chaos. A struggling heap they went down upon the floor. Benches were overturned and women screamed in an agony of terror. Three men kept their heads, and those three—George Hedrick, Orin Snyder and Adrian Blair—threw themselves upon David and after a struggle tore him off his prey.

Ryerson staggered waveringly to his feet, a limp rag of a man with panic in his eyes.

"Take him off me—keep him away! I ain't done nothin'!" he panted, almost sobbing with fear.

"You git cleared outer here quick as you know how!" Adrian warned him between gasps, for David was thrashing him back and forth, striving to get his arm free, and with one terror-stricken look into that wild beast face Ryerson obeyed and fled stumblingly from the schoolhouse. As David saw him go beyond his reach he leaped upon the arms that surrounded him like an imprisoned bull. But still the three held on.

With a quick twist he turned upon Adrian Blair, mad with fury.

"Let me go! Let me go! D— you!" he cried, beside himself with anger and struggling passionately. With a violent effort he wrenched his arm away and struck the other full upon the mouth. Adrian went down flat before the blow, but with the spring of a cat he was on his feet again in an instant, his face dead white and his eyes all at once become very dangerous. Clenching his fists he squared himself before David.

"All right, Dave Cree," he said, in a low, cool voice, "ef yer want ter fight somebody, come on; I'll take yer."

"Lord!" gasped Hedrick, still clinging manfully to David's left arm as Orin dived for his released right. "Ef Dave an' Adrian gits ter fightin' now I'll jest plum giv' up." But at that moment, through the circle of men, there burst Mary's little pink clad figure and flung itself upon David.

"Oh, Dave, Dave!" she sobbed. "Don't! Come home with me! Oh, please come home, honey!"

At her touch David ceased struggling suddenly and stood still. His breath came in great sobs, his face was flushed, with bloodshot eyes, and his hair was wildly disheveled. He stood looking about him like a bewildered enraged animal, turning his head slowly from side to side in search of an escape from the infuriating circle of arms.

Adrian Blair turned and walked out of the schoolhouse, and that he did not return David's blow was an evidence of self control upon which he prided himself for many a long day.

"Come, honey, come!" Mary begged feverishly, putting his hat into his hands and drawing her hand through his arm with almost a mother's gesture.

At her words and touch again David looked down at her as though waking from a dream, and a little of the bewildered wild animal look lifted from his face.

"Come on home with me, sweetheart, come!" Mary whispered again in an agony and scarcely knowing what he did, yet recognizing the touch of her hand upon his arm, David turned obediently toward the door.

At this moment Brother Braxton saw fit to approach with pacific intentions.

"My brother, my brother!" he began portentously. But George Hedrick hastily interposed, warning him off.

"I wouldn't go er stirrin' him up ergin now jest es he's gettin' sorter calmed down," he whispered nervously. "I ain't stirrin' him up," the other answered indignantly, "I'm smoothin' him down!"

[To be continued.]

A Glance at Current Topics

Chicago's "Gun Men's Court."

Chicago, June 23.—The limit in special courts appears to have been reached when a "gun men's court" was established. There is a juvenile court, a domestic relations court and a morals court.

Judge McDonald is handling the gun men, and the court seems as though it has come to stay. State Attorney Maclay Hoynes says of the new court: "Conditions existing in Chicago, Judge McDonald and I felt, warranted the establishment of the gun men's court. Crimes have been committed and perpetrators have escaped trial for many months."

Henry a Senatorial Aspirant.

Washington, June 22.—Representative Henry of Texas says that he will be a candidate for the United States senate in 1916.

"When the proper time comes I shall



Photo by American Press Association. Representative Robert L. Henry, Candidate For the Senate in 1916.

canvass Texas from border to border," he said.

Mr. Henry is chairman of the house rules committee and will seek re-election to the house in the primaries this fall.

Marking Alaska's Boundary.

Sitka, Alaska, June 23.—Scarring a broad line across 600 miles of wilderness in the far north in order that the possessions of the United States and Canada may have a distinct separation at every point will be completed during the open season. The work has been in progress since 1907 under the direction of Thomas Riggs, Jr., civil engineer, representing the United States Alaska boundary commission, and T. D. Craig, representing a similar commission of Canada.

Although the United States and Canada have been neighbors in the far north for over a half century, the exact dividing line between their possessions, especially as to the northern portion, was, previous to this survey, indefinite and conflicting. Many disputes arising, the two governments decided finally through their commissions that an absolute survey clearly established and marked for all time should be made along the one hundred and forty-first meridian, from the Mount St. Elias Alps on the Pacific to the Arctic ocean, a distance of approximately 600 miles.

The United States surveying party consisted of from sixty to eighty men each season since the work was undertaken.

The actual visual result of the six or seven years of efforts is a twenty foot vista, cut, like a gigantic avenue or lane, through all timber and brush districts, together with monuments set at intervisible points from three to four miles apart.

Record Crop For Kansas.

Topeka, Kan., June 23.—Kansas farmers, and especially Kansas farmers' wives and daughters, have been praying hard and long that there wouldn't be war with Mexico or with anybody else—not at least until the wheat harvest was over. For this year as never before Kansas is going to need every harvest hand who can be raked up or scraped up anywhere or anyhow to harvest the big wheat crop.

War means that what men can be obtained will have to be paid anywhere from \$5 to \$10 a day and board, and when a farmer has to pay that much for harvest hands it takes a large slice of his profits.

Faced with the prospect of a 150,000,000 bushel crop and a war scare the state free employment bureau also is doing a lot of worrying, for the farmers of the state depend upon the bureau to furnish the harvest hands. Not fewer than 40,000 men are needed this year.

The result is that Kansas is going literally to be swamped with wheat and money this fall. Grain men are figuring, because of short crops in other countries, that the average price for American wheat will be 70 cents a bushel, and at that rate Kansas

farmers are going to get around \$105,000,000 for their grain, an average of more than \$60 for every man, woman and child in the state.

"Thunder Bird" Not a Myth.

Kalispell, Mont., June 22.—Color has been given to a weird Indian legend of the "thunder bird" by the discovery on the topmost edge of the timber line of the mountains of Glacier park, Montana, of a rare specimen of the willow ptarmigan bird, frozen to death at a solitary height.

The "thunder bird" legend has long been regarded as gospel by the Black-foot Indians of Glacier park reservation, but white men have smiled at it. Since the discovery of the strange bird frozen to death the Indians have been lamenting the fact as an ill omen.

The recently discovered "thunder" bird was brought to Glacier park station by Chief Three Bears, who made the trip over the mountains on snowshoes in order to intercept Louis W. Hill, president of the Great Northern railway, and to have him take it to an expert taxidermist for preservation.

Mr. Hill came to this place in order to deliver the sacred bird to H. P. Stanford, a Rocky mountain taxidermist and ornithologist. The moment he saw the bird he exclaimed:

"This is a very rare specimen. It is the willow ptarmigan, which has been reported only twice in the United States, once in Maine and once in Massachusetts."

The bird will be exhibited in the forest lobby of the big log hotel at the eastern gateway to the newest national park as a memorial of the Indian peace councils that were formerly held.

Correcting the "City on Stilts."

Astoria, Ore., June 22.—To make itself a seaport and incidentally end the reproach of being a "city on stilts" this city at the mouth of the Columbia river proposes to build a sea wall a mile long and then fill in fifty blocks with the dredged material. A project of almost equal importance, which is already under way, is the building of a municipal dock at a cost of \$500,000.

At the present time a good number of the dwellings and business houses of the city, which in 1910 had a population of 9,500, are erected on piles, as are also the streets. When the first houses appeared on piles the high tide washed under them. Gradually the space under them filled up until much of the land is now untouched except by the higher tides.

While Astoria will have to see pile foundations for several years after the sea wall is built, whenever a heavy building is to be erected the cost will be materially reduced, as the foundations will not have to be carried so deep.

The sea wall will be of the three step type. The first step will be at low water level and toward the river. The next will be several feet toward the land and at the main level of the water. The third step will be still further inland and above high water mark.

Astoria's present streets are four feet below the proposed new grade.

Swedish Prince May Come.

Stockholm, June 21.—Crown Prince Gustav Adolf may possibly visit the Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco. The prince is very desirous of going to the United States and



Crown Prince Gustav Adolf Plans Visit to 1915 Exposition.

will do so unless the health of his father or the political situation in Sweden should interfere with his project.

King Gustav has completely recovered from the effects of the operation for ulceration of the stomach which he underwent.

Woman's Work and Fashions

Crape Favored For Afternoon Gowns



Plain white crape combined with venise lace and taffeta was used for the gown shown to the left. Blue and white figured crape with a pointed tunic, girdle and suspender straps of blue silk was used for the other gown. The corsage was carried out in white lace. Smart gowns of this sort are suitable for afternoon affairs or for wear at demidress evening functions.

THE FOURTH OF JULY HOSTESS

In Decorations Be Careful That Colors Do Not Clash.

A charming way to distribute the favors on the Fourth of July, particularly at a children's party, is by means of an arrangement similar to a Jack Horner pie. On this day, however, the "pie" may be supplanted by a drum, from the top of which the red, white and blue satin ribbons attached to the mysterious contents depend, or a paper cannon may be used to conceal the favors. In this case the ribbons will depend from the muzzle of the cannon. Other novelties for these "pies" are knapsacks and cocked hats.

If the Fourth of July luncheon is to be held on a porch or in a room which lends itself to additional decoration, there are many varieties of paper garlands and strings of flags that may be used.

The usual silver, glass and china ware can be used in setting the table, but care must be taken to avoid a clash in color between the china decoration and Uncle Sam's holiday fixings.

CHIC TRANSPARENCIES.

They Are Extensively Used On Blouses For Smart Afternoon Affairs.

Fashion has never been more seductive in the matter of blouses. In the homes, at luncheons, at tea, at bridge, the modern blouse plays a great part. It is transparent. Made in lace, in tulle, in a thin crepe de chine, the charm of the blouse consists in its being void of lining. Not only is the neck exposed, but even the shoulders and arms are seen dimly through the thin silks, laces or nets. The blouse then comes directly upon the neck and arms without an intervening fabric of batiste or cambric or the band of ribbon, once so fashionable.

A woman well gowned recently observed at a smart afternoon bridge wore a pale yellow blouse in a kind of spongy crepe de chine, semi-transparent, opening low at the neck, clinging to the firm, white shoulders and loose about the body.

COOKING FOR THE ILL.

How to Prepare Mutton Broth For a Sick Child.

Very often a doctor calls for mutton broth for a sick child. This must be made daily and very carefully by the mother or nurse unless the cook happens to be familiar with the process, as not only must the meat be perfectly fresh, but it needs special cooking. The easiest way to make it is to procure a pound of the neck of the young mutton. Tell the butcher what it is for, and he will know what to give you if he is reliable. It should be fresh cut and include the bones, but must not look stale or dark or have a heavy odor.

Put this in a quart glass preserving jar filled nearly to the top with cold water with a good sized pinch of salt. Put on the lid of the jar and stand it in an ordinary iron pot about half full of cold water and place the whole back on the stove, where it can come to a slow boil. Let the water in the pot simmer gently for three hours, replenishing it as it cooks away. This will steep the contents of the glass jar. Do not allow it to cook hard, and do not handle it roughly or stand it on a stone or other cold surface when at length it is ready to come off the fire, for any one of these things will crack the jar and spoil the contents.

Remove the lid from the jar and strain the contents into a bowl to cool. When cool, cover and place in the refrigerator for several hours until all the fat has risen. Skim the fat off carefully and heat the broth as needed. This will make two cupfuls.

Removing Hardwood Furniture.

Hardwood furniture, contrary to popular belief, may be cleaned very nicely at home if the housewife cares to take the pains. A solution of two heaping tablespoonfuls of salsoda to a quart of warm water must be made first. Then work may be begun on the furniture. The principal thing to remember in cleaning hard wood is that success is to be found only in cleaning a small piece at a time and doing the work rapidly.

The mixture must be put on with a well soaped toothbrush. The place must then be washed immediately with cold water and dried with a soft cloth. When one whole chair has been completed it should be rubbed with a mixture of two-thirds raw oil and one-third turpentine, with a little salt.

True Politeness.

Never grow careless about borrowing and returning things lent you.

Be enthusiastic over things, but don't overdo it or people may think you are insincere and gushing.

Don't keep your friends too long chatting in the street. They may be in a hurry.

FOR THE PARTY.

Pretty Favors That May Be Made by Yourself at Home.

A few of the really useful favors which may be provided for a small party are well worth considering.

For the girls there are the daintiest possible cardcases of pasteboard covered with pale toned Japanese crape and decorated with a hand painted flower design that cost very little, whether made at home or to order.

Then there are the workbags in Bulgarian colors that can be made of the blue and red wide ribbons which have recently gone out of fashion for sashes and girdles, but which are the prettiest materials imaginable for "fancy" things.

Any girl will gladly welcome a favor in the shape of a narrow stemmed, tall Chinese vase in blue and white or blue, red, green and black, for it makes an ideal receptacle for hatpins when not needed for the single fresh flower which should be on every daintily equipped dressing table.

HAVING CLEAN GLOVES.

An Easy Way to Keep White Ones In Immaculate Condition.

To appear in town, either in the evening or for daylight affairs, with spotless white gloves has always been one of the troubles of the suburban woman. Of course you may say she need not put on her white gloves till she arrives at the place for which she is bound, but it is not always practical to do this.

One woman has found a way—there always is a way out of every predicament—and she has kindly passed the idea on for the benefit of others. In the fall she purchases, usually at bargain sales, one or two pairs of white silk gloves, one-quarter size larger than the size of gloves she wears; these she draws over her white kid gloves and does not remove them until she reaches her destination. Silk gloves fit snugly over the kid ones and do not look so bulky as cotton ones would. They are easily stored away in her coat pocket until needed again.

Ready For the Fourth of July



—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

A Fourth of July Episode

By GILBERT Y. GROSVENOR

ONE Fourth of July Lawrence Holt, an American, just at his majority and endowed with abundant good looks, was a passenger on a train which was making its way leisurely between the Rhine and the incomparable Lake of Lucerne. All the afternoon since leaving Basel he had been the sole occupant of a compartment, first class, and he was altogether too young and too interested in humanity to enjoy the exclusiveness of the railway journey.

So he took a book from his bag and tried to become interested in it. A single paragraph convinced him that he had chosen a form of distraction which was destined to prove unsatisfactory. The passage ran as follows: "There are moments in the lives even of those who are in apparent control of their mental and normal processes during which the most inconceivable vagaries come into being and the most unaccountable acts are performed. All this occurs, too, without any absolute surrender of personal integrity on the part of the subject so influenced."

Holt read no further. "Rot of the deadliest sort!" he ejaculated.

A moment later the train stopped at a little station in a deep valley, the door of the compartment was opened wide, and there entered the most interesting subject for speculation Holt had seen for many a day. He began to speculate as to her probable nationality.

Not English certainly. There wasn't a trace of the telltale insularity which is so characteristic of the British female away from home.

"Pardon me, but is that a Chicago daily you are reading?"

The problem was solved. The accent and the manner left nothing to be imagined.

"Would you—would you let me have it just for a moment? It's positively ages since I've seen a Chicago paper."

She grasped the politely tendered journal with a sincerity which was as naive as it was unconventional. Then, without further speech, she proceeded to read his paper.

For full ten minutes Holt admired her. Thereat he sighed profoundly.

She heard, and it banished the spell cast by the engrossing paper.

"How perfectly dreadful of me to deprive you of your paper!" she said, restoring it with a most fetching grace. "What a selfish creature I must seem! Dear old Chicago!"

"You are from Chicago—originally?" he ventured.

"Originally is good," she declared merrily. "Yes, I lived there—centuries ago—at Evanston."

"I'm from Lake Forest myself," he confessed.

"How perfectly lovely!" She clasp-

ed her hands, and a look almost beatific came into her face.

"I don't see why—why we are not acquainted. I lived at Evanston for four years—at the university, you know."

She sighed so faintly that he hardly recognized it. "I think I know why we are not acquainted," she said. "If I knew—the name!"

"My name is Holt—Lawrence Holt," he interrupted eagerly.

"Do you belong to the Chauncey Holts?"

"Chauncey Holt is my father."

"I might have known," she said softly, her eyes downcast. "You are really very like him."

Then she sighed, quite audibly this time.

"When you see your father," she went on, with a tender light in her eyes that made her irresistible, "ask him if he remembers a certain young person who at the mature age of ten selected him for her hero and proposed elopement. You may tell him also that I have forgiven him for his lack of chivalry on that occasion and that I have consoled myself with a husband who makes the very finest condensed milk in all Switzerland. The establishment is at Cham, where we shall be in less than five minutes. If you are interested in such matters I should advise you to stop over and let my husband show you his plant. It's perfectly splendid!"

The disillusioned young man did not share her enthusiasm.

"I see you have been reading Herve," she observed, reaching out for the book. "My husband is very fond of him. Do you care for this?"

"The opening paragraph is enough for me," he replied dejectedly.

"Let me judge of that," she laughed, opening to the place.

While she was reading the whistle shrieked the approach to Cham.

"It's perfectly true—every word of it," she declared, closing the book and returning it to him.

The train was slowing perceptibly. "I will prove it," she insisted.

Still laughing, she rose to her feet, took his head between her hands and imprinted a light kiss upon his forehead.

At that moment the train came to a full stop, the guard appeared at the door of the compartment, and madam descended to the platform of the station. The proprietor of the condensed milk establishment, middle aged and adipose, was waiting near by to receive her. Holt saw them board a big red motor which stood just outside the stockade. Then it was that she looked back at him for the first time.

"Hurrah for the glorious Fourth!" she called out, with a farewell wave of a very shapely hand.

Devoted to Our Boys and Girls

PLAY "FAMOUS PERSONS."

In This Game You Must Guess Who the Pictures Given You Are.

If your friends come to spend an afternoon or evening with you play the game of "Famous Persons."

Prepare in advance photographs of famous people, labeled with names that do not belong to them. Then hand these about among the company for correction. What seems easy at first will be difficult and will tax the memory of your "party."

You can buy penny pictures of famous statesmen, painters, musicians and authors.

The one naming the most pictures correctly should get a prettily framed picture for a prize.

Why a Limpet Sticks.

Every one is familiar with the saying "to stick like a limpet," but there are not so many who know how it is that a limpet is able to stick as it does to the rocks upon which it passes its existence. The creature is able by means of the central portion of its body, which can be raised independently of the edge or frill which surrounds it, to create a vacuum, much in the same way that a piece of soft, wet leather can be made to adhere to a smooth surface by pressing out all the air. Thus the so called "strength" of the limpet is largely due to atmospheric pressure.

Charade.

I am a flower. In the morning my first rises high in the air because the coming of the sun acts on it as does my second on a horse.

Answer.—Lark, spur—larkspur.

Guess These.

What is the difference between one yard and two yards? A fence.

When does a two cent stamp become one of less value? A two cent stamp becomes a sent stamp after your letter is mailed.

Billy's Fourth of July Resolve



Last Fourth of July I was only six,
A reg'lar little chump.
I got into a dreadful fix.
You see, there was a stump
In our back yard, where I used to play
All sorts of things alone.
On Sundays 'twas a pulpit;
On week days 'twas a throne.
I was a preacher Sundays,
And the pickets on the fence
Were the people that I preached to,
But I didn't preach no sense.
On other days I was a king.
The pickets were my people.
I wore a golden paper crown
All pointed like a steeple.

Well, Fourth of July my cousin Bob
Came from the great big town
With crackers, punk and fireworks
To do the Fourth up brown.
I told him how I was a king—
He is bigger, some, than me—
And he said we would have a siege;
The stump would be my fort,
And he would try to blow it up.
He said 'twas lots of sport.
So I got up upon the stump,
And the crackers in a row
He piled up thick around the foot.
You should have heard it blow!
The stump caught fire; I lost my head—
My father carried me to bed.

I stayed in bed a long, long time,
So bandaged I couldn't see.
The crackers on which I'll dine
Are now good enough for me.
I'm big this year—you needn't smile—
I'm not so big a chump,
And if we have another siege
Bob can sit on the stump.

...Progressive Stores... Are Known By Their Push

A THING WITH PUSH is usually lively. Lively things attract. This is why we are doing business Rain or Shine. We claim that we are on the Job. Buying better values for the money, selling Better bargains at the Price asked. A Thousand Items here that are captivating to the Wise Buyer. Give us a look for Clothing, Odd Pants, Underwear, Low or High Cut Shoes. New Novelties: Belts, Purses, Beads, Tango Pins, and Many Other Items.

LOVE DRY GOODS CO.

Ask for Premium Tickets

THE LIVE STORE

Spur, Texas

SPUR IS AFTER THE PROPOSED AUTO HIGHWAY.

Since there is to be an auto highway established from Fort Worth to Roswell, N. M., the business men of Spur met Wednesday in the Townsite office and adopted resolutions setting forth the inducements by purchase in the way of superior hotel and garage facilities and stating that moral and financial aid would be extended the proposition should Spur be favored with the route. This auto highway will mean almost as much to Spur as a railway line since hundreds of auto travelers would pass this way. By all means let Spur be one of the points on this highway which we understand will extend from Ocean to Ocean.

The Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce has in charge the matter of logging this proposed highway and will have a meeting Saturday to determine the route. At this meeting Spur will have as its representative Chas. A. Jones who will place before the meeting our advantages and inducements in an effort to bring the highway through Spur. Crosbyton will be represented by Mr. Spencer, general manager of the Crosbyton South Plains Ry., and Lubbock will have Mr. Briggs, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of that place. Homer D. Wade will also be there to represent Stamford.

FIRE AT CROSBYTON.

For the second time during the last three months the business district of Crosbyton suffered a loss by fire last Saturday night when three buildings were entirely destroyed by flames.

The buildings were owned by the Emma Hardware Company, F. Z. Collier and Bruce Carmack, respectively, the first being occupied as a warehouse for agricultural implements, hardware, etc., the second being vacant, and the third being used as a pool hall.

The origin of the fire has not been determined only the fact that it started in the pool hall about 2 o'clock a. m. being known.

The Emma Hardware Company carried \$1,500, which fully covered the loss. The Pool Hall, including building and contents, was valued at about \$1,500, and was insured for \$1,000. The Collier building was valued at about \$450, and was not insured. —Crosbyton Review.

DRY LAKE ITEMS.

Did you say warm? No it isn't warm weather.

Rev. McKnight filled his regular appointment here Sunday. He was accompanied by his wife and daughter.

The Childrens Day program was well rendered. A large crowd attended, and plenty of dinner. Rev. Irvin preached in the afternoon.

Mrs. Allen, grand-daughter and niece visited Mrs. Johnson Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Draper spent the day with Mr. Dopson and family Sunday.

Esther and Bessie Davis spent Saturday night with Lessie Barley.

Miss Edice West visited Dry Lake people Sunday, returning home Monday morning.

A fine boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Barley Tuesday, June 16th.

Grandpa Henson left for Haskell Saturday.

Mrs. Vernon and children, of Spur, have been visiting her mother, Mrs. G. A. Draper.

Joe Draper and wife visited Mrs. Leach Saturday and Sunday.—Sunbeam.

W. O. W. SPECIAL.

All members of the Woodmen of the World are requested to be present Saturday night, July 4th at 8:30 p. m. The Tap Degree Team will be present and confer degrees on four candidates. Visiting members cordially invited. Cream and cake on the side.—G. A. Howsley, J. P. Simmons, F. W. Jennings, Com.

B. Y. P. U. PROGRAM, JULY 5th.

Subject, Waste,
Song—Prayer—Leader.
Wasted Opportunities, Oscar Jackson.
Wasted Lives, Emmett Lee.
Short talks by members.
Business—Close.

NICE SHOWER OF RAIN.

Thursday afternoon a nice shower of rain fell in Spur and the surrounding country, and as a result crop conditions in this section continue ideal and most promising of bumper crops of all kinds.

NOTICE.

Katie Richards O'Hare, the Editor of the Rip Saw and Socialist Lecturer, will lecture in Spur July 8th at 2 o'clock. Everybody come and hear this noted speaker.

CO-OPERATION IN DICKENS COUNTY FAIR ASS'N.

It has been brought to our notice that the enterprising citizens of Spur are making an effort to effect a fair association for Dickens county on a permanent basis. This would be a great thing for the country should it be accomplished, and there is no reason why it can not be, if the promoters use due diligence. Dickens county has vast resources, both developed and undeveloped, and a fair run on a sound basis would afford a means of putting this before prospective settlers, and stimulate a desire among our farmer friends to produce a higher grade of farm products and raise better stock, poultry, etc., saying nothing about the real pleasure attained by everybody. It behooves every citizen of the county to assist in the establishment and maintenance of this fair. Get behind the proposition.—Dickens Item.

SHOOTING AFFRAY.

The Brazos Valley community was thrown into high excitement Sunday afternoon about 6 o'clock when Dan Hill and Jim Stubblefield engaged in a shooting affair in which Jim Stubblefield received a bullet in the right breast from a .32 automatic pistol in the hands of Dan Hill. The cause of the shooting, as near as we have been able to learn was domestic affairs.—Aspermont Star.

Mrs. W. N. Hughey and son, Bruce, came in recently from Big Springs to spend some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cochran, and her sister, Mrs. E. L. Clay.

The Presbyterian ladies will serve a fine dinner on election day, July 25th, and everybody is invited to eat with them.

NOTICE!

We Got Um

Automobile Supplies,
Pennsylvania Casings
And Inner Tubes

COME IN AND SEE US

WALTER HARDWARE CO.

The Presbyterian meeting which has been in progress the past week at the Presbyterian church, closed Sunday night. Rev. Word, of Lubbock, did the preaching assisted by the pastor, Rev. Loyd of Haskell. Rev. Word is a forceful speaker, a refined christian gentleman, and it is with regret that we note his departure.

J. M. Davis, a prominent citizen and prosperous farmer of fifteen miles southwest of Spur, was in the city Saturday attending to business matters and while here was a very pleasant caller at the Texas Spur office. He reports crop prospects the best for years.

J. E. Wright, of Draper, was in Spur Monday on business. Mr. Wright had an operation performed upon one of his eyes several weeks ago in Dallas, and while the operation was not entirely successful we are glad to note that he can see much better.

Prof. Powell and family, formerly of Jayton, have moved to Spur. Prof. Powell has been elected Superintendent-Principal of the Spur Schools for the 1914-15 term. We gladly welcome this estimable family and may their stay among us be pleasant and profitable.

Misses Zada and Gladys Stafford left Sunday for Abilene on an extended visit to relatives and friends.

High bred Poland China and Berkshire pigs for sale by C. W. Lowery at the Red Front Drug Store.

H. F. Clay, of Dickens, was in the city Wednesday and spent several hours here on business.

Lost between Red Mud and Cat Fish—Childs Sandal. Please return to this office.

MOONLIGHT PICNIC

A number of the young ladies and gentlemen of the city enjoyed a picnic over the hill Wednesday evening. Miss Dorris Attebury served ice cream and cake, and Miss Donnalita Standifer an inviting lunch of chicken, tomato and cakes. Drop the hankerchief, pop the whip and other games were played, and songs sung to the pleasure of all. Those present were Misses Dorris Attebury, Winnie Holman, Minnie Fite, Ella Pierce, Donnalita Standifer, Creola Richburg, Una Stewart and Williams; Messrs. Luke Attebury, Faus Collier, Sherrad Williams, Harry Cates, Lilburn Standifer, A. E. Reeves, Mack Brown and Robert Bartley. The party was chaperoned by Messdames Oran McClure and W. J. Attebury.

W. C. McArthur, a highly respected citizen of the Tap country, spent some time in Spur Saturday trading with the merchants and greeting his many friends. Mr. McArthur is an octogenarian having passed the four score mark, but is spry for a man of his age and has the promise of several more years of usefulness.

I have good new oats at 60c a bushel; good bran at \$1.60 a hundred.—Spur Grain & Coal Co.

Mrs. T. J. Lemmon, of Haskell, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. E. Morris.

I have good new oats at 60c a bushel; good bran at \$1.60 a hundred.—Spur Grain & Coal Co.

The Ladies of the Presbyterian Church will serve dinner on July 25th. Watch for the sign.

I have good new oats at 60c a bushel; good bran at \$1.60 a hundred.—Spur Grain & Coal Co.

Bring your Job Printing to us.

GOOD RESULTS

ARE bound to follow upon a good understanding with a service-giving bank. When you have a business problem affecting the financial side of your business, or even its policies, a frank discussion of the matter with your bank will help in its solution. It is a self evident fact that the better acquainted your bank becomes with you and your affairs, the better able it will be to render the kind of service you most need. To the end that this bank may become a helpful factor in your business, it invites your account.

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E. C. EDMONDS, Cashier
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