

"BUY-A-BALE"
PAY TEN CENTS

Help establish a standard
price for cotton.

THE TEXAS SPUR

A Paper For The Homes Of Spur And Dickens County

"10c COTTON"
BUY-A-BALE

Every patriotic citizen who
can will help the cause

Volume Five

SPUR, DICKENS COUNTY, TEXAS, OCTOBER 9 1914.

Number 49

CHAMPION COTTON PICKERS OF DICKENS COUNTY

W. L. Thannish, of the Draper country, was in the city the latter part of last week and while here was a very pleasant caller at the Texas Spur office. He reported that he had ginned eighteen bales of cotton and the whole crop had been picked by his own force. He has a boy thirteen years of age who averages picking four hundred pounds each day. This boy weighs only ninety six pounds and his best day's picking was 425 pounds, while another older boy picked 527, the whole crew of eight pickers picking 3000 pounds during the day. Mr. Thannish claims to have the champion cotton picking crew in Dickens county. He has 215 acres of cotton this year and expects to gather more than one half bale to the acre on the whole crop. Of the eighteen bales already ginned Mr. Thannish has sold only ten bales, three of that number being sold for ten cents a pound in Spur on the "Buy-a-Bale" plan.

MOVES TO NEW HOME

R. M. Hamby and family moved last week from Dickens to their new home in Spur, he having recently purchased the Burgoon residence in the city. We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Hamby and family as resident citizens of the town and we wish them a pleasant and prosperous home with us. Mr. and Mrs. Hamby left this week for the Marlin Wells where they will spend three weeks or a month for the benefit of Mrs. Hamby's health. Before leaving Mr. Hamby called in and handed us two dollars, extending his subscription to the Texas Spur up to 1915, also having the paper sent to Mrs. John B. Vannoy of McLean.

GROWING SUDAN GRASS

M. B. Mimms, of the Draper country, was a very pleasant caller at the Texas Spur office Monday. Mr. Mimms owns a three hundred and twenty acre farm and on which he is this year growing fine crops of cotton and feed stuff. On the place he has nearly three acres of sudan grass from which he will get three cuttings of hay and one crop of seed. He said that aside from his hay crop he can make a hundred dollars to the acre selling sudan grass seed. He says the hay is as fine as can be and even excels the small cane as feed stuff.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

The first number of the Lyceum Course will be given under the auspices of the Baptist Ladies Aid Society at the Lyric Theatre Monday night, October 12th. "The Sign of the Cross," one of the greatest Christian plays, will be interpreted by Sarah Mildred Willmer, a reader of nation-wide fame and who ranks in the Lyceum Course where Sarah Bernhardt ranks in the Theatrical world. Admission, 25c and 50c. You will miss a rare treat if you fail to come.

BUYING HORSES IN SPUR FOR THE EUROPEAN WAR

A gentleman representing the British government is spending several days of this week in Spur buying suitable horses for service in the European war now in progress. We understand that good prices are being paid for desirable horses, and probably the Spur country will furnish quite a number of suitable horses for the war service.

The fact that European countries send representatives to this section is evidence that Spur is not only on the map of the world but has powerful and attractive resources.

PIONEER PREACHER

Rev. Owens, one of the oldest Baptist preachers in Texas, was in Spur this week visiting his niece, Mrs. J. B. Morrison and family. Rev. Owens is now eighty odd years of age and has been preaching the greater part of his life. He is one of the first men we remember to have heard preach more than twenty years ago in Brown county. He is one of the best men the country produces, and now in his declining days his life is an inspiration to all who know him. From here Rev. Owens will go to the Morrison ranch to visit his son, Sam Owens and family, and from there to Rotan to visit his daughter, Mrs. W. J. Maben.

MORE COTTON PICKERS BROUGHT TO SPUR COUNTRY

Tuesday R. L. Jones, of the Steel Hill community, brought in forty-six cotton pickers from the eastern part of the state, fifteen or twenty of the number being negroes. These pickers will be apportioned among a number of the farmers of the Steel Hill community, and although probably not sufficient in numbers to supply the demand they will contribute materially in gathering the bumper crops grown this year in that section.

S. B. Scott also returned from Waco with a number of pickers who will help gather the crops in the West Pasture and west of Spur.

A. A. Allen, of the Croton country, also returned with a number of cotton pickers from Eastland county.

Other citizens of the county are also out after cotton pickers, and probably a thousand or more cotton pickers have already been brought to this section.

Lum Hobson and son, of the Draper country, were in Spur Monday and while here were very pleasant callers at the Texas Spur office. Mr. Hobson left on the afternoon train for Abilene where he will spend several days on business. While he is there on other business he said that if he found any surplus cotton pickers in that section he would bring them back with him to the Spur country.

For Sale or Trade—One Top Buggy cheap.—Cephus Hogan, at First State Bank, Spur. It

PEOPLE GET THE HABIT OF COMING TO SPUR

Last Saturday and the Saturday before were two big days in Spur with respect to numbers of people as a result of the advertisements of the Yankee Robinson Circus and the Roy. E. Fox Shows. Thousands of people were here to attend the shows and incidentally the merchants enjoyed a liberal patronage. While these shows take out of the country a considerable amount of the surplus money they are attractions which bring the people to town. We want the people to get the habit of coming to Spur, and as an inducement the great majority must have attractive amusements as well as attractive trade offerings in commercial lines—and here lies the opportunity in establishing and maintaining a trade center and commercial hub of an extensive territory.

B. F. Hinson, a prominent citizen of the Watson community several miles southwest of Spur, was a very pleasant caller at the Texas Spur office Monday. He reports the crops of his section as fine as could be, and every farmer making more feed and cotton than can be gathered without help.

The smallest pony among the Bonheur Bros. troupe of sixteen midgets weighs only 40 pounds. The ponies are trained to perfection.

100 bushels of Seed Wheat for sale.—Spur Hardware Co.

COMING

Will Exhibit In

SPUR MONDAY OCT. 12

Bonheur Bros. Trained Midget Horses

Under Electric-Lighted, Comfortably Seated Airdome Tent.

Powerful Electric Light on Wheels
30 HORSES 30
16 TRAINED PONIES 16
7 Wagon Loads Show Property 7

FI-FI, The Greatest Four-Footed Mathematician

The Grandest Electric Moving Pictures, projected by 115 volt Dynamo and Engine weighing 4 tons. Ponies that Dance the Tango. Horses that do Every thing—Even Talk. FI-FI's Equine Language Appeals to the Audience.

A BIG VARIED PERFORMANCE!!

Ask the Telephone People—They have heard it talked of all along the line. This Show was "Peacocked" at Medicine Mound, Texas, so don't judge the show by the Tent any more than you would "judge a man by his clothes."

Doors open at 7:30, Show at 8. Admission 25c. Children 15c. Little tots under 4 years Free.

ANOTHER BIG SHOW IS COMING TO SPUR

The famous Bonheur Bros. overland shows is billed to be in Spur Monday and Monday night, October 15th. The show consists of trained horses, ponies and dogs. The show has the reputation of dealing honestly with patrons and advertising only what they have to show.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of The Texas Spur published once a week at Spur, Texas, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Editor, Oran McClure, Spur, Texas.

Managing Editor, Oran McClure, Spur, Texas.

Business Manager, Oran McClure, Spur, Texas.

Publisher, Oran McClure, Spur, Texas.

Owner: Oran McClure.

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

Oran McClure.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of October, 1914.

W. D. Wilson, Notary Public, [Seal] Dickens County, Texas. (My commission expires June 1st, 1915)

FT. WORTH AND ROSWELL EAST AND WEST HIGHWAY

On Tuesday, Sept. 29, a meeting was held at Clairemont with the view of securing the location of the "East and West Highway," which is to extend from Fort Worth to Roswell through Aspermont, Clairemont, Post City, and on west to Roswell. The meeting was well attended, a live delegation from Post City being present, but from lack of time we are compelled to omit a full report until next issue. Another meeting will soon be held at some point along the line, and a car will be sent over the proposed route. A meeting will be held at Dallas during the Fair, when it is expected that final action will be taken.—Post City Post.

John Anderson, of Hamlin, representing the Magnolia Company, was in Spur Wednesday and Thursday seeing the trade in his line. More than twenty years ago together with John Anderson we played hookey from school, chewed "Pig-tail" tobacco and chased rabbits over the sand-roughs of Eastland county.

Wheat sowing time is here. We have the seed wheat.—Spur Hardware Company.

Luke Attebury returned this week from Clarendon where he spent some time visiting relative and having a general good time. He is again at his post of duty with the Spur Hardware Company.

Neckwear, in all the newest colors and shapes at Hogan & Patton's.

FOUNDER OF SEARS, ROEBUCK CO. DEAD

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 29.—The fortune of Richard W. Sears, founder of Sears-Roebuck Co., who died yesterday, is placed at \$25,000,000. He died at Waukesha, Wis.

Mr. Sears was born in Minneapolis in 1863. He began his business career in an humble capacity in St. Paul. He organized Sears, Roebuck and Company at Minneapolis in 1890, and transferred the business to Chicago in 1895. In that year he retired from active business and devoted himself to farming.

B. Y. P. U. PROGRAM, SEPT. 11th

Song—Prayer—Song.

Leader, Miss Scott.

Subject, Love.

Scripture Reading, 1 Cor. 13.

Song, The Hand That Was Wounded for Me.

How This Chapter Came to Be Written, Rupert Brannen.

What is meant by Love, Mrs. Edmonds.

Why Love Is Great, Mrs. McMahan.

Without Love Other Gifts Are Unavailing, Miss Ruth Attebury.

Love Removes Hurtful and Supplies Helpful Qualities, Jessie Rodgers.

Love Cannot Fail, R. E. Brannen.

Song, A Little Bit of Love.

Benediction.

A. C. Buchanan, a prominent citizen and business man of Temple, has been in Spur this week looking after his farm land interests here. Mr. Buchanan owns one or two fine farms in the Spur country and is highly elated at the fine crop conditions which prevail in this section.

Read our ad in next weeks' paper. Some fine bargains in Good Clothes.—Hogan & Patton.

Perry Fite is walking around on crutches this week as a result of being thrown from his horse. While running after a cow the horse stepped in a dog hole, throwing Mr. Fite to the ground with the result of a sprained hip. We hope to soon see him recovered.

Buy your seed wheat from the Spur Hardware Company.

The show that was hit by a tornado at Medicine Mound will exhibit here Friday night, and from all we can learn of it it is the best that has come up to the Plains.

100 bushels good seed wheat for sale.—Spur Hardware Co.

Bert N. Brown, of the 24-Ranch in Kent county, was in Spur this week on business and greeting his friends here.

Don't fail to look over our Suit bargains—next weeks' paper will explain.—Hogan & Patton.

George Springer, we are glad to note, is again on the streets after an extended illness of fever.

We want to sell you your seed wheat.—Spur Hardware Co.

Rev. Osborne returned Sunday from a trip of several days to Childress and other points.

A New Shipment of Arrow Shirts at Hogan & Patton's.

Men on Whom the Kaiser Leans



Photos by American Press Association.

1.—General Helmuth von Moltke. 2.—General Erich von Falkenhayn. 3.—Dr. Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg. 4.—Prince Bernhard von Buelow. 5.—Kaiser William. 6.—Grand Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz. 7.—Gottlieb von Jagow.

Those Who Have Been Directing the Affairs of Germany in the Most Trying Period of Its Career Mostly Leaders of Long Experience in Diplomatic and Military Circles — Kings and Princes Are Among the Emperor's Advisors.

WHEN the history of Germany is written in the future the men on whom the Kaiser leaned during the greatest war of all times will be given their proper places in its pages.

This group of advisers has by no means been thought little of by any of the countries opposed to Germany in the distrustful struggle abroad, nor are the Germans themselves wanting in appreciation of this formidable array of the best minds which their country has to offer.

Emperor William himself, of course, exercises supreme command over the German army in wartimes. In times of peace the rulers of Bavaria, of Saxony and of some of the larger states of the German Confederation retain the more or less theoretical control of their respective armies. But the moment that the empire is involved in war the supreme and sole command of the military forces of all the German states is vested by the terms of the constitution in the Kaiser.

As he possesses no war experience of his own, he avails himself of the advice of some of the older of the German sovereigns who have smelled powder on the battlefield instead of in sham fights, among them being King Louis of Bavaria, who still limps from the effect of a Prussian bullet received in the war of 1866, and King William of Wurttemberg, and Duke Bernard of Saxe-Meiningen. The latter two wear on their breast the Iron Cross, bestowed upon them for feats of conspicuous gallantry under fire as young cavalry officers in the Franco-German war of 1870.

But it is the men in the war cabinet who are the real figures back of the Kaiser.

The Fifth Chancellor.

Imperial Germany has had five chancellors. Bismarck, the incomparable, was a statesman; Caprivi and Hohenlohe, respectively, soldier and courtier; Buelow was a diplomat; Bethmann-Hollweg, since 1909 the steersman of the empire's destinies, is a philosopher.

Four years hardly afford an adequate basis for historical judgment of a premier's capacity, but Dr. Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg's chancellorship has been uncommonly barren of promise ever of emerging from egregious mediocrity into the inspiring light of an epoch. Of him it can well be said, as Mr. Roosevelt remarked of Mr. Taft during the late unpleasant-

ness in the United States, that he is a man who means well feebly.

Modest and retiring by nature, there is nothing of the flamboyant in his makeup. He is, above all, thoroughly sincere and honest.

The biggest figures next to the Kaiser in the handling of the army are General Helmuth von Moltke, chief of the general staff, and General Erich von Falkenhayn, minister of war.

General von Moltke is the nephew of the great Field Marshal von Moltke and is huge and burly. The great Field Marshal von Moltke, it may be recalled, was celebrated for his taciturnity. His nephew is renowned for the rarity of his smiles, while such a thing as laughter is entirely foreign to his character.

He always has an appearance of profound gloom and even of downright misery impressed upon his fat countenance. To such an extent is this the case that the Kaiser always speaks of him as "der traurige Julius" (the gloomy Julius).

Von Falkenhayn comes from one of the oldest noble families in the empire, that of Brandenburg. He was born in 1861. In 1880 he was a lieutenant at the War academy. He became a member of the general staff and acted as military instructor of China during the Chinese-Japanese war and later was major of the general staff of the army of occupation in east Asia. Last year he was appointed to his present post and has proved one of the Kaiser's most capable advisers.

"Tirpitz the Eternal."

When the history of Germany's mighty naval development comes to be written one name will stand out in boldest relief—Von Tirpitz. To this giant fork bearded sailor-statesman, a magnificent specimen of Teuton physique of the old school, must fall the lion's share of credit for the persistent aggressiveness with which the fatherland rushed to front rank as a sea power. He is the real creator of the Kaiser's fleet.

"Tirpitz the eternal" they call him in Berlin. For nearly fifteen years he has been unbrokenly at the helm. No other German minister but Bismarck ever survived the vicissitudes of politics so long. Imperial chancellors have come and gone. War ministers, foreign secretaries, chancellors of the ex-

chequer, home secretaries and postmaster generals have appeared and disappeared by the half dozen.

But the man who designed and launched the naval law has gone on forever, an enduring embodiment of the fatherland's determined and consistent bid for power at sea.

Caretaker of the External Relations.

For the fifth time within ten years the management of German foreign affairs has been placed in new hands. Herr Gottlieb von Jagow was summoned from the ambassadorship in Rome at the beginning of 1913 to become the successor of the late Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter as the nominal director of the fatherland's external relations—nominal, be it noted, because the fear is cherished that the appointment of a diplomat of stereotyped and limited experience denotes a return to the conditions under which German foreign secretaries were mere clerks to more exalted superiors.

Von Jagow has been in the diplomatic service seventeen years, but only the ambassadorship at Rome, which he occupied for four years, gives a line on his capacities.

Von Jagow's mission was to act the part of mediator between the allies, one of whom owned, the other coveted, Trieste. The triple alliance was expiring in two or three years, and Austro-Italian differences needed to be smoothed over, if not composed, if the pact were to be worth rewriting, which Von Jagow worked hard to do, with only temporary success, as the world now knows.

Von Buelow Again on Job.

Another figure who is again playing an important part in German affairs is Prince Bernhard von Buelow, fourth chancellor of the empire. He relinquished office on July 14, 1909, but the actual date of his political demise was Nov. 17, 1908. It was on that day that he undertook his fateful journey to Potsdam in the midst of the "Kaiser crisis" provoked by the Daily Telegraph interview, to extort from his imperial master a pledge of "greater reserve" in the discussion and conduct of the nation's affairs.

There is none of the narrow mindedness of the typical German politician in his makeup. Serenity itself, nothing ever ruffles him.

Many others are also gathered about the Kaiser's throne and furnish the emperor with the moral and mental assistance which all monarchs must rely on in crises. At least one of these should not be passed by unmentioned. His serene highness Prince Maximilian Egon zu Fuensteinberg, a German-Austrian grand seigneur and multimillionaire, is a power behind the German throne. No man rivals his influence in exalted quarters. Few have ever enjoyed the confidence of William II. to even an approximate extent. Himself of ancient noble lineage, Prince Fuensteinberg is the one subject whom the Kaiser treats as an equal, and his counsel has been known to prevail over that of chancellors and ministers of state.

Topics of the Sport World

By SQUARE DEAL

Schoolboys Taught Boxing.

Down in Australia boxing is being adopted in all of the schools as a part of the education of every boy. It has its place on the curriculum in the state schools of Victoria now. Sir Alexander Peacock, minister for education, brought this about after consultations with J. Murray and R. L. Baker, the boxing promoter and all around athlete.

In the Melbourne High school twenty boys have been selected to receive instruction in boxing. After completing their course they will act as instructors for the others.

The first lessons will be given by Mr. Baker, who is a remarkably skillful boxer himself, winner of many amateur championships. When Mr. Baker is through the boys will be under the care of Angelo Marre, manager of the Melbourne stadium, a famous fighting club on the Baker circuit. Mr. Marre was a famous all around athlete and boxed in many amateur tournaments in this country as well as in Australia.

Crawl Stroke in Europe.

Europe, before the war, awoke to the march of progress in swimming and swept aside tradition to adopt modern American ideas. Until quite recently both in England and on the continent it was heresy to even compare the elementary crawl with the breast stroke as a means of teaching the principles of natation. But things are changing fast. A few months ago Austria began to favor the new American method, then Great Britain made a bid for Matthew Mann, one of our leading crawl advocates, and then Germany came around. Professor Manz, the foremost of her instructors, proclaiming broadcast that George Corsan, originator of the elementary crawl school, is the greatest teacher in the world.

Umpire Holds the Runner.

When working as a field umpire Mr. Johnson is pulling a novel trick, doubtless unthinkable, which seems strictly illegal and yet apparently has no prohibition in the rules. When a long hit is made and Mr. Johnson, as is the custom, accompanies the runner around

the bases, he stops, spreads his hands and gives the "safe" signal at the base where the runner should end his stride. The umpire thus acts as coach and protector to the base runner, and no runner thus directed can overslide, go too far or be headed off. Doubtless the habit is purely mechanical, and Mr. Johnson escorts the runners impartially for both sides, but should it not be unlawful for an umpire to guide, direct and protect the sprinters?

Big League For Knight.

Jack Knight, who has had two trials with the New York American league team, is hopeful of getting back into a big league next year. He is now with



Photo by American Press Association.
Jack Knight, Hopes to Get Into Big Company Again Next Year.

the Cleveland team in the American association and is batting in the neighborhood of .325. There are some good pitchers in the big association, and Knight's stick work is certainly impressive. Not more than six or eight American association batters have made better records this year than the former Yankee.

In the Sunday School Class

Text of the Lesson, Mark xiv, 1-11; Golden Text, Mark xiv, 8.

This lesson consists of two parts, the anointing at Bethany and the agreement of Judas Iscariot with the chief priests to betray him. The anointing is recorded by Matthew, Mark and John; the mention of the passover and of the sin of Judas by Matthew, Mark and Luke. According to Matt. xxvi, 1, 2, it was after Jesus had finished the sayings of chapters xxiv and xxv and two days before the passover that he spoke of his approaching betrayal and crucifixion, and we would conclude from Matthew and Mark that the supper and anointing took place at that time.

From the account of John xii it would seem that it was six days before the passover and preceding the so called triumphal entry that they had the supper and anointing. It seems impossible to arrange clearly sometimes the sequence of all the events in our Lord's life, but the gospels were written that we might know himself rather than the order of events of his life.

It is to some confusing that, while Luke does not record this anointing, he does mention an anointing in chapter vii, 36-50, which was also in the house of a man called Simon. But that was an altogether different event, much earlier in his ministry and by a woman whose name is not given, whose sins he forgave. The event of our lesson was in the home of Martha and Mary in Bethany, whose brother, Lazarus, had been raised from the dead (John xii, 1, 2). Matthew and Mark say that it was in the house of Simon the leper, but what relation he was to Martha and Mary we are not told and therefore do not need to know. If we think of it and it seems wise to do so we can ask them when we see them. John says that Lazarus sat at the table with him. What a suggestive saying—the man who had been four days in the spirit world back on earth alive and well—a man whom the chief priests consulted to put to death because that by reason of him many of the Jews went away and believed in Jesus, (John xii, 9-11.)

At this supper Martha served, but there is no record of her being cumbered as in Luke x, 40, so we may

hope that she had grown spiritually since that incident.

In view of such words as Phil. iv, 6, 7; I Pet. v, 7, we should never be cumbered or anxious. The words "They made him a supper" make us think of his post ascension words in Rev. iii, 20, and of the blessed assurance that if any one will open the door he will come in and sup with them.

As he sat at meat Mary came with an alabaster box containing a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and she broke the box and poured it on his head and anointed his feet and wiped his feet with her hair (verse 3; Matt. xvi, 7; John xii, 3). Not only was the house filled with the odor of the ointment, but also the whole world, for he said in verse 9 that, wherever in all the world the gospel should be preached, this that she bath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her.

This was real worship on the part of Mary, heart adoration, and it was very costly on her part and very precious to his heart. We are reminded of a saying of David in I Sam. xiv, 24, "Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing." Some one has said that in Martha, Mary and Lazarus we have a sample of a well rounded Christian life—in Martha restful service, in Mary real worship and in Lazarus the power of a risen life.

There will always be some indignant ones when more than ordinary (which is ordinarily very little) is given to him. It will be called a waste and by other names, while all spent upon ourselves will seem all right. Judas Iscariot is called a thief in John xii, 6, but what about the thieves of Mal. iii, 8? If his love to us does not constrain us to spend more for him than on ourselves, then it is evident that we love ourselves most.

How comforting his word, "Let her alone; * * * she hath wrought a good work on me" (verse 6). Would that some other faultfinding meddlers might hear his "Let alone!" If we are sure that we are doing all "unto him" we may be confident of his approval, whatever others may say. His other word, "She hath done what she could" (verse 8), we may not be so sure of, for of how few can it be said that we have done all that we could! He is the Judge and will surely give all possible credit that he can.

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 M. E. MANNING, ASST. CASHIER

**FORT WORTH-ROSWELL
 HIGHWAY ASSOCIATION**

I am handing you herewith a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Fort Worth-Roswell Highway Association, adopted at Spur September 16th.

The membership of the association is by counties, and Tarrant, Jones, Stonewall, Kent, Dickens, Crosby and Lubbock counties constitute the charter members. These counties were represented at the meeting held in Spur 15-16, when the line from Stamford to Lubbock was officially adopted. Invitations are being sent to counties between Stamford and Fort Worth, and between Lubbock and Roswell to come into the association. Active interest is being shown all along the route, and plans for heavy tourist travel to the west are being rapidly perfected.

We are urging that you assist this movement by giving it all the publicity it deserves, and by creating local interest in your community in good roads, and in road improvement. Should there be nothing else to be gained but good roads the movement will be a success.

Each county member is expected to have a local organization to further road improvement, and to do whatever is necessary in the county to attract tourists. As an advertising of the country there is nothing better than good roads. They will bring to your community a class of people that you want, and there will be spent in every community an amount of money for repairs, supplies, etc., that in the aggregate will be very large. It is estimated that each auto that passes through a county spends on an average of \$2.30, and it is believed that during the summer of 1915 the auto travel

from east to west will be very heavy.

Thousands of dollars that have been spent by auto tourists in Europe will be spent in America for a number of years on account of the great war now on in Europe. It will take years to repair the damages to European roads made by the movement of the vast armies, and while these repairs are being made we can hope the travelers will get the habit of seeing America first.

This movement is worthy of the effort and labor we will spend on it, and we should not hesitate to do all we can to push it along. Very respectfully,—
 Jeff D. Reagan, Secretary-Treasurer, Fort Worth-Roswell Highway Association.

**B. G. WORSWICK
 Attorney-At-Law**

Practice Solicited in District and Higher Courts
 County Attorney's Office Dickens, Texas

**W. D. WILSON
 LAWYER**

Practice in all Courts
 Office with W. F. Godfrey Realty Co. Spur Texas

**R. S. HOLMAN
 Attorney-At-Law**

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**B. D. GLAGOW
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**J. H. GRACE, M. D.
 General Practice of Medicine**

Prompt response will be given to all calls, city or country, day or night.
 Office at Spur Drug Store
 Both Res. Phones No. 96

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 Physician and Surgeon**

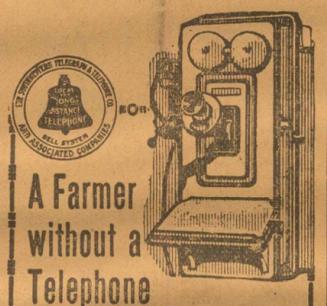
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 Physician and Surgeon**

All calls answered promptly, day or night.
 Diseases of Women and Children
 A Specialty

**PREPOSTEROUS TO EXPECT
 FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS**

A newspaper has only two sources from which to get an income—selling advertising space and subscriptions to the paper. Both sources barely afford an existence, and when we ask any one to pay up subscription we do not wish to offend but merely hope to collect so that we can continue business and meet our outstanding indebtedness. It is out of the question for any one to expect us to give them the paper free of charge since the blank paper for each paper costs us more than fifty cents for each year without any consideration of the cost of publishing the paper. A merchant can as consistently be expected not to charge for his goods as for a newspaper to not charge for his paper. We are not able to publish a paper and give it away, therefore please don't ask or expect it of us but come in and pay up. There are those who owe us from one dollar to five dollars on subscription. We have not heretofore worried you with duns, but we now need the money and can not afford to lose these amounts or carry them indefinitely.



A Farmer without a Telephone

Takes Long Chances
 The services of the Doctor or the Veterinarian are essential to the farmer. Either may be summoned quickly over the telephone in case of accident or sudden illness.

Have you a BELL TELEPHONE connection?
 Ask our nearest Manager for information, or write



AN ODD RECOMENDATION
 A man (name omitted on account of his profanity) who attended Bonheur Bros. Show at Swenson, said: "The outfit looked bummier than any, but the fact is it was the best d—n show I ever saw."

**We Carry a Full Line of
 SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE**

ALSO Enameled Ware, Queensware, Garland Stoves and Ranges, Guns, and Ammunition. Also have a good stock of Buggies which we are going to sell at Mail-Order House prices, for Cash only. Come in and see us.

WE EARNESTLY SOLICIT AND APPRECIATE YOUR BUSINESS

RITER HARDWARE CO.

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

FOR SALE
 140 acres of land in Haskell county, 100 in cultivation, good improvements, abundance of water, small cash payment. Will take some trade.—J. A. Smith, Spur, Texas. 47tf

ADVERTISED LETTERS
 October 5, 1914.
 Gentlemen:
 R. Jackson,
 I. S. Martin,
 Joseph I. Patterson,
 G. I. Scott,
 J. E. Wright, 3.
 Ladies:
 Mrs. M. C. Ellis,
 Miss Ruth Moore,
 " Florence Du Stanett.
 In calling for these please say advertised.—Norton A. Baker, P. M.

The Baptist Ladies Aid Society will have a Bazaar Dec. 18-19.

TAKEN TO SANITARIUM

Mrs. S. R. Dickey who has been suffering for some few days of a peculiar ailment was taken to the Standifer Sanitarium Wednesday morning for an operation.

Mr. Dickey went to Spur Sunday for a consultation with Dr. Standifer in regard to the operation and he assured Mr. Dickey that there should be but little fear but what the operation would be successful. Mrs. Dickey has many friends in Aspermont that are closely watching the outcome of the operation and to see her return home in a short while completely recovered.—Aspermont Star.

The German war continues but the German Kitchen is still prepared to feed the hungry. adv

For Sale or Trade—62 1-2 acre, well improved farm. Will trade for mares or cows.—See or write T. L. Cowser, Girard, Texas. 1tp

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

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.

..J. P. SIMMONS..

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

W. F. Godfrey Realty Company.
 Real Estate
 Fire Insurance.

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

The Farmer And His Bank.

THE farmer identified with the bank as a depositor is better prepared to take advantage of opportunities than one who has no balance in the bank, no acquaintance there, and no banking credit established. And the farmer who knows clearly how to use the bank has a great advantage over the one who does not. The First State Bank gives especial attention to the business of farmers and invites their accounts.

THE FIRST STATE BANK OF SPUR, TEXAS

F. C. EDMONDS Cashier
 C. HOGAN, Asst Cashier
 G. H. CONNELL, President
 S. R. DAVIS, Vice-Pres.
 D. HARKEY, Vice-Pres.

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, while hunting is shot from behind. He exacts a promise from his young son, David, to kill Kip 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. 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 Mary Reddin. Kip Ryerson returns. Ellen Daw, a poor, beragged adopted daughter of Silas Daw of Drupe mountain, weary and faint from her lonely farm work, is assisted by Adrian Blair, a well to do youth of the Draft. On Sunday the people of the Draft flocked to the schoolhouse to hear Brother Braxton's farewell sermon. David, leading the prayer, suddenly catches sight of Ryerson, who until then he had thought dead. He leaps on his old antagonist, but strong arms restrain him, and Ryerson escapes. Mary coaxes David home with her for an hour, but his love for her can't hold him longer. His promise to his dying father proves strongest, and he leaves on his errand of revenge. Hidden from his distracted sweetheart, he flings himself on the ground in an effort to adjust his confused thoughts. Hours later, his mind still racked with indecision, he reaches home, where his mother had awaited him. She learns of his inactivity, and her terrible scorn sends him back to fulfill his promised work of destruction. It becomes Ellen Daw's wish to do something for Mary and David. Conscious of her own useless life, she hits upon a plan. Half afraid, she quickly grasps an old pistol and flees from the house. Seeing a figure coming through the rain which she supposes to be Kip Ryerson, she fires, misses and is horrified to discover that it is Adrian Blair, to whom she confesses all. To the complete surprise of the frightened girl he tells her how he had loved her since their school days, but was afraid to say it. David reaches the lumber camp. Kip Ryerson, secreted in the mill house, hears the mill boss tell David that Kip has left camp. David turns back, and Ryerson is told to go before being discovered. Mary is called to the bedside of Martha Lamfire, the old woman of the woods, who is dying. Before death she unburies her secret, and Mary learns of Alderson Cree's last message to his son relieving him of his promise to kill Ryerson. David's mother, knowing nothing of Martha Lamfire's confession, but remorseful, asks George Hedrick to stay David's hand, but the latter continues true to the promise made to his father. Only when Mary comes with the message from the deathbed of Martha Lamfire is he contented to give up his quest for Ryerson.

An Unexpected Meeting.

MARY felt as though the morning of yesterday were years and years ago and she herself almost an old woman as compared to the light hearted girl who, dressed in her pink muslin, had gone so happily and so gaily to preaching. And it was all true enough, she was older—older with the aging of circumstances and the education of fear, and for her ever again to be the same care free and unafraid personality that she had been was as impossible as for the hatched chicken to creep back to its comfote condition in the shell. She might be—nay, she would be—gay and happy once more, but it would be a gaiety in the background of which there lurked, to give it balance, a realization of the seriousness of life—the realization which comes only with actual experience—never by any amount of graybeard warnings.

David, too, felt an upspringing of peace and relief. He seemed to himself no longer blown hither and thither by every varying breath of his emotions—the plaything of love and hate—he had chosen his own path and the weary confusion of indecision had fallen from him. Circumstances had indeed fought for him, but it seemed good to know at the last that he had been sure of his own mind. That he had made the choice for himself, knowing that in the end love, and not hate, was his master passion. Therefore he went down the mountain, his head held high, the night's dark bewilder-



"D—n you!" he cried, "I'll kill yer like I done Alderson!"

ment already appearing like an indistinct dream, and he at last his own strong determined self. His love was in the circle of his arm and in front the way lay homeward before them.

The world seemed water soaked that morning with the high wind blowing through the trees, and with the remembrance of the night's heavy storm. Confronted by the drenched outlook of wet blown trees and thick sky, Mary and David, after the deluge of their own emotions, felt a little as perhaps Noah and his small company felt when they came down from Mount Ararat to the clean, new world below them. In her present tranquillity and sense of security something of this thought occurred to Mary, and, looking up at David, she whispered, "I feel jest like I'd been 'most drowned, an' then somehow come back ter life erg'in an' found everything was all right."

David looked down at her in answer and, after a moment would have spoken, but in that instant the storekeeper behind them broke suddenly off in his whistle with a low ejaculation of dismay. David raised his head with a quick jerk, and there in the road which the previous moment had been empty and peaceful before him, stood Kip Ryerson.

At the sight David stiffened all over with a sudden tense quiver. But Mary gripped his arm tight—"Dave," she cried, "Dave, you promised me!"

And at her words and the clutch of her hands, David checked himself, and with the relaxing again of his muscles, a long tremble went over him like the sharp vibration of a tweaked wire.

But in that moment Kip Ryerson made a fatal mistake. He had been walking carelessly, secure in the belief that his enemy pursued him miles distant on the other side of the river, and then raising his eyes, he looked suddenly out of this security to behold him instead directly in the way before him. David Cree was the man he most feared in all the world, and as he came upon him thus unexpectedly, with the startled panic of the coward his hand flew back instinctively to his hip pocket. But, quick as the gesture was, David saw it and was quicker, and with a bound like the freed snap of a bent sapling, he closed upon him.

David Cree was a very strong man, much stronger usually than his opponent, but fear in that crisis lent Ryerson a sudden insanity of strength, and he fought with the impetuosity and violence of terror. There are some experiences never translated into words, but which rear themselves for always as grim monuments of certain emotions—and for Kip Ryerson, the tearing remembrance of David Cree's fingers at his throat had come to stand for the very climax of fear—and now met again by that furious onslaught, he fought with ferocity and anguish of fright of a cornered wild beast—thrashing himself back and forth in the other's grasp, twisting, turning and biting, a mad, blind, terrified animal—fighting neither with sudden anger nor smoldering hate, but just with the black passion of terror, and the poignant love of his own life.

Thus the conflict prolonged itself. David, held by his promise, not putting forth all his power, merely trying to disarm the other, and Ryerson, with all his frantic strength fighting to turn his pistol and shoot.

As David sprang from her side Mary had screamed piercingly and tried to run in upon the two men, but Hedrick interposed, holding her off firmly. "No, no!" he cried. "You an' me can't do nothin' now 'cept wait for ther end—an' keep out er ther way," he added, dragging her to one side and placing himself in front of her as for a mo-

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

ment Ryerson's pistol wavered in their direction.

Thus in their helplessness they stood and watched perforce, themselves the only spectators of the conflict; its setting the steep mountain road, the wet wind tossed forest and the gray and sullen skies of the morning, and over all the stillness of the woods.

Except for the deep catching of his breath, David fought in a silent, wordless intensity, and in spite of his excitement, it flashed back upon the storekeeper that that was the way he had once in his youth seen Alderson Cree fight. Ryerson, on the other hand, spent his breath in gasped oaths and hoarse ejaculations. Once David had him almost overthrown, pressing him back and back against the bank, and he could have laughed savagely, brutally—for in the prolonging of the combat his self control was beginning to slip—at the white panic of terror that looked out of the other's face and bloodshot eyes. But with one of his quick, wrenching turns Ryerson sprang away, and for a moment he was free. "D—n you!" he cried, "I'll kill yer like I done Alderson!" With the words he fired, and David felt a sting like a hot flame graze his forehead, and afterward a crimson curtain of blood dripped into one eye and ran down his face, and the red taste of it was in his mouth, and David was glad, riotously, furiously glad of it, for Ryerson's words and the pinch of pain had loosed the bonds of his restraint, and he forgot—he forgot his promise, he forgot his love, he forgot everything save only the mad passion of conflict and the sick desire to destroy the man he hated. And the taste of blood, the sticky warm trickle of it, were what he wanted, and were all an answer to his fury, wrapping him in a scarlet cloud of passion, in the midst of which only the face of his enemy lurged clear. For the fiend that slept in David Cree was loose now, and even with his own mad devil of fright to back him, Kip Ryerson stood small chance. Even as the pistol shot deafened his ears David sprang once more, and his viselike grip snapped upon the other. One great hand was upon Ryerson's throat, and one upon his outstretched arm, and David bent him slowly, slowly back. Ryerson's free hand tore at the strangling fingers, but he might as well have tugged at iron rods—and again he went back a little further. The epitome of fear stared out of his bulging eyes and livid face, and his lips were blue and frothing.

Yet now the men were almost motionless, for it was only by slow inches that Ryerson went back. There was no heaving struggle, only the tense meeting of muscle upon muscle, the coughing of Ryerson's breath, the heave of David's, and the slow, very slow, going back of one of them. David's grip was like the steady clinch of great jaws snapping tighter and tighter upon a bone, and presently, inevitably, suddenly, the bone would snap. "Great God!" the storekeeper cried under his breath and made a half movement to run forward. Yet in the end he checked himself and stood still watching in a stunned breathlessness, and again Ryerson went back a faint inch. His breath was a choking cough now, and David's eyes had the wicked set look that a dog's have just before the bone cracks. Then all at once with a harsh scrape the wet gravel slipped under his feet and Ryerson went down backward upon the ground, and as he fell David's hand flew along his arm and tore the pistol from his relaxing grasp.

From then to the end was scarcely a bare wink of time, yet the emotions and actions that flashed by upon one another's heels packed it to such overflowing that afterward it seemed like a long dream.

David stepped back a pace or two, steadying himself and cocking the pistol noiselessly. "Get up," he said quietly, terribly. And dizzily and still half stunned, Ryerson obeyed mechanically. Yet when he stood up in the road and faced the gaping mouth of the pistol and the white blaze of the face back of it, he flung his arms up before his own eyes with open clutching fingers, and screamed a hoarse, a horrible scream of fear that went away on the still air of the morning all up and down the mountain side, and flung its anguish of terror into remote hollows. "Stand still!" said David.

And, save for a long shiver that went over him from head to foot, held in the very paralysis of terror, his face shrinking blindly away in his arms, Kip Ryerson stood still and waited.

[To be concluded.]

A Glance at Current Topics

War Made a King Famous.

London, Sept. 28.—Albert Leopold Clement, king of the Belgians, called by Europe its handsomest king, was one of the most popular young men in Belgium before it was ever thought he would be king. He is now the idol of his people and has the admiration of the whole world as the result of the serious check he and his forces made on the advancing Germans. He is the younger son of the Duke of Flanders and would never have ascended the throne of his uncle, King Leopold, had not three other heirs died before the old monarch. He is also known as the most modern king in Europe.

He is the first royal newspaper reporter and the only one who ever sat



King Albert of the Belgians, Now Idol of All His People.

on a throne. Not only is the king a newspaper man, but he is also an expert engineer, a lover of mankind and the most democratic of all rulers. Like his subjects, he also appears to be a first class fighting man, for of all the heads of the nations at war he was the first in the field, sharing the perils and privations of his subjects.

The king of the Belgians was among the least known of the rulers of Europe until he told his soldiers to hold the forts of Liege against the German host massing at Herbestal, and right well did his soldiers obey him.

King Albert is more than six feet in height and has a fair complexion.

In 1898 he came to America and spent much time in New York, Washington and the east, went west and stayed for months in St. Paul.

Spanish-American Exhibition.

Madrid, Sept. 29.—Construction work is being pushed on the buildings for the Spanish-American exposition, to be opened on Jan. 1, 1916, at Seville, Spain, if conditions in Europe at that time permit. All nations of the western hemisphere are to be invited to participate.

It was originally planned to hold the event this year, but it was postponed until 1915 and then to 1916, the latter postponement being to avoid conflict with the Panama-Pacific exposition. The managers of the Seville event hope that exhibitors will transfer their exhibits from San Francisco to Spain, the Panama-Pacific exposition ending in December, 1915.

The object of the exposition is to celebrate the opening of a new era in the history of Seville as a seaport. The port is now available for vessels with a draft of twenty-five feet, and on the completion of the Alfonso XIII. canal, which the exposition is to commemorate, it is expected that a much more extensive ocean trade will go to Seville than is the case at present. The canal is being designed to shorten and straighten the Guadalquivir river from Seville to the Atlantic ocean. Situated on a tidal river, Seville combines the advantages of an industrial and distributing center and a seaport for transatlantic commerce.

Warring With Motorcars.

London, Sept. 27.—Automobile agents comment on the important part which automobiles have been playing in the war, saying they are more valuable than aeroplanes and not only increase the speed of the initial advance guards' movements, as the Germans already have shown, but increase the rapidity and reliability of food delivery enormously.

Forces are now much less likely to go to sleep superfluous on account of the nonarrival of provisions, and thereby is removed one of the most critical causes of suffering, exhaustion and illness in great armies spread out over tremendous areas. They have proved most useful for the speedy care of the wounded and have saved thousands of lives that would have been lost in the days of horse drawn ambulances.

The French automobile equipment is excellent, fully equal to if not superior to the German, being especially strong in large, fast cars capable of taking ten equipped soldiers thirty miles an

hour over ordinary country roads. Able professional chauffeurs attached to factories, among them several of the most celebrated racing drivers, have been assigned for driving high officers on scouting work.

Army of English Amazons.

London, Sept. 29.—Lady Cook has launched a campaign to raise armies of Englishwomen, trained and armed like regular soldiers, ready to fight for the country.

"My plan," she says, "is to have regiments of women wearing khaki uniforms, just like men, with the possible addition of knee length skirts. I expect 150,000 women to be armed, drilled and organized into armies in a few months.

"There are plenty of women knitting socks and doing Red Cross work; but I want every woman who has health and strength to use arms so that when the men folk are away they can defend their homes and honor. I'm willing to die on the battlefield myself."

Lady Cook believes that Queen Amelie of Portugal and Mrs. Pankhurst would make good generals.

Niagara Bridges Guarded.

Niagara Falls, Sept. 28.—The bridges over the Niagara river are protected by armed guards to prevent them being blown up by sympathizers of Britain's foes. Guards are stationed at all the international bridges. The bridges will be guarded night and day until the European conflict is entirely settled.

The lower steel arch bridge is guarded by three special policemen in the pay of the bridge company. The upper steel arch bridge is guarded by Ontario provincial and Niagara Falls (Ont.) city police at the Canadian end. No suspicious looking persons are permitted to cross any of the foot bridges, and special police have been stationed at the cantilever bridge by the railroad companies.

Canadian militiamen are sent to guard the bridges over the Niagara. A dispatch from Ottawa says every important bridge in the Dominion is to be guarded until the end of the war.

Kaiser's Bitterest Antagonist.

London, Sept. 28.—Theophile Delcasse, now the French minister of foreign affairs, could be described as the incarnation of French revenge toward Germany. Selected as minister of war at the beginning of the European struggle and later made minister of foreign affairs, he has directed his actions with his well known animosity toward the kaiser ever uppermost in his mind.

Theophile Delcasse is the son of a peasant of the Pyrenees and became a newspaper reporter in Paris when he reached his majority, which happened to be just at the close of the Franco-Prussian war. Writing brilliant articles on democracy for starvation wages, he attracted the attention of Gambetta, who needed an editor for his paper, Republique Francaise. Delcasse took the position and his political fortune was made. He was appointed minister of colonies in 1894 and minister of foreign affairs in 1898. For seven years after that prime ministers came and went, but Delcasse stayed on. He was too great a man to leave out of any cabinet.

In 1905, when France and Germany were adjusting their differences over Morocco, the kaiser did not like the defiant attitude of the French foreign



Theophile Delcasse, a Most Important Member of French War Cabinet.

minister. Germany demanded his resignation. The alternative was war. France was not prepared to go to war. Her army was deficient, her navy obsolete. Delcasse had to put his political head upon the guillotine.

Subsequently Delcasse was brought again into the cabinet as minister of marine, but again German influence was brought to bear against him and the resignation of Delcasse was brought about. He was appointed by President Poincare ambassador to Russia, where he remained only a year. Recently he was called back to the cabinet as minister of war. [40 B]

Helps For the Modern Farmer

WATCH THE SHEEP

Close Tabs Should Always Be Kept on the Flock.

VISIT THEM ONCE A DAY.

Many Little Annoyances Can Be Remedied if Caught in Time—Wether Lambs Often Lost to the Owner by Utter Carelessness.

Watchfulness spells success in flock management. Sheep are assailed by many foes that attack them both from within and from without. Dogs, internal and external parasites and other troubles threaten the life of the sheep industry in the central states, writes D. O. Thompson in the Country Gentleman.

The farmer keeping a small number of sheep and suffering unaccountable losses in the flock seeks the reason. A lamb is found dead in the pasture.

IN THE DAIRY.

It is the average cow that spoils the dairy industry. She is the one that cuts down the profits. Keep only the best.

The temperature of churning should be such as to make the butter come in from thirty-five to forty minutes, usually 55 to 60 degrees F.

If it is desired to use artificial coloring it should be added to the cream just before churning.

Have a regular time monthly to disinfect the dairy barn.

It pays to have the dairy barn clean, dustless and well ventilated.

Provide plenty of clean drinking water and water after feeding.

Chop up some pumpkins and feed to the cows. It will increase the flow of milk.

The dairy farm managed along business lines has four sources of income—butter fat, skim milk, calves and manure.

WARM WEATHER AND HORSES.

Things Which Should Be Carefully Observed in Summer.

Load lightly and drive slowly. Stop in the shade if possible.

Water as often as possible. So long as a horse is working, water in moderate quantities will not hurt him. Do not fail to water him at night after he has eaten his hay.

After work, sponge off the harness marks and sweat, his eyes, his nose and mouth and the dock. Wash his feet, but not his legs.

Saturday night give a bran mash, cold, and add a tablespoonful saltpeter. Do not use a horse hat unless it is a canopy top hat. The ordinary bell shaped hat does more harm than good.

A sponge on top of the head, or even a cloth, is good if kept wet. If dry it is worse than nothing.

If the horse is overcome by heat get him into the shade, remove harness and bridle, wash out his mouth, sponge him all over, shower his legs and give four ounces of aromatic spirits of ammonia, or two ounces of sweet spirits of niter, in a pint of water, or give him a pint of warm coffee. Cool his head at once, using cold water.

If the horse is off his feed, try him with two quarts of oats mixed with bran and a little water and add a little salt or sugar, or give him oatmeal gruel or barley water to drink.

If the horse stops sweating suddenly, or if he breathes short and quick, or if his ears droop, or if he stands with his legs braced sideways, he is in danger of a heat or sun stroke and needs attention at once.

If it is so hot that the horse sweats in the stable at night, tie him outside. Unless he cools off during the night he cannot well stand the next day's heat.

Look For the Bright Eyed Cow.

A cow with a bright eye is to be preferred to one with a dull appearance, says Farm and Fireside. She will tend to business more than the other. Also the one with large nostrils is to be preferred because the large nostrils indicate that she will always have a good supply of air to operate her lungs, and so her other bodily functions will be performed promptly and regularly. A good cow will have short legs, and they will be smooth and without extra meat.

Cooling Eggs.

If an old sitting hen stays off her nest for several hours at a time during the warm weather there is not much danger of the life germs in the eggs being killed. Do not throw the eggs away, but get the old hen back on to the nest if possible, and if she will not continue her duties put the eggs into an incubator or place them under another hen which is broody.

Cheating the Train Robbers

By LEMUEL EDSON RAFF

WHEN I was a boy I lived beside a railroad. There was a bridge across the river near where I lived, and I spent a great deal of my time on this bridge holding a fishpole over the water. I perched myself on an abutment where I would not be interfered with by trains, and when any of the engineers I knew came along I would wave my hand to him, getting a nod in reply.

There was a time, when I was about sixteen years old, that a train went over the bridge carrying an express car. The engineer was Josh McCurdy, the best friend I had among the brotherhood. When I was a little kid playing about among the switches where the men were making up trains he had jumped from his cab and yanked me out of the way of a car that was being backed right on to me. As I grew older I appreciated what he had done for me and loved him accordingly. And he loved me the more because he had done it.

In July and August I was usually fishing on the bridge nearly all day. One morning when Josh McCurdy's train was coming I heard a shot and saw his train slowing up. But it didn't come to a full stop till the engine and forward cars had got on to the bridge. I saw the heads of passengers thrust out of the windows of the coaches and other evidences of excitement which convinced me that something serious had happened.

The shot I had heard, together with the fact that I knew the train always carried an express car, suggested to me that the train had been held up by robbers. Boylike, I was curious to see what was going on, besides being solicitous about my friend the engineer. So, instead of keeping out of the way, I went as fast as I could go over ties and stringers toward the train. I was not likely to be noticed, coming from the bridge; but, feeling sure that my inference that robbers were at work was correct, as I neared the hissing engine I dropped down on to some supports below and made my way along them.

I was now over the bank, which sloped from the abutment to the river. I couldn't see what was going on in or about the train, but one thing I saw that set me to thinking. The locomotive and one car—either the baggage or express—were on the bridge, and I could look up from under them. In those days the old fashioned coupling had not completely passed out of use, and the cars of this train were linked together with a pin.

A man was hammering with his fist at the rear door of the car above me, but suddenly turned and ran down the steps and disappeared from my view. I was not slow in divining that he had

gone for something with which to break in the door, an ax or a tie. There right over my head was the link that held the car to the rest of the train, hanging loose. A plan of action flashed through my brain. Catching a stringer, I pulled myself up to where I could reach the pin and pulled it out. Then, lowering myself, I made my way with a boy's agility to the cab of the locomotive and, climbing the steps, found myself in it, alone. Opening the valve, I let on steam, slowly at first, but rapidly increasing the power till I was well under way.

I expected to die for my act, for the robbers could jump on to the rear platform of the car, come forward, and I was defenseless. The reason they didn't do this was that they had been told off for different purposes. Two were going through the cars robbing the passengers, one was guarding the engineer, who had been taken from his cab, and the fourth man was hunting for a tie with which to batter down the door of the express car. He did not see that the car was moving till it had gone too far to be reached, walking as he would have had to do on ties, which is a slow process.

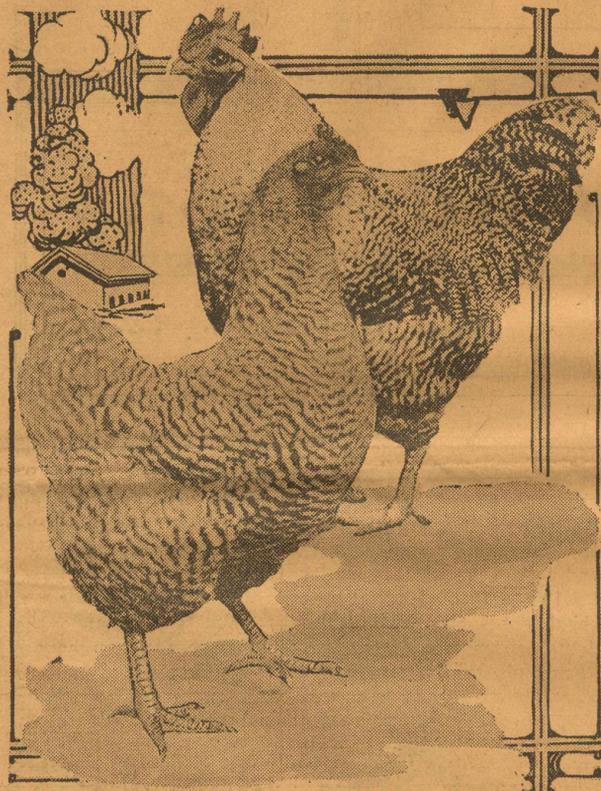
I crossed the bridge with my engine and one car and was well on the other side when, hearing a sound behind me, I turned and saw the express agent coming over the coal in the tender. He had taken in the fact that his car had been hauled away and when he saw me at the throttle informed me that in some mysterious way I had saved the treasure for which he was responsible, as well possibly as his life. Without a word he threw his arms about me and hugged and kissed me till I thought he would smother me. Then he fired a few short questions at me, to which I fired back as short replies, and the story was told.

We had no fear of being followed across the bridge, so, pulling up at a station not far beyond the river, we telegraphed for information. The news came that the robbers had mounted horses and galloped away. It was some time, however, before we received an order to back across and, when we did, found that no lives had been lost, though the robbers had got considerable plunder from the passengers.

Jack McCurdy set an example by hugging me, and pretty much every one present followed it. I was sent for by the president of the road and asked what I wanted as a reward for my feat. I said I wanted preferment for Jack McCurdy. The president smiled at this and said, "I think I can take care of both of you."

And he did. Jack became a division superintendent, and a quarter of a century later I became president of the road.

Culls and Culling



STRONG COCKEREL, THE KIND TO KEEP, AND A MODEL LAYER.

How carefully Mr. Farmer selects seed corn! No nubbins in his corn planter; the nubbins to the hogs. Thus a true fancier selects his fowls. No culls in his coop. Chickens throw most culls. Turkeys, geese and ducks breed fewest, and those generally die early, so that when mature the birds are about alike. When a hatch comes off the practical poultryman at once kills the cripples, weaklings and dwarfs and gets others as they develop, so that the fall finds him with no crook backs, cross bills, wry tails and birds badly off in shape and color. He thus saves feed and work and room and has a pretty flock, uniform in shape and color, developing into bon ton layers and breeders. He tests winter layers with trap nests or his own practical know how, cleans the drones out quick and this knows the records of hens that go into the breeding pens. In these pens are no fowls with gross defects, a small defect on one side being balanced with a perfection on the other, and at the close of the breeding season he does away with all breeders that have broken down or not made good and all that have become too old to return a good profit, and these are sold before the molt puts them out of condition. As to market stock, he puts no culls, diminutives, long legged, gawky, narrow backed birds in his fattening crates to waste time and feed. His market fowl is a breed that has the shape for a beautiful carcass, is quick to respond to feed with pounds of fancy flesh, is the popular size and color, and of these for finishing he uses birds uniform in size, blocky in body and medium in leg.

There is no evidence that the animal is a victim of dogs. The dead carcass lies undisturbed; the rest of the flock grazes peacefully; postmortem reveals no parasites; general good condition indicates that death could not have resulted from that cause. The farmer is puzzled. He reckons the lamb just died from sheep headed perversity and to strengthen his half formed resolution to "go out of sheep."

On a recent visit to a farm where a small flock of sheep is kept at a good profit to the owner a visit was made to the pasture in which the flock was grazing. As the flock was approached the sheep moved off slowly toward the far end of the pasture. Only one wether lamb remained—flat upon his back. Struggle and paw the air as he would he could not roll over. The owner waited until the helpless lamb had been photographed, then rolled him over and helped him to get on his feet. He struggled dizzily for a distance, then ran off to join the flock.

"That lamb is worth at least \$7 alive; 25 cents is all he is worth dead, if found that way—just the price of the pelt. I lost a number of them years back that way. Now I see my flock every day. Once those broad backed mutton lambs get on their backs they can't roll over and die within a few hours."

BE LESS WASTEFUL OF SOIL.

It is Worth Saving When We Consider All That Depends on It.

If you knew that it takes nature 10,000 years to form a foot of soil maybe you would have a higher opinion of Mother Earth and be more careful how you drain your garden or field.

If you saw a granary full of rat holes you would suspect a careless farmer. But a field left to wash away by the unchecked rush of surface water after a downpour is fully as wasteful. The only difference is that here the waste is of plant food before it gets into the grain.

If your garden or field is on a slope, terrace it; if on a level, plant it not in straight rows, but in circles. And in both cases tile drain it, for the stuff that washes away is precisely the stuff that your crops most need. Once gone it is expensive to replace.

When you stop to think that everything depends on the soil, clearly the soil is worth saving.—Seattle Star.

Lice on Poultry.

If you find the chicks ailing look them over for lice, for that is most frequently the cause of their ailments at this time. Keep them well dusted with insect powder. A little grease under the wings and on the head will help keep the lice away.

Giving Happiness a Boost

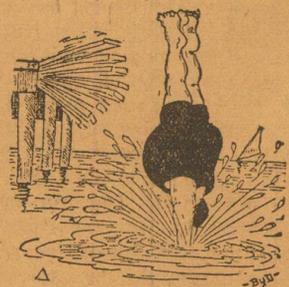
Peaceful Methods.

"So you want your wife to vote?"
"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton.
"What's your reason?"
"Well, after trying a number of other topics I think politics would be the least dangerous subject for a family argument that we could select."—Washington Post.

Issuing a Moratorium.

"What are you doing?" asked the friend.
"Sending out felicitations on my approaching marriage," replied Baron Fucash.
"Felicitations!"
"Yes. To my creditors."—Washington Star.

Sporting Term.



A heavy plunger.—Philadelphia Record.

Approved Style.

Patience—They say a girl can learn to swim much quicker if she has a woman instructor than if she has a man.
Patrice—Well, I don't blame her.—Yonkers Statesman.

Why He Was Absent.

"I didn't see you at church yesterday."
"No; my wife considers it unfashionable to be seen at church during the summer months. We're supposed to be out of the city then, you know."—Kansas City Journal.

What's in a Name?

"Who is that powerful giant who looks like a modern Samson?" asked the stranger.
"That is Percival Algernon Cyril Milk," replied the native.
"And who is the delicate, sissified looking chap with him?" asked the stranger.
"That is John L. Sullivan Hercules Strong," replied the native.—Stanford Chaparral.

Will It Be This Way Soon?

"Son, I'm surprised to find you playing in the mud."
"But this mud has been thoroughly sterilized, dad."
"Oh, well, go ahead with your fun."—Kansas City Journal.

Better to Take a Chance.

"Does your husband ever gamble?"
"No," replied young Mrs. Torkins.
"Sometimes I wish he would gamble a little instead of waiting for those sure things that somehow go wrong."—Washington Star.

Absolute Quiet.

Patience—Women employees of the government printing offices are to have rest rooms.
Patrice—You mean rooms where no talking is allowed?—Yonkers Statesman.

Whitewashed.

"That fellow whom they have been investigating is every bit as black as he is painted."
"Then no wonder he was whitewashed."—Baltimore American.

Checked.

Box—How are you making out on your resolution to economize?
Dix—Fine! I've got my running expenses slowed down to a walk.—Boston Transcript.

That Wedding Present.

Young Bride (after placing the new vase aloft)—I suppose there's no fear of it falling?
Groom—You mean no hope.—Tatler.

He Bit.

Boy—Bin 'ere long, mister?
Angler—About an hour.
Boy—You ain't caught anything, 'ave yer?
Angler—No, not yet, my lad.
Boy—Ah, I thought so, as there wasn't no water in that pond till all that rain last night.—London Opinion.

Reverse Action.

Pat—Kehoe gave a dermatologist \$20 for changing his pug nose into a Grecian nose!
Mike—He did?
Pat—He did! Next day Callahan knocked it back into a pug nose ag'in fer nothing at all.—Kansas City Times.

As She Spoke It.



Mrs. Putton Ayres had picked up a few French phrases. Entering the butcher's shop one day, she inquired if he had any "bon vivant."
"Boned what, ma'am?" asked the butcher, puzzled.
"Bon vivant," she repeated. "That's the French for good liver, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

Gentlemen Farmers.

"Perhaps you can tell me what's the matter with the way I farm," said the amateur agriculturist.
"Easy!" replied Farmer Cortossel. "Too much theorizing and not enough early rising."—Washington Star.

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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FOUR ISSUES ONE MONTH

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES

For Representative, 105th District:
T. F. Baker, Snyder, Texas
For District Attorney, 50th Judicial District:
Isaac O. Newton (re-election)
For District and County Clerk:
C. C. Cobb (re-election)
For Tax Assessor:
G. B. Joplin
For Sheriff and Tax Collector:
J. B. Conner (2nd term)
For County Judge:
Blaine Speer
For County Treasurer:
J. B. Yantis
For Commissioner Precinct No. 3:
W. A. Johnson

E. B. SHAW WRITES ON COTTON SITUATION

The price being offered and paid for cotton is entirely too low. There is no excuse whatever for it. Cotton should be selling on the market for more than ten cents per pound.

Japan has placed an order for 2 million bales of cotton. England has sent the money here for one million bales. This buy-a-bale movement has reached another million bales or more. Chicago business concerns have subscribed for more than 19,000 bales. If the above is true we have already a demand for approximately 5 million bales of

cotton at 10 cents a pound, and we have not got that much cotton picked. If supply and demand should control the market, why not let it control.

I want to suggest to those buying cotton to pay something like the market value or quit buying at all. If you propose to cooperate with the farmer in helping him secure the value of his products, then help him and quit trying to destroy the already very good market that we have. Every bale of cotton you buy for less than ten cents per pound hurts. If you can't pay as much as ten cents a pound, let it alone. The farmer will in the end come out with more money if you tell him you are afraid to risk anything on his cotton.

Listen business men and cotton buyers, if you are not for us, then you are against us, and hang out your shingle in plain letters, showing that you are a cotton bear and will if you can destroy the cotton farmer.

Listen farmers, the money to finance your cotton has been placed by the Government in the American Exchange National Bank at Dallas, Texas, with instructions that it must go direct to you at a low rate of interest in order to enable you to hold your cotton for a good price.

Submitted in the very best feeling to all concerned.—E. B. Shaw.

The above article written by our friend, E. B. Shaw, and published last week in the Dickens Item is sensible and worthy of consideration. There is no question but that the marketing problem is the greatest poposition now before the people of this country, and it is very evident that the wholesale and retail merchants and business men of

every character are doing everything in their power to boost the price of cotton and help the farmers "Bull" the market during this prevailing stringency. However, the suggestion contained in the article to the effect that local cotton buyers and merchants quit buying cotton until they can pay ten cents a pound is, we consider, impracticable. There are many farmers who absolutely have to sell cotton to get a living. Merchants are also in just as much distress as the farmer in that they have sold goods on credit and must make collections to meet their obligations to wholesalers, and the only way to collect is through the sale of cotton. The local merchant and cotton buyer has absolutely nothing to do with fixing the price of cotton on the market, acting only as a commission man for the farmer to the real cotton buyers. Local merchants and buyers do not go out over the country and ask farmers to sell their cotton but buy only the cotton which is brought to town and offered for sale. Merchants do not make a big profit on buying cotton, but the biggest per cent of them make an actual loss in the cotton buying business. They can not be expected to pay ten cents for cotton and sell it for seven, neither can they be expected to tell farmers and customers that they will not buy their cotton because too many are forced to sell at any old price and expect the local merchants to furnish a market. No doubt it would contribute much toward establishing a legitimate and standard price for cotton if everybody were to quit buying until the "real buyers" and speculators come across with the price, and it is also ap-

parent that every bale sold for less than the standard price hurts in obtaining such a price in the end, but at the same time the local merchant and cotton buyer should not be charged with infidelity to farming interests or "Bearing" the cotton market when he only acts as a "commission" buyer for a "distressed" farmer to relieve his own "distressed" condition. There is not a merchant in Spur or Dickens county who would entertain a single thought of attempting to depress the cotton market, since high prices contribute as much to the success and prosperity of the merchants as to the farmers, and every merchant would like to see cotton sell for at least ten cents and will do everything possible to boost the price to that figure. As a rule the merchants of this country are just as poor financially as the farmers, and they have to rake and scrape in every legitimate way to make ends meet, and that being the case they are in no better position than the farmers to handle the prevailing situation. Merchants depend upon the sale of goods for a living, and when they buy cotton it is done more to promote closer business relations with cotton growers in extending to them accommodations in the marketing line rather than to make a profit in the buying, and such being the case merchants can not be consistently charged as enemies and working against the interests of farmers—they are all in the same boat. The majority of farmers are not in a position to withstand this prevailing stringency in the cotton market—neither are the local merchants in a position to materially aid in tiding over the situation in that they are not able to hold the big

surplus crop from the market. Neither the farmers nor the merchants are to be condemned for their actions in this crisis. They are all doing their best to relieve the situation, but under the circumstances the merchant as well as the farmer is at the mercy of the cotton speculator, the spinner and the men "higher up."

As heretofore stated, if The Texas Spur could contribute one iota toward obtaining and establishing a legitimate and standard price for our staple crop, we would feel conscious of having accomplished a great good, but it is our opinion that the only real and effective solution of the problem is for the federal government to come to the aid of farmers by lending its endorsement to "negotiable" receipts issued by bonded warehouses on cotton at ten or twelve cents a pound, and in this manner the "negotiable receipts" can circulate without cost to anybody and the holders feel just as secure as if possessed of fifty dollar bills, the merchant would be relieved of distress and the farmer would have the benefit of an acceptable circulating medium on his crop and assured of a fair and legitimate price for his staple in the end.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

We will send out bills to those in arrears on subscription to the Texas Spur and will expect all who can to respond, since we need the cash. While the majority of subscribers keep paid up, yet there are quite a number who owe as much as five dollars for subscription and pay little attention to as small a matter as one dollar a year. We are not in a position to run subscription accounts indefinitely and we will appreciate your consideration of our position.

Fashion and Care of the Home

Velvet and Felt Hat For Fall Wear



The velvet hat continues to be popular, for a large proportion of fall models are of this fabric. The one pictured here is of white felt and blue velvet, the blue and white wings being adjusted at the edge of the hat. The check-board veil fits snugly over the flat brim.

SEASON FOR LACE.

Tremendous Vogue For This Light and Airy Trimming.

Lace is in tremendous vogue again for evening gowns, and with the reappearance of the circular decolletage comes the graceful berthe, also shawl and fichu like arrangements of lace that are remarkably becoming to stately women.

Once more come persistent rumors of the return of the crinoline, and certainly some of the newest dancing skirts are extremely full and distended over frilled, foamy petticoats, but there is as yet no indication of the characteristic "hoops," and the style is more reminiscent of the ballerina skirts of 1840 or thereabouts, many years before the crinoline was seen. These very full skirts will be for evening wear.

TEA GOWNS POPULAR.

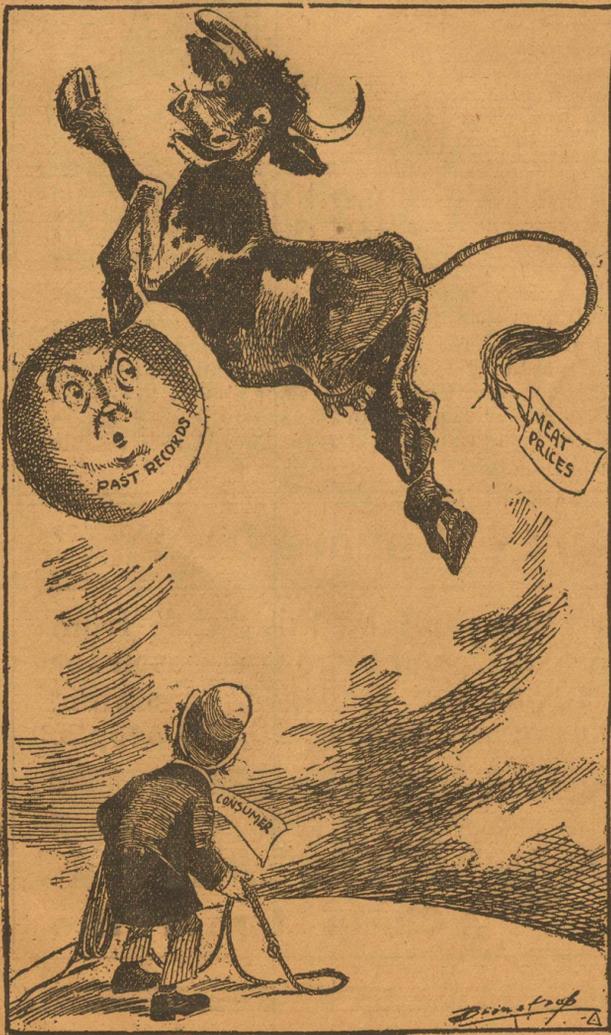
Many Dainty Models on New and Original Lines.

The tea gown is reinstated, most comfortable and becoming of garments to slip into when one is heartily tired after a long day in the open.

Some of the simpler type are of the classic Greek order, loose, flowing robes of ninon or net or crepe de chine worn over a plain fourreau of taffetas or charmeuse; the tunic outlined with pearls or milk beads or with a narrow guimpe of dull gold or silver and drooping to two points at back and front, from which dangle tiny tassels or grelots to match the trimming, the sleeves being of similar type.

Others are of a more elaborate order, with dextrous, intricate draperies.

And the Cow Jumped Over the Moon



—San Francisco Chronicle.

WHAT AN INVALID CAN USE

A canary would chirrup many a weary hour away.

A pretty, lacy boudoir cap would be appreciated by a woman.

A pine or rose petal pillow would afford refreshing fragrance.

An electric flashlight within reach at night is almost indispensable.

A tea wagon to wheel up beside the bed would vary the meal service pleasantly.

A food warming plate such as is used for babies would keep a cup of bouillon warm.

An Indian blanket would keep off many a draft and make a varying temperature unnoticeable.

A night bottle with a glass tipped over it and a spoonful of cordial in the stopper would be handy in case of a chill.

A prettily lined and ribbon bedecked box, filled with the patient's favored toilet preparations, is practical, dainty and very acceptable.

CARE OF THE FEET.

Nails Should Be Given Regular Attention to Insure Comfort.

If your ankles are inclined to be thick wear perfectly plain stockings without ribs or ornamentation of any kind. Keep to black stockings too. Never wear gray or tan ones. These will only serve to increase their apparent size.

Ingrowing toe nails are a frequent trouble with those who do not know how to take proper care of their feet. Sometimes also the ingrowing toe nails are caused by wearing tight pointed shoes. Never cut toe nails to a curve at the edges as you do your finger nails. They should be cut perfectly straight. Should the nail begin to show a tendency to grow into the flesh at the corners of the toe make a V shaped incision in the center of the toe nail at the top. Gradually the nail will grow from each side until it closes together again at the gap, thus effectively checking the ingrowing tendency at the sides. A good plan, too, is to insert a bit of cotton wool under the toe nails.

BATTLE SCARRED

By ALBERT NICHOLAS PARKER

THERE is a town in the Rocky mountain region somewhere between Denver and San Francisco which is completely isolated. However, it is not one of those rough mining towns that have been so realistically described by Bret Harte and his followers, but a quiet, sober place, with no fighting, no gambling, no horse stealing, no lynching. The only objection to the town—so said Miss Virginia Keating—was that nothing ever happened there in Cherryville.

One day a man came into town whose appearance broke the lethargy that overhung the place. He was minus an arm, there was a scar on his forehead, and a number of his teeth were missing, their disappearance being accounted for by a hole in his cheek. He gave his name as Erastus Clarke, but seemed disinclined to furnish any further account of himself. If any one asked him about the loss of his arm or other deficiencies he looked scared and turned away.

Where there is no solution of a mystery one is very soon invented. There was but one opinion in Cherryville about Mr. Clarke. Some enemy had mutilated him.

Miss Keating had all the curiosity that is usually attributed by unterrified bachelors to her sex and resolved to find out the mystery enveloping Mr. Clarke if she had to marry him to do so.

Miss Keating on walking down the main street of Cherryville behind Mr. Clarke noticed that when he came to a cross street he would stop, look to the right and then to the left before crossing. This he repeated at every street. Miss Keating, being a true investigator, did not make up her mind definitely as to the cause of his doing this, but she naturally assigned it to the fact that he was on the watch for an enemy. She made a mental memorandum of the fact, but, realizing that Clarke would not explain the matter, refrained from asking him to do so until she had prepared the way.

However, reticence was not one of Miss Keating's traits, and she talked

about this peculiarity of Mr. Clarke's. From that time whenever he was seen on the street he was followed at a distance by curious persons who were anxious to be on hand to see the fight, for they were now sure that Clarke had come to Cherryville to escape an enemy and was expecting that enemy.

Miss Keating made but poor success in getting up an affair of the heart between herself and Mr. Clarke. The trouble was that he seemed to have had the spirit of a man knocked out of him.

One day she met Mr. Clarke in a store, and they walked out on to the street together. Suddenly from the other end of the town there came the honk of an automobile, the first that had ever been heard in Cherryville. Mr. Clarke trembled and turned pale. The honk was repeated nearer and louder. Mr. Clarke ran back into the store. Miss Keating followed him and found him crouching behind a counter.

"Has it gone?" he gasped.

"Gone? What gone?"

"The auto."

Miss Keating looked at him wonderingly; then a beam of light burst in upon her. "Do you mean to say that all this terror has been caused by an automobile?" she asked.

Mr. Clarke, stiffened by the contemptuous look she gave him, came out from hiding and confessed.

"I came from a large city, where there are thousands of autos. I never rode in one myself, so I was not injured that way. My only hope was not to get killed while crossing a street. Once I was knocked down. My arm was crushed, and it was amputated. A second time I received this scar on my forehead. A third I got this hole in my cheek and lost all the teeth on that side of my face. A fourth gave me three broken ribs. A fifth—"

"Never mind the fifth. My father is mayor of this town, and I'm going to get him to prohibit any automobiles from entering the limits. I don't wonder at your looking up and down a street before crossing or having been terrorized and having come to this quiet place to escape further injury."

That is the only auto that ever yet entered Cherryville.

The Children's Part of the Paper

BOY SCOUTS ACT A LEGEND.

Stage an Old Indian Scene Which Is Spoken of in Michigan History.

Chicago boy scouts, who are camping at Crystal lake, near Muskegon, Mich., recently provided a novel diversion for themselves and for other vacationists who make visits to the camp from nearby resorts. The boys re-enacted one of the old Indian scenes, which, according to the legends of the locality, occurred at the site of the camp during the early days of western invasion by the white race.

The pathetic story of Chief Owassitpee of the Ottawa Indians of Oceana county, who refused to leave the shores of the White river when his people were forced north by the white invasion, because he hoped that his two sons who mysteriously disappeared while lads some day might return to him, was the subject. It was written in play form by the Chicago boy scouts and was produced amid the original sylvan scenes at the camp.

The story of the old chief recently was recalled by the finding of two skeletons and the remains of a canoe in the shifting river bed. It is believed in the locality that the skeletons are those of the missing sons. The camp of the scouts has been named "Camp Owassitpee" in honor of the dead chieftain.

Birds Mentioned in the Bible.

There are more than forty species of birds spoken of in the Bible. We recall the frequent references to doves, several kinds of them being mentioned. David was hunted as "a partridge in the mountains," he was "like a pelican in the wilderness," so forlorn did he feel. Again, "I am as a sparrow alone on a housetop;" "As for the stork, the fir tree is her home." Who will not recall the words "wings of the morning," "wings of a dove," "wings of the wind," "wings of the Almighty?"

Boy Scout His Own Surgeon.

But for the fact that he was a boy scout himself and was accompanied by other members of that organization George Cowan, fourteen years old, of Sharon Hill, Pa., might have bled to death recently when he cut one of his great toes nearly off while chopping down a tree with a scout ax.

The blade of the ax rebounded and cut him through the shoe. Calling one of his companions, Cowan directed him how to stop the flow of blood, after which he was carried to the hospital.

Shoe Shining Hour In Germany



Photo by American Press Association.

This is a scene in Germany in times of peace. These girls are shining their shoes under the watchful eye of an attendant at the Kaiser Wilhelm home at Ahlbeck. This place is a seashore resort not far from Berlin, and poor children from the latter city are sent there during the summer. It accommodates 100 girls, and they must obey cheerfully all the rules of the institution, one of which is that of shining their shoes at a certain time each day. Since the war in Europe this home has been closed.

SOMETHING TO PUZZLE OVER.

What part of the locomotive requires the most attention? The "tender" part, of course.

Why is a newborn baby like a donkey's tail? Because it was never seen before.

Why is a drawn tooth like a thing

forgotten? Because it is out of the head.

What constitutes a genuine frontier costume? The outskirts of civilization.

Why were there no postage stamps in the reign of Henry VIII.? Because a queen's head was not worth a penny.



Great Beneficial Sale!

To People of Dickens, Kent, Crosby & Garza Co.

WE WANT TO ANNOUNCE the "thorough" Completion of Our Mammoth Stock. We are showing the Greatest Assortment of High Class lines in the history of our merchandising at this or any other time. We realize that while crops are fine, the Conditions are not the Brightest for Profits. We are in better shape than any portion of Texas. The Wholesaler, who has been a great factor in helping to carry the merchant and farmer, expects much of us this season, so all together give our Business to the Texas merchant. We are not going to expect more of you than you can of us. We are going to equalize the Burden with the Buying Public and ask for early buying. We will make it Interesting. Let us have you presence at this opporune time.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE ON CLOAKS, SUITS, SKIRTS, WAISTS AND READY-TO-WEAR!!

TAILORED SUITS

Beautiful Tailored Suits for..... \$10 00
Other New Styles up to..... 22 50
We especially ask you to see the Line before Buying



WASH DRESSES

Childrens Wash Dresses ages 4 to 6 at Special.....\$.50
Other Childrens Dresses in Wash at 60c, 65c, 75c, 85c, 1.25
Childrens Wool Dresses 3 50, 5.00

STAPLES WORTH WHILE

15 Pieces Staple Ginghams worth 7 1 2 for..... 5c
10 Pieces Staple Ginghams worth 10 for..... 8 1-3c
The Best Ginghams made for..... 12 1 2c
50 Pieces Calicoes, choice for 5c

DOMESTICS AND CANVAS

The Best Bleached Domestic for..... 12 1-2c
10 Pieces Bleached Domestic for..... 10c
Big Line Brown Domestic 36 inch Cloth "Good" 7 1-2, 8 1-3, 9 and 10c

STAPLE NOTIONS

Good Curling Irons, each..... 5c
Good Hair Pins, Paper..... 1c
Good Pearl Buttons, 3 doz for 10c
A Thousand Items in this line Each a Good Value

MANY OTHER ITEMS

We have hundreds of other items for your inspection, and on which we are making the price.



MISSES CLOAKS

Misses Cloaks, ages 8 to 14, at..... \$ 2 50
Many Beautiful Coats up to 13 50
We are showing a tremendous line and can suit any taste

STETSON AND KELLY SHOES

We can only invite your inspection, showing you beautiful illustrated pictures does not improve the merchandise, that is why we ask your personal inspection. There are no better and easier wearing shoes than the Stetson and Kelly Shoes, and we sell them at attractive prices.



WE ARE NOW SHOWING A GREAT LINE OF CLOTHES FOR MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN!!

MANY PEOPLE IN THIS SECTION are familiar with the Clothes we sell to them. We do not require any "special solicitation" but we ask those who do not know our methods to JOIN THE PROCESSION OF SATISFIED PATRONS. We are offering Many Styles of Good Suits for Men at 10.00, 12.50 and 15.00, worth 40 per cent more money. Childrens Knee Suits, ages 6 to 17, from 2.50 up. WE DO NOT SELL CHEAP CLOTHES. Our 5.00 Suits, Pants Lined Throughout, is a Sensational Bargain, all wool, too. In WORK CLOTHES, whether Overalls or Pants, we can fit Any Size at Any Price. The same applies to Gloves, Shirts, Underwear, Hosiery, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Suit Cases, Bags. 50 dozen Mens Winter Caps, worth 75c and 1.00, your choice for 50c. In MENS WORK SHIRTS we fit any size or build. and sell the Best, Extra Length Sleeve Shirts for 50c. Other Double Breasted Double Back Shirts for 50c. WE INVITE YOUR INSPECTION OF OUR LINES.

We Have Established The Reputation of "Square Dealing"

And Personally, Every man, woman and child in this section can take this "tip" from C. L. Love that the Love Dry Goods Co. is DOING BUSINESS, and there is a reason for it. 27 years of practical experience certainly justifies me, as the manager, in stating that the showing here in this store would be Remarkable in any town of 10,000 people.

LOVE DRY GOODS COMPANY

A Modern Store in Style

SPUR, TEXAS

A Cheap Store in Price