

"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 Six

SPUR, DICKENS COUNTY, TEXAS, FEBRUARY 19, 1915.

Number 16

AUTO MAIL LINE FROM SPUR TO ROARING SPRINGS

Petitions are being circulated and numerous signed by the citizenship of Spur, Dickens, Afton and Roaring Springs asking the Postmaster General at Washington to discontinue the present mail line from Spur to Dickens and Afton and establish instead a daily auto mail line touching these points and extended on to Roaring Springs. Such an extension and change in the present mail line and mail service will be much more satisfactory in every respect, and those interested in securing such change have assurances that the proposed change will be made within thirty days after the petitions are sent in to Washington.

DEMOCRATIC PRICES.

A. G. Rush, a prosperous farmer and stockraiser of the Afton country, was in Spur Monday selling cotton to Spur buyers. He reported that he had been getting "Democratic" prices for his cotton throughout the fall, and considering everything says that he is well pleased with his year's work, stating that in making his crop on the "third" and "fourth" plan he will come out ahead in the end after paying all of his debts, etc. Dad Rush is one of the most prosperous citizens and successful farmers of the country, and although he may be forced to contribute to Wall Street, middle men and speculators there is little danger of him being forced to make an assignment or pleading voluntary bankruptcy for the benefit of creditors.

ANOTHER PRAIRIE FIRE SATURDAY EAST OF SPUR

Another prairie fire was started Saturday about six miles east of Spur near Mace Hunter's place, with the result that the grass and other vegetation on about one section of land was totally destroyed. A number of Spur people went out and assisted in fighting the fire. It is not known whether the fire originated from sparks from the engine pulling the twelve o'clock passenger train or from another source.

Again in this instance we are forcibly reminded of the great danger of fires in every section of the country. The grass and weeds are so abundant and so rank in every part of the country that the least carelessness will start a fire of inestimable damage to the range as well as farm homes. Be careful of fire should be the watchword of every citizen and traveler through the country.

W. H. Lain, of the New Hope community, was in Spur this week and informed us that he intended to move this week to the Afton country where he will make his home this year.

H. C. Allen, of the Dry Lake community, spent several hours in Spur one day this week.

COUNTY COURT.

County Court convened Monday with Judge Blaine Speer officiating and County Attorney B. G. Worswick prosecuting. On account of the absence of witnesses, etc., the Court was adjourned until Wednesday since which time the following cases have been heard and disposed of: Wyatt Taylor, charged with assault, found guilty and fined \$5.00.

Mack Marshall, disturbing the peace, not guilty.

Jim Garrett, cutting timber on the Spur Lands, plea of guilty and fined ten dollars and costs.

Lem Smith, disturbing peace, continued to next term of court.

Tom Robertson, disturbing peace, continued by agreement.

The Al Sullivan case is set for Thursday.

POOL HALL ELECTION HELD IN SPUR SATURDAY

In the election held in Spur Saturday for the purpose of determining whether or not pool halls shall be operated in Spur there were seventy six votes polled as follows: For the proposition 36 votes. Against the proposition 40 votes. Thus the voters declared by a majority of four votes that pool halls can not be operated in Spur in the future. However, we understand that there is a possibility of the election being contested, and whether or not such proceedings will be had is only a matter of conjecture at the present time.

MISCELLANEOUS SHOWER.

Last Friday, Miss Lillian Grace, whose approaching marriage to Mr. R. E. Dickson will be solemnized Thursday the 18th, was given a miscellaneous shower by Mrs. Standifer. In receiving the guests Mrs. Standifer was assisted by her daughter, Miss Robbie Standifer. A most unique feature of this occasion was a coronation ceremony, through which the bride to be, was conducted by Mrs. Miller. The robe of coronation being a dust cap and an ample cook apron, signifying an orderly house and well prepared meals, these being essential, as was learned from the ceremony, to acquire complete control over the domain, which she is soon to acquire. She was then instructed in the proper uses of the mixing bowl, the rolling pin and the broom, for experienced matrons have found by properly using these articles, a home (and a husband) are most easily managed, this (managing a husband) being the real meaning of the ceremony through which Miss Grace passed to the satisfaction of the many matrons present, and she was then showered with the many beautiful gifts brought by a host of friends. After all had enjoyed seeing the varied gifts luncheon was served.

Eli Harkey, a leading citizen and business man of Dickens, was in Spur the first of the week and spent some time here greeting friends.

MCCORMICK WILL PUT IN ANOTHER GIN AT AMITY

While in Afton Wednesday afternoon we called around to see our friend, J. V. McCormick, who has been operating the Afton gin during the past two years. Up to Wednesday night he reported that he had ginned 2,789 bales of cotton this fall. It is very probable that before he closes down the gin for this season he will have ginned three thousand bales of cotton. Mr. McCormick is now contemplating putting in a gin in the Amity community next fall and operate the gins at the two places another fall.

J. V. McCormick is one of the best gin men of the country and is making a success in that line of business, and we hope he will gin ten thousand bales of cotton this fall.

SMALL POX IN COUNTRY.

County Health Officer T. H. Blackwell and City Health Officer J. E. Morris called at the Texas Spur office Thursday and stated that in view of the fact that small pox is now in several sections of the country that everybody should be vaccinated as a precautionary measure of preventing further spread of the disease.

MOVE TO MATADOR.

P. W. Hinson, a prominent citizen of the Spur country, was in Spur Saturday and while here was a pleasant caller at The Texas Spur office. Mr. Hinson informed us that he would soon move with his family to Matador where he will make his home in the future. We regret to lose Mr. Hinson from the citizenship of this section.

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

"Are caterpillars good to eat?" asked little Tommy at the dinner table.

"No," said his father, "what makes you ask such a question like that while we are eating?" "You had one on your lettuce but it's gone now," replied Tommy.

Now folks, we don't charge anything for that one, but we do want to call to your attention that we are receiving New Goods every day in our Dry Goods Department, and we will soon have one of the nicest lines of Spring Goods in the state. Our buyers are in the East now and report many surprises for you. One surprise in particular will please the women, and may be the men.

We expect to open our Millinery Department the first of March, and can assure you that you will be pleased with our up-to-the-minute styles.

Did you know that we were offering some good values in Clothing? If you need a suit now is the time to buy. Now, at this time of the year we are very desirous of making room for our new goods, so if it is Dry Goods you want don't forget the place.

Two men recently gave their orders to a negro in a Spur restaurant. One included eggs in

ENTERTAINED.

Miss Minnie Fite entertained quite a number of young lady guests Friday evening at her home in honoring Miss Lillian Grace in view of her coming marriage to Mr. R. E. Dickson. The entertaining program was toasts and wishes for the bride-to-be. The wishes were varied, entertaining and amusing. Delightful refreshments were served and the evening was most pleasantly spent by the many guests.

UNDERGOES OPERATION.

Mrs. Raleigh Harkey, of Dickens, was brought to Spur Monday where she later underwent an operation at the Standifer Hospital. We are glad to note that she is now reported doing nicely and the operation was successful in every respect.

WILL MOVE GIN TO LOCATION ON CAT FISH

J. C. Jones, of near Jayton, has recently purchased the J. P. Higgins ranch on the Cat Fish several miles west of Girard and according to information received by the Reporter will move his gin to a location on the ranch.

The Higgins ranch is in the Red Mud country, one of the leading farming communities of the county, and a gin in that section will be of great advantage to the farmers as the cotton is now being hauled to the gins at Spur, a distance of from ten to fifteen miles.—Girard Reporter.

his order. The other told the waiter to duplicate the order but eliminate the eggs.

The waiter left but presently returned and asked: "Boss, how dat you wish your eggs?"

"Eliminate them." "Yas sir, I thought dat what you says, but boss, cook says he's break his liminator."

Talking about eggs reminds us of other good things to eat, and when it gets down to a question of eating we are right there, for we have the best line of Groceries we have ever had. Light Crust flour still leading them all, and a fresh stock of dried fruits, canned goods, etc. Our stock is complete and it is all new stuff. Folks, when you give us an order you can rest assured you will get the best and freshest. Plenty of onion sets and garden seeds. Don't forget the place.

Now as to Hardware, we have all kinds of dishes, kitchen utensils and household requirements for the home. We will soon have a car of John Deere implements. Don't forget to get the best, that's a John Deere. Plenty of barb wire on hand. Now will be a good time to do that fencing you have been putting off. A few more Buggies. Call and let us show them to you.

Well folks, we will look for you in soon. Come in and let us show you our New Goods and the values we are offering to move the winter stuff. Don't fail to do this, as we can save you money.—Bryant-Link Co.

TO THE MEMBERS OF JOHN A. GREEN CAMP U. C. V.

You are hereby commanded to appear at the Spur Inn in the city of Spur on the 6th day of March 1915, to attend to some special business. Said meeting will be called to order at one thirty o'clock on said date. Comrades, you are earnestly called upon to be on hand as your presence is very necessary. Refreshments will be served to you and every effort will be made to add to your comfort. Yours truly,—J. C. Stephens, Capt.; R. L. Collier, Adj.

GETS HAND MASHED.

George Grubbs, while working with a windmill one day this week got his hand caught in the cogs with the result that one finger was ruined and the hand considerably mashed. He was brought to the Standifer Hospital where the finger was amputated, and at this time he is reported doing nicely.

VISITING AT MART.

Eb Carpenter left Spur the latter part of last week for Mart where he will spend a week or two visiting relatives and friends. Throughout the fall Mr. Carpenter has been employed at the Farmers Gin. He will return and make a crop this year with C. D. Copeland.

Mrs. J. V. Hellums, of Rotan, Mrs. Hellums of Stamford, Miss Mable Cole of Hico, Mr. Hale of Canyon, and Mr. and Mrs. Parks of Crosbyton are among the visiting guests in Spur this week to attend the Grace-Dickson nuptials which will occur Thursday.

FIRE AT ROARING SPRINGS WEDNESDAY NIGHT

Fire at Roaring Springs Wednesday night destroyed the O. O. Love dry goods store, the Roaring Springs Echo printing plant, the Alec Edgar barber shop and a restaurant and tailor shop, including the four buildings occupied by these concerns. We are not informed of the total loss but the amount is considerable.

Mrs. Edna Hester, of Throckmorton, who was operated on at the Standifer Hospital several weeks ago, left this week for Jayton where she will visit for several days before returning to her home.

T. J. Harrison, of several miles north of Dickens, was in Spur Thursday and while here was a very pleasant caller at the Texas Spur office. He reports everything in good shape in his section of the country.

J. J. Noland, one of the most prosperous farmers and leading citizens of the Afton country, was in Spur the latter part of last week. Mr. Noland reports that cotton picking in his section of the country is now about ended.

World War a Kaleidoscope of Valorous Deeds



Every Man at the Front Has a Story to Tell That Would Outlive the Best Selling Best Sellers if He Could Tell It as an Author Could—Strange Incidents Are Continually Being Recited by the Soldiers.

WHILE the mighty war of nations progresses, which eventually is to decide the fate of several of the world's greatest powers, the fate of each individual soldier is also hanging in the balance. Each minute of his life is a lifetime in itself when facing fire or performing some dangerous duty. Each one, if he were a writer, after a battle could tell a story so thrilling it would put the efforts of the author of a best seller completely to shame.

Men in the trenches fight and die, never to be heard from again, while others are permitted to tell their deeds to a listening world because of a chance meeting with a correspondent, a letter written home or by an act of bravery of unusual merit which comes to the attention of the officers.

Hitting an Air Scout.

A German artillerist writing from France tells of the death of a French aviator who was brought down by German gunners.

"Today I saw a French aviator brought down by our guns," he said. "The French fliers had been growing bolder and bolder, especially in reconnoitering behind our front, and so we concealed a half battery of howitzers in a village about four miles to the rear in order to teach them a lesson. Things happened as we expected. By 8 o'clock in the morning there came an aeroplane, sailing along with the greatest assurance in the world. The guns at the front were not permitted to fire, and after passing them the aviator, thinking all danger past, kept coming lower and lower, reaching finally a level of only about 1,000 feet. Not suspecting that he would encounter German artillery so far in the rear he came within easy shooting distance for our gunners in the village.

"Suddenly two shots were heard, and two little white clouds were observed in the air not far from the aeroplane. The aviator remained virtually at the same spot until he was almost enveloped by the next two cloudlets. One shot exploded just in front of him, the other just behind him. Our men had got their range very quickly.

"The next two shots, fired almost simultaneously, settled its fate. The first one cut off a wing smoothly; the other was a square hit, and the apparatus was scattered to the four winds. I have not seen such a beautiful shot in the whole war."

Detached Force Molests Germans.

In all its wealth of heroic actions the present war contains no more surprising episode than one which has just been brought to light. The facts are as follows:

For over four months, ever since Aug. 23, an organized company of 150

Photos by American Press Association.

1.—German empress visiting the wounded. 2.—Rheims (France) cathedral and surrounding ruins, as seen from an aeroplane. 3.—Part of Kitchen-er's second army. 4.—German soldiers being decorated with iron cross. 5.—Arab leader with the allies. 6.—Jam of Nawanzar, Indian potentate, crack cricket player who offered his services to England. 7.—Alpine chamois with the French army in Upper Alsace.

French soldiers have been living in the Belgian provinces of Luxemburg and Namur, and, although surrounded entirely by the German forces occupying Belgium, they have constantly escaped capture. For more than four months they have conducted a guerilla warfare against their foes, inflicting heavier losses and more damage than could be done by an entire regiment in the open, and every attempt of the Germans to dislodge them from the mountain forests where they have found refuge has failed.

These 150 men are all that is left of the French troops who vainly attempted in a two days' battle to resist the German advance between the rivers Lys and Semois on Aug. 22-23.

A soldier who reached Paris saw the French commander only recently and succeeded in getting through the German lines and back to Paris. At that time the German military authorities had posted throughout the two Belgian provinces of Luxemburg and Namur the following announcement addressed to the fugitive soldiers:

"French Soldiers—We know where you are and have full information regarding your strength. In your own interest we advise you to surrender and promise that your lives will be safe. If you refuse every one of you will be shot."

On the following morning the Germans were amazed to find written in a bold hand across several of the posters the following line:

"If you know where we are why don't you come and get us?"

And underneath appeared the signature of the French commanding officer with his full name and rank and the number of his regiment.

Enemies Used Same Trench.

A British soldier relates a remarkable story of how the English and Germans hobnobbed in the same trench a few miles south of Ypres.

There were a handful of Germans and a smaller handful of allied forces. Trenches were but a few yards apart, and in these for more than a week the men of both sides had been bored and inactive. They amused themselves as best they could—exchanging messages, swapping newspapers and tobacco, hurling back and forth greetings and epithets.

More days passed, and still neither side received orders either to attack or to withdraw. Some sort of co-operation seemed necessary. Accordingly the Germans hoisted a white flag and,

advancing under this, entered the allied trench for a conference. The result was that an agreement was reached that it would be more comfortable for all to live in one trench until one side or the other received orders.

The Germans moved over bag and baggage, and for a number of days all went well. Many of the Germans spoke English or French.

One day a messenger came, and plans for the renewal of hostilities were hastily made. But the messenger proved to be only a bearer of mail and newspapers for the Germans. All gathered around, while a German began to translate the latest dispatches from Berlin. Unhappily for the harmony of the gathering, it referred to Calais by its German name "Kales" and spoke of bomb droppings on various French towns and of contemplated air raids on Great Britain.

The English frowned and growled; the French grew excited. Both sides had by agreement laid aside their rifles, but both sides still had their fists. Both sides used them.

SONG FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

I send my Love across the night
To thee that art my heart's delight,
And, though the night be dark,
I know
My Love will find the way to go,
And, though the path be rough
and long,
My Love is leal, my Love is strong.

Thou wilt—I well can fancy this—
Give Love thy hand and lips to kiss
And with thy gracious golden smile
Warm Love within thy breast awhile
(Ah, harbor of all loveliness),
For bitter is the wind's caress
That causeth shivering and smart,
Though Love be ever warm at heart!

Then clearly can I hear thee say
To Love, "Thou shalt abide al-
way!"
And Love, my Love, will answer:
"Yea!
Abide forever and a day!"

What happiness if I might flee
With Love across the night to thee!

—Clinton Scollard.

The Sunday School Lesson

SENIOR BEREAN

Golden Text.—Speak, Jehovah, for thy servant heareth (I Sam. iii. 9).

The Lesson Explained. Verses 1-10.—An early call.

The life of Samuel is of the greatest interest for many reasons. At every period of his career, from boyhood to old age, he set a notable example of devotion to God and of patriotic allegiance to his people. The name Samuel means "Heard of the Lord," and so this child of many prayers, who knew the Lord from early youth, lost no time in beginning his preparation for the lifelong service of the sanctuary. Eli, the priest, was unfortunate in his two sons, who disgraced the cause of religion by their impious and wicked lives. In marked contrast to them was the pure and beautiful life of Samuel. He soon became the confidential servant of Eli and was of great help to the aged priest, rendering an important service that should have been performed by his two worthless sons, Hophni and Phinehas. "The child Samuel." He was now between twelve and fourteen years of age, the period in life when youth reaches the threshold of the larger life and is in urgent need of sympathetic guidance. Samuel found in Eli a kind and wise counselor, who lavished upon this responsive soul what he might have imparted to his own sons had they been of a docile spirit.

"The word of the Lord was precious." Owing to the abounding corruption in religion there were very few prophetic revelations from God. "No open vision." What was not given could not have been published abroad. "Eli was laid down in his place." Asleep. "His eyes began to wax dim." This reference to his blindness is given to explain why Samuel went immediately to Eli when he heard the voice (verse 4). "Ere the lamp of God went out." This explains the time, which was probably in the early hours of the morning, for it was customary to have a light burning all night in the temple. "Samuel was laid down." The voice of the Lord was heard by him in his sleep. "Here am I." This prompt response illustrates how quick he was in ministering to Eli, night or day. "Thou didst call me." This was spoken when he heard the voice for the second time. "Did not yet know the Lord"—in the sense of receiving and understanding a personal revelation, hence his confu-

sion in recognizing the divine voice. "Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child." He therefore instructed the youth what should be done in case the voice is heard the fourth time. "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." It must have been with mingled feelings that Eli recognized this distinct course of revelation from God and encouraged Samuel in his attitude of submission and listening obedience. "The Lord came and stood." Jehovah now presented himself in visible form, the voice became a vision (verse 15), and Samuel was introduced for the first time into personal fellowship with God. His soul was impressionable, and the divine Spirit was therefore able to reveal his thoughts to one who knew and understood and accepted the divine will.

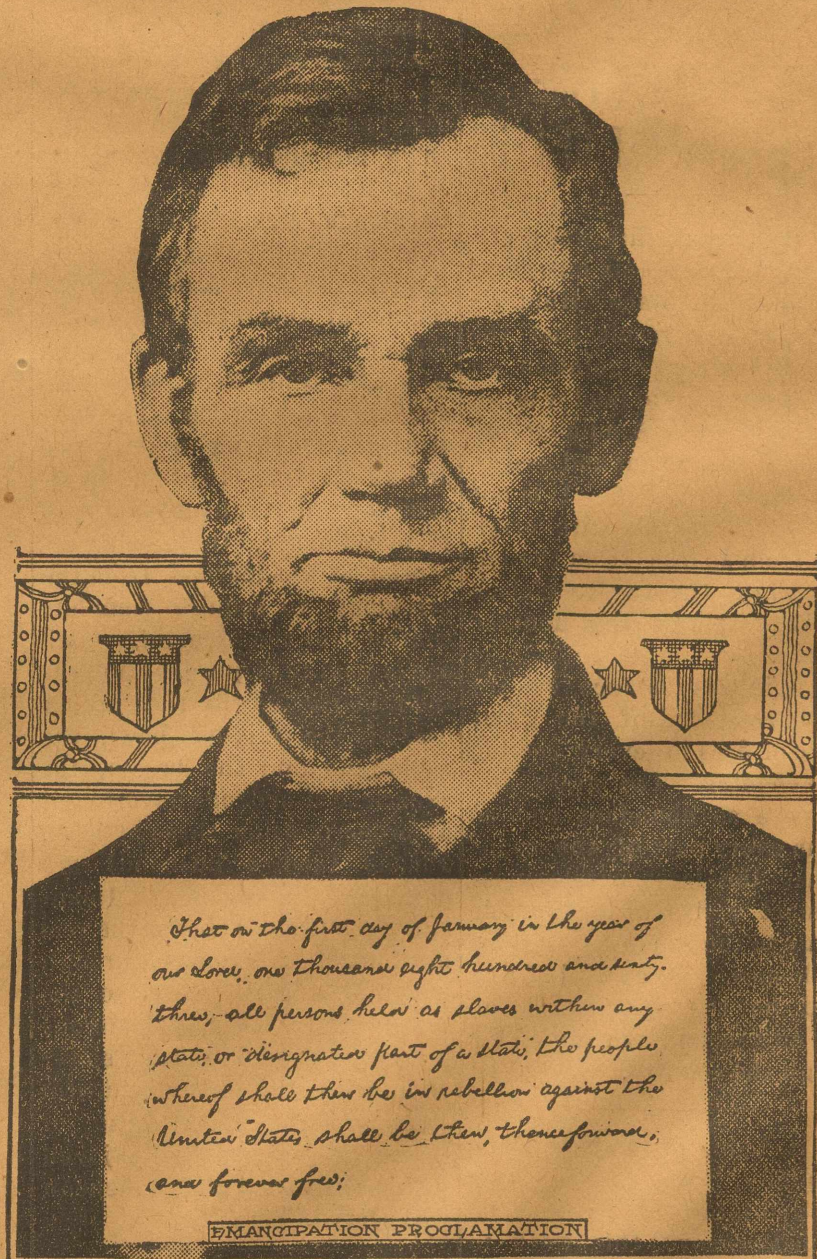
Verses 11-13.—A fearful judgment.

The extent of the confidence imposed by the Lord in Samuel is seen by the announcement of the pending punishment which was soon to be inflicted on the family of Eli. "The ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle." So fearful will be the calamity that will befall, not only the sons of Eli, but also Eli himself and the whole nation. "All things which I have spoken." The reference is to the words that had already been spoken by a messenger of God to Eli (I Sam. ii, 27-36). "Judge his house forever." The punishment will be final and complete. "The wheels of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small," and when he is through the work is thoroughly done.

Verses 19, 20.—A quiet growth.

Eli was naturally anxious to know the nature of this special communication. Samuel hesitated to tell the priest, but when all the facts were finally laid bare to Eli's stricken soul he submitted to the divine decision without any demur, saying, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good." The spiritual development of Samuel was under gracious influences, and his words of wisdom were received with respect. "Let none of his words fall to the ground." They were fulfilled and were thus divinely indorsed as coming from a recognized leader in Israel. "From Dan even to Beersheba"—a proverbial expression meaning the whole land of Palestine, from the extreme north to the extreme south.

Fifty Years Ago, April, 1865, Lincoln Was Assassinated; Also the Civil War Ended



That on the first day of January in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or District, or Territory, or Possession of the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free;

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

April 14 it will be just fifty years ago since Lincoln was assassinated. He died on the day after the fatal shot was fired by John Wilkes Booth in the Ford theater, Washington. The president's last days were full of historic incidents. On March 25, 1865, he was at the front and saw the end of the battle in the trenches at Petersburg. On the 4th of April he was in Petersburg with Grant, and the next day he arrived in Richmond, Va., where he sat in the chair that had been occupied by President Davis. It was five days later that Lee surrendered to Grant, Johnson laid down his arms to Sherman April 26, 1865.

We Carry a Full Line of
SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE

ALSO Enameled Ware, Queens-ware, 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.

1914 CROPS WERE BEST IN HISTORY OF THE WEST

Up to Thursday morning a total of 1,712 bales of cotton had been ginned at Girard and as the cotton is about all gathered except a bale or two here and there about over the country the belief that 2,000 bales would be ginned here this season as was formerly expressed now seems to be losing in favor. However, it is estimated that about one hundred more bales will be received, placing the total for the season at approximately 1,800.

Last year only 576 bales were ginned at Girard, less than one-third of the total number that will be received during the present season. And the crop of two years ago was even less than in 1913. The cotton crop of 1914 as well as all other staple crops of this section was one of the best ever known in Northwest Texas.—Girard Reporter.

CATTLE AND RANCHES.

Cattle and Cattle Ranches for sale. If interested, write for list of cattle and description of ranches, etc.—W. H. Parker, Fort Sumner, New Mexico. 2t

J. H. McCamant came in Monday from his farm and ranch home twelve miles southwest of Spur, spending several hours in the city greeting friends and attending to business matters.

Judge A. J. McClain and wife came in Tuesday from their farm and ranch home in the Cat Fish country and spent several hours here trading with the merchants and greeting friends.

We know how to serve the wants of the hungry—Eat at the German Kitchen and be filled.

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.

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

B. D. GLASGOW
Attorney-At-Law
Office Over The Spur National Bank

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

T. E. STANDIFER
Physician and Surgeon
COUNTRY CALLS ANSWERED NIGHT OR DAY.

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All calls answered promptly, day or night.
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Highest Class Work And All Work Guaranteed

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EXPRESS & BAGGAGE
To All Parts of Town
Phone No. 24

J. O. YOPP
BAGGAGE AND EXPRESS
Phones: Residence 30, Business 61.

For Sale—My 2,068 1-2 acre ranch on Cat Fish River, 12 miles southwest from Spur, at a great bargain.—Cullen C. Higgins, Snyder, Texas. 11-tf

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Who was it when a little child
Was always gentle, sweet and mild
And every one upon him smiled?
George Washington.

Who was it in his playful glee,
Cut down his father's cherry tree,
But could not tell a lie—not he?
George Washington.

Who rode his mother's favorite colt,
Around the field like a lightning bolt,
Until it fell dead with a jolt?
George Washington.

Who was it then his fault confessed,
And his fond mother, tho distressed
To lose her pet, her brave boy bless'd?
George Washington.

When France and England in a stew,
Began a bitter war to brew,
Whom did they send for peace issue?
George Washington.

Who took an unknown, dangerous track
Three hundreds of miles of woods and back
And of true courage knew no lack?
George Washington.

Who was it marched the foe to meet
When Gen. Braddock met defeat,
And wisely ordered a retreat?
George Washington.

Who at the age of forty three,
As true and brave as brave could be,
Became the General by decree?
George Washington.

Who while at Valley Forge he stayed
Watched and suffered, hoped and prayed,
And kept the army undismayed?
George Washington.

Who with his army marched away
From Valley Forge one fine spring day
And beat the British in a fray?
George Washington.

Who all the revolution thru
Was ever brave to dare and do,
And won great victories, not a few?
George Washington.

Who was it sacrificed and fought
And toiled and many brave deeds wrought,
And never gave himself a thought?
George Washington.

Who was it to Yorktown one day,
His army marched without delay
And captured Lord Cornwallis gay?
George Washington.

Who was it viewed the British, who
Marched to "Yankee-doodle-doo"
And bowed to the red, white and blue?
George Washington.

Who set our glorious country free?
Saved it from abject slavery?
Purchased our land for you and me?
George Washington.

Who's fame the years can ne'er destroy?
Who's name should every girl and boy
Hail with honor, tears and joy?
George Washington. Mrs. W. B. B.

NO HUNTING ALLOWED

The public is hereby notified that hereafter no hunting will be allowed in any of the Half Circle S pastures. All parties will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law for any hunting violations.—A. W. Hudson. 51-6m

County Court convened Monday and after a short session the court was dismissed until Wednesday, all witnesses, jurors and others being excused until that date.

N. B. Fuqua, a prosperous farmer and leading citizen of the Red Mud country, was in Spur Tuesday greeting friends and buying supplies of the merchants.

Mrs. F. R. Harrington's mother and sister, of Vernon, are here to spend some time with the family at their home at the Spur Hotel.

Dock Edwards, of the Croton country, was in Spur Tuesday and hauled out posts and other material with which to make improvements on his place.

G. J. Stearns, a leading citizen of the Steel Hill community, spent several hours here the first of the week on business and greeting his many friends.

Attorneys Wilson, Glasgow and Holman attended County Court which has been in session during the week.

For Sale—Well located Main Street lot in Spur, \$200.—C. H. McDonald, Wirt, Okla. 15 5tp

No. 9611

The Spur National Bank

CAPITAL STOCK, \$100,000
SURPLUS, 20,000

We Solicit Accounts of Merchants, Farmers and Stockmen, and Promise Fair and Courteous Treatment to All. Accommodations Granted Consistent with Sound Banking.

MAKE OUR BANK YOUR BANK

OFFICERS

R. V. COLBERT, PRESIDENT
M. E. MANNING, CASHIER
C. A. JONES, VICE PRESIDENT
JNO. B. HARDIN, ASST. CASHIER

NOTICE

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

W. R. Stafford was among those of Spur who had business in Dickens Monday, spending several hours at the County Site greeting friends.

Mrs. C. D. Copeland and little children left the latter part of last week for Mart where they will spend some time visiting friends and relatives.

C. A. Jones, a leading citizen and one of the most prosperous farmers of the Afton country, was in Spur last week on business.

W. H. Smith handed us a dollar this week to have his name added to our growing list of Texas Spur readers, for which he has our thanks.

L. S. Scott, a prominent citizen of the Cat Fish country, was among the number of business visitors in Spur Monday.

Mrs. C. H. Perry left Tuesday for Lueders in response to a message stating that her sister was very sick at that place.

J. P. Gibson, of Steel Hill, was among the number of business visitors in Spur the first of the week.

Mat Howell was among the many business visitors to Spur this week from the Cat Fish country.

E. B. Shaw was among the number of business visitors in Spur this week from the Croton country.

J. H. Driver, a prominent citizen of the Draper country, spent several hours in Spur Tuesday on business.

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 pastures controlled by me.—Sam White. 52 tf

S. M. Bailey, a prosperous farmer of the Lee County settlement on the Plains, was in Spur Monday on business.

Bud Wooten, of the Plains country, was in Spur last week looking after business interests.

Frank Smith was in Spur Saturday from his farm home several miles south.

County Attorney B. G. Worswick, of Dickens, was here Saturday on official business.

Mack Hopper, of twelve miles west of Spur, was in the city the latter part of last week.

T. A. Smith has been hauling maize to Spur this week and selling it to Spur buyers.

J. C. Davis was in Spur Monday and Tuesday from his ranch home north of Dickens.

Bill McArthur, of Tap, was in Spur Tuesday on business.

Mules and hogs for sale.—See R. L. Collier. 9-tf

W. F. Godfrey Realty Company.

We Buy and Sell Cattle, Fords, Real Estate and Write 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 ACCOMPLICE" A Glance at Current Topics

By FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

A Unique Murder Trial as Described by the Foreman of the Jury, in Which Is Revealed the Most Astounding and Inconceivable Act of Rascality.

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PROLOGUE.

The office of foreman on the jury in the People versus Emory case falls to the lot of Mr. Lambert, a literary man, whose qualifications lay in his absolute ignorance of the case. Ferris Barstow, a man of tenacious tendencies, is the lawyer for the accused girl, Alice Emory, former private secretary of Gregory Shaw, who was found murdered mysteriously in his home. In presenting the case to the jury Deake Gilbert, the prosecutor, explains the facts in detail, and the evidence all points to the guilt of the accused. The foreman, home-bound, assists Barbara Frayne, a young horsewoman, and unwillingly listens to a declaration on the Emory case. Barbara believes Miss Emory to be innocent. The foreman visits the scene of the murder. Viewing the home from the outside, he overhears Madeleine Mapes, the housekeeper, endeavoring to persuade Betty Field, another servant, to forget all about a blue skirt she had seen the former put in the furnace. At this moment Barstow's assistant, Mr. Hunt, visits the women in an effort to get them to leave the neighborhood where their testimony might injure the accused. The trial opens. Lambert forces valuable testimony from the architect who had drawn the plans for the Shaw house. Gilbert produces evidence that forged Shaw checks were made out to the order of Alice Emory. When court adjourns Lambert gets a message to call up 22 Pollicet and is told by Miss Frayne that she occupied Miss Emory's room on the night of the murder and that Miss Emory was not there. Soon thereafter Lambert is approached in a dark lane by a man who Lambert believes is Barstow's assistant, Hunt, but who calls himself Gilbert's assistant and gives the name Corning. This man tries to worm from Lambert his reason for desiring to leave the jury, but fails. Lambert meets the real Corning later. Barstow requests a delay in the court proceedings because of illness, and Lambert, taking advantage of the recess, plans to drive to Hefryville, catching up to Miss Frayne on the way after a chase. She is on her way to visit her friend, the prisoner, and each continue on their separate journeys. Meeting Gilbert soon afterward, Lambert is warned he shouldn't leave for Hefryville without first consulting the judge.

A Terrible Ride.

"I AM entirely able to take care of myself, Mr. Gilbert," I retorted, gathering up my reins. But the prosecutor did not seem inclined to terminate the interview. "I don't wonder you're annoyed, Mr. Lambert," he commented sympathetically, "and if this were my personal case I wouldn't say a word. But, you see, if I let you go beyond the proper limits without authority there might be some danger of the verdict being set aside, and I can't afford to subject the people to any such risk." I glanced down the road as the sound of approaching hoofs reached my ear, and I could see Miss Frayne cantering toward us. "Do you contemplate forbidding me to accompany Miss Frayne?" I inquired ironically. Gilbert frowned impatiently. "Do be reasonable, Mr. Lambert!" he exclaimed. "The court has already forbidden you to leave Melton, and I am merely trying." "To play policeman?" I interrupted sarcastically. "No; to play fair," he answered, with dignity. Miss Frayne was already passing on the far side of the road, but for a moment I hesitated to follow her. She rode on a few rods and then halted and turned in her saddle. "Aren't you coming, Mr. Lambert?" she called, and then, as she noted the prosecutor's hand on my bridle rein, she added laughingly: "Won't Mr. Gilbert yet you go? I'm sure he will if you ask him nicely." I glanced at the prosecutor. His hand on the bridle was a liberty; his smile was an offense. "I will take all responsibility which attaches to my action, Mr. Gilbert," I

announced in a low tone. "Good morning, sir."

At the touch of my heel my horse sprang forward, but Gilbert made no attempt to stop me.

"Don't blame me for what happens," was his final warning. I have never blamed him for what happened.

Gilbert's prediction of a thunderstorm seemed likely to be realized before Miss Frayne and I were fairly started, and as the sky darkened we quickened our pace until we were flying at racing speed along the dusty highway. Our mad rush landed us safely under cover of a wagon shed just as the storm broke out in all the fury of a tropical thunder shower.

We dismounted and made ourselves comfortable atop a hay wagon.

"What am I thinking of?" demanded Miss Barbara suddenly.

I hesitated as I gazed into her eyes, but her glance never wavered.

"You are thinking that I do not know you well enough to put a question I would very much like to put," I answered slowly.

"Wrong," she responded brightly. "Try again."

"You are thinking that I am presumptuous to suppose you would care to read what you have seen and now see in my eyes."

She shook her head.

"You are a poor guesser," she answered, "or else I have no gift of facial expression. Do you give me up?"

"I do not," I answered meaningly.

"Then what am I thinking of?" she demanded, ignoring her slip.

"I do not know," I admitted.

"Then I'll tell you," she responded confidentially. "I'm thinking of food."

"Of food?"

"Of plain, everyday, common or garden food, I'm hungry."

The girl leaned forward, resting her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands as she made this tragic announcement, and as I watched the comical expression of her eyes my face gradually relaxed into a smile. She had outmaneuvered me, and the most graceful move for me was to capitulate with a laugh.

"I ought to have guessed the secret," I exclaimed, looking at my watch.

"But if there are any signs of clearing you may still arrive for luncheon. Are we far from Pollicet?"

"We're much nearer Melton."

"A good idea. Let's take a look at the weather."

I jumped from the wagon and held out my hand as she sprang lightly from the wheel to the ground. It was still raining, but the thunder was sounding fainter with every rumble, and there were signs of a break in the clouds to the west as we peered from our shelter.

"Suppose we saddle the horses and be ready to start as soon as the rain stops," I suggested. "We won't have long to wait."

By the time both of the saddles were on and the girths adjusted the rain had stopped, and I concluded that we had better make the best of the opportunity and try to reach Melton before it stormed again.

"Let's run for it," I suggested.

"Very well," she answered, motioning me to swing her into the saddle.

"Let's ride to the livery stable, leave the horses there, and then I'll take you to the dearest little bakery—What's that?" she exclaimed as a distant rumble reached our ears.

I swung her into the saddle and, rushing into the road, looked in the direction of the noise. One glance was sufficient, and, darting back to the shed, I sprang upon my horse.

"It's a runaway team coming this way—just crossed the bridge!" I shouted, urging my horse forward.

"What are you going to do?" she exclaimed, following me closely.

"Stop it if I can," I answered. "Look out for yourself!"

The team was less than a hundred yards away as I spoke, and it was coming at whirlwind speed, but I calculated that the heavy coach, which was swerving from side to side, and the slight up grade would check the frightened horses before they reached my stand. Even as this thought crossed my mind their pace slackened, and then, to my amazement, I saw the driver raise his whip and lay lash after lash upon their quivering flanks.

"Stop! The man's mad! Don't try!"—A piercing shriek from the carriage cut off my companion's warning, and in another instant the team was upon me. I was in full motion when my hand grasped the rein of the nigh horse, and for a few rods we tore along together. Then suddenly I felt a glancing blow on my head, the coach struck a bowlder, and the driver was hurled headlong from his seat. The relaxed reins gave me the necessary purchase, and my first effort proved that the team could easily be controlled if I could only keep them in the road, but as I pulled they crowded me to one side, and I was soon fighting to save myself. Closer and closer they pressed me to the bank until it was no safer to let them go and have the carriage crash

into me than it was to cling on and risk being crushed under their hoofs. Suddenly I felt them swerve from the bank and, glancing to the right, I saw Barbara Frayne clinging to the bridle of the off horse, and before another hundred yards were covered the run-aways were at a standstill, panting with exhaustion and quivering in every limb.

"Bravo, and well ridden, comrade!" I shouted, as soon as I could speak. "Another moment and I'd have been done for! I owe you!"

"The passengers!" she gasped, pointing to the carriage.

I leaped from my horse and, running to the coach, tried to open the door, but, finding the handle missing, thrust my head through the open window and peered inside. In the farther corner cowered the housekeeper, Madeline Mapes, with the Field girl lying unconscious in her arms.

Amazed as I was at my discovery, there was no opportunity for conjecture or question, for the condition of the Field girl demanded instant attention, and, requesting Miss Frayne to leave the horses and get some water, I hurried to the other door of the carriage only to find that it, too, lacked a handle and could not be opened either from without or within. A resort to force was the only alternative, and dragging a fence rail to the carriage I shoved it through one of the windows and used it as a battering ram on the opposite door until it burst open with a crash of splintered wood work. In another instant I had the unconscious girl on the grass by the roadside, and Barbara Frayne and Miss Mapes were working over her side by side. Neither woman spoke until the patient was restored to consciousness, but the moment she opened her eyes the housekeeper threw her arms about Miss Frayne, who returned the embrace with equal warmth, and the two remained silently for some moments clasped in each other's arms.

It was the first sign of recognition which had passed between them, and I was fairly astounded by the sight. It had never occurred to me that Barbara Frayne might know more than one member of the Shaw household, and under the existing circumstances the housekeeper was the last woman in the world with whom I would have had her acquainted. Miss Mapes' first words, however, assured me that they had never met before.

"May God bless you, dear Miss Frayne!" she exclaimed. "You see, I know the name of my preserver, even if she doesn't know mine," she added smilingly.

"You are Miss Mapes—aren't you?" Miss Barbara queried hesitatingly.

"Yes, and this is Betty Field. Have you ever heard of Betty? No?"—the housekeeper stooped over the prostrate girl and, placing her arm about her, slowly raised her to a sitting position—"Betty," she continued, "this is Miss Frayne—she saved us—saved your life and mine."

"Indeed, I didn't," protested Miss Frayne. "Mr. Lambert stopped the horses. I merely helped to keep them in the road."

"Mr. Lambert?"

The housekeeper's arms relaxed and allowed her burden to sink back unnoticed upon the grass as she leaned forward excitedly.

"Not Mr. Lambert, the foreman?" she whispered incredulously.

Miss Frayne gazed at the woman in surprise.

"Yes. What is there so startling in that?"

"Why—er—I don't know. Nothing, I suppose. Nothing is surprising after—Where is he?"

"Within ten feet of you," answered Miss Barbara in a warning tone.

I could feel the woman's searching glance even with my back turned, but I continued working with the horses until she spoke my name.

"Mr. Lambert."

I turned to the group on the road bank and nodded smilingly to Miss Frayne.

"Your patient is herself again?" I queried.

The housekeeper rose without answering and came to me, holding out both her hands.

"I owe my life to you, Mr. Lambert," she began, "I and this girl here. All we can do is to pray God to bless you and thank him for you."

"I am glad he happened to be here," I answered bluntly, ignoring her outstretched hands. "Wouldn't it be well to get that young woman to a farmhouse?" I suggested, turning to Miss Frayne, who was still chafing the girl's hands.

"Perhaps," she answered. "What do you think, Miss Mapes?"

Then suddenly she turned to me with an expression of horror.

"The driver!" she cried. "We've forgotten the driver!"

We stared at one another for a moment in silence, and then I hastily tied my horse to the nearest fence rail and started down the road.

[To be continued.]

The Man Who Feeds German Army. Berlin, Feb. 7.—When an army takes the field it needs much more than bullets, bayonets and cannon to perform its work.

To provide for the wants of the troops every army has one or more administrative departments charged with the procurement, custody and distribution of essential supplies. The work



General von Stein, Quartermaster General of the German Army.

of the administrative departments is divided into three spheres of action, as follows:

First.—The service performed in the rear of the enemy, or in the national territory of the governments.

Second.—The service of the line of communications. Provision must be made for the replacement of the stores consumed by the army and the transportation, subsistence and quartering of all the troops, prisoners and the sick and wounded.

Third.—The supply of troops in the field during active operations.

General von Stein, quartermaster general of the German army, has the immense task not only of supplying equipment, but he also directs the workings of the commissary department. That General von Stein is in charge of both departments is sufficient evidence of his fitness for the task. He is a veteran soldier and has had many years' experience in the line of duty in which he is now engaged.

Odd Needs of Senators.

Washington, Feb. 9.—The annual report of the secretary of the senate carries some items of expenditures that seem odd for such an august body.

On the list of disbursements are these items: Two pitchforks, one scap shovel and forty-eight horseshoes.

Under "medicines and lotions" are one bottle of gargling oil, one bottle of liniment, one bottle of balsam, one pound of powdered resin, five pounds of salts, five pounds of hourbound drops, two bottles of headache cure, two dozen seidlitz powders, one pound soda mint tablets and nine packages of snuff.

Navy Needs 200 Air Craft.

Washington, Feb. 8.—Captain Mark L. Bristol, chief of the aeronautical bureau of the navy, declared that the navy needs 200 air craft, 100 for active service and 100 to be held in reserve.

"It would require an appropriation of \$2,000,000 to bring the aeronautical branch of the navy up to the proper standard of efficiency," Captain Bristol says.

"The air navy of the United States," said he, "must consist of aeroplanes, semi-rigid or nonrigid airships—the destroyer, cruiser and battleships of the air, respectively. The aeroplane will be used for scouting to discover the enemy's fleet, especially submarines and mines, and to attack the dirigibles and aeroplanes of the enemy.

"It is the torpedo boat of the air against the airship cruisers and battleships. Having discovered the submarines and mines, it directs the air cruisers to attack these craft, and at the same time protects the cruisers from the enemy's air craft. The air cruisers also will lay mines, probably will be used to drop aerial torpedoes on the surface ships of the enemy and be utilized over land for reconnaissance and dropping bombs.

"The uses to which air craft can be put in war will be better known after the European war. It seems that the air navy will be just as essential a part of the country's fighting force as the battleships and submarines."

London Women Demand Khaki.

London, Feb. 7.—Cupid may yet be responsible for bringing more men to the colors than the British recruiting officers have reason to believe. This time Cupid works through the boycott and tango. With many officers con-

tinually back from the front on furlough, after dinner dances have been resumed. In fact, it was really on the demand of these officers to have dances that some prominent hotels resumed them again after an entire absence of such amusements since the first week of the war.

And here enters Cupid and the boycott, for scores of women refuse to dance with any one not in khaki, or with any one who cannot show good cause for being otherwise dressed.

Military dances have been given such names as, for instance, the Jack Johnson glide.

New Process to Cheapen Radium Cost.

Washington, Feb. 8.—Joseph A. Holmes, director of the United States bureau of mines, states that chemists and engineers of the bureau have demonstrated that a process they have devised for the extraction of radium from ores can be successfully used on a large scale and will prove more efficient than that used by the largest foreign producers of radium. "Through this process," says Dr. Holmes, "it is possible that the cost of radium to the consumer will be reduced to one-third of the present price. The process is to be patented and dedicated to the public." He added:

"With radium now selling at \$120,000 a gram, its reduction in price to \$40,000 will result in many hospitals throughout the country being able to purchase a supply. The process devised by the bureau's chemists has been already tested with success in the plant of the National Radium institute, which is under the supervision of the mechanical staff of the bureau of mines."

Oxford In War Dress.

London, Feb. 7.—The black of the academic gowns of the Oxford students has given way to the khaki of the army. Students who have not yet joined the army attend classes occasionally, but they drill most of the day. Five colleges have been deserted entirely and turned into hospitals and quarters for troops. Conditions are worse than in the seventeenth century, when the civil wars were in progress.

The same buildings are there. The crumbling stone and the ivy are the same, but these are the only things that have not changed. The teaching staff is only a fragment of what it was last year. There are no student activities, except military ones. The agitation to close the school until the end of the war is strong.

A Woman Prosecutor.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 9.—Since the women here were granted suffrage the number of women lawyers has greatly increased. Many cases, it is said, are better handled by women than by men, and their services are in big demand.

One of the most prominent female lawyers in the country and the only



Miss Jean de Grey, New Assistant District Attorney of Los Angeles.

woman assistant district attorney is Miss Jean de Grey, who has recently been appointed to this responsible position by the district attorney here. It has been found that she is better able to get testimony from women and has given a great part of her time to settling domestic troubles.

She was named more as an experiment than anything else, but since assuming the duties has proved such a big aid that district attorneys in other cities are likely to follow the example here.

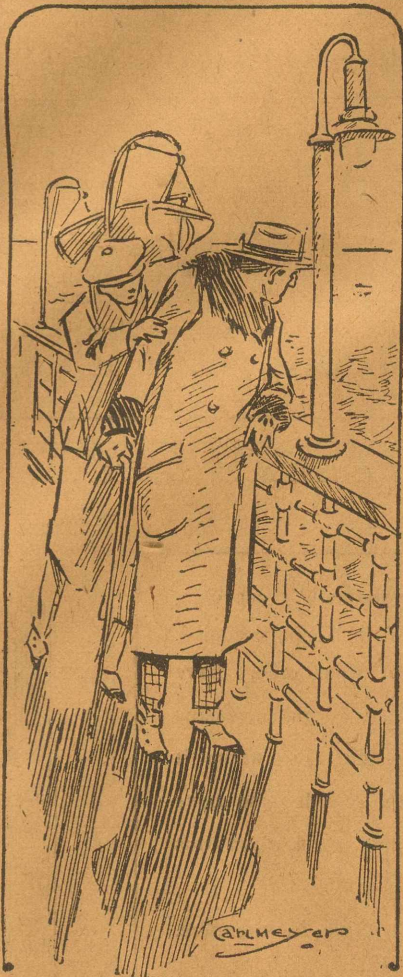
[7 A]

The Golden Greyhound

By DWIGHT TILTON

A chase after a fair face leads Overton Brill, a wealthy man about town, into assisting in the defeat of the most astounding act of piracy ever attempted on the high seas.

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PROLOGUE.

The action of the story has its real beginning on an ocean liner bound for Europe and just leaving New York. It has been boarded in haste on a winter day by Overton Brill, an impetuous wealthy young bachelor, who, attracted by a pretty girl accompanied by an elderly gentleman, has followed them aboard. Brill was on his way uptown with Aristides Stebbins, his valet, known as Jay, when he saw the girl, just after purchasing a valuable bracelet as a gift for a Miss Carstairs. The passenger list reveals the names of the pursued as Mr. Andrew Jennison and daughter. Brill finds himself without money and negotiates with a dark individual named Benedict for the sale of the bracelet, receiving \$500 for it, with which he secures a de luxe cabin. At dinner the conversation turns to the weather, and a Professor Pennythorpe's storm prediction is placed before Captain Humphries for judgment. Brill makes the acquaintance of Mr. Jennison, and the two proceed to the captain's cabin to inspect a phenomenal, wonderfully trained canary. At luncheon a jovial person, Christopher C. Marsh, introduces himself to Brill. Starting from a sound sleep, Brill hears through his window Benedict, the professor and Jennison discussing the large shipment of gold aboard. Soon after this he is rewarded by a smile from Marion Jennison for a small courtesy. Marsh is informed that he has been selected to take charge of the Christmas concert, and he chooses Brill, Dorothy Jennison, the professor and Mrs. Blucher-Ward as his aids. The latter is found asleep in the library when the committee reports for work.

The Committee at Work.

"YOU see," Marsh said triumphantly, "she's clean off. Now to wake her. In about two hours and a half it'll be"—with stress on the words, but no louder tone—"lunch time." The fat, puffy lids came down over the staring eyeballs slowly, then up again with a snap. "Did some one say luncheon, Mr. Marsh?" demanded Mrs. Blucher-Ward in a dull voice. Marsh explained that she had mistaken a fragment of conversation for the announcement of an event. "Oh!" was her only comment, and her eyelids closed with a swift descent, to open again slowly. Brill's astonished study of this human document on self anaesthesia was interrupted by the coming of the fifth member of the committee, almost breathless, and flushed as to olive cheeks most tantalizingly. "I hope I'm not late, Mr. Marsh," she said brightly. "At all events, I'm not the last." "Oh, yes, but you are!" returned the unfeeling Marsh. "Professor Pennythorpe was here and left to consult—well, I believe it was his barometer." Miss Jennison laughed gaily, totally unabashed by her culpable tardiness. For the first time in his life Brill felt a species of awkwardness in the presence of a woman. The situation was surely strained; for, although the girl must have seen him when she entered, she did not now look his way and had not recognized his presence. And here was he, Overton Brill, acting like a clodhopper. Then a glorious thought came to him. He would place a chair for her. He grasped an especially beautiful one, only to realize with a cold shudder that chairs on shipboard are not transferable. It took Marsh to save the day. "I beg both your pardons," he exclaimed with a contrition that somehow did not ring true; "I thought you were acquainted." "I really feel acquainted with Mr. Overton," said the girl, with a bright

smile and a faint flush. "He did me a service yesterday. I believe you were one of his party in a game of cards last night." Brill nodded guiltily, for he had beaten the capitalist badly whenever their hands had come into contact. "Father hates to lose at cards," continued Miss Jennison, "and from what I gather Mr. Overton was the only winner last evening." "Last evening was exceptional, Miss Jennison. I'm almost invariably unlucky—at cards." This with a very evident pause that was daring. Marsh, as usual, was the stop gap. "I suppose," he said, with a merry glance at the girl, "that Mr. Overton expects us to fill out that speech in the approved fashion?" What Marion Jennison might have replied to these two challenges was fated not to take words, for at that precise moment Professor Pennythorpe trotted in, with stern indignation on his peaked face. "I was surprised, sir," he said to Marsh, "to find no change in my barometrical instruments. I have always been suspicious that the instruments provided aboard ship were not such as commend themselves to students of the exact sciences. I am now convinced of it. Henceforth I shall take my own observations every day." Marsh winked at Brill. "Some morning when he gets up before the sun he'll reprove it," he whispered. Then he cleared his throat majestically. "Let us now proceed to business," he said. This businesslike gentleman had genuine executive ability, as was proved by his swift organizing of the committee, the subcommittees and the mapping out of their work. To Pennythorpe fell the task of discovering genius among the male passengers, while Mrs. Blucher-Ward was to ascertain the accomplishments of the ladies. These two started on their quest at once. "How can the lady keep awake long enough?" asked Brill, his astonishment at her peculiar form of slumber returning. "As long as she can ask questions," explained Marsh, "she'll not close—or, rather, open—an eyelid. Now I'm going down into the cockpit and make love to the carpenter. The most important thing, you know, is the stage." When Brill and Marion Jennison found themselves alone they looked at one another rather helplessly for a moment. Then the girl's tact asserted itself. "Well, Mr. Overton," she said, smiling, "they seem to have left us nothing to do at present except to decide on the length and nature of the program, depending, of course, on the talent discovered. I do hope there'll be plenty of music. Do you love music, Mr. Overton?" What magic was there in the word "love" that fell so unconcernedly from those full, red lips? And why did the sound of the four innocent little letters in the combination that has destroyed kingdoms and sent saints to purgatory make this man of the world feel like crying out: "Music? No, it is you I love!" But, being a man of the world, with some modicum of sense yet remaining, he did not say that; he merely replied, rather stiffly: "I am very fond of music, Miss Jennison." The girl gave an amused laugh. "Oh, pardon me, Mr. Overton!" she exclaimed. "But you say it as if you were admitting your relish for a new breakfast food. I suppose men never care so much for music as women do." That was a point Brill was not inclined to yield, even though advanced by so charming a girl as Miss Marion Jennison.

"Certainly almost all the best music is made and interpreted by men," he said. "That unfortunately is true," she replied thoughtfully, "but appreciation and ability to create are quite different things. But this is scarcely program making, is it?" In reality program making was impossible on their present basis of knowledge. So their talk drifted on from music to art, from art to flowers and from flowers to nature—the nature of lofty mountains and the blue sea. "We've never been abroad," said the girl simply. "We shouldn't have gone now but for the gold shipment. Father is always so busy." "I presume so. His large moneyed interests must be most engrossing." "You'd say so if you saw him at home," she went on, her dark eyes glowing. "He actually doesn't take time to eat. I often wish father hadn't more than enough for bare comforts; then he might have time to enjoy them." As Brill was on the point of saying something sympathetic and appropriate, a shadow fell across the yellow sunlight that was streaming into the room through one of the portholes. Looking up, he saw Jose Benedict. The man nodded curtly and bowed to the girl with elaborate ceremony. "A thousand pardons, but your father sent me to find you, Miss Jennison," he said in suave, even tones. The girl rose and inclined her head toward Brill with a smile. "You'll excuse me, will you not, Mr. Overton?" she said. "I promised to give papa a promenade this morning. He has to be bribed into exercise." Then, taking the swarthy Benedict's officiously outbent arm, she went away. If Brill had ever thought about jealousy at all heretofore he had set down the sentiment as the weakness of fools or worse with that supreme scorn of men whom the monster has never touched. But as he saw the woman he knew he loved on the arm of a man he was sure he hated he felt at last the pangs that can darken the sun and turn the stars to points of blood. What should he do? What had other men done in like circumstances, he wondered—real men, not the creations of playwright or novelist? His first great impulse as he stood in the center of the room staring at the door through which she had just disappeared was to rush out and demand her from the fellow who had borne her away in triumph. Yes, triumph, for he realized that the look Benedict had thrown his way was half victory, half threat. So much the better; both loved Marion Jennison, and the issue was plain, the ground clear. He was glad that his weapons were his own—youth, determination and affection. He rejoiced that the timely word of his servant-comrade had deprived him of the services of those adventitious allies, wealth and position. "I'll win her," he cried to the depths of his soul, "but alone, unaided, for and by myself." Then lighting a cigar—that solace denied Othello—he went to his stateroom to have a word with Stebbins. That functionary was not at home, but he soon returned, very radiant and very dirty. Brill knew what that meant. "Well, Jay, been exploring again?" he asked. "I should say you had; you are as greasy as a"—He had started to say "Mexican," but checked himself. "I've been all over the engine room," exclaimed Aristides, pride and enthusiasm beaming from his face. His patron smiled at his exuberance. "You insist on learning something, no matter where you are—See here, Jay!" A sudden change in tone and the snap in the last three words put a quietus on the further information Aristides was about to offer as to the machinery of the ship. The smile died away, and he stood like a soldier awaiting orders. "Promise me one thing," said Brill earnestly. "No matter what your temptation, don't hint to any one aboard this ship that I am other than Overton, the inconsequential James Overton—that's my almost forgotten first name—who, thanks to your timely salutation at the purser's office, is recorded as lessee of rooms A and B. Promise." Stebbins gave his word very slowly and very solemnly, and Brill realized that an oath could be no more binding. Benedict knew his name, to be sure, but it was unlikely that he had placed him. Even if he had he would scarcely reveal the position of his rival. The harmless disguise seemed complete. At luncheon Brill found Marsh in high spirits, filled to the brim with his plans for the Christmas concert. "I'm cahoots with the carpenter!" he cried. "We'll have a stage to make Corried jealous, and I've corraled the electrician for footlights. How'd the program get on after I left, eh?" Here came a prodigious wink and the sticking of a tongue into a plump cheek, signs of a masonry that spoke of a share in a very delightful secret. But Brill gave no answering signals, merely replying that the subcommittee had not reported.

[To be continued.]

Seeds For the Farmer's Brain

MOLDY OAT STRAW

Bad Feed For Horses In Winter May Cause Abortion.

SELECT WELL CURED FOOD.

It is Advisable to See That the Grain Is Not Cut Too Green Nor Bound Too Tight in the Sheaf—Before Using Give It Thorough Examination.

Most farmers make a point of compelling their idle horses to consume a lot of oat straw during the cold weather, writes John Mason in the National Stockman. Clean, bright, well cured oat straw, cut when not too dead ripe and saved thoroughly dry, is excellent filling for idle horses in winter if joined to a diet in which there is a liberal amount of nitrogenous nourishment. There is not very much food

LIVE NOTES FOR STOCKMEN.

Keep hog troughs clean and free from dirt and filth. Disinfect pens with a dip solution once a week. It is a good plan to give the sheep flock a mixture of salt and tobacco to ward off any possible ravages of the stomach worm. Keep a mixture of charcoal, salt and sulphur in a clean, dry place where it will be accessible to hogs at all times. Let the horse have one day's rest every week. See that he is comfortable in his stable, that it is neither dark nor damp and that he has a good bed to lie on. Fat lambs always bring a good price. Keep them growing every minute from their first breath. Keep your horses well groomed, as a well kept animal not only appears better, but keeps easier and feels better than one neglected.

Busy Hens Lay Best Eggs



It takes a healthy, well fed flock to produce eggs. Fowls must not be allowed to become too fat, as but few eggs will be laid by hens in such condition. To prevent their getting over-fat it is best to make them work for

most of their feed by scratching in the litter, of which there should be about four inches on the floor. This litter can be of straw, leaves or chaff and should always be kept dry. In summer give them plenty of ground to work on.

value in such forage, but it makes an agreeable variety of bulk which every horse must have in his ration if he is to thrive properly.

A word of caution, however, is in order. Last winter I knew of a firm of breeders who lost sixteen foals out of eighteen mares by abortion, caused solely by eating oat straw that was moldy. This oat crop was cut rather early on purpose to save as much of the straw's food value as possible and bound too tight in the sheaf. It was rained on once before being thrashed, but when passed through the separator looked pretty fairly decent roughage. On closer examination it was discovered that the straw was infected by a light greenish-yellowish mold.

Being fed little else in the way of roughage, the mares naturally ate their fill of this material, with the result that eventually no less than sixteen of them aborted. After the damage had all been done two skillful veterinarians, who should have been employed right at the start of the trouble, pronounced the mold on the straw the active cause of all the trouble.

Therefore all who depend heavily, or indeed at all, on their oat straw for horse feed in winter will do well to see to it first that the grain is not cut too green nor bound too tight in the sheaf, and then before it comes time to feed it have it thoroughly examined to determine whether it is molded or not.

Getting Rid of Mites.

The only way we could solve the pesky mite problem was to use two sets of perches, writes a correspondent of the Farm Journal. Hung on heavy wires, it is not easy for the pests to obtain access to the roosts, but they get there somehow, so when we find it out we just jerk out these infested perches, scald them off with boiling water, hang them away for future use and hang in their places the fresh clean perches which have not been used for some time. Then we make every last pullet go on to these perches to roost. There is no perching in odd corners and nest boxes.

PIGS THAT FAIL TO GROW UP.

Runts Are Usually Those Which Eat and Drink Slowly.

Quite often we see litters of newborn pigs with one or more runts, but this is not the kind of runts I wish to discuss, writes R. A. Galliher in Farm and Fireside. It is the kind that are not "natural born runts," but somehow fail to grow as rapidly and thrive as well as their mates. I have seen them often and have racked my brains to know what was the trouble. I have lately discovered one cause which I believe will hold good in nine cases out of every ten. It is this: Some pigs eat and drink very rapidly. Others eat and drink very slowly. The slow eaters are invariably the runts if the pigs are all fed together. Simple, isn't it? Yet it is a fact.

Recently the writer's attention was called to a pair of pigs belonging to a neighbor. They were the same age, had been given the same care and were always fed together. Both were thrifty pigs, but one was at least a third larger than the other. The owner asked me what I thought was wrong. I told him what I had learned and advised him to separate his pigs and test the matter. The next time I saw him he told me that he had followed these simple instructions and found that the larger of the two pigs ate his feed in about a third less time than the small one.

Now, the thing to do with a bunch of pigs is to test their eating capacity separately and then feed each kind by themselves. If this rule were followed not only with hogs, but with all other live stock, there would be fewer poorly developed animals.

Crossing Dairy Cows.

It is poor policy to try to improve upon any breed of dairy cattle by crossing one breed upon another. This has been done in some cases, but it never gets one anywhere. There may be exceptional instances where individuals have proved good, but for each of these there will be hundreds that will be worthless.

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

Entered as second-class matter November 12, 1909, at the post office at Spur, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ORAN McCLURE, Editor & Prop.

Subscription Price \$1.00 a Year.

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

FOUR ISSUES ONE MONTH

BE FAIR TO WEST TEXAS.

A proposition is before the Legislature to submit to the people a proposal to divide the state of Texas into two states. The proposition to divide Texas into two states is being urged not because Texas is too large, but because of its largeness one section gets all the governmental advantages at the expense of the less fortunate section. We are all proud of the bigness and broadness of the Lone Star State, and without committing ourselves at this time on a proposal

to divide the state, we are of the opinion that Western Texas people are becoming tired of receiving second consideration in governmental recognition in matters of moment in development progress. In the beginning our state government offered inducements for development progress in the eastern part of the state at the expense of the western part, and since that time Western Texas development has progressed on its own initiative, at great disadvantages and without any consideration by the government. A division of the east and the west into two states would promote a more rapid and substantial development of this section even though it might work to the advantage of a few politicians and political pie seekers. Western Texas people can not continue always to be subservive to other sections at the hands of government, especially in matters of promoting a more rapid development progress, and the sooner this fact is recognized by the controlling sectional powers the sooner will "disloyal" states-

men and "secessionists" be quieted. We need more railroads, factories, mills, more people and more capital and we do not want to wait for such things to come from the affluence and over supply of a part of our domain. The controlling powers should think this matter over and be fair and West Texas will be content in a continuous union with the Lone Star.

MAIZE HOMINY.

A. C. Miller, of two and one-half miles northwest of town, came in Saturday and spent several hours in Girard. Mr. Miller says that recent experiments conducted at his home demonstrates that milo maize will make a very fine grade of hominy. The maize hominy he says is very palatable and has a flavor not to be approached by the Indian corn product.

This is one of the best countries to be found anywhere for producing milo maize, and perhaps Mr. Miller is contributing a bit of information that will serve to cut down the "high cost of living."—Girard Reporter.

Commanding Success

SOME people "command" success, others sit down and wait for it. Those who command success are the ones who watch for opportunity, getting ready meanwhile to seize upon it. The way they get ready for it is to give constant attention to the growth of their bank account, thus developing, at the same time, business instincts and a helpful acquaintance. Identify yourself with this successful bank, and get in position to command your success.

THE FIRST STATE BANK OF SPUR, TEXAS

E. C. EDMONDS Cashier
C. HOGAN, Asst Cashier

G. H. CONNELL, President

S. R. DAVIS, Vice-Pres.
D. HARKEY, Vice-Pres.



When you buy your rubber goods you will be sure to get those with the proper ELASTICITY when you get them from us. Our drug store is the RUBBER GOODS store, because we sell lots of them and keep fresh goods coming in often.

Have you got a good hot water bag in the house? You NEED one.

Red Front Drug Store

We give you what you ASK for.

L. A. Hindman is now operating a "jitney" car, he having recently purchased a Ford.

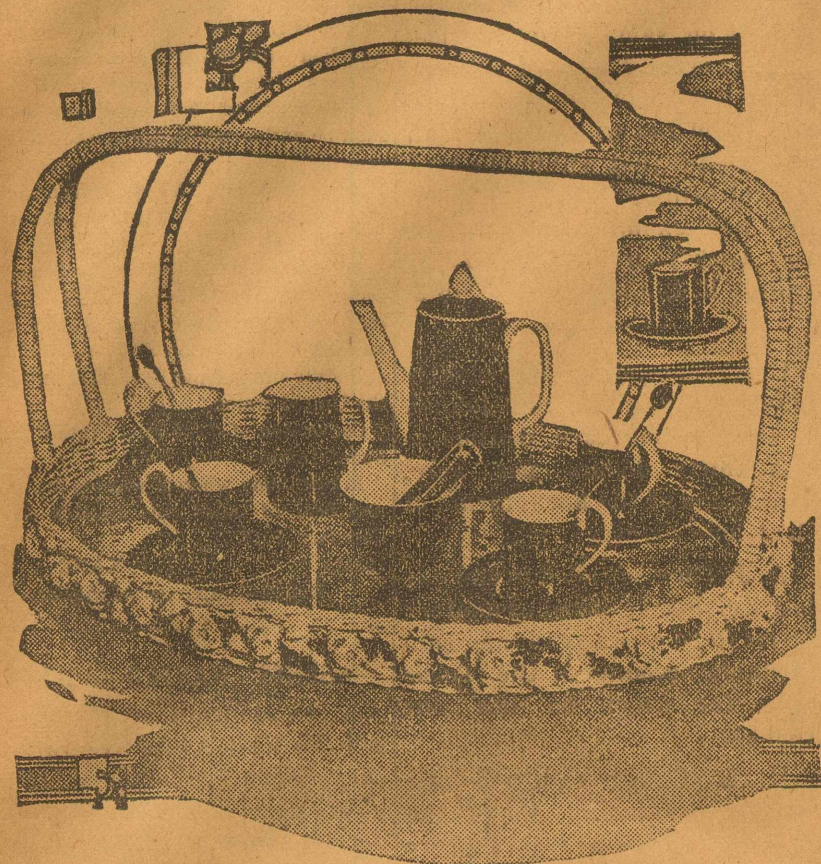
J. R. Rogers, a leading citizen of the Draper country, was in Spur Tuesday marketing cotton.

Clyde Davis is building a residence on his place two or three miles north of Spur.

For Sale—Fine, long staple Mebane cotton seed. Call at the residence of Geo. M. Williams for particulars. 15tf

Fashions and the Household

Fancy Trays Developed In Novel Styles



The popularity of the fancy tray seems to wax instead of wane. The style that consists of a frame inclosing a piece of fancywork, brocade or cretonne is varied in many ways. The oval tray pictured here is a basket effect enameled in white and finished with a Dresden border of roses. A pink, white and green pattern in cretonne is seen underneath the glass. Such a tray makes an attractive accessory to the afternoon tea service. As pictured here it accommodates a fetching chocolate set of white and green ware.

BAY LEAVES AID CUPID.

How One May Learn Identity of Future Life Partner.

Do you want to know who will be your future husband or wife? Here is one method of drawing aside the veil of the future. The night before St. Valentine's day pin a bay leaf to each corner of your pillow and another to the center. Name each leaf for a person of the opposite sex in whom you are interested. Then go to sleep, and if you dream of either of the five that person is to be your valentine for life. Another more heroic method has been in vogue for hundreds of years. Remove the yolk of a hard boiled egg and fill the hollow with salt. Eat the egg, shell, salt and all, after going to bed. Then go to sleep—if you can—without speaking or drinking. You will dream that some person brings you a drink, which you will surely want, and that person is to be the sharer of your future joys and sorrows.

Another method in vogue at Valentine parties is for a man to write the names of several girls on slips of paper, roll the slips into pellets of clay and drop them into the water. The girl named on the slip that first comes to the surface is his valentine.

A St. Valentine Menu.
Croquettes of Two Soles.
Heartbreakers. Soured Hearts.
Cheese. Love Knots. Broken Hearts.
Salad in Love Apples.
Frozen Kisses. Iced Hearts.
"Heartbreakers" are heart shaped.

JUVENILE HAIRBRUSHES.

They Should Be Kept Clean and Elastic or the Child's Hair Will Suffer.

Far too little attention is paid both to the quality of the hairbrush and its condition in the majority of nurseries. When the child has a fair amount of hair it is of the utmost benefit that a brush of really good quality should be provided and absolutely essential that it should be perfectly clean. The bristles should be resilient and pliable, as then only will they penetrate the hair and gently stimulate the scalp without scratching it, while the passage through the hair will really cleanse it from dust.

The frequency of washing the brush required depends on the quality of hair the child possesses and also the degree to which it is exposed to dirt and dust. In the country, for instance, a brush will keep much cleaner than in the city, while a child who goes out without a hat or who has long hair, much of which falls below the shelter of headgear, should have its brush washed more frequently in proportion.

Under such circumstances a clean brush should be provided three times a week, and it is an economy to equip the nursery with duplicate brushes so that they can be alternated. Twice a week clean hair brushes should be provided always, and a practical reminder can be accomplished in a fraction of time and no trouble by the use of ammonia added simply to cold water.

ST. VALENTINE SUGGESTIONS.

Let the Heart Predominate In All Decorations.

Let the heart be the prevailing shape for table decorations and whatever else is to be used by way of entertainment. Before the supper will come games. A good way to "break the ice" and get every one in a jolly humor is to place a basket in the center of the floor, divide the same number of hearts, cut out of cardboard, but of a different color for each side.

Let the opposing sides take turns at trying to throw the cards into the basket from a given distance. The side getting the greater number of hearts into the basket will be the winner. This sounds as if it would be an easy thing to do. The fun is in seeing the hearts land everywhere but in the basket.

Another merriment maker is the game of trying to blow soap bubbles through two large rings made of wire and bent to a heart shape. Wrap the wires with red tissue paper or ribbon and suspend them in a wide opening, between folding doors or elsewhere. Have your basin of soapsuds and clay pipes ready, and let every one take a turn or as many turns as may be agreed upon. Blow a big, clear bubble, detach it carefully from the pipe and try to blow it through a given ring. Above each ring should be a rime or motto, indicating which is the lucky one and which the unlucky.

A heart shaped card bearing one-half of a rime or sentiment may be given to each gentleman, while a corresponding heart bearing the other half of the rime may be given to each lady, and when the gentlemen have sought and matched their cards the partners may file out to supper. Have the table prettily decorated with evergreens, and put red paper hearts or valentines at the places. The cakes, sandwiches and ices should be heart shaped. Appropriate heart shaped prizes, comic or otherwise, may be given for the games.

Current Fashions.

Angles rather than curves distinguish the new buttons.

Wider and wider grow the skirts.

In some of the new lace flouncings the mesh is so fine one can hardly see it.

Some of the prettiest gowns have underskirts of accordion pleated chiffon.

Moire silk nowadays not only has a watered surface, but is printed besides.

In cloth dresses the sleeves are sometimes made of chiffon or satin.

LOVE FINDS A WAY

By HARVEY T. STANTON

I WAS standing in a room crowded with men and women in evening dress when I heard a cheery feminine voice near me exclaim: "Why, Tom!" "What luck!" responded a young man, with blond hair, parted in the middle, and his chin held up by a very high collar.

"I don't know a person here," said the girl, who had spoken first.

"Nor I. I would rather have met you than own a gold mine."

"Isn't it nice to meet some one you don't expect, but whom you wish to meet?"

Happy smiles illuminated the faces of these two youngsters, whom it made me happy to look at. Indeed, there was one especial reason for my enjoyment of this pleasant surprise, for it reminded me of one that had occurred in my own family years before.

In the sixties—I refer to the last century—my father, then a young man, went out to Denver to grow up with a new town. Albert Reeder had gone there a few years before with his family for the purpose of building a stamp mill on Clear creek, up in the mountains, and had become interested in the extraction of gold from ore. My father, who was as poor as a church mouse, found work in the service of Mr. Reeder and was sent up to one of his stamp mills, where he soon became superintendent.

Mr. Reeder thought my father one of the brightest young men in the world and was ready to do anything for him till he discovered that his employee had a love affair with his daughter, Agnes. Then he suddenly turned against him. The trouble was that Reeder had a prospect of soon becoming very rich and had begun to cherish expectations of Agnes marrying either a duke or a prince or something of that order.

The young couple were in a peck of trouble in consequence of the old man's refusal to consent to their union. Of course the matter rested with Agnes. My father couldn't do anything without her concurrence, and she was indisposed to break with her father. But her father must have been uncertain of her, for he ordered her to get ready to go back east to stay awhile with an aunt. Agnes seemed disposed to yield to his commands. She wrote my father that he might come down from the mill and say goodby to her. He did so and there was a very affecting scene between the lovers.

Inasmuch as Agnes was making her preparations to go east and it was supposed that she was bidding her lover a last farewell, no opposition was made to the two youngsters seeing as much of each other as they liked. They spent a whole evening together, during which Agnes told my father that if she married him her father would disinherit her and that she would lose a very large fortune. Her mother was bitterly opposed to her marriage with my father, for it was she who was determined to exchange the wealth she would inherit for one of those rundown titled foreigners who are in the market for American heiresses.

My father was the more cast down because, while Agnes talked about her mother's wishes in this matter, he was not quite sure that Agnes herself was not inclined to the plan of marrying a title and was accustomed to do pretty much as she pleased.

However, there was nothing for my father to do but submit, and he said goodby to Agnes lugubriously.

My father, notwithstanding his employer's opposition to his marriage, was continued in his position and the morning after his farewell left for the mill. He always rode on the outside of the coach and climbed on top, where he resigned himself to brooding over the severest blow one can receive, whether young or old—separation from a mate.

They were approaching the base of the mountains when a voice from below called out that Jim Harkaway—that was my father—was wanted inside. Nothing was further from his inclination, and he refused to descend. But the request was repeated, and at last he climbed down and entered the coach. All looked at him expectantly, and one of the men said smilingly:

"Every one loves a lover. Cheer up, young man! If you must have a girl here's one for you."

He pointed to an old lady on the back seat. My father looked at her wonderingly, and suddenly she threw back a veil and exposed the smiling features of Agnes.

This meeting between my father and mother came back to me as I looked upon the young couple and saw their expression of pleased surprise, only I fancy my father's was far more radiant.

There was a clergyman in the coach, and the wedding took place then and there.

A Place For the Boys and Girls

A VALENTINE PARTY.

Wholesome Fun For the Older Boys and Girls.

Let good fun be the controlling idea of the St. Valentine day party, which may be made very desirable at a slight cost of money and time. Games should be consistent with the day. A nice, quiet one is to distribute papers and pencils. See how many words can be made from the word "hearts" in ten minutes. Award a simple prize—say, a heart shaped box filled with candy hearts.

A game calculated to please the more alert ones is heart quoits. Cover a cane with red tissue paper and adorn it with bows of ribbon. Have the smallest member of the household in a white dress covered with red hearts, hold the cane at a slight angle, bend fairly stout wire into shapes of hearts and wind with lengths of narrow red crape paper or ribbon. The players are asked to toss these quoits over the cane, all standing at a certain distance from the little maid holding the cane. The one who scores the highest within a definite number of turns receives a valentine or box of candy hearts. There can be a booby prize, if desired.

Have a postoffice in one corner and provide jolly, pleasant valentines for each guest. A properly dressed Cupid with bow and arrow hands out the mail.

Twenty National Parks.

There is in the entire country twenty national parks—Yellowstone, Hot Springs, Ark.; National Zoo park, Washington, D. C.; Chickamauga and Chattanooga, Georgia and Tennessee; Antietam, Maryland; Rock Creek, District of Columbia; Sequoia, California; General Grant, California; Yosemite, California; Shiloh, Tennessee; Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; Vicksburg, Mississippi; Mount Rainier, Washington; Crater Lake, Oregon; Platt, Oklahoma; Wind Cave, South Dakota; Sully's Hill, North Dakota; Mesa Verde, Colorado; Glacier, Montana. The Yellowstone, in Montana and Wyoming, has an area of 2,142,720 acres.

Why are bankrupts more to be pitied than idiots? Because bankrupts are broken, while idiots are only cracked.

Little Belgian Refugee Being Fed by Two English Soldiers

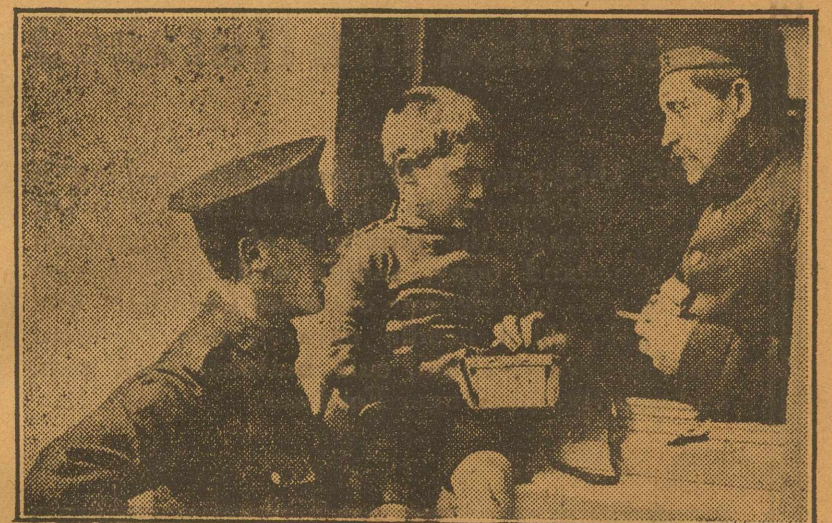


Photo by American Press Association.

It has been reported that in Belgium there are hundreds of thousands of children starving or greatly in want. America has been sending food and clothes by the ship loads over to these little sufferers of the war, and their king has thanked us for it. At Christmas time a boat full of toys, warm clothes and other things went abroad, and part of the cargo collected from children on this side of the ocean (perhaps you gave something yourself) went to brighten up the lives of the Belgian youngsters whose fathers are fighting, have been killed, wounded or made prisoners during the big war. The urchin in the picture was picked up by British soldiers and given plenty to eat, something he hadn't had for a long time before they found him wandering alone in a deserted village.

LINCOLN A BRIGHT BOY.

When Lincoln was about nineteen he was employed by Mr. Gentry of Gentryville, Ind., to go with his son Allen down the river to New Orleans with a cargo of bacon and other produce. While they were loading at Rockport, on the Ohio, Lincoln saw a good deal of the pretty Miss Roby who afterward became the wife of Allen Gentry. At this time the young lady evidently had a strong liking for the future emancipator. This, however, did not prevent her from writing of him in her diary as follows:

"Abe is a long, leggy, gawky boy, dried up and shriveled. One evening he and I were sitting on the boat, and I remarked that the sun was going down. He said to me: 'That's not so. It

doesn't really go down. It only seems to. The earth turns from west to east, and the revolution of the earth carries us under, as it were. We do the sinking, as you call it. The sun, as to us, is comparatively still; its sinking is only an appearance.' I replied, 'Abe, what a fool you are!' I found out afterward that I was the fool, not Lincoln."

In after years Mrs. Gentry wrote to one of Lincoln's friends as follows: "I am now thoroughly satisfied that at that time Mr. Lincoln knew the general laws of astronomy and the movements of the heavenly bodies. He was better read than the world knows or is ever likely to know. He was the learned boy among us unlearned folk."

My Good Luck Valentine

By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

© by American Press Association.



A LONG what weary miles you went,
Grim Horseshoe, thus to come to rest
At last, grown old, outworn, forspent.
As my dear Lady's rugged guest!
And yet, because you are so old
And I have found you in the dust,
Under your grime, they say, lurks gold,
And luck lies hidden in your rust.

Then tell her that I, too, have been
A stained and tattered wanderer
Through gorges deep and deserts lean
Before I could ascend to her;
And give her, Horseshoe, what is yours
To give—I need not luck nor gold,
If in her heart for me endures
The love that never can be old.

Announcement!!

WE DESIRE TO ANNOUNCE that our New Spring Arrivals of Fine Imported Laces, Embroidery, White Goods, New Spring Gingham, Wash Dress Goods, Fancy Silks, etc., are due to arrive any day. We expect to be able to tell you next week the opening day for our first Spring Sale. This week we display Spring Oxfords and Saldals. Its to your interest to call and inspect our showing of everything needed in footwear.

Love Dry Goods Com'ny.
SPUR, TEXAS

SOLDIER MOUND.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Bowman left Friday for Hubbard where they will spend two weeks visiting friends and relatives.

There will be preaching at Soldier Mound Sunday and Sunday week.

Miss Ethel Fite spent Saturday night with Miss Eula Bowman.

Misses Gussie and Oma McFall spent Sunday with Miss Lucy Farmer.

Grandma and Dad Childress spent Sunday with F. O. McFall.

Brother Bilberry filled his regular appointment at Soldier Mound Sunday.

Miss Scott spent Saturday night with Miss Madge Day.

We had a nice Valentine party at Mr. Cathey's Saturday night.

Clarence Williams will move to the Childress place some time

this week. We are glad to have a new neighbor.

E. Z. Wyatt and family moved to Spur last week where they will make their home for the present. He is thinking of moving to Mexico in the near future.

Nearly all the farmers of this section are through picking cotton.

We think Miss Eula Bowman and Mr. William Jacob Lee Roy Culbert will be married next Sunday but, of course, we want to keep this to ourselves.

Mrs. McFall's mother is expected to die at any time.

We will run off to dreamland. —Cockle Burs.

J. Carlisle, one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of the Gilpin country, spent several hours in Spur Wednesday on business and greeting his many friends.

TAP TELLINGS.

The pretty weather continues and the farmers are gathering in their remnants of that bumper cotton crop.

Mr. Stephens, who recently moved to the Virgil Davis farm, has quite a lot of land listed for another crop. Mr. Stephens will make good for the early bird catches the worm.

T. S. Lambert and son, Joe, transported a couple of loads of Mexicans to Roaring Springs last week, returning Sunday.

A big dance and supper was given at the home of J. R. McArthur last Friday night. The dance was largely attended and all report a "jolly good time."

Will Mitchell moved his residence near the road on the south line of his farm. This puts Will in Kent county. Will says he moved not only to become a citizen of Kent county but for his own convenience, and promises to continue to live right if possible.

S. S. Allcorn and family were visiting his brother, Frank Allcorn, the latter part of last week. A singing was given Saturday night in their behalf. Many of their friends met them there and enjoyed a few social chats and then sang several songs which were simply fine. The Allcorn's are potted singers.

Mrs. Will Mitchell received a phone message Sunday about noon stating that her father was dead. They went to Post City that night but could not get any conveyance from there to her father's at Andrews. Mr. Haywood was among the oldest settlers in Motley county, and who helped to blaze the way for settlement of this country and to make it what it is today. Mr. Haywood has a large family and a host of friends to mourn his loss. We sympathize with the bereaved.

J. Z. Smith, of Kent county, was in our midst this week.

Rev. Jackson, of Clairemont, preached to a large audience Sunday and Sunday night. He left an appointment to preach for us every second Sunday and at night.

J. H. Sparks and F. Fullbright made a flying trip to Dickens this week. —Kid-a-lude.

Complimentary to our patrons and the citizens of Spur—Recital Friday, February 19th at 7:45 o'clock. Come.

NOTICE BREEDERS.

I wish to say to the public that my jacks and horses will be better this year, and I will be better prepared to serve all breeders than ever before. My Percheron Stallion is now ready for service on same terms as last year; so is my Jack. I will in a short time have another jack that I feel you will be proud of, also a horse that will be the kind a great many of you will need. Call and examine them before you book your mares. Yours truly, — R. L. Collier. 16 2t

C. A. Jones, of Afton, recently purchased the R. S. Holman farm near that place, consideration thirty dollars per acre. This is one of the finest farms of the whole country.

A. J. Thomas called in one day last week and handed us another dollar to be credited to his subscription account to the Texas Spur for which he has our thanks.

R. L. Collier returned this week from points down the Stamford & Northwestern where he purchased a nice bunch of thoroughbred bulls.

Dr. Morris reports the birth of a boy Wednesday to Prof. and Mrs. H. A. C. Brummett at their home in the Dry Lake community.

Friends and patrons are invited to attend the Music and Expression Recital Friday evening, February 19th, at High School Auditorium at 7:45 o'clock.

Prof. and Mrs. Geo. T. Barnes and son, Homer, of Croton, visited Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Miller last week.

For Sale—A bunch of thoroughbred Bulls. Can show you any day. — R. L. Collier.

No. 10703.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT

Office of Comptroller of the Currency
Washington, D. C., February 12, 1915.

Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "The City National Bank of Spur" in the city of Spur in the County of Dickens and State of Texas has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking;

Now therefore I, Thomas P. Kane, acting Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The City National Bank of Spur" in the city of Spur in the County of Dickens and the State of Texas is authorized to commence the business of Banking as provided in Section Fifty one hundred and sixty nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

Conversion of "The First State Bank of Spur," Texas.

In testimony whereof witness my hand and Seal of office this twelfth day of February, 1915.

(SEAL) T. P. KANE
Acting Comptroller of the Currency.

AGENTS—WANTED—AGENTS

Live producers of business to sell the Most Attractive Life Insurance contract possible. Liberal Terms. Good Commission to active workers. Apply at once. —Address Bankers, in care of Stamford Leader, Stamford, Texas.

Mrs. Sol Davis was operated on Thursday at the Standifer Hospital and is reported doing nicely.

FREE.

Students Recital at High School Auditorium Friday, February 19th.

J. L. Curry, of several miles southwest of Spur, has our thanks for two dollars on subscription this week.

Mrs. Sanders Taylor and children are visiting relatives at Dublin and other points east.

Now Here Is The Contest Idea In a Nutshell

THE Undersigned Merchants are making it possible for you to win one of the following prizes through the purchase of merchandise: One Shetland pony, saddle and blanket, one boy or girls bicycle, one diamond Lavallier, one silk, gold filled handle parasol, one diamond stud, one watch chain, cuff buttons, stick pen, and one five-passenger Ford car.

Spur Hardware Co. Lyric Theatre
Red Front Drug Store German Kitchen
Hogan & Patton Midway Hotel
Texas Spur
SPUR, TEXAS

Facts The HORSE draws the WAGON that carries the LOAD that brings WEALTH to the Farmer. But without HARNESS neither horse nor wagon would be of avail. Any harness will draw "a load," but MY harness will draw "a HEAVY load." It is all in the making, and I know how to do it. A GOOD harness costs no more than a POOR one. **V. H. Davis**

W. C. BOWMAN Lumber Com'y.

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