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THE TEXAS SPUR

A Paper For The Homes Of Spur And Dickens County

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can will help the cause

Volume Six

SPUR, DICKENS COUNTY, TEXAS, FEBRUARY 12, 1915.

Number 15

SPUR HAS BECOME A CENTER FOR SURGERY

The Standifer Sanitarium was opened for business just five years ago on the tenth of this month. During the five year's history of this institution, we find that Dr. Standifer has five hundred and thirty nine cases. These persons have come to Spur for surgery from thirty eight Texas counties, seven from Mexico and four from Oklahoma. The constant growth of the business is shown by the following figures:

During Feb. 1911 four cases were operated on			
"	"	12	eight
"	"	13	eleven
"	"	14	eleven
Jan.	"	15	twelve
Jul.	"	11	nine
"	"	12	ten
"	"	13	sixteen
"	"	14	twenty one

It will be noticed that February 1914 the business exceeded the business done in this month in any previous year. It will also be seen that July 1914 more cases were operated than in any one month of the history of the Sanitarium.

This has now become a surgery center and many persons are coming here for this line of work that formerly went to the great cities for surgery. The signal success of this Sanitarium, we believe, is largely due to the careful personal attention given the cases by Mrs. Standifer and the doctor.

Miss Clara Coleman, a highly educated and very intellectual young lady of Pittsburg, Texas, has recently accepted the position of superintendent.

The Texas Spur predicts a very successful business for the Sanitarium during nineteen hundred and fifteen.

ENTERTAINED.

On last Saturday evening from 8:30 to 11 o'clock, Miss Flora Love entertained with Forty Two at her home on Harris Street, the guest of honor being her cousin, Miss Anna Maria Love, formerly of Hennessey, Oklahoma. The occasion was one of the most enjoyable of the season. A delicious salad course was served. Those who enjoyed this delightful occasion were as follows: Misses Donnalita and Robbie Standifer, Erma Baker, Ella Pierce, Hyacinth and Nina Grace, Zada Stafford, Ethel Fite, Catherine Estes, Minnie Lee Springer, Flora and Anna Maria Love; Messrs. Carl and Creed Hale, Luke Attebury, Faust Collier, Witt and Fayette Springer, Robert Bartlett, Jeff Reagan, Harry Cates, Chas. Yates, Ted Brannen, Mr. Dyke, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Love, and Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Love.

COTTON FIRES.

Again early Monday morning the fire alarm was given and two more bales of cotton were burned at the cotton yard. During the past two or three weeks two or three fires have occurred at the yard and several bales of cotton have been lost. It is supposed that in ginning matches are run through the gin with the cotton, and being pressed immediately the fire does not show up for several hours.

A BAKERY IN SPUR.

J. W. Dunn recently installed a large oven in connection with his restaurant business and is now operating a bakery. He recently complimented the Texas Spur with two loaves of bread baked at his place. This bread was as light and perfectly baked as any bread shipped here from any part of the country. There is no question but that our home bakery should be given the preference by users of baker's bread, and more especially should this be the case when the bread is superior in every respect to that shipped here from other points. In the past bakeries have been operated in Spur, but were short lived on account of lack of patronage. If the town ever amounts to anything the citizenship must encourage Spur institutions, and if we neglect the small institutions we will never have large ones. Stay with Spur and Spur institutions and watch us grow.

COUNTRY IN FINE SHAPE.

A. G. Rush, a prominent citizen and prosperous farmer and stock raiser of the Afton country, was in Spur Monday with a bale or two of cotton which he sold on the Spur market. Mr. Rush says that notwithstanding the disadvantages encountered and the low prices of cotton, he will come out ahead this year and will be able to pay all of his debts, etc. Of course, the country as a whole is in fine shape, but if cotton had sold for ten cents a pound the Spur country would have actually "boomed" and the people might have been profligate in their affluence.

IN JUSTICE COURT.

Four or five boys of the Steel Hill country were tried in Spur Saturday on charges of shooting at negroes and cursing them with the view of giving them a scare. The trial resulted in the conviction of one case, a mistrial in one case and the others were acquitted. The prosecuting witnesses were negroes and their evidence elicited much amusement on the part of those present. The case being convicted was appealed to the county court.

DIED.

Mrs. Annie Woodward died Sunday in Spur after an illness of one week, and the remains were shipped to Roscoe for interment Tuesday, being accompanied by her brother, R. E. Thomas. Mrs. Woodward was teaching the Peaceful Hill School west of Spur. She has two small children, a brother, R. E. Thomas, and a sister, Mrs. Jno. Luce, of Spur. The Texas Spur extends sincere sympathy to the bereaved family and relatives.

BUILDING FARM HOME.

C. D. Pullin has been hauling out lumber with which to build a farm home in the Lee county settlement on the Plains. This farm has been acquired by the Texas Spur and hereafter we can report farming results by experience rather than hearsay. We have always had an idea that farm lands is a good investment—hereafter we will know.

MAKES MONEY FARMING IN SPUR COUNTRY

W. J. Young, one of the most prosperous farmers of the Afton country, was in Spur Monday and while here called in at the Texas Spur office and handed us another dollar and seventy five cents for the Texas Spur and Dallas News. When we refer to Mr. Young as one among the most prosperous farmers of the country, it is with substantial evidence. This year he made seventy one bales of cotton on his place, has one thousand bushels of corn to sell and plenty to run his place, and also has about twenty tons of maize, kaffir corn and cane to sell. Mr. Young came to this country eight years ago, bought eighty acres of land and since that time has paid out the place, made substantial improvements and considering everything has saved something near six thousand dollars out of his agricultural efforts and labors. Again we say that this country will prosper those who work and use good business judgement.

BUY TOWN HOME.

R. S. Holman sold his residence in Spur this week to J. B. Morrison. Mr. Morrison and family will make the place their town home while Mr. Holman and family, we understand, are making preparations to move to Roswell, New Mexico.

HIS FAVORITE STYLE.

"How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter.

"Make any difference in the cost of 'em?" inquired the cautious customer with the brimless hat and the ragged beard.

"No."

"Then cook them on the top of a slice of ham," said the customer greatly relieved.

Now folks, that's one style but the styles we want to show you are in our New Shoes. We have just received a shipment of Queen Quality Shoes that have no equal. Mr. Man, if you want to keep your wife in a good humor, buy her a pair of Queen Qualities. They are up to the minute in style, look best, and are easy on the feet. Call and let us show them to you.

New Goods coming in every day now, and we will soon be showing a fine line of Spring Dry Goods. Our buyers are in the East now, and we can assure you that you will be pleased with our stock.

Plowing time is coming and we have a car of implements coming. Plenty of John Deere Sulkey Plows, Gangs, Planters, Cultivators, etc. Now this line needs no boosting. We all know what they are. If it's the best, it's a John Deere. Call and let us show you this line before you buy. It will pay you to do so. A few more Buggies left. Buy them boys and take that girl to preaching every Sunday. It will do you both good.

Some folks I know will stretch the truth; But, then perhaps they've found There's little of it in the world, And they want that to go 'round.

Now, we don't have to stretch the truth when we say that we have a very up-to-date Grocery Stock. Another car of Light Crust Flour on the road. We have to keep one car on the road to supply the demand. Say folks, there's a reason. Ask the women, they can tell you. It's the best.

How about that garden? We have a fine lot of seeds, all fresh and good, the kind that come up. It will soon be time, so don't over look our stock of seeds.

We have some good news for the little folks and big folks too, for they all like them and eat them. It's a big shipment of cakes. Sunshine cakes, and English Brand cakes. We take pride in our cake department, and you will too if you will give them a trial. Call and let us show you.

Maize is selling at a good price now, and we are going to ship a car of cane seed. Have them threshed and we will buy them. Bring in your maize heads. That has paid many bills this fall. Persistence will help us all if you do not get the idea the little boy got. He said: "Persistence does not always win. Our old hen once set on a china egg for five weeks."

But by persistence we have been helped this fall, and the country is in good condition, war or no war. Come in to see us folks, and bring your butter and eggs and stay all day, and don't forget the New Goods we are receiving. Let us show you.—Bryant-Link Company.

SHETLAND PONY CONTEST.

The Texas Spur issued the first tickets this week to J. R. McArthur in the Automobile, Shetland Pony and five other prizes contest. We are giving one hundred votes to every one who pays a dollar on subscription. Throughout February we will give two hundred votes for every new name added to our subscription list. These extra votes will come in mighty convenient when this contest warms up. Better come in and get them today.

SMALL POX IN COUNTRY.

While in Afton last week we were informed that two or three cases of small pox is now in the family of Eugene Gates, near Afton. Also a case or two in the Ballard family of the same community. Other cases have been reported in the Girard country. However, the disease is said to be in very mild form and very little inconvenience other than being quarantined is experienced by patients.

EPISCOPAL SERVICES.

Rev. E. C. Seaman will preach at the Presbyterian Church on Wednesday night, February 17. This service will take the place of his regular appointment for February 24th. The public is cordially invited to this service.

YOUR HELP NEEDED.

R. C. Forbis called in Tuesday and had his name added to the growing subscription list of the Texas Spur. We want to send the paper to every man in Dickens county. Help us to that end.

FIRE BURNS OVER TWO OR THREE HUNDRED ACRES

Sunday fire destroyed grass and vegetation on about three hundred acres of land just north of the hill in Spur. The land was covered with broom weeds, grass, etc., and burned furiously, and but for Duck Creek and Dockum Creek the fire could not have been confined to the territory covered. It is said that the fire originated from drift wood being set on fire by boys at play. Hundreds of townpeople turned out to assist in fighting the fire and to watch the burning.

The whole country is covered with broom weeds and heavy growth of grass, and every individual should be extremely careful of fire, since the least carelessness with fire would result in the loss of thousands of dollars and possibly many homes in the country.

SPUR HAS CLEANED UP.

In last week's Texas Spur Editor McClure came out with a strong article under the caption "Negro Loafers and Negro Dives a Menace." In said article he stated that a great number of negroes had been brought into the county in the early fall to help gather the bumper cotton crop and as the season is coming to a close more and more negroes are concentrating at Spur and laying around the "dives." In other words they are becoming "professional loafers," and a menace to the town. This is not the first intimation we have had of this condition of affairs. In fact "The Spur Niggers and Dives" has been a general topic of conversation throughout the county, and the item is inclined to think that a slight cleaning up of this offensive situation would not be detrimental to the reputation of Spur.—Dickens Item.

The cleaning up process has already been consummated and today the town is free of all negro "dives" and the streets are clear of all negro loafers. Come to Spur.

DIED IN DICKENS.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Gay died Tuesday morning at their home in Dickens, and the remains were interred in the Dickens Cemetery. The little boy was six or eight years of age and had been sick several weeks at the time of his death. The Texas Spur extends sincere sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Gay in this bereavement.

MARRIED.

Lon Hyatt and Miss Mattie Shaw, daughter of E. B. Shaw of the Croton country, were married Sunday at Draper. They are two of the most prominent young people of that section of the country and The Texas Spur joins their many friends in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Hyatt a long, happy and prosperous married life.

W. L. Hyatt received a message the first of the week informing him of the death of a sister, Mrs. Liza Wiseman, of Dallas.

European Notables Are Prisoners of War



Princes, a Grand Duchess, the Captain of the Emden, General De Wet, Max Nordau and Others Caught in Enemy's Country at Start of Hostilities or While Fighting Are Held Captive.

Photos by American Press Association.

1.—Lord Crichton. 2.—Hon. Freeman Thomas. 3.—Captain Karl von Mueller. 4.—Count Karolyi. 5.—General Christian De Wet. 6.—Adolph Max. 7.—Prince Franz Joseph of Hohenzollern. 8.—Viscount Dalrymple.

IN each of the countries in arms are thousands of prisoners of war. Many of them became so as soon as declarations of war began flying last August. Letters and telegrams to relatives at home never reached their destination in many cases. Travelers from England, France and Russia in the dominions of the two kaisers were completely isolated for awhile by the censors of their own countries. The season at the German and Austrian watering places was at its height, but the censors took no regard of the hardships imposed upon even their own countrymen by shutting them off from communication from their native lands.

Hermetically closed were all the sources of news from Berlin and Vienna.

The agony columns of the London Times soon filled up with inquiries for the missing, couched in dignified language, brief, but no less eloquent.

Exalted rank, great wealth and intimate acquaintance at the courts of the enemy sovereigns were of small avail in getting prisoners of war freed.

A Grand Duchess Held.

The dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has not been so lucky in her efforts to escape. A Russian grand duchess, the only daughter of Alexander II, and hostess at the imperial palace for many years during her invalid mother's life, she married Queen Victoria's sailor son, the Duke of Edinburgh, but refused to live in England because she was not given precedence at court next to the queen. When her brother, Alexander III, mounted the throne the grand duchess would not live in St. Petersburg because she was no longer first in precedence there. So the tiny throne of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was given to the Duke of Edinburgh. Detesting the Germans, and they detesting her, she remained upon her dowager's throne in Gotha after her husband died. Nowhere else could she be first.

When the animosities engendered by the war began to rage the grand duchess found no longer subservient lackeys at her feet. Arrogantly demanding from Emperor William the right to travel to Russia, now a haven of rest compared with Germany, she was snavely informed that it could not be.

Most Important Prisoner.

The most important and at the same time the most embarrassing prisoner of war with the British is the old Boer patriot, General De Wet, leader of the rebellion in the Union of South Africa after the English began an aggressive

campaign against German Southwest Africa a few weeks ago. De Wet was captured following a gallant effort to get away and was taken to Johannesburg under a strong guard, the streets thronged with crowds agitated with sympathy for him and hoping to see him escape. The question is, "Shall he be shot as a traitor?" The war department in London thinks he should. He submitted to the British after the Boer war of 1899-1900 and thereby became a citizen of Britain.

Captain Karl von Mueller, the hero of the Emden, captured by an Australian ship after he had destroyed twenty-two ships in fourteen weeks, the majority of them belonging to the British service, is a prisoner of war scarcely less embarrassing. His exploits were so extraordinary, nothing like his bold, dashing feats being recorded in history, and his personality is so appealing to the imagination that the Australians have made him a hero. He was not allowed to give up his sword.

Von Mueller's best known officer and his companion in captivity is Prince Francis Joseph of Hohenzollern, a distant cousin of Emperor William and the younger brother of Princess Augustine Victoria, wife of ex-King Manuel of Portugal. The prince shares in the enthusiastic regard of the Australians, a brave looking, simple mannered young lieutenant of twenty-three who obeyed orders which took him into the very jaws of death with the cool indifference he would display in lighting a cigarette. The British government is not pleased to have him remain in Australia. But how can he be taken to England? His sister, whom some of the English court always speak of as "Queen" Augustine, is almost every day a guest of Queen Mary at Buckingham palace. They are the most intimate of friends.

Von Tirpitz's Son Captured.

Admiral von Tirpitz, the head of the German navy and the creator of its present possibilities for glory at the cost of the British, must often find his thoughts wandering over to Abergale, North Wales, where his son, Captain von Tirpitz, is a prisoner of war at Lady Dundonald's country estate, converted into a barracks. Tirpitz was captured in the battle of Helgoland bight on Aug. 28.

Sir Edward Grey, the British foreign secretary, can hardly enjoy the fact that his brother and heir, Colonel Alexander Harry Grey, is a hostage of the Germans. He was captured Oct. 17 in an aeroplane brought to the ground near Peronne, France.

French Foreign Minister Delcasse, Emperor William's arch enemy, is not

likely to take more satisfaction in the captivity in Germany of his son, Lieutenant Jacques Delcasse, although the young man has declared for publication that he receives the best of treatment.

Hungarian Author in Paris.

Count Karolyi, the Liberal party leader in the Hungarian diet, who was in the United States when hostilities began, was stopped when he reached Paris on his way home and held a prisoner. Being the son of a former especially popular Austro-Hungarian ambassador in London as well as the brother-in-law of Count Bechtold, the Austrian foreign minister, he was able to obtain release a short time ago and is now in Budapest.

His fellow prisoner, Max Nordau, a celebrated author, is not as fortunate. He is still in Paris, an unwilling guest at the barracks.

Lady Arthur Hugh Grosvenor, whose husband is the young uncle and heir presumptive of the Duke of Westminster, is still waiting to know if he is alive or dead. He was on the list of the missing weeks ago, and since then only silence.

His sister, Viscountess Crichton, has become the Countess of Erne by the death a few days ago of her father-in-law, the Earl of Erne. But Viscount Crichton will have to wait to put on his robes as a peer and take his seat in the house of lords. He is now a prisoner in Germany and will remain there until the close of the war. Crichton is an equerry to King George and a major in the Royal horse guards.

Viscount Dalrymple, a major in the Scots guards, has become the twelfth Earl of Stair through the death of his father Dec. 2, but he, too, must wait until the prisoners of war are released before he can assume the honors and enjoy the revenues of the title. He was captured Nov. 28 and taken to the prison camp at Crefield.

When the Germans took Brussels the burgomaster, Adolph Max, of that city showed an antagonistic spirit, so much so, in fact, that it was thought necessary to remove him and send him as a prisoner to Germany, where he is now. His brave comrade, Captain Leman, the famous defender of Liege, who was unconscious under the ruins of his fortress when the besiegers won, is also being cared for by the Kaiser as an unwilling guest.

A grandson of Lord Brassey, Lieutenant Freeman Thomas, was made a prisoner after his life had been saved by the act of an ex-policeman. He was carried, dying, from the firing line and hidden from the enemy, but subsequently was taken prisoner by the Germans.

Topics of the Sport World

By SQUARE DEAL

Ball Players in Winter.

Red Smith of the world's champions writes that his broken leg has mended and that he will go hunting soon.

It is said that Fielder Jones has signed Outfielder Wilhoit of the Venice (Cal.) team for the St. Louis Federals. Wilhoit hit .344 in the Coast league.

Bobby Wallace has a grand batting average of .282 for twenty years. His best year was in 1897, when he hit .339, and his poorest 1914, when he clouted .211.

James A. Gilmore is said to be on the trail of Hank O'Day as an umpire possibility. The Federal league might not be quite as bad as facing Evers, McGraw and Bresnahan.

McCaffrey May Go to War.

James McCaffrey, owner of the Toronto International League team, is a commissioned officer in a Canadian regiment and may be called upon for service in the great war.

Dan Morgan's Record.

"In five years I've handled 150 fighters," says Dan Morgan. "I've had as many as twenty-four fighters at one time. Last winter I had nineteen going. I've handled \$400,000, being interested in the gates of over 2,000 fights. I never had a man injured in all those battles."

Freddy Welsh's Good Points.

Freddy Welsh, the world's champion lightweight, is being guided into a lot of coin by his manager, Harry Pollok, and the chances are that when Freddy begins to count his pile in the spring he will go into the five figures strong. He must be given credit for one thing—he is not afraid to tackle any of the lightweights and does not demand much time for training. Under these conditions it is not surprising that Welsh wants to make his matches at catchweights or at a point that will not bring him down too low. If he kept in hard training all the while and tried to make the lightweight limit he would soon go stale, and that is what he wants to avoid. There is little doubt that Welsh can make the proper weight when the occasion demands.

Brooke Is a Sticker.

An unusual situation developed in college athletics when the members of the football squad of the University of Pennsylvania united in a protest against the retention of George Brooke as coach. Brooke has a contract covering two more years. He was declared to be a failure because of the poor showing the football team made the past season.

Brooke refused to resign. He said that he had done as well as any coach could do with the material at hand and



Photo by American Press Association.
George Brooke Refuses to Resign as Pennsylvania Football Coach.

that he was entitled to a chance to prove his ability by continuing in the post. He declared that to leave under the circumstances would ruin his reputation and impair his earning capacity.

The weekly paper conducted by the students of the university took up the fight against Brooke and in an editorial said:

"There will be no sportsmanship next season if Brooke, a repudiated coach, is in charge of the team, which is now on record as believing him a failure. The university is not behind Mr. Brooke."

The Sunday School Lesson

SENIOR BEREAN.

Golden Text.—Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God (Ruth 1, 16).

The Lesson Explained. Verses 6-9.—"At the Crossways."

The country of Judah is rugged and lacking in fertility. Its streams are full to overflowing during the rainy season, but for the greater part of the year their beds are parched with tropic heat. Then it is that drought and famine bring desolation, and to escape its ravages the inhabitants have often sought fairer climes. Our story introduces us to a family of Bethlehem when there was a famine in the land. From their depressed surroundings they were able to see the outstretched mountains of Moab, purple in the distance. They had heard that on this plateau, 4,300 feet above the level of the Dead sea, there were fields of waving corn and a bountiful vegetation. It is true that the people of Moab worshipped Chemosh, while the people of Israel were the followers of Jehovah. But religious faith is an inward experience, and it can be enjoyed even in an alien atmosphere. So "Elimelech," with his wife, "Naomi," and their two sons, crossed the valley and settled in the country of Moab. There existed friendly relations between the Israelites and Moabites, not as peoples, but as individuals. Prosperity smiled upon this family, but the usual reverses visited them. First the husband was taken away by death. The two sons, "Mahlon and Chilion," married women of Moab, but in course of time these men also died, and there were left three widows—a sad and stricken mother-in-law and her two daughters. "The Lord had visited his people." Prosperity was interpreted as a mark of the divine favor, as adversity was a certain token of the divine displeasure. Conditions in Bethlehem had improved during the sojourn of Elimelech and his family in Moab. Naomi therefore resolved to return to her native land, where among her own kith and kin she could perchance end her days in peace. All her plans had been perfected, and the time had finally come to separate from "her two daughters-in-law."

They accompanied her as far as the outskirts of the village, for it was not customary in the orient to bid farewell in the home. "Return each to her mother's house." They could not remain any longer with her, and so she urged them to go back to the home of their parents in Moab.

Verses 10-14.—An inevitable separation.

These three women had no doubt talked over the whole matter several times and had probably agreed that the course of Naomi was the wisest under the circumstances. But when the critical hour came they were not prepared for action. "Surely we will return with thee." They were loath to leave her, as she also certainly was to leave two such excellent daughters-in-law. But it seemed that there was no other alternative. According to the custom of that age, when a man died without children, it was the duty of his brother to marry his widow and so continue the family (Deut. xxv, 5-10; compare Matt. xxii, 23-28). But Naomi had no other sons, and, while she grieved for the sake of "Orpah" and "Ruth," she faced the bitter situation and advised them in the way she did for their own benefit. "Lifted up their voice and wept." The interview throughout was indescribably pathetic. "Orpah" was persuaded to turn back, and she finally tore herself away. "But Ruth clave unto her." She could not be prevailed upon to let Naomi return helpless and alone.

Verses 15-18.—An honorable choice.

This family from Bethlehem had not forgotten Jehovah in the land of strangers, but worshiped him in their home. When Orpah and Ruth became members of the family they renounced the god of their fathers in favor of the God of their husbands. The fact that Orpah returned to her mother's house implied that she again became a worshiper of Chemosh, the god of Moab. Ruth was, however, of a different mind. "Entreat me not to leave thee." No argument or persuasion could influence her decision. She was resolved to accompany Naomi at any cost. Her decision was expressed in the language of sublime poetry, and it revealed the splendid nobility of her character. "Thy people * * * my people, and thy God my God." Nothing shall swerve her until "death part thee and me." After such a declaration there was nothing more to be said, for it was very evident that Ruth was "steadfastly minded to go with her." The events that followed after these two women returned to Bethlehem reveal yet further the nobility of their spirit. God did not fail them in the hour of their need, but raised up those who were genuine friends, so that their lot was once again cast in pleasant places.

Weeping may tarry for the night,
But joy cometh in the morning.

We Carry a Full Line of
SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE

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

WE EARNESTLY SOLICIT AND APPRECIATE YOUR BUSINESS

RITER HARDWARE CO.

COMMENDATION.

The voters of Spur, Duck Creek and Dry Lake communities voted last Saturday to establish Road District Number 1 of Dickens county and also for issuance of bonds to the amount of twelve thousand dollars for the purpose of building and maintaining a roadway within said district. While this would be considered a matter of small moment in the more densely populated sections in Texas, yet, in Western Texas and Dickens county this move is a matter of considerable consequence. While the Commissioners' Court has done the best they could for the roads with their limited means, it is a self-evident fact that our roads are far beneath the standard that should be attained and this election as a starter will in all probability be followed up by elections in other precincts and will ultimately end in the building of good roads throughout the county. Nothing is more advantageous to the farmer, the business or professional man than good roads—especially the farmers—and the idea of getting out of the mire is gaining ground swiftly and surely. Building of good roads was never a mistake, and the citizens of Road District Number 1 are to be congratulated on their action in this matter.—Dickens Item.

While the people of Dickens county and West Texas in general may never become extravagant in the matter of issuing road bonds, yet this limited road bond issue in Road District Number One of Dickens county will be an actual demonstration of the effects of road bonds and will result in making "believers" of those who are now doubters with respect to the advantages of bonds in promoting good roads. Keep your eyes on Dickens county.

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.
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DENTIST
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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

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

SURPRISE MARRIAGE.

John Shaw, of the Croton country, surprised his friends by getting married last week. He met the young lady in Dallas where they were united in marriage, returning immediately to the Croton country where they will make their home in the future. The bride formerly lived in the Croton country but at the time of her marriage was living in Arkansas with her parents. The Texas Spur extends very best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Shaw and wishes them much prosperity and happiness.

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

Eb Carpenter, who has been employed at the Farmers Gin throughout the fall, resigned his position Monday and will leave Spur Sunday for a visit of several weeks to friends and relatives at Mart.

J. J. Noland, leading citizen and prosperous farmer of the Afton country, was in Spur last week. Mr. Noland said he only lacked a few bales of having his crop gathered, and would soon be ready to begin a new crop.

J. M. Benton, a prosperous farmer and leading citizen of the Rotan country, was in Spur Monday on business. Mr. Benton owns some property in Spur and was here looking after his interests.

Strayed—Bay horse, thin in order, not branded, high weathers, collar mark on neck, shod all round, \$2.50 reward for his return to Spur.—T. A. Rogers. 2tp

E. B. Shaw, a leading citizen of the Croton country, made a business trip last week to Austin and other eastern points where he spent several days.

Chas. Windham was in Spur Saturday from his ranch home north of Dickens and while here was a very pleasant caller at the Texas Spur office.

John Weathers was in the city Saturday from his home in the West Pasture and spent several hours here on business and greeting friends.

R. S. Holly, a prominent citizen of several miles north of Dickens, was in Spur Monday on business and trading with the merchants.

C. M. Buchanan, one of the oldest settlers of the Afton country, was in Spur Saturday on business and greeting old time friends.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. West were in the city Saturday from their farm home near Spur and spent some time here trading and greeting friends.

Editor Hyatt, of Dickens Item, was in Spur Monday and while here was a very pleasant caller at the Texas Spur office.

A. Q. Smelser and family moved recently to Spur from their farm home several miles west of the city.

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

W. J. Elliott was in the city Saturday from his Spring Creek farm and ranch home.

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

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.

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OFFICERS

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

PHONE US YOUR COAL ORDER

WE handle the best grades that can be had and deliver promptly. We also handle Grain, Hay and Cotton Seed products. We pay Cash for Furs and Hides. Get our prices.

SPUR GRAIN & COAL CO.
BOTH PHONES 51

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

J. H. Farmer, a prosperous farmer of near Spur, was in the city Saturday shaking hands with friends and trading with the merchants.

J. R. McArthur called in Saturday and handed us another dollar to extend his subscription up another year, and for which he has our thanks.

W. M. Childress was in the city the first of this week with cotton from his farm several miles north.

J. A. Kerley, a prominent citizen of near Spur, was among the number of business visitors in town Monday.

Ed Cairnes and wife were in Spur Monday visiting friends from their ranch home in Kent county.

Mat Howell was in the city Monday from the Cat Fish country and spent several hours here on business.

Murray Brothers...

YOU WILL EVENTUALLY HAVE US DO That Work Why Not Now?

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

Bill McArthur was among the number of business visitors in the city Saturday.

J. P. Gibson was in the city Monday from the Steel Hill community.

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"

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.

Copyright, 1905, by Harper Bros.

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 of 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. In dismissing the jurors for the day Judge Dudley admonishes them to keep free from all discussion of the case. The foreman, home-ward bound, assists Barbara Frayne, a young horsewoman, and unwillingly listens to a declaration on the Emory case. Barbara is full of detestation for the prosecutor because of his belligerent attitude toward the accused, who she feels is 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. Lambert, supposing his forced eavesdropping disqualifies him from acting further as a juror, seeks out Gilbert at Barbara Frayne's home, but the prosecutor refuses to listen to anything bearing on the Emory case. Before court opens next day he gets a hearing from Judge Dudley, who despite everything orders that he (Lambert) remain on the jury. The trial opens, and Gilbert questions the architect who had drawn the plans for the Shaw house. Lambert questions the witness and forces some valuable testimony from him. Gilbert suddenly warms up and produces evidence that forged Shaw checks were made out to the order of Alice Emory. The prisoner faints, much to the consternation of the housekeeper, Madeleine Mapes, who thinks her dead. 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 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. He 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. But his carriage has been given to some one else, and he turns to horseback riding with a borrowed saddle, 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.

A Tilt With the Prosecutor.

It was impossible to think of Barbara Frayne as a fair weather friend, and yet I almost wished she was less loyal. I hated to think of her in the company of Alice Emory, and this in itself revealed the dangerous tendency of my thought. I was by no means ready to pronounce the woman guilty, but it was idle to deny that the facts thus far developed against her lacked but little of positive proof. The first day's testimony, with its disastrous close, had been quite sufficient to give an impulse to the most impartial mind, and the developments outside the courtroom, beginning with my experience at the farmhouse and ending with Barstow's sinister move, had not been calculated to diminish my doubts. If Gilbert continued his aggressive campaign when the trial resumed he would cover the facts outlined in his opening speech. And then what? Would Barstow put his client on the stand, let her assert her innocence and rest satisfied with that, or would he endeavor to show who had committed the crime? Was it to be either a verdict of guilty or an unsolved mystery?

Thus far there had not been the slightest indication of any purpose on

Barstow's part to do more than divert the proofs from his client. If he had contemplated an aggressive campaign or meditated turning suspicion upon any other person he would not have permitted Gilbert to exclude every other inmate of the house from the field of inquiry. Miss Mapes had been among the first eliminated from the prosecutor's case. Would she have been passed by had Barstow had the faintest suspicion of what I knew? Was it to remain for me to develop her part in the story?

Suppose the clew which had been inexplicably placed in my hands should lead to important revelations and end by absolving Alice Emory from all connection with the crime? The man who accomplished such a result would render great service, not only to the defendant, but also to the state. If there was any basis for this hope an opportunity lay before me such as possibly no juror ever possessed before. But that opportunity might be lost if my information were not used in just the right way. To confide in Barstow after my late experience with his henchman was out of the question, and to consult with Gilbert might be disastrous. Miss Mapes had had access to both these men and had apparently not chosen to communicate with them. If I advised the prosecutor of her disclosure he might, and probably would, start an investigation, which would put her on her guard or frighten her off altogether.

The more I thought of it the more certain I became that Barstow did not know what had been told me and that I had been selected as a safe channel to receive the confidence of an over-charged mind. If I was mistaken the testimony of one side or the other would disclose my error, but if neither touched the point confided to me I could follow it up as occasion might suggest. Until then I would keep my own counsel.

The sound of hoofs interrupted my thoughts, and, turning in the saddle, I caught sight of Miss Frayne coming rapidly toward me.

Scarcely ten minutes had passed since we had parted, and, wondering what had interfered with her errand, I turned and rode to meet her.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," I began as I came within hailing distance, but her face immediately showed me that something serious had happened. "What has brought you back so soon?" I added.

"I thought perhaps you knew," she began.

"Knew what?" I queried.

"That we live in Russia, not America!" she burst out indignantly.

"What is the matter?" I inquired sympathetically. "I hope I didn't make you late for the visitors' hour."

"Not at all. I was in plenty of time. But it appears the czar does not permit prisoners to receive visitors during their trial."

"The czar?"

"Czar Gilbert! Those are his orders. Just think of it! Could anything be more outrageous—even in Russia?"

She was the incarnation of revolt as she spoke, an inspiring incarnation too, but I secretly rejoiced at the prison regulations.

"I did not know that rule was strictly enforced," I answered lightly. "Didn't the officials suggest some way out of the difficulty?"

"They said I could apply to the judge or the prosecutor for an order."

"Well, that is easily obtained. Mr. Gilbert will give you an order for the asking."

"And do you think I'd ask him?" she demanded hotly.

I didn't think so, but I wanted to be fair to Gilbert in justice to myself.

"Did he know where you were going this morning?" I asked.

"He must have known!" she answered. "We talked for a quarter of an hour. Oh, I can just see him laughing in his sleeve!" she burst out resentfully.

Even as she spoke I caught sight of the prosecutor coming down the main street into which we were then turning.

"I dare say Mr. Gilbert has lots of things up his sleeve," I answered. "But his laugh isn't one of them. That's always in evidence. Look at him now, for instance."

Gilbert was still laughing as he stepped into the road to meet us, and I drew rein as he approached.

"Good morning again," he began, bowing to us both. "I've just heard of your experience at the livery stable, Mr. Lambert. It would be perfectly maddening if it wasn't so funny. This is a town of cool propositions, but of all the exhibitions of cheek—Wait a minute, Barbara," he broke off as Miss Frayne moved on. "I find I can start a bit earlier if it suits you," he continued. "But I think we'd better wait until we see if those clouds mean a thunder shower. Where are you off to now?"

The girl halted and turned to me inquiringly.

"Do I have to answer that question, Mr. Lambert?" she asked, ignoring the prosecutor.

"Unless there's some objection," I laughed. "Isn't that the law, Mr. Gilbert?"

"Well, I don't feel like having the law laid down to me this morning," she retorted. "I forgot to leave this letter when we passed the postoffice," she continued, turning to me. "Do you mind waiting till I mail it?"

"Allow me"—I began.

"No, no," she answered, swinging her horse around. "Will you be ready by the time I get back?" she added with a meaning glance. "I won't be two minutes unless the authorities insist on reading letters before they're posted. Do you suppose it's come to that yet?"

Gilbert glanced at the girl with a puzzled expression, and, although the situation was advantageous to me, I could not help feeling a little sorry for him.

"I don't seem to be in on this joke," he commented ruefully.

"No, the joke is on us," she retorted. "The first turning to the left is our best road, Mr. Lambert," she called out over her shoulder. "Go right on and I'll overtake you."

The prosecutor raised his hat as the girl cantered off and stood staring after her until she disappeared in the post-office. Then he turned to me.

"Do you know where Miss Frayne went this morning?" he inquired thoughtfully.

"I met her coming down that side road," I answered noncommittally, pointing behind me.

Gilbert looked puzzled for a moment and then snapped his fingers with vexation.

"Of course!" he exclaimed, as though to himself. "I might have known it! No wonder she's provoked. Do you know where she's going after she posts her letter?" he continued.

"Home, I think," I answered.

"She'll get caught in the rain if she tries it," he muttered, glancing at the distant bank of thunder clouds. "Where are you off to?" he added suddenly.

"I'm going with Miss Frayne as far as Pollicet, and then on to Hefryville," I responded carelessly.

Gilbert glanced up at me with surprise, and I confess I enjoyed his evident astonishment.

"You don't really mean it?" he inquired incredulously, after a pause.

"Most assuredly," I answered coolly. "What is there so surprising about it?"

The prosecutor looked up sharply as I answered, stared at me for an instant and then stood patting my horse's head.

"Why, I supposed"—he began, but broke off suddenly.

"It's not much of a trip if one is accustomed to the saddle," I volunteered. "I haven't ridden for some time, though, so I expect to be rather stiff tomorrow."

"You'll be nothing less than a cripple," he asserted.

"I can drive back if I'm too sore for riding when I reach home," I responded. "Although I suppose it's more than tempting fate to bring another wagon to Melton," I added smilingly.

"Don't you think the whole plan is more than tempting fate, Mr. Lambert," he inquired, looking me squarely in the eyes.

"I don't think I understand you," I answered coldly.

"I mean it's a little longer ride than the law allows, Mr. Lambert," he responded.

"I appreciate your solicitude," I answered. "But I'm not at all afraid of exhausting myself, and I hope you won't give yourself any further anxiety on my account."

"It's useless for us to talk at cross purposes, Mr. Lambert," he announced. "You know you've no right to make this trip, and I don't want you to put me in an embarrassing position."

"Put you in an embarrassing position?" I laughed. "I'm sure I don't know what you mean, and I don't care to hear."

"You heard what the judge said in court this morning, and that ought to be enough."

Gilbert had suddenly dropped his bantering, jocular manner, and his face was stern and masterful as he rapped out the retort.

"I heard him dismiss us for the day, if that's what you mean," I answered. "And you also heard him expressly state that you were not to leave the town without his special permission."

I gazed at the speaker in amazement for I never expected him to carry the matter as far as this. To put words in the judge's mouth to prevent me from taking his place with Miss Frayne was not only contemptible, but dangerous.

"I do not consider myself bound by what you tell me," I asserted promptly. "Still, I hope you will not attempt to leave Melton without consulting the judge," he persisted.

[To be continued.]

A Glance at Current Topics

Sturdee England's Hero.

London, Jan. 30.—Vice Admiral Sir Frederick Sturdee, commander in chief of the British squadron which sank the German fleet near the Falkland islands, is now held a big hero in England. He is considered one of the ablest officers in the royal British navy. Until a few years ago he was assistant director of the important naval intelligence department of the admiralty at Whitehall, London.

Vice Admiral Sturdee was born on June 9, 1859. He entered the navy in 1871, and his first important war service was in the famous Egyptian campaign of 1882, as a result of which he



Vice Admiral Sir Frederick C. D. Sturdee, Who Sank Von Spee's Squadron.

wears the Egyptian medal, with the Alexandria clasp, for his services in the British bombardment of Alexandria, and for the same service he wears the khedive's big star. After his return to England from that campaign in 1889 he was married to Miss Marion Adela Andrews. He was appointed rear admiral in command of the first battle squadron in 1910 and in 1912 was promoted vice admiral and appointed to the post he now holds.

Czar Seeks to Be Popular.

Petrograd, Jan. 29.—The war has made the czar a changed man. Instead of the invisible aristocrat, concealed from his people behind great palace walls, enormous parks and files of imperial guards, protected with infinite care from the assassin, he has become almost a democratic ruler.

Everywhere he appears among his people and among his soldiers, returning their greetings, blessing them and encouraging them. Discretion is thrown to the winds. Several times he has penetrated to the battlefields of Poland and would have exposed himself to the shrapnel of the Prussians had not his entourage skillfully rendered this impossible.

More remarkable still, the queen, always before the most exclusive of royalty, has gone among her people, visiting the sick and wounded. The Russians scarcely knew her before.

There is in all this ostensible activity a little more than the desire to arouse and encourage the fighting nation. There is more, for instance, than inspired the visit of King George to his troops in Flanders. This extra element is anxiety, a lively fear, and not of German howitzers. The victories of Russian arms have their sweetness mixed with bitterness for the czar and his family.

Why? The reason is none other than the majestic figure of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholasievitch, the commander in chief of the Muscovite forces. The czar has long suffered by physical comparison with his soldier cousin. Now he suffers in a more serious way.

Reindeer Save Eskimos.

Washington, Feb. 2.—In twenty years the reindeer industry has made the Eskimos of Alaska civilized and thrifty men. This announcement is made by the federal bureau of education, which had charge of the experiment of introducing Russian reindeer into that district. The reindeer industry began in Alaska in 1892, when the bureau of education imported 171 reindeer from Siberia. The object was to furnish a source of food and clothing supply for the Eskimos. The importation continued until 1902. A total of 1,280 reindeer were taken in from Siberia. Now there are 47,266 reindeer distributed among sixty-two herds, and 30,532 of these are owned by the natives.

The experiment is one of the most successful the government has ever undertaken. It has not only provided the Alaskan Eskimos with food and clothing, but a means of transportation superior to dog teams. Instead of being nomadic hunters eking out a precarious existence on the vast untimbered tracts of the arctic coast region, the Eskimos, according to the announcement, now have assured support

and opportunity to acquire wealth by the sale of meat and skins to the white men.

Sharks Guard German Prisoners.

New York, Feb. 2.—Tell it quietly, because few know it. England has a new ally in her war on the Germans. This fact was brought here by the officer of a freighter who has arrived from Auckland, New Zealand.

The story of Great Britain's new ally was brought out by questions as to what Australia and New Zealand were doing for the mother country.

"Australia," remarked the first officer, "has already sent ten transports of troops to the front. New Zealand, too, was raising troops, and the officials there took mighty good care of the Germans. Every German on the island was arrested or you might call it detained and sent to a small island a few miles up the coast. All vessels arriving and departing were searched for German subjects. About 5,000 of them were held prisoners."

"The New Zealanders must have quite a regiment of men guarding the Germans on that little island," a reporter put in.

"Oh, no," replied the sailorman; "no need guarding them. They can't get off because there's no place to go."

"They might swim," he was told.

"Swim!" he exclaimed. "Let 'em swim! Great Britain has the finest guard in the world around that island, Swim! What a chance! Why, man, the waters around that island are patrolled in vast numbers by the finest and perhaps largest man eating sharks to be found anywhere."

Servian Capital Overcrowded.

Nish, Servia, via London, Jan. 30.—Nish has become the provisional capital, the seat of government and the center well protected and far away from the roar of battle.

Nish contains today three times its normal population. Thousands of fugitives have arrived here from Belgrade, Semendria and Sabaz, with all of the worldly possessions they were able to carry.

Only a month ago people were obliged to sleep in the streets, and the hotels and lodging houses let out their beds to clients turn about for day and night. Those who had the good fortune to have been able to engage beds for the night would not be out of them long enough in the morning for the sheets to cool off before those whose turn was for the day slipped in and fell asleep.

All the cafes, the railway station and the shops transformed themselves into dormitories. The moment the dirty dishes were removed from the tables they were turned into double decked beds. The luckiest individuals slept on top, the less fortunate ones underneath.

Little by little, however, this surplus population began to spread out a bit, first into nearby villages, then even to the summer resorts, until today Nish, while still staggering under the weight of a population enormous, is able to accommodate all without at least making them sleep in the streets.

An Idol of Austria.

Vienna, Jan. 29.—Among the successful leaders of the Austrian troops in the present war is General Viktor Dankl, who has been engaged against the czar's soldiers in Galicia. At one time it was reported that General Dankl had serious differences with the



General Viktor Dankl, One of the Best Liked of Austrian Leaders.

German generals in the eastern theater of war, but that has been denied from Berlin.

When the war began General Dankl was commander of defenses in the Austrian Tyrol and of the province of Vorarlberg and commanding general of the Fourteenth army corps at Innsbruck. At the outbreak of hostilities he was sent to the eastern frontier and given command of the central army of defense.

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.

Copyright, 1906, by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

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. March is informed that he has been selected to take charge of the Christmas concert.

Forming a Committee.

"AY, I'll ring you in," continued Marsh. "My compliments to Captain Humphries, and say that I'll be advisory manager if my friend Overton can be induced to do the work. 'You see,' he confided to Brill, 'I'm not as young as I was, and after ten or a dozen Christmases aboard ship the work of impresario loses the inspiration of novelty.'"

Both men saw that the captain was repeating the steward's reply to those around him, and Brill suddenly became strangely self-conscious as he found that many eyes were gazing at his face.

"My amendment seems to have made a hit," chuckled Marsh, "especially with the ladies."

This last generalization was meant as a specification and so understood by Brill, who liked Marsh better than ever for it, and he suddenly evinced a most lively desire to know all about the customs at these concerts for the sailors' fund.

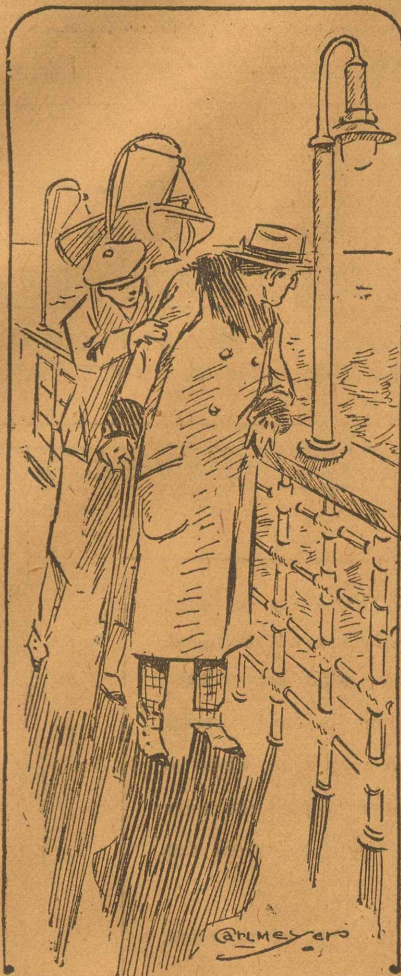
"Christmas is Tuesday," said the commercial man after outlining the general plan of the holiday concert. "This is Friday. We've four days to arrange the program. As good as four years on land. People are never so obliging or foolish as aboard ship. I'll bet if you insisted the affair wouldn't be a success unless Andrew Jennison did a sword dance he'd do it if you'd provide the kilts."

"Do you know Mr. Jennison?" asked Brill, with another accession of interest.

"Only by reputation. He's from Seattle."

Seattle? Oh, yes, Brill remembered. A portion of his father's business had been moved to that town after its purchase by a man named Jethro Slade. Here was common ground, and he resolved to cultivate it.

Accordingly, when he chanced to meet the tall Mr. Jennison in the smoking room after dinner he dragged the estimable Mr. Slade into the talk with much confidence. He found that Jennison knew Slade well and could tell some amusing stories of his eccentricities. In such ways is the easy familiarity of shipboard cemented, even if it falls suddenly in pieces at the first



sight of land, and Brill soon found himself and Mr. Jennison excellent friends. When a game of poker was proposed he felt in duty bound to enter it, although he cared little for cards, and he remained in the party until lights were turned out.

He went on deck for one more cigar before turning in. As he thought of the Jennisons in the light of possible, genuine friends he began to regret that he was in a sense sailing under false colors. Yet the error—for it was that—could be readily explained when the proper time came, and then no one would be very harsh in criticism of Overton Brill the millionaire. Millionaire? There was the keynote to the whole situation, and he now began to rejoice that if Marion Jennison was to be wooed she must be won by the unknown and perhaps penniless "Mr. Overton." That was a thought worth sleeping on, and he started for his stateroom.

He found the corridor in darkness and wondered what mischance had occurred to the electric wires. As he groped along toward his own cabin he heard, at a little distance forward, the sounds of something like a scuffle. Then he opened his door, and, by the faint light thrown ahead, he could distinguish several men pulling along another, who was bound and gagged and blinded by a red handkerchief tied over his eyes.

At that moment a man in the uniform of a petty officer, whom Brill did not remember to have seen before, came forward and touched his cap.

"The men will have their Christmas skylarking, you know, sir," he said. "He's making his first voyage."

"Oh, yes, I see," returned Brill sleepily, as he closed his door and began to undress. "It's absurd, of course," was his last thought before slumber overcame him, "but that man's face below the handkerchief looked like that of some one I know—somewhere—I don't know just who or just where—heigho!"

At the breakfast table next morning, where he found Christopher C. Marsh awaiting him with undisguised impatience, Brill learned once and for all that when the plump little man of commerce had a project in mind that project was not to suffer through any lagging.

"Well, Overton," exclaimed his valet, "you must have been 'rocked in the cradle of the deep' with a vengeance. Been waiting for you to set the Christmas ball rolling. I'll call a race-horse for you," and he beckoned to a steward. "I call 'em racehorses," he explained, "because they run for steaks, plates and cups."

Brill laughed and gave practical application to the joke by ordering his breakfast. He found that he could smile at Marsh's most atrocious puns, which proved his genuine liking for the man.

"We need a committee," declared Marsh, much more businesslike now. "As I'm chairman, so to speak, I've selected one. I gave the matter considerable thought."

So had Brill, and he had come to the sage conclusion, after sleeping on the subject, that the whole thing was likely to prove a bore of the first magnitude, encroaching on the time he might wish to give to other interests and winning for himself a senipublicity of which he was not fond. He wondered how he could most gracefully evade his share of responsibility, but before any plan was formulated Marsh went on:

"I saw the people before you came down," he said. "they all accepted. There's Professor Pennythorpe—know him?"

Brill did and resolved to escape at all hazards. The small gentleman with the foghorn voice promised disagreeable complications.

"Then there's Mrs. James Blucher-

Ward," continued Marsh. "Know her? Of course not—didn't show up till this morning. Old traveler—never appears till second or third day out. Goes across every other trip. Son in New York—husband in London—divides her time between them. Was born on a steamboat, lives on a boat, will probably die on a boat and if she don't find one where she goes it won't be heaven."

Another fellow member to avoid, thought Brill, as he toyed with a copy of the steamship daily newspaper that lay beside his plate, a smudgy defiance to his desire to be completely at sea when crossing the ocean.

"We're likely to have a very exhilarating time, you and I and the other two," he observed dryly.

"Other two? There are five on the committee. Let's see. Oh, yes, I omitted one. Should have included Miss Jennison, who, I may add, was most ready to serve."

Brill flashed a glance of investigation at his companion, but the rubicund face had all the preternatural solemnity of a mandarin's. Comment on this member of the committee would clearly be out of place, and Brill covered an awkward pause by hastily gulping down a great draft of steaming coffee, an admirable diversion, although scalding his throat.

"You see," explained Marsh, with a grin, "old people for counsel, young for action. It'll be up to Miss Jennison and yourself to make this thing successful."

"Oh, yes," he added, heading off a deprecatory gesture by Brill, "you'll have my suggestions, but Pennythorpe'll talk meteorology to Mrs. Blucher-Ward, because she's the only one who'll let him, and that'll be because she's asleep. She's a very comfortable person. If she's ever on a sinking ship she'll be washed ashore, still asleep and without a curl ruffled."

"When will the first committee meeting be held?" asked Brill, with a fine assumption of composure.

"I ventured to name 9:30 in the library, and if that time was convenient for you I agreed to notify the others."

"I am at their service."

Brill wondered how he could say that in such cold blooded fashion. It meant that fate, through the instrumentality of an ever to be blessed commercial traveler, had decreed that he should meet Marion Jennison as a collaborator in an important cause—he quite forgot his previous anathema of the project—and on terms that must be regarded as fairly intimate. He would take good care that they became so, at any rate. He would work like a Trojan. He would—

But on getting back to his prosaic breakfast he perceived that Marsh had vanished, and he quickly finished his meal and hurried out. Coming from the saloon, he suddenly found himself face to face with Captain Humphries. He bowed, and the captain returned his salutation, but hurried on without speaking.

A few steps farther and Marsh came rolling up. To those who admired his excellent sea legs he always explained that they were his land legs also and far from graceful on shore.

"It's all right for 9:30," he said.

"Wasn't that Captain Humphries?"

"Yes, and he seemed preoccupied."

"Perhaps he's afraid of the storm Pennythorpe is scaring everybody about. If we get it the professor'll go overboard as a Jonah; if we don't his chances are not much better as a false prophet."

There was still half an hour before the meeting, and Brill went to his cabin to have Stebbins, who had breakfasted earlier, attend to certain phases of his toilet. If Jay was surprised to find his patron more finical in dress than he had ever known him he gave no sign, but chatted about Christmas and the home folks and made himself so generally useful and agreeable that Brill wondered, with a little misgiving, if he had not neglected his protegee of late.

In the cheerful and cozy corner of the library that had been set apart for the meeting of this wonderful committee Brill and Marsh found a section of it already convened. This consisted of Professor Pennythorpe and Mrs. Blucher-Ward. The man of science apparently had the lady at his mercy.

"And that, my dear madam," he boomed, caressing his long Dundreary whiskers alternately, "is how I keep accurate track of the whereabouts of the steamer."

"She's asleep," whispered Marsh. Then at Brill's look of surprise as he gazed at the fleshy woman sitting bolt upright in an angle of two richly upholstered benches he went on:

"Oh, her eyes? She sleeps with 'em wide open. Fact. Prove it to you."

"Professor," he said unctuously, "I heard one of the officers say the barometer was falling rapidly."

"Ha!" shouted Pennythorpe, with an ominous scowl. "Indeed! I told them. If you'll excuse me I'll consult my instruments."

That encumbrance removed, Marsh proceeded to demonstrate the truth of his claim. Standing close to the silent Mrs. Blucher-Ward he passed his hands repeatedly back and forth before her eyes. The lady gave no sign of consciousness.

[To be continued.]

Winter Reading For the Farmer

KILL PESTS NOW.

This Is the Time to Destroy Orchard and Garden Insects.

STRONG SPRAY CAN BE USED.

Winter Gives You Better Opportunities to Get at Them—You Need a Knapsack or Compressed Air Machine With a Pole or Length of Hose.

Early winter is the ideal time to catch many of the orchard and garden pests off their guard, says the Country Gentleman. They are in a torpid state and can be located more readily. We can also use much stronger sprays on dormant trees than we can use in summer, and the absence of leaves makes

IN THE HENNERY.

Do not forget the bits of charcoal for the poultry to pick in. Corncobs may be utilized for this, and they make better charcoal than burned wood, as they are good for the bowels.

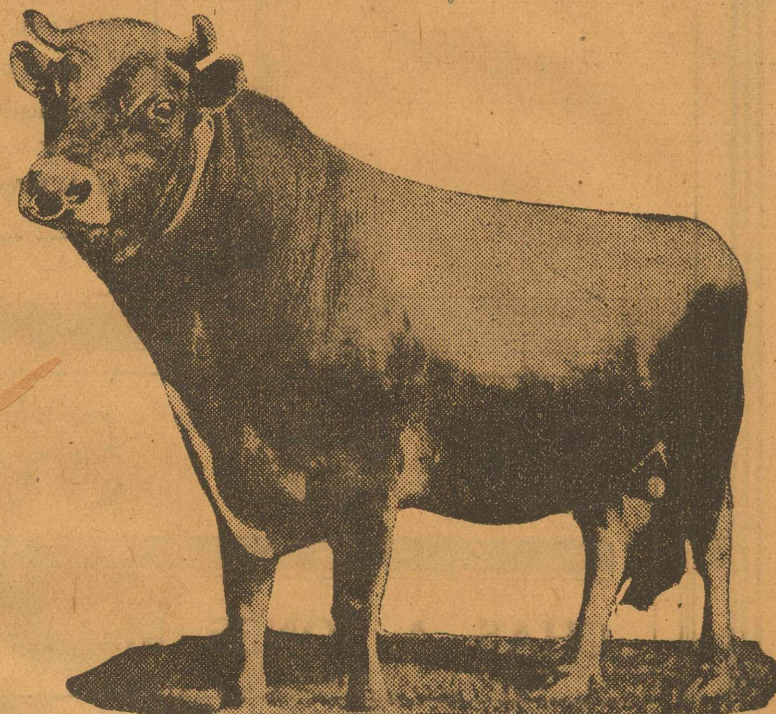
If your birds are getting those ugly and harmful scales on their legs try anointing the shanks with one part lard and two parts kerosene mixed.

Plenty of clean, fresh cool water should be available to every flock both winter and summer.

Use potassium permanganate in the poultry water and be certain to have a clean watering place.

Destroy birds that are badly affected with roup and burn or bury them. Separate all ailing birds from the flock.

Why the Jersey Has a High Mark



The high percentage of milk solids makes Jersey milk the best for cheese making. Owing to the high proportion of milk solids in Jersey milk, which furnishes a pound of butter or of cheese from the least quantity of milk, there is the least amount of worthless residuum or water to be handled. The quality of Jersey milk—its normal percentage of fat and casein—is such as to render it most nutritious, and it is therefore as human food that it is best and goes farthest. The illustration pictures a Jersey bull of excellent type.

possible a much more thorough and convenient job of spraying.

The work may be done at any time from fall until growth starts in spring, but the best time is now.

The outfit required for the home grounds, the fruit trees and garden is simple. In addition to your regular knapsack or compressed air garden sprayer you need a spray pole or a length of quarter inch hose which you can fasten to a sawed off bamboo fish pole and one or two suitable spray nozzles. If you don't already own a knapsack or a compressed air sprayer make yourself a useful present of one at once—not for winter spraying alone, but because you will need it every month, almost every week, to take proper care of your summer garden, flowers, potted plants, house plants, etc. Your sprayer should be equipped with an automatic valve and an anti-clog nozzle; then the starting and stopping of the spray can be controlled with your left hand while your right is free to manage the pole and to direct the spraying.

There are a number of good nozzles on the market, but for operations on foot under the trees select one of the goose necked or angle type. With this a simple turn of the wrist will direct the spray in any desired direction and save a great deal of shifting from one side of the branch or tree to the other. A cup shaped washer of stiff leather, three or four inches in diameter, that will slip tightly over the pole will keep the spray material from running down the pole and up the sleeve, and a wooden handle made of soft pine, bored out just large enough to fit snugly over the spray pipe and held in any desired position by a set screw made of any ordinary screw with the end squared off, will make the handling of the pole more convenient.

The orchard pests that we can fight successfully in winter are the various scales and scabs, though spraying now will help to control a number of the other insect pests and will check still others by destroying cocoons, egg masses or dormant larvae. Some of the scales are rather hard to find, and all are very small and innocent looking in comparison with the serious damage they can accomplish.

Millet Shapes Soil For Wheat.

Millet leaves the soil in shape to produce a better crop of wheat. At the North Dakota station it has been found that the three crops of wheat following millet produced sixteen and one-quarter bushels more wheat than the three crops of wheat following wheat.

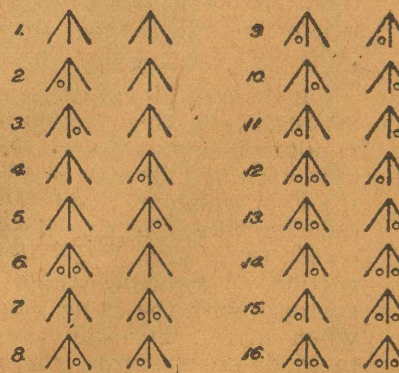
TELLING PULLETS FROM HENS

Toe Punching Method Is Best Way to Distinguish Them.

[Prepared by United States department of agriculture.]

A specialist in the United States department of agriculture suggests a method for marking pullets to distinguish them from older hens. Farmers frequently keep old hens on their farms and kill the younger ones because they are unable to distinguish between them after the pullets have matured.

Before chickens are transferred to a brooder or brood coop they may be marked by a toe punch so that their age and breeding can be readily determined after they are matured. Sixteen different ways of marking chicks are given here. If such a marking is em-



Methods of Marking Chickens by Toe Punching.

ployed the age of the flock can easily be told at any time. The sixteen methods are shown here.

The small sizes of an ordinary harness punch will do to punch the holes in the web of the chick's feet. A record of the different marks should be kept so as to enable one to know the different matings from which the stock is bred and the year hatched. It can easily be seen that the records can be had from sixteen different matings in one year.

Weaning the Pigs.

The pigs should be weaned at ten to twelve weeks of age and should then weigh about thirty pounds. They should have learned to eat a little grain by going to the sow's trough. Then begin to feed them. Give them every day grain equal to 2 per cent of their weight. A pig weighing thirty pounds should have 0.6 pound of grain, ten pigs of this weight six pounds, etc. Divide this into two feeds, morning and evening.

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

There are at least a half dozen farmers of this section who have reported to us this fall that they have gathered more than one bale of cotton to the acre on their places this year. Considering the cost of cultivation and production in this section such results will compare very favorably with the bottom lands of the East which are said to produce on occasions two bales of cotton to the acre. There is no section of country which will compare with the Spur country when more scientific farming methods are generally practiced—and that day is not far distant.

The marketing question is one of the greatest problems of this great and diversified country. In the wheat belt the farmers are smiling at the advanced price of their produce while other sections are frowning and proposing a statutory embargo to prevent wheat shipments for the prevailing high prices. The cotton belt at the same time is proposing governmental aid in promoting and maintaining a higher price for their staple produce. We are not an authority in the Science of Government but it is our humble opinion that should the government take a hand in such matters it should prevent extortion on the one hand and the "squeezing" process on the other hand, rendering a just and considerate decision with reference to both producer and consumer.

A public watering place has been provided for the use of farmers and the people of the Spur trade territory. We congratulate the City Government in thus providing a necessary convenience to patrons and supporters of the town.

The producers of wheat are jubilant while the consumers of flour are becoming somewhat anxious concerning the soaring prices. However, since it is said that maize and kaffir corn will make the finest bread, the people of West Texas should not be content until a demand is created for our bread products. Post made millions by converting simple raw materials into finished cereals—West Texas can realize billions by converting her raw products into acceptable food stuff. Here lies a great opportunity.

The home is the foundation of American manhood and womanhood. When this foundation is imposed upon civilization is wrecked and citizenship is contaminated—and yet, too often, the sacredness of the home is invaded and its responsibilities treated too lightly. Destroy the home and true manhood and true womanhood are relegated to the past.

Be sure
to have our
Antiseptic
Supplies
for the
sick room

Pure, fresh
Drugs.



IT'S
A GIRL

Bad BLOOD POISONING is a danger to be feared; it causes DEATH quickly and surely. The safe thing to do when any wound is made is to come to us for antiseptic bandages and supplies. Many a life has been lost by using "just anything" in dressing wounds.

You can rely upon anything you get at our drug store.

Red Front Drug Store

We give you what you ASK for.

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.

Mrs. Mack Hopper has been quite sick the past week at her home twelve miles west of Spur. However, we are glad to note that she is now reported very much improved.

Will Duncan was here Monday from Dickens and hauled out a load of freight.

Tom McArthur was among the number of business visitors in the city Saturday.

Frills and Fancies In Woman's Sphere

Trim New Blouse Suitable For Midseason Wear



The blouse pictured here is of lustrous blue silk. The loose sleeves are of net overlaid with lace dyed to match the silk. The neck is filled in with a chemisette of white lace. Fancy buttons adorn the front of the garment. A blouse of this sort is convenient to have for wear at the afternoon social function, whether it be card or matinee party, tea or dance.

BOX COATS HERE.

Popular Now Especially as Part of the Modish Covert Cloth Suit.

For the woman who does not wish to dress in the flowing skirted coat fashions which are supreme today the advent of the short box coat styles will provide great joy.

Now that the covert cloth suits have ushered in the short jacket vogues their beautiful practicability exhibits itself.

By the time spring ventures forth upon the calendar of the year short jackets will be in full fashion.

The separate jacket or coat of silk, corduroy or velvet which timidly felt its way fashionward last summer will brave the vicissitudes of the vogues and attempt a leadership of the styles for these things.

Short skirts are an absolute accompaniment. No box coated costume is complete without this new sop to the slitted skirt effects.

Raincoats assume the godet flare. They have pretty and somewhat useless pockets.

CLOSED DOORWAYS.

Attractive Bookcases May Be Built Into These Alcoves.

A closed doorway makes a very nice frame for a bookcase or bric-a-brac shelf. The door should be covered with burlap and then the shelves built into the jamb. With good bracing these may be rounded out to make them deeper than the ordinary door frame would allow for. When finished the shelves may be stained or enameled to correspond with the other woodwork in the room.

Sometimes there is an arched niche between two closets in the bedroom of an old fashioned house. There may or may not be a stationary washstand in this niche. If there is not built in shelves will make a desirable bookcase or dressing table. In the latter case one shelf should be made at the usual height of a bureau or table. One lower than this can be hidden by a cretonne curtain gathered to the shelf above. A looking glass in the niche above, which should, by the way, be papered in white or a plain pale tint, will complete a very attractive corner.

SHORT COAT SUITS.

'Tis Settled That Women Must Wear This Style of Spring Garments.

Manufacturers are practically agreed that the suit coat for spring should be short, says the Dry Goods Economist. There will, however, be a variety of suit jacket styles, both as to lines and as to lengths. Some of the smart suits in this market have the coat in Eton effect—that is, reaching only to the waist line. In others the coat extends several inches below the waist, the lower section being in flare effect. The modification of the Norfolk and the new types of short waisted coats are also very much in evidence in the spring models.

Many clever ideas of military tendency are receiving consideration.

The skirts to the suits also show variety, but almost invariably show the flare or ripple effect. In many instances yokes are employed; in others the skirt is gathered into a belt at the waist line. In still others the skirt is cut in modified circular effect.

Gored skirts, skirts having a few plaits inset at the side and skirts made tight to the knee and finished off with a circular flounce are all to be found in practically all of the important lines.

PETTICOATS FOR SPRING.

The Advent of the Circular Skirt Likely to Make Attractive Models Popular.

"The change toward the fuller skirt in suits and dresses will give an impetus to the distribution of petticoats during the coming spring," says the Dry Goods Economist.

"The new dress skirts are sufficiently full to fly out at the ankles, thus showing the petticoat. This will create a demand for more expensive models and a revival of the call for exclusive styles. The circular skirts of many of the new dresses have a flare finish, brought about by the use of slightly stiffened interlinings in the hem. This being the case, it is safe to assume that the spring season will show a marked demand for taffeta petticoats, as such garments, being made of the stiffer kind of silk, will hold out the dress skirt to some extent.

"Combinations of taffeta and mesaline or of taffeta and satin are a compromise for the more conservative in case they continue to prefer the skirts which fit closely from the waist line to the knees.

"Plaited flounces are not pressed as flat as they formerly were, as it is essential that the lower edge of the petticoat stand out, at least to a limited extent. For wear with the new style dresses petticoats having the gathered flounces are expected to win favor on account of their extra fullness."

Over From Belgium

By ALBERT A. BRILL

ONE quiet evening in the summer of 1913 a pair of young lovers stood on a bridge that crossed the river Lys, in Belgium. They were there for a parting. The young man was to leave for the coast early the next morning and thence for America. Nothing could be more peaceful than the scene about them. A young moon stood in the west. If an occasional breeze stirred the leaves on the trees they were stirred lightly. As for sound, there was only a slight gurgle beneath them as the current passed the abutment of the bridge.

"Mina," said the young man, "cheer up. It will not be long before in America I shall have saved enough money to send for you. That we may have a definite time to be reunited I promise you that one year from today, if not before, you shall receive the passage money to bring you to me."

"And I, Hans, will work and save so that if you do not succeed in gaining enough to send for me I may have enough for the journey."

When the year had passed a great change had come over Belgium. The Germans were pouring into the country from the east, the French from the south. Wilhelmina had received letters from her lover in New York that money would be sent her for her passage, but before it was dispatched the war had stopped the mails.

On the anniversary of their parting, at evening, Wilhelmina went to the bridge on which they had stood a year before. It was now a ruin, more than half of it having been destroyed. Here and there across the fields were flashes, followed by a distant roar of guns, while searchlights sent their columns of light across the sky like the tails of nearby comets.

What should she do? Her home had been that day in the line of fire and was a ruin. Before leaving it she had snatched up her savings, and these she had with her. Standing there in the identical spot where she had stood in quiet with her lover, she resolved to go to him if possible.

There was no way of announcing her coming beforehand. She had neither writing materials nor a way to send a letter. Indeed, it was doubtful if even she could break through the line of war to reach the coast. And if she arrived at a port would she find a vessel? Nevertheless she turned her face toward Holland and set off in the darkness.

Her adventures are a long story by itself. Fortune favoring, she reached Rotterdam in safety and there found that she had the means to buy a steer-

age ticket on an outgoing steamer to New York.

On the arrival of the vessel the emigrants were landed at Ellis island, and Wilhelmina among others was brought before the emigration commissioners. There she was asked how she would be provided for in America, and when she said that she had no money she was told that she would be sent back to Holland.

Her modesty, the consciousness that she was coming to marry a man without a special bidding, had caused her to conceal what she expected. Besides, suppose Hans had changed! But the prospect of being sent back to a land running in blood, where even the little home in which she had been born and always lived had been leveled, overcame her reticence, and she told a love story that no pen, however inspired, could put on paper.

"Hans must be found!" Such were the instructions given to a messenger, who departed on his errand.

There is a committee of Belgians in New York whose purpose it is to look after their incoming fellow countrymen. The head of the committee was found and started a hunt for Hans.

Ever since the war had broken out Hans had been anxious about his Wilhelmina. He had not dared to send her his savings for fear they would be lost.

Hans was at work one afternoon when a fellow workman came to him and told him that the boss wished to see him in the office. Hans laid down his tools and reported as directed. He found beside the boss a man, who asked him:

"Are you Hans Wichtel?"

"I am."

"There is a girl on Ellis island who came over from Belgium. She says you will marry her."

"Mina?"

"She says her name is Wilhelmina."

"Marry her! Of course I will marry her. Where can I find her?"

Hans wished to go at once to Ellis island, but suddenly remembering that a man in overalls was not in wedding costume tidied himself up, then set off to join his sweetheart.

If the authorities had any doubt about Wilhelmina's story it was dispelled by the fervent embrace of the lovers. But Uncle Sam's emigrant officials take no man's promise of marriage, and there are no breaches of promise in his large family. A man went with the couple to the city hall in New York, where a license was procured. Then the pair went to the office of the Belgian committee, where the marriage ceremony was performed.

In and Out of the Children's Playroom

RELAY TEAM CARRIES NEWS.

Paper Boys at Kalamata, Greece, Use This Means.

Imagine American boys assembling in relay teams to deliver newspapers! At Kalamata, in Greece, this is the method that obtains for delivering morning newspapers.

The main square in Kalamata, where the newspapers are sold, is a full half mile from the railway station. Keen rivalry exists between the carriers of the various papers, and from the moment the train arrives there is a great contest to be the first to place the papers on the stands at the square.

Relay teams of newsies have been organized, and these accomplish the delivery of papers in a little more than two minutes, each member racing with a bundle of papers a short distance, and then passing his burden into the hands of the next runner.

The race is the subject of much interest among the townspeople, who like the spirit of the boys.

Pen Scratches by a Cat.

I hereby take
My pen in paw to say,
Can you explain a curious thing
I found the other day?
There is another little cat
Who sits behind a frame
And looks so very much like me
You'd think we were the same.
I try to make her play with me,
Yet when I mew and call,
Though I see her mew in answer,
She makes no sound at all,
And to the dullest kitten
It's plain enough to see
That either I am mocking her
Or she is mocking me.
It makes no difference what I play
She seems to know the game,
For every time I look around
I see her do the same.
And yet, no matter though I creep
On tiptoe lest she hear
Or quickly dash around the frame,
She's sure to disappear.
—Detroit Free Press.

Where did Charles I.'s executioner dine, and what did he take? He took a chop at the king's head.

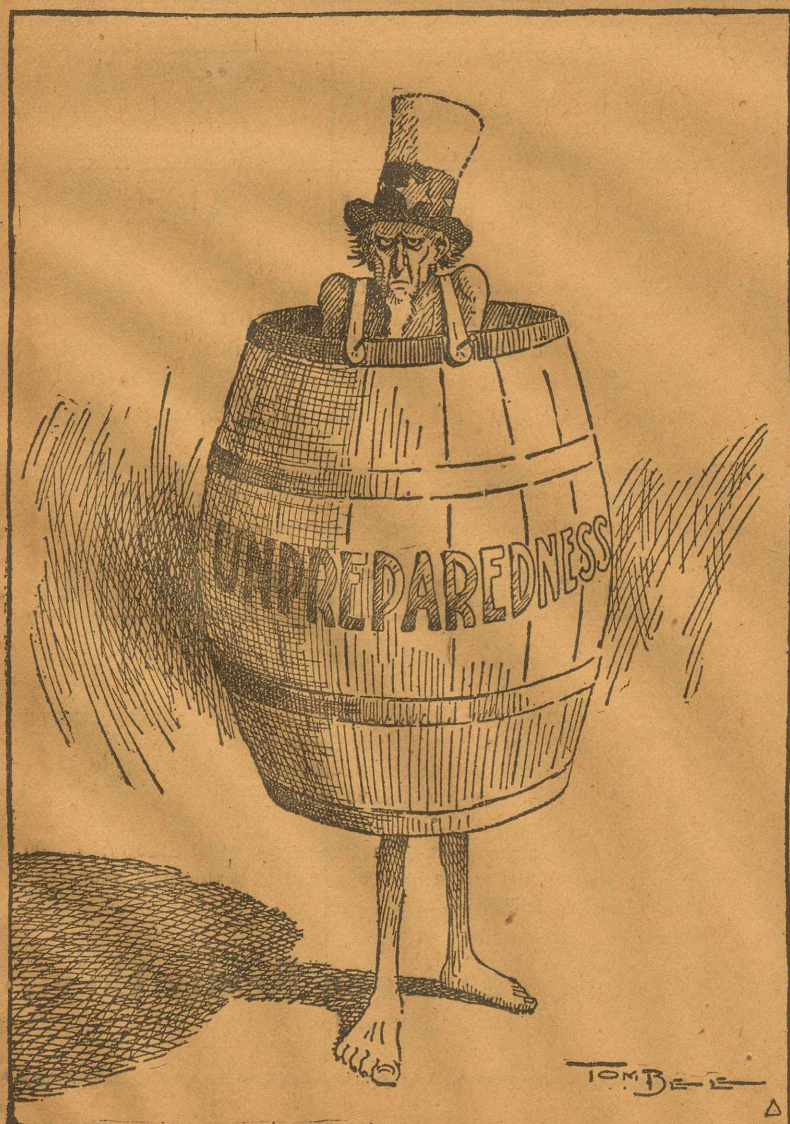
German Boys Play at Being Soldiers



Photo by American Press Association.

If you were a boy and lived in Germany and were playing with any of your companions you would no doubt choose to play soldiers, because all the smaller boys are doing just that very thing. The older ones, however, haven't any opportunity to play. Their country may need them in the near future, and they must drill many hours each day under a strict teacher, so that they can take their place in the army when they become old enough. These three boys here are dressed in correct German uniform, but are too young yet to do anything but play at being soldiers. When the camera man took their picture they insisted on saluting just as they see real soldiers salute their officers on the streets of Berlin while hurrying past each other on important military business.

As He Looks to Some People



—Baltimore Sun.



THE LAST CALL!

THIS LAST ANNOUNCEMENT will close the final chapter on all **WINTER GOODS**. We have several Ladies Suits, Coats and Skirts left. These goods can be used for several months. If you can use one, the price will be made to close the sale. New Spring Goods will start to move this way, and we are making the final **CLEAN OUT** on all Sweaters, Flannel Shirts, etc.

COME NOW FOR YOUR IMMEDIATE NEEDS

LOVE DRY GOODS CO.

The Best Place to Trade
SPUR, TEXAS

"THE DEVILS EYE."

On Friday, the 19th, we will show The Devils Eye which is a three reel feature picture featuring detective Hayes. The Devils Eye is the largest uncut diamond in the world which is stolen from a high society woman by two men, who pose as wealthy gentlemen. The most daring feats that were ever seen in a motion picture occur in The Devils Eye. Your last chance to see the greatest Detective picture in motion pictures. If you are not thoroughly satisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. Don't miss it. At the Lyric Friday 19th. Admission 10 and 25 cents.

M. C. West and children, of several miles south of Spur, were among the number of business visitors here Saturday.

Lee Gilbert was here Monday from Jayton and spent several hours here looking after his business interests.

We received a letter this week from T. E. Lee of Fluvanna, enclosing a dollar for one year's subscription to the Texas Spur. The Texas Spur subscription list continues to grow. We have made an average of adding one new name each day to our list the past week.

T. A. Edmonson, formerly of Spur but now of Post, was in the city this week looking after his property interests here. Mr. Edmonson has a position in the Post Cotton Factory where he has been steadily employed since leaving Spur about one year ago.

Lost—Somewhere on the streets of Spur a gold brooch, star pointed, each point set with five pearls, and large emerald set in center. Reward to finder by returning to Mrs. McClure.

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.

TAP TELLINGS.

With a few more pretty days, we will all be done gathering that bumper cotton crop. Some few are through gathering and are now ready to begin turning the soil for another big cotton crop. We should all raise more feed, a few pigs, yearlings and colts and less cotton, and then we could count on fifty or seventy five dollars a bale for cotton.

Mr. Jones is moving to the W. J. Elliott farm this week.

Ye scribe and family spent Sunday with W. E. Pirkle and family.

Ira Harrell is reported on the sick list.

I. C. Cravey passed through enroute to the Half Circle S Ranch Sunday.

Rev. Collins talked to a large congregation at 2 o'clock p. m. Sunday at the Garrett school house.

A Methodist preacher, from Clairemont, will preach at the Red Top school house Sunday evening at 2 o'clock. Every body come out and hear him.

J. R. McArthur is having an addition made to his house. J. H. Alexander is doing the work.

T. B. Rutherford and family spent Saturday night and Sunday at the home of T. S. Lambert.

W. J. Elliott was receiving yearlings in our community this week.—Kid-a-lude.

Wanted—Six good Jersey milch cows from 2 to 6 years old cheap for cash. Might buy a number of Jersey heifers if priced right. State lowest cash price.—J. R. Ward, Aspermont.

L. G. Crabtree, a leading citizen and one of the most prosperous farmers of the Croton country, was in Spur Wednesday marketing feed stuff and trading with the merchants.

The report came to Spur last week of the death of W. A. Goff, of Illinois, who it is said was frozen to death in a storm. He is a brother to Frank Goff of Spur.

Mr. McCollough, of Throckmorton, has opened up a barber shop in Spur and will be permanently identified with Spur interests in the future.

A liberal reward will be paid for the return of a rifle taken from my buggy one night last week in Spur, and no questions will be asked.—J. H. Johnson.

Willis Smith was in the city Saturday from his farm home in the Tap country.

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.

All parties indebted to Hyatt & Garner are respectfully urged to call and make satisfactory settlement by Saturday, February 13th, since the partnership is being dissolved by the retirement of Will Garner.—W. L. Hyatt.

T. W. Morgan called in Wednesday and renewed his subscription for another year and also having the Dallas News sent to his address.

E. Austin, a prominent citizen of the Afton country, was among the number of business visitors in Spur last week.

Sam Owens and wife were in the city Monday from their ranch home twelve miles southwest of Spur.

John Seif, of the Red Mud country, was among the number in Spur last week trading with the merchants.

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

J. R. Rogers, a prominent citizen of the Draper country, was in Spur Wednesday trading with the merchants.

FREE.

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

J. E. Brown, of the Dry Lake community, was among the number of business visitors in the city Wednesday.

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

W. F. Markham, a prominent citizen of the Dry Lake community, was in the city Monday.

SUBSTANTIAL DEVELOPMENT IN SPUR COUNTRY

Substantial building and development progress in the Spur country is evidenced in the fact that there are no less than a dozen residences and farm homes now under construction in the country. Another evidence of stability and progressive action is in the fact that numbers of old time Western Texas people are buying more land and making necessary improvements for further agricultural development. When an old timer pays what is termed the advanced prices in lands, the "Eastern Tenderfoot" should be convinced that the experimental stage is past in Western Texas agricultural development. The old timers of Western Texas are recognized as the most conservative men of any country, and they are today securing every foot of the Spur Farm Lands that their means will permit.

AN OLD TIMER.

H. Offord, of Tucumcari, New Mexico, visited last week at the home of J. W. Young of near Afton. Mr. Offord was one of the very first settlers of this section of country and is very much surprised at the wonderful development progress in the country during the past several years.

NOTICE

Look dear friends, Open wide your eyes. Tamales, chilli, coffee and pies. We are going to serve at Brannen's store, On Saturday next (not the day before). Come one, come all; give us your trade And help the Baptist Ladies Aid.

J. H. Foreman, of a few miles north of Spur, was in the city Wednesday on business.

Lum Hobson, of the Draper country, had business in Spur this week.

Tom Dodson, Jr., a leading citizen of the Afton country, was in Spur last week on business.

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

At The Lyric Theatre

FRIDAY NIGHT—"Mutual Girl." "At Sea" a Keystone Comedy. "The Only Way" a Beauty Film.
SATURDAY NIGHT—"The Master Hand." "How The Kid Went Over the Range" a two reel feature picture.

When You Want First-Class

Photos, W. H. Duke Makes Them

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money refunded. When you have Kodak Films send them to me and send 25c in postage for 6 finished prints and they will be sent to you by return mail. All work is Strictly Cash. W. H. DUKE, Spur, Texas

A Rare Opportunity to Own Your Own Farm--

We are offering for sale 10,000 acres of fine farming and grazing land adjoining the town of Swearingen, Cottle county, Texas, on the Q. A. & P. railroad, in any size tracts to suit the purchaser, on the liberal terms of \$1.00 per acre cash and \$1.00 per acre each year until paid for.

This is located in the heart of a fine agricultural country; 2,5000 bales of cotton ginned at the town of Swearingen this past year.

For further particulars address

White-Swearingen Realty Co'y.,
Weatherford, Texas