

ADVERTISING

Not only Stimulates business but actually Creates more business, and is entitled to serious consideration

THE TEXAS SPUR

AND DICKENS ITEM

A NEWSPAPER

For the Homes of Dickens County, and the best advertising medium of this section of West Texas

Volume Six

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

Number 20

BANNER FARMING YEAR FOR DICKENS COUNTY.

J. A. Murchison came in Monday from his farm home in the Draper country and spent Monday and Tuesday in Spur trading with merchants and on other business. He says his section of the country is in the very finest shape with respect to season for crops this year. The recent snow, he says, amounted to several inches and placed an ideal season in the ground. The indications are that in every section of this country bumper crops will be made this year, and with the proper diversified farming the year 1915 will be the banner year within the history of farming in the West.

ONE OF THE BEST.

The Arcadian Trio which appeared at the Lyric Theatre Friday night was one of the best numbers of the Lyceum Course. The music was high class, the illustrations were the best ever presented in Spur and the entire program was enjoyed by every one present. Should the Arcadian Trio return to Spur they will be given a warm reception.

NEW GIN IN SPUR CONTEMPLATED ANOTHER YEAR

D. H. Sullivan returned last week from Stamford where he has been spending some time on business in connection with the Swenson gin interests at Spur. We understand that it is now contemplated by the Swenson interests to put in a new and complete gin in Spur for another season. It is said that the gin contemplated will be a credit not only to the town but will be one of the finest and best equipped gins in all of Western Texas.

THE CROTON SINGING CONVENTION POSTPONED

The Croton Singing Convention which was to be held on the second Sunday in April has been postponed until the second Sunday in June on account of small pox in that community.

Let everybody come on the second Sunday in June, and bring well filled baskets and have a good time together. Trim up your voices as well as your appetites and enjoy the day.—A Rambling Boy.

MOVE TO ARIZONA.

Mrs. Jeff D. Reagan and son, Jeff Davis, left Spur Monday for Arizona where they will join Mr. Reagan and make their home in the future. Mr. Reagan has filed on land in the Sansamone Valley, recognized as a rich section of that country. He is now drilling for water with which to irrigate and also making other improvements on his place. We regret to lose Mr. and Mrs. Reagan as citizens of the town but wish them a pleasant and prosperous home in Arizona.

BACK TO OLD HOME.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Smith were in the city Monday, spending several hours here trading and visiting friends. Mr. and Mrs. Smith recently moved to their former farm and ranch home in the Red Mud country and will again make that place their home, Mr. McCamant having resold that place to them. We understand that Mr. and Mrs. Smith will keep the old homestead place of one hundred and sixty acres while the boys, W. H., Frank and Riley Smith, will take the balance of the land amounting to some five or six hundred acres.

LEE COUNTY SETTLEMENT IS RAPIDLY DEVELOPING

W. D. Eldredge, a prominent citizen and extensive farmer of the Lee County Settlement on the plains, was in Spur Monday after building material with which to erect another farm home in that section. The Lee County settlement is rapidly developing and within a few years that whole country will be a solid area of highly improved farms. This year there have been five or six new homes built and the indications are this building progress will continue. One thing needed in that section now is a gin, and the gin man who accepts this opportunity will reap the rewards now and in the years to come.

ASSESSING THE TAXES FOR DICKENS COUNTY

G. B. Joplin was a very pleasant caller at the Texas Spur office Saturday and reports that he is progressing very satisfactorily with his work in assessing the taxes for this year. Assessing the taxes of Dickens county is not only a big job, but is one of importance to tax-payers as well as the county. Considering the fact that the tax-assessor makes the rounds of the county and views the assessed property, he can come nearer than any equalization board in placing an equal taxation upon the citizenship. That the taxes of the county are not now nor never have been properly equalized is a generally recognized fact. However, the taxes are becoming more and more equalized as the years roll by, and some day these matters will be systematically and equally adjusted.

RETURNS FROM FT. WORTH

A. C. Hyatt returned Tuesday to his home in Dickens from Fort Worth where he attended the Woodmen convention as a delegate from the Dickens Lodge. He reports an interesting meeting. While gone he also visited relatives in the eastern part of the state.

BUILDING FARM HOME.

Wagons hauled out lumber this week for Tom McArthur who is having another residence built on one of his farms in the Tap country. The building progress continues in every section of the Great Spur country. Let the good work continue.

THE FARMERS MULE.

The farmers mule had balked and was still stubbornly resisting every effort to move him when the country doctor drove up. The farmer asked the physician if he could give him something to start the mule. The doctor said he could, and reaching down into his medicine case gave the animal some powders. The mule switched his tail, snorted, tossed his head and started on a mad run down the road. The farmer looked first at the flying mule and then at the doctor.

"How much that medicine cost Doc?" he asked.

"Oh, about fifty cents," said the physician.

"Well, give me a dollar's worth quick; I've got to catch that mule."

Now friends, all we need to make 1915 a winner is to get a double dose of push powder and keep up with the prosperity mule. Quit cussing the government and finding fault with everybody but ourselves. Here we go to be real live wires, so as we come in contact with our fellowmen they will get a prosperity shock that will knock all the grouch out of one jaw and the quid of Star Navy out of the other.

Yes, yes, yes, we are ready for the biggest years business we ever had in Spur, and it's coming that way so far. "There's a reason," good merchandise, good treatment, good prices.

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! before our stock of Jno. Deere Implements are gone. Now is the time to farm and Deere's are the implements you need. Yes, you need a Star and you can get one from us, so have a Star. Here as well as hereafter Star Mills are the best and cheapest in the long run.

Ladies, we want you to hurry and see the New Dress Goods. Many patterns already gone, but we feel sure that we have a selection yet that you cannot pass, and you know our stock of Linweave is great—just the thing to make that little white dress you have been planning. Also those shirt waists you have the patterns ready for. And you must have some of those Iron Clad silk hose to wear with the pair of Queen Quality Oxfords we ordered for you, and Miss Matthews has your Hat already trimmed and ready. Yes, we forgot to tell you of the beautiful Skirts we have for you to wear with those Shirt Waists—skirts that you can step full steps in and run if you get scared. So hurrah for 1915, the year the hobble were taken off of our women. You know China took the wooden shoes off of their women. We follow sometimes.

Light Crust—Yes, we still keep a few sacks, so we can have biscuits on Sunday morning, and when the preacher comes. When a fellow can't have much of anything he ought to have the best—Light Crust. Don't forget the Hog Fence. It will be here this week. Also plenty of Barbed Wire.

"Gimme three cigars."

"Strong or mild?"

"Gimme the strong wans. The

weak wans break in me pocket."

Yes, we want your cash business, and are in position to handle it better than the would-be-cash stores. From the fact that we do a greater volume of business which cuts down expenses, and buy in larger quantities, thereby getting advantage of quantity prices, and we want a continuance of your cash business during 1915.

Today is the time for laughter. Tomorrow the time for tears. Whatever may come hereafter, Whatever of woe with years, Today is the time to borrow. The best that the gods can give. We can sorrow, if need be tomorrow. But today is the time to live.

—Bryant-Link Co.

WILL RAISE PEANUTS, MAIZE, CORN AND HOGS

We received a letter this week from M. K. Lawson of the Afton country, enclosing a dollar for another year's subscription to the Texas Spur. Mr. Lawson wants to know where he can get about ten bushels of peanuts to plant for hog feed, stating that hereafter he intends to try a combination of hogs, peanuts, corn and maize instead of so much cotton. At the present time Mr. Lawson has ninety head of hogs on his place, and with the contemplated diversified schedule above outlined, we can expect Mr. Lawson to be soon recognized as a leading and most successful farmer and enjoy unprecedented prosperity.

CONTRIBUTING TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF COUNTRY

J. J. Cloud and wife were in the city Monday from their farm home near Soldier Mound. Mr. Cloud brought in a remnant of cotton, the last picking of the season, and had it ginned Monday afternoon. Mr. Cloud is clearing up more land for cultivation another year and otherwise improving his place. Mr. and Mrs. Cloud were with us in the beginning of Spur, and we are glad to note that they are not only prospering but are contributing their share in the progressive development of the country.

A PROSPEROUS FARMER.

W. M. Austin, one of the most prosperous farmers and prominent citizens of the Afton country was in Spur Tuesday and spent several hours here on business and greeting his many friends. He reports everything in good shape and conditions promising a record breaking crop this year.

MARRIED.

Fred Fite and Miss Mamie Squyres surprised their friends by driving over to Dickens Sunday and getting married, and they are now receiving the congratulations and best wishes of their many friends. Mr. Fite and bride are two of the most prominent young people of the city and the Texas Spur joins their many friends in extending congratulations and may they enjoy a long, happy and prosperous married life.

370 BALES BEING HELD IN COTTON WAREHOUSE

At the present time there are three hundred and seventy bales of cotton stored in the Spur Cotton Warehouse and held for higher prices expected to be paid for the staple later in the season.

The warehouse protects cotton from damage by weather and exposure, thus making a saving of several dollars to each bale, and considering the fact that the farmers of this territory have advantages of the Spur Warehouse free of any charge whatever it is probable that another year the warehouse will be generally used by the farmers of this whole territory and by so doing save many dollars to the country.

MARKETS COTTON HERE.

J. J. Noland came in Tuesday from his farm home in the Afton country with the last bale of cotton to be ginned from his place this year. Mr. Noland is a successful farmer and one of the most prosperous citizens of that section of the country. He is optimistic of again harvesting bumper crops this year and is now ready to begin work on the crops for 1915.

STORES BURGLARIZED AT GIRARD FRIDAY NIGHT

Report came to Spur that the stores of Messrs. Darden and Mayfield were burglarized Friday night of last week. Jewelry and other items of merchandise and about fifty dollars in cash were taken by the burglars.

Two negroes have been arrested, and it is said that the evidence is strong enough for a probable conviction. It is further reported that the depot at Jayton was also burglarized, the burglars securing considerable cash.

SUBSTANTIAL ENCOURAGEMENT TO HOMESEEKERS

W. F. Shugart was among the number of visitors in the city Saturday. Last year Mr. Shugart had about one hundred and seventy five acres of cotton from which he picked nearly that number of bales. This year he is again preparing to cultivate a large acreage in both cotton and feed stuff. Mr. Shugart is one of the most successful farmers of the whole country, and here is hoping that he will make a bale of cotton to the acre this year and make enough feed to not only supply himself but to furnish a number of new comers expected to settle here during the year. The bumper crops being harvested each year not only invites but is substantial encouragement to homeseekers, and they will come.

M. L. Blakely was in the city Thursday from his home in the Afton country. He reports that very little damage to fruit in his section will result from the recent freeze.

Forthcoming Opening of Panama Canal



Photos by American Press Association.
1.—U. S. Olympic. 2.—Ship passing through Culebra cut. 3.—Governor George W. Goethals. 4.—President Wilson. 5.—U. S. S. Oregon. 6.—Submarines in canal lock.

Most Remarkable Piece of Engineering Known in History Will In a Few Weeks Be Declared Opened to the Shipping of the World by President Wilson—Interesting Facts About This New Ocean Highway.

THE Panama canal, the most stupendous piece of engineering the world ever witnessed, was opened for commerce in July. One might be led to say that it came into being to the salute of the thundering guns of Europe as the great powers of the old hemisphere sprang at one another with jealous fury.

The canal will soon be opened officially. When the president says the word in a short time the world in general will know that a new waterway, "the pride of America," is ready to receive all the ships that nations east and west of us choose to send through it.

Warships even from some of the countries at war are to take part in the naval parade attending the opening. The old Oregon, which made a record run around the Horn during the Spanish-American war, and the Olympic, Dewey's flagship during that period in our history, will stand out prominently during the ceremonies.

There have been undertakings, such as the organization of the United States Steel corporation, the consolidation and development of transcontinental railroad systems or stupendous industrial combinations, that have involved a larger sum of money, but no single undertaking of actual construction has involved such colossal expenditure or employed such an army of workmen as the historic canal across the isthmus of Panama.

The Canal.

Briefly summarized, the canal extends for fifty miles, from Colon, on the Atlantic side of the isthmus, to Panama, on the Pacific. It proceeds at sea level for about seven and one-half miles at each end, leaving thirty-five miles of lock canal which will be eighty-five feet above the sea. On the Atlantic side this level is obtained seven miles from the ocean by the erection of the great Gatun dam. This dam fills the valley between the hills through which the Chagres river flows to the sea. It will be about 9,000 feet long, and its maximum thickness at the base is 2,000 feet. At the water surface it is about 400 feet thick and extends above the water about thirty feet, and at the top has a width of about 100 feet. The dam rests on impermeable material and is so constructed that it is absolutely safe.

The effect of the dam is to hold back the waters of the Chagres river and its tributaries until they form a lake eighty-five feet above sea level with an area of 164 square miles.

On the Pacific side this lake is confined by a smaller dam between the hills at Pedro Miguel, thirty-two miles

away, or nearly forty miles distant from the Atlantic entrance.

Ships Elevated Eighty-five Feet.

Ships are elevated to this lake a height of eighty-five feet by a series of three locks, located at Gatun, seven miles from the Atlantic side, each with lifts of about twenty-eight and one-third feet. On the Pacific side the locks are in two series, one at Pedro Miguel and two at Miraflores, where ships are lowered to a small lake, Miraflores, which is fifty-four and two-thirds feet above the Pacific ocean, and a mile farther on there is a flight of two locks, which lowers vessels to sea level on the Pacific side, about seven miles from the ocean. All the locks are in duplicate.

Vessels can easily make the transit from ocean to ocean through canal, locks, lake and again through locks and canal in ten or eleven hours.

The Culebra Cut.

The Cordilleras, which form the backbone of the continent, extend through the center of the isthmus. They reach their highest point at Gold Hill, rising there in a sharp peak to an elevation of 534 feet. The French there began their excavations and reduced it to an altitude of 312 feet above sea level. It is through this point that the Culebra cut extends for a distance of nine miles. This cut is excavated so that there is a channel at the base 300 feet wide. The width at the top of the cut varies with the conformation of the ground and in some places is fully half a mile wide.

The twelve locks are the largest that have ever been designed. It is estimated that in their construction 5,000,000 yards of concrete have been used. As explained above, the locks are in pairs, so that vessels can pass at the same time going in opposite directions. Three pairs are at Gatun, one pair at Pedro Miguel and two pairs at Miraflores.

They are all similar in design. The locks are 110 feet wide and have usable lengths of 1,000 feet. It is difficult to describe the locks so their construction will be understood by the lay reader, but an effort will be made to explain their construction in the simplest manner possible. It should be remembered that the object of the lock is to receive water, so that it will raise or lower a vessel 1,000 feet long from twenty-four to thirty feet. The lock is an immense receptacle of concrete, of course in pairs. The outside walls are forty-five to fifty feet wide, eighty-one feet high on the inner face; the outer face rises in steps, tapering in width about twenty-five feet above the base until they are eight feet wide at the top. These outer walls are 280 feet apart; midway between them is erect-

ed a middle wall, which is sixty feet wide and eighty-one feet high. In this wall near the top is first a tunnel or passageway for the operators. Below this there is a gallery to carry the electric wires to operate the gates and valve machinery and below this another gallery for drainage.

At each end of the lock there is a steel gate seven feet thick, sixty-five feet long and from forty-seven to eighty-two feet high. They will weigh from 300 to 600 tons each. The gates are constructed of steel sheets riveted to a steel framework. In the center of each lock there is an intermediate gate to lock small vessels, the gates being so placed that they can divide the locks into two chambers 600 and 400 feet long respectively. As 95 per cent of the vessels at sea are less than 600 feet long, it is seen at a glance what a saving in time and water there is by employing the intermediate gates.

Electricity is used to tow all vessels into and through the locks and to operate all gates and valves. Vessels will not be permitted to enter or pass through the locks under their own power, but will be towed through by electric locomotives running on cog rails laid on top of the lock walls. The usual number of locomotives required for a vessel is four, two ahead, one on each wall, imparting motion to the vessel, and two astern, one on each wall.

Filling the Locks.

To fill a lock the valves at the upper end are opened and the lower valves are closed. The water flows from the upper pool through the large culverts and thence through the holes in the floor into the lock chambers. To empty a lock the valves at the upper end are closed and those at the lower end are opened and the water flows into the lower lock or pool in a similar manner. The depth of water over the sills of the locks will be forty feet in salt water and forty one and one-third feet in fresh water.

The average time taken to fill or empty a lock is fifteen minutes. The time estimated to pass a vessel through all the locks is three hours.

Dimensions of the Canal.

For the first eight miles to Gatun dam the canal is 500 feet wide at the bottom and 41 feet deep at mean tide, 43 at flood. For the next thirty-two miles—that is, from Gatun locks to the first Pacific lock—the minimum channel depth is 45 feet, and the bottom width up to the Culebra cut is from 1,000 feet to 500 feet. Through the Culebra cut, a distance of nine miles, the bottom width is 300 feet, the minimum depth 45 feet; the width at bottom in the Pacific locks and to the ocean is 500 feet and the depth 45 feet at mean tide.

The Sunday School Lesson

SENIOR BEREAN

Golden Text.—Fear God. Honor the king (I Pet. ii, 17).

The Lesson Explained. Chapter ix, 17-21.—An unexpected interview.

Samuel combined with his vision of need and his unselfish public service an unusual administrative ability and an effective leadership. After the training which the people received from him they had no desire to go back to the anarchy and confusion of a former day. They desired to have political standing among the neighboring nations, and to this end they wanted a leader. Samuel showed his real greatness at this important crisis. At first he felt aggrieved because he thought that this popular movement showed a lack of appreciation of his faithful services, but on further consideration and communion with God he determined to grant the people's request and to select a man who was capable of fulfilling their expectations. The one chosen for this responsible position was a man from the country of the name of Saul. Saul was directed to him as one who could help him.

When Saul came into the presence of the prophet he was received with unusual courtesy and granted a very favorable audience. "Behold the man whom I spake to thee of." Samuel's earnest prayer was at last answered, and in the fine looking man who was approaching him he discerned the elect of God. "The high place" was so called because local sanctuaries were generally built on hilltops. "Go ye up before me." It was a mark of honor when Saul was given such precedence, and it was also courtesy shown by the host to his guest. "All that is in thine heart." These words had reference not simply to the asses, but also to the brooding thoughts of Saul, who, like Gideon in the thrashing floor, must often have wondered when tending the plow how relief could come from the Philistine yoke. "Set not thy mind on them." Be not anxious about the asses, which have been found, but rather give serious thought to a more momentous consideration. "All the desire of Israel." "All that is desirable in Israel" (revision) refers to the honors and responsibilities of the kingship. "Of the smallest of the tribes." The tribe of Benjamin was the smallest in Israel, with the exception of

Manasseh (Num. i, 34-37). "My family the least." This is only modesty, for Saul's father was a man of position and influence in his community. "Wherefore then speakest thou so to me?" He was taken by surprise and knew not what to make of this extraordinary greeting from the revered seer. But he was soon to learn all.

Chapter ix, 22-24.—A surprising distinction.

Saul was courteously escorted "into the parlor," "the guest chamber," and given "the chiefest place," above the heads of those who were specially favored, "about thirty persons." While these distinguished citizens were feasting in the dining hall of the sanctuary the people at large would be feasting in the open air. "The cook took up the shoulder." The right thigh was the special portion of the priest (Lev. vii, 32), and this was now presented to Saul as a mark of very special honor.

Chapter ix, 25, to x, 1.—A great honor.

Saul was, no doubt, bewildered at the unusual course of events, but soon after the feast he was invited by Samuel to a private conference "upon the top of the house." There "Samuel communed with Saul." There was only one subject that could have engaged their attention at this time. The aged prophet must have poured out his heart to Saul and pictured the great honors and heavy responsibilities of the position to which he was called. It was as though a father was talking to his son concerning matters of the supremest consequence. "The spring of the day." At dawn Saul was awakened, and Samuel accompanied him "abroad" to the outskirts of the town, and when they were by themselves he showed him "the word of God," made known the divine will by the symbolical act of consecration. "A vial of oil." The contents of this flask were emptied "upon his head," after which Samuel "kissed him" as a mark of reverence and loyalty. He then explained the significance of this rite as a token that he had been chosen by Jehovah "to be captain over his inheritance." Thus consecrated and set apart for the exalted office of kingship, Saul left the presence of the prophet and remained in his father's home until the need came for him to take his place as leader of the people.

For the Farmer's Eye

EXPERIMENT TO FIND OUT TRUE WORTH OF ALFALFA.

IN MILKING TIME.

Only by This Means Will You Get Convincing Evidence as to Its Value.

Immediately after milking strain the milk from the pail, through three thicknesses of cheesecloth.

Leave all other work to help a cow that appears to be in trouble, whether it is your cow or your neighbor's.

Grain and feed marketed through the butter mold and the cream can will generally bring top prices, no matter how the market may be for your grain and feed.

It is not hard for a dairy farmer to sleep well on cold nights when he has a silo full of corn and a barn full of hay.

An important point to inquire about in buying a cow is the milking record of the sire's dam and the sire's other female ancestry.

Carbolized vaseline is useful for application to sores on teats, or apply glycerite of tannin.

WINTERING YOUR BEES.

Safe Plan For Leaving Them Outside on Summer Stands.

It is a common practice in New England to winter bees on their summer stands, and this is a perfectly safe plan if suitable protection be given. Probably the simplest and most successful method is to keep the bees in ten frame hives and to replace the end frame on each side with a chaff division board. This confines the cluster to eight frames and keeps it away from the cold walls.

In any case the top of the hive should have careful attention. The best plan is to tack a piece of burhap on the bottom of a super or a winter case and set it over the hive without any board under it. Then the super should be filled with shavings or chaff. This arrangement allows for the gradual escape of moisture from the hive and gives greater satisfaction than the use of a board over the hive. An ordinary hive cover may be used, but the metal roof double cover is better.

When this general plan is adopted it is a simple matter to feed the bees even in winter by using the sugar cakes now on the market.—American Agriculturist.

For Poultry Beginners.

To be successful the beginner will do well to allow the old hen to hatch and rear the chicks, allowing them free range and with food in hoppers constantly at hand. There will then be an equal chance for a steady, even development in the chicks, which will tell later in the breeders selected therefrom. You have only to watch the scramble and note the shy specimens, mostly pullets, hovering about the edges of hand fed flocks to appreciate this point.

Tobacco Stems For Hens' Nests.

The fumes from tobacco stems used in nests for laying hens will not in any way affect the egg or its contents. Some men use tobacco stems for not only the laying hens, but also for sitting hens, and with good results. Pigeon men have for years used them for nesting material.

We Carry a Full Line of
SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE

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

WE EARNESTLY SOLICIT AND APPRECIATE YOUR BUSINESS

RITER HARDWARE CO.

LEARNING AND WISDOM.

Mere learning is far from wisdom. It does not necessarily indicate ability.

And it is ability that counts in the fight for existence that every human being ought to make.

You can stuff a boy with Latin and Greek in a college—he can take all the prizes in languages, and still be a cucumber of the earth when his course is finished.

Unless education is complete, unless it develops the mind in every useful direction, it is not good education.

The best service that any college can do is to awaken a thirst for knowledge, to take a student far enough along this or that path to interest him in following it. After that, if he has intelligence, he can go his own way, and reading and experience will teach him far more than he will learn from any professor.—Crosbyton Review.

J. E. Shaw, of the Draper country, was in Spur Monday and called around at the Texas Spur office and had his name added to our subscription list. He reports everything in fine shape in his section of the country and work on this year's crop in progress with the indications of bountiful harvests again this fall.

J. R. McArthur, one of the most prominent citizens of the Tap country, was among the number of business visitors in Spur Saturday.

A pair of Standard Computing Scales, good as new, will be sold at a big bargain and for less than half cost. Call at the Texas Spur office.

When in Spur drop into The German Kitchen and get you something to eat? We have it.

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

HISTORY BY THE WAR LORDS.

Don't stop the fight of the Nations,
Even though at the close of each day
The rank and the file grows thinner
By lives sacrificed in the play.
Don't stop it, not a moment,
For really there's too much at stake,
What's it matter, the making of orphans
When it's history the War Lords must make.

Don't stop the struggle for a moment
In the thought of the ones left behind,
Nor those who stand by the cannon
Or with bayonets defend their line,
These don't count in the Nation's history
Oh no! it's those far away
Who, safe from shell and shrapnel,
Reap the glory for they must pay.
Oh it's easy to stand in convention
And prattle in language sublime
Of the glory and greatness of a nation,
And declare that the opportune time
To strike with the arms of their country,
And freedom to an oppressed people bring,
Yes it's easy to talk in convention,
But to fight, is a different thing.

—Bill Becker.

Tom McArthur came in Saturday from his farm and ranch home in the Tap country and spent some time in Spur on business and greeting his friends.

W. H. Bryant, of the Pitchfork Ranch, was in Spur the latter part of last week and while here was a very pleasant caller at the Texas Spur office.

Oil Stove For Sale—Four burner, practically new and in good condition. A bargain to some one. Call at Texas Spur office. 20-tf.

Charley Yates returned Sunday from Fort Worth where he spent the week visiting his parents and other friends of that city.

W. P. T. Smith and wife, of several miles west of Spur, were among the number in Spur trading Saturday.

W. M. Chidress was in the city Monday from his home north of Spur and spent some time here on business and greeting friends.

G. J. Stearns, a leading citizen and prosperous farmer of the Steel Hill community, was in Spur the latter part of last week.

Mrs. T. A. Tidwell has been quite sick the past week at her home in the city. We hope soon to note her complete recovery.



"BELL" Connection Brightens Farm Life

A telephone, on a line connected to the Bell System, adds much pleasure to life on the farm.

Over the Long Distance Bell Telephone lines, you may visit with friends or relatives, near or far, without leaving home.

Have you a Telephone connected to the Bell System?

THE SOUTHWESTERN TELEGRAPH & TELEPHONE COMPANY. 11-R-14

Lost—One brown mare mule, three years old, branded J on the left jaw, mouse colored nose. I will pay five dollars reward to anyone who will bring her to my place.—J. J. Cloud. 19 tf.

No. 9611

The Spur National Bank

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

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

MAKE OUR BANK YOUR BANK

OFFICERS

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

OLD TIMERS OPTIMISTIC.

J. Carlisle, one of the oldest settlers and most highly respected citizens of the Gilpin country, was in Spur the latter part of last week on business. Mr. Carlisle, with other old timers of this section, is optimistic at the prevailing prospects at this time for bumper crops this year. No better crop prospects were ever known in any country than now prevails in Dickens county and all of the Spur territory.

MOVES TO BRISCOE.

A. R. Ballard, of Jayton, called in recently and renewed his subscription to the Texas Spur, having his address changed to Gasoline in Briscoe county where he will make his home this year, he having rented a farm home in that section of the country. We hope Mr. Ballard will make bumper crops and prosper beyond his expectations.

SUBSCRIPTION LIST GROWING.

A. Lollar, a prominent citizen of the Spur country, called in recently and had his name added to the subscription list of the Texas Spur in connection with the Dallas News. Surely and steadily our subscription list is growing and which fact is encouraging and gratifying. Tell your neighbor to read the Texas Spur.

W. Neilon and family moved this week from Wichita Falls to Spur where they will make their home in the future. Mr. Neilon will again have his former position as local agent for the Stamford & Northwestern Railway Company. His many friends extend a hearty welcome back to Spur to Mr. and Mrs. Neilon.

C. H. Perry returned Sunday from the Woodmen Convention in Fort Worth and reports an enjoyable trip.

NOT EPIDEMIC.

R. L. Jones returned Friday of last week from Stamford where he has been quarantined the past several weeks on account of small pox. He says that he had a very severe case of that disease and is plan to once more be permitted to get out from his confinement and close surveillance. While no general epidemic of this disease is expected, yet there are quite a number of cases of small pox scattered over several sections of the country at this time.

READ THE TEXAS SPUR.

C. P. Williams called in one day last week and had his name enrolled as one of the Texas Spur readers. We appreciate the addition of new names to our list, and which encourages us to publish a bigger, better and newsier paper. It is our earnest desire to send this paper to every home in Dickens county and we will appreciate any and all assistance given us to this end.

Martin Gay, our popular deputy County Clerk, boarded the train in Spur Saturday for San Antonio where he will spend several days attending the State Convention of Odd Fellows as the delegate from the Dickens Lodge.

Howard Campbell, of several miles southwest of Spur, was among the number of business visitors in the city Saturday.

J. P. Gibson, a leading citizen of the Steel Hill community, was among the business visitors in Spur the latter part of last week.

W. H. and Frank Smith were among the business visitors in the city last week from their homes southwest of Spur.

Will pay \$1.50 an acre to break 35 acres sod land six miles east of Spur. See W. F. Shugart. 20 t

W. F. Godfrey Realty Company.

We Buy and Sell Cattle, Fords, Real Estate and Write Fire Insurance.

Eastside Barber Shop

TIDWELL & REEVES, Props.

First Class Tonsorial Work. Hot and Cold Baths and Up-To-Date Service in Every Respect. Call and see us

"THE ACCOMPLICE" A Glance at Current Topics

By FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

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

Copyright, 1936, 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 for the accused girl, Alice Emory, former private secretary of Gregory Shaw, who was found murdered mysteriously in his home. In presenting the case to the jury Deake Gilbert, the prosecutor, explains the facts in detail, and the evidence all points to the guilt of the accused. The foreman, homeward bound, assists Barbara Frayne, a young horsewoman, and unwillingly listens to a declaration on the Emory case. Barbara believes Miss Emory to be innocent. The foreman visits the scene of the murder. Viewing the home from the outside, he overhears Madeleine Mapes, the housekeeper, endeavoring to persuade Betty Field, another servant, to forget all about a blue skirt she had seen the former put in the furnace. At this moment Barstow's assistant, Mr. Hunt, visits the women in an effort to get them to leave the neighborhood where their testimony might injure the accused. The trial opens. Lambert forces valuable testimony from the architect who had drawn the plans for the Shaw house. Gilbert produces evidence that forged Shaw checks were made out to the order of Alice Emory. When court adjourns Lambert gets a message to call up 22 Pollicet and is told by Miss Frayne that she occupied Miss Emory's room on the night of the murder and that Miss Emory was not there. Soon thereafter Lambert is approached in a dark lane by a man who Lambert believes is Barstow's assistant, Hunt, but who calls himself Gilbert's assistant and gives the name Corning. This man tries to worm from Lambert his reason for desiring to leave the jury, but fails. Lambert meets the real Corning later. Barstow requests a delay in the court proceedings because of illness, and Lambert, taking advantage of the recess, plans to drive to Hefryville, catching up to Miss Frayne on the way after a chase. She is on her way to visit her friend, the prisoner, and they continue on their separate journeys. Meeting Gilbert soon afterward, Lambert is warned he shouldn't leave for Hefryville without first consulting the judge. Lambert ignores the warning and plays the part of hero, with Barbara a witness, by saving Miss Mapes and Betty Field from what looked like a runaway. The driver is pitched off his seat and is badly hurt. He proves to be Hunt in disguise. The defendant is led into the court leaning heavily on the arm of her lawyer. Bayne, a juror, characterizes it as "sham" to Lambert. Examining Dr. MacLean, Shaw's physician and friend, Barstow elicits the testimony that MacLean never saw Miss Emory sign Shaw's name. The doctor repels the insinuation that his testimony is colored by the fact that the will he believes genuine leaves \$10,000 to him. Gilbert produces evidence to show Shaw swore he was unmarried. Barstow and Gilbert have many tilts, and the latter has the courtroom locked while he examines Madeleine Mapes about the blue skirt which Miss Emory gave her.

A Startling Admission.

"Did you recall any person other than Miss Emory wearing a blue skirt in your household?" asked Gilbert, continuing his examination of Miss Mapes. "No; but there might have been others. The material is in common use for men's clothes as well as women's." "Miss Mapes, when did you first hear of Mr. Shaw's death?" The housekeeper answered this question, and then to my intense chagrin the prosecutor started upon a line of inquiry which speedily carried him far afield, and left me to follow him as best I could in my amazement and dismay. Again and again he struck the housekeeper's track, but no sooner was he headed in her direction than some chance word would divert him, and he would swerve from the path and plunge in a blind thicket of details. The witness' tactics, however, were even more difficult to understand than Gilbert's. She had gone out of the way to advise me of her occupancy of

Miss Emory's room, but she took no pains to supply the prosecutor with this information. She did not actually mislead him, as far as I could see, but she gave him no assistance.

"Miss Mapes, how far was your room from Mr. Shaw's study?"

I leaned forward eagerly as the prosecutor put the question, every nerve in my body tingling with excitement.

"My room was in what was called the west extension."

"And is quite a long distance from Mr. Shaw's rooms, too far for you to have heard the noise of a struggle if there was a struggle in his rooms?"

"Much too far."

"So Miss Emory was the only person whose room was so situated that she could easily hear any unusual noise in Mr. Shaw's study?"

"Yes."

"That is all. Your witness, Mr. Barstow!"

I fairly gasped as Gilbert turned to his opponent. Was it possible that he was abandoning the pursuit at the very moment of success? Did he suspect nothing? Was he blind?

"No questions."

I heard Barstow's words, but I could not credit my ears.

"You are excused, madam, but do not leave the building without the direction of the court."

Miss Mapes had risen and was actually moving toward the judge's chambers before I awoke to the reality of what was happening, and in the excitement of the moment I forgot the deference due the court.

"Wait!" I almost shouted.

The woman visibly started as I spoke, but turned to me with a not unfriendly nod.

"Did you occupy your own room on the night of the murder?" I demanded breathlessly.

"I did not. I occupied Miss Emory's."

I saw Judge Dudley's finger menacing me as I put the question, and at the same moment Barstow and Gilbert sprang to their feet, but the housekeeper answered before any one could interfere, and a deep hush followed.

Both Gilbert and Barstow claimed the right to examine. Finally the judge interfered with a decision in Gilbert's favor.

"You say you occupied Miss Emory's room on the night of Nov. 2?" began the prosecutor sharply.

"That is what I said."

"Why didn't you say it sooner?"

"Because I wasn't asked."

"Then why didn't you volunteer the information?"

"Because I was advised that lawyers were smart enough to learn what they wanted without any help from women folk."

"Who gave you such advice?"

"Mr. Barstow."

"Mr. Barstow? Are you acting under his advice?"

"For want of better."

"Let me supply your want by recommending you to disclose at once any other facts which you have concealed up to date touching the death of Mr. Gregory Shaw."

"I'm not concealing anything."

"How did you come to occupy Miss Emory's room, as you have stated?"

"She requested me to do so."

"When?"

"On the afternoon of Nov. 2."

"What did she say?"

"She came to my room and told me that Mr. Shaw had asked her to become his wife, and that she had refused him, as usual."

"As usual? Was it such a common occurrence?"

"Common enough. He'd proposed to her about eight times, I think."

"Tell us what else Miss Emory said," Gilbert directed.

"She told me Mr. Shaw had urged his suit with greater persistence than ever before, and would not take no for an answer," the witness responded, "and when she would not listen to him any longer he had become very excited and threatened to shoot himself and her."

"What did she reply to those threats?"

"She resigned her position and told him she would leave his house the following morning."

"What else did she tell you?"

"She said he grew terribly angry when she announced her resignation and became so abusive that high words passed between them before she managed to escape from the study, and she was afraid to remain alone in her room. That's why she came to me."

"So you spent the night with her?"

"No. She stayed in my room and I occupied hers."

"I see. And what time did you part?"

"A little before 8 o'clock."

"And when did you see her again?"

"About 7 the next morning."

"Then, between 8 o'clock in the evening and 7 the next morning you don't know what she did, do you?"

"Of course not, but—"

"When did this quarrel between Miss Emory and Shaw take place?"

I started as Gilbert put the question. He had not been following up

the witness in the way I had expected. His questions were apparently framed not to implicate her, but to strengthen his case against the defendant. Was he seizing upon the fact of a quarrel between Shaw and Miss Emory to supply a motive for the murder?

"Didn't you hear my question, Miss Mapes? When did this quarrel take place?"

The housekeeper stared at the examiner with an expression of dismay, and I knew that she, too, had sensed the danger and was wildly seeking an escape.

"I didn't say they quarreled," she answered.

"Quite true—you didn't. You said high words passed between them."

"Yes, but—"

"Never mind the 'but.' When did those high words pass?"

"I—I didn't mean high words exactly. I meant to say—I should have said—"

Miss Mapes glanced helplessly at Barstow, but, meeting his stony glare, turned again to her questioner with the look of a hunted animal in her eyes.

"Well?"

"I—I don't remember exactly what she said," she gasped.

Gilbert gave her no respite, but rapidly shifted his attack.

"Miss Mapes, did you lock the door of Miss Emory's room when you retired?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the window?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure."

"When you woke in the morning did you detect any odor of gas in your room?"

"No."

"What woke you?"

"I—I don't know. I was cold, I think."

"Why didn't you get up and close the window?"

"I did."

The lawyer glanced covertly at the jury box, but the witness seemed wholly unconscious of her terrible slip, and I sat aghast at the result of my meddling, my face flushing and paling with every question. The prosecutor was proving his case, and I was enabling him to do it—I, whom Barbara Frayne had relied upon, on whose intelligence she counted!

"When you saw Miss Emory in your room in the morning was she dressed?"

"Yes."

"Did you know of Mr. Shaw's death then?"

"Yes."

"Where was she when the body was discovered?"

"I don't know."

"Who told her of the occurrence?"

"I don't know."

The housekeeper glanced despairingly about her, but there was no sympathy in the hundreds of eyes which met her appeal, and the prosecutor sternly demanded her attention with a pitiless hail of questions.

She no longer deliberated over her answers, but stammered out breathless evasions and denials regardless of the contradictions they involved. Apparently the uppermost thought in her mind was to protect the defendant, and her reckless efforts to accomplish this doubled the mischief already done. At last the prosecutor gave her a breathing space with a question which roused her indignation.

"You suggested sending for Mr. Barstow—didn't you, Miss Mapes?" he inquired.

"I did not."

"Then it was Miss Emory who sent for him?"

"She did not."

"Then who did send for him?"

"Nobody."

"Nobody? He just happened to call?"

"He was a friend of Miss Emory's, and he heard of Mr. Shaw's death and came to tell us not to talk to the newspaper people or the officials any more than was necessary."

"And you didn't tell these things because of his advice?"

"I wasn't asked about them."

"I see. That is all, madam. No, pardon me. One question more. Have you always occupied the same room in Mr. Shaw's house?"

"Yes."

"Did you look in the closet of your room after Miss Emory had occupied it to see if the blue skirt was still there?"

The question fairly overwhelmed me, and I experienced a feeling of deep pity for the witness as I heard it. I no longer harbored the slightest suspicion of her guilt. She had doubtless thought to help her friend by giving me the information which had been so disastrously turned against her and had honestly, though obstinately fought to have it brought out despite the lawyer's advice. And I, who had thought myself cleverer than Gilbert, Barstow, and the housekeeper combined, had given her the necessary opening. What would Barbara Frayne think of me now?

[To be continued.]

Prisoners "Treated as Men."

New York, March 8.—When a wealthy philanthropist was made warden of Sing Sing prison, the largest jail in the world, and given a free rein to institute reforms which would better the standard of convicts, the nation watched closely, for it realized that another step in prison reform was about to be made.

Thomas Mott Osborne, long a student of modern jails, was particularly well fitted for the place. He himself had served a term in prison as an experiment. For about a month he lived the life of a convict, worked with them, ate with them and slept in a cell sim-



Photo by American Press Association. Golden Rule Warden Thomas Mott Osborne of Sing Sing Prison.

ply in order to gain an insight into the real conditions. And after several months' experiment he says:

"The prisoners are being treated like human beings. We have got rid of brutality because we realize that the prisoners are men, weak in spots perhaps, but we don't know what we would have done if we had been in their place.

"The prisoners' court, conducted by the prisoners themselves, does not send men to the dark cells, but suspends them from the League or Golden Rule Brotherhood for any disobedience."

Model Tenements to Hold 1,000.

Washington, March 8.—The most approved ideas of social settlement work are to be provided in the block of model tenement houses to be erected in this city by the women of the country as a memorial to Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

According to the plans and specifications furnished by the women architects, Misses Anna Pendleton Schenck and Maria Meade of New York, there will be 125 of these little houses, providing for 250 families, or an estimated home for 1,000 persons. These tenements are to be rented at from \$7.50 to \$17 a month, according to the number of rooms, the yard room and the more desirable location in the block. There are also to be a number of little stores to rent at \$5, \$6 and \$12 a month.

The philanthropic section of the memorial will contain the most interesting provisions for real social settlement work, embracing all the features that appealed to Mrs. Wilson.

In the main building there will be a day nursery opening out into the playground, which is to be provided with four shelters and two stands. In the day nursery it is proposed to take charge of the children on the memorial block while their parents are at work. On the second floor provision is made for an emergency hospital.

Mechanical Spellbinder.

Cleveland, March 9.—Students of the Case School of Applied Science are awaiting the completion by Dr. Dayton Clarence Miller, head of the physics department, of an organ which is to reproduce all the vowel and consonant sounds in human speech.

Dr. Miller has been experimenting with organ pipes and so far has been able to imitate eight vowels and three consonants—P, M and S.

Recently, says R. F. Hovey, research assistant, Dr. Miller made the organ say, "Oh, mamma, see papa!"

When the entire alphabet can be imitated all one need do to make a speech will be to pound the organ keys.

Japanese "Picture Brides" Arriving.

San Francisco, March 7.—The scores of "picture brides" who will cross the Pacific from Japan during 1915 to embark on matrimonial seas with the husbands they never have seen will on reaching Angel island immigration station place their affairs in the hands of Dr. B. C. Haworth, whose appointment as secretary to the Japanese Association of America has been announced.

Before leaving Japan a register marriage is performed by the government.

This consists of transferring the bride's name to the register containing that of the bridegroom. She then is supplied with a photograph of her husband and after a physical examination is given a passport. In the meantime the husband in America has received a photograph of his approaching bride and is informed of the date of her probable arrival.

Would Divide Texas In Two.

Austin, Tex., March 8.—If a joint resolution which Senator W. A. Johnson introduced in the legislature is passed and the proposal receives the support of a majority of the votes of the people of Texas a new state to be called Jefferson will be created out of the western half of the present commonwealth.

Mr. Johnson says that the 1,000,000 people who reside in the territory embraced in the proposed new state are in open revolt against the bad treatment which they have been receiving at the hands of the dominating liquor interests, which he charges are in control of the political affairs of the state of Texas.

Under the act by which Texas was admitted to the Union the commonwealth can be divided into as many as five states without any action on the part of congress. Texas is big enough to make five states each larger than New York.

Without Vodka Russians Save.

Petrograd, March 6.—The comptroller of the treasury has announced that there was no great suffering, although the war had produced certain economic difficulties. He ascribed this condition to the prohibition of the sale of spirits. In proof of this statement he gave statistics of the national savings banks to show that the people were better off financially than before the war.

The number of depositors in December, 1913, was 70,000, while in December, 1914, 291,000 persons had accounts. The total amount of deposits in December, 1913, was \$17,000,000. In December, 1914, these accounts had increased to \$42,000,000.

Czar Would Change Calendar.

Boston, March 8.—Curtis Guild, former governor of this state and also former American ambassador to Russia, in an interview paid an enthusiastic tribute to the worth of Emperor Nicholas II, as a man and an enlightened ruler. Recent correspondence with Petrograd, he said, had informed him that the czar had started a movement for a new world calendar, to take the place of the Gregorian, Julian and other calendars, correcting the discrepancy of thirteen days—more in the Chinese calendar—and bringing the world closer together.

Bringing Man and Job Together.

Washington, March 8.—Representative David J. Lewis of Maryland, who is preparing a bill for the creation of a federal employment bureau, believes the postoffices should be used to bring the man and job together. "My idea," says Representative Lewis, "is that state and municipal employment bureaus should be co-ordinated with a national bureau. The federal government already has the machinery to run the federal employment bureau



Representative David John Lewis Thinks Postoffice Should Be Used In Federal Employment Scheme.

in its extensive postoffice department, whose ramifications reach every nook and corner of the land."

Born in Pennsylvania of Welsh parents forty-six years ago, Mr. Lewis has an unusual history. While still a child his parents moved to Maryland, and here young Lewis began coal mining. He continued at mining until 1892, when he was admitted to the bar of Allegany county, Md. In 1901 he was elected to the Maryland senate and in 1911 was sent to congress, to which he has twice been re-elected. Representative Lewis is chairman of the house committee on labor. [11 A]

A LESSON TO MEN IN ALL LINES OF ENDEAVOR

It was several weeks ago, when the Tigers were playing the team from Cleveland.

Moriarty was on third base.

Around the chalk-lined arena 18,000 persons strained themselves in tense expectancy. The score was a tie. Two men were out. The fate of the game centered in the white-bloused figure that shuffled back and forth near third. Tigers and Naps stood up at their benches, for the decisive moment had come.

Moriarty was at third.

He got there by the ordinary events of the game. At the bat he hit the ball and ran to first. Another player bunted and sacrificed himself to run Moriarty to second. Then a "long fly" advanced him to third.

There he stood, alert and active, with the fate of the game in his quick eye, his quicker brain and his running legs. If he failed, he failed not alone, for the team failed with him. If he won, he won not alone, but gave the men behind him their chance for "home." In him centered the hopes and fears of thousands upon thousands of spectators who had forgotten to breathe, and so still was the great park that even the breeze seemed forgetful to blow.

Moriarty was at third. Much as it meant to have advanced that far, nothing had been accomplished by it. Three-quarter runs are not marked up on the score boards. Third base runs never raised a pennant. Third base is not a destination, but the last little way station on the road home. It is better not to run at all than to run to third and "die."

The 18,000 spectators that kept ominously silent at that moment could be changed into a vortex of cheering hero-worshippers or into an animated groan by the kind of work a man did between third and "home." There is no time for self-gratulation on third. The question is how to get safely away from it. The man on second wants your place—he can get it, but if you get safely "home" no one can take that achievement from you. One way to get off third is to wait for some fellow to bat you off; another way is to get away on your own initiative and according to your own secret plan.

Moriarty was on third.

It is 90 feet from third to home. Sometimes that 90 feet is a leaden mile, sometimes a mere patter of lightning-like steps. If it is a mile to you, you are a failure, and the great circle of spectators groan for your incompetency; if it is but a lightning streak, you are the great man of the baseball day.

Moriarty was intent on dwindling that 90 feet instead of lengthening it. He watched the signals of the Cleveland catcher—he gathered they meant a high ball. A high ball meant that the runner might duck low to the base while the catcher's hands were in the air after the ball, Moriarty knew, too, that a high ball required that the pitcher "wind up" his arm in a certain way. More than that, he knew the pitcher in the box was left-handed and could not keep his eyes on third when "winding up." That was why Moriarty closely followed all the strange little signals pitcher and catcher were making. There was an-

other consideration, too.

Mullin was up to bat. Moriarty knew that Mullin has a batting average of something like .250, which means that Mullin hits safely about once in four times at bat. Would the ball about to be thrown be one of the hit, or one of the missed? No human calculation could even guess at it. If Mullin missed, it would be useless for Moriarty to run. If Mullin hit, there were still chances of his being put out at first, making Moriarty's run wholly uncounted and ending the inning.

There was only one thing to do—make home between the time the pitcher "wound up" his arm past all recall and the time the ball landed in the catcher's glove—make home in the second of time when Mullin's hit or miss hung in futurity. It was to be a contest in speed between a five-ounce ball delivered with all the force of a superb pitching arm and the 170-pound body of Moriarty. An unequal contest at that, for the five-ounce ball travels only 60 feet while the runner from third must hurl his body over a distance of 90 feet.

All these considerations are in the mind of Moriarty. He builds up his prospective run as an engineer builds a bridge over a torrent, step by step with infinite pains. Now the Cleveland pitcher is "winding up" his arm—round and round it swings—he poises himself—there is yet a fraction of a second in which he can recall his intended throw—Moriarty is crouched like a tiger about to spring—Now! Now!

There is a white streak across the field!

A cloud of dust at the home plate!

The umpire stands with his hands extended, palms downward.

A bursting roar of acclaim echoes and re-echoes across the space of the park. Again and again it bursts forth in thrilling, electric power. Thirty-six thousand eyes strain toward the man who is slapping the dust from his white uniform.

Moriarty is Home!

All the world's a baseball diamond. You are one of the players. Perhaps you have reached first by your own efforts. It may be that the sacrifices of your parents or friends have enabled you to reach second. Then on someone's "long fly" into the business world—a "fly" that was not "long" enough [to prevent him going out—or someone's fluke on the rules of simple morality and square dealing, you have advanced to third.

The opposition against you at third is stronger than at either first or second. At third you are to be reckoned with. Your opponents converge all their attention on you. Pitchers and catchers, coaches and opposing fans, are watching to tip off your plans and frustrate them. From third you become either a splendid success or a dismal failure.

Don't die on third!

What are you doing to win the score that life is ready to mark up against your name? Third base has no laurels on which you can rest. What are you doing on third? Are you waiting for someone to "bat you in?" Suppose he misses; his miss is yours. If you place all your dependence on someone else, his failure spells yours. What are you doing on third? Waiting for "something to turn up?" Don't—nothing turns up, but the thumbs of the thousands of men who watch you turn down, and make you a

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SPUR, TEXAS

permanent failure.

Moriarty wouldn't have scored had he waited, for Mullin didn't hit the ball—and that run was absolutely necessary to save the game. That run was gained in an unmeasurable fraction of time, but the difference between success and failure is very, very often measured in seconds.

Don't die on third.

Had Moriarty been out the night before he would have played the game according to routine; but Moriarty doesn't carouse. He is old-fashioned enough to go to church on Sunday. He knows that a clean life means a clear head. He knows that legs that tread the path of irregularity cannot win when running 90 feet against a swift ball that travels 60 feet. He respects his body and his mind, and they in turn serve him up to the last fraction of their power.

Moriarty's run was not a foolhardy dash. It wasn't a toss-up with luck. It was deliberate, mathematical work. Any fool could have led off spectacularly, but only a trained body and an alert mind could have stolen home right under the nose of the catcher whose hands were closing over the ball. Even a game means work. Work itself is a game and has its rules as its sudden openings. So, don't die on third, Bring to third every bit of your honest strength; study conditions; postpone thinking of your luck until you hear the umpire call "safe."

Then you'll score all right.

And that's the story of success in any game. Don't get stranded at third—reach home and score. That's what helps to win. Whether on the diamond, at the desk, in every profession and vocation of life, scoring always counts.—Detroit News.

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No. 9611
Report of the condition of the Spur National Bank at Spur in the State of Texas, at the close of business, March 4th, 1915.

RESOURCES

| | |
|--|---------------------|
| Loans and Discounts | \$187,846.40 |
| Overdrafts, unsecured | 671.96 |
| U. S. Bonds to secure circulation | 25,000.00 |
| Other bonds, securities, etc., owned unpledged (other than stocks), including premiums on same | 1,407.25 1,407.25 |
| Subscription to stock of Federal Reserve bank | 7,200.00 |
| Less amount unpaid | 4,800.00 2,400.00 |
| Banking house, Furniture and Fixtures | 30,000.00 |
| Other Real Estate owned | 500.00 |
| Due from Federal Reserve bank | 3,482.33 |
| Due from approved Reserve Agents in Central Reserve Cities | 32,705.38 |
| In other Reserve Cities | 10,400.00 43,105.84 |
| Due from banks and bankers (other than above) | 11,630.53 |
| Fractional currency, nickles & cts | 63.98 |
| Checks on banks in the same city or town as reporting banks | 49.32 |
| Notes of other National Banks | 3,380.00 |
| Specie | 6,265.25 |
| Legal tender notes | 1,000.00 7,265.25 |
| Redemption Fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation) | 1,250.00 |
| Total | \$318,052.86 |

LIABILITIES

| | |
|---|-------------------|
| Capital Stock paid in | \$100,000.00 |
| Surplus Fund | 20,000.00 |
| Undivided Profits | 9,449.68 |
| Less current expenses interest, and taxes paid | 1,271.25 8,178.43 |
| Circulating notes | 25,000.00 |
| Due to banks and bankers (other than above) | |
| Individual deposits subject to check | 139,762.46 |
| Cashier's checks outstanding | 111.97 139,874.43 |
| Bills payable, including obligations representing mon. borrowed | 25,000.00 |
| Total | \$318,052.86 |

State of Texas, County of Dickens, ss:
I, M. E. Manning, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
M. E. MANNING, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of March, 1915.
Oscar Jackson, Notary Public

Correct—Attest:
R. C. Forbis,
Geo. S. Link,
Clifford B. Jones,
Directors.

NO. 10703
Report of the condition of the City National Bank of Spur, at Spur, in the State of Texas, at the close of business March 4th, 1915.

RESOURCES

| | |
|--|---------------------|
| Loans and discounts | \$89,385.45 |
| Overdrafts, unsecured | 1,878.91 |
| Other bonds, securities, etc., owned unpledged (other than stocks), including premiums on same | 402.00 |
| Banking house | \$7,750.00 |
| Furniture & fixtures | 2,150.00 9,900.00 |
| Other Real Estate owned | 2,250.00 |
| Due from approved reserve agents in central reserve cities | 15,724.88 |
| Due from approved reserve agents in other reserve cities | 21,324.35 37,049.23 |
| Fractional currency, nickles and cents | 15.45 |
| Checks on banks in the same city or town as reporting bank | 432.44 |
| Notes of other national banks | 720.00 |
| Specie | 1,413.00 |
| Legal-tender note | 2,352.00 3,765.00 |
| Other resources not mentioned above | 2,775.31 |
| Total | \$149,573.79 |

LIABILITIES

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| Capital Stock paid in | \$40,000.00 |
| Surplus Fund | 10,000.00 |
| Undivided Profits | 4,108.68 |
| Less current expenses interest, and taxes paid | 577.64 3,531.04 |
| Individual Deposits subject to check | 94,883.74 |
| United States deposits | 71.82 |
| Deposits requiring notice of less than 30 days | 94,955.56 |
| Certificates of deposit due on or after 30 days | 79.30 |
| Liabilities other than those above stated | 7.89 |
| Total | \$148,573.79 |

State of Texas, County of Dickens:
I, E. C. Edmonds, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
E. C. EDMONDS, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of March, A. D. 1915.
Oscar Jackson, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
S. R. Davis,
T. E. Standifer,
P. H. Miller,
Directors.

Subscribe for The Texas Spur.

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 SPUR HOTEL

F. R. HARRINGTON, Prop.

We serve the Best Meals, Have the cleanest and Best Beds, and solicit the patronage of the public with the understanding that in every instance we give value received for your money.

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

PATRONIZE HOME.

There are merchants and business men who will condemn the farmer for patronizing mail order houses, and yet these same merchants and business men will not hesitate to have their stationery printing done away from their home town. There is no question but that the larger and better equipped printing concerns can turn out work cheaper than the small country print shop, and there is no question but that the larger and better equipped mercantile concerns by doing a greater volume of business are in a position to sell goods cheaper than the small country merchant, but the fact remains that if you patronize the larger foreign concerns you kill your home merchant, and by patronizing the foreign print shops you starve out the country printer. The country printer and newspaper man does more than any other one concern in pushing the settlement and development of a country, and in the advancement of commercial, agricultural and community interests, and the wise business man will consider these things in having his printing done. If you give the country printer your business today, tomorrow he will be in a position to do more work and at a cheaper price as a result of a bigger volume of business. The same applies to merchants and other business of the smaller towns. Stay with your home and home institutions and you will profit in the end.

Figuring the catalogues at a minimum price, (and we know the cost) a certain mail order house recently distributed over three hundred dollars worth of catalogues through the Matador post office. Result—over eight hundred dollars worth of business through the post office order record alone not counting bank drafts during February. The total amount sent by postal money orders to mail order houses from Matador during February was over fifteen hundred dollars—more than fifty dollars per day. Big drain that, and the mail order patron is not entirely to blame. If the home merchant will come any ways near the foreign concerns prices and advertise his goods ninety per cent of this business can be kept at home.—Motley County News.

Mail order concerns depend wholly and solely upon advertising to bring them business, and the only way to effectually combat such concerns is to reach the trade with attractive and inviting advertising. Home merchants can get the business now going to mail order concerns by reaching out after it, but so long as they neglect and fail to appreciate the advantages and opportunities in advertising just that long will the more progressive mail order houses reap the harvests.

During this session of the Legislature a bill was passed appropriating ten thousand dollars to defray the expenses of a committee to investigate any and all frauds practiced in securing possession of state and school lands in the past. That there has been frauds practiced in numbers of instances in the past is an unquestioned fact, but since the greater portion of these lands are now in the hands of innocent purchasers, the question is will such an investigation result in benefit to the state or merely stir up wholesale litigation for the benefit of the courts, officers and lawyers at public expense. The land frauds of the early days were o. k'd, by the proper officers then serving the public, and whether or not such acts can now be rescinded by the officers now serving will be a question for the courts to decide.

The present session of the Legislature has impressed us with at least one substantial opinion, and that is that the Legislature is a fine place in which to play to the galleries for higher political stakes. When the next election rolls round mark our prediction that one or more of the most prominently mentioned men now serving in the Legislature will sacrifice themselves to the dear people for a higher and more remunerative position at the political pie counter. Ambition is not to be discouraged, even in politics, but honors and promotions should be earned and worked for rather than secured through playing politics.

Again this week many loads of feed stuff were brought to Spur from the surrounding country and shipped to the eastern part of the state to supply the demand in that section. The day is coming when Western Texas will be depended upon and expected to supply the demands for many agricultural products, and now is the time to prepare to meet such demands,

That the United States is in a serious and delicate position with respect to the warring condition is recognized even by the layman. A steady hand is at the helm of governmental affairs, and this is what is necessary to save this country from the entanglements of warring conditions.

The snows of last week amounted to from four to six inches in the different sections of this county. This gives Dickens county and this entire country an ideal season, and a good season insures bumper crops. Come to Dickens county.

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

COME OVER AND HELP US.

A message is ringing from over the sea, List, ye Christians one and all. They beckon to you—they beckon to me: "Come over and help us!" they call. It comes from the heart of the heathen land, Of haste to their rescue ere they die, Hear, ye Christians; give them your hand: "Come over and help us!" they cry. A cry goes from the heathen land, A wail of despair—a piteous moan, As the poor lost heathen bows the knee To their gods of wood and stone. They pray, but their idols cannot hear, They cannot help them though they die. List, ye Christians far and near: "Come over and help us!" they cry. The heathen women across the sea, Christless, helpless, benighted they stand, Loose their bonds and set them free; Lend them a helping hand. Poor downtrodden slaves are they, And we help them if we'll try Let's go down deep in our pockets today: "Come over and help us!" they cry. —Mrs. W. B. Bennett.

J. L. Karr, of near old Espeula, was in Spur the first of the week to dispose of his cotton to buyers here. We understand that Mr. Karr has been holding some twenty five or thirty bales for a more satisfactory price, and we hope that he will get the desired amount in the sale.

J. C. Davis was in Spur Tuesday and Wednesday for the purpose of selling his cotton to buyers in Spur. Mr. Davis has been holding sixty or seventy bales until this time for the higher prices expected to be paid.

J. E. Wright, of the Draper country, spent Monday and Tuesday in Spur on business. We are glad to note that Mr. Wright's eye trouble is improving and we hope he will soon be completely well again.

Mr. Johnson, of Anson, is in Spur this week on business. It is very probable that Mr. Johnson will locate here and become identified with the business interests of Spur.

Mr. and Mrs. I. G. VanLeer were in the city this week from their farm home north of Spur and spent some here greeting friends and looking after business interests.

A. L. Houston, who has been in Spur the past several months, left this week for the eastern part of the state where he will spend some time looking after his insurance business.

Luther Rucker and wife left Spur Tuesday for Roswell, New Mexico where they will spend some time with Judge R. S. Holman and family.

M. C. Hobson, a prominent citizen of the Draper country, was in Spur Wednesday trading with the merchants and on other business.

Jeff D. Harkey came over Monday from Dickens and spent several hours in Spur on business.

The War in Europe is Making the Prices High on Necessaries of Life

MY PRICES ARE ABOUT THE SAME AS BEFORE THE WAR

I Sell as Cheap, and Many Things Cheaper Than You can Buy Elsewhere.

CHAS. JAYE, DICKENS, TEX.

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; 2,500 bales of cotton ginned at the town of Swearingen this past year. For further particulars address

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

W. C. BOWMAN Lumber Com'y.

LUMBER, SASH DOORS, AND...

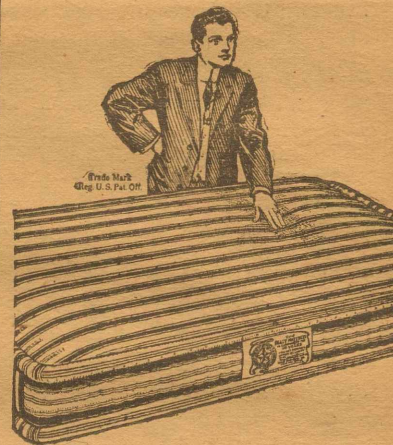
All Kinds of Building Material

Murray Brothers...

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

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



RIP VAN WINKLE

Could sleep 20 years now, and awake finding his bed soft and springy, without a hump, lump or a bump. This is the positive guarantee of the factory, and ourselves, for 20 years of service of the

SEALY TUFTLESS MATTRESS

This wonderful mattress is made in Sugar Land, Texas, the heart of the finest cotton land in the world. The long, white, springy cotton, the choicest of the Brazos Valley, is blown into the mattress by a pneumatic process, where the long cotton fibres interlace and intertwine, forming one huge batt, which is just sufficiently resilient to conform to every curve of the body. You owe it to yourself to provide the most comfortable place to sleep. The Sealy will last twice the time and give twice the comfort of any other mattress. It gives universal satisfaction, yet costs no more than any other pure, cotton mattress.

CAMPBELL & CAMPBELL

Although in some sections of Texas it may be nearly cotton chopping time, in Spur the gins continue to gin the 1914 cotton crop.

The Turning Point

THE turning point in many a farmer's or business man's history is the moment when he and his banker come to a perfect understanding. With character, capacity and some capital, that other essential to success, CREDIT, is easily attained. The officers of this bank desire to KNOW the business men and farmers of this community in order that they may become acquainted with their character, capacity and resources, and be in a position to add to their enterprise the co-operation which a conservative bank is permitted to give.

THE CITY NAT'L 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.

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. Marsh is informed that he has been selected to take charge of the Christmas concert, and he chooses Brill, Marion Jennison, the professor and Mrs. Blucher-Ward as his aids. Brill, known as Mr. Overton, and Miss Jennison, have a pleasant chat together. Icebergs and fog are reported. A child dies in the steerage, and Miss Jennison asks Brill to seek the captain's consent to hold the funeral in the first cabin. He finds the chief officer in company with Benedict and wonders. He gets the permit, but the purser officiates at the services. Jennison, worrying about the gold, becomes sick. Professor Pennythorpe observes that the ship is off its course. Marsh notices that the captain hasn't been at the dinner table for several days. Professor Pennythorpe misses his sextant and compass. Brill has a talk with Marion about the concert and is later told by Benedict that the latter objects to his friendship with Marion, whom Benedict calls his fiancée. Brill meets Marsh on deck.

The Mystery of the Stateroom.

TWO shadowy forms passed Brill and Marsh with scraping of feet and mumbling of words. A few sentences they heard clearly.

"He changed the course at 6 bells," said a voice. "I thought he'd made a slip and asked if he meant east by north."

"The old man's fear struck 'count o' this gold," replied the other.

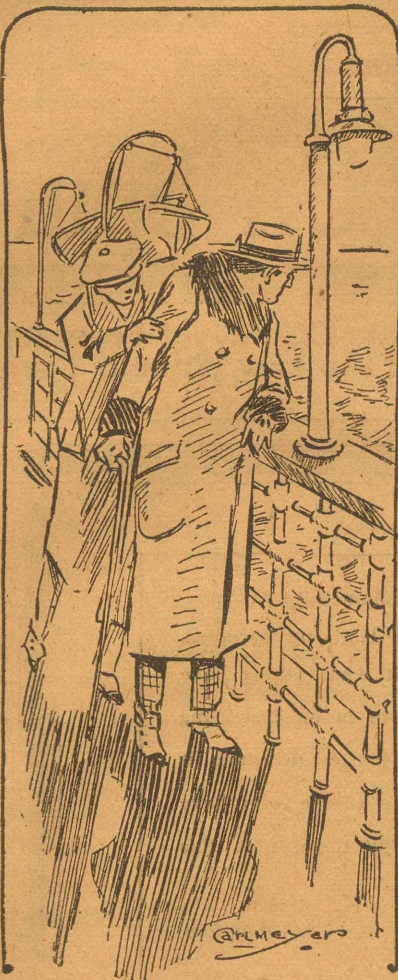
"He says he'll land the passengers at Lisbon rather than risk collision," growled the first. "But when we run out o' the fog he'll—"

The men went on, and their complaining died on the damp air. Marsh snorted impatiently.

"I used to have respect for the yellow metal, but if it's going to make colossal idiots out of sea captains I'll travel only when I'm sure the cargo is lead and live stock. B-r-r-r! I don't like this measly sort of cold after all. Come to my room a minute, and we'll go to lunch. Man must eat even if there is—a fog."

Brill was certain that his companion would not have ended his sentence in that way had there been the least bit more familiarity between them. But he knew that this keen and sincere man was on his side, and a very powerful ally he might become.

Having reached Marsh's room, Brill



noted that its proprietor took a most unreasonable time in the washing of his hands and the arranging of a fresh pair of cuffs. He could even believe that the graceless fellow was purposely delaying their progress to luncheon. He rose to give the slothful Marsh a hint, when an unusual sound struck his ear. He listened and thought that it proceeded from the adjoining room. As he inclined his head toward the partition he saw that Marsh looked at him sharply.

"So you hear it too?"

"Sounds like groans. Some one sick next door?" returned Brill.

"You've got me," said Marsh, shaking his head. "Steward says there's no sick on this corridor. They're all of Benedict's party."

Both stood quiet for a moment, and the moan was repeated.

"Put your head close to the wall," ordered Marsh. Brill obeyed involuntarily.

"Sounds more like stifled cries," he said as he listened.

"That's what I've thought for two days, but boats are queer places for creakings and echoes. I didn't know but it was imagination."

"No, Marsh, it's not that."

The man of commerce brought his plump hands together with a resounding smack, then slipped into his coat with the flexibility of an eel.

"Now that some one else has heard it," he cried, "I'm going to find out what it is. If any one but Benedict had the rooms I mightn't bother. There's no telling what he'll do. They say he made perfect slaves of his men in South America."

Whereupon he made straight for the purser's office, followed by Brill, who was mildly curious.

"Who's in the room next to mine?" he asked of the clerk in charge.

"No one, Mr. Marsh."

Marsh shot a peculiar look at Brill.

"I thought that belonged to the Benedict people," he said.

"No; they have from 27 to 33. Yes, that's it. Thirty-five and 37, the rooms beyond you, are vacant."

Marsh retreated from the brazen bars with a look of unsatisfied seeking on his round face. He said nothing to his companion till after his luncheon had been ordered; then he whispered:

"I may be losing my wits, but if I'm not there's some one in that room."

Brill, however, was no longer interested in the mystery, for the Jennison had come in, the father giving him a weak smile, the girl a brilliant and tempting one. He noted with disgust that Benedict followed and was soon in animated conversation with Miss Jennison. He tried to read in the girl's face something of her feeling for the Mexican, but his attempt was fruitless. "I've solved it," he heard Marsh say.

Brill found it simplicity itself to begin to talk to Miss Jennison, especially as Benedict was chatting with his right hand neighbor and appeared to take no heed of the intruder. The very nearness of the man stimulated Brill to his best, and for once he felt that he was himself before the girl.

Marsh was evidently impatient, and when he arose from the table he gave the young man a glance that said plainly enough, "Come with me."

"I'm going to get at the bottom of this thing," he explained as they proceeded to the purser's office again. This time the purser himself was on duty to whom the same queries as before were put and by whom the same answers were given.

"I said 35 was vacant," the official added after a moment's pause. "I had forgotten that Captain Humphries took the room the other day for the storage of some boxes belonging to the company—books and papers, I believe. They were in the way in his cabin."

Marsh leaned forward till his face almost touched the brass grill work.

"Purser," he said, "I think there's a passenger you don't know of in 37."

The man in uniform showed his surprise in his face, and Marsh did not lessen it by telling him what he had heard and what he surmised.

"We'll investigate at once," said he crisply, turning to the key rack behind him. "Come to think, though, Captain Humphries took both keys. They're connecting rooms, you see, and the papers are valuable."

A clerk was dispatched to find the captain and get the keys, but he returned with word that the officer was about to visit the room himself and that he would meet the investigators there in ten minutes.

When Marsh and his little party reached the scene they saw that Captain Humphries was just locking the door of room 35. The purser took the key of 37, inserted it deftly and swung open the door.

The room was absolutely vacant, save for the usual fittings of a first class cabin. Marsh stared in and scratched his head gently. It vexed him that Captain Humphries laughed—ever so politely, but laughed.

"Well, sir, you see what imagination will do," said the purser, closing and locking the door.

"It's not imagination," returned Marsh in a low tone. "What's below these rooms?"

"The hospital, sir," returned the purser, "but there's no one in it at present, and it would be impossible to hear a sound from there if there were."

As they all walked away together Marsh's silence told Brill that he was still exercising his active brain over the puzzle, and he was not surprised to hear him say to the purser:

"Suppose I'm foolish, but you said that 35 and 37 connected. Perhaps when we went into 37—"

"The stowaway went into 35?" broke in Captain Humphries.

Marsh gave him an instant's scrutiny.

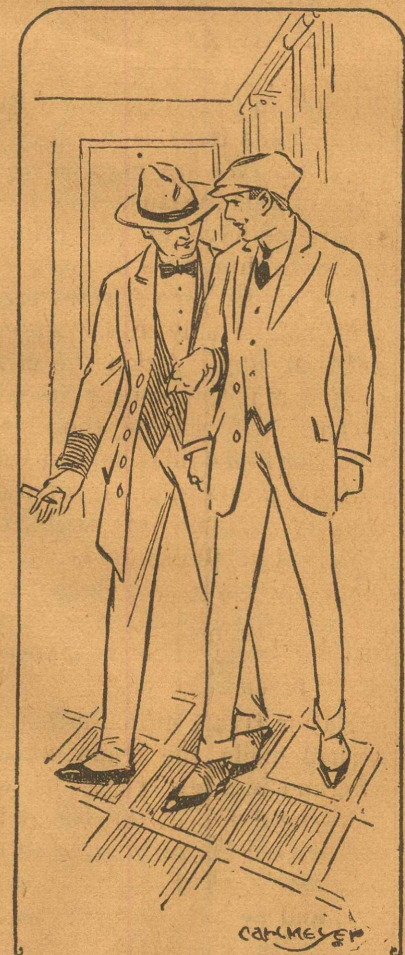
"Just so," he replied.

"But the captain had just been in 35," remarked the purser.

"Yes, but there was time to go from one to the other," interposed the captain, "and perhaps he was under the berth"—this with an indulgent smile.

But room 35, save for four or five boxes piled up on one side, resembled 37 very much as one pea does another. Nothing human was to be seen, even though Marsh dared the jests of the officers by peering under the lower berth.

"Well, I'll give it up," he puffed, and he straightened himself and bade the captain and the purser good day. Brill went to his friend's room, as if in that



The Westerner Greeted Him With Cordiality and Drew Him Aside at Once.

seclusion something more might be learned. He looked at Marsh, and Marsh at him, but no comprehension flashed across their gaze.

"I'd think something the matter with me if you hadn't heard, too," exclaimed the stout host. He went to the wall and listened, then shook his head.

"But one thing is certain. They're not books and papers in those boxes. I tried two of 'em, and they're heavy as lead."

He opened his steamer trunk, which he had placed across two chairs to obviate the necessity of stooping and took therefrom a box of cigars with a Cuban label.

"Let's go to the smoking room. Think you'll call these an improvement on the ship's brands."

As the two men sat in the smoking room silent and preoccupied, Brill noted that a steward turned off the lights. They were no longer needed, for the fog gloom had vanished, and the cold December sun glittered upon the tiny

circle of water he could see through a porthole.

"It's the queerest thing, Overton," said Marsh, at last rousing from his reverie, "that although we both heard those moans, there was no one there."

Brill made no reply. He had no theory that seemed to demand one, and his thoughts were far removed from this special topic. He was glad, though, when his companion suggested a stroll on deck. The brightness of the out of doors might pour some of its radiance into his heart.

As the friends passed the main saloon they saw a crowd of the male passengers gathered inside. Professor Pennythorpe was of them, waving his arms violently and pouring forth his rich bass voice prodigally.

"Pennythorpe seems to have arranged another of his indignation meetings," observed Marsh. "Shall we add to the quorum?"

Brill would have vetoed the move had he not just then caught sight of Andrew Jennison, careworn in face, but apparently greatly interested in the proceedings. The westerner greeted him with cordiality and drew him aside at once.

"It is incomprehensible, Mr. Overton, this perseverance in holding a southerly course. There are vital—I mean I am especially interested in as speedy a voyage as possible."

What Brill's answer was to be he never knew, for the vast voice of Professor Pennythorpe, now raised to the second power, suddenly obliterated everything else.

"Is it your pleasure, then, gentlemen, that I wait upon the captain as your committee?"

Mr. Jennison was evidently disappointed.

"What use will that be?" he queried petulantly. "Captain Humphries assured me yesterday that the course would be resumed at once. It was, but only for a few hours."

"Do I understand that the question is still under discussion?" Brill asked.

The professor stroked his whiskers a moment, then bowed profoundly.

"What can be accomplished by further appeal to the captain, then? He is only obeying orders. Would it not be wiser to apply directly to the controlling power of this line? Why not seek by wireless telegraph an explanation from the steamship company?"

"Mr. Overton seems to me to have made a most sensible suggestion," said Jennison. The others knew the respect that was due the greatest millionaire on board, for "Mr. Overton" was not rated in Bradstreet's, and the result was the appointing of a committee—Pennythorpe, Brill and Jennison—to draw up a telegram of remonstrance to the steamship company. Mr. Jennison declined the honor, pleading the state of his health, and Marsh very cheerfully took his place.

The message as evolved by the trio, after Pennythorpe's fiery suggestions had been duly extinguished, was a courteous request for an explanation of the perseverance in a course which must seriously delay the voyage, to the inconvenience and loss of some of the passengers. The committee on repairing appeal to the wireless office found Benedict there, industriously writing on the window shelf.

"Humph!" growled Marsh. "He has more wireless messages than any man I ever heard of."

The Mexican gave no heed to the advent of the committee. He continued his writing, slacking his speed it seemed to the impatient waiters. At last Professor Pennythorpe could bear this deliberation no longer.

"Pray excuse me, sir," he began majestically, "but we bear a most important message—from the ship's passengers to the company. We would be glad of the opportunity to send it."

"It's scarcely regular, is it," said Benedict to Pennythorpe, in a careless tone, "to go over the captain's head in this way?"

Brill interposed, angry at the Mexican's contempt.

"It may not be regular, but it appears to be necessary," he said tartly. Benedict appeared to be still ignorant of the young man's existence.

"Miguel, do not send that dispatch until Captain Humphries sees it," he commanded.

"This is an outrage, sir. Why do you interfere?" shouted Pennythorpe.

"Simply, my dear sir," replied Benedict, with a smile, "because the young man who is operating the wireless happens to be my employee, and I do not wish him to be guilty of anything so contrary to what I feel must be the regulations."

Pennythorpe fumed uselessly, but Brill summoned a passing steward. He began to have respect for the doctrine of action.

"Please say to Captain Humphries that the wireless operator declines to send a message and ask him if he will not settle the matter at his most immediate convenience."

Marsh, whose keen eyes had been trained on Benedict during the entire colloquy, noted a strange expression on the Mexican's face, part scorn, part amusement, part triumph. Across it there seemed to flit the shadow of a smile, as Pennythorpe regained the message from the shelf where the operator had laid it.

Captain Humphries arrived at the

scene of hostilities in a few moments.

"We offered a message, and this gentleman ordered the operator not to send it," said Brill to him.

The officer turned to Benedict, who was thus indicated, and Marsh was ready to swear that something like comprehension passed between them.

"If you see the message, captain," said the Mexican suavely, "you will understand why I advised my man not to forward it."

Brill handed the paper to Captain Humphries, who read it with slow, silent movements of the lips. Then he looked at Brill.

"Before you give your decision," exclaimed the latter, "may I say a word?"

The captain nodded courteously.

"If you prevent this respectful inquiry as to the reasons for the orders taking the Olympiad so far out of her course, will it not be imagined by the already unnerved passengers that something worse than anything they have feared is responsible?"

The officer glanced from Benedict to Brill, and from Brill to Benedict.

"The message strikes me as unnecessary," said Captain Humphries, "for now that the fog has lifted, the ship has been headed straight for Southampton."

Marsh noted how swiftly the Mexican's look flew to the sailor's face, but he could decipher nothing of its meaning.

"But of course if you insist on the telegram," continued the captain, "I shall make no further objection."

Thereupon he turned on his heel and went back to the bridge, where Brill could see him inspecting the horizon with the glass he had brought with him to the Marconi room. In a few moments Benedict, too, climbed to the airy perch.

Professor Pennythorpe broke the committee's silence. It was in rather a chastened and rueful tone.

"I suppose," said he, "there's not much use"

"If you will vouch for the direction of the ship I think the passengers will be satisfied," broke in Marsh.

"I will do so, sir," replied Pennythorpe, moving away with the dignity of a human frigate. No sooner had he gone than Marsh pointed to Benedict, who now stood close to the captain on the bridge. In a few moments the officer handed the Mexican his glass, and the latter, following the direction indicated, gazed long, then returned the instrument. His lips showed that he spoke a few words. Captain Humphries nodded his head eagerly.

"They appear to have seen something they wanted to see," observed Marsh. "Seem as thick as peas in a pod. Funny, too, for it struck me Captain Humphries didn't take to him the first day out."

As they went down to the saloon Marsh fumbled his watch chain furiously, a sure sign that many things were rioting in his mind. Brill kept silence, for he knew well enough by this time that his retund companion would make some suggestive observation in due course if let alone.

"Lots of funny things on this boat besides Pennythorpe," broke out the man of commerce. "One of 'em is what that beetle browed wireless operator said when he thought there was no one near."

"What was that?" asked Brill.

"Talks to himself in Spanish. I've had to pick up a smattering for South American trade. Roughly Englished, what he said was, 'Funny the senor bothered about a message that couldn't have been sent, anyway.' Now what the devil did he mean by that, I wonder?"

Christopher Columbus Marsh looked ruefully at his cuffs, which he had put on with such suspicious care an hour or two earlier.

He "shot" the right one far beyond his coat, and held it before Brill's gaze; it was covered with penciled hieroglyphics.

"What's that?" queried Brill, laughing.

"That ebullient old ass Pennythorpe. While he was buttonholing me at the meeting in the saloon he was using my good linen as a notebook. Come into my room a minute till I get a fresh pair."

"Confound it all," cried the stout commercial man a moment later, as he stood before his elevated steamer trunk and searched vainly through his pockets for its key. "I could have sworn I had the thing in my vest. Perhaps, now, if you—"

"Certainly, old fellow," replied Brill, beginning the search about the room that he divined his friend wanted him to undertake.

But with all their digging and poking into places likely and unlikely the missing bit of metal was not to be found. Marsh gave up in disgust.

"I'll go and get Jay," suggested Brill. "Perhaps he can open it for you."

"Don't mean to tell me he's a locksmith?" queried Marsh, with a smile.

"He's the handiest chap with tools I ever saw. He's daft on anything mechanical."

"What an invaluable fellow if we should be cast away on a desert island—if there are such things nowadays! Well, bring him along, if you will. I really would like to get inside that thing."

[To be continued.]

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

BILLY SUNDAY'S TEMPLE OF CHRISTIANITY

"Twenty-two years ago, with the Holy Spirit as my guide, I entered this wonderful temple called Christianity. I entered at the portico of Genesis, walked down through the Old Testament art gallery where the pictures of Noah, Abraham, Moses, Joseph, Isaac, Jacob and Daniel hung on the wall. I passed into the music room of Psalms, where the Spirit swept the dirge-like wail of the weeping prophet Jeremiah to the grand impassioned strain of Isaiah, until it seemed that every reed and pipe in God's great organ of nature responded to the tuneful harp of David, the sweet singer of Israel. I entered the chapel of Ecclesiastes, where the voice of the preacher was heard, and into the conservatory of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley's sweet scented spices filled and perfumed my life. I entered the business office of the Proverbs, then into the observatory room of the prophets, where I saw telescopes of various sizes, some pointing to far-off events, but all concentrated upon the Bright and Morning Star, which was to rise above the moonlit hills of Judea for our salvation. I entered the audience room of the King of Kings, and caught visions of his glory from the standpoint of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; passed into the Acts of the Apostles, where the Holy Spirit was doing his work in the formation of the infant church. Then into the correspondence room where sat Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Peter, Paul, James and Jude penning their epistles. I stepped into the

throne room of Revelation, where all towered into glittering peaks, and I got a vision of the King sitting upon his throne in all His glory, and I cried:

"Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the Royal Diadem
And crown Him Lord of All."

A. S. Jackson, a prominent citizen and former business man of Dickens, was in Spur Monday spending several hours here on business. We understand that Mr. Jackson and family will move to Spur at a later date and reside in their Spur home. We will be glad to have Mr. Jackson and family as resident citizens of the town.

J. A. Koon, wife and little daughter left Spur Monday for the north part of the county. Mrs. Koon and daughter will spend several days with her father, W. M. Winkler, while Mr. Koon is looking after the business interests of Riter Hardware Company in other sections of the county.

Ab Fryer and family recently moved from Spur to their new home recently built several miles west. Mr. Fryer will clear up land for cultivation this year and otherwise improve his farm. We wish him bumper crops and much prosperity in his new home.

W. W. Waldrup, a leading citizen, farmer and ranchman of the Draper country, was in Spur Saturday on business. He reports everything flourishing in his section.

Clifford B. Jones left the latter part of last week for Freeport where he will spend some time on business in connection with the management of the Spur Farm Lands interests.

RAMBLING BILLEXTENDS BOUQUETS OF CONDOLENCE

I read in the Texas Spur that the Dickens Item is a thing of the past. We are very sorry to learn of this because the more papers we have in the country the more things we farmers can get on credit, for a country paper is about the only thing we can get that way. Again the country paper is the pioneer in education. Of course the large weeklies and dailies help in educational matters, but it is from the country papers to raise the standard of living to a higher plane and then keep eternally at it until the people get ashamed of their neglect and come to their rescue.

Editor Hyatt no doubt thought he had made the trade of his life, and in a few years he will know he did. After the wind has drifted his farm over on his neighbor's, and his well goes dry, and he has to haul water four miles when the thermometer is seventy five below zero; then he will sigh for the Dickens Item and all the cussings that went with it. We admire Hyatt's pluck in this undertaking but we are bound to doubt his judgment. In all sincerity, he will find that "farming" on paper is much more profitable and still more pleasant than farming on shinnery land. We have been farming some ten or fifteen years and know whereof we speak.

We doubt if the Item force will ever know the good they did to the country at large and Dickens in particular, but their work will live in the years to come, and some day Editor

Hyatt will look back to the time he ran a country newspaper as the brightest spot in his life. We are well acquainted with the Editor of the Texas Spur and know that he is untiring in his efforts to better the county. Let us as citizens help and encourage him lest he, too, takes to the shinnery. Give him a bouquet now, it won't hurt you, and will do him good.—Rambling Bill.

T. S. Lambert, of the Tap country, returned Sunday from Fort Worth where he attended the Woodmen convention. At the time he had not sufficiently recovered the effects of the trip to give us a detailed account of the proceedings while in that city. However, we are depending on our Tap correspondent to get an interview for publication at a more convenient period.

Fred O. McFall, of several miles north of Spur, was among the number of business visitors here last week. Mr. McFall is one among the most prominent citizens of the country, and for many years he was County Clerk of Dickens county, having served in that capacity, it is said, until he resigned the position and refused to serve longer in the public service.

J. O. Wooten, an extensive farmer and leading citizen of the Plains country, was in Spur last week on business and trading with the merchants.

J. H. McCamant was in the city Saturday from his farm and ranch home twelve miles southwest of Spur.

Sheriff J. B. Conner was in Spur Saturday on official business and spent several hours here greeting his many friends.

AN ORDINANCE AFFECTING THE PUBLIC HEALTH

Be it ordained by the Commissioners of the City of Spur, Texas, that from and after April 30th, 1915, all closets located on the alleys dividing Blocks No's. 5, 6, 11, 12, 21, 22, 27, 28, 37 and 38, in the City of Spur, Texas, shall be connected with the sewers of said City in the manner provided by the City Commissioners, regulating sewerage connection, or permanently removed from said alleys.

And be it further ordained, that any person, firm or corporation refusing to make such connection or removing such closet, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and fined in any sum not less than One Dollar nor more than Ten Dollars, and each day such removal or connection is not made, shall constitute a separate offense.

Passed at an adjourned session of the Commissioners of the City of Spur on the 3rd day of February, 1915. Present and voting for the ordinance E. C. Edmonds and Clifford B. Jones. Voting against the ordinance none.

Approved this 3rd day of February 1915.
Geo. S. Link, Mayor
Oscar Jackson, City Secy.

J. B. Roberts is a new reader of the Texas Spur, having recently added his name to our growing list of subscribers. Mr. Roberts also advertises in another part of the paper the fact that he can supply a dead-shot preparation to kill blue bugs and other insects injurious to chickens.

J. D. Martin was in the city recently from his farm home north of Spur and spent some time here on business and greeting his friends. For many years Mr. Martin was one of the cowboys on the Spur Ranch and is now one among the most prosperous and successful farmers.

E. B. Shaw was in Spur Monday from his farm and ranch home in the Croton country and spent some time here on business and greeting friends.

Fashions and the Household

New Safety Hat Lining That Holds Hat on the Head



An adjustable hat lining which may be fastened to the inside of the crown and which is supplied with a band of rubber to be slipped over the head to hold the hat in place is a millinery novelty. It does away with the necessity for pins and holds the chapeau most securely in position. The device consists of a silk or satin hat lining with a tuck applied about an inch from the outside. Through the tuck a rubber band is slipped, and this is adjusted to fit the crown of the head. This clever novelty was invented by Ora Cne, the famous millinery designer.

FOR SPRING TRAVELERS.

Gowns of Corduroy That Are Both Chic and Comfortable.

For spring traveling wear as well as for beach lounging at the southern resorts there are interesting tailleurs of white or tan corduroy—the sort that is extremely light in weight and about as wrinkleless as a fabric can be made. Because the choker type of collar has taken well throughout the winter, it is incorporated on southern models.

Several designers have faced the collars in such a way that they may be turned back in front and look well, while at the same time adding very much to the comfort of the wearer.

It is safe to predict as the weeks go by the collar of velvet will give place to that of linen or of silk.

During the last several years women have learned how to be comfortable without any big sacrifice of style.

When Preparing Croquettes.

To make the beaten egg in which you dip croquettes go further use hot water, beating all the while.

The proportion is three tablespoonsful of water to one egg.

The Only Place of Escape



—London Bystander.

OUTING COSTUMES.

Suits in Shepherd Checks, Serges and Homespuns Popular.

Since out of door life constitutes a particular feature of fashionable spring resorts it is not astonishing to find trim suits and dresses prominently featured for the southern wardrobe. Chief among these may be mentioned the trotteur costumes made of homespuns, shepherd checks, striped serges and gabardines.

Among the comparatively new suits are those composed of Tyrolean cloth, which is, in fact, a fleecy sort of jersey cloth, the same as is used for the making of sweaters. Suits of that fabric are especially attractive in white and in cream, since they afford a marked contrast with the dull colored cloths in general use for the winter garments.

Other than the white they are to be had in the very popular sand colors, pale gray and in certain tones of green, brown and blue. The white material is supposed to be washable, but the average woman will prefer not to risk the water process and will send the garment to the dry cleaners when it first becomes soiled.

Cheese Fondue.

One and one-third cupfuls of soft stale breadcrumbs, one and one-half cupfuls of cheese grated fine, four eggs, one cupful of hot water, one-half teaspoonful salt. Mix the water, breadcrumbs, salt and cheese, add the yolks thoroughly beaten; into this mixture cut and fold the whites of the eggs beaten until stiff. Pour into a buttered baking dish and cook thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

Improving Coleslaw.

Coleslaw is greatly improved by the addition of a few leaves of parsley chopped fine with the cabbage or two or three stalks of celery chopped with the cabbage. A rich mayonnaise should always be used for slaw unless a French boiled dressing is preferred.

ELEGANCE OF EMBROIDERIES.

Rich embroideries will be much used for girdles.

Eyelet embroidery will be much used on white batiste dresses.

Hand embroidered underwear increases in desirability.

Dull gold and metal embroidery appears on many dressy chiffon or lace blouses.

Embroidery in dull gold or silver appears on black or colored net or chiffon gowns.

What the Blizzard Brought

By JOHN J. MADDOX

IT was the night that the great blizzard of 1888 came whirling down from the clouds. I, a New York medical man, was out on the road driving home in my buggy (that was before the day of automobiles) about 1 o'clock in the morning. The snow grew deeper and deeper, and I began to get uneasy.

There was a large, square brick house beside the road a few hundred feet ahead of me.

Meanwhile I was becoming benumbed and drowsy. I remember reaching a point directly before the house, getting out of the buggy and floundering to the door. I hoped to secure assistance to get my horse under cover. This is the last I have ever been able to recall of being out in the storm.

The next thing before me was the door opening and a man, very pale and excited, saying: "Come in, doctor. We were fearful that you would not get here."

The house was lighted and servants were moving about hurriedly, just as I had often seen them doing in houses where some one was very ill. The man who admitted me led me upstairs and into a room where a girl apparently about eighteen years old lay on a bed. My conductor turned down the bedclothing, spotted with blood, and revealed towels that were used to stop hemorrhage.

While thinking what to do I glanced about the apartment. The furniture was such as was used during the early part of the nineteenth century, the bed on which the girl was lying having a canopy supported by four high posts. There were heavy curtains to the windows. Near a fireplace stood two persons, an old woman and a young man, who were looking at me appealingly, and I knew they were begging me to save the girl's life. I noticed that their dress was old fashioned. They resembled each other, and I guessed they were mother and son. The mother's arms were about her boy.

Casting a glance at the man standing beside me, I saw that he was about the age of the woman with her son and judged that he was the husband and father. On a lounge lay a sword, and there was blood on the blade. I formed a conclusion, largely from the young man's agonized appearance, that he had stabbed the girl.

I had no instruments with me, but I needed none, for I saw that the girl was dying. To stanch that flow of blood was beyond my skill. I replaced the bedclothing and stood over the in-

valid, avoiding the appealing gaze of the others until it was plain that all was over, then turned away. After leaving the room it seems to me now that I walked into oblivion, for I was not conscious of anything till I felt something hot passing down my throat. I opened my eyes and saw a man holding me, while another man was holding a flask.

I don't suppose that my vision, dream or whatever it was could have lasted over two or three minutes. The men saw me drive by the house they were in, a few hundred yards below, and, realizing that I was in danger, started after me. I had left my buggy and, bewildered by one of the whirlwinds that came without intermission, had fallen in the snow.

They put me back into my buggy and managed to get the team and me to their house, where a cheerful fire was blazing, and after another hot dose I was put to bed, where I slept soundly till morning. All that day the snow came down, whirling as it fell, and the next day also. It was seventy hours before the road became passable and I got away.

Before leaving I expressed a desire to go into the house before which I had been rescued. The persons with whom I had been lodged told me that it was vacant and the key in possession of a man and his wife living a short distance up the road. I begged them to borrow it for me, which they did, and I went to the house and entered it.

Now comes the singular part of my story. I had certainly not been in that house before, and yet I saw it just as I had seen it when admitted by the man who had led me to the bed of the stricken girl. The passageway was the same, the room was the same, and there stood the great four poster bedstead. But the bed was made up, and there was no one except myself present.

I inquired if any murder had been committed there, but no one remembered any such occurrence. At the same time I was told that the house was very old—more than a hundred years—and much of it had been taken place there to be known to succeeding generations.

What is my theory? Well, I am a medical man and in my old age am beginning to realize that there are many things in the universe beyond our ken. I have no theory, but I do not believe my vision was a mere dream.

A Place For the Boys and Girls

DO YOU KNOW GEOGRAPHY?

Here is a Game That Will Test Your Knowledge.

This is an amusing pastime. A leader is chosen, and all the other players are given pencil and paper. Then the game begins. The object is to see who can think of the most geographical names beginning with a given letter in a certain time. The leader announces the letter to be used. For instance, he says "A," whereupon all the players begin to write as fast as possible geographical names beginning with "A." At the end of two minutes, or whatever time has been decided upon as the time limit the leader calls "time," and the players must all stop writing. Then the leader passes on to another initial, which he announces in the same manner, calling the time limit on this letter as he did for the first one.

It is not a good plan to name letters in alphabetical order, as this gives the players some advantage. Instead, the leader should jump from place to place in the alphabet and thus confuse the players and throw them off the track. Usually it is enough to take ten or fifteen letters before ending the game. It should be announced at the beginning that there must be no going back on the list, but when time is called on a letter it is finished with, and the player must not add any more names to the list which he has written under it. At the close of the game a prize may be given to the player who has written the most names.

BOY SCOUT COMPASS GAME.

Competing scouts start from a base line, each with a different compass bearing given him, to a flag some distance away—not necessarily straight in front of the scout.

Each competitor has a basket over his head or a broad brimmed hat with paper or linen hanging down all round, so that he can see only the ground at his feet and the compass in his hand, but cannot look ahead.

By walking exactly on the given bearing he will reach the allotted point—it may be a flagpole, or a mark or stone, or a coin on the ground.

Holes Caused by Bombs From Airship



Photo by American Press Association.

WAR is a dreadful thing, children, and it is caused by men who always permit their minds to dwell on war. When you grow up to manhood and womanhood don't let the thought of war enter your heads. Think more of the ways to settle disputes by peaceful means. It is the way you think and the people around you think that counts. If the people think there should be war then the government thinks that way also, for the people as a whole are responsible for what the president and his advisers do.

Here is an example of the terrible power of one of the implements of war. This huge hole in which the man is standing and around which many children are crowding was caused by a bomb dropped from a Zeppelin airship near Antwerp, Belgium. This city is now held by the Germans, who captured it after severe fighting, in which hundreds on both sides were killed.

SOME PUZZLING "CORNS."

Write the following questions on cards (all on one card and have as many cards as you have guests). Distribute these cards and pencils and let your guests write the answers next to the questions. Each answer has the word "corn" in it, and the person answering the greatest number of questions correctly may receive a prize.

1. A corn used by the cook?
2. A corn in which mice like to reside?
3. A corn that flies?

4. A corn dear to the heart of a southerner?
 5. An ornamental corn?
 6. A corn in which florists delight?
 7. A corn used in building?
 8. A corn that children like?
 9. A corn used by carpenters?
 10. A corn found on a tree?
 11. A corn used by musicians?
- Answers.—1. Cornstarch. 2. Corncrib. 3. Corn crake. 4. Corn cake. 5. Cornucopia. 6. Cornflower. 7. Cornerstone. 8. Popcorn. 9. Cornice. 10. Acorn. 11. Cornet.

Sol Davis
THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

EASTER MILLINERY

BORN OF PARISIAN CREATIONS and our own Designer. Paris may, perhaps, give the Inspiration but it remains for the Artist, American Designer, to take the clay and make a finished vessel. In our Millinery Work Room are minds that take a Vision and make it a Reality, and nimble fingers that add Grace to Charm. Splendid indeed is this Showing of Easter and Spring Hats in this Season's Great Variation of Colors, Shapes and Trimmings, and your immediate approval is invited.

Feminine Spring Apparel

In the entire history of this store's rapid rise and ever broadening scope of service, we have never before shown such a collection of Beautiful Spring and Summer Dress Goods and Trimmings. Our stock is now complete in every line. Our Shoe Department is one of the most complete lines in the West. We also carry some few suits, dresses and a nice line of Ladies Underwear. Our Ready Made Suits for Boys is one of the Best and Most Complete lines, at popular prices.

TAP TELLINGS.

Spring time has once more rolled around, you can hear the merry whistle of the farmer and the sweet song of the bird which makes us all glad we are living. Laugh and the world will laugh with you. Sigh and you will make all miserable about you. So let's forget the past and quit crying hard times, go to work and try to accomplish great things in 1915 for ourselves and our families.

G. ... and family, of Afton, visited relatives in our community this week.

T. B. Rutherford's baby is reported quite sick.

T. S. Lambert has returned from Fort Worth where he attended the Woodmen convention.

We are glad to note that P. Hinson has shipped in to Spur, from Walker county, and will move out to his place this week. We are glad to welcome Mr. Hinson and family back with us.

J. E. Sparks made a flying trip to Jayton this week.

W. E. Pirkle is having his peanuts thrashed this week.

We are glad to see Miss Lillian Scott able to take her place in

school again.

John Rash, of Dickens, visited relatives here last Saturday and Sunday.—Kid-a-lude.

Postmaster J. E. Shelton and H. O. Satterwhite, of Roaring Springs, were in Spur Tuesday on business and greeting friends. While here Mr Shelton was a very pleasant caller at the Texas Spur office. He reports considerable building now going on in Roaring Springs and everything indicates progress and prosperity in that section throughout the year 1915.

The Senior Play—"The Dear Boy Graduate" will be presented by the senior class, assisted by members of the Expression class, Friday evening, April 2nd, High School Auditorium 8:15 o'clock. No admission.

M. L. Thornton left this week for Arizona where he has a position on some one of the big ranches of that country.

See "The Dear Boy" and his Sisters and his cousins and his aunts in "The Dear Boy Graduate."

For Sale—Good work horse. Will weigh 1200 pounds. Spur Grain and Coal Company. 20 tf.

QUARTERLY CONFERENCE AT DUCK CREEK

We wish to announce through the columns of the Texas Spur, that the second Quarterly Conference of the Clairemont Mission will be held at Duck Creek school house on the fourth Saturday and Sunday in March, the same being the 27th and 28th.

Bro. B. W. Dodson will preach Saturday night on "Infant Baptism." Come and hear an able preacher, and assist in the work. Everybody cordially invited.

GIN NOTICE.

We expect to close down for the season Saturday April 3rd. So bring in your cotton and bolls by that time. Farmers' Gin Company. Both Phones.

On account of sickness I have not been able to work this week. Will have a man here Friday or Saturday to work for me. W. H. Duke, Photographer.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Dickson returned Wednesday from Greenville, Houston and other points where they spent ten days or two weeks with relatives and friends. Mr. and Mrs. Dickson will make their home at the Spur Experimental Farm Station.

I will receive another car of Celebrated McAlester Nut Coal Saturday morning. \$6 50 per ton Cash at the car. If you want to know anything about it just ask anybody that bought out of the last car. J. E. Johnson at Farmers' Gin. Both Phones.

"A Case of Suspension"—A comedy bubbling with humor and ludicrous situations. High School Auditorium April 1st 8:15 o'clock.

Mrs. W. J. Attebury returned Tuesday from Clarendon and Amarillo where she been visiting her daughters the past week.

If you want to laugh, and help the "library movement" see "A Case of Suspension," April 1st, at High School Auditorium 8:15 o'clock. Admission 25 and 35.

Dead Shot To Blue Bugs—We have a preparation guaranteed to kill blue bugs. For sale by J. B. Roberts, Spur, Texas. 18 4tp

You'll like "A Case of Suspension."

GILPIN.

Johnny Sparks, of Tap, passed through Gilpin Tuesday evening.

Rev. Luther Bilberry, of the Midway settlement, filled his regular appointment at Duck Creek Saturday and Sunday. Each service was largely attended and appreciated by a well behaved audience. Everybody is invited to come out and hear this deserving man preach the second Sunday in each month.

Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Stearns, of Steel Hill, attended church here Sunday.

Myers Bilberry, of Orianna, was the guest of his brother, L. W. Bilberry, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Hagins made a trip to Dickens Saturday.

Willie Hagins is on the sick list.

P. E. Hagins made a business trip to Jayton Tuesday.

Cecil Bennett has bought a new buggy. Look out now Cecil, we girls are watching you.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Darden, of Girard, spent a short time in Gilpin Tuesday evening.

Guy Adams has not been able to attend school for the past several days.

Our teacher, Prof. Cherry, spent Tuesday night with L. W. Bilberry and family.

Misses Eunice Hawkins and Lily and Mattie Hagins were absent from school Tuesday.

Misses Ina and Oma Dooley, of near Girard, attended church here Sunday.

Rev. W. B. Bennett, who has been seriously ill for the past week, is reported better, and we hope that he will soon be well again.

Miss Bertie Parnell was the guest of Miss Mary Bennett Sunday evening.

Farmers are busy preparing to plant their crops this fine weather.

Rambling Bill, you asked what had become of "A School Chap." I am sorry to tell you, but he has imbibed the trifling habit of

reading novels. In spite of his parents and teachers, he reads them continuously, and that is the reason he quit writing the news. He is always telling us school girls about his latest adventures in "Novel Land," and this keeps our minds divided until our teacher is becoming uneasy about us all. Please tell us how to break him of this terrible habit lest he spoils the rest of us.—A School Girl.

"A Case of Suspension" April 1st, High School Auditorium.

PIANOFORTE AND VOICE RECITAL

The pianoforte and voice recital given at the school auditorium Friday evening of last week by Misses Donnalita Standifer and Erma Baker, pupils of Miss Trenholm Doyle, was a very pleasant occasion for those present. Quite a number of selections in music and voice were rendered and throughout the program Misses Standifer and Baker demonstrated superior ability and the highest culture in music and voice.

See "The Dear Boy" in the Senior play April 2nd, at High School Auditorium.

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

CORN MILL.

We expect to be ready Saturday to begin grinding corn into meal, chops, etc. So bring in your corn, have it shelled and we'll do the rest. Farmers' Gin Company. Both Phones.

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

"The Dear Boy Graduate!" Good Cast. Plenty of fun. Splendid Moral. Come.

Owing to Weather Conditions we will grant numerous requests and

EXTEND OUR
WHITE GOODS SALE!
TO SATURDAY, MARCH 27

New Easter Novelties are arriving daily. Keep in touch with prices given, as shown in big circulars.

LOVE DRY GOODS COM'Y.,
SPUR, TEXAS

At The Lyric Theatre

FRIDAY NIGHT—Third Episode of "EUDORA". "The Mystery of the Dutch Cheese-Maker". "Mutual Girl No. 40."

SATURDAY NIGHT—"Mutual Weekly No. 95." "In the Open"—American. Keystone—"Stout Heart but Weak Knees."



A drug store should keep goods up to date just the same as a dry goods store. Scientific research is constantly discovering new things. So deal with us and you will deal with a PROGRESSIVE drug store.

We will not allow our customers to buy something they ought not to have. It takes KNOWING HOW to be a good druggist. Our knowledge and experience is at the service of our customers.

Red Front Drug Store

We give you what you ASK for.