

# THE FLOYD COUNTY HESPERIAN

VOLUME 21

FLOYDADA, Floyd County, TEXAS, THURSDAY, August 3 1916

NUMBER 21

## REPAIRING OLD SCHOOL BUILDING FOR PRIMARY GRADES.

New Furnishings, Modern Heating, New Paint and Paper to Make Building Look New.

The frame, school building erected in 1907, and for the past five years out of use, is being re-modeled and thoroughly overhauled for the use of the primary grades of the Floydada Public School the coming term, and is expected to be well as equipped, lighted and heated as the new building occupied by the pupils of the higher grades when all the work planned has been finished.

Carpenters are at work repairing doors, windows, porches and other parts of the building, while modern heating apparatus has been ordered and will soon be installed. New paint and paper will also be put on the building.

The need for the additional room became apparent last spring term when the main building became so crowded as to make necessary partitioned rooms in the auditorium.

Separating the smaller from the larger pupils offers an advantage which the separate buildings make easy of accomplishment. The action of the board in remodeling the building and putting it in use with very little additional cost to the district has met with practically unanimous approval of school patrons.

## Reagan & Henry Take Studebaker Agency Floyd and Motley.

John H. Reagan and Ross Henry, under the firm name of Reagan & Henry have taken the Studebaker agency in Floyd and Motley Counties, and have at this time a 1917 model of the Four-forty, which they are showing. They have the agency for both the four and the six model.

The new Studebaker, while essentially the same car as last year has some marked improvements which should add to its popularity. Among these are greatly strengthened front axles and springs, gas tank in the rear with vacuum feed and larger wheels.

The Studebaker in one of the most refined cars sold under \$1000. The four sells at \$875 at the factory.

Reagan & Henry will enter actively into the sale of the Studebaker.

S. T. Montgomery, of White right, Texas, is spending the week here with his neighbor of former days, A. J. Womack west of Floydada. Mr. Montgomery is on a prospecting tour of this section.

## 161 CONVERSIONS IN MEETING THAT CLOSED TUESDAY.

Attendance and Interest Grew With Each Successive Service.

One hundred sixty-one conversions were recorded during the Methodist Meeting which closed Tuesday night following a three-weeks campaign led by Evangelist R. L. Flowers of Waco, and in which members of all churches of the town joined hands.

The attendance at and interest in the meeting continued to grow throughout the successive services.

Besides the conversions there were many reclamations.

The meeting was one of the most successful ever held in Floydada

## Teachers Institute First Week of Sept.

The Floyd County Teachers' Institute is to be held this year the first week in September, beginning Monday the fourth.

Superintendent E. P. Thompson is completing the program for the meeting, which will be ready for distribution among the teachers by the earlier part of next week.

## G. T. Wakefield Opens Grocery Store at Lakeview.

Indicating the fast development of the southeast portion of Floyd County, G. T. Wakefield has just opened a grocery store at Lakeview School House.

Mr. Wakefield will gradually add to his stock and will at a not-far distant date include other lines looking toward the establishment of a general mercantile business

Lakeview has always been one of the best producing communities in the county, and its growth in population the past two years has been nothing short of phenomenal.

## Twelve O'Clock Dinner Given for Departing Friends.

Last Sunday Misses Ethie and Sabra Thagard invited a few of their friends to dinner in honor of Miss Lena Burdett of Childress and Mr. Robert McGuire, who leaves this week for his home in Oklahoma.

A very pleasant day was spent and a delicious dinner served.

Those who enjoyed the day were: Misses Lena Burdett, of Childress, Grace Dollins of Waco, Marie Henry, Mary D. Allen, Ruth Brown, Ethie and Sabra Thagard. Messrs. Bailey Finger, Robert McGuire, Birdsley Barker, Frank Buckley of Fort Worth, Boone Hall, Oliver Allen and Levie Lewis.

## Culberson and Colquitt in Run-Off

Leading Senatorial Aspirants in Primary Will be Voted on Again August 26th.

Senator Culberson and ex-Governor O. B. Colquitt are running the "Run off" race for the United States Senate, following the primary of the twenty-second. The preference of the voters is to be decided in the majority election Saturday, August 26th.

Ex Governor Colquitt was the only candidate in the six-cornered fight for a place on the second ballot who ran according to form expected by his supporters. West Texans confidently expected Brooks to be in the second primary with either Colquitt or Henry. Senator Culberson beat Dr. Brooks some six thousand, with Campbell fourth, Henry fifth and Davis a poor sixth.

Texans are thus called upon to take their choice between two anti-prohibitionists, both committed against prohibition as a national measure. This will clarify the atmosphere on this measure. For the first time in eight years a campaign of state-wide import will be run on issues other than prohibition.

In Floyd County the Democratic Executive Committee was faced with a peculiar situation when the assessments for the primary expenses were made against the candidates for office. Either the candidates must be taxed out of all proportion to the emoluments of the offices being run for, or the expenses of the second campaign must be materially reduced. The upshot was that the candidates were assessed for the expense of printing ballots and obtaining supplies, and for making returns of the elections from the various boxes, while patriotism was left to be the impelling power for the election holders. Thus in the election only the man making the returns of the election in each precinct will receive pay. This will be \$2. The committee also contemplated that in some precincts the expense of the election holders would probably be met by subscription if the voters of this county express their will in the "run off." Each precinct will be left to determine its own ways and means, the only restriction being that the election must be held under strict construction of the Election Law as in the regular primary.

The officers and directors of the Farmers' Exchange of Floydada, who served last year were re-elected Saturday afternoon at the annual meeting of the stockholders of the concern. The directors are: Geo. L. Fawver, Jno. W. Howard, J. A. Grigsby, R. C. Smith, and J. N. Bartlett.

Mr. Fawver is president, R. C. Smith vice president, and J. A. Grigsby secretary.

J. S. Dickey was re-elected manager of the business.

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## Final Totals Give Submission Lead of 2,855 Votes.

Practically complete returns from every county in Texas show that submission has carried by a small majority. A total of 415,000 votes were cast. Reports on 409,471 votes have been tabulated by the Texas Election Bureau. The total vote on submission was somewhat smaller, standing as follows: For submission, 173,834. Against submission, 170,979. Majority for, 2,855.

Ferguson's lead over Morris is 64,443. Culberson's lead over Brooks is 6,731.

Misses Ora and Aura Clinton, of Putnam, Texas, have been visiting here the past week with their aunt, Mrs. R. T. Miller and other relatives.

## FAIR DATES SET FOR OCT. 5, 6 & 7

Yesterday afternoon at a meeting of more than fifty representative citizens an Executive Committee for the Tenth Annual Floyd County Fair was chosen, and the dates for the Fair set for October fifth, sixth and seventh.

J. D. Price, A. V. Haynes, S. W. Ross, G. A. Linder and Homer Steen were made committeemen.

Active work on premium lists, attractions and other features of the coming event is being prosecuted with vigor.

## Public School Opens Sept. 11th

Floydada Public School will open its 1916-17 term on Monday, September 11th.

This was decided at a meeting of the school board Tuesday. By that time all work of improving both buildings will have been completed ready for occupancy.

The board announces that the children under seven years of age who will be seven or later than January 1st, 1917, will be allowed to enter school within the first two weeks of the term. After that date no pupils under seven will be accepted.

## Five Loads Livestock Floydada's Quota of Shipments.

Five loads of livestock, which included three cars of steer yearlings consigned to Kansas City and two loads of hogs to Fort Worth, were shipped from Floydada Saturday.

Floyd County hogs have brought the extreme top of the market four times within the past four weeks. None of the hogs shipped have brought less than within a dime of the top.

## New Insurance Firm Buys Scott & Bartley Agency.

J. M. Edwards and R. H. Buckingham formed a partnership yesterday for the transaction of realty and insurance business in Floydada, and at the same time their purchase of the Scott & Bartley insurance business was announced.

They will handle all kinds of insurance, including life, indemnity, fire, accident, etc.

In announcing the partnership Mr. Edwards stated that he had definitely determined to make Floydada his home permanently. Both members of the firm are well-known in this section and stand high in business circles.

Their office will be in Room 4 of the First National Bank Building.

## Mr. and Mrs. Boerner Have Their Daughters as Guests.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Boerner have had as their guests at a home-coming during the past week three daughters who live at other points in the state. They are Mrs. E. P. Nelson of Mt Vernon, Mrs. J. M. Baggett, of Ozona, Texas, and Mrs. W. S. Posey of Lubbock.

Mrs. Posey returned home Saturday. Mesdames Nelson and Baggett will probably visit here several weeks.

Chas. Livingston, of Wortham, Texas, has been on a visit the past week with T. R. Ross, while on a prospecting tour over the South Plains.

## INSTITUTE ELECTS DELEGATES PANHANDLE FARMERS CONGRESS

Department Representative Makes Address at Meeting of Farmers Tuesday Afternoon.

D. C. Dove and T. G. Marks, representing the State Department of Agriculture, met a number of farmers and people of allied interests at the county court room Monday afternoon when the Farmers' Institute was reorganized and put on an active basis.

R. C. Scott, secretary, acted as chairman of the meeting in the absence of O. F. Battey, president. D. C. Dove, as the departments' representative made an address dealing with the activities of the department and the manner in which the citizenship may co-operate with it. Marketing the products of the farm is the special activity of the department, and the discussion of marketing and kindred problems formed the greater part of his address. Mr. Dove declared that the producers were entitled to a larger percent of the profits derived from the farms and that it can be secured if the farmers will co-operate with the department.

The Panhandle Farmers' Congress which convenes in Amarillo on August 24th, 25th and 26th, will be attended by five delegates from the local institute. These were elected at Tuesday's meeting: J. W. Pitts, O. F. Batty, H. L. Puryear, W. F. Baird and R. N. Burgett.

Problems of panhandle farm production and marketing will be discussed at this meeting which is expected to draw hundreds of farmers. Experts in all lines will be at that place to make addresses, including State Agricultural Commissioner Davis.

A meeting of the Institute was called for Saturday afternoon at 2:30 by acting chairman R. C. Scott.

## Meeting at Center.

Rev. J. F. Mathews closed quite a successful meeting at Mayview School house 15 miles east of Floydada last Friday night, returning to fill his appointment with his church here Sunday.

Sunday night he began a meeting at Center, which is continuing through this week.

Attorney S. D. Tant, of Vernon, Texas, was out the earlier part of this week on business.

## GOOD SEASON RESULT OF RAIN OVER MOST OF COUNTY.

Cotton and Feed Crops Greatly Benefitted by Rainfall Saturday to Monday.

Three days of local showers, which covered Floyd County Saturday to Monday, have put wheat lands in excellent condition for plowing and made a good season in the greater part of the county for maturing row feed crops and fruiting cotton. Grazing land, late feed and late cotton were greatly benefitted.

In some portions of the county the season was not thorough but was of much value. Reports indicate the rains were general over several adjoining counties as well.

## Floyd County Republicans Elect Delegates to Convention.

Floydada, Tex., July 29, 1916. Republican County Convention called to order by county chairman J. A. Baker. On motion J. A. Baker was elected County Chairman and Homer Howard, County Secretary, N. W. Williams, Temporary Secretary. J. A. Baker and W. C. Kenyon, the latter of Amarillo, on motion, were nominated delegates to the state convention at San Antonio, which meets August 8th.

P. L. Johnson, and E. E. Diggs, the latter of Childress, alternates. The Delegates and Alternates were instructed to vote for Phil E. Bear, of Paris Texas, for State Chairman. Otherwise they were uninstructed. The same delegates were also elected to the Congressional and Senatorial Conventions.

The Convention voted that a copy of these minutes be furnished the Hesperian and Beacon for publication.

J. A. Baker, Co. Chairman, N. W. Williams, Temporary Sec.

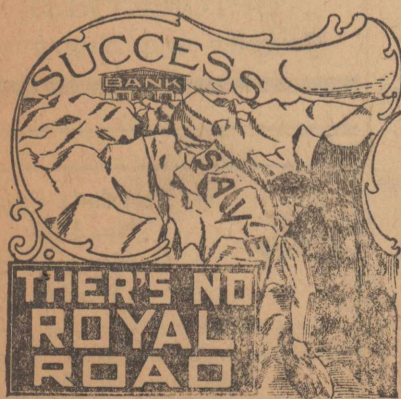
## Demos Have no Convention.

The Democrats of Floyd County failed to hold a County Convention on Saturday, following the meeting of the Executive Committee, and as a result will be represented in none of the conventions,—State, district or judicial.

It also developed at the meeting of the committee that two precincts elected precinct chairmen. These were Star and Center. Starkey elected W. J. Berry, and Center, L. Maxey.

Read it in The Hesperian.

## Honest Toil and Properly Directed Energy



Are the key-notes of SUCCESS.

Very few fortunes are made by chance, some are inherited, but most of them are won thro' persistent effort.

## KEEP EVERLASTINGLY AT IT

"Success is not reached by a single bound; We mount the ladder by which we rise From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, And we mount that ladder round by round."

LET US HELP YOU CLIMB

First State Bank of Floydada

Floydada,

Texas



THE HAIL FELLOW WELL MET, THE MAN WHO SPENDS AS HE GOES, IS POPULAR JUST SO LONG AS HE IS A HAIL FELLOW WELL MET, SO LONG AS HE SPENDS AS HE GOES. HIS FAIR WEATHER FRIENDS LEAVE HIM THE MINUTE HE IS IN FINANCIAL DISTRESS. DON'T BE ONE OF THESE KIND. IF YOU ARE MAKING BIG MONEY PLAN TO SET ASIDE A CERTAIN SUM IN BANK. YOU'LL FIND THAT IF ADVERSITY COMES A GOODLY BANK BALANCE IS YOUR BEST FRIEND. IF YOU ALREADY HAVE A BANK ACCOUNT MAKE IT A POINT TO KEEP A HEALTHY BALANCE, A GOOD MARGIN TO WORK ON. IF YOU HAVEN'T A BANK ACCOUNT OPEN ONE WITH US TODAY.

CALL AND SEE US ABOUT YOUR BANKING.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK  
FLOYDADA, TEXAS



**Neighboring County Nominations.**

Dickens County Democrats are working under the majority rule this year and will therefore vote again on August 12th to determine the winners out of the runners off of the election held July 22.

In Motley County the following were nominated:

Judge, A. B. Crane; Sheriff, Ed Russell; Clerk, Trust Patton; Tax Assessor, Oscar Williams; Treasurer, Jess Hodges; County Attorney, Wendell Johnson.

Crosby County: Judge, P. L. Parrish; Sheriff, B. W. Mitchell; Clerk, Edgar Allen; Treasurer, Mrs. E. L. Young; Tax Assessor, W. F. Montgomery; Surveyor, Moore Hess; County Attorney, R. A. Wallace.

Hale County: Chas Clements, county judge; L. D. Griffin, county attorney; J. C. Terry, sheriff and tax collector; Jo W. Wayland, county and district clerk; W. H. Murphv, tax assessor, John G. Hamilton, county treasurer; Otis Shropshire, county surveyor.

Lubbock County: County Judge, J. H. Moore; County Clerk, Sam T. Davis; Sheriff and Tax Collector, W. H. Flynn; County Treasurer, Chris Harwell; Tax Assessor, R. C. Burns; County Attorney, John R. McGee; Surveyor, H. G. Guinn.

Swisher County: County Judge, W. S. Tomlinson; Attorney, W. A. Graham; Sheriff and Tax Collector, R. G. Porter; Clerk, J. M. Simpson; Tax Assessor, J. W. Ervin; Treasurer, Alma Huckabee; Surveyor, J. W. McGlaun.

**Dry Weather.**

J. Pluvius turned not the crank that operates his water tank. He watched the baking earth below and heard the people wail and woe, but not a bit did he relent; he didn't seem to care a cent. Old Vulcan heard the peoples wails, where he was making horseshoe nails, and said, "Say Pluve, turn on the drink; those fellows below are on the blink. But Pluve replied, "Gee whiz! You teach me how to run my biz? I tell you Vulc, those mortal men must have a lesson now and then. For many years I've sent taem rain, and crops have grown on every plain. Prosperity was at their door where now the wolf of famines roar. And while I kept their planet wet, there was a carnival of debt. Men blew their substance wild and free as though it grew upon a tree. Their stock of luxuries enlarged, they bought fool things and had them charged. Men threw their money at the stars, and traded homes for

chug-chug cars, and rioted at every chance, like drunken sailors at a dance. And so I cooked their blamed old earth, to teach them what good fortune's worth. When they have lived on husks a while they'll learn to save their little pile."—Wolt Mason.

W. H. Truelock, of Rusk County in company with his brother, M. J. Truelock, of Cottle County, were in Floydada the earlier part of the week prospecting.

Mrs. C. H. Olson, of Mabank, Texas, wife of O. B. Olson's brother, is visiting here with the Olson family, planning to spend several days as their guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Saunders, of Wilbarger County, are out on a visit with his father, S. D. Saunders, having arrived the latter part of last week.

**Bosley Moves Shop.**

August first H. C. Bosley gave possession to W. R. Cope of the building and lots on the corner of Missouri and Fifth Streets, and finished moving his shop to its new location on north Main Street on the block with the City Hotel.

Mr. Cope will use the shop vacated for a private garage for his line cars used on the Roaring Springs Mail Route.

**Announcements**

Nominees of the Democratic Primary held July 22, 1916:

Foa Representative 122nd District.

J. M. BOREN, of Post.

For District Attorney, 64th Judicial District:

AUSTIN C. HATCHELL.

For Co. and Dist. Clerk:

TOM W. DEEN.

For County Judge:

E. P. THOMPSON.

For County Attorney:

C. K. HOLLOWAY.

For Treasurer Floyd County:

MRS. ADDIE THAGARD.

For Tax Assessor:

A. A. WHYTE.

For Sheriff & Tax Collector:

J. A. GRIGSBY.

For County Surveyor:

GEO. A. LIDER.

For Commissioner Pre. No. 1:

W. E. SMITH.

For Commissioner Pre No. 4:

W. F. WEATHERBEE.

For Public Weigher Precincts, No. and 4:

S. B. MCCLESKEY.

For Jusice of Peace Pre. No. 1:

R. T. MILLER.

**FLOYD CO. LAND & ABSTRACT CO.**

Telephone 22 First National Bank Bldg., Rooms 5 and 6

C. H. FEATHERSTON, Manager

List your Land with us if for sale.

Will appreciate your Abstract Work. Loans made on all Plains Land.

**Your Business Appreciated**

Floydada, - - - Texas.

**THE MENU AT THE MOVIE CAFE**

—always includes everything that can be had on the markets. We are anxious to please you.

Come in to see us; you'll always find plenty of good ice water.

—ROOMS IN CONNECTION.

**MOVIE CAFE**

**The New Series--17 STUDEBAKER**

**Six-50 Four-40**

**AUTOMOBILES**

**SIX-CYLINDER MODELS**

50 Horsepower 7-passenger Touring Car ... \$1085  
50 Horsepower 3-passenger Roadster ..... 1060  
50 Horsepower 3-passenger Landau Roadster 1350

**FOUR-CYLINDER MODELS**

40 Horsepower 7-passenger Touring Car .... \$875  
40 Horsepower 3-passenger Roadster ..... 850  
40 Horsepower 3-passenger Landau Roadster . 1150

The new Series Seventeen Studebaker car represents the most modern development in automobile design.

Refinements have been added, improvements have been made here and there, and the most recent ideas in body style and seating arrangements have been introduced, making the new Series Seventeen Studebaker cars typical examples of the very latest developments in the progress of the automobile industry.

Studebaker has adhered to its time-honored policy of building beautiful, stylish and elegant cars, without attempting to introduce faddishness in style.

Very little need be said regarding the mechanical perfection of the new Series Seventeen Studebakers. The public already knows that Studebaker automobiles in material, mechanical design and workmanship are standards of quality. The policy of Studebaker to build into its products the integrity and honesty of a great name is accepted in a world-wide sense as a guarantee of the excellence of Studebaker construction. Regardless of the price you pay, you cannot obtain greater intrinsic value, and there are very few cars indeed that can equal the new Studebaker Series Seventeen in beauty of line, elegance of finish, comfort, convenience and easy riding qualities.

The low prices at which the new Series Seventeen Studebaker cars are offered are purely in keeping with the policy of Studebaker to pass on to the public the advantage of quality production and the savings effected by the efficiency and experience of a splendid manufacturing organization concentrated upon the one idea of producing a genuinely high quality product at the lowest possible cost.

**Specifications New Series 17 Studebaker Cars, FOUR and SIX**

**Motor**—Six Cylinder, cast enbloc; "L" Head, 50-Horsepower; Four Cylinder, cast enbloc; "L" Head, 40-Horsepower. Both motors 3 7-8 in. bore, 5 in. stroke. Intake and exhaust manifold at left of motor.

**Lubrication**—Circulating splash system; gear force pump.

**Cooling**—Centrifugal force pump circulating system. Honeycomb radiator on Six. Tubular radiator on Four. 18 in. six-blade fan.

**Gasoline System**—Vacuum feed from tank in rear.

**Carburetor**—Model R Schebler.

**Electric System**—Separate-unit Studebaker-Wagner system. Generator mounted vertically at front of motor driven from helical gear in mesh with crank shaft gear. Automatic current control.

**Starting Unit**—At right of motor, engaging crank shaft through chain drive with over-running clutch to prevent starter turning when engine is running.

**Storage Battery**—Three-cell, six-volts, 100-ampere-hour; Willard battery mounted under front seat.

**Ignition**—Generator storage battery ignition, with Remy coil and distributor.

**Electric Lights**—Large head lights, of beautiful design; can be dimmed from cowl board; speedometer light, tail light. All lights separately controllable by switch on cowl board.

**Wiring**—All wires carried on chassis and in flexible metal conduit; simplified one-wire system.

**Clutch**—Cone type with pressed steel cone, facing mounted on easy engaging flat springs, ball-bearing throw-out collar.

**Transmission**—Three speeds forward and reverse, mounted in unit with rear axle. Chrome nickel gears; Timken bearings at main shaft and pinion shaft.

**Gear Ratio**—3.7 to 1 on SIX; 4 to 1 on FOUR.

**Rear Axle**—Studebaker full-floating rear axle, with complete Timken bearing equipment.

**Wheel Base**—122 in. on Six; 112 in. on Four.

**Tires**—Goodrich 34 x 4 in. straight side, safety tread on rear wheels. Tire carrier at rear of body with locking device. Extra demountable rim.

**Color**—Body, dard blue with white hair line stripe. Hood, fenders and chassis black; wheels dark blue, white-striped; black hubs and rims; nickel-plated hub caps.

**Fenders**—Heavy pressed steel, crowned; concealed rivets; fenders and aprons electrically welded. Running boards clear, covered with corrugated rolled aluminum.

**Brakes**—Service brake operating from foot pedal and contracting on brake drum. Emergency brake operating from hand lever and expanding internally on brake drum. Drum 15 in. diam, multibestos facing 2 in. wide. Improved equalizer mounted on transmission housing.

**Springs**—Underslung 3/4 elliptic on rear axle, 51 in. long, 2 in. wide, shackled, at both ends. Front spring semi-elliptic 38 in. long, 2 in. wide, shackled at rear hanger. All spring bolt eyes bushed with bronze, lubricated by nickel-plated grease cups; springs relieved of all driving and torsional strain by two radius rods and torque arm.

**Upholstering**—Straight grain leather. All upholstery equipped with springs of exceptional resiliency. Cushions upholstered with genuine hair. Side seats and back same quality and workmanship as cushions. Blue velvet tonneau carpet. Front seats divided and shaped to fit the back. Front seats adjustable.

**Top**—Mohair top, improved one man type; Jiffy curtains. Close-fitting bows with patent metal clasp holders.

**Windshield**—Special windshield built for body. Overlapping design of upper glass protects front seat passengers from rain and storm. Adjustable, clear vision.

**Control**—Left drive, center control, 18 inch steering wheel. Long pedals provide great leverage and consequent ease in brake and clutch control.

**Steering Gear**—Irreversible steering gear; full worm and wheel type, ball-bearing, adjustable to wear.

**Equipment**—Instruments conveniently grouped on leather covered cowl board, illuminated by an electric lamp concealed under the cowl. Instruments include Stewart-Warner magnetic speedometer, battery indicator, oil pressure gauge, carburetor adjustment, gasoline gauge on tank in rear. Ignition and electric light switches on cowl board. Starting button at left of "H" plate, convenient to drivers right foot. Accelerator at right of pedal. Throttle and spark control mounted on steering wheel. High-grade motor-driven Sparton Horn mounted under hood. Complete set of tools.

**REAGAN & HENRY, Distributors**

Floyd and Motley Counties

Floydada, : : Texas

**BROTHER OF PURSLEY SLAYER WAYLaid AND KILLED**

**Mrs. Pursley Also Seriously Wounded.—Ranch Hand Charged With Shooting.**

Wednesday of this week at about seven o'clock in the evening Edwin Graham was shot and killed while driving in an automobile from Girard to the Berry Pursley ranch headquarters about eight miles from Girard. His sister Mrs. Louis Pursley was in the car at the time and was also shot in the right arm, one of the balls

piercing her breast.

The report coming to Spur is to the effect that while Graham and his sister were driving along the road about three miles from the ranch house and just in the edge of the breaks, an unknown party stepped in front of the car and with a shot gun fired through the windshield, striking Graham in the head, killing him instantly. Another shot was then fired at the woman, striking her in the right arm. Mrs. Pursley then walked two miles to a place on the ranch and phoned for a doctor, one going out from Girard and also one from Jayton.

Mrs. Pursley was removed to Jayton for medical attention and at this time it is not known whether or not she will live, being in such a weakened condition from the loss of blood.

A Mr. Clark, who has been working on the Pursley ranch several years, was arrested, being charged with the killing and shooting.

This killing and shooting at this time is probably the result of the killing of Berry Pursley by Latta Graham several months ago. Edwin and Latta Graham are brothers, and Mrs. Louis Pursley, wife of Berry Pursley is a sister of the Gra-

ham boys. At the time Berry was killed feeling was high in Jayton and Latta Graham was removed from the jail to another point for fear of mob violence. Later he was given \$1500 bond to await the grand jury action.

Some think that possibly Edwin was mistaken for Latta by the party doing the shooting.

Edwin Graham lived in Spur until recently, having conducted a tailoring business here and was known as "the little tailor" while here.—Texas Spur.

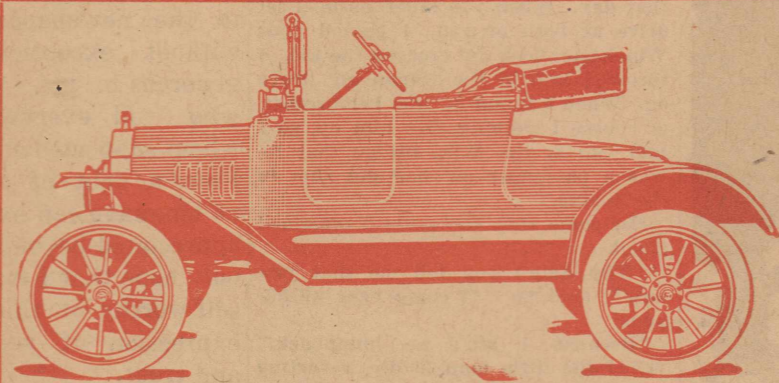
Send the Hesperian folks back Ed



# Ford -- THE SAME CAR

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

## At A Great Price Reduction



FORD RUNABOUT

Two passenger, four cylinder, 20 horsepower, fully equipped except speedometer.

New Price

**\$345**

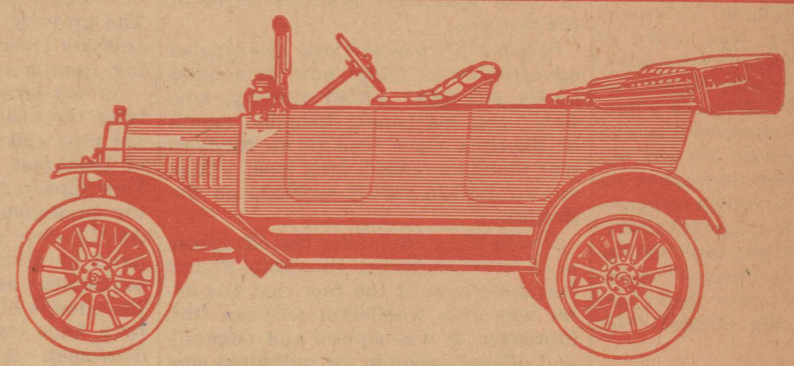
F. O. B. DETROIT

Five-passenger, four cylinders, 20 horsepower, fully equipped except speedometer.

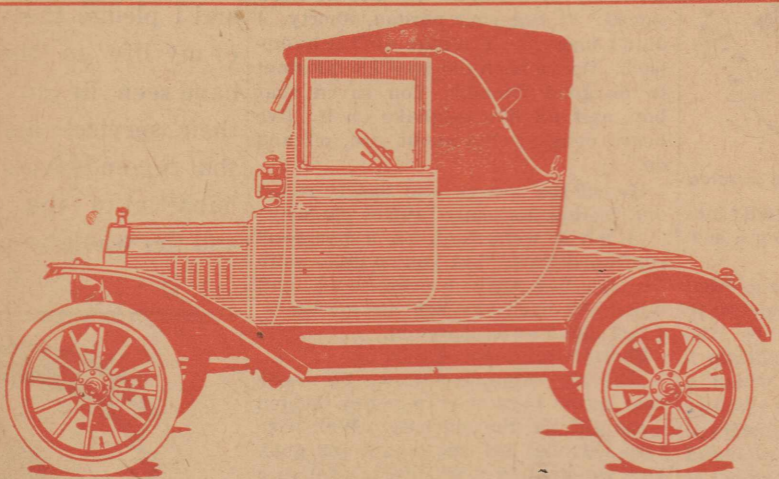
New Price

**\$360**

F. O. B. DETROIT



FORD TOURING CAR



FORD COUPELET

For two passengers. Top can either raised or lowered in two minutes. New Price

**\$505**

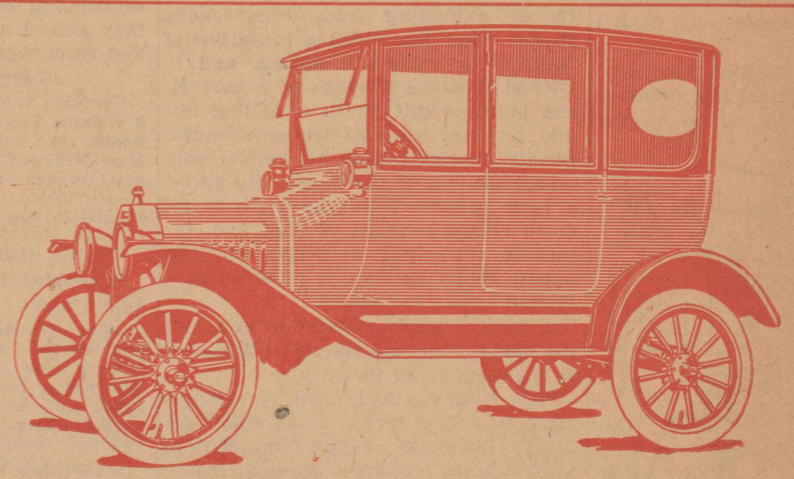
F. O. B. DETROIT

The convenience and comforts of the all-season enclosed car, and a

New Price

**\$645**

F. O. B. DETROIT



NEW FORD SEDAN

—If the old Prices on Fords were marvelous, this new Price is Nothing short of Phenomenal.

—And remember the Five Cardinal Ford Features:

**Ford Economy** The wonderful Ford motor—light, compact, without frills, and mechanically right—develops ample power to meet your requirements, and is saving of gasoline. Light weight of the car gives it more power per pound of car weight than any other car, and means a great saving in tire expense.

**Simplicity** It is the simplicity of the Ford that makes it great. Nothing is incorporated in its construction that is not absolutely necessary for speed, safety, durability, economy and comfort.

**Durability** Made of the best material; Ford vanadium steel, treated by scientific heating methods, preparing each part for the work it has to do. Many Ford cars have traveled more than 175,000 miles and are still going strong.

**Service** Back of the car is the great Ford organization, composed of 51 branches, and more than 9,000 agents, each of whom is required to keep on hand an ample stock of Ford parts and replacements. These agents are scattered over the United States, in every city, town and village, so no matter where the Ford owner drives he is never far from prompt and reliable aid in any emergency.

**Adaptability** In the hands of more than 1,350,000 owners, Ford cars have proved their adaptability to all kinds of service, under all sorts of road and weather conditions. They serve equally well in city or country, for business or pleasure, serving everybody, saving money for everybody, bringing health, profit and pleasure to all. And yet—they are lowest in price and highest in quality.

—Can You Now Afford Not to Own a Ford?

**BARKER BROS.**

Agents for Floyd County

**LOCKNEY AUTO CO.**

Floydada, Texas.

Lockney, Texas.

# The Strategy Of Shorby

By REX BEACH.

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IT was stage time, and the men sprawled restfully upon the porch awaiting the coming of the mail. Shorby had pre-empted the doorsill, which he held by squatters' right, his thick body, toddle and short, barring egress, while the idling smoke from his pipe excited apoplexy within him. A front step in the early evening, with the fullness of supper investing his audience, was solace to the little man—first, because the darkness hid his ungainly body; second, because to every man there comes a garrulous hour when reminiscence is like honey, and, third, because his legs did not dangle in impotent discomfort as when he expended his wealth of shortness upon the edge of made furniture.

"Say, how comes it you ain't drivin' he stage any more, Shorby?" questioned a prospector who had just packed in from the Big Divide. "Get fired?"

"Sure! Fired at and into, both."

"How's that—shot? You don't say so. Who done it?"

"Black Bart."

"Well, I'm durned! I didn't s'pose Bart would shoot up a driver; thought he allus played the messengers. How'd it happen?"

"There was a lady with me one trip," began Shorby, blushing at the memory, "an' Black Bart stuck us up on the



"Look a-here, you!" growled Shorby "Don't you get funny with me."

Big Grade. He insulted her—leastways he called her my sweetheart—so I shot at him to spare her feelin's. I don't claim I done just the gentlemanly thing, 'cause it ain't a driver's place to mix with road agents, them duties bel'n' delegated to messengers an' such passengers as has a genius for disturbance. However, there bel'n' no messenger handy, I flipped at him an' busted his Winchester. My bullet knocked the gun out of his hands, an' he ran for the cutoff down the old sheep trail. He laid for me there with his guns. When I drove by he got me here. Most well now though."

Peg-Leg spoke unexpectedly from the shadows.

"Look a-here, Shorby. I ain't never figured out one thing about that fracas. Old Charlie Crane says you come tearin' into his place on the dead run, your horses plumb beat out, an' you an' the young feller all shot up."

"That's right," said Shorby.

"Well, who was this young feller? You left here that mornin' with the girl an' the bullion, but there wasn't no young feller along."

Peg-Leg had sprung the question which had excited the camp for months, and the listeners waited breathlessly. From the first the affair had a touch of mystery maddening to the camp, the more so inasmuch as Shorby, the man of splendid simplicity, had suddenly lost his candor and maintained a baffling silence. Speculation had fed upon drifting rumor until Forest Hill wriggled in an agony of curiosity.

Considering his ferocious habit of reducing to an unfortunate personal basis those questions he found not to his liking, there seemed no advisable method of arriving at the truth, unless perhaps by the exhibition of a curiosity which Shorby would be privileged to regard as morbid and insulting. Time and silence had served to hone the edge of this sharp interest until "Peg-Leg," the milkford, had arisen unexpectedly to press the question. The idlers wondered why they hadn't thought of him before. Even Shorby, scornful as he did all recognized codes of warfare, could do no more than take umbrage at a wooden legged man.

"Well, ye see, it was this way," said the stage driver finally, then amid their sighs of interest there came the throb and rumble of the Auburn stage. "Here comes the mail. I'll tell ye some other time," he broke off, while the opinion of the crowd at this interruption was voiced by Spike Duffy, who swore.

"The which would certainly rasp ye, cuss his little hide!"

After the mild excitement of the stage's arrival had rippled out those who were given to the expectation of mail disappeared in the wake of the postmaster. It was one of these returning that brought IT.

The epical deserves the dignity of epitals, and epical it surely was for "dwan" who "all conversed upon the

"Hey, Shorby! Here's a letter for you."

"What?" The little man's voice held utter, gasping incredulity.

"Sure; from a lady too."

Now, it is possible to crowd the limit. "Look a-here, you!" growled Shorby, rising threateningly. "Don't you get funny with me."

"I ain't. Here it is, honest," declared Peg-Leg, hurriedly thrusting upon him a packet. "Look at it yourself."

Shorby came into possession of the object with that measure of familiarity and blitheness with which a man receives his summons to the pillory. Then when he had dazedly entered the lighted room the astonishment of the beholders swelled over bank.

"Thee's strange doin's here," said "Peg Leg" gloomily, "not to say suspicious, an' I don't like 'em. I forms my own deductions."

"Mebbe it's from his sweetheart," Spike Duffy ventured, provoking mirth in those who knew Shorby's terror of the fair sex.

"I'll bet it's one of them newfangled advertisements tellin' how to acquire bodily strength," added Murphy, who bore upon his person indelible marks of Shorby's vigor, due to an inadvertent bibulous remark long past. "Yes, sir, an' he kin outlift anybody on the mountain."

Inside the store, under the effulgence of a soot enameled tin lamp Shorby became aware of the fact that the letter was of a wonderful cerulean tint. Moreover, it was square and ungainly and offered grounds for unlimited conjecture. Plainly it was his, however, for it bore his name in large angular feminine characters.

The sensations of one's first letter are not fleeting, but they do pass finally, so, exhuming from a cavernous pocket what resembled a brass bound "billy," he pressed a spring, and it clicked into the likeness of a marvelous hunting knife with unfolding bill and tapering steel of bayonet length. Shorby tolerated upon his person only ornamentation of the finest. He sliced a long splinter from the table to remove clinging traces of plug and, inserting the point gingerly, slit the epistle after the manner of skinning a tender, baby blue rabbit.

A fleeting perfume came to him, and the blood drummed thickly in his ears at the memory of his owner.

"It's from the little girl," he breathed ecstatically. "It's from the little girl." He spoke of her dimly, although she had stood head and shoulders above him.

Seminary characters bear small resemblance to printed speech, nor do they lend themselves to prompt interpretation among the un-Vassared, but finally the following materialized, and he absorbed it so completely that every word stood out in mental bas relief:

My Dear Friend—Mother and I wish to thank you for the great service you have rendered us, and we wish you to know that in saving my brother, Lincoln, from his wicked associates and the consequences of his folly you have won the blessings of two women.

We had to send him away at once, as he was recognized. He writes from Honolulu that he is safe and has begun his life all over, so we are very happy.

In view of all you have done we hesitate to ask your further help, but there doesn't seem to be any other way. The money that came from the Golden Pledge claim we gave to Lincoln, and now the second payment is overdue. They tell us that those men have jumped our mine and won't pay the balance and refuse to get off. Mother is awfully worried, too, because we are very poor—so poor we can't take the case to law. Please tell us what to do and receive the renewed blessings of a mother and the heartfelt thanks of your sincere friend,

MILLICENT CUSHING.

Shorby untied his silk neckcloth and carefully wrapped the precious note within. The bundle he placed inside his shirt bosom. His large hands made clumsy work of it, owing to their unfamiliarity with billet doux, but his mind worked nimbly.

So! The Wilkins outfit had jumped her ground—thought she didn't have anybody to look out for her, eh? That was the worst of them tenderfoot prospectors—they were crooked. They brought their devious eastern methods out into God's country and thought folks would stand their work. He'd never seen them, but they were chicken hearted pups—anybody who would cheat a woman was a quitter. He was for peace, himself, of course; trouble never did look good to him, but a real man was due to step into this affair. Not to use violence. No, sir; just cool, disinterested argument backed up by equity and a reasonable firmness.

Shorby busied himself with the legal aspect of the case. Never was there a clearer. The Wilkins had failed to make good; ergo, they had another jump coming. There remained only the process—simplicity itself. Reason made a bee line, hurdling certain confusing obstacles in the nature of statutes and common law precepts, fleeing directly along the course of least resistance. Shorby oiled up his six shooters.

His theory of strategy forbade delay, for a scant measure of military knowledge demonstrates the value of an attack in the cold gray of the dawn. It is then that the blood moves slothfully and the mind is flaccid from the apathy of slumber.

"G'f me your 'gat," he said to Hoffmeister, the Canada bar superintendent, as that gentleman was preparing for bed.

"Sure; help yourself."

Shorby carefully tested ejector and sights, throwing the gun to shoulder tentatively.

"What's up? Thought you didn't like big guns."

"I don't. The little guns is best, only I'm goin' bumbardin'. I want 'bout 500 rounds too. Also jest witness that."

He spread upon the table a document evidently fresh from the throes of composition. Hoffmeister read it wonderingly, gazing with amazement at the

little man, who gravely continued his preparations.

"Look here. What the deuce does this mean? I can't witness that till the signatures are there."

"Never mind all them technicalities. If this here cannon don't get het up on me I'll have plenty of signatures on there by breakfast time."

With much reluctance Hoffmeister attached his name. He had learned that the road to great unpleasantness lay in thwarting his undersized friend.

"Peg-Leg," less versed in the intricacies of legal formulae, lent his name without discussion and without reading. So soon after midnight Shorby hit the trail.

The Golden Fleece lies picturesquely in a narrow gorge overhung by wooded hills, and its cabin squats in an open glade among the pines. It is a quaint spot. The log house with its mud daubed walls is encircled by a tiny clearing, beyond which is a forest of whispering, smooth barked trees. The gravelly trail winds up along the frothing river, and over all is the pulsing, cooling song of the stream.

As day broke sounds became audible from the shack. Smoke drifted from the pipe and there occurred the rattle of breakfast preparations. Nate Wilkins appeared, shirt sleeved and yawning prodigiously, water pail in hand. As the door swung inward under his hand he started, then gazed with astonishment at what met his eyes. On the outside of the door, pinned thereto by a huge clasp knife, was a written document. As he scanned its opening lines the yawn left his face, and he spoke quickly to the men asleep.

"Hey, boys! Wake up! Look here, quick!"

At the tones of his voice they came scrambling out en deshabille, and as they stared at the paper the slumber fled from their eyes. It ran as follows:

QUIT-CLAIM DEED

For valu rec'd and to avoid trouble we 3 Wilkins Boy sell asine and pass up for keeps this here Golden Fleas Claim to Miss Millicent Cushing or her heirs. Now and forever world without end. Amen. Yours truly,

Signed in the presents of  
H. B. HOFFMEISTER  
PETER JOHNSON

Appended to this model of brevity was a note:

Dear Sir and Friends,—Please sine at y'r early convene and duck out or I will do bizness soon as it get lite enuf to shoot. The writer is respectfully hid out in the bresh and has got you covered at the present date. Wishing you a pleasant journey. Yours sincerely,  
SHORBY.

Something in this unusual notice excited risibilities in the older Wilkins. He guffawed hoarsely, reaching to pull it down.

"Ain't that a hit?"

The laughter broke in his throat, however, when he felt the swish and thud of a bullet in the door, followed by the wicked bark of a rifle among the pines.

"Hey, what's the matter with you?" yelled Nate from within the cabin.

"Oh, I'm all right," boomed the little man. "Better sign that deed, fer I ain't goin' to be jewed down none in terms. You can git breakfast down at camp, otherwise I'll lay you all out side by side an' pick daisies for you."

As he ceased speaking fire spurted from the cabin window and a bullet glanced from the bowlder behind which he crouched. Diplomatic rela-

tions thus severed, Shorby wasted no more time in idle chatter. Instead, sighting closely, he began to shoot the chinking out of the cabin.

"Guess I'll have 'em under the bed shortly," he said. "Soon as I get this chink shot out I'll take the one below."

It is embarrassing to cower in a one roomed log hut while its chinkings are systematically shot out from corner to corner. Bullets are apt to glance erratically and with puzzling method.

Shorby exposed nothing of himself for a target, whereas the "middle" Wilkins, as a result of too rash endeavor, reeled from the window minus the use of one arm and shoulder. Later a flat-topped ball ricocheted into and about four inches along a floating rib necessary to the economy of the elder brother, and, although a thin man with ribs but sparsely hidden, he proved a free bleeder, and the sight of red in such demoralizing quantities did the trick.

"For God's sake let up! You've killed Bud!" yelled a voice.

"Thanks," replied Shorby, continuing his activities. "You ain't"—bang!—"signed that"—bang!—"treaty yet."

"I'd love to finish that second crack before quittin' time," he thought, while the roaring of his rifle made confusion in the early morning quiet, multiplied as it was by the rocky gorge.

A stranger appeared running excitedly down the trail, summoned from the claim above by the fusillade. He presented the repugnant possibility of a re-enforcement, so Shorby swung about, and his first shot sang a tune of cold unwelcome over the man's head, while his second stirred up a discouraging puff of pine needles about his legs. The newcomer stopped with set brakes and, all inquisitiveness satisfied, fled silently back up trail, while Shorby resumed his cooperation on the cabin.

Singleness of purpose will work wonders. As the Wilkins brothers vanished limpingly among the trees, vowing vengeance of a fearful type, the little man grinned after them in rare satisfaction.

Having stormed the cabin, he unwrapped the blue letter and, wiping the powder stains from his fingers, re-read it. So far he was exactly on

schedule, but he had not planned beyond a recovery of the claim. The problem was still complex. The women needed money, not an idle placer mine, but quick money—"eats" money for all he knew.

As the days passed worry preyed upon Shorby. It was not fear of the Wilkins' return, but that letter staring at him reproachfully from its shrine over the table.

He produced his strong box, a baking powder can, and estimated his cleanups.

"Thunder an' mud! Here I've grubbed dirt like a steam drudger an' there ain't enough to buy the girl a stack of white chips," he said aloud.

On the seventh night he inspected the pile. It was pitifully small, and despite his bodily weariness his disappointment found vent in unspeakable oratory. He read the letter, as was his

in his passion, while his voice was still hoarse.

"What does this mean? It says Link Cushing's alive—in Honolulu."

"Drop it, I say!" shouted the prisoner, kicking savagely. "You le'me up an' g'f me one belt at you with a pick handle—that's all I want—jest one wallop. I'll learn ye to read letters."

Bart forced him roughly back.

"Shut up, or I'll slit your gullet!"

The other only bounced on his bed in a paroxysm of abuse, his one intelligible sentence running, "I ain't no humpback!"

"The boy did me a good turn up Emigrant Gap way once," said the road agent, "and I took him for a partner. When you dropped him the day of the holdup I swore I'd kill you if it took twenty years. How'd you get to know his sister?"

At the lady's mention Shorby spoke again, sullenly at first:

"That was her on the stage with me that day. When you stuck us up I let drive at both of you. I busted your Winchester lock an' creased the kid. I throwed him in the wagon an' drove on. When I found he was her brother, of course I couldn't give him up, so I told 'em at the Wire bridge that he was a passenger an' had got shot in the holdup."

For some time the outlaw remained silent.

"Why didn't you tell me that just now?" said he. "I came near killing you."

"Because I ain't no humpback!" yelled the little man loudly, reverting to his unspeakable indignity. "Le'me up and fight like a man."

The other regarded him strangely, almost in wonder, but no hint of amusement lay in his eyes. At last he apologized: "I beg your pardon, Shorby. I didn't mean it. You sure ain't a humpback. We've been too good enemies not to be good friends. You saved that boy, and I'd like to shake on it. I've heard considerable about you, off and on."

He cut the lacings, and Shorby rolled out, feeling his many bruises gingerly.

"I never went back on a partner," continued Bart, "but you've done more for the boy than I ever could, and when you need any help let me know. I feel like I owed it to you."

Shorby's mind acted quickly.

"I'll take some right now. Ye notice that letter says they're plumb busted—the girl an' the old lady. Well, I've tore this flat all up lookin' for gold. I've wallered in work disgraceful to a section gang till I've wore blisters on every shovel handle around the place. For results look at this an' weep."

He displayed his tin can, with its meager yellow contents. "Now, s'pose you blow in with some of that ill gotten wealth of your'n."

"Bet I will," heartily replied the tall man, and from each pocket he produced much currency, tossing it upon the table until the watcher's eyes grew round and wondering. As each exploration resulted in an added roll, the dwarf remarked: "You remind me of that passage in the good book about the Widder Cruise's oil—you never seem to run out. Seems like your business has its redeemin' features."

"Yes; there's easy money in it for nery men," said Bart. "I need a partner too."

"Wouldn't wish any, thanks," quickly replied the other.

"Well, I guess you're wise." The dark man sighed wearily. "It's a fast life. They'll get me some day. Don't let the women know where that money came from." He stepped outside, then added shrewdly, "And, say, I hope you marry the girl."

The little man stood a moment dumbly, then leaped savagely at the door.

"Here, you!"— But Bart had melted into the night, and there came only the echo of his laughter and a rustle across the carpet of pine needles.



They Stared at the Paper.

Shorby closed the door, trembling so that the latch rattled beneath his touch. A strange new light had flooded him, as if from a sudden whipping off of many bandages. He felt himself in the grip of some sweet wild passion, no inkling of which had approached him until now. Its intensity, its volume, swept his mind whirling into a drunken tumult, delightful, distracting, acutely painful. "Marry the girl." Ah, marry her! Yet why not? Why not? He loved her, for this must surely be love, and what else mattered? His great chest swelled to bursting. He stretched his long, iron muscled arms. He picked the blue page tenderly from the floor, and as he did so its drying incense reached his nostrils. Moreover, as he stooped he saw himself—saw his distorted figure—and at the vision the frenzy in him died feebly. With a despairing cry he crushed the letter to him; then, as if jealous of the light, he shattered the lamp and, hurling himself into his bunk, hid his hopeless face in his arms.

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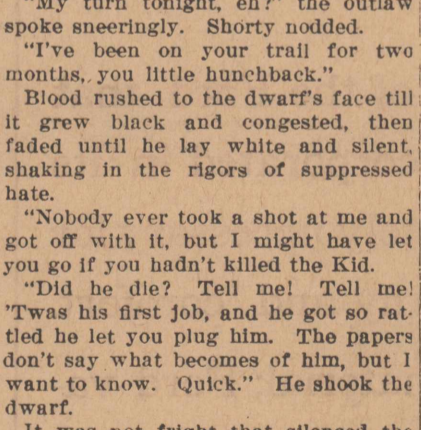
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## JONES IS APPRECIATIVE. Congressman-Elect Expresses Gratitude for Big Vote in Late Primary.

To the Citizens of the Thirteenth Congressional District:

This means is taken to express my deep appreciation of the overwhelming vote tendered me in the race just closed.

To the thousands of men who follow the plow, to the men who work beside the flaming forge, to the Railway boys on whose brave shoulders rests the commerce of the country, to the business and professional men, to the newspaper men, who, without exception have been generous to me, and to those who toil everywhere, all of whom supported me so loyally, I owe a debt of gratitude that no language can express. It is appreciated beyond measure. I only hope that I may show myself worthy of this magnificent expression of your confidence and trust.

The assistance and support of each and every citizen of this district is earnestly requested, and I pledge the best energies of my life to the people who have seen fit to call me into their service, and assure you that my endeavors will be alike impartial to the whole district and the whole people.

Marvin Jones.

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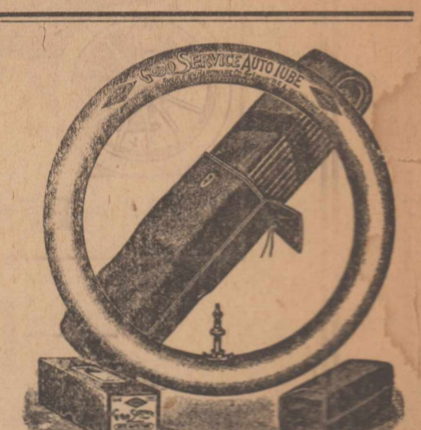
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