

# THE FLOYD COUNTY HESPERIAN

VOLUME 21

FLOYDADA, Floyd County, TEXAS, THURSDAY, October 26, 1916

NUMBER 33

## Inspectors Re-Rating Under Revised Key Rate

### Re-Mapping Mercantile Risks and Making Complete Individual Re-Inspection

L. O. Jarrell and R. E. Rustin, of Austin, inspectors for the State Fire Insurance Commission, are re-rating the fire risks in Floydada under the revised key rate issued by the fire commission early this month.

All mercantile risks are being re-mapped and complete re-inspection is being made of each individual risk.

Mr. Jarrell stated Tuesday that they were making a complete new fire map of the town, and that each risk was being personally inspected. "We rate individually because one of two men in the same business may have conditions different from the other and be entitled to a better rate, though their stock may be the same in all respects. Much depends on the individual, hence the care we exercise in this particular."

Asked what he considered two of the most needed things in Floydada from an insurance man's point of view, Mr. Jarrell said: "You need of all things an enforced gasoline ordinance of some sort. We have found much room for complaint in this respect, showing little care in its handling. Another thing your city should have is a trash-burning ordinance. Carelessness with trash fires is responsible for many fires and some we find are careless in this respect in Floydada."

"You have a good town and country and your business men have been courteous and helpful to us in every case. Evidently your country is developing rapidly. I never saw so much feed in my life as I see here, and I note that you mix cotton-growing and diversified farming in a most satisfactory manner, including hog-raising."

Messrs. Jarrell and Rustin are touring the state the greater part of their time rating and re-rating towns for the insurance commission. This commission is maintained by law by a tax on the gross proceeds of the fire insurance companies doing business in the state.

### Preaching Announcement

Rev. J. F. Mathews will return this week from Rogers, where he is engaged in a meeting, and will be here Sunday to preach at the Christian Church. Services will be held at the usual hours.

## 650 Feet of Sidewalk Contracted

Within the past ten days sidewalks have been contracted for across 680 feet of property frontage in Floydada.

Among the owners who have contracted are J. T. Kirk, 150 feet, J. A. Price, 200 feet, Farris & Surginer, 55 feet, I. D. Gamble, 100 feet, Sam Dane, 100 feet, and C. Foster, 75 feet.

Of this number J. A. Price and C. Foster are not in the list who have been notified by the city council to build.

The 55 feet contracted for by Surginer & Farris is on the south side of West California and is an important connection link on that block, which when completed will lack only the frontage on a 25-foot lot and an alley crossing being built solidly.

## BEST HORSES AND MULES RAISED IN FLOYD COUNTY

### Charles Culp Says Raisers Around Floydada Have Best Stock in West Texas

Charles Culp, of W. L. Cook & Co., of Fort Worth, extensive dealers in horses and mules, has been spending the past several days in Floydada buying mules. The last three days of last week he bought \$5,500 worth of mules for the market, which will be shipped as soon as cars can be obtained from the railroad company.

Mr. Culp is enthusiastic about this country as a mule raising section. He has spent all the summer in West Texas buying horses and mules, part of his time being spent on contracts for belligerent governments in Europe for cavalry and artillery horses. This trip he has handled mules altogether.

"I have bought all summer here and all over West Texas," Mr. Culp said. "I find better horses and mules right around Floydada than at any point in West Texas, and pay better prices here than at any other point in West Texas. You have some very fine mares in this county, as well as some high bred jacks and horses."

"I am glad to know that Floyd County farmers have learned that the top live stock are the kind to raise, because they are the ones that are bringing the top prices."

J. M. Wilcox, of Bridgeport, Texas, visited during the earlier part of this week with J. M. Massie and wife.

## Sensational Week on Cotton Market

### Steady Market Today Following Ginnery Report.—Activity in All Lines of Products

After two weeks of sensational advances, cotton broke 25 to 50 points yesterday upon receipt of the ginnery report, but the market still remains good and comparatively steady. Best cotton sold at the highest point yesterday morning on this market when several bales of high grade lint brought 19 cents. This high market is the highest since 1870, according to official report.

All other farm products also show an advance over last week. Maize heads are bringing \$23 today and threshed maize is quoted at \$1.55; one load of heads sold this week for \$23.75. Cotton seed have advanced \$4 per ton, now selling at \$48.

Since wheat reached the \$1.50 mark last week six car loads have been received on this market. Today's quotation is \$1.55.

Eggs have taken a five-cent advance, selling today at 30 cents cash. Turkeys are 14 cents, hens 11 cents and cream 25 cents.

The local market has been supplied all this season with cabbage raised in the county. Cabbage are selling today at 3½ cents. A supply for several weeks remains in the gardens of the county to be consumed before out-of-county shipments will be ordered.

## CAVENY COMPANY MONDAY NIGHT AT AUDITORIUM

### Second Lyceum Number Will Offer Program of Painting, Sculpture and Music

The Caveny Company, with J. Franklin Caveny, Cartoonist and Clay Modeler in the principal parts, assisted by Marie M. Caveny, soprano soloist, and Pauline Woods, piano soloist and accompanist, will offer a program at the High School Auditorium Monday evening beginning at 8:15. This will be the second number of the series of six arranged for by the local lyceum committee.

Advance sheets say of this attraction:

"The Caveny Program is a blending of the art of painting, sculpture and music. It is presented in such a way as to instruct and inspire and yet to do so in a manner so charming that the whole evening is one of delightful entertainment."

"Mr. Caveny draws rapidly, with colored crayons, a variety of pictures, some amusing, others beautiful; selects faces in the audience and puts them on paper with almost lightning rapidity; constructs "rag" pictures that have all the effect of oil paintings. Mr. Caveny is also an expert clay modeler and, in addition to these varied lines, entertains the audience throughout all his art work with humorous monologue readings and impersonations."

"Marie M. Caveny has won a high place in the Lyceum, not only for her sweet singing, but for her charm of personality. Pauline Woods is both pianist and accompanist. Both of these musicians have the happy faculty of choosing selections that are appreciated not only by critics, but by everyone who loves music."

"The program includes a variety of numbers in which the crayon drawing and clay modeling are accompanied by appropriate piano numbers and songs. As a whole, the program has that degree of unity and artistic finish which has made 'The Cavenys' a standard of excellence."

## Burglar Gets Typewriter and Checks

### Breaks into Lockney State Bank through Window—Gets 50c from Stamp Drawer

A burglar with a turn for office work got fifty cents in change, nine cashiers' checks and a second-hand L. C. Smith typewriter last Friday night when the window of the Lockney State Bank was prized open and entry made by this means.

The burglary was discovered by the bank officials Saturday morning early when they opened up for business. The fifty cents was stamp money kept in a drawer in the office. No money or valuables not mentioned were taken.

In his leave-taking the burglar left cashiers' check No. 900 on the floor. It was neatly made out on the photostamp for the sum of \$10. Nos. 891 to 899 inclusive are missing.

No attempt was made to enter the safe or vault. The typewriter taken was the property of T. E. Durham, formerly an official of the bank.

## Bank Deposits Exceed \$1,000,000

Deposits in the banks of Floyd County exceed one million dollars today.

The two banks in Floydada have in excess of \$600,000 combined deposits.

Land sales of the past sixty days have added little money to the total in the county, according to land men, who say that the greater per cent of the sales are made effective in December and January.

## MATHIS-MARTIN BUYS OLSON DRY GOODS STOCK

### Also Lease Building in Order to Increase Floor Space for Their Business

This morning at 10 o'clock Mathis-Martin Dry Goods Company bought the O. B. Olson dry goods stock in the store adjoining them on the south, and are at this time invoicing the stock for the transfer.

At the same time Mathis-Martin are getting a term-lease on the 20x100 building occupied by Mr. Olson from the Masonic Lodge, and the two stores will be made into one by a connecting archway between. The lodge has already contracted for the change in the building.

Mr. Olson has not made further plans for the fall than that he will continue on the cotton market during the remainder of the season.

## AIKEN TRADING CO. IS CO-OPERATIVE BUYING CONCERN

Irrigation farmers in the Aiken community in the northwest part of Floyd County are saving themselves three and a half cents per gallon on fuel oil for irrigation, well pumps thru collective buying. A corporation known as the Aiken Trading Company was organized with a capital stock of \$2,500 in shares of \$25 each. About fifty farmers in the vicinity own the stock.

Besides buying oil in this manner the company plans to market the live stock of the membership on a co-operative basis, and also buy supplies in the same manner.

The directors of the company are F. T. Frieburghouse, H. A. Percy, A. S. Baker, Griscom Bettle and C. F. Meyers.

## First Frost Falls Thursday, Oct. 19

The first killing frost of the 1916 season fell Thursday night last, October 19. Last year the first frost fell about Nov. 10.

The frost was very heavy and killed all growing vegetation, including field crops which were not matured.

On the same night the temperature fell below freezing point for the first time this season, reaching 28 above zero Friday morning.

## 38 Tickets Sold for Special Day At Texas State Fair

Thirty-eight persons took advantage of the extra-special rates to the State Fair last Friday when the Panhandle & Plains Santa Fe Special left this section of the country. About the same number were sold at Lockney, and all the towns of the Plains furnished approximately the same proportion.

More than two hundred people in all have attended the fair from Floydada and the immediate surrounding territory this year.

## Auto Wrecked When it Turns Turtle on Road

Sunday afternoon A. J. Ryals' auto driven by his thirteen-year-old daughter, Helen, turned completely over on the road leading west by the S. E. Williams place a mile west of town. The little girl was stunned for few minutes, but was otherwise unhurt, while the car was badly wrecked, the damage including broken windshield, smashed top, broken spokes, and bent axles.

Another Ford driven by Miss Ravannah Morris just ahead when the accident occurred, returned to the scene of the accident and carried the girl home.

## League Program

For Sunday, Oct. 29, 4 p. m.  
Leader—Mr. Daniel.  
Song.  
Scripture lesson—Gen. 13.  
Song.  
Sketch of Lot's Life—Ona Adams.  
Sketch of Lot's Wife—Ida Lee Miller.  
Piano Solo—Coral White.  
Sketch of Daniel's Life. Book of Daniel—Will Dixon.  
Contrast Between Character of Daniel and Lot—Hubert Seale.  
Song.

Hesperian ad liners pay.

## Increasing Floor Space of Price-Foster

### W. L. Boerner Making Fifty-Foot Extension on Building on West Side Main Street

W. L. Boerner contracted with Sam Dane Thursday afternoon for the construction of a fifty-foot extension on his 100-foot brick on West Side of Main Street, now occupied by Price-Foster Dry Goods Company, the extension to have a sixteen foot ceiling and be double-decked for floor space.

Simultaneously with the announcement that the addition would be made to this building, Price-Foster Dry Goods Company announced that they had been given a term lease on the entire building for their dry goods business, and that the addition would be occupied as soon as completed, giving them a total of 5,000 square feet of floor space.

Friday morning foundation work on the building began, Mr. Dane already having the material for the construction work on hand. Unless bad weather hinders the addition will be completed within four weeks.

"A modern store throughout is our conception of what our store will be when we have all our plans carried out," J. D. Price, of Price-Foster, said Friday. "We plan to have a most conveniently arranged stock in departments, for attractive display, and include in our plans a ladies' rest room and other conveniences for the buying public."

Aside from the large windows in the rear and the glass front a large sky light to be built into the roof will furnish light for the building.

## Mrs. A. L. Amburn's Brother Killed When Horse Falls

J. W. Caddill, of Gail, Borden County, was fatally injured last Friday when a horse fell on him, dying Tuesday morning at 4 o'clock as a result of the injuries sustained.

Mrs. A. L. Amburn, of this city, sister of the injured man, and J. D. Caddill, of Jacksboro, their father, left for Gail immediately upon receipt of the news. They returned home this week.

Miss Lela McVickers, of Plainview, has accepted a position with C. Surginer & Son as book-keeper.

Be a Booster for Floydada.

IT MAY NOT BE YOUR BEST FRIEND

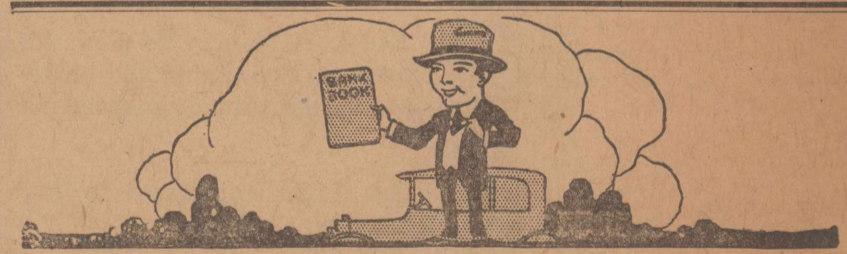


But to say the least, it is very convenient to have a Bank Account in the time of need.

WHEN HEALTH AND PROSPERITY

Are bringing a good pay income, you may not realize this; but there may come a time. We always stand ready to help and assist. Start an account today.

FIRST STATE BANK  
Floydada, Texas.



THAT youth and energy are great assets none will deny. They help a lot in the battle of life. Frequently, however, men who possess both youth and energy suddenly discover that they need a little capital. A business opportunity finds them without any cash.

Young man, don't be caught this way. The successful business men of the country freely declare that they owe their success mainly to the fact that they opened a bank account early in life. Then when the chance for an investment came along they were ready for it. Youth and energy make a fine combination. But youth, energy and capital are invincible.

YOUNG MAN, BE INVINCIBLE. START A BANK ACCOUNT WITH US TODAY.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK  
FLOYDADA, TEXAS



# Do You Want to Sell Your Land?

I not only have Prospective Buyers coming, but have them on the ground now, if you will sell on reasonable payment and easy terms.

If you want to sell, list with me for quick results. Make the payment reasonable and terms easy and I can sell your land.

## JNO. A. HOLLUMS

"Land and Lots and Lots of Land"

South Side of Square

Floydada, Texas

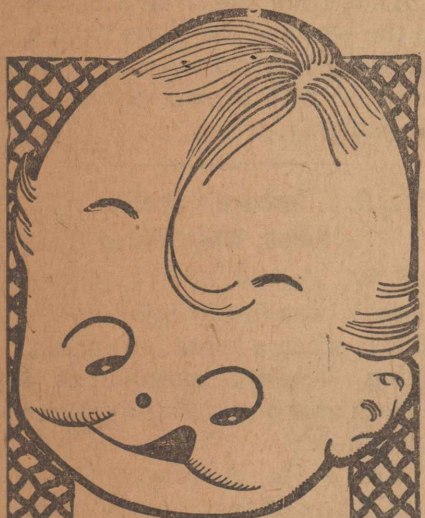
### Drs. Smith & Smith

Announce the removal of their offices to Front Rooms second floor of the Willis Bldg.

Special attention given to diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.  
GLASSES FITTED.

### \$100 Reward, \$100

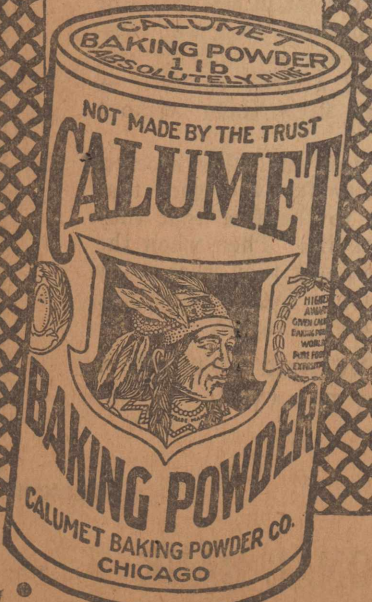
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 70c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.



"Goodies!"

"—goodies that just melt in your mouth—light, fluffy, tender cakes, biscuits and doughnuts that just keep you hanging round the pantry—all made with Calumet—the safest, purest, most economical Baking Powder. Try it—drive away bake-day failures."

Received Highest Awards  
New Cook Book Free—  
see slip in Pound Can.



Cheap and big can Baking Powders do not save you money. Calumet does—it's Pure and far superior to sour milk and soda.

### The Hesperian's Want Ad Department

WANTED—Copies of the Hesperian of dates Sep. 21, Sept. 28, Oct. 12th. 10 cents per copy for the first ten of each edition brought to this office in good condition.

2t. Hesperian Pub. Co.

If you want to sell your Sudan grass, notify Jim Robinson, Jr., Lubbock, Texas. 2tp

Room and Board—Wanted by young man. Phone No. 8.

Why break your back peering into a low oven? Get Cole's High Oven Range. It makes your work easy.

47 head of stock cattle for sale, cash or credit. Also sufficient feed to run cattle through the winter. See G. D. French. tf

Sows and pigs for sale. J. P. Brownlee, 3 miles west of Floydada. tf

Remember you save money by trading with a cash house. 2tc. White Sells for Less.

White sells only for cash, and 2tc. White Sells for Less.

See C. H. Featherston for fire insurance. 1tc.

Motorcycle for sale. See R. W. Vaughan. tf

See C. H. Featherston for fire insurance. 1tc.

Miss Mollie Crum Spirella Corsiere. Phone 141. 4tp.

See J. A. Lowry & Son for expert Blacksmithing and horse-shoeing. Satisfaction guaranteed. tf.

See C. H. Featherston for fire insurance. 1tc.

WANTED TO BUY—Second hand windmill outfit. E. L. Morris. tf

### For Sale.

Wagon Yard well equipped, good location.

Two residences, might take good Vendor's Lien notes on one. Some choice business and residence sites. W. M. Massie & Bro. tf.

Office rooms for rent. See Gamble Land and Cattle Co. 4tp

For first class shoe and harness work bring your work to north side repair shop. Open all work days of the week. O. R. Eastwood. tfc.

### Strayed or Stolen

Four heifer yearlings, white face, branded B on right side, split left ear; one steer, white

face, same mark and brand, also open 9 on right hip. Reward for recovery. tf

W. L. Boerner,  
H. E. Cannaday.

We deliver anywhere in the city. Just telephone 94. 2tc Phillips-Sands Co.

MR. FARMER—Trade with the east side grocery where the stock and prices are as good as the best, and where rents are low and no clerk hire to pay. 2tc Phillips-Sands Co.

Just Received—Another car of the celebrated Mitchell wagons. Come get yours. Jones & Mitchell.

Dissatisfied with the Coffee you are using? Then try one 4-pound bucket of Cheerful Cup Coffee for \$1.00; reasonably priced and found highly satisfactory wherever tried. Buy it only at Phillips-Sands Co., phone 94. 2tc

See C. H. Featherston for fire insurance. 1tc.

### Pianos.

See E. P. Parrish & Bro. for pianos. Easy terms. 2tc.

Sows, pigs and sheats for sale, See G. D. French. tf

WANTED—Bright young women to enter the training school for nurses. Phone Plainview Sanitarium, Plainview, Tex. 4tc.

### Notice of Estray

State of Texas, } Taken up by  
County of Floyd, } J. L. McPeak  
and Estrayed before J. C. Gaither, Justice of the Peace Precinct No. 1, Floyd County, on the 16th day of October, A. D., 1916, a certain sorrel mare 3 years old, 14½ hands high, bald face, white hind legs, grey spot on left thigh, wire cut on left front foot, and appraised at \$50.00.

The owner of said stock is requested to come forward prove property, pay charges, and take same away, or it will be dealt with as the law directs.

Given under my hand and official seal this 16th day of October, A. D., 1916.

Tom W. Deen,  
County Clerk, Floyd Co., Texas.  
[SEAL.] 1019-3tp

Flake White is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. 1tc C. Snodgrass.

I don't make the profit on Flake White Flour that is made on inferior grades but it makes a satisfied customers when I sell it. 1tc C. Snodgrass.

Order groceries by telephone. Buy at the store of low rents and no clerk hire. Phone 94. 2tc Phillips-Sands Co.

C. Snodgrass sells Flake White Flour. When you try a sack you will buy again.

Flake White Flour is the most perfect flour on earth. 1tc C. Snodgrass.

### Pays Tribute to Class of Men Who Become Drunkards

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 15.—A tribute to the class of men who become drunkards was paid by Ira Landrith, the prohibition candidate for vice president, in an address to young women at Ward Belmont College in Nashville today just before the national dry candidates left for here preparatory to resuming the campaign tomorrow.

"Don't judge the drunkard too harshly," Landrith said. "For one thing he never is a tightwad. He who worships the eagle on the dollar seldom worships the bottle on the shelf. The mean, miserly, narrow skinned doesn't get drunk. The man who becomes a drunkard likes men; the miser has no social instinct. Prohibition of the liquor traffic will save to us a generation of men who would give blessing to their time."

### Official Announcement of County Prize Winnings

The following official announcement of prize winners in the county contest at the Texas State Fair was made Wednesday of last week in the Dallas News: "After a re-examination of the county exhibits at the fair yesterday, the remainder of the awards were made. Fourth place and the \$150 prize went to Floyd County; fifth place, \$100 prize, Ellis County; sixth place, \$100 prize, Hall County, and seventh place, \$100 prize, Armstrong County. "First place, as announced yesterday, went to Cooke County; second to Wichita County, and third to Wilbarger County."

### Heard Republican gubernatorial Candidate in Address

J. D. Starks spent last Thursday and Friday in Amarillo on business, and while in that city heard the address of R. B. Creager, of Brownsville, candidate for the office of governor on the Republican ticket. Mr. Starks said that Mr. Creager made an excellent address which was heard by a large audience, being introduced by J. L. Van Natta, candidate from the 13th district for Congress.

### Prize Correction

In the list of awards in the Textile Department at the Floyd County Fair, first prize for Irish crochet should have been given in the list as won by Mrs. D. A. Parrish, Jr.

You need The Hesperian.

### Indians Kept the Arrows

In writing to thank the editor for the write-up of the "Last Buffalo Hunt" which appeared in the Southwest Plainsman, last week, Col. Goodnight says: "The Indians returned all of the arrows to me, even the broken one, but knowing that they would appreciate them more than they would their own souls, I gave them back to them as keepsakes. The buffalo was really shot with my own bows and arrows. The Indians claimed that my bow was the finest they had ever got on a horse with, and wanted to change with me. It is a Pueblo bow which I had always thought very ordinary, though sinew-lined, and they say that it is exceptionally fine. My arrows being heavier than theirs, I had them select the best for the occasion." —Plainsmar.

### Foot Ball Team of F. H. S. Bests Matador Visitors

Friday afternoon the football team of the Floydada High School won from the Matador High School 19 to 9 on the local field, their game being won with three touchdowns and one free kick, while the visitors were making one touchdown and one field goal.

The local boys showed much better form both in offensive and defensive work in this game than in either of their previous games.

The Floydada High School team will play Plainview at Plainview on November 10. They will also probably play Silverton two games and Tulia two games before the season is closed.

### Stokie Bishop Playing Good Foot Ball at S. M. U.

Stokie Bishop is playing a good game with the Southern Methodist University foot ball team this year, his playing being responsible for the greater part of that team's gains in their

game with T. C. U. last week at the State Fair Grounds at Dallas, according to the Dallas News' report of the game, Stokie played right half on the S. M. U. team.

The Methodists were badly outclassed in the game, losing 48 to 3, Stokie's work, however, receiving commendation from the reporter of the News, who said: "Bishop played a splendid game at half and gained most of S. M. U's ground. He was also good on the defensive." He was described as having "tackled fiercely."

Carey Griggs, whose home is now in New Mexico, was here the early part of the week for a short visit with his father, after a trip under the caprock on business at his former home.

Phone us your news items.

**TYPHOID** is no more necessary than Smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost miraculous efficacy, and harmlessness, of Antityphoid Vaccination. Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than house insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine, results from us, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. THE CUTLER LABORATORY, BERKELEY, CAL. PRODUCING VACCINES & SERUMS UNDER U. S. GOV. LICENSE

PLEASEING others is more than sentiment—it's almost an obligation.

Your family and friends want your photograph.

Make the appointment to-day

Wilson Studio  
Phone 169

**The Baldwin Piano**

ALTHOUGH its creator was unknown, the Venus de Milo was hailed immediately upon its discovery as the world's greatest sculpture. Likewise, the Baldwin Piano when exhibited at the Paris Exposition was the product of comparatively unknown makers but it was awarded the Grand Prix and was declared "hors concours" (beyond competition). True genius proclaims itself. It needs no pedigree.

Ask for The Book of the Baldwin

**E. P. Parrish and Bro.**  
Phone 13



## AUTO MAIL LINE

FLOYDADA-ROARING SPRINGS-MATADOR  
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

Connecting Q. A. & P. Ry. at Roaring Springs with Santa Fe at Floydada. The shortest, quickest, and cheapest route between East Texas and South Plains points. A delightful trip for tourists. 45 miles of picturesque scenery, showing a sample of every kind of land in the Panhandle.

**OFFICIAL SCHEDULE:** Leave Roaring Springs  
Leave Floydada 1:30 P. M.  
8:00 A. M. Arrive Matador 2:10 P. M.  
Arrive Roaring Springs Arrive Floydada  
11:30 A. M. 6:00 P. M.

**RATES:** Floydada to Roaring Springs or Matador, \$3.50.  
Round Trip \$6

**W. R. COPE, Prop.**  
FLOYDADA, TEXAS

### Announcements

Nominees of the Democratic Primary held July 22, 1916:

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 1 and 4  
S. B. MCCLESKEY.

For Justice of Peace Pre. No. 1:  
R. T. MILLER.

### Massey-McDill

Miss Maggie Massey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. T. Massey, of this city, was married Saturday in Plainview to James McDill, also of this city, the wedding being a quiet one at which the pastor of the Baptist Church in Plainview officiated.

Miss Massey has resided in Floydada three years, during which time she has been an operator with the local Southwestern Exchange.

Mr. McDill is in the concrete and plastering business.

They will continue their residence in Floydada.

### Car Shortage Causes Local Shipments to be Delayed

The car shortage has become serious enough that it is affecting local live stock shipments. Last week W. A. Parks was unable to get a car for his regular hog shipment to Fort Worth Saturday. Harry Weatherly and Chas. Culp are among others who have been unable to ship.

Only one car of stock was shipped Saturday. This was a load of calves consigned by W. L. Boerner to the Kansas City market.

## Out of The Night

By REX BEACH.

Copyright by Otis L. Wood.

**T**HERE is but one remedy for your complaint," Dr. Suydam settled deeper into his chair. "Marry the girl."

"That is the only piece of your professional advice I ever cared to follow. But how?"

"Any way you can. Use force if necessary. Only marry her. Otherwise I predict all sorts of complications for you—melancholia, brain fog, bankruptcy."

Austin laughed. "Could you write me a prescription?"

"Oh, she'll have you, Bob. You don't seem to realize that you are a good catch."

Austin finished buckling his puttee before rising to his full height. "That doesn't mean anything to her. She doesn't need to be caught."

"Nonsense! She's just like all the others, only richer and nicer. Go at her as if she were the corn market. She won't be half so hard to corner. You have made a name for yourself and a blamed sight more money than you deserve. You are young—comparatively, I mean."

The elder man stroked his shock of iron gray hair for answer.

"Well, at any rate you are a picturesque personage, even if you can't wear riding clothes."

"Doesn't a man look like the devil in these togs?" Austin posed awkwardly in front of a mirror.

"There's only one person that can look worse in riding clothes than a man. That's a woman."

"What heresy, particularly in a society doctor! But I agree with you. I learned to ride on her account, you know. As a matter of fact, I hate it. The sight of a horse fills me with terror."

Dr. Suydam laughed outright at this. "She tells me you have a very good seat."

"Really?" Austin's eyes gleamed suddenly. "You know I never had a chance to ride when I was a youngster. In fact, I never had an opportunity to do anything except work. That's what makes me so crude and awkward. What I know I have picked up during the last few years."

"You make me tired!" declared the former. "You aren't!"

"I don't skate on waxed floors, nor spill tea, nor clutch at my chauffeur in a tight place, but you know what I mean. I feel lonesome in a dress suit, a butler fills me with gloom, and—well, I'm not one of you, that's all."

"Perhaps that's what makes a hit with Marmion. She's used to the other kind."

"It seems to me that I have always worked," ruminated the former speaker. "I don't remember that I ever had time to play, even after I came to the city. It's a mighty sad thing to rob a boy of his childhood; it makes him a dull, unattractive sort when he grows up. I used to read about people like Miss Moore but I never expected to know them until I met you. Of course that corn deal rather changed things."

"Well, father!" Suydam agreed with emphasis.

"The result is that when I am with her I forget the few things I have done that are worth while, and I become the farm hand again. I'm naturally rough and angular, and she sees it."

"Oh, you're too sensitive! You have a heart like a girl underneath that saturnine front of yours, and while you look like the Sphinx, you are really as much of a kid at heart as I am. Where do you ride today?"

"Riverside Drive."

"What horse is she riding?"

"Pointer."

The doctor shook his head. "Too many automobiles on the Drive. He's a rotten nag for a woman anyhow. His mouth is as tough as a stirrup, and he has the disposition of a tarantula. Why doesn't she stick to the park?"

"You know Marmion."

"Say, wouldn't it be great if Pointer bolted and you saved her life? She couldn't refuse you then."

Austin laughed. "That's not exactly the way I'd care to win her. However, if Pointer bolted I'd probably get rattled and fall off my own horse. I don't like the brutes. Come on! I'm late."

"That's right. Throw me out the minute I get comfortable," grumbled the younger man as he rose.

"Stay here if you prefer. There are the cigars—you know the place."

"Sure! And watch the squirrels out yonder in the park while you make love to the nicest girl in New York. No, sir, I'm going down to the office and amputate somebody."

They descended the single flight to the street, where Austin's groom was struggling with a huge black.

"It's coming pretty soft for you brokers," the doctor growled as his companion swung himself into the saddle. "The next time I get a friend I'll keep him to myself."

Austin leaned forward with a look of grave anxiety upon his rugged features and said:

"Wish me luck, Doc. I'm going to ask her today."

"Good for you, old fellow." There was great fondness in the younger man's eyes as he wrung the rider's hand and waved him adieu, then watched him disappear around the corner.

"She'll take him," he mused half aloud. "She's a sensible girl even if all New York has done its best to spoil her." He hailed a taxicab and was hurried to his office.

It was perhaps two hours later that Dr. Suydam was called on the telephone.

"Hello! Yes, yes! What is it?" he cried irritably. "Mercy hospital. What?" The young physician started.

"Hurt, you say? Runaway? Go on, quick!" He listened with whitening face, then broke in abruptly. "Of course he sent for me. I'll be right up."

He slammed the receiver upon its hook and, seizing his hat, bolted out through a waiting room full of patients. His car was in readiness, and he called to his chauffeur in such tones that the fellow ran to the starting crank, gave it one violent whirl, then vaulted to his seat.

"Go up Madison avenue, there's less traffic there. And for God's sake hurry!"

During two years' service with New York's most fashionable physician the driver had never received a command like this, and he opened up his machine. A policeman warned him at Thirty-third, and the car slowed down, at which Suydam leaned forward, crying roughly:

"Never mind the regulations! There's a man dying!"

The last word was jerked from him as he was snapped back into the tonneau. Regardless of admonitory shouts from patrolmen, the French car sang its growling song, while truck drivers bellowed curses and pedestrians fled from crossings at the scream of the siren. A crosstown car blocked them, and the brakes screeched in agony while Dr. Suydam was well nigh catapulted into the street, then they were under way again with the car leaping from speed to speed. It was the first time the driver had ever dared disregard those upraised, white gloved hands, and it filled his joy riding soul with exultation. A street repair loomed ahead, whereupon, with a sickening skid they swung into a side street; the gears clashed again, and in an instant later they shot out upon Fifth avenue. At the next corner they lay motionless in a blockade, while the motor shuddered, then they dodged through an opening where the mudguards missed by an inch and were whirling west toward Broadway. At One Hundred and Ninth street a bicycle officer stared in amazement at the dwindling number beneath the rear axle, then ducked his head and began to pedal. He overhauled the speeding machine as it trothed before the doors of Mercy hospital, to be greeted by a grinning chauffeur who waved him toward the building and told of a doctor's urgency.

Inside Dr. Suydam, pallid of face and shaking in a most unprofessional manner, was bending over a figure in riding clothes, the figure of a tall, muscular man, who lay silent, deaf to his words of greeting.

They told him all there was to tell in the deadly, impersonal way of emergency hospitals, while he nodded swift comprehension. There had been a runaway; a woman on a big, evil eyed bay that had taken fright at an automobile; a swift rush up the Drive, a lunge over the neck of the pursuing horse, then a man wrenched from his saddle and dragged beneath cruel, murderous hoofs. The bay had gone down, and the woman was senseless when the ambulance arrived, but she had revived and had been hurried to her home. In the man's hand they found the fragments of a bride rein gripped with such desperation that they could not remove it until he regained consciousness. He had asked regarding the girl's safety, then sighed himself into oblivion again. They told Suydam that he would die.

With sick heart the listener cursed all high spirited women and high strung horses, declaring them to be works of the devil, like automobiles; then he went back to the side of his friend, where other hands less unsteady were at work.

"Poor lonely old Bob!" he murmured. "Not a soul to care except Marmion and me, and God knows whether she cares or not."

But Robert Austin did not die, although the attending surgeons said he would, said he should, in fact, else all teachings of their science were at fault. He even offended the traditions of surgery by being removed to his own apartments in a week. There Suydam, who had watched him night and day, told him that Miss Moore had a broken shoulder and hence could not come to see him.

"Poor girl!" said Austin faintly. "If I'd known more about horses I might have saved her."

"If you'd known more about horses you'd have let Pointer run," declared his friend. "Nobody but an idiot or a Bob Austin would have taken the chance you did. How is your head?"

The sick man closed his eyes wearily.

"It hurts all the time. What's the matter with it?"

"We've none of us been able to discover what isn't the matter with it. Why in thunder did you hold on so long?"

"Because I—I love her, I suppose."

"Did you ask her to marry you?"

Suydam had been itching to ask the

question for days.

"No. I was just getting to it when Pointer bolted. I—I'm slow at such things." There was a moment's pause.

"Doc, what's the matter with my eyes? I can't see very well."

"Don't talk so much," ordered the physician. "You're lucky to be here at all. Thanks to that copper riveted constitution of yours, you'll get well."

But it seemed that the patient was fated to disappoint the predictions of his friend as well as those of the surgeons at Mercy hospital. He did not recover in a manner satisfactory to his medical adviser, and, while he regained the most of his bodily vigor, the injury to his eyes baffled even the most skillful specialists. He was very brave about it, however, and wrung the heart of Dr. Suydam by the uncomplaining fortitude with which he bore examination after examination, operation upon operation. Learned oculists theorized vapidly about optic atrophies, fractures and brain pressure of one sort and another, and meanwhile Robert Austin, in the highest perfection of bodily vigor, in the

(Continued on page 7)

### FALL MARKETING IDEAS For THE POULTRY RAISERS

**F. W. Kazmeier, Poultry Husbandman of A. & M. Extension Service Offers Suggestions**

Many young turkeys are hurried to the market just about the time that they make the greatest gain. This is a losing practice for the grower. In spite of the fact that feed is high, the first five or six pounds of a turkey's weight are the most expensive to produce. It certainly is not good business to sell the young turkeys while they are still "pinny." Keep them a few weeks longer and feed them well.

This year turkey raisers will again be tempted to sell their early hatched turkeys and keep late hatched specimens for breeding purposes. This is a very serious mistake. Keep the early hatched turkeys and a few of the most vigorous early hatched toms for breeding next year.

Last spring turkey raisers were unable to supply the demand for eggs for hatching and breeding stock. The same condition will exist this year. Be prepared for it.

### POULTRY PRICES

All kinds of poultry are bringing good prices this year. This is responsible for the wholesale disposing of hens and even pullets. In connection with this it is well to remember that eggs will be scarcer this winter than they have ever been. The man that holds on to a few of his best hens and pullets, and feeds them well, will be able to sell enough eggs from them this winter to pay for the high priced feed and have a profit and a chance to sell these hens next summer, when they will be scarcer than they are now.

Many hens, cocks and cockerels are being dumped on the market in an unfattened condition. If it does not pay to fatten chickens it certainly does not pay to raise them.

Cull your flock for weak, old and otherwise inferior specimens. Pen them in a clean, airy slatted coop inside or outside and feed them a fattening ration for ten or fourteen days. Keep a dish full of grit, charcoal, water and sour milk before them all the time. Keep them cool and quiet. Feed the following mixture twice a day: 40 pounds corn meal or finely ground kafir or milo, 10 pounds of cotton seed meal, 20 pounds wheat middlings (shorts), 10 pounds peanut meal. Mix this with buttermilk to the consistency of a batter that will drop but not run from the end of a spoon.



Defective Eyesight is Easily and Quickly Remedied Low Cost.

## WILSON KIMBLE

OPTOMETRIST

Jeweler and Engraver

### Try EL MATE 5c

The ideal South American drink at fountains.

### Floydada Camp

No. 1175 Woodmen of the World.

Meets at their hall Southeast corner Square each First and Third Thursday Night in the month. Visiting Woodmen are cordially invited to attend.

B. B. Greenwood J. B. Bartley  
**Greenwood & Bartley**  
LAWYERS

Partnership Practice Limited to Civil Business.

Notary in Office.

Office in County Attorney's room, At the Court House.

## City Barber Shop

T. M. COX, Prop.

All barber work first class. All treatment courteous. Shallow Water Steam Laundry represented. Hot or cold baths. Nice clean tubs.

### Drink EL MATE

The new South American refreshment, all fountains 5c

### BUCKINGHAM HEREFORD FARM (POLL)

Herd headed by Agitator No. 482335 and 4612, Double Standard.

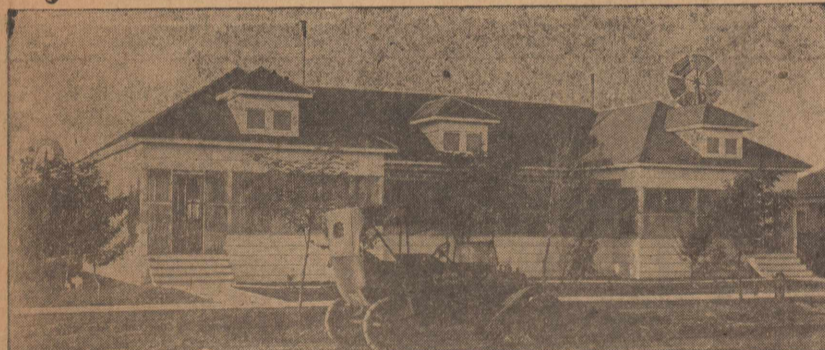
Young Stock for Sale. Visitors always welcome.

R. H. BUCKINGHAM, Prop.

Mrs. C. W. Mitchell returned this week from Jacksboro, Texas, where she had been the past several weeks visiting and looking after property interests.

S. B. King, who is here for a while visiting with his brothers, E. C. and J. L. King, says he likes the country in which he has settled. His home is now at Montoya, New Mexico.

## CHILDERS PRIVATE SANITARIUM



For Medical and Surgical Cases

R. A. CHILDERS, Physician and Surgeon

Floydada, Texas

Hespeian and S. W. News \$1.75

## HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Patron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without its tiring me, and am doing all my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. 1-6



# KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

## A New Addition,—A Modern Store Throughout

—Sky lights; Side lights; High ceiling; Easy stairways; New fixtures; Larger sales force; Higher class merchandise; Stronger lines,—In fact one of the largest stores in the West, with electric lights, and all conveniences including Ladies Rest Room.

—Millinery Department, Ladies Ready-to wear Department, Shoe Department, in fact all lines in departments to suit your convenience. If you are not a customer of ours, come give us a look; we will be only too glad to show you through our new store when finished.

### Honest Dealing, Good Quality—That's Why We Succeed.

—DON'T FORGET we are headquarters for Star Brand Shoes; Carhartt Overalls; Busby Gloves; Schloss Brothers Suits for Men and Young Men; Sunshine Suits for Women and Children; Armour Plate Hosiery; Billiken Shoes for the Little Folks.

We have the Merchandise at the Right Price,—Come see for Yourself. Give Us a Look. Get Our Prices before You buy.

## Price-Foster Dry Goods Company

"The Store of High Quality and Low Price"

### The Floyd County Hesperian

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

HESPERIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

Homer Steen - - - - - Editor and Manager.

Entered as second-class matter April 20th, 1907, at the Post Office at Floydada, Texas, under the Act of Congress of March 3rd, 1879.

#### Subscription Prices:

One copy one year, in advance.....\$1.00  
One copy six months, in advance......50

Advertising Rates: Furnished on Application.

#### Cotton Crop Prediction

Now that frost has fallen predictions as to the cotton production of the county and production per acre are in order.

Taking estimates furnished by raisers it is safe to say that hardly half of the crop in the county has been marketed. Cotton is extremely late in many fields and some farmers had hardly gotten their first bale when the frost fell, while few have finished more than half their picking.

The unknown quantity in the estimate would be the "bolly" cotton which may exceed expectations or fall under, according as the weather is dry or wet the next few weeks. Figuring the bollies to be about as usual and taking the present ginnings at Floydada at slightly under 1200

bales an estimate of three thousand bales to be ginned here ought to be conservative. Some, however, estimate the total to be handled at Floydada as low as 2,500 bales while others run the figures to 4000. It is possible for the latter figures to materialize.

The larger part of the crop will be gathered within the next four weeks, with good weather, as the frost will open what is to open. This will make a heavy demand for pickers, too.

The per acreage production in some instances will run easily above a half bale per acre. A. T. Pratt's ninety-acre field will reach these figures. W. L. Morris has about the same sized field that will yield about thirty bales, or a third of a bale per acre, and some other fields will average as low as a fourth bale, the general average estimate at present being around one-third bale.

#### Sensationalism in the Pulpit

At a recent meeting of one of the Methodist Episcopal conferences, the bishop in charge told his members to preach sensational sermons. He pleaded with them for this because otherwise it is hard to get men to church.

We are surprised to read of this. If there is one thing that to our mind ought to be condemned, it is sensationalism in the pulpit. Sensationalism in dress is bad enough; sensationalism in political theory may be excused. But in the pulpit where the best that is in man ought to be appealed to, and where the reality of the highest and

noblest ideals ought to be preached—in the pulpit we see no excuse for sensationalism!

It is not an insignificant fact that sensational sermons have done more to detract from the good name of religion than anything else. If religion has been dragged in the mire, it has been by sensationalists. If religion has lost any of its influence, and we are afraid it has, it has been through an irreligious sensationalism. We recall that it is the still small voice that is real effective, not the loud and blatant storm voice.

The finer nature of man cannot be appealed to by sensational sermons. The religious teachings of any religion demand a respect which sensationalism cannot brook. The greatest teachers of the world have not been loud sensationalists. They have decried wrong, but they have avoided, and their successors still avoid that crass and coarse method of preaching which attracts men and women whose mentality and general training answer only to appeals that are couched in terms of sensationalism calculated to arouse reactions that are carried on in anything but a refined religious spirit.

The world needs good sermons and appealing preaching; but we honestly believe that a vulgar sensationalism, and these two terms cannot be divorced in the minds of sensational preachers, will do anything but appeal to the hearts and to the minds of those who really crave communion with their Maker.—Rabbi George Fox in the Christian Science Monitor.

Exponents of House Bill 30, which is distinctly an educational bill, and which will be voted upon as a proposed constitutional amendment on November 7, may as well give up hopes now of its passage as to wait until after the votes are counted.

While the bill does not carry a tax measure with it, it has the appearance of a tax measure, and Texans have had enough of taxes for a while.

The mood the people of Texas are now in is such that an amendment to cut out a large number of offices—useless or of

great importance, according to the view point—would meet with great favor; but most any other amendment is going to meet with a sad fate.

The frost and freeze did damage—no doubt of that—coming early as it did, and early-season predictions of gross production of maize and cotton will have to be discounted some. Cotton production will reach about 2500 bales this year for the Floydada gins, it is now predicted, whereas, 2800 or 3000 was considered, with a late frost as probable.

Much late maize and kaffir corn will have to be fed in the bundle. The fact that high prices are enticing much feed out of the country may make this a blessing in disguise, however; as in a stock feeding country it is quite easy to over-sell.

People of Texas are watching with interest the political tangle into which Governor Ferguson has led the State University.

Of all the institutions which best judgment would dictate be kept out of politics, Texas University is first and foremost.

The University faculty and regents will be the political storm center when the legislature convenes, much to the institution's detriment.

First each in the individual agricultural exhibit contest for watermelons, peaches and feterita, and second each on maize, kaffir and speltz—and possibly other prizes besides fourth prize and \$150 in the county contest, is not bad. Fact is, it is mighty good for eight days' preparation and a four-hundred mile haul before being shown.

Floyd County at the State Fair!

Combined deposits of the Floydada Banks have reached more than a half million dollars.

#### U. S. Railroads are Short Net 61,030 Freight Cars

New York, Oct. 21.—Railroads of the United States are suffering from the greatest shortage of cars ever experienced at this time of the year, according to figures made public here today. On Sept. 30 there was a net shortage of 61,030 cars. This compares with a surplus of 131,

027 cars Oct. 1, 1914, and of 78,299 on the corresponding date last year.

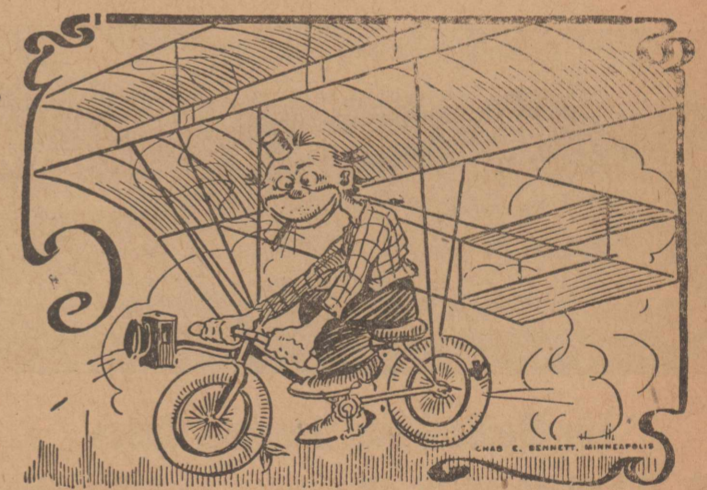
The greatest shortage is in box cars in the granger states, while the lack of coal and gondola cars is felt most severely in the central and eastern sections.

Railway men say that the

high point of the shortage will be reached some time next month and that mild weather would tend to minimize the difficulty.

Mrs. Frank Tye is visiting her brother, Weaver Howard and wife north of Plainview this

week.



## Happy Hooligan

Couldn't be better Pleased

Than we are to be able to tell you that we are well prepared to take care of your need in the line of

### BUILDING MATERIALS

Well-seasoned siding insures long wear and first appearance in a dwelling or other structure. Our stock of siding is made of carefully selected lumber and seasoned thoroughly; that is why it wears so well

Tell us your plans for building and we will show you how to avoid waste and get the most for your money. Our customers are our best friends, because they can rely on our advice about building material. They always return. We guarantee the quality of everything we sell.

A. G. McAdams Lbr. Co.



### Excursions

To Abilene, Texas, account District assembly Hamlin District Pentecostal Church of the Nazarenes Oct 25-29. Round trip tickets on sale Oct. 23 and 24, limited for return Oct. 31. One and one-third fare for round trip.

For further particulars phone 95  
J. T. J. DAWSON  
Ag't. P. & S. F. Ry. Co.



**The Knocker's Prayer**

O Lord, please don't let our town grow. I've been here for thirty years, and during that time I've fought every public improvement. I've knocked everything and everybody; no firm or individual has established a business here without me doing all I could to put them out of business. I've lied about them, and would have stolen from them if I had the courage. I have done all I could to keep the town from growing and never have spoken a good word for it. I've knocked hard and often. I've put ashes on the children's slide and I've made the police stop the boys playing ball on my vacant lot. Whenever I saw anyone prospering or enjoying himself, I've started a reform to kill the business or spoil the fun. I don't want the young folks to stay in this town and I will do all I can by law, rule and ordinance, to drive them away, and I have always advised the people of our town to buy their goods from a mail order house, although I knew they could buy them cheaper at home.

It pains me, O Lord, to see that in spite of my knocking, our town is growing. Some day, I fear I will be called upon to put down sidewalks in front of my property and who knows but what I may have to help keep up the streets that run by my premises? This, Lord, would be more than I could bear. It would cost me money, though all I have was made right here in this town. Then, too, more people might come if the town continues to grow, which would cause me to lose some of my pull. I ask, therefore, to keep this town at a standstill, that I may continue to be the chief "calamity howler."—Exchange.

**One Million Acres of School Land Left Unsold**

According to the biennial report of J. T. Robison, Commissioner of the General Land Office, there remains only 1,065,000 acres of unsold land out of the once vast domain owned by the school fund of the State of Texas.

In his report, which covered the two years ending August 31, last, Commissioner Robison briefly sets forth the operation of his department during that period. In the first place, he commends the new law provid-

ing for three sales days each year, being second days of January, May and September. He finds fault with the mineral statute and asks that it be amended.

During the two years there were 524 applications filed to prospect for oil and gas and other minerals. Much activity is reported in the Goose Creek oil field adjacent to San Jacinto Bay and some materializing in Pecos and Culberson Counties with "considerable activity" in the sulphur deposit in Eastern Culberson County.

A land office is essentially a place of many records which is indicated by the fact that during the two years a total of 15,630 instruments were examined, some filed and some returned. There were 5,081 old surveys examined, which resulted in 14,100 acres excess land restored to the school fund. Complaint is made that it is extremely difficult to find a competent draughtsman because of the technical requirements and the low salary paid by the state. Ernest von Rosenberg, connected with that work for thirty-eight years, died recently, and the place was offered to six men before one would accept, and it was tendered him three times. An interesting incident is that the report states that Captain J. W. Hawkins, examining draughtsman, is absent on border duty with the state militia and notice is given that he will promptly be reinstated upon his release.

**Captured in New Orleans Charged Implicated in Murder**

A report was current on the street Wednesday that Will Luman had been captured at New Orleans. It is said that at the time of his capture he was endeavoring to make his way back to British Honduras, and had all preparations made for the trip, a ticket entitling him to passage being found on his person. It will be remembered that Mr. Luman is charged with being implicated in the murder of J. F. Bostick, for which crime Alfred Rasberry was recently convicted as an accessory in the District Court at Roby and sentenced to serve 25 years in the penitentiary.—Jayton Herald.

Jno. N. Faris returned Monday from Dalhart, where he had been on a business trip.

**The Hesperian's Want Ad Department**

High grade binder twine cheap at Duncan's. 2tc

White sells only for cash, and 1tc White Sells for Less.

List your lands with Steen & Smith. tf

2000 pounds to each ton of coal at Crews & Burke. 1tc

SEWING WANTED by Mrs. Woodall at Mrs. Liston's, two doors north of City Hotel. Work guaranteed. 1tp

Block stock salt, also crushed rock and other salts at Duncan's, 2tc

Leave your old hats with Henry S. Haines, the tailor. Get them cleaned and blocked. Guaranteed work. 1tc

We want your butter and eggs. Duncan Grocery. 2tc

Try our guaranteed hat work. \$1.50 for a new hat. 2tc Henry S. Haines.

Two more cars big lump coal received Monday by Crews & Burke. Phone 94. 1tc

Let us supply your coal wants. Two more cars on hand this week. Crews & Burke at Phillips-Sands Grocery Co. 1tc

List your live stock with Steen & Smith. tf

High grade kerosene oil wholesale and retail, at Duncan Grocery. 2tc

Duncan Grocery is now buying cream for Plainview Creamery. Will test and pay highest market price in cash at store. 2tc

Windmill oil, auto cylinder oil and high grade filtered gasoline at Duncan's. 2tc

Hats cleaned and blocked for \$1.50 Henry S. Haines. 2tc

High-grade kerosene oil wholesale and retail, at Duncan's.

Remember you save money by trading with a cash house. 1tc White Sells for Less.

Chase and Sanborn's high grade coffees and teas in sealed cans and in bulk, at Duncan's. 2tc

**Providence Blow Outs**

Providence, Oct. 22, 1916.—Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Hartman went to Dallas last Friday to take in the fair.

Mrs. E. C. Dodson returned from Canyon Thursday last after spending a week with her son and daughter there.

About five inches of rain fell here the past few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Smith and Paul Pierson were pleasant callers at the Short Horn dairy farm Sunday.

Miss Hilda Richter went to Abernathy Saturday and returned Sunday.

The first party of the season was held at the I. C. Nations home Friday last. A jolly crowd was there and everybody enjoyed themselves.

Mrs. M. E. Nations received a message from Bailey, Okla., to come at once. Her daughter, Mrs. Dean, was very low with fever. Mrs. Nations left Tuesday morning.

W. C. Ooley sold 200 acres of land near Lone Star to a party from Plainview last week.

E. C. Dodson is the proud possessor of a big Buick, bought last Saturday.

Want to sell it, trade it or give it away? Hesperian advertisers will do it for you.

**2 Inch Pipe, 17 Cents**

We have just received a carload of pipe in all sizes from pipe for plumbing fittings to well-casings, and including

**2 Inch Well Pipe**

We are selling the two-inch pipe at 17 cents per foot. Visit our store and fill out your hardware needs for improvements from our large stock.

**C. SURGINER & SON**

"Hard-wear Hardware"

Telephone 24,

Floydada, Texas

**Floyd County Land & Abstract Co.**

Rooms 5 and 6 First National Bank Building

Floydada, Texas

**First Entertainment of I. M. P. S.**

The I. M. P. S. Club was very delightfully entertained by Miss Anna Erick on Tuesday evening, October 17.

A business meeting was held first, during which new names were submitted for membership to be voted upon at the next meeting.

Misses Collier and Howard were then put through the mysterious ceremonies of initiation and came forth as "full-fledged" I. M. P. S.

An interesting and original contest consisting of "Well Known Names of Unknown Imps" was then held. Misses Ford and Moorhouse proved themselves very efficient in the art of "guessing." Several claims were made for grades of "one hundred" per cent.

A second contest then followed of: "Find on a Penny" and some lively discussions ensued as to the answers of: "What all girls want?" and "Things we all like to receive."

After the contest, the hostess, assisted by Miss Julia Collier, served delicious hot chocolate and wafers to the following I. M. P. S.: Misses Hamilton, Higdon, Miller, Terry, Henderson, Howard, Leonard, Collier, Butler, Nelson, Ford, Davis and Moorhouse.

At the "regular" hour of adjournment the I. M. P. S. departed declaring Miss Erick an ideal hostess.

The next meeting will be with Miss Butler. The date will be announced later.

Press Reporter.

**Steen-Sparks**

Miss Minnie Steen and Herbert S. Sparks were married last Saturday evening at 8:30 o'clock at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Gaither, Justice Gaither officiating at the wedding ceremony.

Miss Steen is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Steen, who live in the east part of

town. Mr. Sparks is engaged with the Barker Bros. Ford Agency here as mechanic.

Both the bride and groom are popular young people of the city.

They will continue to make their residence in Floydada.

Buy from your home merchants and save money.

Tom P. Steen R. B. Smith  
**Steen & Smith**  
Land and Live Stock Agents  
Floydada, Texas.

**Although—**

Wheat Cotton and Maize are higher We are still selling our Merchandise at bargain prices. Come around and see us.

**The Racket Store**

Floydada

**The Caveny Company**

Giving a Program blending the arts  
Of  
**Painting, Sculpture and Music**

At the  
**High School Auditorium**

**Monday Evening, October 30th, 8:15**

"No one ever forgets the appeal of these delightful people, to the eye, ear and heart."—Parlette.

Second Number Lyceum Course  
**Auspices Civic Improvement Lyceum Committee**

**Single Admission 50 cents, Adults.  
School Students 35 cents.**

**Season Tickets, 5 Numbers, Adults \$1.60  
School Children \$1.00**

Tickets on Sale at Floydada Drug Company



# Oysters Oysters Oysters

Do you enjoy eating oysters? There is no more pleasing dish than an order of fresh oysters cooked just to your taste at the **Eubanks Cafe**.

Have you eaten with us lately? Perhaps you would be pleased with our service. We certainly appreciate your patronage.

## Eubanks Cafe

### S. D. Tant

Attorney at Law

General Civil and Criminal Practice

ROOM 6

First National Bank Building.

Floydada, Texas.

### Col. E. J. Christopherson

AUCTIONEER

Plainview, Texas.

—Twelve years experience as land and cattle and general farm salesman

### WHAT CATARRH IS

It has been said that every third person has catarrh in some form.

Science has shown that nasal catarrh often indicates a general weakness of the body; and local treatments in the form of snuffs and vapors do little, if any good.

To correct catarrh you should treat its cause by enriching your blood with the oil-food in Scott's Emulsion which is a medicinal food and a building- tonic, free from alcohol or any harmful drugs. Try it.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

Dr. G. V. Smith went to Post City last Saturday afternoon to spend a short visit with his brother, H. E. Smith and family. He was accompanied home by his wife, who been at Post several days visiting.

Mrs. Charles Trowbridge and little daughter left Saturday for Goldthwaite, Texas, where they will visit with relatives.

### P. H. Flynn Hurt in Accident

P. H. Flynn had his left knee severely injured last Thursday afternoon, when with Charley Moore he was driving east of town adjacent to the N. A. Armstrong place in a hack.

His horse shied suddenly throwing Mr. Flynn from the high seat. He was carried home in an auto, being unable to walk, and has been in bed since that time. The tendons of the knee were injured.

### Triplet Girls Born into Family at Southland

The Southland community has experienced a remarkable year of development, both on farm lands and in the town, but it remained for Mr. and Mrs. Lee Clark to bring to that vicinity honors that much older places can not claim.

Dr. S. M. Henry reports the birth of triplet girls to Mr. and Mrs. Lee Clark on Friday, Oct. 6. When the little misses began to call for admission to this good home Friday, the family little dreamed of the treat that was in store for them. Regularly at intervals of two hours, the little girls came until three of them enrolled as members of the home. The girls are healthy and robust and perfect specimens of babyhood, with every promise of growing to maturity.

The Clarks live south of Southland near the Hackberry school house. The entire country takes a friendly and solicitous interest in these South Plains triplets.—Slatonite.

George Stiles and wife, of Hamilton County, who visited sometime here with Mr. Stiles' brothers, S. E. and W. T., returned home Saturday.

Subscribe for The Hesperian

### Don't Try to Beat a Train

"Always Play it Safe," is the advice of H. A. Gausewitz, superintendent of the Fort Worth & Denver City Railway Company, to the new motorists and especially to the driver who tries to beat a train across a railway crossing, as told in the Childress Index.

According to Mr. Gausewitz, most accidents are the results of miscalculation on the driver's part. The inexperienced motorist is the fellow who usually goes in the ditch because he has not acquired the instinct or knack of knowing just the moment to swerve his steering wheel or apply his brakes. Obviously dangerous as railroad crossings are, there seems to be a fatal fascination in them for the new driver. Newspaper accounts of motoring accidents on railroad crossings are of almost daily occurrence. The story is practically always the same—the occupant killed or seriously injured because the driver miscalculated.

If the motorist would bear in mind that a train traveling sixty miles an hour is really moving about ninety feet a second, and that in the five seconds that it will take him to cross the tracks, the train will have moved about two city blocks, he would not be so quick to rush his car over ahead. But the motorist doesn't do this. He is deceived by the speed of the train, which does not seem to be coming so very fast after all—and he gets into trouble. And the remarkable part of it is that these fellows who get hurt seldom have any reason to be in a hurry. In most cases they are driving along with their families or friends with all the time in the world to spare—and yet this fascination of beating the train over gets them. Mr. Gausewitz's advice of "play it safe" is worth serious inward digestion by all who drive cars and particularly by the motorist in his driving infancy.

"If you ever get stalled on a railroad crossing," says Mr. Gausewitz, "and your motor won't start, you can fall back upon your starting system to pull you over. Just throw her in high, let the clutch in, step on your starter hard and keep your foot right on it until you are in safety on the other side."

Miss Lela Windsor visited last week in Plainview with friends.

Be a Floydada booster.

## Such tobacco enjoyment

as you never thought could be is yours to command quick as you buy some Prince Albert and fire-up a pipe or a home-made cigarette!

Prince Albert gives you every tobacco satisfaction your smoke-appetite ever hankered for. That's because it's made by a patented process that cuts out bite and parch! Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!



Copyright 1918 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

On the reverse side of this tidy red tin you will read: "Process Patented July 30th, 1907," which has made three men smoke pipes where one smoked before!

# PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

has a flavor as different as it is delightful. You never tasted the like of it! And that isn't strange, either.

Buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold in tippy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and that corking fine pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such clever trim—always!

Men who think they can't smoke a pipe or roll a cigarette can smoke and will smoke if they use Prince Albert. And smokers who have not yet given P. A. a try-out certainly have a big surprise and a lot of enjoyment coming their way as soon as they invest in a supply. Prince Albert tobacco will tell its own story!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

### When Killing Wild Ducks

#### Watch for Leg Bands

If you kill or capture a wild duck bearing an aluminum band around one leg, having a number on one side, and on the other a statement requesting that the United States Department of Agriculture, or Biological Survey, be notified, you are requested to send this band at once to the Bureau of Biological Survey, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. This band, if accompanied by a statement as to date, place and circumstances under which the bird was taken, will be of service to the survey in its efforts to determine the longevity of individual ducks and the routes of migration of the species. The bands are being attached to considerable numbers of wild duck of several species which have been cured of the duck sickness prevalent around Great Salt Lake, Utah, and there released. The department is particularly anxious to secure reports from these birds to determine their complete recovery from this malady, which has killed hundreds of thousands of ducks in Utah.

### Speaking of Thanksgiving

There is really no good reason why the price of turkeys should not soar. It is estimated that Fort Worth will ship out 100,000 turkeys to the Eastern markets within the next two months. Poultry dealers quoted a price of 20c "on the foot" to farmers for their turkeys. Last year at this time the price ranged 10 and 12½ cents. Turkeys are necessary for Thanksgiving purposes, and fine for any other day in the year. If all the other prices soar there is no reason why both the red and the white meat should not go up, not to speak of the dressing.—Dallas News.

### 8 Entries, 7 Prizes

W. R. Cope made eight entries in the individual premium department at the State Fair and out of this number received seven prizes.

The prizes received were: first on watermelons, peaches and feterita; second on maize, kaffir, speltz and soft wheat.

### Railroad Car Shortage Serious

Not only locally, but from other stations comes the information that there is a great shortage of cars throughout this section of the Southwest. This adds another feature to the many complications incident to the harvesting and handling of crops throughout the country.

Food products are high-priced and the prices seem steadily ascending with little or no prospects of a reversion to lower planes. Grain and cotton also are climbing by leaps and bounds and added to this comes the information of such a shortage as has seldom been witnessed, in rolling stock.

So far as may be determined at this time there seems little reason to expect a change in this car famine, for the kaffirs throughout this territory will soon be on the market and then there will be an increasing demand. Just what the ultimate outcome of this matter will be remains to be seen.—Amarillo Daily News.

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Sturbert, Oct. 21, a daughter.

Hesperian ad liners pay.

### Panhandle Day

Dallas, Texas, Oct. 21.—More than ten thousand people participated in the Panhandle and Plains Day program at the State Fair grounds today. In addition a vast multitude of people, greatest in history of the State Fair, and estimated to exceed one hundred and fifty thousand, visited the fair grounds, causing the Panhandle building to literally swarm with people all day long.

Panhandle booths were awarded 42 firsts, 61 seconds and 17 third prizes in individual agricultural classes.

Scott Laycock, of Claude, vice-president of the Panhandle and Plains exhibit association, presided at the exercises, principal address being delivered by Hon. R. B. Cousins, of Canyon, who delivered a magnificent historical review of the Panhandle.

Mike Kerrigan of Quanah told of the Panhandle forty years ago, and Hon. W. J. Riddle, of Dallas, who spoke on the subject "Dallas and the Panhandle," advocated a piked highway between Dallas and Amarillo, a national park at Palo Duro, and the immediate establishment of the proposed West Texas A. and M. College.

## HONESTY FIRST PARTY POLITICS AFTERWARDS

Hon. R. B. Creager, of Brownsville, Texas, Republican Candidate for Governor

IN FAVOR OF—  
Retention of Robertson Insurance Law.  
Submission where demanded by a majority.  
Amendment of the Warehouse Law.  
Abolition of many useless State Offices.  
Abolition of the useless Office of County Treasurer.  
Woman's Suffrage—As a matter of Justice.  
Low Taxes, and lower Governmental expenses.  
Amendment of Delinquent Tax Law.  
Governor obeying constitution as to salary limitation.  
Placing all public officers on strict salary basis.

AGAINST—  
Dishonesty in and out of office.  
The appointment of incompetents for political reasons.  
Paying out public funds for private expenses.  
The collection of excessive back tax penalties.  
A candidate accepting campaign funds from corporations.  
"Personal representatives," "social secretaries" and other illegal appointments at public expense.  
The Terrell Election Law.  
The Fee System.

### Do You Agree with Mr. Creager?

For every dollar property tax-payers paid the State in 1908 they paid \$7.10 in 1915. For every dollar the CORPORATIONS paid the State in 1914 they paid only 52 cents in 1915.

### WHY?

Unnecessary Political Offices. "Junketing" trips, Panama Expositions trips, "Social Secretary," "Personal Representative," chauffeur; gasoline, feed, groceries, etc., etc., etc. If you vote for R. B. Creager for Governor of Texas, you will call a "halt" on such bills being paid out the tax money. The constitution of this State provides that, "the salary of the Governor shall be \$4,000.00 and no more."

WE CAN HAVE A SOUNDLY MORAL AND SUCCESSFUL COMMUNITY ONLY UNDER AN EFFICIENT AND HONEST GOVERNMENT

### VOTE FOR R. B. CREAGER FOR GOVERNOR

And for the balance of the Republican Ticket—State and National. Let us have the "House-Cleaning" Texas so badly needs.

IF YOU VOTE FOR GOVERNOR FERGUSON YOU APPROVE HIS ACTS (Political Advertisement)

## The Farmers' Exchange

The Place to Get your Money's Worth.

We have the best coal money can buy.

We have alfalfa hay, maize chops, oats, brand, shorts, tankage, cotton seed meal and salt.

We want to buy your grain and will always pay the best price the market affords.

We have the Foremost Flour. Try a sack and use any part or all of the sack and if you don't receive better results than from any other flour you ever used return the sack and get your money back.

## The Farmers' Exchange

The People's Friend.

J. S. DICKEY, Mgr.





**Lower Cost of Living**

"Three cents (3c), worth of coal heats our house over night and cooks our breakfast with

**COLE'S**  
PATENTED

**High Oven Range**

"We save the big gas bill of the old gas stove. We save the big coal bill of the old heating stove."

Both these large fuel bills are unnecessary by using the convenient, modern, fuel-saving Cole's High Oven. It combines in one the work of the best modern range and best modern heater.

You can afford to put one in your home today. The fuel saved buys the range.

If you want big returns for your money—here's a sure way to get it.

See the name "Cole's" on the oven door—none genuine without it

**H. J. Willis & Co.**



Now it's the homely Boisd'arc that looms up as a great wealth producer. Boisd'arc has flourished for hundreds of years in Texas and its chief mission heretofore has been to furnish posts and provoke those to profanity who plowed in the vicinity of its roots. But it has been found that Boisd'arc will make splendid dyes, and on account of the war, this country is very short on dye materials. A West Virginia factory has already made several million dollars worth of dyes from Boisd'arc.—Plainview News.

Be a Booster for Floydada.

**Church Being Built is by Pentecostal People, Not Nazarenes**

In last week's issue of The Hesperian it was stated that the Nazarenes were completing a church house just off South Main Street. This statement was due to a misunderstanding of the terms applied to the branches of the Holiness people. The Pentecostal branch of the church is the one established here, and having the church under construction.

W. L. Jackson, who attended the State Fair during the earlier days of its opening, has returned home.

**Out of the Night**  
(Continued from page 2)

fullest possession of those faculties that had raised him from an unschooled farm boy to an eminence in the business world, went slowly blind. The shadows crept in upon him with a deadly, merciless certainty that would have filled the stoutest heart with gloom, and yet he maintained a smiling stoicism that deceived all but his closest associates. To Dr. Suydam, however, the incontestable progress of the malady was frightfully tragic. He alone knew the man's dominant spirit, his lofty ambitions and his active habits. No one but he knew of the overmastering love that had come so late and was destined to perish unvoiced, and he raved at the maddening limits of his profession. In Austin's presence he strove to be cheerful and lighten the burden he knew was crushing him, but at other times he bent every energy toward a discovery of some means to check the affliction, some hand more skilled than those he knew of. In time he recognized the futility of his efforts, however, and resigned himself to the worst.

"Why?" questioned Suydam savagely. "Why don't you ask her to marry you, Bob? She couldn't refuse, and God knows you need her!"

"That's just it; she couldn't refuse. This is the sort of thing a fellow must bear alone. She's too young and beautiful and fine to be harassed up to a worn out old cripple."

"Cripple!" the other choked. "Don't talk like that. Don't be so blamed resigned. It tears my heart out. I—I—why, I believe I feel this more than you do."

Austin turned his face to the speaker with a look of such tragic suffering that the younger man fell silent.

Dr. Suydam had a furious desire to acquaint Marmion Moore with the truth and to tell her, with all the brutal frankness he could muster, of her part in this calamity. But Austin would not hear to it.

"She doesn't dream of the truth," the sick man told him, "and I don't want her to learn. She thinks I am merely weak, and it grieves her terribly to know I haven't recovered. If she really knew it might ruin her life, for she is a girl who feels deeply. I want to spare her that. It's the least I can do."

"But she'll find it out some time." "I think not. She comes to see me every day."

"Every day?" "Yes; I'm expecting her soon." "And she doesn't know?"

Austin shook his head. "I never let her see there's anything the matter with my sight. She drives up with her mother, and I wait for her there in the bay window. It's getting hard for me to distinguish her now, but I recognize the hoof beats. I can tell them every time."

"But I don't understand." "I pretend to be very weak," explained the elder man, with a guilty flush. "I sit in the big chair yonder, and my Jap boy waits on her. She is very kind." Austin's voice grew husky.

"I'm sorry to lose sight of the park out yonder, and the trees and the children—they're growing indistinct. I—I like children. I've always wanted some for myself. I've dreamed about it." His thin, haggard face broke into a wistful smile. "I guess that is all over with now."

"I'm glad I can hide my feelings," he said slowly, "for that is what I have to do every instant she is with me. I don't wish to inflict unnecessary pain upon my friends, but don't you suppose I know what it means? It means the destruction of all my fine hopes, the death of all I hold dear in the world. I love my work, for I am—or I was—a success; this means I must give it up. I am strong in body and brain; this robs me of my usefulness. All my life I have prayed that I might some time love a woman. That time has come, but this means I must give her up and be lonely all my days. I must grope my way through the dark with never a ray of light to guide me. Do you know how awful the darkness is?" He wrung his hands.

"I must go hungering through the night with a voiceless love to torture me. Just at the crowning point of my life I've been snuffed out. I must fall behind and see my friends desert me."

"Bob?" cried the other in shocked denial.

"Oh, you know it will come to that. People don't like to feel pity forever tugging at them. I've been a lonely fellow and my friends are numbered. For a time they will come to see me and try to cheer me up; they will even try to include me in their pleasures. Then when it is no longer a new story and their commiseration has worn itself out they will gradually fall away. It always happens so. I'll be 'poor Bob Austin' and I'll go feeling my way through life an object of pity, a stumbling, incomplete thing that has no place to fill, no object to work for, no one to care. God, I'm not the sort to go blind! Where's the justice of it? I've lived clean. Why? Why? I know what the world is; I've been a part of it. I've seen the spring and the autumn colors and I've watched the sunsets. I've looked into men's faces and read their souls, and when you've done that you can't live in darkness. I can't and—I won't!"

"What do you mean?" "I'm going away."

"When? Where?" "When I can no longer see Marmion Moore and before my affliction becomes known to her. Where—you can guess."

"Oh, that's cowardly, Bob! You're not that sort. You mustn't! It's unbelievable!" cried his friend, in a panic.

Austin smiled bitterly. "We have discussed that too often, and I'm not sure that what I intend doing is cowardly. I can't go now, for the thing is too fresh in her memory. She might

learn the truth and hold herself to blame, but when she has lost the first shock of it I shall walk out quietly, and she will not even suspect. Other interests will come into her life. I will be only a memory. "Then"—After a pause he went on, "I couldn't bear to see her drop away with the rest." His face writhed, and his muscular hands clenched themselves tightly.

"Don't give up yet," urged the physician. "She is leaving for the summer, and while she is gone we'll try that Berlin chap. He'll be here in August."

"And he will fail, as the others did. He will lecture some clinic about me, that's all. Marmion will hear that my eyes have given out from overwork or something like that. Then I'll go abroad and—I won't come back." Austin divined the rebellion in his friend's heart and continued quickly: "You're the only one who could enlighten her, Doc, but you won't do it. You owe me that much."

"I—I suppose I do," acknowledged Suydam slowly. "I owe you more than I can ever repay."

"Wait!" The sick man raised his hand for silence, while a light blazed up in his face. "She's coming!"

To the doctor's trained ear the noises of the street came in a confused murmur, but Austin spoke in an awed, breathless tone, as if he were entering some holy place.

"I can hear the horses. She's coming to—see me."

"I'll go!" exclaimed the visitor quickly, but the other shook his head.

"I'd rather have you stay." Austin was poised in an attitude of the intensest alertness, his angular, awkward body drawn to its height, his lean face lighted by some hidden fire that lent it almost beauty.

"She's getting out of the carriage!" he cried in a nervous voice, then felt his way to his accustomed armchair. Suydam was about to go to the bay window when he paused, regarding his friend curiously.

"What are you doing?" The blind man had begun to beat time with his hand, counting under his breath: "One! Two! Three!"

"She'll knock when I reach twenty-five. Sh-sh!" He continued his pantomime, and Suydam realized that from repeated practice he had gauged the seconds Marmion Moore required to mount the stairs and took this means of holding himself in check. True to Austin's prediction, at "twenty-five" a gentle knock sounded, and Suydam opened the door.

"Come in, Marmion!" The girl paused for the briefest instant on the threshold, and the speaker noted the fleeting disappointment in her face. Then she took his hand.

"This is a surprise!" she exclaimed. "I haven't seen you for ever so long." Her anxious glance swept past him to the big, awkward figure against the window's light. Austin was rising with apparent difficulty, and she glided to him.

"Please don't rise! How many times have I told you not to exert yourself!" Suydam noted the gentle proprietary tone of her voice, and it amazed him.

"I am very glad that you came to see me." The afflicted man's voice was jerky and unmusical. "How are you today, miss?"

"He should not rise, should he?" Miss Moore appealed to the physician. "He is very weak and should not exert himself."

The doctor wished that his friend might see her face as he saw it. He began suddenly to doubt his own judgment of women.

"Oh, I'm doing finely," Austin announced. "Won't you be seated?" He waved a hand comprehendingly, and Suydam, marveling at the manner in which he concealed his infirmity, brought a chair for the newcomer.

"I came alone today. Mother is shopping," Miss Moore was saying. "See! I brought these flowers to cheer up your room." She held up a great bunch of sweetpeas. "I love the pink ones."

Austin addressed the doctor. "Miss Moore has been very kind to me. I am afraid she feels it her duty."

"No, no!" cried the girl. "She rarely misses a day, and she always brings flowers. I am very fond of bright colors."

Suydam cursed at the stiff formality in the man's tone. How could any woman see past that glacial front and glimpse the big, aching heart beyond. Even at best Austin was harsh and repellent when the least bit self-conscious, and now he was striving deliberately to heighten the effect. She was impulsive, dainty, high bred, with a face of rare sensitiveness and a figure that told of fine physical inheritance, while he was awkward and inapt at everything to which she was accustomed. The physician wondered why she had gone even thus far in showing her gratitude. As for a love match between two such opposite types, Suydam could not conceive of it. Even if the girl saw the sweet, simple nature of the man and felt her own affections answer to his he believed he knew the women of her set too well to imagine that she would marry a blind man, particularly one of no address.

"We leave for the mountains tomorrow," Marmion said, "so I came to say goodbye for a time."

"I shall miss your visits." Austin could not disguise his genuine regret. "But when you return I shall be thoroughly recovered. Perhaps we will ride again."

"Never!" declared Miss Moore. "I shall never ride again. Think of the suffering I caused you. I—I am dreadfully sorry."

To Suydam's amazement he saw her eyes fill with tears. A doubt concerning the correctness of his recent surmises came over him, and he rose

**REMINGTON UMC**  
**BIG GAME RIFLES**  
FOR dropping a bighorn across a canon, or stopping a charging grizzly—range, precision and penetration combined with quick, positive action are the qualities that have made these rifles famous.

Remington UMC High Power Autoloading Rifle—Five shots, (simply press trigger for each shot), solid breech; hammerless; positive safety device; take-down simple and easy without tools.

Remington UMC High Power Slide Action Repeater—the only big game rifle of its type—Six shots; solid breech, hammerless, magazine ensuring compactness, balance and absolute safety.

Big game hunters place more responsibility upon their arms than any other sportsmen in the world. The prestige of these two Remington UMC High Power Rifles with this group of critical sportsmen is significant—and each open season shows a steady increase in the number of men who shoot these modern rifles.

Sold by your home dealer and 7,301 other leading merchants in Texas.

Clean and oil your gun with KEM OIL, the combination Powder Solvent, Lubricant and Rust Preventative.

The Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Company  
Largest Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World  
Woolworth Building, New York

**THE HESPERIAN \$1.00 per YEAR.**

**Order Filled According to Directions**

A provision house which prides itself on filling orders accurately received an order from a provision customer recently, complaining bitterly that the last order of eggs supplied had been very poor.

The reputation of the house for never making an error seemed to be at stake, but the bright mind of the junior partner found a way out of it. He wrote:

Gentlemen: We are sorry to hear that our consignment did not suit you. There was, however, no mistake on our part. We have looked up your original order and find that it reads as follows: "Rush fifty boxes of eggs. We want them bad!"—Exchange.

**H. J. Willis Home**

H. J. Willis and family, who have been spending the past several weeks at Hot Springs, Ark., returned from the health resort Saturday, after spending some time at intermediate points visiting.

**5 Stock Cars Tuesday**

Five stock cars received Tuesday helped to relieve the more urgent demands of local shippers who desire to put their live stock on the market.

Three of the cars were 36-foot cars and two were 40-foot cars.

Mrs. Mary Johnson and daughter, Miss Frona, were in Floydada Monday on a visit with Mrs. H. E. Edwards.

**Arthur B. Duncan**

General Land Agent and Abstractor

Floydada, Texas

Buys, Sells and Leases Real estate on Commission;

Renders and Pays Taxes for Non-Resident Land Owners;

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Owner of Complete Abstract of all Floyd County Lands and Town Lots;

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(THE SENIOR LAND & ABSTRACT BUSINESS OF FLOYD CO.)

BUY, SELL, LEASE, OR EXCHANGE

**Land**

in any size tracts through Northwest Texas especially through Floyd and other Counties of the beautiful Plains; Rent and Pay Taxes Furnish Abstracts Perfect Titles & Etc.

**NON RESIDENT LANDS A SPECIALTY**

Address

**W. M. Massie & Bro.**

Floydada, Texas

**Fish and Oysters**

During the Fish and Oyster season we plan to include them on our menu each week. Fresh shipments each Tuesday and Friday.

We try to give you only the best all the time.

**MOVIE CAFE**

ROOMS IN CONNECTION.

**Concrete Walks**

—Add many times their cost to the value of your property.

—Especially the kind of walks I build—the guaranteed kind.

—Thinking of building? Let me give you estimates on the cost with no obligation on your part.

**SAM DANE**

GENERAL CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER  
Concrete and Brick work a Specialty

Floydada,

Texas.

(Continued on page 8)

**365 COPIES** No Part Year Orders  
**DURING BARGAIN DAYS** Dec. 1 to 15  
Annually  
You Can Subscribe or Renew for a Complete Year to The Fort Worth  
**STAR-TELEGRAM**  
40,000 DAILY (8 Editions) 45,000 Sunday  
You Get the One Which Can Reach You the Quickest.  
**A \$6.00 Daily and Sunday Newspaper for \$3.65.**  
**A PENNY A DAY**  
IMPORTANT NOTICE!  
With the exception of black ink, all raw materials used in manufacture of a newspaper have advanced in cost during the past twelve months approximately 100 per cent. This means that it will cost your publisher practically double to supply you with a newspaper the coming year.  
Under stress of these unusual conditions, The Star-Telegram has been forced to increase its "Bargain Days" rate from \$3.25 to \$3.65. An increase of 40c per year (\$ 1-3c per month) or 12 per cent. Based on the conservative estimate increase in production cost of 100 per cent, under this price the division of added expense will be as follows:  
Increased expense to The Star-Telegram ..... 88%  
Increased expense to The Reader ..... 12%  
This situation means that after "Bargain Days" the regular rate of \$6.00 per year must be strictly enforced. We have battered the price to the very bottom in order to protect our Annual Subscription Cheap Rate Period, which has been in effect since the establishment of The Star-Telegram.  
Do not take chances, save the \$2.35, by ordering before Bargain Days expire. Take advantage of the \$3.65 rate.  
The high standard of The Star-Telegram will be maintained as long as there is a Star-Telegram regardless of any war burdens.  
Bring Your Order to This Office.  
**365 CENTS**



Out of the Night

(Continued from page 7)

quickly. After all, she might see and love the real Bob as he did, and if so she might wish to be alone with him in this last hour. His own restraining presence might lead to a tragedy. But Austin laughed at his excuse.

"You know there's nobody waiting for you. That's only a pretense to find livelier company. You promised to dine with me." To Miss Moore he explained: "He isn't really busy. On the contrary, he has been complaining for an hour that the hot weather has driven all his patients to the country and that he is dying of idleness."

The girl's expression altered curiously. She shrank as if wounded and scanned the speaker's face with startled eyes before turning with a strained smile to say:

"Ah, doctor, we caught you that time. That comes from being a society physician. Why don't you practice among the masses?"

"I really have an engagement," murmured Suydam.

"Then break it for Mr. Austin's sake. He is lonely, and I must be going in a moment."

The three talked for a time in the manner all people adopt for a sick room, and then she rose and said, with her palm in Austin's hand:

"I owe you so much that I can never hope to repay you, but you—you will come to see me frequently this season. Promise! You won't hide yourself, will you?"

The man smiled his thanks and spoke his farewells with meaningless politeness. Then as the physician prepared to see her to her carriage she said:

"No! Stay and gossip with our invalid. It's only a step."

She walked quickly to the door, flashed them a smile and was gone.

Suydam heard his patient counting as before:

"One! Two! Three!"

At "twenty-five" the elder man groped his way to the open bay window and bowed at the carriage beneath. There came the sound of hoofs and rolling wheels, and the doctor, who had taken stand beside him, saw Miss Moore turn in her seat and wave them a last adieu. The blind man continued to nod and smile in her direction even after the carriage was lost to view. Then he felt his way back to the armchair and sank limply into it.

"Gone! I'll never be able to see her again!"

His accents caused Suydam's throat to tighten miserably.

"Could you see her at all?"

"Only the outlines. But when she comes back in the fall I'll be as blind as a bat!" He raised an unsteady hand to his head and closed his eyes. "I can stand anything except that! But to lose sight of her dear face!" The force of his emotion wrenched a groan from him.

"I don't know what to make of her," said the other. "Why didn't you let me go, Bob? It was her last goodbye. She wanted to be alone with you. She might have—"

"That's it!" exclaimed Austin. "I was afraid of myself; afraid I'd speak if I had the chance." His voice was like a moan as he went on. "It's hard—hard, for sometimes I think she loves me, she's so sweet and tender, and in those moments I am a god. But I know it can't be; that it is only pity and gratitude that prompts her. Heaven knows I'm uncouth enough at best, but now I have to exaggerate my rudeness. I play a part—the part of a lumbering, stupid lout, while my heart is breaking." He bowed his head in his hands and closed his dry, feverish eyes once more. "It's cruelly hard, and I can't keep it up."

The other man laid a hand on his shoulder and said, with husky tenderness:

"I don't know whether you're doing right or not. I—half suspect you are doing her a bitter wrong."

"Oh, but she can't—she can't love me!" Austin rose as if frightened. "She might yield to her impulse and marry me, for she has a heart of gold, but it wouldn't last. She would learn some time that it wasn't real love that prompted the sacrifice. Then I should die."

The specialist from Berlin came, but refused to operate, declaring bluntly that there was no use, and all during the long, hot, summer days Robert Austin sat beside his open window watching the light die out of his eyes, waiting, waiting for the time to make his sacrifice.

Suydam read Marmion's cheery letters aloud, wondering the while at the wistful note that sounded now and then. He answered them in his own handwriting, which she had never seen.

One day came the announcement that she was returning the first week in October. Already September was partly gone, so Austin decided to sail in a week. At his dictation Suydam wrote to her, saying that the strain of overwork had rendered a long vacation necessary. The doctor writhed internally as he penned the careful sentences, wondering if the hurt of the deliberately chosen words would prevent her sensing the truth back of them. As the days passed he judged it had, for no answer came.

The apartment was stripped and bare, the trunks packed on the afternoon before Austin's departure. All through the dreary mockery of the process he had withstood his friend's appeal, his stern face set, his heavy heart full of a despairing stubbornness. Now, being alone at last, he groped his way about the premises to fix them in his memory, then sunk into his chair beside the window.

He heard a knock at the door and summoned the stranger to enter, then rose with a gasp of dismay. Marmion Moore was greeting him with sweet yet hesitating effusiveness.

"I—I thought you were not coming back until next week," he stammered. "We changed our plans." She searched his face as best she could in the shaded light, a strange, anxious expression upon her own. "Your letter surprised me."

"The doctor's orders," he said carelessly. "They say I have broken down."

"I know! I know what caused it!" she panted. "You never recovered from that accident. You did not tell me the truth. I have always felt you were hiding something from me. Why? Oh, why?"

"Nonsense!" He undertook to laugh, but failed in a ghastly manner. "I've been working too hard. Now I'm paying the penalty."

"How long will you be gone?" she queried.

"Oh, I haven't decided—a long time, however," he replied in a tone that bewildered her. "It is the first vacation I ever had. I want to make the most of it."

"You—were going away without saying goodbye to—your old friends?" Her lips were white, and her brave attempt to smile would have told him the truth had he seen it, but he had only her tone to go by, so he answered indifferently.

"All my arrangements were made. I couldn't wait."

"You are offended with me," said Miss Moore after a pause. "How have I hurt you? What is it, please? I—I have been too forward perhaps."

He dared not trust himself to an answer, and when he made no sign she went on painfully:

"I am sorry. I did not want to seem bold. I owe you so much. We were such good friends"—In spite of her efforts her voice showed her suffering. The man felt his lonely heart swell with impulse to tell her all, to voice his love in one breathless torrent of words that would undecipher her. The strain of repression lent him added brusqueness when he strove to explain, and it left her sorely hurt. His cold indifference filled her with a sense of betrayal and checked the impulse yearning in her breast. She had battled long with herself before coming and now repented of her rashness, for it was plain he did not need her, as she had hoped, as she had dreamed of nights. This certainly left her sick and wounded, so she bade him adieu when the occasion came and with aching throat went blindly out and down the stairs.

The instant she was gone Austin leaped to his feet, the agony of death upon his features. Breathlessly he began to count:

"One! Two! Three!"

He felt himself smothering and with one sweep of his hand ripped the collar from his throat.

"Five! Six! Seven!"

He was battling like a drowning man, for in truth the very breath of his life was leaving him. A drumming came into his ears. He felt that he must call to her before it was too late. He was counting aloud now, his voice like the moan of a man on the rack:

"Nine! Ten!"

A frenzy to voice his sufferings swept over him, but he held himself. Only a moment more and she would be gone. Her life would be spared this dark shadow, and she would never know.

Toward the last he was reeling, but he continued to toll the seconds with the monotonous regularity of a time-piece, his every power centered on the process. The idea came to him that he was counting his own flickering pulse throbs for the last time. With a tremendous effort of will he smothered his face and felt his way to the open window, for by now she must be entering the laundry. A moment later and she would turn to vault him her last adieu. Her last! God! How the seconds lagged! That infernal thumping in his ears had drowned the noises from the street below. He felt that for all time the torture of this moment would live with him.

Then he smiled. He smiled blindly out into the glaring sunlight and bowed, and bowed and smiled again, clinging to the window casing to support himself. By now she must have reached the corner. He freed one hand and waved it gayly. Then with outflung arms he stumbled back into the room, the hot tears coursing down his cheeks.

Marmion Moore halted upon the stairs and felt mechanically for her gold chataleine. She recalled dropping it upon the center table as she went forward with hand outstretched to greet Austin and turned back, then hesitated. But he was leaving tomorrow. He would not misapprehend the meaning of her reappearance. She meditated, so, summoning her courage, she mounted the stairs quickly.

The door was half ajar, as she had left it in her confusion. Mustering a careless smile, she was about to knock, then paused. Austin was facing her in the middle of the room, beating time. He was counting aloud. But was that his voice? In the brief instant she had been gone he had changed astoundingly. Moreover, notwithstanding the fact that she stood plainly revealed, he made no sign of recognition, but merely counted on and on, with the voice of a dying man. She divined that something was sadly amiss and wondered for an instant if he had lost his senses.

She stood transfixed, half minded to flee, yet held by some pitying desire to help. Then she saw him reach forward and grope his way uncertainly to the window. In his progress he stumbled against a chair. He had to feel for the casing. Then she knew.

She found herself inside the room staring with wide, affrighted eyes at him, one hand pressed to her bosom to still its heaving. She saw him nodding toward the street below and saw his ghastly attempt to smile. She heard the breath sighing from his lungs and

heard him muttering her name. Then he turned and lurched past her, groping, groping for his chair. She cried out sharply in a stricken voice:

"Mr. Austin!"

The man froze in his tracks, then swung his head slowly from side to side as if listening.

"What!" The word came like the crack of a gun. Then after a moment, "Marmion!" He spoke her name as if to test his own hearing. It was the first time she had ever heard him use her maiden name.

She slipped forward until within an arm's length of him, then stretched forth a wildly shaking hand and passed it before his unwinning eyes as she still disbelieved. Then he heard her moan.

"Marmion!" he cried again. "My God, little girl! I—heard you go!"

"Then this is the reason," she said. "Oh-h"

"What are you doing here? Why did you come back?" he demanded brutally.

"I forgot my— No! God sent me back!"

There was a pause, during which the man strove to master himself. Then he asked her in the same harsh accents:

"How long have you been here?"

"Long enough to see—and to understand."

"Well, you know the truth at last. I—have gone—blind!" The last word caused his lips to twitch. He knew from the sound that she was weeping bitterly.

"Please don't. I have used my eyes too much, that is all. It is—nothing."

"No, no, no!" she said brokenly. "Don't you think I understand? Don't you think I see it all now? But why—why didn't you tell me? Why?"

When he did not answer she repeated: "God sent me back. I—I was not meant to be so unhappy."

Austin felt himself shaken as if by a pant. He cried hurriedly:

"You see, we have been such good friends. I knew it would distress you. I wanted to spare you that. You were a good comrade to me. We were like chums. Yes, we were chums. No friend could have been dearer to me than you, Miss Moore. I never had a sister, you know. I—I thought of you that way, and I"—He was struggling desperately to save the girl, but his incoherent words died on his lips as he felt her come close and lay her cheek against his arm.

"You must not try to deceive me any more," she said gently. "I was here. I know the truth, and I want to be happy."

Even then he stood dazed and disbelieving until she continued:

**McCoy News Notes**

McCoy, Oct. 24, 1916.—The present cry in this vicinity seems to be "more hands." Everyone is at work of some kind. Several are cutting feed, and Sunday saw many in the fields with a binder.

The frost which fell here last week was not welcome as several had late feed that was killed before it ripened. Wheat, however, is doing fine and seems to be spreading nicely.

W. H. Furrow was in town Saturday.

J. W. Jones was in town Saturday hunting for a binder.

F. J. McDermott was among the many in Floydada from this community Saturday.

Ed Cox spent Saturday in the city.

D. F. Payne was in town Saturday with a bale of the fleecy staple.

A dance was given at the home of F. J. McDermott Saturday night. A large crowd attended.

A party was given at the home of W. V. Smith Saturday night.

Several young men from Cone were in this community Sunday afternoon at Sunday School.

An enormous crowd attended prayer meeting at this place Sunday night.

Miss Clarice Manning of Floydada was in this vicinity Sunday.

Frank Laller of Plainview was motoring in this neighborhood Sunday.

The school opens at this place next Monday morning. It is thought that only a few will attend the opening week on account of the busy season.

Ernest Rhodes and Ed Cox were in the city Monday with a bunch of stray horses.

**STATE F. U. CHAIRMAN DAIRYING VISITS FLOYDADA**

**Agitating State-wide Interest in Dairying—Says that South Plains Leads**

C. C. Waller, of Arlington, President of the Farmers' Cooperative Cattle Company, and Chairman on Dairying of the Farmers' Union of Texas, spent Monday afternoon and Tuesday in Floyd County, meeting with a number of local union men, and discussing the matter of dairying and dairy markets preparatory to a visit to the county at a latter date when he will visit every district in the county and make addresses favoring the more wide introduction of dairy farming into this section.

Mr. Waller was chosen chairman of the committee of the union on dairying at the State meeting held in Houston in August. He was chosen because of his practical interest and ability in the dairying business.

"I claim that any farmer in Texas can take ten cows, a hundred chickens and two good sows and make a living," Mr. Waller said Monday afternoon. "This movement the union has started is state-wide, and while the people of your section are somewhat ahead of other sections of the state in seeing the great advantages to accrue, still there is a marked interest in all parts of the state."

"My duty," he said, "will also be to look after the markets of the state and assist in keeping a fair market prevailing at all points. On this trip west I have found as much as three

cents difference in markets within the same radius of Fort Worth. I think we shall be able to remedy this evidently unjust condition."

As a member of the committee on dairying of the Union, Mr. Waller, plans to advocate a more stringent state inspection law. The dairying business is in its infancy in Texas, and Mr. Waller thinks that we had as well begin right by rigid inspections and prevent unhealthful milk and butter fat products from getting on the market.

Mr. Waller spent most of his time while here in company with J. F. McCarty, a friend of former days.

**School News**

**OCCIDENT LITERARY SOCIETY**

The Literary Society of the Floydada High School held its first meeting since organization Friday afternoon, October 13. A business meeting was held first during which Miss Zee Foster was elected critic.

The following program was then given:

Song No. 69—Society.

Hardships of a Senior—Zee Foster.

Song—Juniors.

Declamation—Will Ratjen.

Triumph of Freshman—Flynn Thagard.

High School Gossip—Opal White.

Quartette—Leland Dawson, Alpha Price, Ford Butler and Ruth Brown.

Talk—Mr. Parks.

Piano Solo—Marie Hughes.

Essay on Football—Mosie Lee Oden.

My Opinion of the Basket Ball Team—Leland Dawson.

Report of the Floyd County Fair—Verne Nelson.

Song No. 20—Society.

After the program a "parliamentary wrangle was held in order that all could learn more about parliamentary rules.

The Society was delighted to have the seventh grade as visitors.

The next meeting will be Friday afternoon, November 3. An interesting literary program will be given. The program committee has decided to have a "James Whitcomb Riley" program.

The Society extends a special invitation to the patrons of the school to attend this meeting.

**"LAS SENORITAS" SOCIETY**

The girls of the High School met in the auditorium Friday afternoon, September 25, for the purpose of organizing a Girls' Society.

With Miss Sabra Thagard acting as chairman, a business meeting was held, during which the following officers were elected: Miss Bertha Snodgrass, president; Miss Ravannah Morris, secretary; Miss Bess Thomp, son, vice president; Miss Marie Henry, recording secretary; Miss Sabra Thagard sergeant-at-arms.

"Las Senioritas" Society, which means "Young Ladies" Society, was chosen as the name of the Society. After physical culture exercises were taken, the meeting adjourned to meet again on Friday, October 20.

On Friday, October 20, the "Las Senioritas" Society met and the following program was rendered.

Song by Society.

Address: "Object of Our Society"—President.

Piano Solo—Foy Cannaday.

Story—Wanda Montague.

Song—Ruth, Mosie Lee, Alpha and Pauline.

Reading—Marie Henry.

Piano Solo—May Montague.

Physical Culture.

The meeting then adjourned to meet again November 17.

Press Reporter.

Van Leonard and wife, of Clarendon, are here this week visiting with their children and attending to business matters.

**Glad's**

For

**Wool**

**Shirts**

And

**Winter**

**Togs**

**QUALITY**

Says:

**Glad's**



**INNER TUBES**

**"GOOD SERVICE"**

It Requires quality to give GOOD SERVICE, that's what we claim for the GOOD SERVICE Inner Tubes.

Made of pure Para stock, they are strong, tough and pliable, each size is made of a thickness to suit the demand of that size tube.

We guarantee them to be made of the highest grade material obtainable.

Come in and examine the GOOD SERVICE Tube.

**Jones & Mitchell**  
Floydada, Texas

E. G. Carpenter sold a 608 pound bale of cotton this week for his father, J. Q. Carpenter, which brought net \$132.43, including the seed. The lint sold for \$18.55 and brought \$112.68.

The Hesperian and Dallas S. W. News \$1.75 per year.

**PUBLIC SALE**

at the

**Owens Wagon Yard**

Southeast Corner of Square

Floydada, Texas

The following will be sold to the highest bidder, Saturday, October 28

25 head of horses, mares and mules; also some cows, and hogs, and farming implements.

**Sale Begins at 1 o'clock**

**Terms: Cash or Good Notes**