

LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME II

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 29 1915

NUMBER 22

DIXON VINSON

Sunday evening about 2:30, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. DePriest, of the New Home community, Rev. Walter Vinson and Miss Georgie Dixon were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

The young people are too well known to need an introduction from us: Rev. Vinson being the son of J. H. Vinson, who served the first Baptist church in the capacity of pastor a year or two since, and who has resided on a farm east of town since severing his connections with the church here; and Mrs. Vinson having lived here several years ago.

The News join their many friends in wishing them all the joys possible, as they tread the path of life hand in hand.

H. P. French left Thursday for Post City to visit his wife who is in the sanitarium there.

Clarence Keever of O'Donnell, was in Tahoka Thursday.

Bob Forrester went to Wilson Thursday.

Weever, of Lamesa shipped nine cars of steers to market Thursday, it was pretty good stuff.

Mrs. F. E. Redwine's sister, Miss Gray, went to Post Thursday morning to see Mrs. Redwine who is in the sanitarium there. Mrs. Redwine is doing nicely.

THE ABSENT MINDED MAN

Mr. Montgomery, the feed buyer, is the ribbon winner. Mr. Montgomery loaded a car of maize last week, had it sealed, and straight way forgot about it. It was brought to his memory when the railroad presented a bill for \$10 demurrage, which Mr. Montgomery paid, but thereby hangs a tale; feed had advanced more rapidly than the demurrage, and the figure at which the car sold netted a gain of \$10 more than the demurrage. Mr. Montgomery is not feeling half bad over his absentmindedness.

Jim Dyer went to Slaton Monday on business and pleasure. Talking to the News man at the station in Tahoka he said, the thrasher was at their farm and would be for several days as they expect to thrash about 3000 bushels. J. V. Dyer and Jim had in about seventy acres this season in grain.

Twelve acres in corn that made forty bushels to the acre. The remaining fifty-eight was in maize, sorghum and feterita. They expect to thrash 3000 bushels from this crop over and above what they will keep for their personal use.

Miss Fern Vinson came in from south Texas where she has been attending school this fall and winter. About a month ago she was stricken with fever and by the time she was able to take up her studies she was so far behind to catch up.

Jake Johnson, of Terry county, was in Wednesday with three and a half tons of broom corn, which he stored in the old garage building south of the square. Himself and neighbors will make up two cars and ship from here at one time.

Posting Notice

Anyone hunting in, or hauling wood from Brownfield pastures will be prosecuted.

Ray Brownfield.

MODEL DAIRY FARM FOR LYNN COUNTY

Mr. A. D. Shook, the man who has made Main Street, who has been instrumental in bringing many people to Lynn county, has decided to retire from active business and go into the dairy business. Last week Mr. Shook unloaded forty-five head of registered jerseys, to stock his place, there being twenty head of milk cows, eight spring calves, thirteen yearlings and two bulls. This bunch is not all registered stock, but is from one of the best herds of registered jerseys in the southwest.

Also Mr. Shook unloaded a car of machinery to be used on his dairy, including, 15 h p. gasoline engine, feed choppers and grinders, silo machinery and other modern machinery for the equipment of the most convenient farm. He will erect several silos on the place immediately. It is understood that the farm will be located on the 160 acre tract just north of the Wess Swan place in north Tahoka, which is owned by Mr. Shook.

This farm not only means the injection of new blood and impetus to the dairying business in Lynn county, but it means that taken in connection with other additions over the county to dairy herds, a creamery will not only be a convenience but a necessity in the near future.

Rev. C. H. Ledger, pastor of the Tahoka-Slaton charge, and Presiding Elder Terry went to Slaton Saturday to hold regular services Sunday and quarterly conference. They returned on the Monday evening train accompanied by Miss Terry a second cousin to Bro. Terry.

Mrs. Stroud, who has been making her home the past several years with her daughter, Mrs. D. A. Parkhurst, left on the Friday morning train last week for her old home in Arkansas. She will visit her son at Byers Texas until spring. Mrs. Stroud intends being gone about a year. She will be missed greatly by her large circle of friends, especially the Baptist Ladies Aid, of which organization she was a faithful member.

NOTICE TO BANKERS

Notice is hereby given that bids will be received by the Commissioners Court, at their next regular term, same being the 8th day of February, A. D. 1915, from any Banking Corporation, Association or individual Banker, for the Deposits of the funds belonging to Lynn County for the ensuing two years. The Commissioners Court reserves the right to reject all bids. All bids shall be sealed, and state the rate of interest the bidder offers to pay on the funds for the term between the date of such bids and the next regular time for selecting a Depository. Said bids shall be accompanied with Certified Check for not less than one-half of one per cent of the County revenue for the year 1914, as a guarantee of good faith, and if his bid is accepted he shall enter into bond as required by law. In the event of his failure to do so the County shall receive the proceeds of said check for damages.

J. L. STOKES,
County Judge, Lynn County,
Texas. 2028

Holt Stokes, Manager Texas Co. station here, has been on the sick list the past several weeks, and is only slightly improved. Stomach trouble is the cause of his illness.

MORGAN ITEMS

There has been a few changes in our neighborhood this winter.

A brother-in-law of C. A. Colemans from Haskell Co. has moved into C. A.'s old house, and will farm part of the place this year. Have not as yet learned his name.

B. R. Hobson moved from W. H. Mays old home place to Rob Kings place just east of Southland.

Mr. Newman, a brother-in-law of W. H. Mays, moved on to the place vacated by Mr. Hobson.

A. M. Green, an uncle of W. D. Knighton, will occupy the old J. P. Counts place this year. No one lived on the Counts place last year but W. H. Robison farmed the land.

Over in the north side of the District, where last summer, Mr. A. B. Robertson of the V ranch put down that big deep well, some one has improved a place with buildings windmill etc.

Mrs. Cora Curry, our school teacher, not finding a convenient place to board, had a shack built on the school grounds and is living at home. She is expecting her daughter, Alma, of Big Springs to stay with her. Jake Leedy and George Parmer, of Tahoka, came out and built it.

Don Hatchett and his good wife expect to leave this week for their new home in New Mexico. Cecil Shaw will follow a little later on.

Now just go a little beyond the limits of Morgan, that is over around Southland there are lots of new places going in. Some of them on the north end of the Post land about a mile or two South of Southland.

H. McGee, of Slaton, has sold quite a number of 160 acre tracts of the Robertson ranch close in about Southland and they are all being improved. There is a petition out to reestablish a Post office at Southland and I understand that there is to be a store put in soon.

Our people have about all completed the cotton picking, but the most of the bandle stuff is still in the field yet.

Wheeler Coleman and his sister, Miss Essie, called on Pearl and Lucy Robison Sunday evening. Miss Essie is one of the contestants in A. E. Howerton's piano contest at Slaton, and I understand is in the lead.

Percy Davies of Southland was visiting in our neighborhood Sunday.

Cecil Shaw was a Slaton visitor Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Murrah of the Lynn community were visitors at Mrs. Beulah Shaw's Monday.

Messers. Gilbert and Nelson of Post, were in our neighborhood Monday trying to contract maize heads at \$15 00 per ton delivered at Wilson any time during February. Don't know what success they had.

Miss Lorene Cullins of Lubbock who has been visiting Miss Etta Shaw, returned to her home Monday.

MARKS.

Two cars of registered Hereford bulls came in from Lynn county stockmen Tuesday. All over the county farmers and ranchman are buying better males and grading up their stock. There has been several registered jacks sold in the county this month. Chickens, hogs, sheep, horses, mules, cows, are all being graded up. And the cheapest most efficient way is to purchase registered males.

THE REFLECTOR

Discussing the value of a newspaper to its community, the Greenville Herald says, in part:

For instance, The Dallas Morning News is known all over the country, and a glimpse at The News is sufficient to guarantee that Dallas must be a large city. The News is in that respect a very valuable asset to Dallas, and it deserves the support it is receiving. But suppose that a paper the size of The News should be confronted with war times and a decided falling off in advertising. That paper would be compelled to cut out the size of the paper until it no longer bore evidence of prosperity. Then the investor of the East who happened to pick it up would inevitably be struck with the idea that things must be going to the bad down in Texas--and he'd forget to come this way with his investments. The big newspapers, and most of the small ones, will continue to run despite the stringency--but they won't reflect the real size of the community they represent unless the merchants keep up the proper amount of advertising.

More than any other mirror, the newspaper reflects the community. If the paper is accepted as the community's representative mouthpiece, what it looks like has more weight with strangers than what it says. If it looks emaciated and unmanicured; if its ribs protrude through its ragged coat and its chin irritates its chest; if the newspaper looks like eighteen-hundred and starve-to-death, those who look upon its miseries will say to themselves that the community from which it hales is probably suffering the pangs of pauperization. Therefore it is profitable to the community to make its mirror reflect prosperity. Appearances count for much. And just as the individual advertiser is benefited by intelligent advertising, so is the whole city benefited by its aggregated advertising. Of course the newspaper, for its part, must live up to its own obligations. It must serve well the city that treats it well. —Dallas Morning News.

STANDING OF CONTESTANTS THOMAS BROS. PIANO CONTEST

Miss Robbie Chisum	109.675
Mrs. J. E. Nicholson	105.060
Miss Edwena Napier	33.850
Miss Fay Morris	5.925
Mrs. J. A. Hutto	5.855

This contest will close March, the 6th.

Herbert Hatchett, of Plainview, passed thru Wednesday evening, enroute for Gains county where his father lives. Herbert will move his family there if he likes the prospects. Herbert has been away from Tahoka several years, and was surprised at the crops grown here this year. Since leaving here he has married and a great big boy now calls him dad.

Mrs. J. D. Donaldson spent last Thursday and Friday with Mrs. S. W. Joplin who lives at the Tahoka Lake ranch.

Any one knowing themselves indebted to Parkhurst Broken \$ Store. Will you please come and settle by Feb. 10th, 1915. This is no dun or threat, nor are we going out of business, but February is the handiest month in the year for us to get over, so if you can aid us it will certainly be appreciated. Wishing one and all a prosperous year, I beg to remain.

Your friend,
D. A. Parkhurst.

FARMERS HEAR LECTURE-- O'DONNELL WANTS BANK

Staff Correspondent.

Prof. Carl Montgomery, of Tahoka and Local Lecturer for the Farmers Co-educational Meetings, was with the O'Donnell people Friday night. He delivered a lecture to a nice audience in spite of the severe cold weather. He clearly showed how the higher institutions of learning of our state will be of help to our farmers if they will only get in touch with them.

The people showed themselves very enthusiastic over the subjects discussed and expressed themselves as a whole that the coming year would find them diversifying on the farm.

This is the first schoolhouse meeting that we have had and which was called by the state to be held all over the state.

Some good results will follow this meeting as the O'Donnell people will discuss all problems sent out by the Department of Extension of the University.

A mass meeting is called for Saturday at 2 p.m. for the purpose of discussing a bank organization. The object is to get as many subscribers as possible to take out stock and enter at once into an organization.

For several days the O'Donnell Gin was unable to run on account of engine trouble but repairs were ordered and have been put in and since the gin has been running regular day and night.

One danger of cigarette smoking was thoroughly demonstrated the first of the week when Burt Brewer lost a bale of seed cotton, by fire.

Bert and a "cotton picker" was coming to the gin and the "cotton picker" to satisfy his craving for the weed, rolled a "pill" and in striking a match, he set the cotton on fire. They drove for some 50 yds when the smell of burning cotton attracted their attention. They immediately began to fight fire but being unable to extinguish the fire they began to try to save the wagon. They were not far from the schoolhouse and some of the pupils raised the fire alarm and the school turned out and succeeded in helping to save the wagon.

W. E. Williams, of near Brownfield was in the News office, Tuesday to have the Lynn County News sent to him. He was here with a load of feed. When asked about the feed crop in Terry he remarked, "I'll bet we passed a hundred wagons on their way to Tahoka with feed, maize, caffir and corn. We inquired as to how many cars he supposed Terry would ship this year, and his answer was, "We won't count it by the car load, but by the train load. We have been hauling two months and have not made a show yet, and most of them are just commencing." He said the average crop was 150 acres and lots of them had planted two and three hundred acres, they themselves having in three hundred acres.

Mr. Allen Rutledge, of Dallas, came in on the Thursday evening train, to make a short visit at the home of his mother-in-law, Mrs. S. S. Ramsey. Mr. Rutledge left Friday morning.

COPIES WANTED

We have lost the following copies from our files and will pay ten cents a piece for them until we have sufficient to fill the gaps. The dates wanted are October 30 and November 27.

Lynn County News.

TREY O' HEARTS

The Lynn County News and The Star Theatre have joined forces to offer the people of Lynn county one of the biggest treats they have had the pleasure of enjoying. At a great expense to both parties they have secured the "Trey O' Hearts" by Lewis Joseph Vance, which will be run in the Lynn County News as a serial story and showed in moving pictures at the Star the following Tuesday. The Trey O' Hearts is a story of wealth, romance, mystery and crime in which Mr. Vance, America's greatest author, combines the three great passions of the human nature in a plot that is at once thrilling and plausible. Mr. Vance is the one author of American fiction that can make probable stories readable.

The first installment of the Trey O' Hearts will appear in next week's paper. Read it and you will be able to understand the play the better. In fact it will be like seeing the all star company which produced it at the Broadway theatres.

This is only one of the good things we have booked for our subscribers this year, keep your eye on the indicator and the date on your paper ahead. For after March 1st every paper behind will be dropped.

WEEK END PARTY

A jolly little party of Tahoka's young folks spent Saturday and Sunday at the Yates and Nobles homesteads, in the west end of county. The party left town Saturday evening on horses and in buggies, in the midst of the heaviest snow storm we have had this year, however the temperature was not very low.

Those in the party were: Messers. John Yates, Ross Ketter, Charley Gray, Mac Noble, and Carl Montgomery and Misses Nona and Grace Turk and Rhoda Lee Ray.

They report a jolly time, as do all who are lucky enough to enjoy the hospitality of either the Yates or Noble homes.

Mrs. W. B. Slaton took the train Wednesday morning for points north.

Miss Eva Coughran is on the sick list this week, suffering from stomach trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Forrester are entertaining a very small and very pretty young lady, who made her arrival January eighth. Bob says she is already big enough to make eyes and soon will be big enough to go with the boys.

Ed. Fertch, of the Wilson Lbr. Co., was a Tahoka visitor Monday and Tuesday.

When a farmer buys a plow he pays the man who mined the metal, the woodman who felled the tree, the manufacturer who assembled the raw material and shaped it into an article of usefulness, the railroad that transported it and the dealer who sold him the goods. He pays the wages of labor and capital employed in the transaction as well as pays for the tools, machinery, buildings, etc., used in the construction of the commodity and the same applies to all articles of use and diet of himself and those engaged in the subsidiary lines of industry.

Let Me Do Your Feed Grinding
I have purchased the Utility Grinding machinery and am now ready to grind your feed or corn meal. Will grind every Tuesday at the Tahoka Blacksmith Shop.
H. C. SMITH, Prop. 50-t

Lynn County News

Published every Friday by
H. C. CRIB & CO. TAHOKA,
J. CRIB, ED. & MGR.

One Year \$1.00—Strictly in Advance
Advertising Rates on Application

Entered as second-class matter, July
10, 1905, at the post office at Tahoka,
T. X., under the Act of Congress of
March 3, 1879.

Bills have been introduced in the thirty-fourth legislature to re-district the State, senatorially and representatively. Both bills will increase the representation in both houses. That's alright the, tax payer foot the bills for this special comedy company, and a few more or less on the pay roll won't matter much.

Many and long have been the denunciations, and few and far between have been the praises of, now Ex-Governor Colquitt. The News had felt some compunction about jumping onto him when he was down, but we cannot let pass without comment his recommendation in his last message that the suspended sentence law be given more leeway; it has a plenty, if one can judge by some of the criminals who cheat justice thru its application by a lenient judge.

Texas Division of the Anti-Slavery League will convene in Waco February 9 and 10. All pastors are especially urged to appoint delegates, or call the church in business session and hold an election. Representation is based on one representative to churches of 100 or less and one representative for each 100, limited to 5.

Strong, well balanced members, who have opinions of their own, and a backbone instead of a wishbone, should be sent. It is the duty of every christian, regardless of denominational differences, to stand shoulder to shoulder and drive the saloon for ever from Texas soil.

"'Tis glorious to die for one's country," has often been spoken and written, but any fool can die for his country; it takes a man and a brave man to live for his country. It takes a man of fiber that heroes are made of to go to the polls and vote for the best for the country when the special interests are raised.

PROFESSIONAL

C. H. CAIN
Lawyer

Office in old First National Bank Building
Tahoka Texas

M. M. HERRING

Lawyer and Abstractor
Office over Postoffice

Tahoka Texas

C. P. GENTRY
Jewelry

All Repair Work Guaranteed
Office in Parkhurst Bldg.

Tahoka Texas

Drs. Hutchinson and Peebler
J. T. HUCHINSON, M. D.
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
O. F. PEEBLER, M. D.
General Medicine and Surgery
Rooms in 1st Nat'l. Bank Bld'g.
LUBBOCK, TEXAS

W. D. Benson Percy Spencer

BENSON & SPENCER
Attorneys-at-Law

Rooms 3, 4 and 5, Lubbock
State Bank Bldg.

LUBBOCK, TEXAS

Complete set abstracts Lubbock, Hookley and Cochran Counties in office.

DR. J. R. SINGLETON
DENTIST

Permanently Located

Tahoka, Texas

ing heaven and earth, and maybe a little hell to influence or coerce him to vote against his country's good. Some men who have not the backbone to stand for the right if qualified, get around taking a stand by omitting the poll tax payment. Pay your poll tax, vote for the right and be a man.

The lower house of the state legislature the other day adopted a resolution heartily endorsing President Wilson's administration. The News is always gratified to hear people endorsing the present administration, for it deserves the endorsement of everybody, especially all democrats, but what is the sense in the legislature fooling away the time of the taxpayers in considering such resolutions. The legislators have enough to do attending to Texas matters without mixing up in national affairs. —Plainview News.

Same here Adams.

One difference between the street car and the water wagon is that it costs money to ride on the street car and the passenger gets paid for riding on the water wagon. —Beaumont Enterprise,

Well, the fellow who doesn't ride the water wagon gets paid too, but in a different way. —Abilene Reporter.

Yes, the fellow who doesn't ride on the w. w. gets full pay and plenty of overtime, for the headaches and remorse seem to never know when to turn loose. —Stanton Reporter.

Well we don't know how about the pay the fellows in Tahoka get who do not ride the water wagon, but if too ardent demonstrators of the enlivening influence of John Barley corn, they serve the overtime in the lockup.

A gentleman by the name of Rodgers, also a representative in the Texas Legislature, has submitted a bill to that body providing for the payment of taxes in semi-annual installments. Why not make provisions to pay them by the month like rent, or by the week like board, Alasame, good idea, dontcherknow. There is nothing sure but death and taxes, so says the wise acres; a man has only one time to die, then one time should suffice in which to pay taxes. If a gentleman has more property than he can raise taxes on at one time, he has too much property.

Chas. Houser, chief push of the Dawson County News, has been on the sick list the last three weeks and explains that to be the cause of the News' recent irregularities. We are glad to note that Chas. is nearly recovered.

The Baptist church and Colonial Theatre of Post City seem to have joined forces in an attempt to drive the devil out of that particular city. Any way the theatre has canceled all the bookings until the revival meeting held under the auspices of the Baptist church shall have been brought to a close, and the services are being held in the theatre.

Wheeler county, in the Panhandle on the Oklae ma line, was the stage of one of the boldest cattle thefts since the old days when the ranger was the only law in West Texas. J. E. Stanley had 90 head driven from his pasture, and no trace has been found of cattle or the thief. \$1000 is offered for recovery and conviction.

Mr. and Mrs. Pearly Gunter returned Monday night from Temple where they went to see the latter's father, S. C. McCauley, in the hospital. They report Mr. McCauley getting along fine Mrs. McCauley is staying with him and they are both now very hopeful for a speedy recovery. His leg was amputated a couple of weeks ago as News readers will remember. —San Saba News.

Mr. McCauley, is an old time Tahoka citizen, father of Mrs. Walter Slaton.

SING A SONG OF DREADNAUGHTS

Four superdreadnaughts,
Sailing o'er the sea,
Along came a submarine—
Then there were three.
Three superdreadnaughts,
Spick and span and new,
One shot from a torpedo—
Then there were two.
Two superdreadnaughts,
Cost ten million bones,
Struck against a floating mine—
Gone to Davy Jones.
Fifty million dollars sunk
In the deep, deep sea,
While the little submarine
Puffs on in her glee.

—From Life.

The associated ad clubs of Texas will endeavor to secure the passage by this legislature of a bill making the printing or publishing of misleading advertising, to sell merchandise, supplies, or what not, a misdemeanor, punishable by fine of not more than \$1000, or imprisonment of not more than 30 days, or both.

**ASK
For Special
RATES
To All State
Conventions.**



J. M. Hughes, Agt.

Blacksmithing

❁ ❁

Flows made any size, wagon and buggy work done

Satisfaction Guaranteed at

❁ ❁

J. Macfarlane's
South of Square

PRICES
For Knife

-Go-Devils-
Made To Order From
\$5 to \$10
Better Order Now Before The
Rush Season

H. C. Smith
Blacksmith.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS AND DEBTORS

The State of Texas)
County of Lynn.)

To those indebted to or holding claims against the estate of G. W. Perryman, deceased,

The undersigned having been duly appointed administrator of the estate of G. W. Perryman, deceased, late of Lynn County, Texas, by J. L. Stokes, Judge of the County Court of said county on the 28th day of October, 1914, during a regular term thereof, hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate to come forward and make settlement, and those having claims against said estate to present them to him at his place of business in Tahoka, Texas, where he receives his mail.

This 4th day of January, A. D. 1915.

H. M. Larkin, Administrator of the Estate of G. W. Perryman, Deceased,
1922.

J. J. DILLARD GETS TWO YEARS

In the case of The State of Texas vs J. J. Dillard, charged with forging a land deed on which he got money, was tried last week in the District Court at Plainview. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and assessed punishment at two years in the penitentiary. Dillard was representative from this district in 1910-11. District Atty. Masheld and Judge Pucket had a personal difficulty over the case. Dillard will appeal and was released on \$1500 bond.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY SCHOOLS

The Extension Department of the University of Texas has made arrangements to hold a limited number of week school in domestic economy in the first several towns that make application for same. The curriculum of these one week schools will embrace lectures, demonstrations and round table discussions on the proper production, handling, purchasing care and preparation of foods. Instructions will also be given in textile and simple garment making.

In the old days the ambition of every cow-punch was to wear a pair of "gal leg" spurs. The women of Longbeach have gone 'em one better-- gal leg canes.

Between the years 1900 and 1910 the population of Texas increased 7.8 percent, while the increase of child labor was 37.1 and that of female labor was 129.1.

In an attempt to get a little more light on the subject the Post City Post had another window put in the south side of their shop.



PUT THIS KIND OF ROOF OVER YOUR HEAD

ASK any business man in town whether he has a COVER OVER HIS HEAD. CERTAINLY he has. He couldn't live at home unless he had. Many these days the AVERAGE MAN is PROTECTING his NEATH the COVERS of a BANK BOOK. Of course you select a RELIABLE INSTITUTION where SERVICE is FIRST.

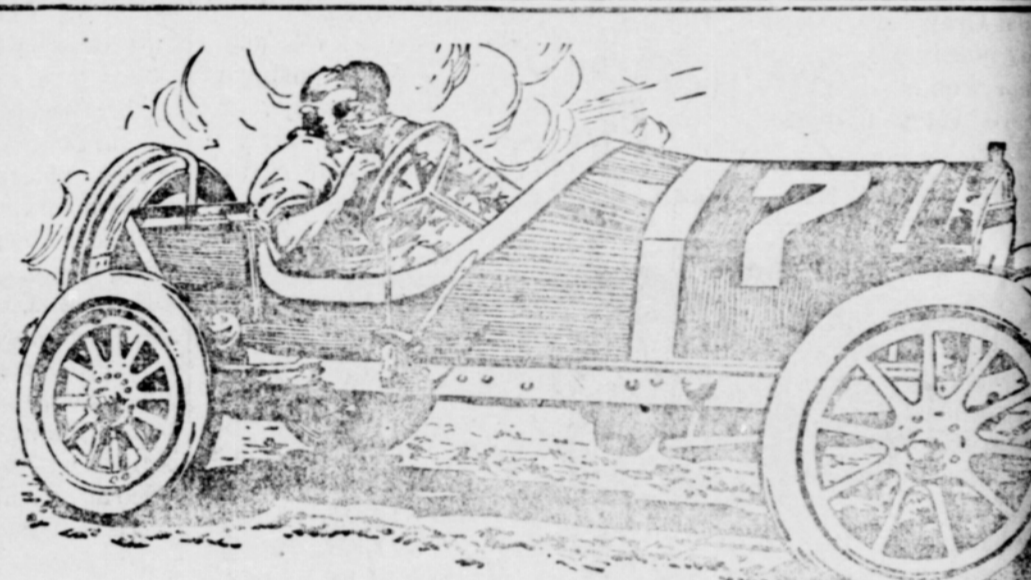
LET US PUT A COVER ON YOUR HEAD

First National Bank
Of Tahoka, Texas

Plainview Nursery

Has the Largest and Best Stock of Home Grown Trees they have ever had, propagated from varieties that have been tested and do the best in this country. We make a specialty of propagating varieties that seldom get killed by late frost. We also have the winning Maize and Soudan Grass Seed. Prices application Agents wanted to sell Nursery Stock Commission.

Plainview, Texas



Winning the Race

Louis Disbrow, who has secured every world's record for automobile racing up to fifty miles on dirt tracks, demands of the products which he uses quality and service capable of withstanding the most severe treatment.

Disbrow says himself that the class of racing he does is particularly hard on the motor, owing to the dust which comes in through the carburetor and gets into the cylinders.

For THREE YEARS Disbrow has used

**TEXACO MOTOR OIL
and
TEXACO GASOLINE**

with the exception of two months when he didn't have them.

In nearly three years he had not ground a valve, taken up a bearing or removed carbon from the motor.

In the two months he was using other oils he did these things twice.

TEXACO MOTOR OIL AND GASOLINE

saved him (in his own words) 20 per cent gasoline and 30 per cent oil.


Here is a product made in Texas by The Texas Company, expressing fully the quality and service which have made the Lone Star Emblem world famous in the oil business.

All Texaco products are made with the same care and give equal service.

Buy the Red-Star-Creen-T Oils.

The Texas Company
General Offices, Houston, Texas

No. 14



The Last Shot

Concluded

"Yes, I saw the accident of his first flight when his hand was injured," she said, and winced with horror. Never had the picture of him as he rose from the wreck appeared so distinct. She could see every detail of his looks; feel his twinges of pain while he smiled. Was the revelation the more vivid because it had once occurred to her since the war began? It shut out the presence of the officers; she no longer heard what they were saying. Black fear was enveloping her. Vaguely she understood that they were looking away at something. She heard the roar of artillery not far distant and following their gaze toward the knoll where Dellarme's men had received their baptism of fire, now under a canopy of shrapnel smoke.

"That's about their last stand in the tangent, their last snarl on our soil," remarked the brigade commander.

"And we're raining shells on it!" said his aide. "With our glasses we'll be able to watch the infantry go in."

"Yes, very well."

"We're all used to how it feels, now we'll see how it looks at a distance," piped one of the soldiers.

Not until he had shouted to them did they notice a division staff officer who had come up from the road. He had a piece of astounding news to report before he mentioned official business.

"What do you think of this?" he cried. "Nothing could stop him! Lanstron—yes, Lanstron has gone into that charge with the African Braves!"

"Why?" Marta heard the officers around her asking after their exclamations of amazement at the news that Lanstron was going in the charge. "Why should the chief of staff risk his life in this fashion?"

Marta knew. All her taunts about sending others to death from his office chair, uttered as the fugitive sarcasm of a mood, recurred in the merciless hammerbeat of recollection. For a moment she was aghast, speechless. Then the officers, occupied with the startling news, heard a voice, wrenched from a dry throat in anguish, saying:

"The telephone! Try to reach him! Tell him he must not!"

"We can hardly say 'must not' to a chief of staff," said the general automatically.

"Tell him I ask him not to! Try to reach him—try—you can try!"

"Yes, yes! Certainly!" exclaimed the general, turning to the telephone operator.

He had seen now what the younger men had seen at a glance. They were recalling Lanstron's relief at seeing her; how he had passed them by to speak to her; the intensity of the two

When It Is To Eat Or Wear--

We have one of the freshest, best selected stocks of Staple and Fancy Groceries,

to be found in Tahoka, and our prices will meet all competitors.

Dry Goods! Well come and see them, and if you want to save money, we will make a deal.

S. N. McDaniel

in their almost wordless meeting. Her bloodless lips, the imploring passion in her eyes, her quivering impatience told the rest.

"Division headquarters!" called the operator. "They're getting brigade headquarters," he added while he waited in silence. "Brigade headquarters says the Braves have no wire. It's too late. The charge is starting."

"So it is!" cried one of the subalterns. "Look! Look!"

Marta looked toward the rising ground this side of the knoll in time to see bayonets flash in the waning afternoon sunlight and disappear as they descended the slope.

"There! They're up on the other slope without stopping!" exclaimed the general. "Quick! Don't you want to see?" He offered his glasses to Marta.

"No, I can see well enough," she murmured, though the landscape was moving before her eyes in giddy waves.

"The madness of it! The whole slope is peppered with the fallen!"

"What a cost! Magnificent, but not war. Carrying their flag in the good old way, right at the front!"

"Heavens! I hope they do it!"

"The flag's down!"

"Another man has it—it's up!"

"Now—now—splendid! They're in!"

"So they are! And the flag, too!"

"Yes, what's left are in!"

"And Lanstron was there—in that!"

"What if—"

"Yes, the chief of staff, the head of the army, in an affair like that!"

"The mind of the army—the mind that was to direct our advance!"

"When all the honors of the world are his!"

Their words were acid-tipped needles knitting back and forth through Marta's brain. Was Lanny one of those black specks that peppered the slope? Was he? Was he?

"Telephone and—see if Lanny is—killed!" she begged.

"I'll go—I'll go out there where he is!" she said incoherently, still looking toward the knoll with glazed eyes. She thought she was walking fast as she started for the garden gate, but really she was going slowly, stumblingly.

"I think you had better stop her if you can," said the general to his aide.

The aide overtook her at the gate.

"We shall know about his excellency before you can find out for yourself," he said; and, young himself, he could put the sympathy of youth with romance into his tone. "You might miss the road, even miss him, when he was without a scratch, and be for hours in ignorance," he explained. "In a few minutes we ought to have word."

Marta sank down weakly on the tongue of a wagon, overturned against the garden wall in the melee of the retreat, and leaned her shoulder on the wheel for support.

"If the women of the Grays waited four weeks," she said with an effort at stoicism, "then I ought to be able to wait a few minutes."

"Depend on me. I'll bring news as soon as there is any," the aide concluded, and, seeing that she wished to be alone, he left her.

For the first time she had real oblivion from the memory of her deceit



Marta Sank Down Weakly.

of Westerling, the oblivion of drear, heart-pulling suspense. All the good

times, the sweetly companionable times, she and Lanny had had together; all his flashes of courtship, his outburst in their last interview in the arbor, when she had told him that if she found that she wanted to come to him she would come in a flame, passed in review under the hard light of her petty ironies and sarcasms, which had the false ring of coquetry to her now, genuine as they had been at the time. Through her varying moods she had really loved him, and the thing that had slumbered in her became the drier fuel for the flame—perhaps too late.

Without him—what then? It seemed that the fatality that had let him escape miraculously from the aeroplane accident, made him chief of staff, and brought him victory, might well choose to ring down the curtain of destiny for him in the charge that drove the last foot of the invader off the soil of the Browns. . . . A voice was calling. . . . She heard it hazily, with a sudden access of giddy fear, before it became a cheerful, clarion cry that seemed to be repeating a message that had already been spoken without her understanding it.

"He's safe, safe, safe, Miss Galland! He was not hit! He is on his way back and ought to be here very soon!"

She heard herself saying "Thank you!" But that was not for some time. The aide was already gone. He had had his thanks in the effect of the news, which made him think that a chief of staff should not receive congratulations for victory alone.

Lanny would return through the garden. She remained leaning against the wagon body, still faint from happiness, waiting for him. She was drawing deeper and longer breaths that were velvety with the glow of sunshine. A flame, the flame that Lanny had desired, of many gentle yet passionate tongues, leaping hither and thither in glad freedom, was in possession of her being. When his figure appeared out of the darkness the flame swept her to her feet and toward him. Though he might reject her he should know that she loved him; this glad thing, after all the shame she had endured, she could confess triumphantly.

But she stopped short under the whip of conscience. Where was her courage? Where her sense of duty? What right had she, who had played such a horrible part, to think of self? There were other sweethearts with lovers alive who might be dead on the morrow if war continued. The flame sank to a live coal in her secret heart. Another passion possessed her as she

Theatre

MONDAY		
No. 1—The Varsity Race	Thanhouser.
No. 2—The Varsity Race	Thanhouser.
No. 3—Lover's Luck	Keystone.
TUESDAY		
No. 1—A Modern Rip Van Winkle	American.
No. 2—A Modern Rip Van Winkle	American.
No. 3—The Harvest Of Regret	Thanhouser.
WEDNESDAY		
No. 1—The Redemption Of A Pal	American.
No. 2—The Redemption Of A Pal	American.
No. 3—Mabel's Prank	Keystone.
THURSDAY		
No. 1—Parsons Larkins Wife	Broncho.
No. 2—Parsons Larkins Wife	Broncho.
No. 3—The Mettle Of A Man	Thanhouser.
FRIDAY		
No. 1—Mutual Weekly	Mutual.
No. 2—His Faith In Humanity	American.
No. 3—The Last Shot	Relative.
SATURDAY—Matinee and Night		
No. 1—Mutual Girl	Relative.
No. 2—Caught In A Pinch	Beauty.
No. 3—Meg Of The Mines	Majestic.

10C—ADMISSION—10C

seized Lanstron's hand in both her

own. "Lanny, listen! Not the sound of a shot—for the first time since the war began! Oh, the blessed silence! It's peace, peace—isn't it to be peace?" As they ascended the steps she was pouring out a flood of broken, feverish sentences which permitted of no interruption. "You kept on fighting today, but you won't tomorrow, will you! It isn't I who plead—it's the women, more women than there are men in the army, who want you to stop now! Can't you hear them? Can't you see them?"

In the fervor of appeal, before she realized his purpose, they were on the veranda and at the door of the dining-room, where the Brown staff was gathered around the table.

"I still rely on you to help me, Marta!" he whispered as he stood to one side for her to enter.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Last Shot.

"Miss Galland!"

Blinking as she came out of the darkness into the bright light, with a lock of her dew-sprinkled dark hair free and brushing her flushed cheek, Marta saw the division chiefs of the Browns, after their start when Lanstron spoke her name, all stand at the salute, looking at her rather than at him. The reality in the flesh of the woman who had been a comrade in service, sacrificing her sensibilities for their cause, appealed to them as a true likeness of their conceptions of her. In their eyes she might read the finest thing that can pass from man's to woman's or from man's to man's. These were the strong men of her people who had driven the burglar from her house with the sword of justice. Their tribute had the steadfast loyalty of soldiers who were craving to do anything in the world that she might ask, whether to go on their knees to her or to kill dragons for her.

"I may come in?" she asked.

"Who if not you is entitled to the privilege of the staff council?" exclaimed the vice-chief.

The others did not propose to let him do all the honors. Each murmured words of welcome on his own account.

"We are here, thanks to you!"

"And, thanks to you, our flag will float over the Gray range!"

She must be tired, was their next thought. Four or five of them hurried to place a chair for her, the vice-chief winning over his rivals, more through the exercise of the rights of rank than by any superior alacrity.

"You are appointed actual chief of staff and a field marshal!" said the vice-chief to Lanstron. "The premier says that every honor the nation can bestow is yours. The capital is mad. The crowds are crying: 'On to the Gray capital!' Tomorrow is to be a public holiday and they are calling it Lanstron Day. The thing was so sudden that the speculators who depressed our securities in the world's markets have got their due—ruin! And we ought to get an indemnity that will pay the cost of the war."

Seated at one side, Marta could watch all that passed, herself unobserved. She noted a touch of color come to Lanstron's cheeks as he made a little shrug of protest.

Then she saw their faces grow busi-

nesslike and keen, as they gathered around the table, with Lanstron at the head. They were oblivious of her presence, immured in a man's world of war.

"Your orders were obeyed. We have not passed a single white seat."

Continued on back page



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The Last Shot

Continued from preceding page

"Yes!" said the vice-chief impatiently. "As the Grays never expected to take the defensive, their fortresses are inferior. Every hour we wait means more time for them to fortify, more time to recover from their demoralization. Our dirigibles having command of the air—we had a wireless from one reporting all clear half-way to the Gray capital—why, we shall know their concentrations while they are ignorant of ours. It's the nation's great opportunity to gain enough provinces to even the balance of population with the Grays. With the unremitting offensive, blow on blow, using the spirit of our men to drive in mass attacks at the right points, the Gray range is ours!"

Marta scanned the faces of the staff for some sign of dissent only to find nothing but the ardor of victory calling for more victory, which reflected the feeling of the couraging crowds in the capital. Though Lanny wished to stop the war, he was only a chip on the crest of a wave. Public opinion, which had made him an idol, would discard him as soon as he ceased to be a hero in the likeness of its desires. She saw him aloof as the others, in preoccupation, bent over the map outlining the plan of attack that they had worked out while awaiting their chief's return from the charge. He was taking a paper from his pocket and looking from one to another of his colleagues studiously; and she was conscious of that determination in his smile which she had first seen when he rose from the wreck of his plane.

"This is from Partow: a message for you and the nation!" he announced, as he spread a few thin, typewritten pages out on the table. "I was under promise never to reveal its contents unless our army drove the Grays back across the frontier. The original is in the staff vaults. I have carried this copy with me."

At the mention in an arresting tone of that name of the dead chief, to which the day's events had given the prestige of one of the heroes of old, there was grave attention.

"I think we have practically agreed that the two individuals who were invaluable to our cause were Partow and Miss Galland," Lanstron remarked tentatively. He waited for a reply. It was apparent that he was laying a foundation before he went any further.

"Certainly!" said the vice-chief. "And you!" put in another officer, which brought a chorus of assent.

"No, not I—only these two!" Lanstron replied. "Or, I, too, if you prefer. It little matters. The thing is that I am under a promise to both, which I shall respect. He organized and labored for the same purpose that she played the spy. When we sent the troops forward in a counter-attack and pursuit to clear our soil of the Grays; when I stopped them at the frontier—both were according to Partow's plan. He had a plan and a dream, this wonderful old man who made us all seem primary pupils in the art of war."

Could it be that terrible Partow, a stroke of whose pencil had made the Galland house an inferno? Marta wondered as Lanstron read his message—the message out of the real heart of the man, throbbing with the power of his great brain. His plan was to hold the Grays to stalemate; to force them to desist after they had battered their battalions to pieces against the Brown fortifications. His dream was the thing that had happened—that an opportunity would come to pursue a broken machine in a bold stroke of the offensive.

"I would want to be a hero of our people for only one aim, to be able to stop our army at the frontier," he had written. "Then they might drive me forth heaped with obloquy, if they chose. I should like to see the Grays demoralized, beaten, ready to sue for peace, the better to prove my point that we should ask only for what is ours and that our strength was only for the purpose of holding what is ours. Then we should lay up no legacy of revenge in their hearts. They could never have cause to attack again. Civilization would have advanced another step."

Lanstron continued to read to the amazed staff, for Partow's message had looked far into the future. Then there was a P. S., written after the war had begun, on the evening of the day that Marta had gone from tea on the veranda with Westerling to the telephone, in the impulse of her new purpose.

"I begin to believe in that dream," he wrote. "I begin to believe that the chance for the offensive will come, so that my colleague, Miss Galland, in the name of peace has turned practical. There is nothing like mixing a little practice in your dreams while the world is still well this side of Utopia, as the head on my old behemoth of a body well knows. She had the right idea with her school. The path so completely expressed my ideas—the result of all my thinking—that I had a twinge of literary jealousy. My boy, if you do reach the frontier, in pursuit of a broken army, and you do not keep faith with my dream and with her ideals, then you will get a lesson that will last you forever at the foot of the Gray range. But I do not think so badly as that of you or of my judgment of men."

"Lanny! Lanny!"
The dignity of a staff council could not restrain Marta. Her emotion must have action. She sprang to his side

and seized his hand, her exultation mixed with penitence over the way she had wronged him and Partow. Their self-contained purpose had been the same as hers and they had worked with a soldier's fortitude, while she had worked with whims and impulses. She bent over him with gratitude and praise and a plea for forgiveness in her eyes, submerging the thing which he sought in them. He flushed boyishly in happy embarrassment, incapable of words for an instant; and silently the staff looked on.

"And I agree with Partow," Lanstron went on, "that we cannot take the range. The Grays still have numbers equal to ours. It is they, now, who will be singing 'God with us!' with their backs against the wall. With Partow's goes my own appeal to the army and the nation; and I shall keep faith with Partow, with Miss Galland, and with my own ideas, if the government orders the army to advance, by resigning as chief of staff—my work finished."

Westerling and his aide and valet, inquiring their way as strangers, found the new staff headquarters of the Grays established in an army building, where Bouchard had been assigned to trivial duties, back of the Gray range. As their former chief entered a room in the disorder of maps and packing-cases, the staff-officers rose from their work to stand at salute like stone images, in respect to a field-marshal's rank. There was no word of greeting but a telling silence before Turcas spoke. His voice had lost its parchment crinkle and become natural. The blue veins on his bulging temples were a little more pronounced, his thin features a little more pinched, but otherwise he was unchanged and he seemed equal to another strain as heavy as the one he had undergone.

"We have a new government, a new premier," he said. "The old premier was killed by a shot from a crowd that he was addressing from the balcony of the palace. After this, the capital became quieter. As we get in touch with the divisions, we find the army in better shape than we had feared it would be. There is a recovery of spirit, owing to our being on our own soil."

"Yes," replied Westerling, drowning in their stares and grasping at a straw. "Only a panic, as I said. It—his voice rising hoarsely and catching in rage."

"We have a new government, a new premier!" Turcas repeated, with firm, methodical politeness. Westerling looking from one fact to another with filmy eyes, lowered them before Bouchard. "There's a room ready for Your Excellency upstairs," Turcas continued. "The orderly will show you the way."

Now Westerling grasped the fact that he was no longer chief of staff. He drew himself up in a desperate attempt at dignity; the staff saluted again, and, uncertainly, he followed the orderly, with the aide and valet still in loyal attendance.

Two figures were in the doorway: a heavy-set market woman with a fringe of down on her lip and a cadaverous, tidily dressed old man, who might have been a superannuated schoolmaster, with a bronze cross won in the war of forty years ago on his breast and his eyes burning with the youthful fire of Grandfather Fragin's.

"They got the premier in the capital. We've come for Westerling! We want to know what he did with our sons! We want to know why he was beaten!" cried the market woman.

"Yes," said the veteran. "We want him to explain his lies. Why did he keep the truth from us? We were ready to fight, but not to be treated like babies. This is the twentieth century!"

"We want Westerling! Tell Westerling to come out!" rose impatient shouts behind the two figures in the doorway.

"You are sure that he has one?" whispered Turcas to Westerling's aide. "Yes," was the choking answer—"yes, it is better than that"—with a glance toward the mob. "I left my own on the table."

"We can't save him! We shall have to let them—"

Turcas's voice was drowned by a great roar of cries, with no word except "Westerling! distinguishable, that pierced every crack of the house. A wave of movement starting from the rear drove the veteran and the market woman and a dozen others through the doorway toward the stairs. Then the sound of a shot was heard overhead.

"The man you seek is dead!" said Turcas, stepping in front of the crowd, his features unrelenting in authority. "Now, go back to your work and leave us to ours."

"I understand, sir," said the veteran. "We've no argument with you."

"Yes!" agreed the market woman. "But if you ever leave this range alive we shall have one. So, you stay!"

Looking at the bronze cross on the veteran's faded coat, the staff saluted; for the cross, though it were hung on rags, wherever it went was entitled by custom to the salute of officers and "present arms" by sentries.

After Lanstron's announcement to the Brown staff of his decision not to cross the frontier, there was a restless movement in the chairs around the table, and the grimaces on most of the faces were those with which a practical man regards a Utopian proposal. The vice-chief was drumming on the table edge and looking steadily at a point in front of his fingers. If Lanstron resigned he became chief.

"Partow might have this dream before he won, but would he now?"

asked the vice-chief. "No. go on!"

"Yes," said another officer. "The world will ridicule the suggestion; our people will overwhelm us with their anger. The Grays will take it for a sign of weakness."

"Not if we put the situation rightly to them," answered Lanstron. "Not if we go to them as brave adversary to brave adversary, in a fair spirit."

"We can—we shall take the range!" the vice-chief went on in a burst of rigid conviction when he saw that opinion was with him. "Nothing can stop this army now!" He struck the table edge with his fist, his shoulders stiffening.

"Please—please, don't!" implored Marta softly. "It sounds so like Westerling!"

The vice-chief started as if he had received a sharp pin-prick. His shoulders unconsciously relaxed. He began a fresh study of a certain point on the table top. Lanstron, looking first at one and then at another, spoke again, his words as measured as they ever had been in military discussion and eloquence. He began outlining his own message which would go with Partow's to the premier, to the nation, to every regiment of the Browns, to the Grays, to the world. He set forth why the Browns, after tasting the courage of the Grays, should realize that they could not take their range. Partow had not taught him to put himself in other men's places in vain. The boy who had kept up his friendship with engine drivers after he was an officer knew how to sink the plummet into human emotions. He reminded the Brown soldiers that there had been a providential answer to the call of "God with us!" he reminded the people of the lives that would be lost to no end but to engender hatred; he begged the army and the people not to break faith with that principle of "Not for theirs, but for ours," which had been their strength.

"I should like you all to sign it—to make it simply the old form of the staff has the honor to report," he said finally.

There was a hush as he finished—the hush of a deep impression when one man waits for another to speak. All were looking at him except the vice-chief, who was still staring at the table as if he had heard nothing. Yet every word was etched on his mind. The man whose name was the symbol of victory to the soldiers, who would be more than ever a hero as the news of his charge with the African Braves traveled along the lines, would go on record to his soldiers as saying that they could not take the Gray range. This was a handicap that the vice-chief did not care to accept; and he knew how to turn a phrase as well as to make a soldierly decision. He looked up smilingly to Marta.

"I have decided that I had rather not be a Westerling, Miss Galland," he said. "We'll make it unanimous. And you," he burst out to Lanstron—"you legatee of old Partow; I've always said that he was the biggest man of our time. He has proved it by catching the spirit of our time and incarnating it."

Vaguely, in the whirl of her joy, Marta heard the chorus of assent as the officers sprang to their feet in the elation of being at one with their chief again. Lanstron caught her arm, fearing that she was going to fall, but a burning question rose in her mind to steady her.

"Then my shame—my sending men to slaughter—my sacrifice was not in vain!" she exclaimed.

The sea of people packed in the great square of the Brown capital made a roar like the thunder of waves against a breakwater at sight of a white spot on a background of gray stone, which was the head of an eminent statesman.

"It looks as if our government would last the week out," the premier chuckled as he turned to his colleagues at the cabinet table.

As yet only the brief bulletins whose publication in the newspapers had aroused the public to a frenzy had been received. The cabinet, as eager for details as the press, had remained up, awaiting a fuller official account.

"We have a long communication in preparation," the staff had telegraphed. "Meanwhile, the following is submitted."

"Good heavens! It's not from the army! It's from the grave!" exclaimed the premier as he read the first paragraphs of Partow's message. "Of all the concealed dynamite ever!" he gasped as he grasped the full meaning of the document, that piece of news, as staggering as the victory itself, that had lain in the staff vaults for years. "Well, we needn't give it out to the press; at least, not until after mature consideration," he declared when they had reached the end of Partow's appeal. "Now we'll hear what the staff has to say for itself after gratifying the wish of a dead man," he added as a messenger gave him another sheet.

"The staff, in loyalty to its dead

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leader who made victory possible, and in loyalty to the principles of defense for which the army fought, begs to say to the nation—

It was four o'clock in the morning when this dispatch concluded with "We heartily agree with the foregoing," and the cabinet read the names of all the general staff and the corps and division commanders. Coursing crowds in the streets were still shouting hoarsely and sometimes drunkenly: "On to the Gray capital! Nothing can stop us now!" The premier tried to imagine what a sea of faces in the great square would look like in a rage. He was between the people in a passion for retribution and a headless army that was supposed to charge across the frontier at dawn.

"The thing is sheer madness!" he cried. "It's insubordination! I'll have it suppressed! The army must go on to gratify public demand. I'll show the staff that they are not in the saddle. They'll obey orders!"

He tried to get Lanstron on the long distance. "Sorry, but the chief has retired," answered the officer on duty sleepily. "In fact, all the rest of the staff have, with orders that they are not to be disturbed before ten."

"Tell them that the premier, the head of the government, their commander, is speaking!"

"Yes, sir. The orders not to disturb them are quite positive, and as a junior I could not do so except by their orders as superiors. The chief, before retiring, however, repeated to me, in case any inquiry came from you, sir, that there was nothing he could add to the staff's message to the nation and the army. It is to be given to the soldiers the first thing in the morning, and he will let you know how they regard it."

"Confound these machine minds that spring their surprises as fully executed plans!" exclaimed the premier.

"It's true—Partow and the staff have covered everything—met every argument. There is nothing more for them to say," said the foreign minister. "But what about the indemnity?" demanded the finance minister. He was thinking of victory in the form of piles of gold in the treasury.

This question, too, was answered. "War has never brought prosperity," Partow had written. "Its purpose is to destroy, and destruction can never be construction. The conclusion of a war has often assured a period of peace; and peace gave the impetus of prosperity attributed to war. A man is strong in what he achieves, not through the gifts he receives or the goods he steals. Indemnity will not raise another blade of wheat in our land. To take it from a beaten man will foster in him the desire to beat his adversary in turn and recover the amount and more. Then we shall have the apprehension of war always in the air, and soon another war and more destruction. Remove the danger of a European cataclysm, and any sum extorted from the Grays becomes paltry beside the wealth that peace will create. An indemnity makes the purpose of the courage of the Grays in their assaults and of the Browns in their resistance that of the burglar and the looter. There is no money value to a human life when it is your own; and our soldiers gave their lives. Do not cheapen their service."

"Considering the part that we played at The Hague," observed the foreign minister, "it would be rather inconsistent for us not to—"

"There is only one thing to do. Lanstron has got us!" replied the premier. "We must jump in at the head of the procession and receive the mud or the bouquets, as it happens."

With Partow's and the staff's appeals went an equally earnest one from the premier and his cabinet. Naturally, the noisy element of the cities was the first to find words. It shouted in rising anger that Lanstron had betrayed the nation. Army officers whom Partow had retired for leisurely habits said that he and Lanstron had struck at their own calling. But the average man and woman, in a daze from the shock of the appeals after a night's celebration, were reading and wondering and asking their neighbors' opinions. If not in Partow's then in the staff's message they found the mirror that set their own ethical professions staring at them.

Before they had made up their minds the correspondents at the front had set the wires singing to the evening editions; for Lanstron had directed that they be given the run of the army's lines at daybreak. They told of soldiers awakening after the debauch of yesterday's fighting, normal and rested, glowing with the security of possession of the frontier and responding to their leaders' sentiment; of officers of the type favored by Partow who would bring the industry that commands respect to any calling, taking Lanstron's views as worthy of their profession; of that irrepressible poet laureate of the soldiers, Captain Stransky, I. C. (Iron Cross), breaking forth in a new song to an old tune, expressing his brotherhood ideas in a "We have ours—let them keep theirs" chorus that was spreading from regiment to regiment.

This left the retired officers to grumble in their corners that war was no longer a gentleman's vocation, and silenced the protests of their natural ally in the business of making war.

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CITATION BY PUBLICATION

THE STAGE OF TEXAS; To the Sheriff, or any Constable of Lynn County, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon George Leonhart Sr., if he be now living, but if he is not now living, then the unknown heirs of the said George Leonhart Sr., deceased, whose names are unknown, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Lynn County, Texas, to be held at the courthouse thereof, in the town of Tahoka, on the first Monday in March, A. D. 1915, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 6th

the noisy element, which promptly adapted itself to a new fashion in the relation of nations. Again the great square was packed and again a wave-like roar of cheers greeted the white speck of an eminent statesman's head. All the ideas that had been fomenting in the minds of a people for a generation became a living force of action to break through the precedents born of provincial passion with a new precedent; for the power of public opinion can be as swift in its revolutions as decisive victories at arms. The world at large, after rubbing its forehead and readjusting its eye-glasses and clearing its throat, exclaimed:

"Why not! Isn't that what we have all been thinking and desiring? Only nobody knew how or where to begin."

The premier of the Browns found himself talking over the long distance to the premier of the Grays in as neighborly a fashion as if they had adjoining estates and were arranging a matter of community interest.

"You have been so fine in waiving an indemnity," said the premier of the Grays, "that Turcas suggests we pay for all the damage done to property on your side by our invasion. I'm sure our people will rise to the suggestion. Their mood has overwhelmed every preconceived notion of mine. In place of the old suspicion that a Brown could do nothing except with a selfish motive is the desire to be as fair as the Browns. And the practical way the people look at it makes me think that it will be enduring."

"I think so, for the same reason," responded the premier of the Browns. "They say it is good business. It means prosperity and progress for both countries."

"After all, a soldier comes out the hero of the great peace movement," concluded the premier of the Grays. "A soldier took the tricks with our own cards. Old Partow was the greatest statesman of us all."

"No doubt of that!" agreed the premier of the Browns. "It's a sentiment to which every premier of ours who ever tried to down him would have readily subscribed."

The every-day statesman smiles when he sees the people smile and grows angry when they grow angry. Now and then appears an inscrutable genius who finds out what is brewing in their brains and brings it to a head. He is the epoch maker. Such an one was that little Corsican, who gave a stagnant pool the storm it needed, until he became overfed and mistook his ambition for a continuation of his youthful preulence.

Marta had yet to bear the shock of Westerling's death. After learning the manner of it she went to her room, where she spent a haunted, sleepless night. The morning found her still tortured by her visualization of the picture of him, irresolute as the mob pressed around the Gray headquarters.

"It is as if I had murdered him!" she said. "I let him make love to me—I let my hand remain in his once—but that was all, Lanny. I—I couldn't have borne any more. Yet that was enough—enough!"

"But we know now, Marta," Lanstron pleaded, "that the premier of the Grays held Westerling to a compact that he should not return alive if he lost. He could not have won, even though you had not helped us against him. He would only have lost more lives and brought still greater indignation on his head. His fate was inevitable—and he was a soldier."

But his reasoning only racked her with a shudder.

"If he had only died fighting!" Marta replied. "He died like a rat in a trap and I—I set the trap!"

"No, destiny set it!" put in Mrs. Galland.

Lanstron dropped down beside Marta's chair. "Yes, destiny set it," he said, imploringly. "Just as it set your part for you. And, Marta," Mrs. Galland went on gently, with what Marta had once called the wisdom of mothers, "Lanny lives and lives for you. Your destiny is life and to make the most of life, as you always have. Isn't it, Marta?"

"Yes," she breathed after a pause, in conviction, as she pressed her mother's hands. "Yes, you have a gift of making things simple and clear."

Then she looked up to Lanstron and the flame in her eyes, whose leaping, spontaneous passion he already knew, held something of the eternal, as her arms crept around his neck.

"You are life, Lanny! You are the destiny of today and tomorrow!"

(THE END.)

day of January 1915, numberd, 250 wherein is plaintiff and the heirs of George Leonhart Sr., and the defendants, the cause being alleged as follows:

Plaintiff alleges that in Lynn County, Texas, that the place of residence and all of the defendants known to him, and the 31st day of December

he, plaintiff, was lawfully and possessed of the land and premises, in Lynn County, Texas, claiming the same in

to-wit; All of the South fourth of Survey 107 34. Georgetown R. R. Co. to George Leonhart Sr., 21, 1879, claiming the same simple by those under claims from the State and that he has had continuous and adverse possession of said land under title

of title) from and under of Texas, for more years before the commencement of this suit; and that he peaceable, continuous possession of said land, using and enjoying the paying taxes due therefor period of more than five fore the commencement suit; and that he claiming good and perfect right said land, has had and land peaceably and adverse possession of the sitivating, using and enjoying a period of more than

next before the filing of It is further alleged that day and year last aforesaid ants unlawfully entered above described premises plaintiff therefrom, lawfully withholds from possession thereof, to be \$2000.00.

It is further alleged plaintiff is claiming the scribed land by virtue of chain of transfers from of Texas, down to and this plaintiff, properly in the Deed records of Lynn Texas.

Plaintiff further alleges defendants to this suit as title to the land herein scribed and that said cloud on plaintiff's title land.

Wherefore, premises of plaintiff prays that all ants be cited to appear herein, in the terms of and that on final hearing judgement against all the ants for the title and part the land herein sued for, a writ of restitution, costs of suit, and removal from plaintiff's title to and decreeing the title premises to be in plaintiff, praying for all other relief and general, in law and equity to which he may be entitled.

The Petition being as follows: "This action is well to try title as for You are further commanded serve this citation by the same once in each eight successive weeks of the return day hereof, a paper published in your but if no newspaper is in said county, then in any county where a newspaper is published.

Herein fail not, before said court, on the day of the next term of writ, with your return showing how you have the same.

Witness P. H. Clerk of the District Court.

Given under my hand seal of said court, in the Tahoka, this 6th day of January A. D. 1915.

P. H. Northcross, District Court of Lynn Texas, by McMill Clay

Issued this 6th day of January A. D. 1915.

Seal of P. H. Northcross, District Court of Lynn County, Texas, by Northcross, Deputy.