

LYNN COUNTY NEWS

Volume XIII

Tahoka, Lynn County, Texas, Friday, November 17, 1916

Number 12

Freight Movements Since January 1st.

From reliable sources of information we have secured the following figures on the freight movements in and out of Tahoka since the first of January this year:

Fifty-four cars of corn, three cars of wheat, 115 cars of maize and kaffir, forty cars of cotton, seventy-four cars of seed and 227 cars of live stock have been exported. Fifty-five immigrant and twelve emigrant cars have been received at this station.

Dept agent Heare tells us his office did a \$25,000 business last month.

Mr. D. A. Parkhurst are in Dallas this week buying Christmas goods for the Barnes Drug Store.

Draw School District is completing a new two room school building built on the approved government plan. The school term will open there Monday morning. Prof. Madison Yates will have charge with Miss Pearl Jones as assistant.

Mrs. C. L. Canter of Martha Okla. came in Friday of last week to visit her brother A. D. Shook and her sister Mrs. W. S. Swan. Leaving for Plainview to visit B. L. Shook another brother Wednesday of this week and from there to Woodward Okla. for a couple of days. She will be accompanied home by her mother Mrs. Margaret Shook.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Clayton and daughter of Bryson Texas, are here this week visiting Mr. Clayton's brother G. M. Clayton.

Mrs. O. P. Rutledge of Floydada came in last Friday and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Ramsey.

L. G. DePriest Nearly Looses Hand

Late Wednesday afternoon, a telephone message summoned Dr J. H. McCoy to attend L. G. DePriest of the New Home community who has suffered a serious and painful injury to his left hand.

Mr. DePriest was feeding a silage cutter, and was rushing to get thru by dark. He pushed his left hand too far into the machine, and one of the long blades caught the hand just above the base of the fingers, severing the leaders and bones and leaving the hand hanging by the skin in the palm of the hand.

Dr. McCoy set the bones and tied the leaders, after which he sewed the skin of the hand back together. He left Mr. DePriest restidg easy, and informs us that after four days have elapsed, he will be able to tell whether the hand will grow back.

During the Wilson celebration the other night J. E. Ketrer happened to the misfortune to be struck on the foot with a ball from a Roman Candle, resulting in a painful burn on his right foot

Notice

I will be in Tahoka until at least Jan. 1st. You now have the opportunity of getting well at home.

Call and let us explain our method of work.

J. E. Busby, Masseur. Rooms over Guaranty State Bank Tahoka, Texas. 12-4t

Miss Brown and Mrs. McMullan will give a recital at the Methodist church Thursday Nov. 23.

Crie and Ramsey writes all kind of deeds, Examine Abstracts and do all kinds of conveyancing.

Ship Solid Train Load of Cotton.

There is an old saying, the truth of which has never been doubted, "that figures will not lie. Others assert, with much vehemence that their respective towns are leading cotton markets but few produce figures to substantiate the assertions.

Cotton sold on the streets of Thursday of this week at 16.95. Pyetty good isn't it? And that price was not paid for a few, but for many.

Paul Miller, buyer for the Ketrer Cotton Account, called on the News Thursday and informed us that he had sold \$60,000 worth of cotton to Denton Bell & Co., of Cleburne, which will be loaded out Friday or Saturday in a solid train load of twenty cars. This is the largest single shipment of cotton that has ever been made from Tahoka, and as far as we have been able to learn the largest from the South Plains

Up to Thursday afternoon the Fuller Gin Co. had ginned 1062 bales, and the West Texas had turned out 461 a total for Tahoka of 1523. The government report from the Dept. of Commerce shows 1496 up to November 1st 1916 as compared with 1712 to the same period 1915.

Ginners predict cotton to settle on 20 cents and are of the opinion that seed is due to fall off in the next few days. It is now priced at \$50. The crop is estimated at at less than 3000 bales.

A Model School District

Excerpts from an account in the Southwest Plainsman by Mildred J. Chenney of a visit to New Mexico school entour with Mrs W. J. Warner, of Claude who addressed the schools visited. Mrs Warner was returning from the Dry Farming Congress.

"We have long been of the opinion that there were a lot of good things in New Mexico of which few people know and since our recent trip to Elpaso, we are more than ever convinced of that fact. While we had not conceived of that state as inhabited entirely by Indians, Mexicans and "three card monte" men, centepedes and rattle snakes, we had nevertheless, failed to accord her any very prominent place in the matter of educational advancement. New Mexico is "doing things" along that line and we hereby declare that Texas had better look out or she will be outstripped by her western neighbor."

Leaving El Paso by trolly, we were met by Mr. Garrett and his Ford at the smelter and made a quik drive to Canutillo.

"Here we found Mrs. Garrett in charge of a four-room school enrolling 100 pupils. The school had been started but a year previous in a small one-roomed building but had grown to such proportions that additional space was necessary. Another building was fitted up and work was begun on a modern cement school building which will soon be completed. Nearly all of the children were Mexicans but they had made splendid advancement in learning English and said lessons and sang songs with evident enjoyment at having company.

"This, however, was not our destination and we resumed our journey after a brief visit. Three miles further on, we came to the Gasden schools. At this place were two fine cement school buildings, modern and sanitary.

Both are built on two sides of a right angle with the entrance in the center. They are well equipped and one is used for the



Listen Everybody!

We have installed our own Delivery and will get out your orders to any part of town promptly and free of charge. We offer you prompt service and the most complete stock in town to select from.

Knight & Brashear



You Needn't Hesitate

to tell us your plans. We'll gladly tell you just how much and what kind of lumber you need.

We are here to please you and if you have not had much lumber experience then this is the yard to come to. All orders promptly attended to

Tahoka Lumber Company

New Methodist Pastors

Rev. C. H. Ledger returned Tuesday from Annual Conference of the Methodist church held at Stamford. The appointments of the Big Springs district are as follows: Presiding Elder W. E. Lyonn; Andrews, H. L. Hughes Big Springs, G. W. Shearer; Big Springs Mission, Daniel Rees; Brownfield J. M. Fryar; Coahoma J. W. Fulton; Gail S. B. Cox Lamesa, A. E. Arnfield; Lamesa Mission, W. T. Gray supply; O'Donnell, W. C. Hart, supply; Plains Mission, A. J. Brown; Seminole, J. W. Cole, J. B. McReynolds supernumerary; Slaton T. C. Willett; Stanton, M. L. Moody; Tahoko, R. F. Dunn; Wilson Mission, J. P. Callaway.

of not less than \$75. The beginners get that amount and it speaks well for the superior quality of teachers employed. Other teachers get \$80 and \$85 and the principles from \$100 to \$125.

"Another ride of three miles brought us to La Vista, the school farthest north in the district. The school building was constructed after the same plan as the Gadsden buildings and the janitor, who lives on the grund was just finishing his sweeping

"The two fther schools in the district, La Union and Anapra, we did not have time to see but we were told that they were rectangular buildings instead of being built on the two sides of a right angle. One employs five teacher and the other three. All of them are under the oupervis-

ion of Mr. Garrett, who is a district instead of county superintendent, which enables him to devote much more time to the work. He also teaches in the High School and it is he that has evolved the plan which is being carried out so successfully."

Everybody concedes that the Plains country needs more trees, but many have been slow about planting them because, they say they wont grow here. This heresy evidence has been proven false time and again but is still used as an excuse by those looking for one.

When Mark Twain was editor of a weekly newspaper one of his subscribers wrote him that he had found a spider in his paper when it reached him and inquired whether it was a sign of good luck. The noted humorist replied that the spider was simply looking over the paper to see which merchants were not advertising so he could visit them, spin a web across their door and live contentedly ever afterward.

The freezing mist that fell Sunday night delayed the morning local from Lamesa North. It didn't arrive in Tahoka until 11:30. The engine labored along with every symptom of the grip, and made slow progress over the ice-clad rails until it was dragged to a standstill on the bridge in the Slover pasture about a mile south of Tahoka. The engine pulled in to town with about half the train and then returned for the other half.

The Strongest Fence



against disaster is an insurance policy. Don't procrastinate! While you are hesitating over the cost of fire insurance for your home, store or factory it may be totally destroyed with its contents. Then what have you got to show for your life's work?

See us right away about a policy---we will advise you what is best.

John C. Woodall & Co.

Thomas Bldg. Tahoka, Texas

BOLLIES!

We have prepared to gin your boll cotton. We have a boll breaker equal to the best. We guarantee the best of service.

Give us a trial.

Fuller Gin Co. W. T. Raybon.

Notice Stockmen & Farmers

Cake for Prime Cotton Seed
e will trade One Ton and a Half of Cold Pressed Cake for a ton of prime cotton seed, or 2400 lbs Straight Cake for a ton of cotton seed

West Texas Gin Co.

(Successors to Edwards Bros.)

J. K. Campbell, Mgr.

Tahoka, Texas

Willard

We Know Everything—



about storage batteries and their care. That's why we can save you dollars by the right kind of advice.

Chevrolet Garage

South Side Square, Tahoka, Texas

Gasoline, Lubricating Oils, Cup Grease

Auto Parts—Accessories. General repair work by skilled mechanics. Every job guaranteed.

Free inspection of any battery at any time

Wilson Mercantile Co.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers In

General Merchandise

Including Hardware, Implements, Harness and Leather Goods

Largest Stock on the South Plains

No Matter How Far You Live You Can Save Money Buying From Us. Nothing Misrepresented.

Wilson, on Santa Fe, Lynn Co. Texas.

The Grip of Evil & Louis Tracy

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," "The Terms of Surrender," "Number 17," etc.

Novelized from the Series of Photoplays of the Same Name Released by Pathé.

John Burton, a writer in a steel mill, suddenly inherits an English title and \$100,000. He decides he will spend his life in romance, in an attempt to solve the question "Is Happiness in the Grip of Evil?" Each episode of this serial forms a distinct story in itself depicting his experiences in his search for the truth.

SECOND EPISODE

The Under-World.

The Waking.

The tenth moment of Custerton found the transition from the grime and squalor of a fifth-rate American boarding house to the ordered magnificence and trim beauty of an English aristocrat's surroundings a good deal more trying than he expected. Grizzled good health and a true zest in life, it is questionable whether poverty is not a happier state than riches for the average man or woman. At any rate, once the legal formalities connected with the succession to the title were gotten over, the newly fettered marquis found himself bored to wretchedness by the ostentatious life in which he was compelled to live.

The new peer had hardly settled down into a strange but increasingly pleasant environment before the call of the blood made itself felt, and he returned to the United States.

It must be remembered that he could not ignore either the message given by the revivalist preacher, Stanton, or the serious purpose which life seemed to have brought hand in hand with great wealth and high social position. He thought, therefore, he could deal with certain problems more effectively in the land of his birth than in a country whose people and ways were so very distinctly foreign. In returning to America, he decided to drop his title, and thus avoid the snobbish which besets the path of a marquis

even in a land of democracy. Hence, it was as plain John Burton that he re-emerged New York.

He did not go back to Plainfield. Such a course, as John himself put it tersely, would be simply looking for trouble, but he rented a beautiful house in a town of greater size and more varied social conditions—New York, in other words—and there de-



Burton Wakes a Private Secretary of the Captured Burglar.

thoroughly set himself to read, improve his manners and study eugenic problems.

Oddly enough, he fancied he would gain a good deal in department if he took dancing lessons. Without asking anyone's advice, he went to the first dancing academy whose sign caught his eye. Therein fortune played him a soury trick because in all that great city he could hardly have fallen into worse hands than those of Professor Moretti, a tall, swarthy, slenderly built Italian, who blended a certain expertness in his art with a crafty and designing nature that sought victims among his wealthier pupils.

One night John had been to a theater, and had seen some new play which presented a psychological problem from an unfamiliar angle. On returning home, feeling restless, he decided to smoke and think out a perplexing situation on the lines suggested by the dramatist. He entered the library, a favorite room wherein he would always secure a certain measure of privacy.

It was his habit, when deeply moved, to pace back and forth in front of a vacant fireplace. But the floor was really carpeted, and his movements were so silent that when a slight rasping sound came from the dining room—which was on the same level, but across the entrance hall—he became aware of it instantly.

At first he gave the matter little heed. The midnight noises of a still house are curious and often inexplicable. The wind, a mouse, the snapping of a fiber of dry furniture, the crumbling of mortar behind a wainscot—these and many other quite normal agencies will attract the wakeful ear. John, however, could not remain under a delusion when he distinctly heard a window raised stealthily. He swiftly switched off the light in the library, opened the door as noiselessly as possible, and crept on tiptoe across the parquet flooring of the hall.

The dining-room door stood ajar. A flood of moonlight rendered the interior sufficiently visible for objects to be distinguished with clearness. John caught a side-long view of a man furiously examining the silver on the sideboard.

It was easy to calculate the distance for an effective spring. Before the would-be thief well knew what was happening, the outraged owner of the house had him pinned to the floor. Incidentally, the marauder had received such a blow on the jaw that he was knocked into momentary insensibility. Thereupon John picked him up, running his hands lightly over the man's clothes to make sure he was not carrying a revolver. Then he carried the burglar into the library, put him in a chair near the table and switched on the light. Without further ado, he went to the telephone and called for the police station.

"Burr," said the exchange operator, "but I'll call you just as soon as they are through."

"All right," said John, turning his attention to the captive, who showed signs of reviving.

On the table stood a plate of daintily made sandwiches and a glass of milk.

The burglar's face invited scrutiny. His general expression spoke of intellectuality and gentleness. The chin was weak, the forehead lofty, the nose straight and well-formed, the mouth flexible and tender as a woman's. Otherwise, the man was an unsexed object.

When the man recovered his wits, a singular thing happened. His eyes seemed to be fascinated by the sight of the food. With a sublime indifference to all other considerations, he stretched out trembling fingers, grabbed a sandwich and ate it voraciously. John let him do it, and watched him. Then he swallowed some of the milk, and seized another sandwich. At that moment the telephone bell rang. The metallic jangle startled the thief into full consciousness. He stood up at John with a dawning look of terror that was pitiful in its abasement. Evidently he understood what the ring of that bell meant.

But he did not stop eating. On the contrary, he was only more eager to devour the rest of the food on the plate. John watched him with increasing amusement. The bell rang again. He picked up the receiver, but put it back on its hook; then he moved closer to his prisoner.

"That's a poor sort of thief," he said. (By this time the man had emptied the plate.) "What you seem to want is a restaurant. Were you hungry? Was that wire you were trying to send?"

"Top."

"You'd better finish the rest of the milk," said John.

The man gazed up with a flicker of astonishment on his eyes. However, he took the milk, and set down the emptied glass.

"Now, I'm ready," he muttered. "Guess you better bring along those cops. You're a white man, and I'm glad I didn't get clear with any of your stuff. But they'll put me away for five years, just the same. A poor devil like me hasn't a dog's chance."

John drew up a chair and sat down. "Tell me," he said.

"You're not going to play the missionary act, I hope? I'm through with it. There was a minister in my last prison, and he seemed to reel of a straight spiel. But it didn't pay out worth a cent when I tested it in actual fact. So, back I go to the penitentiary, and that's all there is to it."

The man's words sounded hard and defiant, but they held an undertone of sadness and despair.

"That's for me to decide," said John firmly. "There's no fearful hurry about it, anyhow. You're not a real expert at this game, you know. See what you can do with an honest story. But eliminate the limelight and slow music. It won't go. First, what's your name?"

"Gentleman Joe. It's a nickname, and not a very good one at that, but it's the only one I've known for seven years."

"The back eight, then."



Burton Defeats the "Bagger Game" of Moretti and Gertrude.

"Well, if you must have it, when I graduated from Yale and entered the First National bank in my home town, I was known to quite a crowd of people as Joseph Lawrence Drake. I was engaged to be married, too, to as nice a girl as ever lived. Now, look at me. A nice mess I've made of it, haven't I?"

"So it would seem," said John dryly.

"Well, what's the use? Go ahead, get busy with the phone."

"You make me tired," said John. "Take a bank and a pretty girl! That's a good start for a play."

"It's God's truth, anyhow," protested Drake bitterly. "You won't believe it, perhaps, but my first break came about through Gertrude's mother. She was suffering from tuberculosis, but could be cured if given proper attention. The family was not well fixed financially, so I helped a bit—not much, but enough to reduce the size of my wad. I tried to even things up in a poker game. It all occurred in one night. I deliberately joined a fast set, drunk heavily that evening, played a crazy game, lost all the time, and gave an I. O. U."

"The brute who took it came to the bank next day and showed it to me by window. I asked for time, but he raised his voice and said if I didn't come across there would be trouble. I lost my nerve—I never was a caution proposition, anyhow—and promised to meet him that evening with the bills. When an opportunity offered, I took the money from the drawer. Then began the easy slide. Emancipated false balances wild plunging to get out of the mess, and an examination of my books by a bank inspector. Almost before I knew where I was, I heard a judge giving me two years and during those two years in jail I never forgot Gertrude's shriek through the courthouse when she heard my sentence. Sir, I've been all in ever since."

"How about the next five years?" inquired Burton.

"What do you think?" said Drake bitterly. "Prison doesn't reform a man. It taught me to be a sure-enough criminal. A cell mate put me up to a few wrinkles."

"I've been out now a month. I tried to get a job in an office. The boss wouldn't even listen when I told him something of my record. I made a break at a laborer's stand, but the foreman looked at my hands and saw they were soft. So he turned me down. I couldn't even sit in the park that a cop didn't come along and tell me to get a move on."

"What about Gertrude?"

Drake started, and his worn face lighted with a sort of dignity.

"Guess I've done my worst against her already," he said. "I wasn't going back into her life, poor girl."

For a long time a silence, broken only by Drake's sigh, reigned in the room. Then Burton said quietly:

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

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

Carroll, Ky.—In an interesting letter from the place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with woefully 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 walk, 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, and can now walk two miles without tiring me, and am doing all my usual work.

If you are all run down from woeful troubles, don't give up in despair. Get Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in five years of continuous success, and will surely help you, too. Your druggist 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., 1200 Broadway Bldg., Chattanooga, Tenn., for information on your case and free trial bottle. Cardui is sold by all druggists.

Crie & Ramsey Real Estate Brokers

Business handled on a commission basis.

Property listed with us will receive prompt and careful attention. If you want to sell or buy, let us know your wants and we will do the rest.

Office 2nd story Guaranty State Bank Building.

J. N. Jones

Dealer In

Furniture

and Undertakers Supplies

Tahoka Transfer Co.

Office King Liberty Barn

Dray—Transfer—Storage

Long Distance Haul a specialty.

When its your move Phone 9

"The LIGHT That Never Fails"

The Light That Never Fails is the constant guard of our Coast.

The mariner depends on its brilliancy and clearness to insure the safety of his ship, its passengers and crew. TEXACO ILLUMINATING OILS are burning in our Light-houses on our West Coast from Alaska to Southern California, and on our East Coast from Maine to Texas, also Porto Rico. "The light that never fails" has been very aptly applied to

TEXACO FAMILYLITE

the clean, clear illuminating oil made and sold by The Texas Company. It never fails to give a bright mellow light—one that is free from odor or smoke.

TEXACO FAMILYLITE burns for a long time and burns evenly down to the last drop without chattering the wick.

You can secure TEXACO FAMILYLITE from the Texas Dealer near you. He also has in stock a full line of oils and lubricants for all purposes.

THE TEXAS COMPANY HOUSTON, TEXAS AGENTS EVERYWHERE

Your Winter's Coal

It is time you began thinking about laying in your winter's supply of coal. It will be possible to save a snug little sum by laying in bulk before the winter raise in price. See us.

Edwards Brothers

Corner 4th and Main, Dallas, Tex. All Kinds of Feedstuffs



Going Up January 1st 1917.

The Subscription price of the Lynn County News will be \$1.50 per year strictly cash in advance, after the first of the coming year. This advance is made necessary on account of the tremendous advances in the price of paper and other materials necessary to the manufacture of a first class newspaper.

Your Moneys Worth

will be given and then some. December 8th, 1916 we will issue the first number of a twice-a-month Magazine that will be mailed out with the second and fourth edition of the News thru the year of 1917. This Magazine will be equal to any Dollar a year magazine

A Few More Weeks

will be given the citizens of our territory to secure the News for 1917 for the old price of \$1.00. We will accept subscription for \$1.00 up to January 1st. There after it will be \$1.50.

As a further inducement we offer these clubbing rates

365 COPIES DURING BARGAIN DAYS You Can Subscribe or Renew for a Complete Year to The Fort Worth STAR-TELEGRAM 40,000 DAILY (8 Editions) 45,000 Sunday 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 our 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 (3 1/2c 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 bettered 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.	Lynn County News.....\$1.00	\$4.15	Lynn County News.....\$1.00	\$1.75
	Daily Star Telegram.....\$3.65		Farm & Ranch or Hollands Magazine\$1.00	
	Both for.....		Both for.....	
	Lynn County News.....\$1.00	\$2.75	Lynn County News.....\$1.00	\$1.75
	Youths Comyanion.....\$2.00		Semi-Weekly Farm News.....\$1.00	
	Both one year.....		Both for.....	

Strictly In Advance

will be our subscription policy after the 15th of December. Next week each subscriber who is in arrears will receive a tatement and those who fail to pay up will be dropped from our books.

The GIRL and the GAME

A Story of Mountain Railroad Life
By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

AUTHOR OF "WHISPERING SMITH," "THE MOUNTAIN DIVIDE," "STRATEGY OF GREAT RAILROADS," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE MOVING PICTURE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME. PRODUCED BY THE SIGNAL FILM CORPORATION. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad by George Storm, a newsboy. Grown to young womanhood, Helen saves Storm, now a fireman, her father, and his friends Amos Rhinelander, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision. Safeguards employed by Seagrue steal General Holmes' survey plans of the cut off line for the Tidewater, fatally wounding the general and escape. Her father's estate badly involved by his death, Helen goes to work on the Tidewater. Helen recovers the survey plans from Seagrue, and though they are taken from her, finds an accidentally made proof of the survey blueprint. Storm is employed by Rhinelander. Spike, befriended by Helen, in his turn saves her and the right-of-way contracts when Seagrue kidnaps her. Helen and Storm win for Rhinelander a race against Seagrue for right-of-way. Helen, Storm and Rhinelander rescue Spike from Seagrue's men. Spike steals records to protect Rhinelander, and Storm and Helen save Spike from death in the burning court house. Vein in Superstition mine pinches out. Seagrue sues it and sells it to Rhinelander. The mine is relocated. Rhinelander gives Helen and George each one-third of the Superstition mine stock. Seagrue's scheme to prevent payment for the mine is spotted.

FOURTEENTH INSTALLMENT

HELEN'S RACE AGAINST TIME

A fortnight spent at the Hotel Hollywood went very rapidly for Helen Holmes. The princely munificence of her foster uncle, Amos Rhinelander, in making her again through his gift of a substantial interest in the Superstition mine, a young woman of large means, had restored her to social responsibilities. These were hers by right of birth and inheritance but she had been deprived of them by the untimely death of her father.
Nor was her benefactor a man to do things by halves. During the time that Helen was his guest in the city, he seemed an unusually busy man. Always fully occupied, his time now was hardly his own, so frequent were his dashes in and out of town, and so many his engagements. And during his time something of an air of mystery surrounded his movements despite

all he could do to make them appear as of ordinary routine imposed on him by his railroad interests. To Helen's frequent queries as to what he was doing day after day, Rhinelander returned answers which no doubt seemed to him to satisfy her. But Helen perceived these were mere evasions calculated to put her off and kept her in ignorance of what he really was doing.
What ostensibly was most on his mind was that Helen should make all preparations for resuming a social state of life to which she had been for some strenuous time a stranger.
He had already restored to her service, after diligent inquiry, the faithful maid with whom Helen had parted when she left her father's house.
On the morning that Helen walked with her maid out of the hotel and stepped into Rhinelander's car, the sun was shining in a clear sky. Helen was driven from the city rapidly north along the Santa Barbara boulevard until the party entered the country familiar to her for many years—the



"Can You Forgive Me?"

canyons and foothills of the San Pablo valley.
"Why, Uncle Amos," she said suddenly, "where are you taking me? We are getting close to Signal?"
"We are going to Signal," he replied quietly.
"What, pray, are you going to do at Signal?" demanded Helen.
"I've a number of things to do there," returned Rhinelander unperturbed. "But I can't do them until we get there, so why worry about it?"
Rhinelander only looked straight ahead and preserved an unruffled silence: a silence that Helen, herself, was not unwilling to break as the car sped on toward the iron gates that guarded the entrance to her father's former estate. Would it turn in there,

she asked herself, or continue on up the bay road?
The great gates were wide open and a lodgekeeper busied himself close to one of them. Helen was not long in suspense. Apparently, Rhinelander's driver had had his orders, for his employer gave none, but the heavy car, scarcely slackening speed, swerved through the open gates and the lodgekeeper lifted his cap as the party awoke past. Something in his salute awoke old memories—could he be the same who had served her father? she asked herself. "That man," she remarked to Rhinelander, "looks exactly like father's old keeper."
"He ought to," returned Rhinelander, evenly.
"Why so?"
"Because he is the same man."
The car drew up before the house and stopped. "What are you going to do?" asked Helen in an undertone, "make a call here?"
"Yes," answered Rhinelander preparing to get out while a footman, running down the steps, opened the tonneau door for him. "And," he added, "I want you to come in with me."
Helen's brow furrowed a little in perplexity. "But I don't know these people," she murmured under her breath.
Rhinelander standing on the ground while the footman waited at the other side of the open tonneau door for Helen, held out his hand: "You'll find you're mistaken," he said to Helen convincingly. "You know almost everyone here. And even from those you don't know, I can promise you a genuine welcome."
"Uncle Amos," demanded Helen, hurrying with him up the flight of steps that led to the familiar vestibule, and toward which Rhinelander seemed hastening with unusual energy, "what do you mean?"
"I'll tell you what, Helen, the moment you cross the threshold."
Her maid was at her elbow and in the excitement of the little Frenchwoman, in her sparkling eyes and compressed lips—Helen read more of the great secret. She drew a deep breath and standing in the big hall, looked around: "Why," she faltered, "everything seems just as I left it. Am I dreaming?" She drew her hand faintly across her eyes. "What does this mean? These furnishings—everything! Uncle Amos," she cried under her breath, "who lives here? What is it? What has happened?"
"Helen," he took her two hands into his own, "this is now your home just as it used to be. And your old friends are nearly all here to greet you."
A group of servants, men and women, stood at the entrance to the dining

room. They were agitated girl.
Tears welled into her burning eyes as she looked into the faces smiling around her.
"Annette," said Rhinelander briskly to the maid, "Miss Holmes wishes to go to her room."
Like one dazed, Helen turned toward the foot of the stairs but she did not go up. Instead, she ran impulsively to Rhinelander, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. The two stood for a moment in silence, neither of them equal to speaking, then Helen turned to Annette who waited and Rhinelander, blowing his nose vigorously, walked out into the garden.
Some hours later he and Helen were on the lawn when Spike came hurrying up the drive carrying in his arms two little dogs. "They're for you," he muttered gruffly to Helen when she asked about them. "I knew what Mr. Rhinelander was doing all this time," he said, relaxing into a grin, "and I couldn't keep up with his pace in making presents, but I wanted to bring you something."
"Why, these little dears are a royal gift," insisted Helen. "Spike, you ought never to have done such a thing. They're beauties!"
"Oh, no," demurred Spike.
"But they are," declared Rhinelander. "Where did you get them, Spike?"
Spike made light of the matter. "They didn't cost much," he said modestly. "I traded an old kit of burglar tools for the pair o' them. I thought," he added simply, "I might never need the tools again—they were mostly old models—and you might need the dogs. That's no joke," he insisted, when he saw how Helen and Rhinelander were laughing. "These dogs are better than all kinds of burglar alarms. And," he nodded slightly toward Rhinelander, "as I've been given the job of watchman on these grounds, I'm thinking about myself, too. They'd be a big help to me as well as a guard for Miss Helen."
Everything that day seemed to come just right. While the three were together a messenger boy appeared with a telegram for Helen. She opened it and read:
Miss Helen Holmes,
Signal.
Will be on Local today.
GEORGE STORM.
Helen's face reflected the pleasure the news gave her: she handed the dispatch to Spike and asked him to meet Storm at the station.
When Spike had gone, Rhinelander, who had been telling Helen of his plans for the future, resumed his subject. "And Helen," he said, at length,

"I'm going to make a request of you now that may seem very peculiar. You know, as well as I do, how my nephew, Earl Seagrue, has treated both you and me. He has been about as mean as a man could be, in spite of our efforts to treat him fair. But the fight is over and we have won. He is my only sister's child. She died when he was a mere boy and asked me, on her death bed, to look after Earl and be to him what she would have been, had she lived. You know, whether I've tried to carry out her injunction; you know what it has cost me in more ways than one; you know as well as anyone that I have been patient with him." Helen regarded her friend intently. "Seagrue is going to pieces," Rhinelander went on. "I cannot tell you all I know; but I know enough to distress me very much. I want to help him for my sister's sake, to make a man of himself again, if he will be one. And for this reason—and to show his associates in his prosperous days that his own relatives are not going to turn him down—I want you, when your friends whom I have invited are here today, to invite him to come, also."
He saw the grave look on Helen's face. "I know that you don't like to do it. It's almost an impossibility to ask you to do it; but for my sake, Helen, I wish you would." He said no more, but left her alone. It certainly was rather a bitter thing for her. But she knew she owed more than that to her benefactor.
Rhinelander was quite right. Seagrue had been rapidly going to pieces. He was conferring that day with Ward and with Adams, his servant, concerning their unsuccessful attempt to obtain possession of the Superstition mine. The slightest mishap to Seagrue's plans served now to infuriate him to a degree of anger such as he had never previously given way to. He upbraided both the men roundly and dismissed Ward with abuse. Hardly a moment afterward, a man appeared at the apartment door with a note. Seagrue opened it impatiently:
My dear Mr. Seagrue:
I shall be at home today to my friends. There will be tea, nuts and tea.
HELEN HOLMES.
He studied the note in some surprise. It certainly was not overcordial, yet, it might mean an opening in a direction in which he would be glad to gain advantage and he decided at once that he would accept. He gave or-

County News
 Published Every Friday by
H. C. Crie & Company
 Editor and Manager
 Year [strictly in advance] \$5.00
 Advertising rates on application
 Second class matter, July 10, 1905, at
 postoffice at Tahoka, Texas, under the act of
 Congress of March 3rd, 1879.
Issues Counted a Month
 exchange says: A company
 people were trying to
 that could be spelled
 way either forward or
 backward and somebody mention-
 "reviver," then "madam"
 "level" were brought on
 finally it was remarked there
 a whole sentence that could
 read backwards. The com-
 any laughed at the idea, but the
 speaker said: "Reverse this sent-
 ence, 'Snug and raw was I ere I
 war and guns'" and you
 find it reads juts the same.

Best of Service.
 When your watch is out of fix,
 you have a delicate piece of
 work to be repaired, remem-
 ber J. C. May, located at Thomas
 Drug Store can fit either
 a first class shape and guar-
 tees his work.

Physicians and Surgeons
Dr. J. H. McCoy
 Physician and Surgeon
 Office at Barnes Drug Store
 Office phone 135 Res. phone 108

C. H. Cain
 Lawyer
 Office upstairs in the Larkin Bldg
 Tahoka, Texas

M. M. Herring
 Abstracter
 Quick Service and Complete
 Satisfaction Guaranteed
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Dr. J. R. Singleton
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 Permanently Located
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Dr. J. H. McCoy
 Office at Barnes Drug Store
 Office phone 135 Res. phone 108

Dr. J. H. McCoy
 Office at Barnes Drug Store
 Office phone 135 Res. phone 108

Good Old Tater Beer
 Our neighbor, J. J. Lindley,
 brought us a sample of sweet po-
 tato beer which he "brewed" at
 his home. We pronounce it good
 and wholesome. A generation
 ago this beverage was popular in
 many homes. In the writer's
 youth we can well remember "ta-
 ter beer." Thinking it might
 interest old time folks we are
 herewith reproducing Mr. Lind-
 ley's recipe.
 Half gallon sorghum molasses
 25c worth sugar: six large sweet
 potatoes broken up and baked
 brown with eelings on; dozen
 apples, put in raw, cut ud fine;
 two good ears sheiled corn boiled
 soft.
 Put all in five gallon jar and fill
 with warm water; keep in warm
 place if cold weather and shake
 or stir occasionally. Add more
 molasses, sugar aud warm water
 as it is used out, and add your
 waste sweet potato peelings. Af-
 ter the ninth day it will be ready
 to serve.—Lamesa Leader

GEO. J. B. WRIGHT
 Tinner and Plumber at Tahoka
 Hardware. Your patronage sol-
 icited. Work reasonable as prices
 of labor and material will permit
 All work unconditionally guar-
 anteed. 9-1f

NOT A MIXER

 The First Orator—Do you mix
 your metaphors?
 The Second Orator—Never. I al-
 ways drink the straight stuff.

MOST PAINFUL.
 "Hallo, Newwedd, why so som-
 ber?"
 "Say, old man, I've made a very
 painful discovery. My wife can't
 sing."
 "Painful? Why, man, you are to
 be congratulated."
 "Alas, no! You see, she thinks
 she can."—Boston Transcript.
 Wife—The paper says that ni-
 grets are higher.
 Hub—What do we care? We never
 telegraph, anyway.

IS WAY AHEAD
 in quality and perfect
 baking. Our sanitary
 bakery contains every
 facility for baking in a
 manner unsurpassed.
 Bakers of skill and ex-
 perience are employed
 by us and they turn out the best by every test

THE CITY BAKERY

Here's Your Hot Drinks
 A delicious hot drink that will take the chill out of
 cutting winds.
 From morning until late at night this store is the
 mecca for hundreds who find delight and comfort in
 our hot drinks.
 Our Fountain is managed and manned by skilled
 young men who serve you the purest, freshest deli-
 cious beverage, quickly and smilingly.
 Served to suit your taste, spiced or sweetened. Just
 as the occasion demands.
 If you want the best hot drinks you want to come
 here.

Tahoka Ice Cream Co.
 C. W. Green, Prop Next Door Guaranty Bank

OUR PUBLIC FORUM
F. C. Howe
 On The Advantages of Free Ports

 Mr. F. C. Howe, Federal Commissioner of Immigration,
 who is one of the best American authorities on marine
 commerce, in discussing the relation of free ports to the
 development of sea trade said in part:
 "Ships will go hundreds of miles out of their way to
 avoid ports surrounded by a tariff wall. The only way,
 therefore, for a country with a tariff to compete in the
 shipping world with a free trade country is to establish
 shipping ports at strategic points along its coast line. Ger-
 many has done so, and in a comparatively short period
 has built up a carrying trade which before the war was
 seriously threatening England's supremacy. Hamburg, one
 of the three German free ports, now ranks as the second greatest seaport in
 the world, its total foreign commerce in 1912 being only \$6,000,000 under that
 of New York.
 The free port would offer great opportunity for financial operations, now
 made possible by the recent currency act. It would stimulate international
 banking, and would tend to shift the financial center of the world to this
 country. And America, by the logic of events, has become the natural center
 for the world's financing, just as London became that center several centuries
 ago, when it shifted from the cities of the Netherlands. But the financial
 center will only move to this country when it becomes a clearing house
 of goods as well as of money. For credit the world over is created by cur-
 rently created wealth in transit or change so that even our financial expansion
 is dependent upon the opening up of American ports to yield a return on the in-
 vestment, but to develop the prosperity of the country." In recapitulating
 the advantages, Mr. Howe brings out the importance of the free port in de-
 veloping our shipping, and linking us with South America, Asia and Africa,
 and then concludes:
 "The most important gain is the direct gain to America. It will cheapen
 commodities by bringing great quantities of goods to our doors for importation
 or export, as trade needs demand. It will stimulate the growth of exporting
 houses, which can hold goods for an indefinite period without the payment of
 tariff dues (often equal to the cost of the article itself) for disposal to meet
 the trade demands of the whole world. It will uphold international credit,
 and shift to America an increasing and ultimately a predominant share in
 international exchange.
 Finally, America is the natural country to be the counter of the world.
 Its seacoasts face every other continent; it is the greatest of all reservoirs
 of raw materials and foodstuffs. In iron and steel and standardized produc-
 tion it is in a position to compete with the world. But international trade
 (and this is always overlooked) must be reciprocal. It cannot be one-sided.
 And credit balances cannot for any prolonged period be paid in gold. They
 can only be paid by exchange of wealth."

OUR PUBLIC FORUM
W. P. Hobby
 ON CO-OPERATING WITH THE LEGISLATURE.

 The black clouds of trouble that hang over Europe
 and Mexico cannot remain many more years, and with
 their passing, the time should be propitious for an era of
 constructive thought, of constructive deeds and of con-
 structive laws in Texas, not privilege or favor-giving laws,
 but laws that will wipe out the kinks by making business
 easier to carry on, investments easier to attract and work
 easier to obtain. At the next session of the legislature
 it will be none too early to begin this campaign, and the
 Administration of Justice in Texas demands that the
 people be given an opportunity, and with the aid of a
 broad-gauged legislative policy reap a harvest of pros-
 perity.
 Texas is in the embryonic period of its life. It is
 merely a lusty child that has survived all the troubles of infancy and now
 stands on the brink of mature manhood. It is for the people to imbue that
 manhood with the elements of strength and wisdom that foretell the greatest
 empire of civilization under the sun.
 The political principle of a State is involved in its legislative acts. To
 foster industry, to encourage the investment of capital, to make more jobs for
 wage earners, to make more prosperous those who are already in business, to
 increase the production of Texas and to obtain better prices, better credit and
 better marketing methods for producers is especially needed now.
 There should be a closer relationship between the people of Texas and the
 legislature. The people should take a deeper interest in the subjects that
 come before the legislature. They should watch with more scrutiny the
 acts of the legislators and they should make the legislators feel the great re-
 sponsibility that rests upon their shoulders. The office of legislator is not a
 lucrative one, but instead of agitating a change in the system that now pre-
 vails, the time can be put to much better advantage by agitating the election
 of the best material. And that is not enough; after the election of the best
 man charged with the responsibility of advancing the material interests of the
 State, the people have a duty to perform as well as the legislator, and that
 is to manifest the deepest concern in the work of the legislature. At the next
 session of the legislature, and at the subsequent ones, I would like to see the
 wants and needs of every line of industry, of farming and of labor, considered
 in their minutest detail with a view to enacting that which will help industry
 and farming and labor. To do this the judgment and the ideas of the men who
 are engaged in these pursuits are needed. What is most needed for the aid
 and betterment of the people can be best ascertained by the legislature from
 men whose daily experiences have taught them what they know and the most
 accurate method of obtaining this is for the people to come before the legisla-
 ture or write to those who compose it. To inaugurate the legislative policy
 that will do the most good in Texas, men of breadth and ability are needed.
 Indeed, the very atmosphere of Texas must vibrate with a desire to
 work out the problems of the merchant and farmer, the manufacturer and the
 laborer and all other lines of endeavor in this State. 16

OUR PUBLIC FORUM
R. L. Batts
 ON INEFFICIENCY IN ADMINISTRATION OF THE LAW.

 The influence of the bar in the matter of the in-
 efficiency of the laws is not often discussed. We have
 more to do with the administration of the laws than the
 judges and the juries. We are probably not in position
 to adversely criticize either. We help the juries to
 unrighteous verdicts, and are not without influence in
 bringing about indefensible decisions from the courts.
 The best of us are more zealous for our client than for
 justice; the worst of us are dangerous and criminal. The
 best of us will frame a pleading unadvisedly, will shape
 an interrogatory craftily, will abstract an answer which
 the witness did not intend to give, will select a jury
 believing him prejudiced in favor of our client, will do
 mentally assert a doubtful legal proposition, will discuss before the jury
 evidence favorable to our cause, and ignore the adverse testimony. The
 worst of us are credited with going much beyond these questionable doings.
 It is not so much what we have done in the court house as in the legis-
 lative hall that should make us proud. A perfectly candid consideration of
 our condition leaves only limited latitude for the self-justification in which we
 so frequently indulge. To the proposition that we are most useful when
 least busy I do not subscribe. That we are in legislative matters ordinarily
 influenced by other than patriotic motives, I do not for a moment believe.
 But we have added little to that which is necessary for human happiness. We
 add little to the sum of human knowledge. We do little constructive work
 of any kind. We doubtless have our uses. We have been a conservative
 element. We have at times acted the balance-wheel. We have furthermore
 stood for liberty—at least, we have stood for the liberty as it is written in
 the books—insofar as it does not conflict with vested rights. But we get our
 inspiration from dusty tomes. We assume that to be right which has been
 adjudicated to be right. Finding no precedent for the progress which is
 passing us, we decline to join in the procession. But we are bound to learn
 that badly-conceived laws and badly-administered laws are too wasteful to
 be tolerated.
 For the benefit of all mankind, the lawyer should occasionally think
 along other lines than the lines of precedent and in the capacity of law-maker
 ing on mankind a tax unnecessarily large and if a little quick acting, unex-
 pensive tyranny would not be preferable to the present Constitutional, Demo-
 cratic, tortuous, dilatory, expensive system of determining the effects of the
 follies, the faults and misfortunes of mankind. 25

The First National Bank
 Of Tahoka, Texas
 Capital . . . \$50,000
 Surplus . . . \$10,000
 With a record behind it for fair dealing and an earnest desire to
 please all customers, offers its services in all departments of banking
 at the same time giving assurance of its appreciation of patronage
 extended.


Hotel St. Clair
 L. L. WILLIAMS, PROP.
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 Rates \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day
 Corner of Main and Lockwood
 North of Square
 Tahoka, Texas


Classified Department
 RATE: One cent a word each insertion. No ad printed un-
 less accompanied by the Cash. We make this rule to
 avoid the cost of bookkeeping—it will apply to all
 This Department Gets Results—Try It For Proof

For Sale or Trade
 FOR SALE: Or will exchange for
 feed several shoats. Jack Ram-
 sey. 8-9
 State land leases for sale by J.
 U. Williams of Tatum, New Mex-
 ico. 6-23
 If you want to buy a ranch in
 Eastern New Mexico, see J. U.
 Williams, of Tatum, New Mex-
 ico. 49-1f
RESIDENCE FOR SALE—9
 room residence, water connec-
 tion, on quarter block, well,
 windmill, barn, service house
 and conveniences. Young orchard
 and vineyard: an ideal home.
 Would give terms.—H. C. Crie.

Lost and Found
 Loss—17 jewel Elgin Watch,
 18 size, open face, gold filled case
 return to Ray King and he will
 pay you what you think is
 right. 10-1f
 LOST hat and other articles of
 clothing on the streets of Tahoka
 Thursday. Finder please return
 to the News office.
Wanted
 Pay the highest price for turkeys
 and chickens every day.
 B. F. Montgomery. 10-1f
 WANTED; to trade good pigs
 for cow and calf hogs maize or
 anything. P. Miller. 11-1f

For Ranch Property in Eastern
 New Mexico, see J. U. Williams,
 of Tatum, New Mexico. 49-1f
 Pair of work horses, and pair of
 work mares for sale on fall time,
 Worth the money. B. F. Mont-
 gomery. 10-1f
 FOR SALE gentle horse and
 good buggy apply at the News
 office.
 See W. C. Cowan for land
 prices. One to five sections with
 terms, improved or unimproved.
 Three to four miles south and
 southeast of Tahoka. 12-4t
 FOR SALE—Couple of good
 young work horses for sale on
 time. Write C. A. Wasson, Wil-
 son, Texas. 11-12p
 Crie and Ramsey have some
 choice resident lots in North Taho-
 ka for sale.

Drink

For Its Wonderful Tonic Properties
 Note the following analysis:
 Dissolved by water from 100
 grams Maté as given by Koulg.
 Lime 0.14
 MAGNESIA 0.46
 Iron Oxide 0.02
 Phosphoric Acid 0.07
 POTASH 0.44
 Manganese Oxide 0.11
 Chlorine 0.22
 Sulphuric Acid 0.13
 El Maté Will Do Your
 Stomach and Nerves Good
 5c—All Fountains—5c

All The Fruit Coming Our Way.

 Yes, we always have
 the best the market
 affords in fresh,
 seasonable fruits--
 besides we carry an
 excellent stock of
 canned fruits, both
 for table use and
 pastry.
H. M. Anthony
 Quality holds while Prices talk
 West side square

Ford TRACTORS

\$587 Delivered
8 hp. at Draw Bar; 16 hp at Belt
Better and Cheaper than Horses—Simple Strong and Reliable.
Right Tractor at The Right Price
For Descriptive Literature Write
Whitaker & Mathews
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The Grip of Evil

The other sprang to his feet, almost delirious with joy and gratitude.

The Dancing Girl.

A fortnight later, Burton remembered that he was somewhat in arrears with his dancing lessons, and arranged to give an afternoon to teaching his rebellious feet the intricacies of the valse a deux temps and the turkey trot—those sure and certain credentials to the inner shrine of high society. He ordered his car and sought his secretary's approval of the garb donned for this auspicious occasion.

The two young men went out together and entered the car. By evil chance, a mean-looking, shifty-eyed man, who had "crook" written on him in nature's unkindest script, happened to be seated on a bench near the entrance to the house. He eyed the two with envious interest. But his expression changed to one of blank amazement when he caught sight of the secretary.

"Could you beat it?" he murmured softly to himself. "Gentleman Joe, by all that's holy! And topped up regardless, too. Now, what do you know about that?"

The occupants of the car paid no heed to the loafer. They were whirled to the center of the city, and the automobile drew up outside a attractive looking building which announced flamboyantly to all the world that this and none other was "Professor Moretti's Dancing Academy." Nor did they know that the professor himself, advised by phone of Burton's intended visit, was watching through a window, and evidently keenly anxious that this particular patron should arrive.

When the car stopped, Moretti turned to a pale but strikingly handsome girl who seemed to be one of his assistants.

"Hurry up," he said emphatically. "Rush into some pretty clothes. This fellow just coming in has money to burn. You're to be his partner, see? Do you get me?"

The girl smiled languidly. She understood. She was merely a pawn in the game.

Moretti, who could be both gracious and superficially distinguished in manner when he chose, received Burton and his secretary with muchunction.

A maid took his hat and stick, and Moretti moved away by his side. At that instant the door opened, and the girl who was to act as instructress came in. Charming and svelte as she had looked in her street costume, she was truly bewitching in an ultra-fashionable gown. She glanced idly from the two men to the secretary, who happened to be standing somewhat apart.

Simultaneously the light of recognition dawned in her face and Drake's. It was thus, after seven bitter years of separation, that "Gertrude" met once more her old-time fiancé.

"Joe," she whispered, "is it really you?"

"Yes, Gertrude," he said sadly. "I am overjoyed at seeing you, yet I want to sink into the earth."

Her feminine tact came to the rescue.

"Oh, don't let us begin to weep about the past the very moment we meet," she said, with well-assumed lightness. "We are both alive, anyhow, and that is something to be thankful for."

"Is it?" muttered her downcast lover. "I wonder!"

By this time Moretti had noticed the deeply interested talk between the two. He frowned. John's careless remark had enlightened him as to Drake's position. Smothering his annoyance, he called Gertrude, introduced her to her partner and succeeded in giving her a significant nudge.

Drake offered himself as his partner whirled away in the dance. He went out, and, to his surprise, found that he was frankly delighted at having encountered Gertrude. He was walking

down the street, holding his head high and indulging in day-dreams, when that same doubtful-looking person who had noticed his departure in the car met him face to face.

Drake would have passed, but the other stepped deliberately in front of him and greeted him effusively.

"Sink me, Joe, if I ain't tickled ter death to find an old pal so well fixed. You ain't goin' to try to put it over that you have forgotten Wall-Eyed Bill, your old side-kick, are you? Come and have a drink. There's things you and I have to talk about."

Drake, of course, should have defied this ghoul. But the fatal weakness in his character, which had first led to his downfall, now urged him to temporize.

"I find I have five minutes to spare, Bill," he said. "Come along! Let's find a saloon in a side street. It's as much as my job's worth to be seen drinking in public at this hour of the day."

"Goin' straight, eh?" chuckled Bill. "That's good. That's the right lay. I'm glad to hear it."

The two selected a saloon in one of those doubtful neighborhoods which seem to be associated with fashionable thoroughfares in much the same way that barnacles cling to a ship. Drinks were ordered. Drake insisted on paying, but Bill did not seem to be short of money, and paid the waiter.

A third and a fourth supply of liquor was consumed. The talk grew confidential. In half an hour, the unfortunate Drake was nearly drunk.

At that unlucky crisis, a row sprang up in the bar. The bartender interfered, and in the course of the melee was thrown violently against Drake, who, hardly conscious of what was going on, assumed that he had been attacked. In a gust of anger he snatched a bottle from the counter and struck the bareheaded man a violent blow. The other fell at once, with blood streaming from his scalp.

The original row was now in full swing, and no one paid any particular heed to the bartender's misfortune. Drake was still waving the bottle in drunken fury when his associate led him to a back door and into an alley. There the jailbird took the bottle from Joe's hand, and threw it away, forcing the other to accompany him.

Drake never knew how he got home. He managed to creep to his room, and pleaded illness for the rest of the day. Next morning, when he met Burton at breakfast, the latter was kindly solicitous as to his health. Drake nearly yielded then. He was bitterly conscious of his fall from grace, but resolved to make amends, and had recovered his poise when he was called to the telephone.

The croaking voice of Wall-Eyed Bill came over the wire:

"Nice mess you got into yesterday, didn't you," it said.

"What do you mean?" inquired Drake nervously.

"Huh! I like that! Forgotten everything, have you? Sorry, old sport, but it's my painful duty to stir your gray matter. Hike out into the park, and meet me near the fountain in half an hour. And watch your step! It's the chair for you this time if you ain't mighty careful!"

Making some excuse to his employer, Drake went out. And his prison friend showed him a newspaper with the scare heads: "Bartender Slain in Saloon Brawl! Murderer Unknown! Makes Good His Escape!"

"How does this concern me?" he asked.

"You!" cackled Bill. "You croaked that guy! Up to now nobody but me knows you done it, and I ain't goin' to squeal on you, Joe. You believe that, don't you?"

"What are you giving me?" demanded Drake thickly.

Bill's manner changed instantly.

"The straight spiel," he growled. "Puttin' up the unconscious act, are you? Don't you do it. If I split, there's twenty fellers who saw you in that saloon, an' would pick you out of a crowd. That guy is dead all right, and you killed him. It don't make no difference to me, one way or the other, but you'll have to toe the line and do as I tell you, or I'll put myself right with the cops, and you go to the chair for sure."

Drake, had to accept the lamentable truth.

"I haven't much money," he faltered. "I've been at work only a couple of weeks, but I might scrape up a hundred dollars—"

The other laughed derisively.

"Search me!" he guffawed. "That rich guy you're living with can cut up better'n that. Now, here's my offer. Take it or leave it. The next time he has a lot of dough in the house, put me wise and I'll pouch it. It's dead easy. No one will ever suspect you, and I'll get away West. Now, don't cut up rough about it. You can't help yourself. It's the only thing to do."

The unhappy secretary saw no other way out of the difficulty. Sick with despair, he gave in.

He knew that within the next few days his employer would withdraw from the bank a fairly large sum with which to purchase a small estate in the country, whither to retire for a week-end when weary of the noise and heat of the city. So, having made the wretched confession, he



THROUGH YOUR BANK ACCOUNT

you will be able to reach out and secure both Cash and Credit ---the lack of which always proves a serious, and sometimes an unbearable handicap to every line of business.

The Courtesies of Our Loan Department.....

which are extended to the depositors of this institution are often the means of solving embarrassing situations where Cash or Credit, or both, play an important part.

The correspondence of non-depositors is invited with a view of opening new accounts

Guaranty State Bank

Of Tahoka, Texas.

crushed it out of sight until the time was ripe for its execution.

Being restless and unstrung, however, he sought Gertrude. But, on calling at her home—a cheap apartment house in the suburbs, he found that she was not at home. Walking back, he saw Burton's car approaching. He recognized it at once, of course, and was speculating as to what business had brought his employer to that part of the city, when he noticed that Burton was accompanied by a lady. The two were seated in the closed limousine.

So Drake repressed his first intent, and did not signal the chauffeur. As the car passed, he was astounded by the discovery that Burton's companion was none other than Gertrude. Instantly, the demon of jealousy whispered another reason why he should fulfill Wall-Eyed Bill's behests.

A strange episode in John Burton's life moved on now to its predestined close with the merciless swiftness of a Greek tragedy. Wholly unaware of the two sordid situations which were developing, Burton's own acts contributed to the denouement. On the one hand, he obtained the money from the bank, and actually set his secretary to check the bills and see if the amount was right; on the other, his kindly nature led him to take the pretty but sad-eyed dancing girl for more than one airing in his car.

He grew to like her. When away from Moretti, she became natural and unaffected.

Moretti held her in cruel bondage. The crafty Italian knew that the girl's mother was now in imminent danger of death unless she was sent speedily to a sanitarium in the West. If Gertrude fell in with his plans, he promised her a sufficient sum of money to relieve her of all anxiety in this respect.

For all that, she loathed the undertaking, though she could not nerve herself to be candid with her friend, and tell of Moretti's wretched scheme. The upshot of the despicable plot came when the young millionaire received the following letter:

"Dear Mr. Burton: I am in terrible trouble and want your advice. Will you come to me this evening?"

"Sincerely,
"GERTRUDE BROOK.

"The Aphorpe, Apartment 24."

This missive reached him while he was actually working the combination of the safe, to place the money in it with which he was going to purchase

new thousand dollars? But he could not bear to meet Burton again, and left some excuse with a servant as to a pressing engagement.

Hence, he did not know that the real estate agent, through whom his employer was acquiring the country property, had asked that the money should be brought to his office that night to close the deal and thus forestall other negotiations. Burton returned, took out the roll of bills, put them in his pocket, closed the safe, and went away in his car. After calling at the agent's office, he went on to the Aphorpe, which was really Moretti's residence.

The girl was very pale and exceedingly nervous. Her talk was rambling, and she seemed ready to drop in a faint. Indeed, Burton was so alarmed at her condition that he turned to search for some water.

At that instant, Gertrude braced herself for a supreme effort. She tore her blouse off one shoulder, let down her hair, and screamed loudly. Her astounded visitor had just turned on his heel when a door opened and Moretti ran in. The Italian held a revolver, and his ferocious expression seemed to show that he would not scruple to use the weapon if necessary.

"So I've caught you, you woman-stealer, you!" he shouted. "But you can't get away with this sort of thing here. Your night's work will cost you dear."

John stared coolly both at him and at the wild-eyed, distracted-looking girl. Then he dropped his handkerchief to the floor.

He had noticed that Moretti was standing on a narrow rug, which stretched to his own feet. Stooping as though to pick up the handkerchief, John caught the corners of the rug and tugged violently. As he foresaw, it slipped easily over the polished floor and Moretti was thrown so violently that his skull hit the floor with a force which disposed of him for the rest of the night.

Without a word to the cringing girl, Burton went out. He drove home and entered the house quietly. He was thinking of going straight to his room, when the sound of a pistol shot brought him quickly to the library.

Arriving there, he found Drake with a revolver in his hand and a man lying dead in front of the open safe.

Burton faced Drake, and then the whole truth came out. Drake made a full confession. He told how he had been tempted, and had fallen, how a furious squabble had taken place when Wall-eyed Bill discovered that the safe was empty, and had accused him of having "double-crossed" him. In the struggle that followed Drake had shot Bill with the latter's gun!

He moved to the telephone and called for the police. As Drake heard the fatal number, he shuddered and burst out sobbing, knowing full well how his record would go against him when brought to trial.

But he could hardly believe his own ears when he heard Burton say at the phone:

"You had better send a man around to my house. I've shot a burglar!"

Drake would have broken out into a protestation of gratitude, but Burton repulsed him.

"Get out of my sight!" he growled scornfully. "I never want to see or hear of you again."

The unhappy wretch slunk out of the room, and the unhappy man of great wealth was left alone with a corpse.

Truly, he might well ask himself: "Is humanity in the grip of evil?" (END OF SECOND EPISODE.)



"Gentleman Joe" Tells Gertrude He is Now Going Straight.

the country estate. Drake was watching him, and, in a fever of agonized remorse, was on the point of confessing everything, but the telephone bell rang and Burton was summoned.

He left Gertrude's letter on the table. Drake, hardly knowing what he was doing, glanced at the handwriting, which, somehow, seemed familiar. Then he read, and his better instincts were forthwith submerged.

If Gertrude was minded to be that sort, why should he worry because her favored sweetheart was robbed of a

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THE GIRL AND THE GAME

A STORY OF MOUNTAIN RAILROAD LIFE



ers for the trip to Signal, resolving to drive out, and told Adams he was to accompany him. They left the room together a little later and getting into a new roadster, started for Signal.

Spike, in the meantime, had gone to the station and was talking to the agent when the local passenger pulled in and Storm got off, saw Spike and the two left for the house.

It was a delightful moment when Storm greeted Helen and Rhinelander under the old oaks. The young railroad man seemed bubbling over with happiness and Rhinelander, perceiving his great anxiety to segregate Helen for a little talk, summoned Spike and left the couple to themselves.

Storm led Helen to the shade of one of the big trees. "I was coming up today, anyway, Helen," he began, "even if I had not got your note. You know what I have been doing for two weeks—about five men's work."

"I know," returned Helen happily, "but the best of it is, you are equal to it."

"I'm not so sure of that. But I do know it has been the hardest two weeks' work I have ever done in my life to keep away from you." He looked at her evenly. Her eyes fell under his gaze. "I think you realize, Helen," he went on, speaking rapidly and not always connectedly, "how I've felt toward you for a long, long time. The trouble has been, I've never felt in a position to speak until now. You know I love you; I think you understand why I've held my peace—I had nothing it seemed to me, to offer you. But Mr. Rhinelander has put me in a position where I need no longer be afraid or obliged to keep silence. I want to ask you, Helen, to be my wife."

She could not speak. It seemed to both that though they had long anticipated the moment, they could not have anticipated the happiness now upon them. He drew her, unresisting, into his arms and placed upon her finger his engagement ring. "This isn't the conventional way of doing it, Helen, but this ring has been waiting for two long weeks for its place on your finger."

They wandered some distance from the house. But unfortunately for their tete-a-tete the guests were arriving. Rhinelander, meeting these as well as he could, was compelled to dispatch Spike on a search for Helen.

Spike, who had lost none of his aptitude for situations, found her with Storm among the oaks, and in spite of Storm's disgusted expression he delivered his imperative message. And, conscience-stricken at having neglected her duties as hostess, Helen hurried

away. Storm, in an exuberance of happiness, watched her go. But another than Spike had seen the happy pair from a distance and watched with envious eyes some of their exchanges of affection—that was Seagrue.

Smoking a cigarette, he walked deliberately to where Storm stood gazing after his departing fiancée. The young railroad man, aware of the sneer on Seagrue's face, the moment the latter greeted him: "You appear to be becoming very friendly with Miss Holmes," he remarked with a touch of insolence.

Storm fired instantly. "Why shouldn't I?" he demanded with equal assurance. "Rather ambitious," sneered Seagrue, "for a discharged locomotive engineer."

"Seagrue," exclaimed Storm, his neck swelling in anger, "if you knew what I thought of you, you'd be glad to be a discharged locomotive engineer. So you're jealous, are you? Well, Helen Holmes is going to be my wife, and if you say another word about her or about me," availed Storm, without casting about for fine words, "I'll knock your infernal block off."

Seagrue strode toward him in fury. "You impudent rascal! What do you mean by threatening me? Get back to your cab and keep your impertinence to yourself."

Storm's arm shot out. The next moment the two men were engaged in a pitched battle. Spike, at a distance, saw the mix-up, ran to Helen to warn her of the disturbance and hastened away to separate the pair.

Helen, in her excitement, started after Spike. Rhinelander and others followed. Storm and Seagrue were at it hammer and tongs. The men tore them apart. Storm, furious at his enemy but held back by Spike and Rhinelander, launched a terrific abuse at Seagrue and did not choose nice words in denouncing him and his conduct. Indeed, his anger was so uncontrollable, and to Helen's mind his lack of restraint before her guests so inexcusable, that she upbraided Storm severely for his intemperate language.

Seagrue, dusting his hands with his handkerchief, already had himself under better control. It was his opportunity to take advantage of Storm's natural but extreme indignation, and he made the most of the moment by professing to Helen to excuse Storm's fury, but blaming his bad temper for the disturbance. Storm, himself, cooled down by Spike, now tried to make his apologies to Helen.

But it was too late. Helen would not listen to him, and, turning away

with her guests, left Storm with nobody to sympathize with him but Spike.

Reaching the tennis courts, some of the guests took up the play, while others, looking back toward the scene of excitement, saw Helen coming over with Seagrue and Rhinelander. Reaching the courts, Helen, instead of stopping, passed on with Seagrue. Two men watched them walk away with particular interest: Spike, who seemed deeply concerned with the awkward situation, and George Storm, who now began to feel the full force of Helen's disapprobation.

For an hour she moved among her guests, accompanied a good part of the time by Seagrue. To tell the truth, it was not wholly by her own desire. As her indignation cooled she began to consider that her lover had some grounds for his ungovernable outbreak and the exploits in which Seagrue had figured in the endeavor to do her and her friends all manner of harm occurred to her memory. She did feel, however, that Storm should have made a further effort to tell her, privately, he was sorry for having so rudely broken in on the festivities of the day and since he did not, she was sufficiently piqued to profess an interest in Seagrue she was far from feeling.

The tennis games were finished and the guests making ready to go. Helen was about to start from the courts herself when Storm, coming up, spoke abruptly to her. But he was too proud and Helen was too disdainful. He could not bring himself to speak further about the unfortunate incident and, incensed by his attitude, Helen, when she expanded her hand as he said good-by, slipped his ring from her finger and gave it to him in shaking hands.

Flushed with humiliation, he turned away. This was not quite what she had expected; but it was too late now to recall her precipitateness, and, pretending not to care—although she did care a great deal—she started for the station with Seagrue to see her guests safely on the train.

At Signal station Perkins, the agent, was taking an order from the dispatcher:

Train No. 8 will wait at Feely Junction for Extra 3603 until 1:10 p. m.

Helen's guests were arriving to take the local. The agent tossed the message to one side and resumed his work. A bevy of pretty girls appeared at his window. One of them tapped on the pane and asked what time it was. Perkins, always gallant, told them and walked out on the platform to answer further questions.

The local that day carried half a dozen box cars, with two coaches hooked on the hind end for the Signal passengers. When the train pulled in, Storm, with Spike and the tennis guests, boarded it. Seagrue, having driven up by machine, remained, greatly pleased with the situation. The train drew away from the station and the agent returned to the office. Seagrue and Helen walked down the platform.

The moment Perkins reached his desk his eyes rested on the films; he had forgotten to give the meeting order for No. 8. He dashed out of doors, shouting vainly after the disappearing train. Seagrue stopped him. "What's the matter?"

Perkins was hardly able to speak: "I overlooked an order. Unless we stop the local, she will crash into Number Eight at the Junction."

Helen, who understood the emergency better than Seagrue, caught her companion's arm: "We must catch that train," she cried, "or there'll be a terrible accident."

"What do you mean—catch it?" demanded Seagrue. "I'm no sprinter." "In the machine—the machine," cried Helen. "Don't lose an instant. We may be too late."

Seagrue, whose mind did not work as quickly, lost a precious moment in asking questions. Then agreeing to what she declared must be done, the two hurried to the house, boarded Seagrue's car and started rapidly down the highway after the local.

After crossing the hill north of the village of Signal, the highway parallels the railroad for some distance. The local engineer, intent only on maintaining his schedule, was lumbering

along at fairly good speed, when he saw the fireman on the other side of the cab leave his box and walk back into the gangway. A motor car occupied by a man and woman and driven rapidly along the road, was overtaking the engine. The fireman surmised they were giving the train a race—not an unusual thing along that particular tangent. But these racers waved frantically at him. Thinking they were jesting, the fireman waved back in turn.

"We never can stop them!" cried Helen. "That man thinks we're fooling. You must run ahead of the train, and get over on the other side where we can reach the engineer."

With a terrific burst of speed, the motor car pulled ahead of the fast moving engine and taking the track like a hurdle, crossed to the right side of the engine. For one moment the lives in the motor car hung narrowly in the balance; the hind wheels missed the pilot by only the fraction of a second. Helen tried to cry out her warning to the engineer. But he, mistaking her intent as the fireman had done, grew angry at what appeared to him a crazy joy ride. He refused to listen or look any longer toward the motorists, but waved them contemptuously off, calling them roundly for their idiocy and sitting down again to his throttle.

Half mile beyond where Helen and Seagrue were now speeding, the railroad and the highway part company abruptly and all hope of making the engineer stop came to an end. As the train pulled away from the road, the motor car was halted and Seagrue and Helen got out. Helen felt keenly distressed, but of a sudden she remembered Burnet Bridge. She whirled on Seagrue: "We can beat them to Burnet bridge, this side of the Junction!" "Come on," cried Seagrue. "If we're to do that, there's no time to waste. Into the car!" He sprang in after her and away they went on the new hope.

Aboard the train, no one had any idea of the excitement outside. Storm, upset by the outcome of the day, was talking with others in the coach and so absorbed that he caught no sight of Helen on the vanishing highway. But by pressing their car to the utmost speed, she and Seagrue reached Burnet bridge ahead of the train. From where they stopped they could see the smoke of the local, now fast approaching.

Seagrue asked Helen what she meant to do. She had decided and told him her plan. He protested, saying she must not attempt what she proposed. "You will only get killed," he insisted, "and do nobody any good." "No," she replied. "I can do it and I'm going to. I know that train can be saved and I'm going to save it."

"It's all right to try anything you'd have any chance of succeeding in, but you'd only be going to your death. I tell you," he persisted.

Unwilling to waste more time, Helen tried to open the car door to get out. Seagrue caught her arm: "You shan't go!" he declared.

"I will go," she cried. Before he could restrain her, she jumped out of the car and running swiftly to the edge of the bridge caught hold of it. The next moment



Helen Dropped to the Top of the Local.

the local dashed through below and Helen jumped to the top of the box car underfoot.

Scrambling up from the deck she ran to the end, hurried down the side ladder and getting between the two cars, she cut off the air and pulled the pin.

The train, torn abruptly in two, separated, the head end jerking on toward the Junction crossing, just ahead, while the hind end slowed down. Number Eight had already whistled for the Junction and as the front end of the parted local dashed over the frogs, the heavy passenger train swept swiftly across almost at right angles to it. Fast as it went, its observation car barely cleared the hind end of the local as this followed over the crossing in pursuit of its severed head.

The local engineer, looking back, saw what had happened and applied the air. As he slowed down, the passengers now awoke to what had happened, turned out of the coaches and ran forward. Helen fell fainting from the side ladder; she lay unconscious



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on the ground as the passengers crowded up.

Seagrue, who had followed to the Junction in his car, ran toward Helen, but as he approached, an arm shot out before him as a barrier. George Storm whirled him half way around and himself kneeling, lifted Helen from the ground.

Dazed by her fall and opening her eyes slowly on her surroundings, Helen—while Storm anxiously asked if she was hurt and reproached her for leaving him—gradually pulled her senses together.

"Take me away, George," she murmured faintly. "Who are all these people? What has happened?"

At Storm's elbow, while he tenderly cared for and redoubled his efforts to revive Helen, stood Spike, like a watchdog. He kept the circle of passengers from crowding in and when Seagrue again attempted to interfere, Spike escorted him over to his machine and invited him in such unmistakable terms to continue his journey that Seagrue thought best not to rouse Spike's anger further.

Returning hurriedly to the focus of interest about Helen, Spike continued to push the passengers back. When Helen spoke to Storm again, as she soon did, she was able to rise to her feet and those passengers who refused to leave the young couple to themselves were hustled away by Spike to give privacy to the little scene being enacted between Helen and Storm in the foreground.

"I am desperately sorry, Helen. I forgot myself this morning," George was saying to his offended sweetheart. "I know I ought not to have given way, but when that fellow spoke to me as he did—after all his meanness—I felt as if nothing but a good beating would do him justice. I forgot you in it, Helen—that's all. Can you forgive me?"

She looked up into his eyes. Whether he found forgiveness there or not, he could detect nothing of anger: "Take me home, George," she said sorrowfully. "I'm awfully bruised up."

"You've nothing on me at that," laughed Storm. He slipped his hand into the pocket of his waistcoat and drew out her ring. "Before we start, Helen, I'd better put this back where it belongs." Taking her unresisting finger into his own, he slipped the engagement ring over it again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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