

What Will The Records Show?

Today, as the ages of the world are reckoned, the United States trembles upon the verge of the greatest leap of its history; upon the verge of the verge of the greatest leaps of any nation, of all time. These United States, before the turning of the century glass, will have risen from an equal of any nation of this present day to the greatest nation the sun ever shown on.

The sighs of the times have written this prophecy in letters of fire and blood as high as the Eiffel tower on a banner of powder smoke, and flung it high across the heavens of Europe, where all who look may read.

The Knights of Mars atilting go 'Cross Europe's fair plain, And while their heart with anger glow, Will they cease till the half is slain.

As sure as the close pressed quarry turns to the hills for refuge, the people of the broken nations of Europe will turn to the American nation for a retreat in which to build anew their fallen fortunes. As the rivers that rise and flow into the Father of Waters until he sweeps on toward his goal—the ocean, with a current as relentless as the tide of fate; so will Europe's fallen people converge into a tide of immigration that will sweep our nation from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Will Texas be satisfied with the floatsam and jetsam that may be caught in some vagrant eddy and stranded within our borders, or will she have the pilots of the nation looking Texasward and a channel dredged across the State that she may angle her prorata of immigrants from the strong in the middle of the stream? If Texas prepares this channel and turns the eyes of the pilots this way, it will be by the support of the Texas Press by the people.

Send a copy of THE NEWS out of the State that the record may show you to have done your part.

J. W. WILLIAMS
Jeweler

Santa Fe Thomas Bros.
Watch Inspector. Agent.
Slaton, Texas.

The heavy rains of last week and Sunday made it impossible to hold church services Sunday, of this week. Services for Sunday November the first will be conducted as usual. Sunday school at both churches at ten a. m. Preaching at eleven at the Methodist church, League at 6:30. Preaching at 7:30.

Mrs. Virgil Gainer, of Midlothian, came in Friday of last week and stopped at the home of Hon. and Mrs. Lockhart. Mrs. Gainer had been visiting at the home of Judge Gainer, of Plains. She left Monday morning in the car with Mr. Lockhart for Post City, where she took the train for home.

The Tahoka Cotton Gin with its two forty horse power gasoline engines and five stands is knocking the Lynn county cotton crop out at the rate of a bale every fifteen minutes every hour it runs. To date it has ginned 715 bales.

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. 50-1f

PRIDE DOTS

Hello Mr. Editor, how are this rainy morning? Ever thing is sure wet in this part of the county. The rain has damaged the crops some. They are looking for the thrasher in any time to thrash their peanuts. Health is very good in this part of the county.

Mr. Henry Taylor left on the Saturday morning train, for Dallas where he will take in the Fair.

Mr. J. C. Turner made a business trip to Plainview this week.

Messers. N. B. Cathey and J. P. Simmons went to Lamesa, one day this week, on business.

Messers. W. F. and M. L. Cathey were business visitors in Tahoka one day this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lath Lee of O'Donnell are visiting Mrs. Lee's parents Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Simmons near Pride.

Mr. C. B. Marrison went to O'Donnell on business Monday.

Mrs. Webber is still very but is improving slowly. Mrs. Webber's parents moved her to O'Donnell for treatment.

The people are busy gathering their crops. The last few days made them think that Jack Frost would visit them soon.

HEEL FLY.

FROM MANGER

TO THE CROSS

At Gentry's Picture Show, two nights, Wednesday and Thursday, November 4th and 5th, a reverent picture, life story of Jesus of Nazareth, in five reels. Admission 30c. 9-1t

The second number of the Lyceum Course was rendered at the Baptist church Wednesday night. The church was well filled. The first act was not on the program. It consisted of the capture of a loose bat, the whole audience taking part. Judge Joe Stokes played the star role, catching the bat in his hat. Ray Newton, Prince of magic was the entertainer for the evening, and a cleaner, more enjoyable evening of mirth was never afforded the citizens of Tahoka.

FOR SALE:—Lots 7 and 8 block 41, also lots 2 and 3 block 20 Town of Tahoka for 13 bales of cotton grading middling or above and averaging 500 lb. to the bale. J. D. Quick, 4ti Lubbock, Texas.

San Antonio—A plan to increase cattle raising in this section and substitute this industry for that of cotton growing is being worked out here by a number of capitalists. Responsible farmers are being loaned money to erect silos with and their farms are also stocked with cattle by the backers of the enterprise. At the end of the feeding period the profits from the increase in weight are divided with the farmer, thus enabling him to pay back the money borrowed on the silo. This plan gives him the silo clear of debt and forms a basis for future operations.

A. B. Binbam, of a mile and a half northeast of Brownfield, took the north bound train out of Tahoka Monday morning for Cisco to see his son, Arnett, who was suffering from an attack of appendicitis. Arnett was a student in the Brittan Training School. Mr. Binbam and son returned to Tahoka on the Tuesday evening train, and were met here by Mr. Binbam's young son, Sam, Thursday evening, and left for home.

SOLUTION OF COTTON ACREAGE AGITATION

Lynn County Farmers Have the Solution Within Their Reach if They Will Grasp It—No Need For Regulation by Act Of State Legislature

The cry of the day that rises, as the wails of the lost souls in torment, from the entire South and Texas especial, is: "how shall we decrease the cotton acreage." Luck, Providence, or what ever you may call the ruler of destiny, has solved the situation for Lynn County Cotton Planters, if they will only recognize the great advantages the solution offers.

It has been years since, perhaps never before, a rain has fallen that penetrated as deep as the rain of the week just past, which approximated seven inches of precipitation. In October of last year we had more water fall, eight inches, but it fell in such a short space of time that it ran off in a few hours, fill the lakes and basins and, leaving a season equal to a slow falling three in rain.

The rain of last week fell slow and steady and the clouds remained heavy until near the last drop soaked in that the

soil would contain. Falling at this time of the year, some cotton was necessarily damaged, however, owing to the bumper yield this year, the farmers very well exchange the few bales of cotton destroyed for the rain and the solution it offers.

The experimental patches planted in the county the past few years prove to the satisfaction of the most confirmed doubter that wheat is one of the most successful crops that can be grown on the plains.

The rain of the past week will bring a wheat crop up and grow it thru the winter.

This then is the solution of the cotton situation. Close on to the heel of the cotton pickers drive a deep breaking plow followed by a wheat drill. Graze a bunch of calves on the wheat pasture, it wont hurt it; next spring turn your calves on the grass and "feed them out" for the spring market. Harrow your wheat, and lay it by while you put in your feed crop.

The Call To The Land

It throbs through the noontide crushes
Where the gaunt street canyons wawn,
It thrills in the traffic's hushes
In the dark before the dawn;
Now vibrant and tense with pity,
Now ringing with sharp command,
Summoning souls from the city
Hark to the call of the land!
"I have fed your mouths from my bounty
Since the days when you toiled alone,
And turned up my virgin meadows
With your spades of wood and stone
I have watched your eyes grow restless,
I have seen you pause and part,
Drawn from your ancient mother
By the lure of the court and mart.
Engulfed in the sordid city
And deaf to my warning cry,
I have seen you reel and stumble,
I have seen you faint and die;
I have heard your sobs of anguish,
I have heard your groans of pain,
And I raised my voice to save you,
I reach you my arms again.
Are you broken in heart and body?
Are you shrunken in mind and soul?
Haste back to me your mother,
And my care will make you whole
Are you shaken in faith, discouraged?
Are you buffeted, bruised and sore?
Creep out to me from the gutters
And I'll make you men once more.
Come out to me in the open
From the night where you cringe and grope;
Let your thews grow hard with labor,
And your hearts grow big with hope.
You shall stand with your heads in the sunshine,
You shall stand with your feet on the sod,
And your faith in me shall lead you
To a snrer faith in God.

L. R. F. P. M.

Galveston—Declaring that the raising of more cattle is the solution of the food problem, N. E. Hay, former Governor of Washington, and who was recently in this city, says that Texas farmers should give more time and thought to this particular line of industry. He also said that the farmers must plant a greater acreage to forage crops, as the large grazing lands are rapidly diminishing, being cut up into small farms. Sudan grass, according to his theory, will do more to revolutionize the cattle

feeding problem in this country during the next few years than any other crop grown today.

Fort Worth—The countries engaged in the European conflict continue to draw on Texas for army horses, according to the horse and mule dealers in this city who have sold the agents of the various countries several thousand head of animals during the last few weeks. The horses are bringing on an average of \$140 per head, which is a substantial increase over prices paid previous to the war.

EMBROIDERY CLUB

Wednesday afternoon October 28th, Mrs. Larkin was hostess to the Embroidery Club. The day was lovely and nearly all the members were present with two invited guests, Mrs. Montgomery and Mrs. Lewis the Mother of our charming hostess. Mrs. Lewis is a needle woman of no small merit and had some of her work with her which was very lovely indeed. The afternoon was very pleasantly spent and the time passed away all too quickly as time is wont to do when Mrs. Larkin presides in her own winsome way. Christmas gifts and graduation presents were in evidence making one almost see the June roses and Holly berries intertwined.

Little Margurite and Master Frank Larkin entertained Miss Lucile Llaton and Master Jack Alley in a most exemplary way. Serving their guests at the tinnies of tables at the same time that Mrs. Larkin served the delicious luncheon to her guests. The success of this pleasant affair was only equaled by the enjoyment of those present.

Mrs. Felix Walker of Amarillo, spent the week end of last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, of the Hotel St. Clair of Tahoka.

POTASH IN THE PANHANDLE

The silver lining to the dark cloud of the European war is the lesson which it is teaching us in regard to the development of our resources. Our dependence on the nations which are now at war was never fully realized until a great calamity closed the doors of commerce and stopped the flow of products from foreign lands to this country.

The Director of Economic Geology of the University of Texas has recently issued a report concerning our minerals resources, showing that many of the minerals which have formerly been imported from foreign countries, abound in unlimited quantities in this state.

In the item of chloride of potash alone the report shows that we imported in 1912, \$10,726,098 worth for use in this country while experiments with one well in the Panhandle of Texas prove the existence of this mineral in larger quantities than many of the leading deposits of the world.

Dr. I. E. Smith Fye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist, of Big Springs, will be in Tahoka November 6th and 7th. 9-1t

Rev. W. C. Durham, of Temple, had accepted a call from the Baptist church, at Brownfield, he and his wife and daughter passed through Tahoka the last of last week on the wry to their new home. J. C. Green and Mr. Welh, of Brwnfield, were in Tahoka Thursday and hauled out his car of household goods. Rev. Durham refused a salary of \$500 more than the Church at Brownfield is paying him to come to this section.

Henry McDaniel has been on the sick list this week.

Oscar Rutledge, drummer of Amarillo, came in on the evening train Wednesday to work the town. He spent the night at the home of his wife's mother, Mrs. S. S. Ramsey. He returned to Plainview Thursday morning to get his car and complete the trip to Amarillo. He had abandoned his car at Plainview on account of the mud.

Texas Peanuts for "Christmas Ship"

Houston, Texas—One cent from each child in Texas. That is the plan hit upon to raise the fund for the purchasing of the one million quarter pound boxes of peanuts pledged by Texans for the "Christmas Ship" which will be sent to war-torn Europe in December.

The money will be collected by the superintendents of the various public schools and the nuts purchased by them and forwarded to this city.

Phone 60 and have your ice delivered free, every moring in any sized block. C. L. Williams, Wholesale and Retail Ice. 38tf

Messers. Jim Dver and Joe Barnes returned, Wednesday evening, from a weeks stay at the Dallas Fair. The boys say they are very glad to get back to this part of the country.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Bigham, Thursday night October 29th, a girl.

WILLIE IN PARIS

All dressed up and no place to go, Gott in Himmel, but Paris is slow!

The Opera house all dark and glum. The Follie Bergiere shut tight as a drum;

The Cafe Maxim a place to shun, Deadlier far than a Maxim gun; The Moulin Rouge a cave of gloom.

The only thing open, Napoleon's tomb; And me dressed up like a Mannikin, And no place to go but back to Berlin, Donneweter! but Paris is slow, All dressed up and no place to go.—Harpers Weekly.

Lima, O.—Detectives watched H. K. Cooney, a farmer, drain three gallons of grain juice from his silo and suspecting that he was distilling the juice into whiskey, arresten him; He declares that he has drawn off the juice from his silo for ten years and will contest the case.

Fort Worth.—President Chas. S. Barrett, of the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of America has announced the re-appointment of Peter Radford as lecturer of the National Union during the coming year. Extensive plans have been outlined for publicity work throughout the nation to be carried on through Mr. Radford's department. This publicity work will be modeled on the lines of the educational work done in Texas on the subject of farm problems.

It costs 42 cents to haul a ton of freight one mile over Texas roads.

The longest reinforced concrete viaduct in the world is in Dallas, Texas.

The standing of the contestants are as follows:

LILLIE HARRISON	
Standing Oct. 21	383.7
Gain Oct. 28	64.020
Total	447.725
VIOLA ROBERTS	
Standing Oct. 21	423.865
Gain Oct. 28	52.540
Total	476.405

Lillie Harrison recieved the Butter Knife ank the premium for next week is a silver Pie Knife.

Help! Help! Help!

If You Need Help a Want Ad. Will Got You a New Maid.

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Within 20 days from the date printed above, J. E. KETNER, or PARKHURST'S BROKEN & STORE, upon receipt of this coupon is authorized by Rule 12 to place 100 votes to the credit of

Candidate for Panama-Pacific Exposition trip or \$350 piano. Provided; that this coupon is countersigned by the subscriber whose printed name is attached to the other side hereof.

Countersigned: _____ Subscriber of the Lynn County News

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Tahoka Texas

M. M. HERRING
Lawyer and Abstractor
Office over Postoffice
Tahoka Texas

C. P. GENTRY
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All Repair Work Guaranteed
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LUBBOCK, TEXAS

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

Nominations

For County and District Clerk.
PAT NORTHCROSS.

For Tax Assessor.
J. H. THOMAS

For County Treasurer.
C. T. BEARD.

For Sheriff and Tax Collector
F. F. REDWINE

For County Judge
F. L. STOKES
(re-election)

For District Attorney, 7nd Judicial District:
G. E. LOCKHART

For County Commissioner Precinct No. 3.
H. T. GOOCH

HOW "TIZ" HELPS SORE, TIRED FEET

Good-bye sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, sweaty feet, smelly feet, etc.



Good-bye corns, callouses, bunions and raw spots. 2 more shoe fits, no more pinching with pain or drawing up your face in agony. "TIZ" magical, acts right off. "TIZ" draws out all the poisonous exudations which put up the feet. Use "TIZ" and forget your foot misery. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel. Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" now at any drug store or department store. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. A year's foot comfort guaranteed - or money refunded.

WHY DO TENANT FARMERS MOVE?

The past two months, as is usually the case in fall, has marked the scale of much farm property in the rural communities of the state and the moving of farmers from one farm to another. This frequency of moving, or instability of occupancy, very likely is one of the chief causes for decline of rural prosperity, or is a hindrance to greater progress. Frequency of removal of farmers is one of the greater causes why the roads and bridges are generally in a poor condition because the farmers, moving at frequent periods are not particularly interested in their upkeep. Farm buildings of such farms are not usually kept in good repair, as the man who is about to move will leave the repairs for the next tenant to make. The same reasons will apply for lack of interest by unstable farmer in the schools, churches, and general welfare of the community.

The U. S. Census Bureau is gathering statistics on this unsatisfactory phase of the country life, but so far, apparently, has not made exhaustive inquiry as to the reason why these farmers move. In our own community such an inquiry might throw light upon conditions that could be changed for the better. This section of the country is noted for its open-handed hospitality, but are we really as hospitable and as neighborly as we believe ourselves to be? Let us be honest with ourselves. Do we welcome the incoming tenant and try to make him and his family feel that we would like to help them permanent members of the community? If not, let us begin with the next new tenants, starting out with the idea that we will accept them at their own valuation and treat them as we would like to be treated under like circumstances. Are our ways, our habits, our local laws and regulations the sort that would naturally attract and what is more important, hold good settlers-hill them with the desire to buy a farm in this neighborhood? Let us stand aside and look at ourselves. Let us try to get the viewpoint of the stranger, and if we are wrong, let us about-face. If we are hide-bound and stand-fish, let us put the Golden Rule into operation. If our ways and habits are not what they ought to be, let us modify them. If our local laws are too lax or too puritanical, we have the remedy at hand. Let us find out the reason why farm tenants move from this locality and having learned the cause, remove it.

It isn't so hard as it was to borrow money—on good security, says an exchange. Perhaps we don't know what good security is, but we can't seem to raise the coin.

Lancaster, Ky.—A woman of this town has adopted the custom of donating the proceeds of all Sunday-laid eggs to the church she attends. These offerings reach a substantial sum.

THE BOY WHO CAN DREAM

It is a good thing for the farmer boy to have an imagination. It is a good thing for him to "dream dreams and see visions." It takes a dreamer to see the transformation that intelligent effort will bring to pass on the old place. It takes a dreamer to see how much more desirable that place will be in ten years than a job in a dry goods store.

It is the boy who dreams who sees a field of thrifty alfalfa where that stunted yellow corn is growing on the timber forty. It is the boy who dreams who sees those hungry looking cows with burrs in their tails replaced by a herd of dairy matrons that tax the capacity of the milk cans at every milking. It is the boy who dreams who sees a waving corn field where the cat-tails are growing, who sees a woven wire fence in place of the old hedge, and a new barn where the cow shed is falling to pieces.

We need more dreamers on the farm.—Prairie Farmer.

WHAT'S THE USE?

Weep and you're called a baby;
Laugh and you're called a fool;
Yield and you're called a coward;
Stand and you're called a mule;
Smile and they call you silly;
Frown and they'll call you gruff;
Put on a front like a millionaire
And some guy calls you bluff.

You Are In Good Company WHEN YOU ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER.

LUKE McLUKE SAYS:

When the husband thinks he could have done better and the wife thinks she could not have done worse, some divorce lawyer gets the price of a new runabout.

Mother's idea of calamity is when the pastor is ill and there are no services on Sunday. Father's idea of calamity is when the beer man is ill and doesn't show up on Saturday and Father has to go dry on Sunday.

A lot of men wonder why girls close their eyes when they are being kissed. But if the men would look into a mirror they would see the reason.

There are 3,064 languages in the world and Friend Wife can use every one of them when she finds a dainty, perfumed, lace-bordered handkerchief in your pocket.

The war in Europe seems to have upset a whole lot of men in this country. But mother's idea of a world-disturbance is to have the wash day postponed until Tuesday.

When Mother has three or four daughters Father always finds enough store hair around the house to stuff a sofa pillow.

This would be a better world if Mother got more help and sympathy when she is alive and less bawling and flapping when she is dead.

Along about this time of a year the June bride wonders what she was drinking when she promised to obey a nutt that she could lick with one hand.

NATIONAL FARMERS HOLD CONVENTION

Government Aid Sought in Marketing Cotton—Work of Peter Radford Commended.

Fort Worth, Texas.—The eleventh annual meeting of the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of America came to a close in this city today. More than two thousand delegates were present, representing the various state organizations and covering an area from coast to coast and from the great lakes to the gulf.

President Chas. S. Barrett, presided over the sessions and introduced the various speakers. The keynote of the convention was the action of the convention in asking governmental aid in financing the cotton crop of the south.

"The greatest crisis in years brought on by the European war, faces the United States," said President Barrett in his opening address. "There is only one thing to do and that is for the United States government to buy three or four million bales of cotton at not less than ten cents a pound from the farmers of the south to be held until a higher price may be obtained and, when sold, the profit, minus the expense of handling to be remitted to the farmers."

The convention went on record as favoring the Henry bill introduced before Congress recently, which favors the buying of cotton by the government as a relief of the present situation. This bill was drafted with the cooperation of President Barrett, who believes that it fully covers the situation.

Provision was made for the raising of a fund of \$200,000 for the purpose of maintaining a committee to devise plans for relieving the depressing results of the European war. This committee will include a member from every organized state, together with the national officials and the national executive committee. The committee will be in charge of Peter Radford of Texas, who was appointed chairman, and before the adjournment of the session more than \$10,000 of the fund had already been pledged.

A resolution was passed condemning the present war and recommending the establishment of an international parliament and an international court, looking to universal peace and good will between the nations of the world.

Child Labor Condemned.

A resolution was passed endorsing the bill providing for the elimination of products from interstate commerce which are manufactured in factories employing children less than fourteen years of age or those employing children under sixteen years of age more than eight hours.

A marketing plan introduced by Harry Tracy of Texas, in which a practical system of marketing farm products was outlined was heartily endorsed by resolution.

Peter Radford Commended.

Referring to the work of the officers of the Farmers' Union, Mr. Barrett paid a high tribute to the manner in which they have co-operated with him. "They have stood steadfastly by me in every call to duty," said Mr. Barrett, "and in every endeavor for the general good. They are true, faithful and conscientious men. I want to pay especial tribute to one individual, Peter Radford. If I should be asked to name one man in the Union

WHY SILOS FALL DOWN

It is about time for someone to start an investigation to learn the reason why so many silos are falling down. Anyone who has occasion to read the various country weekly newspapers is astonished at the number of wood and concrete silos that are reported as falling over. It would be found perhaps that the reason in most cases embraced the old causes, cheap labor and cheap materials. The farmer should know he can not get good work and good goods unless he pays for them. If he intends to invest in a silo let him get the best money can buy and let it be erected by the most responsible man in business. In such a case the farmer will never be sorry. The best is the cheapest, in the long run.

GET IN ON THIS

I do not pine for human gore, yet boldly I assert, I'd like to slap the brainless yap who calls a girl a "skirt."—Peoria Journal.

I pine not to bring others woe—I trust I'm not so mean; but I would like to swat the bo who calls a girl a "queen."—Houston Post.

I pine to see no injured gink clutch at himself and wail; but I'd like to boot the crude galoot who calls a girl a "frail."—New York Evening Sun.

I'm not prone to violence, but I should like to maul and kick and muss the insane cuss who calls a girl "some doll."—Judge.

I do not wish to seem a crank, but but always get a pain, and want to club the awful dub who calls a girl a "jane."—La Follette's.

I do not care to kill the guy nor wish to hear him screech, but I could poke the senseless bloke who calls a girl a "peach."—Marquette (Wis.) Epitome.

I hanker not to murder, but I may commit it when I land a kick upon the hick who calls a girl a "ween."

who has done more to lighten my own load, who stood ready day or night for service, who doesn't even wait for the distress signal, then I'd have to say Peter Radford. Men like Peter Radford keep one's faith sound, his courage high and renew belief in humanity."

Union Growing Rapidly.

President Barrett stated that the Union was fast growing in numbers and in strength. Twenty-seven states in the Union are included in its membership and the total number of members aggregate more than eight million. It is the boast of the Union that all its members are men who are actual farmers and that no one who does not till the soil, is eligible for membership in the organization.

The officials of the Union were unanimously re-elected for the coming year as follows: C. S. Barrett, Georgia, president; A. V. Swift, Vice President, Oregon; A. C. Davis, Secretary, Arkansas.

Mountain Lake, Minn.—E. J. Wade bought a cow from George Wall and two hours after leaving her old master the cow committed suicide by hanging herself in Wade's stable. In some manner she twisted the halter rope around her neck and lay down to die.

A Check Book.....

Increases your Standing in Your community.

It broadens your influence widens the scope of your usefulness, and stamps you with the label of success.

Commence the forward movement today. Open an account with us no matter how small the beginning.

First National Bank

Of Tahoa, Texas

Blacksmithing

Flows made any size, wagon and buggy work done Satisfaction Guaranteed at

J. Macfarlane's

South of Square

TAHOKA LODGE I. O. O. F. No. 653, Meets Every Tuesday night, J. L. STOKES, N. G., G. R. MILLIKEN, V. G., H. C. CRUE, Sec. & Treas.

Fine Stock Of The Best LUMBER

We have

Ever had

Wire, Posts, Paints Glass, and Oils, Star Mills and pipe

McAdam Lbr. Co

Let us sell you coal for your cook stove. We have the **GENUINE NIGERHEAD NUT COAL** The best coal for cooking purposes on the market today. Ask those who have tried it. We have the Rockvale and Rugby Lump coal for general purposes. Can fill any size order.

Also Plenty of Rock and Crushed Salt. Plenty of Oats and Bran always on hand at the Lowest Market Prices. Will have cottonseed cake on hand soon

G. W. SNIDER, North of Square, Tahoka

PRICES For Knife
-Go-Devils-
Made To Order From
\$ 5 to \$10
Better Order Now Before The Rush Season
H. C. Smith
Blacksmith.

DRINK MORE WATER IF KIDNEYS BOTHER

Eat less meat and take Salts for Back-ache or Bladder trouble—Neutralizes acids.

Uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, ache, and feel like lumps of lead. The urine becomes cloudy; the bladder is irritated, and you may be obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. When the kidneys clog you must help them flush off the body's urinous waste or you'll be a real sick person shortly. At first you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, you suffer from backache, sick headache, dizziness, stomach gets sour, tongue coated and you feel rheumatic twinges when the weather is bad. Eat less meat, drink lots of water; also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active. Druggists here say they sell lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only troubling.

IF HAIR IS TURNING GRAY, USE SAGE TEA

Don't look old! Try Grandmother's recipe to darken and beautify faded, lifeless hair.

That beautiful, even shade of dark, glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray, streaked and looks dry, wispy and scraggly, just an application or two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundredfold.

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THE LAST SHOT

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by FREDERICK PALMER



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—At their home on the frontier between the Browns and Grays, Marta Galland and her mother, entertaining Colonel Westering of the Grays, see Captain Lanstron, staff intelligence officer of the Browns, injured by a fall in his aeroplane.

CHAPTER II—Ten years later, Westering, nominal vice but real chief of staff, reinforces South La Tir, meditates on war, and speculates on the comparative ages of himself and Marta, who is visiting in the Gray capital.

CHAPTER III—Westering calls on Marta. She tells him of her teaching children the follies of war and martial patriotism, begs him to prevent war while he is chief of staff, and predicts that he makes war against the Browns he will not win.

CHAPTER IV—On the march with the 5d of the Browns Private Stransky, anarchist, predicts war and plans, out of patriotism, to be placed under arrest. Colonel Lanstron overbearing, begs him off saying the anarchist will fight well when enraged and is "all man."

CHAPTER V—Lanstron calls on Marta at her home. He talks with Feller, the gardener. Marta tells Lanstron that she believes Feller to be a spy. Lanstron confesses it is true.

CHAPTER VI—Lanstron shows Marta a telephone which Feller has concealed in a secret passage under the tower for use to benefit the Browns in war emergency, pointing out its value as being in the center of the fighting zone in case of war. Marta consents for it and Feller remains for the present. Lanstron declares his love for Marta.

CHAPTER VII—Westering and the Gray premier plan to use a trivial international affair to foment warlike patriotism in army and people and strike before declaring war. Partow, Brown chief of staff, and Lanstron, made vice, discuss the trouble, and the Brown defenses. Partow reveals his plans to Lanstron.

CHAPTER VIII—At the frontier the two armies lie crouched for attack and defense. In the town with the non-combatants fleeing from the danger zone, Marta hears her child pupils recite the peace oath.

CHAPTER IX—The Gray army crosses the border line and attacks. The Browns check them. Artillery, infantry, aeroplanes and dirigibles engage. Stransky, rising to make the anarchist speech of his life, draws the Gray artillery. Nicked by a shrapnel splinter he goes Berserk and fights—"all a man."

CHAPTER X—Marta has her first glimpse of war in its modern, cold, scientific, murderous brutality. She shows the secret telephone to remain.

work! Every man taught how a weak link may break a chain and realizing himself as a link and only a link! The captain of engineers forgot Marta's existence as an error of his subordinates caught his eye, and he went to caution the axmen to cut closer to the ground, as stumps gave cover for riflemen. For the time being he had no more interest in the knoll than in the wreckage of the dirigibles which were down and out of the fight.

After all, the knoll was only a single point on the vast staff map—only one of many points of a struggle whose progress was bulletined through the siffines of regimental, brigade, division and corps headquarters in net results to the staff. Partow and Lanstron overlooked all. Their knowledge made the vast map live under their eyes. But our concern is with the story of two companies, and particularly of two companies, and that is story enough. If you would grasp the whole, multiply the conflict on the knoll by ten thousand.

There had been the engrossment of transcendent emotion in repelling the charge. What followed was like some grim and passionless trance with triggers ticking off the slow-passing minutes. Dellarme aimed to keep down the fusillade from Fracasse's trench and yet not to neglect the fair targets of the reserves advancing by rushes to the support of the 128th. Reinforced, the gray streak at the bottom of the slope poured in a heavier fire. Above the steady crackle of bullets sent and the whistle of bullets received rose the cry of "Doctor! Doctor!" which meant each time that another Brown rifle had been silenced. The litter bearers, hard pressed to remove the wounded, left the dead. Already death was a familiar sight—an article of exchange in which Dellarme's men dealt freely. The man at Stransky's side had been killed outright. He lay face down on his rifle stock. His cap had fallen off. Stransky put it back on the man's head, and the example was followed in other cases. It was a good idea to keep up a show of a full line of caps to the enemy.

Suddenly, as by command, the fire from the base of the knoll ceased altogether. Dellarme understood at once what this meant—the next step in the course of a systematic, irresistible approach by superior numbers. It was to allow the ground scouts to advance. Individual gray spots detaching themselves from the gray streak began to crawl upward in search of dead spaces where the contour of the ground would furnish some protection from the blaze of bullets from the crest.

"Over their heads! Don't try to hit them!" Dellarme passed the word.

"That's it! Spare one to get a dozen!" said Stransky, grinning in ready comprehension. He seemed to be grinning every time that Dellarme looked in that direction. He was plainly enjoying himself. His restless nature had found sport to its taste.

The creeping scouts must have signaled back good news, for groups began crawling slowly after them.

"Over their heads! Encourage them!" Dellarme commanded.

After they had advanced two or three hundred yards they stopped, shoulders and hands exposed in silhouette, and began to work feverishly with their spades.

"Oh, beautiful!" cried Stransky. "That baby captain of ours has some brains, after all! We'll get them now and we'll get them when they run!" But they did not run. Unfalteringly they took their punishment while they turned over the protecting sod in the midst of their own dead and wounded. In a few minutes they had dropped spades for rifles, and other sections either crawled or ran forward precipitately and fell to the task of joining the isolated beginnings into a single trench.

Again Dellarme looked toward regimental headquarters, his fixed, cheery smile not wholly masking the appeal in his eye. The Grays had only two or three hundred yards to go when they should make their next charge in order to reach the crest. But his men had fifteen hundred to go in the valley before they were out of range. After their brave resistance facing the enemy they would receive a hail of bullets in their backs. This was the time to withdraw if there were to be assurance of a safe retreat. But there was no signal. Until there was, he must remain.

The trench grew; the day wore on. Two rifles to one were now playing against his devoted company, which had had neither food nor drink since early morning. As he scanned his thinning line he saw a look of bloodlessness and hopelessness gathering on the set faces of which he had grown so fond during this ordeal. Some of the men were crouching too much for effective aim.

"See that you fire low! Keep your heads up!" he called. "For your homes, your country and your God! Pass the word along!"

Parched throat after parched throat repeated the message hoarsely and lenden shoulders raised a trifle and dust-matted eyelashes narrowed sharply on the sights.

"For the man in us!" growled Stransky. "For the favor of nature at birth that gave us the right to wear trousers instead of skirts! For the joy of hell, give them hell!"

"For our homes! For the man in us!" they repeated, swallowing the words as if they had the taste of a stimulant.

But Dellarme knew that it would not take much to precipitate a break. He himself felt that he had been on that knoll half a lifetime. He looked at his watch and it was five o'clock. For seven hours they had held on. The Grays' trench was complete the breadth of the slope; more reserves were coming up. The brigade commander of the Grays was going to make sure that the next charge succeeded.

At last Dellarme's glance toward regimental headquarters showed the flag that was the signal for withdrawal. Could he accomplish it? The first lieutenant, with a shattered arm, had gone on a litter. The old sergeant was dead, a victim of the colonial wars. Used to fighting savage enemies, he had been too eager in exposing himself to a civilized foe. He had been shot through the throat.

"Men of the first section," Dellarme called, "you will slip out of line with the greatest care not to let the enemy know that you are going!"

"Going—going! Careful! Men of the first section going!" the parched throats repeated in a thrilling whisper.

"Those who remain keep increasing their fire!" called Dellarme again. "Cover the whole breadth of the trench!"

men in animal exhaustion. Some of those awake were too weary to give to each other more than a nod and smile. They had witnessed too much horror that day to talk about it. But Stransky foraged.

Marta, coming out on the veranda, saw him.

"You are tired! You are hungry!" she said with urgent gentleness. "Come in!"

He followed her into the house and dropped on a leather chair before a shining table in a room paneled with oak, wondering at her and at himself. No woman of Marta's world had ever spoken in that way to him. But it was good to sit down. Then a maid with a sad, winsome face and tender eyes brought him wine and bread and cold meat and jam. He gulped down a glassful of wine; he ate with great mouthfuls in the ravenous call of health, exhausted tissues, while the maid stood by to cut more bread.

"When it comes to eating after fighting—"

He looked up when the first pangs of hunger were assuaged. Enormous, broad-shouldered, physical, his cheeks flushed with wine, his eyes opened wide and brilliant with the fire that was in his nature—eyes that spoke the red business of anarchy and war.

"Say, but you're pretty!"

Springing up, he caught her hand and made to kiss her in the brashness of impulse. Minna struck him a stinging blow in the face. He received it as a mastiff would receive a bite from a pup, and she stood her ground, her eyes challenging his fearlessly.

"So you are like that!" he said thoughtfully. "It was a good one and you meant it, too."

"Decidedly!" she answered. "There's more where that came from!"

Then little Clarissa Ellen entered and pressed against her mother's skirts, subjecting Stransky to childhood's scrutiny. He waved a finger at her and grinned and drew his eyes together in a squint at the bridge of his nose, making a funny face that brought a laugh.

"Your child?" Stransky asked.

"Yes."

"Where's her father? Away fighting?"

"I don't know where he is!"

"Oh!" he mused. "Was that blow for him at the same time as for me?" he pursued thoughtfully.

"Yes, for all of your kind."

"M-m-m!" came from between his lips as he rose. "Would you mind holding out your hand?" he asked with a gentleness singularly out of keeping with his rough aspect.

"Why?" she demanded.

"I've never studied any books of etiquette of polite society, and I am a poor sort at making speeches, anyhow. But I want to kiss a good woman's hand by way of apology. I never kissed one in my life, but I'm getting a lot of new experiences today. Will you?"

She held out her hand at arm's length and flushed slightly as he pressed his lips to it.

"You certainly do cut thick slices," he said smiling. "And you certainly are pretty," he added, passing out of the door as jauntily as if he were ready for another fight and just in time to see the colonel of the regiment come around the house. He stood at the salute, half proudly, half defiantly, but in nowise humbly.

"Well, Major Dellarme!" was the colonel's greeting of the company commander.

"Major?" exclaimed Dellarme.

"Yes. Partow has the power. Four of the aviators have iron crosses already and promotion, too; and you are a major. Company G got into a mess and the whole regiment would have been in one unless you held on. So I let you stay. It all came out right, as Lanstron planned—right so far. But your losses have been heavy and here you are in the thick of it again. Your company may change places with Company E, which has had a relatively easy time."

"No, sir; we would prefer to stay," Dellarme answered quietly.

"Good! Then you will take this battalion and I'll transfer Groder to Alvery's. Bad loss, Alvery—strong. The artillery has been doing very work, but that is all in favor of the defensive. If we can hold them on this line till tomorrow noon, it's all we want for the present," he concluded.

"We'll hold them! Don't worry!" put in Stransky.

If a private had spoken to a colonel in this fashion at drill, without being spoken to, it would have been a glare.

Continued on last page

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The Last Shot

By FREDERICK PALMER

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Continued from preceding page

ing breach of military etiquette. Now that they were at war it was different. Real comradeship between officer and man begins with war.

"We shall, eh?" chuckled the colonel. "You look big enough to hold anything, young man! Here! Isn't this the fellow that Lanstron got off?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dellarme. "Well, was Lanstron right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wonderful man, Lanstron!"

"He knows just a little too much!" Stransky growled.

As Frasnace's men rose from their trench for the final charge and found that the enemy had gone, an officer of the brigade staff brought instructions to the colonel.

"The batteries are going to emplace



"I Want to Kiss a Good Woman's Hand by Way of Apology."

here for your support in the morning. You will move as soon as your men have eaten and occupy positions B-21 to B-35. That gives you a narrow front for one battalion, with two battalions in reserve to drive home your attack. The chief of staff himself de-

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sires that we take the Galland house before noon. The enemy must not have the encouragement of any successes."

"So easy for Westerling to say," thought the colonel; while aloud he acknowledged the message with proper spirit.

Before the order to move was given the news of it passed from lip to lip among the men in tired whispers. Since dawn they had lived through the impressions of a whole war, and they had won. With victory they had not thought of the future, only of their hunger. After the nightmare of the charge, after hearing death whispering for hours intimately in their ears, they were too weary and too far thrown out of the adjustments of any natural habits of thought and feeling to realize the horror of eating their dinners in the company of the dead. Now they were to go through another hell, but many of them in their exhaustion were chiefly concerned as to whether or not they should get any sleep that night.

The satire of war makes the valet's son a hero; the chance of war kills the manufacturer's son and lets the day-laborer's son live; the sport of war gives the latent forces of a Stransky full play; the glory of war brings Dellarme quick promotion; the glamour and the spectacular folly of war turn the bolts of the lightnings which man has mastered against man. Perhaps the savage who learned that he could start a flame by rubbing two dry sticks together may have set fire to the virgin forest and wild grass in order to destroy an enemy—and naturally with disastrous results to himself if he mistook the direction of the wind.

Marta Galland's thoughts at dusk when she returned up the steps to the house were of the wreckage the hot whirlwind of war left. She was seeing fathers staring and mothers weeping. Her experience with the wounded drawing deep on the wells of sympathy, heightened her loathing of war and of all who planned and ordered it and led its legions. She had been engaged, since dark in completing the work of moving valuable articles from the front to the rear rooms of the house, which had begun early in the day by Minna and the coachman.

She was at the door of her mother's room, which was like an antique shop. Old plates lay on top of old tables, with vases on the floor under the tables. Surrounded by her treasures, Mrs. Galland awaited the attack; not as a soldier awaits it, but as that venerable Roman senator of the story faced the barbarous Gauls—neither disputing the power of their spears nor yielding the self-respect of his own mind and soul. She had lain down in her wrapper for the night, and the light from a single candle—she still favored candles—revealed her features calm and philosophical among the pillows. Yet the magic of war, reaching deep into hidden emotions, had her also under its spell. Her voice was at once more tender and vital.

"Marta, I see that you are all on wires!"

"Yes; jangling wires, every one, jangling every second out of tune," Marta acquiesced.

"Marta, my father"—her father had been a premier of the Browns—"always said that you may enjoy the luxury of fussing over little things, for they don't count much one way or another; but about big things you must never fuss or you will not be worthy of big things. Marta, you cannot stop a railroad train with your hands. This is not the first war on earth and we are not the first women who ever thought that war was wrong. Each of us has his work to do and you will have yours. It does no good to tire yourself out and fly to pieces, even if you do know so much and have been around the world."

She smiled as a woman of sixty, who has a secret heart-break that she had never given her husband a son, may smile at a daughter who is both son and daughter to her, and her plump hand, all curves like her plump face and her plump body, spread open in appeal.

Marta, who, in the breeding of her generation, felt sentiment as more or less of a lure from logic, dropped beside the bed in a sudden burst of sentiment and gathered the plump hand in hers and kissed it.

"Mother, you are wonderful!" she said. "Mother, you are great!"

After a time, her ear becoming accustomed to the firing as a city dweller's to the distant roar of city traffic, Mrs. Galland slept. But Marta could not follow her advice. If, transiently at least, she had found something of the peace of the confessional, the vigor of youth was in her arteries; and youth cannot help remaining awake under some conditions. She tiptoed across the hall into her own room and seated herself by the window. The symbol of what the ear had heard the eye saw—war, working in tones of the landscape by day with smokeless powder; war, revealed by its tongues of flame at night. Ugly bursts of fire from the higher hills spread to the heavens like an aurora borealis and broke their messengers in sheets of flame over the lower hills—the batteries of the Browns sprinkling death about the heads of the gunners of the Grays replacing their batteries. Staccato flashes from a single point counted so many bullets from an automatic, which directed by the beams of the search-lights, found their targets in sections of advancing infantry. Hill crests, set off with flashes running back and forth, demarcated infantry lines of the Browns

assisting the automatics.

There were lulls between the crashes of the small arms and the heavy, throaty speech of the guns; lulls that seemed to say that both sides had paused for a breathing spell; lulls that allowed the battle in the distance to be heard in its pervasive undertone. In one of them, when even the undertone had ceased for a few seconds, Marta caught faintly the groans of a wounded man—one of the crew of a Gray dirigible burned by an explosion and brought in his agony softly to earth by a billowing piece of envelope which acted as a parachute.

Fighting proceeded in La Tir in stages of ferocity and blank silence. The upper part of the town, which the Browns still held, was in darkness; the lower part, where the Grays were, was illuminated.

"Another one of Lanny's plans!" thought Marta. "He would have them work in the light, while we fire out of obscurity!"

Soon all the town was in darkness, for the Grays had cut the wire in the main conduit shortly after she had heard the groans of the wounded man. There the automatics broke out in a mad storm, voicing their feelings at getting a company in close order in a street for the space of a minute, before those who escaped could plaster themselves against doorways or find cover in alleys. Then silence from the automatics and a cheer from the Browns that rasped out its triumph like the rubbing together of steel files.

From the line of defense, that included the first terrace of the Galland grounds as the angle of a redoubt, not a shot, not a sound; silence on the part of officers and men as profound as Mrs. Galland's slumber, while one of the Browns' search-lights, like some great wraith's slow-turning eye in a narrow radius, covered the lower terraces and the road.

Marta gave intermittent glances at the garden; the glances of a guardian. She happened to be looking in that direction when figures sprang across the road, crouching, running with the short, quick steps of no body movement accompanying that of the legs. The search-light caught them in merciless silhouette and the automatic and the rifles from behind the sand-bags on the first terrace let go. Some of the figures dropped and lay in the road and she knew that she had seen men hit for the first time. Others, she thought, got safely to the cover of the gutter on the garden side. Of those on the road, some were still and some she saw were moving slowly back on their stomachs to safety. Now the search-light laid its beam steadily on the road. Again silence. From the upper terrace came a great voice, like that of the guns, from a human throat.

"Why didn't we level those terraces? They'll creep up from one to the other!" It was Stransky.

In answer was another voice—Dellarme's.

"Perhaps there wasn't time to do everything. If they get as far as the first terrace—well, in case of a crisis, we have hand-grenades. But, God knows, I hope we shall not have to use them."

After an interval, more figures made a rush across the road. They, too, in Stransky's words, paid a price for seeing the garden. But the flashes from the rifles and the automatic provided a target for a Gray battery. The blue spark that flies from an overhead trolley or a third rail, multiplied a hundredfold, broke in Marta's face. It was dazzling, blinding as a bolt of lightning a few feet distant, with the thunder crash at the same second, followed by the thrashing hum of bullets and fragments against the side of the house.

"I knew that this must come!" something within her said. If she had not been prepared for it by the events of the last twelve hours she would have jumped to her feet with an exclamation of natural shock and horror. As it was, she felt a convulsive, nervous thrill without rising from her seat. A pause. The next shell burst in line with the first, out by the linden-trees; a third above the veranda.

"We've got that range, all right!" thought the Gray battery commander, who had judged the distance by the staff map. This was all he wanted to know for the present. He would let loose at the proper time to support the infantry attack, when there were enough dribbles across the road to make a charge. The dribbles kept on coming, and, one by one, the number of dead on the road was augmented.

Marta was diverted from this process of killing by piecemeal by a more theatrical spectacle. A brigade commander of the Grays had ticked an order over the wires and it had gone from battery to battery. Not only many field-guns, which are the terrors of the artillery, but some guns of siege caliber, the mastiffs, in a sudden outburst started a havoc of tumbling walls and cornices in the upper part of the town.

Then an explosion greater than any from the shells shot a hemisphere of light heavenward, revealing a shadowy body flying overhead, and an instant later the heavens were illuminated by a vast circle of flame as the dirigible that had dropped the dynamite received its death-blow. But already the Brown infantry was withdrawing from the town, destroying buildings that would give cover for the attack in the morning as they went. Two or three hours after midnight fell a silence which was to last until dawn. The combatants rested on their arms, Browns saying to Grays, "We shall

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Listen to me! Take no more sickening, salivating calomel when bilious or constipated. Don't lose a day's work! Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with your bile crashes into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you are sluggish and "all knocked out," if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone on my guarantee.

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store and get a 50 cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a spoonful tonight and if it doesn't straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous by morning I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine; entirely vegetable, therefore it can not salivate or make you sick.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless; doesn't gripe and they like its pleasant taste.

be ready for the morning!" and Grays replying: "So shall we!"

Marta, at her window, her eyes following the movements of the display, now here, now there, found herself thinking of many things, as in the intermissions between the acts of a drama. She wondered if the groaning, wounded man were crying for water or if he were wishing that some one at home were near him. She thought of her talk with Lanstron and how feminine and feeble it must have sounded to a mind working in the inexorable processes of the clash of millions of men. She saw his left hand twitching in his pocket, his right hand gripping it to hold it still, on that afternoon when, for the first time, she had understood his injury in the aeroplane accident as the talisman of his feelings—his controlled feelings! Always his controlled feelings!

She saw Westerling, so conscious of his strength, directing his chessmen in a death struggle against Partow. And he was coming to this house as his headquarters when the final test of the strength of the Titans was made.

She hoped that her mother was still sleeping; and she had seconds when she was startled by her own calmness. Again, the faces of the children in her school were as clear as in life. She breathed her gratitude that the procession in which they moved to the rear was hours ago out of the



The Searchlight Caught Them in Merciless Silhouette.

theater of danger. In the simplicity of big things, her duty was to teach them, a future generation, no less than Feller's duty was the pursuing shadow of his conscience. She should see war, alive, naked, bloody, and she would tell her children what she had seen as a warning.

Silence, except an occasional rifle shot—silence and the darkness before dawn which would, she knew, concentrate the lightnings around the house. She glanced into her mother's room and marveled as at a miracle to find her sleeping. Then she stole downstairs and opened the outer door of the dining-room. A step or two brought her to the edge of the veranda. There she paused and leaned against one of the stone pillars. Dellarme himself was in a half-reclining position, his back to a tree. He

CHAPTER XII. Hand to Hand.

With the first sign of dawn there was a movement of shadowy forms taking position in answer to low-spoken commands. The search-light yielded its vigil to the wide-spread beam out of the east, and the detail of the setting where Marta was to watch the play of one of man's passions, which he dares not permit the tender flesh of woman to share, grew distinct. Bayonets were fixed on the rifles that lay along the parapet of sandbags in front of the row of brown shoulders. Back of them in the yard was a section of infantry in reserve, also with bayonets fixed, ready to fill the place of any who fell out of line, a doctor and stretchers to care for the wounded, and a detachment of engineers to mend any breaches made in the breastwork by shell fire.

The gunner of the automatic sighted his barrel, slightly adjusted its elevation, and swung it back and forth to make sure that it worked smoothly, while his assistant saw that the fresh belts of cartridges which were to feed it were within easy reach.

In straw hat and blue blouse, shuffling with his old man's walk, Feller came along the path from the gate. He was in retreat from the enticing picture of the regiment of field-guns in front of the castle that was ready for action. As the infantry had never interested him, he would be safe from temptation in the yard.

"This is no place for you!" said one of the engineers.

"No, and don't waste any time, either, old man!" said another. "Back to your bulbs!"

Feller did not even hear them. For the moment he was actually deaf.

"Fire!" said Dellarme's whistle. "Thur-r-r!" went the automatic in soulless, mechanical repetition, its tape spinning through the cylinder, while the rifles spoke with the human irregularity of steel-tipped fingers pounding at random on a drumhead. All along the line facing La Tir the volume of the spread shell was like the concert of a night's boom.

The Gray batteries having tried out their range by the flashes of the automatic the previous evening, were making the most of the occasion. "Uk-ung-ung!" the breaking jackets whipped out their grists. The reserves, the hospital-corps men and the engineers hugged the breastwork for

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