

LYNN COUNTY NEWS

Volume XIII

Tahoka, Lynn County, Texas, Friday, September 22, 1916

Number 4

EVERY CHECK YOU WRITE



ADVERTISES YOUR BUSINESS.

Whenever you pay a bill by check you are helping to advertise your business. When a man receives a check the inference is that he is successful in business else he would not have a checking account. The impression given that you are successful goes a long way towards making you so. Start on the road to success to-day by opening an account with us. You will never regret it.

Guaranty State Bank Of Tahoka, Texas.



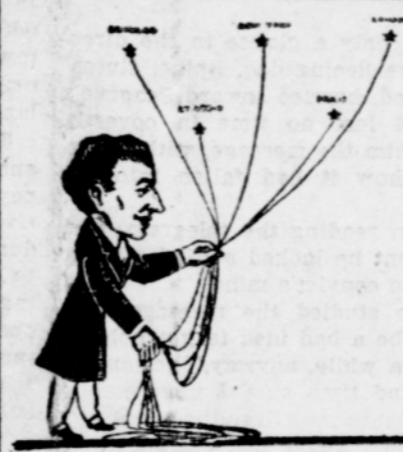
Spike Piled the Grumbling Laborers With Liquor. Scene from Helen's Wild Ride—The Girl and the Game

Report of Condition of the The First National Bank, at Tahoka, in the State of Texas, at the Close of Business on Sept. 12th, 1916.

RESOURCES		Dollars.	Cts.
a Loans and discounts (except those shown on b)		\$ 200,437.86	
Deduct:			
c Notes and bills rediscounted		18,379.40	
Total loans		182,058.46	
Overdrafts, secured		1,398.08	
U. S. Bonds:			
a U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)		\$ 12,500.00	
Total U. S. Bonds		12,500.00	
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 percent of subscription)		1,650.00	
a Value of banking house (if unincumbered)		7,000.00	
Furniture and fixtures		3,000.00	
Net amount due from Federal Reserve Bank		8,163.36	
a Net amount due from approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis		\$ 8,076.80	
b Net amount due from approved reserve agents in other reserve cities		22,496.83	30,573.63
Net amount due from banks and bankers (other than included in 10 or 11)			28,010.88
Other checks on banks in the same city or town as reporting bank		2,385.29	
a Outside checks and other cash items			29.90
b Fractional currency, nickels, and cents			2,955.00
Notes of other national banks			12,509.35
Coin and certificates			1,500.00
Legal-tender notes			625.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer			295,840.8
TOTAL		295,840.83	
LIABILITIES		Dollars.	Cts.
Capital stock paid in		50,000.00	
Surplus fund		7,500.00	
Undivided profits		3,038.87	
c Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid		1,449.51	
Circulating notes outstanding		12,500.00	
Demand deposits:			
Individual deposits subject to check		174,604.47	
Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days		13,100.00	
Certified checks		348.00	
Total demand deposits, items 33, 36 and 37		188,052.47	
Time deposits (payable after 30 days, or subject to 30 days or more notice):			
Certificates of deposit		36,200.00	
Total of time deposits, item 41		36,200.00	
TOTAL		295,840.83	
Liabilities for rediscounts, including those with Federal Reserve Bank		18,379.40	
STATE OF TEXAS, COUNTY OF LYNN, SS:			
I, W. B. Slaton, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.			
W. B. Slaton, Cashier.			
scribed and sworn to before me this day of September, 1916.			
C. H. Cain, Notary Public.			
CORRECT—Attest: W. D. Nevels, A. L. Lockwood, G. W. Small, Sr., Directors.			

Tahoka Wins P.S. to G. Auto Highway

On Saturday last a party of prominent Plainview men were in Tahoka stringing up enthusiasm on the Puget Sound to Gulf Highway as they had learned that E. J. Hernan, assistant director general of the National Highway Ass'n., was passing over the route on a final tour of inspection. They met a number of wide awake Lynn county citizens at the Star Theatre, whom they informed that by some effort on our part we would probably obtain a slice of the \$75,000,000 pie baked in Washington by the past Congress. The citizens immediately got busy and sign posted our road from the Dawson to the Lubbock county line. Not only this, but the got together and a number went to Lamesa to meet Mr Hernan, Wednesday morning and attended the good roads meeting there. After the meeting, Mr. Lockwood brought Mr. Hernan to Tahoka and pointed out the improvements we are making on our road to O'Donnell, thereby convincing him that we are wide awake to the opportunity of securing this great national highway. Mr.



We Have A Line

On the High Class Goods and Exclusive Styles

found in the larger cities and are constantly keeping in touch with them in order to give our customers the benefit of our **First Class Connections** New Ladies Boots, New Coats, New Suits, New Dress Goods-- If you don't see the NEW, you'll be sorry.

Knight & Brashear



We Carry The Best

lumber that can be had in this town. Lumber that can be depended upon; thoroughly seasoned; cut full measure, and not a poor piece in the lot. If you are in the market for lumber of any description we solicit your trade, feeling confident we can meet your requirements, both as regards quality and price.

Tahoka Lumber Company

FRUIT JUICES



FROM PEACH TO GRAPE

and from pineapple to lemon the fruit juices in our sodas are the purest, the freshest, and the most delicious that the market affords. But that doesn't make the cost any higher. We charge no more than others do for the doubtful kind, so why be vexed as to the proper choice? For your health's sake go to

D. A. Parkhurst--Jewelry and Confections

Hernan addressed a good audience at the Star Theatre at 8 p.m. After the address we organized a Lynn County Highway League which is a unit of the state and national organizations. M. M. Larkin was elected president, C. H. Cain vice president, McMill Clayton Secy-Treas. We received 28 members all there with the punch for goods.

Stanberry Alderman, auditor, and Hubert Roberts, assistant wire chief, of the Western Telephone Co., of Big Springs, have charge of the local exchange in the absence of Frank Cunningham, the local manager for the past several years, who has moved back to Iowa. A permanent man will be sent later.

The Embroidery Club met with Miss Edna Montgomery Wednesday afternoon, and also only a few were present one of the most enjoyable sessions of the summer was held. Punch and nut cake were served. The club will meet with Miss Pauline Ramsey.

Street hats and dress hats, ready to wear, or millinered to suit the individual customer-- See Mrs. Ogden at Larins.

42 Club Entertained

Mrs. W. B. Slaton was hostess to the "42" club Thursday afternoon. In the games Mrs. Dr. Callaway won high score. The afternoon was brought to a close with the serving of a salad course to Mrs. Parker, Robinson, M. M. Herrin, Larkin, Smith, Joplin, Townes, J. L. Stokes, Miller Callaway and Zornes. The club will meet next with Mrs. Ben Lockhart.

Wanted—a cook—Stokes Hotel

Individuality—something classy, and something different, the line shown by Mrs. Ogden at Larins.

We feel our readers are due an apology for the lack of news in this issue, but our old man being "hors de combat" and our type sticker long gone, there was no one to set the apology.—Ed.

I will buy your Maize Heads, Paul Miller. 1t-p

Where to get your fall hat? Why see Mrs. Ogden at Larins Store Of course. Hats for any and all occasions, and priced reasonable too.

In the market strong for Cotton Seed. Paul Miller. 1t-p

Unsulphating Batteries

We have the agency for the only unsulking Battery on the market. These Batteries are guaranteed by manufacturer to run 18 months to 3 years, according to service required. Why take your batteries to an experimenter when an expert electrician is at your command. Mr. Shepard has had several years experience and is thoroughly competent to rebuild or repair magnetos, generators or anything pertaining to car electrics

Dow & Shepard

at Tahoka Garage Satisfaction or No Pay

No. 1047

BANKS

Official Statement of the Financial Condition of the Guaranty State Bank

at Tahoka, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 12th day of Sept., 1916, published in the Lynn County News, a newspaper printed and published at Tahoka, State of Texas; on the 22nd day of Sept., 1916.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts, personal or collateral	41,676.11
Loans, real estate	3,151.00
Overdrafts	371.51
Bonds and Stocks	00.
Real estate (banking house)	00.
Under construction	17,249.73
Other Real Estate	00.
Furniture and Fixtures	1,680.75
Due from Approved Reserve Agents, net	6,722.20
Due from other Banks and Bankers, subject to check	5.00
Cash Items	430.77
Currents	1,521.00
Specie	1,737.75
Interest on Depositors Guaranty Fund	1,050.00
Other resources as follows:	
Assmt. Guaranty Fund and Expense Acct.	3,392.68
TOTAL	78,988.50
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock paid in	35,000.00
Surplus Fund	00.
Undivided Profits, net	00.
Due to Banks and Bankers subject to check, net	00.
Individual Deposits, subject to check	16,387.00
Time Certificates of Deposits	00.
Demand Certificates of Deposits	00.
Cashier's Checks	273.50
Bills Payable and Rediscounts	25,000.00
Certificates of Deposit, issued for money borrowed	00.
Other Liabilities as follows:	
Interest Account	2,328.00
TOTAL	78,988.50

STATE OF TEXAS)
County of Lynn) We, A. D. Shook as president, and A. E. Herring as cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

A. D. Shook, President.
A. E. Herring, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 19th day of Sept., A. D. 1916.
Pat Northern, Clerk County Court Lynn County, Texas.
CORRECT—ATTEST:
J. W. Elliott,
W. O. Thomas,
J. A. Brashear,
Directors.

'Lest You Forget

If you have a fine watch or any piece of jewelry that you wish repaired so it will be as good as new, bring it to me at Thomas Bros. Drug Store and you will find my work satisfactory and charges reasonable. 47-tf
J. C. MAY.

W. J. Crouch, Contractor and Builder. Well finished substantial work. Let me figure on your building. No charges for estimates. 1-tf

Fresh Fish and Oysters

We receive a shipment of fresh Fish and Oysters every Friday. 3-tf Sanitary Meat Market.

Classified Column

RESIDENCE FOR SALE—9 room residence, water connection, on quarter block, well, windmill, barn, service house and conveniences. Young orchard and vineyard: an ideal home. Would give terms.—O. M. Shook.

State land leases for sale by J. U. Williams of Tatum, New Mexico.

FOR TRADE—Model C-25 Buick in good running order and nice looking, will trade for Sudan Grass Seed. If you want a bargain, see me. 3-1t
Hall Robinson.

For Ranch Property in Eastern New Mexico, see J. U. Williams, of Tatum, New Mexico. 49tf

If you want to buy a ranch in Eastern New Mexico, see J. U. Williams, of Tatum, New Mexico. 49-tf

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Horses, Mares, & Mules—apply Bowser & Vinson. 1-tf

FOR SALE—Twelve weaner pigs, see Mrs. Jeff Fleming, in North Tahoka. 3-tf

FOR SALE or trade—City Blacksmith Shop, located in corner of Woods' Wagon Yard east of square. Building 24x28 feet. Well equipped. address J. C. Welch, owner, Tahoka. 2-tf

WANTED—Two rooms for light house keeping. Phone News Office. 3-1tp

BRING YOUR HIDES to Woods wagon yard for high prices. 3-tf

FOUND—Key ring and keys. Owner can secure same by describing, and paying for this local. Call at News Office. 3-2t



THE TOP NOTCH OF BUTTER SCOTCH—THE CRISPEST MOLASSES—THAT CANDY FOR LASSES—BON BONS THE SWEETEST. IN A STORE THAT'S THE NEAREST!



Barnes Drug Store

"The Careful Druggist"

Lynn County News

Published Every Friday by
H. C. Crie & Company

J. Crie.....Editor and Manager

One Year [strictly in advance] \$5.00
Advertising rates on application

Entered as second class matter, July 10, 1905, at the postoffice at Tahoka, Texas, under the act of Congress of March 3rd, 1879.

Four Issues Counted a Month

Drs. Inmon & Turrentine
Physicians and Surgeons
Office in Shook Building
Over Post Office
Tahoka, Texas

E.E.Callaway **C.B.Townes**
Res. Phone 46 Res. Phone 131
Physicians and Surgeons
Office Phone 45
Office upstairs Thomas Bros. Bldg

Dr. J. H. McCoy
Physician and Surgeon
Office over the Wells Store
Office phone 3 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
Tahok Texas

Dr. J. R. Singleton
Dentist
Permanently Located
Tahoka, Texas

Democratic Nominees
Dist. Judge 79th Judicial Dist.
W. R. Spencer.
Tax Assessor:
J. N. Thomas.
Treasurer:
C. T. Beard.
Sheriff and Tax Collector:
F. E. Redwine.
County Judge:
C. H. Cain.
Commissioner Pre. 1:
W. L. Tunnell.
Commissioner Pre. 3:
C. H. Doak.
Public Weigher Pre. 3:
W. B. Phillips.
Public Weigher Justice Pre. 1:
R. C. (Percy) Wood.

CEO. ALLEN
The House Reliable
Oldest and Largest PIANO
and MUSIC HOUSE in
Western Texas. Latest Sheet
Music. MUSIC TEACHER'S
Supplies, etc., etc. Catalogue
and BOOK OF OLD TIME
SONGS FREE for the asking.
Established 1890. SAN ANGELO

Tahoka Dairy

Located on south edge of town. Morning and Evening deliveries of any amount of Milk you wish. Watch for the wagon or---
Phone Orders To Number 94. T. P. Gottshall, Prop.

Full Weight Goes Without Saying



but what we do want to point out is that we keep thoroughly abreast of the times, and that if there is anything new on the market of merit, you may have it delivered to your door right from this establishment. Phone, prompt service, right prices, a complete and never neglected stock, and a well kept store---all of these attributes should commend us to you.

H. M. Anthony
Quality holds while Prices talk West side square

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 Girl and The Game

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, frandler, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision. Safebreakers employed by Seagrue steal General Holmes' survey plans of the cut-off line for the Tidewater, factually would the general and escape. Her father's estate hadly involved by his death. Helen goes to work on the Tidewater. Seagrue uses Spike to set fire to a powder train hauled by Storm's engine. Helen saves Storm from a horrible death. Helen recovers the survey plans from Seagrue, and though they are taken from her, finds an accidentally made proof of the survey blue print. Storm, employed by Rhinelander, wins a fight with Seagrue's men for possession of a consignment of railroad ties.

SIXTH INSTALLMENT

HELEN'S WILD RIDE

Helen spied him the minute she stepped inside Rhinelander's stall to deliver the telegram—a small, fluffy bundle of black and white, lying curled up tightly on Rhinelander's cot, as if this was the haven of warmth and refuge so long sought. "Where," demanded Helen of Rhinelander, and emphasizing each word in amazement, "did you get that dear, little dog?"

"That dear, little dog," explained Rhinelander, with corresponding emphasis, "is the last addition to my already overburdened pay roll."
"What's his name? Who," demanded Helen in delight, "put him on?"
"He just got hold with his teeth and hung on. He blew into camp the other day, the tireddest, orneriest, hungriest-looking cur you ever saw. Some motoring party lost him, probably."

Rhinelander reread his telegram:
Signal:
Monthly pay roll on No. 4. H.
"Say, this is news; best I've had this week. The pay roll is overdue three days and these Greeks and Mexicans are a suspicious bunch. What's your hurry?" he asked as Helen made ready to go.
"I must run," said Helen. "I'm alone this morning."
"Don't be in a rush; I'm going over that way myself," returned Rhinelander, picking up his hat. "The pup will keep house a few minutes."

Leaving the hut door open, Rhinelander, accompanied by Helen, started for the station. Two good comrades, as well as devoted friends, Helen and he laughed and joked along their way, watched from the farther end of the camp by Spike, who, disgraced, chafed, half in hiding, awaiting some opportunity for mischief to turn up—something that would release from honest idleness.
It was to be an irony of fate that now made of the homeless dog an instrument to serve the purpose of the restless criminal. The puppy, alone, in the tent, refreshed by his nap, invigorated by his breakfast, and impelled, Rhinelander would have said, by the devil, looked about for something to interest him. Seizing the telegram in his sharp teeth, he started to tear it to pieces. At that juncture an inquisitive squirrel, pausing before the open door, peered sharply into the hut.

To the dog, this looked like a formal challenge. He was so overcome by the impudence of it that he sprang from the table, forgetting to put the telegram back where it belonged. Away he dashed, telegram in teeth

after the squirrel.
There was but a single spectator of this dash—the brooding Spike. As the dog tore past Spike the telegram dropped from his mouth almost at the convict's feet, and idly picking the paper up Spike opened and read it:
Rhinelander,
Signal:
Monthly pay roll on No. 4.

Brief though the message was, it contained enough news to arouse Spike.

Casting only a glance in the direction of the fleeing dog, Spike, clutching his find, hurried toward Seagrue's camp and lost no time in covertly showing him the message, without explaining how it had fallen into his hands.

Seagrue, reading the telegram, saw the moment he looked at Spike, what was in the convict's mind.

Seagrue studied the message. "It wouldn't be a bad idea to get hold of the stuff a while, anyway," he mused. "It's behind time now, I understand; and I hear the men over there are getting restless about not getting their money. If you could hold it up on Rhinelander a few days you might work up a strike."

"How far do you want to go with this thing?" demanded Spike, casting a vicious eye on his employer.

"I don't care how far you go," said Seagrue, "provided you hold up that pay roll."

Spike left the camp. No more than a moment's reflection was needed to suggest an idea to him. Returning to the station, he got a long distance telephone wire and called up two of his friends at Oceanside—Sykes, a convict acquaintance, and a chum of Sykes, who, in various encounters with the law, had lost all of his name but "Dan."

In jailbird jargon Spike explained to Sykes, who answered the telephone, the possibilities of a haul at Signal. Dan, standing near Sykes in the room they occupied together, asked questions and prompted his companion, who tried to get from Spike—reluctant to talk much on the wire—a description of the lay of the land. Spike bluntly told them in the end to stow it and take the job or leave it, as they liked. However, the two criminals got enough from him to decide that a third man was indicated, and they called into their conference a crooked safe expert, known only by his nickname of "Bat, the Bat." To him they confided their plot. Nothing loath, Bat consented to join in the enterprise, and following Spike's hints, the trio made arrangements to leave for Signal on the train that should carry Rhinelander's pay roll.

When No. 4 pulled into Signal next morning three men dropped off the hind end. They made up the criminal gang that Spike had engaged to rob Rhinelander, and, knowing the loot was expected on the train that carried them, two of the men kept the front end of the train well in view until they had watched Lyons and Helen take the package of money from the express messenger, and after receiving for it, walk with Rhinelander into the station. Inside of the office Rhinelander examined the shipment of currency.

"I have no safe at the camp, Lyons," explained Rhinelander, when the agent asked him to receipt for the package. "Keep it here for me in your safe until tomorrow." He pushed the open package of bills back through the wicket of the counter, but in doing this he accidentally overturned a bottle of ink.

Helen screamed a little, and jumping aside, caught up a piece of cloth from the letter-press stand, wiped the ink off the bills as best she could and turned them over to Lyons, who took the big package within his charge and placed it carefully in the safe. Not, however, without having been observed by two of the Oceanside criminals who were loitering just then outside the office window.

Turning away before they were discovered, these men—Sykes and Dan—were joined by the third member of their expedition, and the three headed for Rhinelander's camp to hunt up Spike. They encountered him on the way over to the station to look for them. A consultation was held in the woods. The four were now assured that the money had come, and they knew where it had been put. To the safe expert was left the details, and when these had been arranged to suit him, the quartet scattered. That evening they might have been seen hovering around the station about the time that Helen and Lyons were closing up for the night. Indeed, the latter had hardly locked the station door before Spike, watching his opportunity, signaled his assistants to the freighthouse window. This, without ceremony, they broke open and entering the telegraph office from the freightroom, took possession of the premises.

The man known as The Bat, the master mind of the visiting trio, at once got down in front of the safe for an examination. It took him only a moment to examine and tabulate in his mind the kind of safe he had to do with. In another moment he threw back the bolts and swung the door open.

They took the pay roll package out just as Lyons had placed it within the safe. But the easy triumph of the expert and the congratulations of his friends did not seem enough to satisfy him. To make the job artistic, he directed his assistants to get together some brown paper, and after they had taken the bills from the package, he filled it with waste paper, rewrapped the package carefully and replaced it just as he had found it in the safe.

Leaving by the same way they had entered, the quartet took their way to Seagrue's camp. Seagrue was

asleep, and Spike woke him and muttered they had the money. Seagrue, somewhat upset by the size of the company of thieves with which he was now tied up, kept his own counsel. He listened to all that Spike had to say, and at once advised sending the three safe-blowers back to the city. This, however, it was decided, after a brief conference, would not do, as Spike needed somebody to help him foment a disturbance next day. In the end, a compromise was effected, by which The Bat was sent to town while Sykes and Dan were kept over night to aid in stirring up Rhinelander's men.

The following day had already been announced in Rhinelander's camp as pay day. When Helen and Lyons arrived at the office in the morning for duty they found Rhinelander waiting to take the money. Lyons, very willing to be rid of his responsibility, opened the safe and unsuspectingly turned over to Rhinelander the package he had placed in it the afternoon before.

When the construction boss reached his camp, the men were lined up outside his tent waiting for their pay. Passing within, Rhinelander cut open the package. To his consternation he found only brown paper instead of currency. Stunned by the revelation and breathless with amazement, he made his way, white-faced, back to the station for an explanation.

Rushing into the office he threw the doctored package down before Lyons and Helen. The two paled in turn with excitement and each of the three looked blankly into the faces of the others. Lyons ran to the safe and opened it again—Rhinelander and Helen watching. Nowhere else inside was any money to be found. The currency package, apparently undisturbed, had been taken by the agent in the first instance from precisely where he had left it and seemingly in the same condition in which it had been placed in the safe. All that confronted the startled trio now was the worthless package of brown paper.

Rhinelander wiped his brow and turned, dejected, from the counter. He had not the heart to wire Oceanside of the calamity. The first thing necessary, in any event, was to make an effort to appease the men and, starting to his camp, he attempted to do this. The men, made uneasy by Rhinelander's sudden disappearance after his promise to pay, were grumbling around Wood, the foreman, who was using his best efforts to quiet them. Rhinelander now reappeared from the station, but empty-handed. He brought with him the rifled package, showed this to Wood and to the men; explained that he had been robbed and told the men they would have to wait.

Those closest in the group that crowded around him had been primed for a disturbance by Spike and his two confederates. They sneered at Rhinelander's statements and told him they wanted their pay. Lyons, hurrying over from the station, reported to Rhinelander that the express company and the chief special agent's office had been notified of the robbery and detectives were on the way. But while Wood and Lyons argued with some of the disaffected, Spike and his companions lured others of them to a hut on the edge of the camp limits, where a sort of blind pig was in operation. Here Spike, spending money freely, plied the grumbling laborers with liquor and advised them to stand on their rights and refuse to work if their money was not at once forthcoming.

Rhinelander made up his mind not to dodge the issue and he assured such of the men as would listen that if they would give him a little time he would replace the pay roll on his personal credit; and that no one should lose a cent through the accident. The difficulty was to get the men to listen. The strike idea spread through the camp like an infection, and reason was for the moment completely forgotten. Spike, perceiving the mischief well under way and anxious to get the two city criminals out of the way before the detectives from headquarters should arrive and round up the camp for suspects, directed Spike and Dan to "beat it" back to town on the local passenger.

At this time a sudden and unexpected complication arose. With Spike, the party returned to the shack for a final drink, and when they left it, Sykes and Dan started for the station. But a lighted match carelessly thrown to the ground inside the hut, falling among rubbish, had ignited it, and almost before the pair reached the station the hut was on fire.

Entering the waiting room with his companion, Sykes bought tickets from Helen for the city. When with Dan he walked out on the platform, the local train had pulled in and the crew were looking at the fire in Rhinelander's camp.

Sykes and Dan boarded the train at the moment it pulled slowly out. In the office, while Helen was putting away the bill with which Sykes had paid for the tickets, her attention was arrested by a blot of ink on the edge of it. With a woman's intuition, she realized almost at once that the instigated bill was one of those stolen from the express package the night before. Running out on the platform, she told Lyons of the discovery.

Helen, frantic as she saw the train pulling away with the burglars, looked around for help. Nothing seemed to offer in any direction and she turned distractedly back to the office to wire Oceanside when her eye fell on a speeder car.

With a start she turned to it, took hold of the handles, pushed the car forward a length, found it responded, to her touch, and hardly giving thought as to whether she could man-

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.

Cafe in Connection
Rates \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day

Corner of Main and Lockwood
North of Square

Tahoka, Texas

Don't Hesitate to Invite a Lady



to our restaurant---but don't fail to come yourself. We conduct an establishment that is suitable for every occasion. Well cooked dishes, in great variety, carefully selected, with a view to wholesome variations, everything as it should be, including the service. Glance at the menu for yourself and note that our prices are not excessive.

BUSY BEE CAFE



IS IT A FIRE?
NO! THAT'S THE CROWD GOING TO THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

A Night In Hawaii!

Sat. Sept. 23rd, Matinee and Night,
Hawaiian Troubadors

Six Clever Singers, Players, Dancers—Genuine Native Hawaiians Singing and Playing Their Quaint Melodies—Native Dances by Little Dancing Girl—You Have Heard Them on the Phonograph, Hear Them In Real Life—Two hours of entertainment—Admission 25c and 50c.

★ THEATRE

ADMISSION 10C

...New Fall Goods...

We have a good variety of patterns in all the new colors and combinations and owing to the fact that we bought our goods before the recent rise, we are able to put interesting prices on them.

Carter Bros., N. D. Goree, Mgr.
Fresh, Seasonable Stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries.
Displayed in Dustless Sanitary Glass Cases

Well Seasoned Siding

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

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

We Guarantee The Quality of Everything We Sell

A. G. McAdams Lumber Co.

Tahoka, F. L. Parker, Manager Texas

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 buying in bulk before the winter raise in price. See us.



Edwards Brothers,
Coal and Grain, Hay, and All Kinds Feedstuff

The Girl And Game

ago the machine, conceived, as it began to pick up speed, that possibly she could overtake the departing train. This idea, once in her head, she had only to jump into the seat and in another moment she was in pursuit of the train—then traveling through a zone of fire from the burning camp.

Catching at the inflammable material with which its path was freely spread, leaping from tent to tent and hut to hut, licking up the canvas and eating rapidly into the flimsy wooden

structures that barred its way, engulfing machinery, wagons and equipment in its quick advance, the fire, fanned by the north wind and its own suction, tore along like a whirlwind, with Rhinelander and his gang doing their best to check it. By the time the train had reached the vicinity of the camp, the fire had jumped the track and the flames rose on all sides as the local headed through them.

Close behind the train, Helen, running the lineman's speeder, was doing her utmost to attract the attention of the train crew. Their eyes were fixed on the fire. Helen sped through the

angry fire, and gained on the last-moving train until but a slight gap separated the nose of her speeder from the rear platform. Then mounting on the footboard of the roaring little motor, she sprang with all her strength to the observation platform of the rear car.

The conductor and brakeman, looking back at that moment from the coaches to watch the fire, discovered the pursuing speeder. The two started back for the rear platform and they reached it just as Helen landed in front of them from her jump.

"What in the world?" demanded the

conductor, as he looked from the excited girl to the deserted lineman's car, now falling back in the race it had maintained with the train. "What in thunder," he again demanded of Helen, in simple, good faith, "are you trying to do, Miss Holmes?"

Helen, short of breath and wild with excitement, tried to explain: "Mr. Rhinelander," she said, between gasps, "was robbed yesterday. Thieves took his pay roll from our safe last night. They left bunches of brown paper in



"Thieves Took the Pay Roll. They Are on This Train!"

the package. They are both on this train!" she cried. "They have the money. We must get them or he'll be ruined, if he isn't ruined by this terrible fire. You must help me, conductor, both of you."

Followed by the brakeman, the two walked forward. It was rather a long train.

The conductor could not be hurried, and the search went all too slowly for Helen, who feared what did, in fact, presently occur. Sykes and Dan, easy in the fear of special agents on their trail, were on the alert. They sat near the front door of the smoker, and as Helen and the conductor began at the rear end of the car to look over the passengers, Sykes, spying Helen, quietly slid through the front door—left open to let the smoke out—to the platform. Dan following. They sat down on the steps looking for a good place to jump off. While the conductor was walking forward, with Sykes casting furtive glances at him through the front window, the train drew near the San Pablo river. "I'm off here," growled Sykes to his confederate, briefly.

Dan protested; a jump was not to his taste, but Sykes, the big fellow, did not hesitate. The train was crossing the San Pablo. Sykes leaped from the step into the river. Dan reluctantly following suit.

Helen, through an open window of

the smoker, saw Sykes' jump. She caught the conductor's arm and begged him to stop the train. He pulled the cord and, with the conductor and brakeman after her, Helen ran to the front platform. The train slowed. In the river, Sykes and Dan were swimming. Helen made ready to drop off. The conductor and brakeman tried to dissuade her; they could not.

"You'll have to go alone, I can't leave this train," shouted the conductor to her.

Helen only waved her hand as she dropped to the ground.

Luckily, she had not been seen by the men she was after, but a further obstacle threatened. The convicts had swum to the nearest bank and were now across the river from Helen. A passing boat was awaiting the draw, and the moment the train passed the jackknife had been started up by the bridge tender. Helen was running to get to the other side before it was too late. Sykes and Dan, ashore, were hurrying away, and the ponderous jackknife was rising under Helen's fleeing feet. The draw span, already high in the air, made a widening gap between her and the abutment, but Helen, running to the rising end, jumped from it recklessly to the abutment below. She landed, bruised, on the track, but she picked herself up and sped on after the fugitives.

The river bridge is at no great distance from Oceanside, but Helen's breath was pretty well exhausted before Sykes and Dan reached a suburban street car and boarded it. So close was she after them that she gained one platform just as the two men stepped up on the other. Concealing herself behind a seat, Helen hid in terror, but with all their astuteness the criminals failed to discover her. When the two left the car in the city, Helen was again relentlessly on their heels. Following them vigilantly she intercepted an officer, told him of her chase, and he instantly joined her in the pursuit of the men, now disappearing in the distance.

Turning into an obscure street, the criminals entered a doorway and started up a long flight of stairs. Helen with her policeman hard behind. Looking back from the first landing, the convicts now saw their pursuers. Springing up a second flight of stairs, they knocked hurriedly at the first door. It was opened by their confederate, The Bat, who, inside the room, had been diverting himself by counting the stolen money.

"They're after us," exclaimed Sykes to him. "We've got to get out of here. Beat it, Bat. The girl and the cop are on the stairs."

"Make for the roof," cried the Bat. The hard-pressed pair ran for the trap ladder. The Bat, keeping to his room, slammed the door shut. Once through the trap door, which Sykes and Dan dropped behind them, and on the roof, the pair imagined themselves safe, but Helen and her officer were close behind, and when they found the trap door closed against them the officer drew his revolver and fired up through it.

On the outside, Sykes and Dan jumped back like rabbits from the shots. Helen and her helper threw open the trap unopposed, and, gaining the roof, faced the convicts. No where could the robbers find an avenue of escape on the top of the building, and cornered like rats as Helen and the policeman reached them, they put up a hand-to-hand fight.

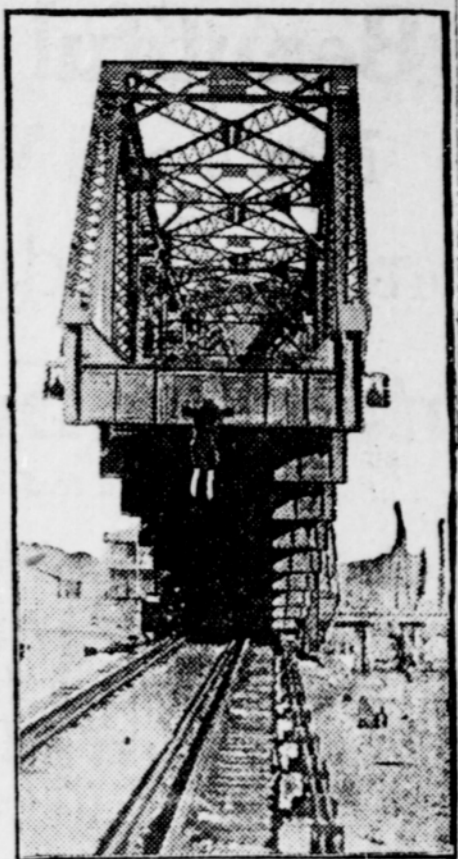
The officer tackled Sykes, the more powerful of the pair, and Dan, seeing his opportunity for a flank movement, tried to regain the trap door. Helen pounced on him like a panther. He tried to throw her off. Despite his blows and struggles, he could not get rid of his tenacious assailant, and locked in a life-and-death struggle, they fought, reckless of consequence, nearer and nearer to the edge of the roof. For a moment both their lives were in peril, but Helen, her fighting blood up, would have clung to her prisoner if it had cost her life.

Providentially, the harried man, fast losing his nerve under her frantic attack, and pushing to the edge of the parapet in the wild assault, flung Helen violently off in an effort to throw her over the roof parapet to her death. In his terrific effort he lost his balance. With a scream he tried to recover his foothold. Helen, seeing his desperate plight, would have caught him to save his life, but fortunately for herself, she could not reach him in time. Had she done so, her own death would have been inevitable, for Dan, swaying wildly, slipped again. He caught with a fearful curse at the empty air. It was too late for anyone to aid him now, and the next instant he had plunged headlong off the roof to his death.

Helen turned to the officer, who, in a grapple with Sykes, was fighting in the grasp of the powerful criminal, to save himself from being hurled through an adjoining skylight.

Below the two, the fat man, Bat, looking up, beheld his confederate in the grip of the law. Helen was too late to aid the officer to save himself, but the plucky policeman gripped Sykes around the neck as he plunged forward himself, and before the fat man in the room, watching apprehensively, could draw a full breath, the two men crashed violently through the skylight together almost on top of him. As it was, they landed in a heap on the bed. The Bat sprang at once on the helpless policeman. It would have gone hard with him but for instant aid from Helen. She dropped down the open skylight, caught the revolver from the officer's hand and held the two criminals at the point of it until the policeman could slip handcuffs on them. When the two men were secured, Helen demanded the stolen money.

man Bat did most of the talk-



Helen Jumped From It Recklessly.

ing. "I don't know what you are talking about," he said jovially, while Helen's accusations were launched at him. "I am a piano tuner, officer. I don't know this man," he pointed calmly at Sykes. "I never saw him in my life till he smashed my skylight. What do you mean, anyway, by breaking into my room? I'll put the blue-sky laws on you. Who's going to pay for all this glass?" he demanded with an injured air. "The landlord is going to come after me for it. I'll have your whole bunch arrested the minute I get to the police station. I don't know anything about your money. I don't believe you've got any money or have had any."

"What did you attack the policeman for as soon as he dropped into the room?" cried Helen, indignantly.

"Why, miss, I am near-sighted. I thought that man was a piano tuner when I saw him—a man that's tried to let the light into me two or three times with a gun—it's a fact!"

The officer shut off The Bat's talk, and Helen, with the astuteness of a detective, searched him, with the result that from his various pockets she recovered every package of the bills stolen from the safe, and nearly all of them intact.

The fat man lost none of his nerve when confronted with the result. He declared he had been made the victim of a plot, that his character and reputation were known everywhere in the city—which was quite true. And having denounced all unwarranted intrusions such as he had been made the victim of, he resigned himself to go as prisoner with a much better grace than his sullen companion did. They were taken together to the police station.

Helen telephoned immediately for a motor car, and, accompanied by her friendly officer, and with the money stowed away on her person, she stepped into the car and ordered it driven in haste to Signal. Fast as the landscape flew by it did not keep pace with Helen's impatience. They drew in sight of Rhinelander's camp. Smoke still rose from where the fire had threatened its complete destruction. Rhinelander and Wood, with their men, had finally extinguished the conflagration, though not until a heavy toll of damage had been taken by the flames. Helen caught sight of Rhinelander just as the car raced up to the camp and, alighting, called him joyfully to her, waving the money in her great excitement, in her hands.

"It's here," she cried. "Most every bit of it."

"What do you mean?"

"The pay roll! We've got it—all of it—the money stolen from the safe. It is here in this package."

Rhinelander, half-dazed, could hardly ask explanations. Bit by bit Helen told the story. Her foster uncle caught her in his arms, money and all. Together—the men crowding around—they walked through the recovered treasure through the half-burned camp.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Folks We Touch In Passing.

THE GIRL AND THE SCREEN

When The Mother entered the combination delicatessen shop and ice cream parlor a group of girls seated at a table were so much absorbed in their discussion that they had even forgotten the refreshments before them. Nor did they see The Mother as she stood waiting for one of the busy clerks to come her way.

"Why, we've just got to find a way to keep her out. I tell you we can't have her in the sorority. She would spoil all the fun. Every last one of you know how rude and unfair she is capable of being," and little Miss Bright Eyes, who had the floor protem, mixed in a name with her spirited protest which sent the hot blood to The Mother's temples and made her leave the shop without making the purchase for which she had entered it.

For you see the subject of all the talk was The Girl—the listener's own young daughter.

And what was worse The Mother knew in her heart of hearts that the criticism she had heard was true.

Throughout the afternoon of the crisp November day The Mother sat alone in her sewing room. The work she had begun lay untouched in her lap, nor did she stir in answer to either door or telephone bell. Her gaze was riveted on the expanse of lawn which circled her pretty home, and as she watched the little dead leaves blown away into hollows and corners and trenches for their long winter's sleep her thoughts ran back over all the sixteen years of The Girl's life, and, as though it had happened yesterday, the scene of the child's first quarrel came with grave importance to her memory.

The Girl had been to blame. She had been intolerably rude to Little Neighbor; beastly unfair; and when her small guest had stood out against her The Girl had burst into a storm of tears which so touched The Mother's sympathy that it quite ran away with her judgment.

From that day on The Mother had been nothing better than a screen behind which The Girl might find protection.

From this far-away picture of the first quarrel of The Girl The Mother's thoughts came back to the group of serious young faces in the ice cream parlor where her schoolmates were discussing ways and means of keeping The Girl out of their sorority, assigning as their reason that she was "rude and unfair."

The words rang through The Mother's mind with the persistency of some hitting tune from a musical comedy. They seemed to dance away with the scurrying leaves out on the broad lawn, and then come back to sear their way like a burning brand into The Mother's brain. She remembered innumerable instances when, in her dealings with her companions, The Girl had shown no sense of justice, and as many others in which her domineering egotism and intolerable selfishness had appalled The Mother's heart, but each time the adoring parent had believed that only she saw the hideous faults of The Girl, and so she had gone on from year to year screening them from the public eye, or at least thinking that she did, for today it was quite obvious that she had not wholly succeeded.

The Mother sat in her sewing room, the work she had begun immediately after lunch lying untouched for hours in her lap. She heard The Girl open the front door; lay her books on the library table, and come slowly down the hall. When she opened the door of the sunny little sewing room The Mother had picked up the work in her lap and was plying her needle industriously.

To The Girl she gave a smile and went on with her work, ignoring the troubled look in the young eyes as they watched her from the doorway.

There was obviously something wrong, but The Mother, for the first time in her life, made it difficult for The Girl to tell her.

"Oh, mother, I have got in so wrong!" finally from The Girl, who, in the sudden memory of the embarrassing time she had been having, did not notice The Mother's unusual silence.

"I called that little Mrs. Lee a perfect dodd today, and she overheard. I was talking to Marjorie Mason about the party for which Mary Lee has sent out invitations and I had no idea her mother was within a mile around, when I suddenly turned and saw her standing back of me when I had just said that it was a pity for Mary to have such a dodd for a mother.

"You'll make it alright with her won't you mother?" ended The Girl in keen distress.

The Mother regarded her with grave, calm eyes—this pretty young daughter who had never learned to guard her tongue because she had never had to suffer the consequences of its sting. And the Girl, amazed at the slowness of The Mother's consent to "make it alright with Mrs. Lee," reiterated her question.

It was almost dusk when The Girl left the sewing room to wash her tear-stained face. The Mother watched her dejected steps take their way down the street toward the home of Mary Lee, and her heart ached for her.

Even now The Mother's impulse was to rush out of the house, overtake The Girl and save her the pain-



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