

The Borden Citizen

VOL. 10.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, DEC. 2, 1909.

NO. 4.

Prisoner From Pos. City

Sheriff Kellie, of Garza county brought over a Mr. Thacker from Post City and lodged him in jail Friday night to await the action of the Garza county grand jury which convenes in January. He is charged with violating the local option law in that county.

Mrs. G. A. Giesler and children are at Blackwell at the bedside of Mrs. Giesler's mother who is not expected to live.

We have been unable to secure the program for the Literary Society tomorrow night, but we understand it is a good one. Everybody is cordially invited to attend.

Oil. Oil. Oil

Will sell you five gallons of best kerosene oil for 65 cents while it lasts. Better come before the present supply is exhausted.

J. W. Chandler

Fine Rains

Gail and all of Borden county was visited by the heaviest rains in months from Saturday until Monday night. A good season is now in the ground and farm work will begin with a vim. The Colorado river was on one of the largest rises of recent years and it is reported that several houses in Colorado City were washed away.

The Big Springs mail hack failed to reach Gail Monday, laying over at the stage stand. It lost Tuesday's trip and got back on schedule time Wednesday.

J. J. Dodson returned Tuesday from a visit to Snyder and Fluvanna. While gone Mr. Dodson sold 400 acres of his plains land to W. L. Rogers, of Snyder, at private terms.

Wedding Bells

Jesse York and Miss Alma Sealey were happily united in holy wedlock at the home of the brides parents east of town Sunday morning.

Both the contracting parties are estimable young people and loved by all who know them.

The Citizen joins their numerous friends in extending congratulations and best wishes.

Big Sale

Attention is called to the page ad of J. J. Dodson & Son in this issue announcing their Big Sale. It will pay you to attend this sale if you are in search of bargains.

Choice meal of excellent white corn, also oats, corn chops, wheat shorts, crushed maize, corn bran and hay at the Gail Mill.

Suit Filed

Suit was filed in the Justice Court Saturday by J. W. Chandler against J. W. Wilkerson for \$146, same being the amount of an account in plaintiff's hands. The case will be tried at the January term.

FOR TRADE—A Buick Run about automobile, good as new. Have extra seat and can be made a touring car. Will trade for land or town property. Apply to the Borden Citizen, Gail.

J. W. Chandler will still sell you best stove gasoline for 20 cents a gallon.

See or write C. F. Morr's, Big Springs, for any kind of crumbed feed, cotton seed meal and cake, home ground corn chops and all kinds of grain and hay. Price and quality always guaranteed.



A Square Deal

Is What you get when you buy your
Dry Goods, Groceries and Hardware at
The Blue Front Store in Gail.

We Lead, Others Follow

Our Fall and Winter Line of Men's Suits and Ladies Dress Goods are now on Display. We invite your inspection of these Goods.

See us When in Need of Pure, Fresh Groceries or anything in Hardware.

The Blue Front Store,

J. W. Chandler, Prop.

Gail, Texas.

The Stokes House,

J. B. Stokes, Prop. Rates \$1.25 Per Day.
Headquarters for Commercial Men, Ranchmen
and Farmers. Good Meals and Nice, Clean Beds,
South Side Square.

GAIL, TEXAS.

The Western Seaport

To begin with San Francisco is a city of about half a million people—people of every Nationality, every Denomination and every imaginable type from the ignorant gobbling Chinese and Japanese to the highest and richest class of civilized American. No other city in the world perhaps, contains such a variety of people and to the tourist the regular 'Frisco brogue, which seems to be a mixture of about one fourth English and the remaining three fourths consisting of every other language in existence taken in equal portions and well dissolved, is indeed very noticeable. In fact so noticeable sometimes that it is with difficulty that they are made to understand this announcement and if they are not careful are likely to get a cursing out with about the third repetition.

As a harbor, San Francisco ranks first. I believe, in that she has room in the port to comfortably harbor every ship in the world.

About the first and perhaps one of the most interesting things to an Easterner upon his first visit to this city is the beach—they have a desire to see the mighty Cliff House from which one has a splendid view of the famous Golden Gate in honor of which San Francisco gets its poetical name—"The City of the Golden Gate." This gate is simply a narrow (a distance of one mile) place in the ocean between high hills through which every vessel entering 'Frisco from foreign or home land seas must pass. On each side of the gate upon the high banks forming this gateway, United States has cannon placed in concealment as a protection to the city from any foreign ships which may try to intrude.

Everybody works in Frisco and few have conscientious scruples respecting the kind of work they pursue or the number of poor "easy marks" they "work." To their credit, however, not many possess that objectionable

false pride so often found in the East why the richest man—or one among the wealthiest—in Frisco may perhaps be seen delivering coal to families in the top flat of an apartment house and living in a suite of only two or three rooms while he rents his own home because he can make money by so doing for unlike New York City, people are not classed by the particular streets or districts in which they live to a great extent. In other words everyone's aim seems to be to make money, everybody works for number one, graft is a universal accomplishment. They could do without it but seem to think "what's the use?"—Daisy McClure.

Sweet Green Thing

One morning not long ago there tripped up to the butcher stall in a Baltimore market a dainty little thing out for her first marketing, says an exchange.

"My husband bought a couple of nice hams from you not long ago," she announced.

"Yes'm," said the smiling butcher. "I remember well. Fine hams, weren't they?"

"They were delicious," said the young wife. "Have you any more like them?"

"Lots," responded the butcher indicating a row of hams in the rear of the stall.

The young woman surveyed the hams thoughtfully. "Are you sure," she finally asked, "that they're from the same pig as that from which my husband bought?"

"Yes'm," answered the butcher, without so much as a quiver of an eyelid.

"Then you may send me three more of them," she said.

Oil. Oil. Oil

Will sell you five gallons of best kerosene oil for 65 cents while it lasts Better come before the present supply is exhausted.

J. W. Chandler

Jack Cumbie, Forgeman.

The Mat-Cathey Shop

Mat Cathey, Proprietor.

Blacksmithing, Wood Work and Horseshoeing.

Automobile Work a Specialty.

All Work Guaranteed in Every Respect.

Gail, Texas.

Best McCalister Lump Coal \$9 a Ton. Peerless Lump \$8.

Reductions on Large Quantities.

MAYO & DAWSON,

SNYDER

TEXAS

DARBY & BAZE,

Dealers In

Windmills, Plumbing Goods and Pipe. Etc.

Monitor Steel Mills, Cypress Tanks and Stock Tubs.

Standard Wood Wheels, Bath Tubs, Sinks and Lavatories.

Experienced Plumbers, Phone 64.

SNYDER, TEXAS.

DIRECTORY

District Officers

Jas. L. Shepherd Judge
R N Grisham Attorney
Court convenes on the 1st Monday
of February and September.

County Officers

E R Yellott Judge
Jno. R. Williams Sheriff
J S Weatherford Clerk
S. L. Jones, Tax Assessor.
M H Leake Treasurer
H R Debenport Attorney
Court convenes 1st Monday in February, May, August and November.

Precinct Officers

J. N. Hopkins, J. P. Precinct 1
J. C. Miller, J. P. Precinct 3
E. F. Wicker, J. P. Precinct 4.

Commissioners

F M Christopher, Precinct No. 1
Francis Abney " " 2
Walter Bishop " " 3
C E Reeder " " 4

Secret Orders

Masons meet on Saturday night on or preceding the full moon.

W. O. W. meets 1st Saturday night after each full moon and on Saturday night two weeks thereafter.

Gail Commercial Club meets 2nd Thursday night of each month.

Churches

Methodist preaching every 4th Sunday, Rev. J L B Cash, preacher in charge.

Church of Christ Church meeting every Lords day at 2:30, p. m.

Ladies Home Mission Society meets at the church Thursday before the 1st Sunday in each month.

eting

W A SUTHERLAND

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

office at

DORWARD'S DRUG STORE

Resident Phone No. 6.

BERT RAMSAY

DISTRICT SURVEYOR.

BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS

E. R. YELLOTT

ATTORNEY & LAND AGENT

Will Practice in District and

Higher courts only.

GAIL, TEXAS.

Therapeutic Offices

Cade Building, Snyder, Texas. Besides other equipment, prepared for scientific treatment of disease by electricity, x-ray high potential and high and other frequency currents.

Dr. E. O. Ellington

DENTIST

Office over R. L. McCamant &

Co's Drug Store. Big Springs.

Located Permanently in Big

Springs. Will Guarantee Per-

fection.

The Borden Citizen

Ben Ford, Editor

G A Giesler Manager

Published every Thursday.

Entered at the post office at Gail, Texas, as second-class mail matter.

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per year Payable in advance 1.00
Six months50

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display ads, one inch per double column, \$1.00. per month.

Local ads, first insertion 10 cents per line, five cents per line for each insertion thereafter.

All ads placed in the Citizen without a specified time to run will be charged for till ordered out.

Gail, Texas, Dec. 7, 1939

Christmas Thoughts

A little less than a month and the great event looked forward to by the Christian world will have come and gone.

Sentiment and kindly thought usually have full sway during the next month as our thoughts on Thanksgiving are immediately converted into Christmas thoughts.

It causes one to think that could these charitable thoughts and deeds be prolonged throughout the year, what a different appearance this world of ours would have.

If for all time the tongue of the gossip, the scandaler and the slanderer were suppressed, ambition would be given a new birth and the day of universal peace as between nations and men would be hastened.

If the thought of a square deal could be firmly implanted in the minds of all, there would be no more hatred, no more heartaches no more separations and we would have a veritable garden of Eden on earth. However this is only a flight of our fancy and that day is so far distant that one can hardly realize that it will surely come some time.

It might be a surprise to some to know that Texas has a man in the race for Governor who does not believe in government by the people. We refer to O. B Colquitt who says he is not in favor of allowing the people to vote on the prohibition question. He also says he owes no obedience to any platforms but shall follow the dictates of his own conscience on public questions. In

other words he proposes to be, not the servant, but the master of the people. His undemocratic attitude may probably gain him the votes of a few extremists but it will lose for him the support of the true democracy of the state.

The country press of Texas seems to be lining up pretty solidly behind R. V. Davidson for Governor. As a whole the country press is free and untrammelled, it owes allegiance to no clique or faction, hence it is supporting the people's candidate and its support will be felt in the coming campaign.

There is in this country a monarchical form of government pertaining to the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States that should no longer be tolerated. The appointment of these judges to a life term is undemocratic and dangerous. The intent was to remove them from the turmoil of politics but the same logic might be applied to the executive branch and also to the members of Congress. So it can be seen that one more step would make an absolute monarchy of our country. These judges should be elected for a stated term by a direct vote of the people and the demand for this is growing throughout the country.

The great need in West Texas at present is unity between its people. The country is possessed of almost unlimited resources and advantages. A united campaign, in which all counties and sections participate, is the great need and this very thing is the object of the West Texas Development Congress which meets at San Angelo Monday, Dec. 6. A representation from Borden county should be in attendance. Our county is the peer of any in the west and this fact should be made known. This Congress will know no favorites but will pull for a better and a United West Texas. Let's get aboard the band wagon and assist in the pull.

Dont Read This

And take it to heart unless it applies to you.

We have sold lots of goods on credit this year and in every instance the purchaser made known his intention of paying the debt this fall. We believed them and now we expect our money. We have some heavy obligations to meet and must have what is due us. This applies to every man whose name is on our books and we insist on a prompt settlement.

Very truly, J. J. Dodson & Son.

J V Stewart

Will Sell you Buggies, Shop Made Harness and Saddles Cheaper than you can get them elsewhere. Will repair your old Harness or Trade you new ones for them.

Southeast Corner Square, Snyder, Texas

Groceries and Feed

AT THE OLD COTTEN & COTTEN STAND IN GAIL

L. A. PEARCE

D. Dorward.

PURE FRESH DRUGS, Druggists Sundries, Furniture, Fine Candies

GAIL, - - TEXAS.

THE GAIL HOTEL.

T. C. Smith, Prop.

Rates \$1.00 per Day.

Catering Especially to the Commercial Trade, your Patronage Appreciated.

WEST SIDE SQUARE.

GAIL, - - TEXAS.

When You Need Anything

In Drugs, Paints, Oils, Carbon, Cigars or Sporting Goods, come to see us. Our Prices are Right.

Biles & Gentry.

Big Springs, Texas.

When In Snyder

Do not fail to visit us for Short Orders, Fish and Oysters Also best regular meal in town, served individually, for only 35 cents. Courteous treatment. South Side Square

Bon Ton Cafe

Snyder.

Citizen \$1.00 A Year Subscribe Now.

PAID IN FULL

"I was so glad to hear of your last good luck," remarked Emma sincerely. A look of regret came over Smith's face.

"I only wish Joe had got it instead of me," he said.

Brooks jumped to his feet.

"You don't need to wish that, Smith," he cried excitedly. "I'm no object of charity—no, I ain't. And you're like all the rest of the capitalistic crowd—grind, grind, grind. Well, look out, there's going to be a smashup—you understand? A smashup, and you all go—millionaires, toadies and—well, that's all I've got to say."

He snatched his hat from a book in the hall and went out without another word, slamming the front door behind him so heavily that the glasses on the sideboard rattled.

Emma gazed at Smith in blank dismay.

"I can't understand Joe," she said, shaking her head in worry and perplexity. "He's growing so morose and discontented."

"It's funny, ain't it," observed Smith reflectively. "Joe's just rushed out, filled up to the throat with anarchy, socialism, smashups and all that stuff, almost ready to throw a bomb."

"Nonsense!" "He is, yet if Williams had raised him today \$10 a week he would have been a firm believer in capital and the way it works."

She sighed, took a seat opposite to him at the table and with great earnestness started in to question him.

"Jimsy," she began, "tell me honestly—why doesn't Joe get on?"

"I really don't know," he averred.

"I'm afraid you do," Emma insisted.

"Honest, I don't. I've been so busy getting along myself that I haven't paid much attention to any one else."

He paused and gazed up at the ceiling, engrossed in thought.

"You know, Emma," he went on suddenly, turning toward her, "this getting along business is a funny game. Such a lot depends on what a man means when he gets along. Some get along when they have got a lot of money, some when they have a wife and a home and a bunch of kids, some when they are able to pick pockets and fool the coppers. Getting along and why you do or why you don't depends a good deal on where you want to get."

"And you, Jimsy?" she questioned.

"Have you been getting along?"

"Oh, yes, I guess so. I ain't got a whole lot to kick about; perhaps a little less, maybe a little more, than Joe. But the great idea is not to get sore. Joe's all right. Maybe he's just being prepared for a better living. When it comes he'll appreciate it more."

"Somehow I don't seem to understand him as I used to," she confessed.

"There's been a change that worries me—that worries me greatly."

Three sharp rings of the bell put an end to further conversation, and she rose, disappointed, and pushed the button.

"That's mother's ring," she said.

"Please help me to bring some chairs from the parlor. We can't go there because everything's covered up and in disorder. They're papering the room. I shouldn't wonder if Captain Williams were with them. He takes mamma and Beth out in his new auto and has brought them around here quite frequently of late."

"Does he ever take you for a ride?"

"He asks me to go, but I won't."

"Why not?"

"That's just what I can't tell. There is something about the man that is repulsive—he looks at me so strangely. And then I know just how he has treated Joe, and—"

"And what?"

"I don't like him—that's all."

"That's enough, it seems to me. After all, I guess he figures all to the bad with women—decent women."

"Mamma and Beth like him."

"Well, your mother never did shine up to me more'n the law allowed, and as for Beth, she's a nice enough girl, but her education hurts her, I think."

"Hush! Here they are."

And the little woman hurried into the hall to open the door for them.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN broad minded Mrs. Brooks observed to her husband that she did not understand her mother any more than her mother understood her she had expressed exactly the mental relation in which they stood toward each other. Mrs. Harris was one of those women occasionally to be met with who continue to treat their grownup sons, and especially their grownup daughters, as children and feel it incumbent upon them—nay, consider it their bounden duty—to interfere with advice and comment in the natural progress of domestic sophistication of their young wedded offspring. Moreover, she was a woman wholly lacking in tact and depth of mind and possessed to an exaggerated degree that "quicksand of reason," vanity.

Mrs. Harris and Miss Beth Harris were out for a ride with Captain Williams, who accompanied them, and all were in automobile tenue. Her mother and sister greeted Emma effusively. Their escort extended his hand, but Mrs. Brooks was too much occupied for once in responding to her parent's embraces to notice it. He stalked in with rude familiarity without removing his automobile cap, upon which he had pushed up his goggles and found himself face to face with Smith.

"Hello! You here?" he said by way of greeting, greatly surprised to see his superintendent there on that above all nights.

"Ya-as," replied Jimsy. "I'm here again."

"Ought to take a berth here," grunted his employer, looking round for the most comfortable chair and installing himself in it. "You're always around."

"Much as possible," admitted Smith tranquilly, remaining standing. "How do you find your new car?"

"Good enough. Cost \$5,000—ought to be good—ought to be."

Mrs. Harris and Beth bustled in, throwing open their automobile coats and disclosing very handsome gowns that contrasted strangely with Emma's poor little cotton frock.

"Why, good evening, Jimsy!" cried Mrs. Harris. "Where's Joe?"

"Gone out for a walk, I guess," he answered. "Howdy, Beth?"

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Smith," responded that young person somewhat frigidly.

"Mr. Smith?" he echoed, looking at her curiously.

The girl raised her eyebrows and affected surprise.

"Isn't that right?" she inquired.

"Yes—Smith is the name," he replied.

"It ain't that I've forgot it—no—only to remind you that the first one—Jimsy—ain't been changed."

"No, dearie; Jimsy wouldn't know what it meant to be mistered," observed Mrs. Harris with an intonation of disdain.

"Me neither," put in Williams, "but a man's got to get used to it."

"Have you got used to it, captain?" asked Emma.

"Yes and no. I never had it given to me until I came east—always used to be Captain Williams—something on that order—but with a certain class and a bit of prosperity your old ways have to change."

Mrs. Harris had been gazing about her deprecatingly. She wanted to know why they should stay in the dining room. Emma explained that they had succeeded in inducing the janitor to have the sitting room papered and that it was all upset.

"This ain't bad," commented Captain Williams. "It's real cozy, and you can see a woman's had a hand in the arrangement."

"But it's a little bit of a stuffy four roomed flat," objected Beth, turning



"Hello! You here?"

up her pretty nose. "Really, I should die in one."

"Well, Beth," remarked Smith, with his quiet drawl, "you never can tell. Maybe you will."

Beth made a grimace.

"I would, if I had to do my own work, washing dishes—ugh!"

"I don't see how Emma stands it," declared Mrs. Harris. "It's just drudgery!"

"Well, mother, please remember it's Emma who does stand it, after all," retorted that little woman patiently, "so please, please, don't you mind."

"I think it's a great little nook, Mrs. Brooks," opined Williams.

"Thank you, captain," she said gratefully.

"And fixed up nice and comfortable. Can't say as anything looks cheap."

"Thank you again. Perhaps it isn't."

"You know, captain, you ain't the only one who's found out the secret of making a dollar produce 500 cents," said Smith, with his whimsical smile.

"Has he done that?" inquired Mrs. Harris, affecting surprise and admiration.

"Figuratively speaking, I presume?" chimed in Beth primly.

"I always thought 500 was figuratively speaking," said Smith.

Captain Williams had produced his pipe, filled it and lighted it without asking permission.

"Smith says I'm close. I'm not!" he declared. "To me business is business. If I've got money nobody gave it to me. I earned what I earned, and then I made that earn more."

"You sure ain't given it no vacations, captain," commented his superintendent dryly.

"And that's right," affirmed Mrs. Harris with some heat. "I believe in men getting money. Mr. Harris was one of those soft hearted men who never made the best of his opportunities—always trying to be fair and square with other men, and what thanks did he get?"

"Mother, please!" remonstrated Emma.

"Mother is perfectly right," interrupted Beth. "Emma, you don't deserve this kind of a life."

"But have I complained?" demanded Mrs. Brooks desperately. "Why do you say such things?"

"Because I've got myself to think of," snapped her mother. "You're wasting yourself—tied up to the house all the time—and everybody—all my friends know just how you're fixed. You're never invited anywhere any more."

"Completely forgotten," said Beth.

Brooks, who had let himself in silently and unobserved, stood in the hall irresolutely, watching them and listening to the conversation.

"Please don't," entreated Emma, greatly distressed. "It's my affair, and, besides, before people—"

"You might say the captain's almost one of the family since your father died," put in her mother. "I knew you should never have married Joe—that he couldn't take care of you the way he ought."

"It's too late now," said Beth, shrugging her shoulders. "Captain, don't you think Emma should have more?"

"Well, Mrs. Brooks must know her own mind," he replied. "Your father when he worked for me always had a way of his own. But it does seem as if she should at least have a hired girl and more than four rooms to a flat, but—"

Brooks strode into the room, livid with passion, goaded to a white heat of fury, reckless of everything, murder in his heart, and, hurling his hat to the floor, faced the company.

"It does seem so, does it?" he fairly hissed, going over to his employer. "I'm glad you think so. And why hasn't she? Will you tell me that? Speak! Will you tell me that? I'll tell you why, you slave driver!"

Mrs. Harris and Beth sat speechless and pale, but Smith rose.

"Steady, Joe, boy!" he admonished. Emma had hurried to her husband and grasped his arm.

"Oh, Joe, don't!" she implored. "You don't!"

He flung her roughly from him.

"Let me alone!" he shouted and turned to Williams again, quivering with rage. "Do you know why she hasn't?" he continued. "Well, I'll tell you all. It's because this man ain't on the square. He began by cheating and murdering niggers who worked for him aboard his rotten trading ships. Then, after he got through with the belaying pin, after he got his money, he picked up the salary list for a club, and he's murdered and wounded and maimed with that. You see my wife here? She's only one of hundreds, and she suffers. It is too bad she married me. It is too bad that she's got to do her own work. It is too bad that she's got to wash and scrub and sweat in the heat, but that man's to blame. If you gave me a fair share of what I produce, if you didn't grind down, oppress and pinch, she wouldn't have to. I've worked for you five years, hard, honest, and all the time you've been grinding me down, down, and thousands of others, thousands. You know, all of you know—my mother-in-law and smart sister-in-law know—you've piled up your money on the blood and sweat and misery of others. That's the kind of a man you are, and you might as well know it."

Captain Williams had listened to this denunciation at first in utter amazement. Then his shaggy eyebrows had knitted together, and his little eyes had narrowed to slits, while the blood had spread over his face in a deep glow through the veins that swelled out like cords on his neck and throat.

"There ain't no one ever said them things to me and got away with it," he thundered, clinching his fists and gathering all his tremendous strength as he rose to crush his accuser.

Mrs. Harris and Beth sprang up in great alarm, and at the captain's terrifying voice and his ferocious aspect Brooks shrank back. Smith stood impassive, but watching Williams, toward whom he had been edging.

Emma had stepped quickly between the captain and her husband.

The Merchandise marvel of the Age.

Great Mark Down Sale

At The busy Store of

J. J. DODSON & SON.

A Sale Without a Parallel in the History of Local Merchandising.

There will be Hundreds of Surprises in Hard Time bargains. Come and See.

Merchandise at your mercy. Come. Take it along

NO Goods charged

BELOW WE QUOTE A FEW OF OUR EXCEPTIONALLY LOW PRICES.

CALICO.....	5 to 5 1-2 cents	ROUTING.....	8 1-3 cents
GINGHAMS.....	7 to 9 cents	COTTON FLANNEL.....	8 1-3 cents
PERCALES.....	8 1-3 cents	HOSE.....	7 1-2 to 15 cents
DOMESTIC.....	8 1-3 cents	MEN'S UNDERWEAR.....	75 cents a suit

25 per cent off on all Goods.

Sale Begins Monday December 6 and Ends Monday December 20.

Everything at and Below Cost. Don't Miss it.

J J Dodson & Son,

GAIL,

TEXAS

The merchandise marked at the Age

and Mark Down Sale

J. DODSON & SON

At the time of the sale of the merchandise marked at the Age and Mark Down Sale, the merchandise is sold at a discount of 25% from the original price. Cash is king.

10 Goods changed

25 per cent off on all goods.

The goods marked at the Age and Mark Down Sale are sold at a discount of 25% from the original price. Cash is king.

J. DODSON & SON

J. DODSON & SON

TEXAS

Stop, Look and Read

Towle, the Jeweler, saves you money on Spectacles, Watches, Jewelry, Watch Repairing and everything in the Jewelry line. All work and goods guaranteed or your money back. Stop and see me. No trouble to show my goods.

H. G. Towle Snyder, Texas.

Tredway Locals.

An excellent rain has fallen here the past few days. This will mean more cheerfulness, more work and better crops another year.

Many have expressed their approval of the efforts of our Farm Club.

Our school is doing nicely, attendance is very good.

Messrs Sam Jones and William Tredway visited the school Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Anderson's little infant died Monday night and was buried at the W O W cemetery at Plainview Tuesday evening. We extend sympathy to the bereaved ones.

There has been enough heated controversy about Peary and Cook's claims to have thawed out their cold contentions.

J. J. Walk got in from Snyder Monday without his load, the roads being too wet.

Our school will have a Christmas exercise on the night of Dec 24.

Our Farm Club will meet Friday night.

Santa Claus has been ordered to be with us Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Elsie Creighton are staying at Mr. Turner's this week.

John Creighton and family are expected home about Christmas. Taylor.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Spears Saturday night, a girl.

A Baptist minister from San Marcos delivered an interesting sermon at the church Saturday night.

Prof. E. Andy Bille, who is teaching the Pride school, spent Thursday and Friday with friends in town. Prof. Bille says his school is doing splendidly and he is well pleased with his location. His many Gail friends were very glad to see him again.

A Home In Heaven

A home in Heaven, what a blessed thought,
As the Poor man toils in his weary lot,
With his heart oppressed and his sins forgiven,
He is happy still with a home in heaven.

A home in heaven when the faint heart bleeds,
An the spent stroke for the evil deeds,
With the heart oppressed and his sins forgiven,
He is happy still with a home in heaven.

A home in heaven when the sufferer lies,
On a bed of pain and he lifts up his eyes,
To that bright world what a joy is given,
He is happy still with a home in heaven.

Old Scalper.

The Literary Society was a success in every particular Friday night. An excellent program was rendered.

Eld. Eubanks passed through Friday en route home from Snyder.

J. S. Fritz is erecting a tenant house on his place west of town.

Justice Court will convene in regular session Monday with Judge Hopkins presiding.

Rev. J. L. B. Cash and family left yesterday for Aspermont where they will reside the coming year.

G. A. Giesler went over to Fluvanna yesterday on business.

Will Hester paid Fluvanna a visit yesterday.

The roads, we are informed, are in a pretty bad condition caused by the recent heavy rain.

The Gail Public School will take a two weeks' holiday vacation Christmas. One week of this, however, will not be holidays to the teachers as the Institute will be in session.

Higginbotham, Harris & Company
Snyder and Fluvanna, Texas

LUMBER

Billings 4000 5000 6000

Heath & Milligan Paints.

Harness & Repair Shop

and



Made to Order.

H. D. PRUETT, Proprietor; Gall, Texas.

NOTICE!

When in Big Springs put your team up at the Big Stall Wagon yard just East of Burton Lingo's. If you will stop with me once you will be treated in a way that you will come back again. I handle flour and meal, also, and sell all kinds of feed stuff.

E. E. WILLIAMSON

Phone No. 368

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