LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 11 | TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY. TEXAS. FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1915. | NUMBER 38

Clean-Up Crusade Is Announced

It has come at last! A clean up day will be set this week and announced in the next issue of the News. Our county officials, some of the leading ladies of the town, and some of the progressive men, have come to the conclusion that the only way to clean Tahoka up is to lay off one day and every body clean up.

The reason we have not cleaned the town up before is not that we do not realize that filth breeds disease, that filth detracts from the desirability of Tahoka as a home, that filth degenerates the morals of a community. We do realize these things; each and every one of us. The reason why we have not done away with the filth is that there has been no concerted action; each has procrastinated, put it off a few more days until something else has been accomplished. The result is the greater portion of us are still putting it off.

Quite a few of the citizens have cleaned up their homes, and even cleaned the allies surrounding them; all of which is laudable and is that much accomplished towards the cleanest town in West Texas. But we must not stop here. It is rather discouraging for one person to clean up their premises, and the next day have the wind clutter the place up with trash from his neighbor's yard. The neighbor just put the clean up off and the work of the one who did clean up went for nothing.

Therefore, take warning. Get your affairs shaped up to take part and let's make Tahoka shine like a new dollar.

O'Donnell Public School will close a successful term tonight, with an appropriate program arranged by the faculty and students.

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-tf

One of the enjoyable social occassions of the week, was a dance given by C. L. Williams Monday night in his new store building on the south side of the square. A platform was built in the center of the front room for ehe musicians, and seats arranged around the walls for those who did not care to dance. The weather was cool, and the music excelent, and everyone enjoyed the evening to the utmost.

JERSEY BULLS.

Two Registered Jersey Bulls will make the season at my place in East Tahoka. Season $2.00.
A. D. SHOOK. 37 44

The Brownfield bunch came over to Tahoka last Thursday, and took a game from the locals. The Tahoka bunch gave ihem a return game Sunday and got even by a score of 9 to 5 This gives the team an even break, each having won a game. The Brownfield team, and a crowd of rooters will invade Tahoka Sunday and endeavor to put another one over. Of course no one can predict the outcome of a ball game, but the boys are playing in a little better form than usual and the Brownfield gang will have to come clean with the real tuff if they get our scalps

Decoration Day Will Be Observed

June sixth, Decoration Day, comes on the Sabbath this year. Therefore it is suggested that the citizens of Tahoka designate either Saturday June fifth or Monday June seventh as a day on which all of the citizens of the county that are interested in the upkeep of the Cemetery at Tahoka gather there for the purpose of cutting the weeds, reshaping the graves and otherwise making the City of the Dead a spot of beauty.

Everyone is requested to bring their own implements and should they so desire, any and all kinds of shrubs, flowers and trees. And last but not least, don't forget the lunch basket, for the intention is to spread dinner on the grass.

This is a suggestion made at the behest of the officers of the Woodman Lodge of Tahoka. Resolutions will be passed by that organization, and all Woodmen and their families are urged to come and bring as many from their immediate neighbor hood as possible.

In conclusion, let us say that there will be a crowd there, and no one need stay away for fear there will be no one else come. The exact day, whether the fifth or seventh of June will be announced in the next issue of the News together with the resolutions passed by the Woodman Lodge.

Drink Ell Ma-te The tingling tang that tones the great South American drink at our fountain. Parkhurst Broken $ Store. A check given with each five cent drink. 38 39

Miss Fay Gooch who has been attending the West Texas State Normal, at Canyon, returned home on the Tuesday evening train.

Mr. Rhodes and Miss Adams, of the O'Donnell community, were quietly married Sunday. A party of young folks were at T— school house and had started for O'Donnell, among whom were the bride and groom. No one suspicioned anything when they drove to the front and soon left the rest of the party behind but were much surprised when on their arrival at O'Donnell, the young people announced they had been married.

Now is the time to kill your DOGS with CARBON. Let us supply you —Thomas Bros. Drug Co. 33 tf.

THIS IS "MR. SOA KUM."



Visitors to the Zone at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition find much to amuse them by a visit to "Soa Kum" and hundreds of other interesting concessions which line the Zone's broad avenue for a mile. In "Soa Kum" one tries to hit all kinds of heads for all kinds of prizes.

Scene From Episode 10--Trey O'Hearts



Struck the Caboose With a Crash Like the Explosion of a Cannon.

OBITUARY OF MRS. FLEMMING

Appeared in last week's News a notice of the death of Mrs. J. P. Fleming, one of those whom the Lord in his infinite knowledge, has seen fit to purge from the dross of the flesh by racking them on the bed of affliction.

Mr. J. P. Flemming, nee Minerva Jane Brown, was born in Arkansas, December 24th, 1851, and was gathered to her maker May 13th, 1915, 9:30 p. m. When a wee tot, her parents moved to San Saba, where she resided until 1906, when Mr. Flemming moved his family to Tahoka.

Prior to her marriage to J. P. Flemming, deceased was married to Dick D. Chalk, a nephew of her later husband. To this union were born three children; Lillie, Ira and Edward. All of whom survive her. Lillie, now Mrs. H. J. Coughran, of this place, has been the companion of her mother in her last illness. Ira, who lives in Terry county, attended the funeral and was taken home the first of the week by his half brother, Emmet Flemming. Ed., who resides in Clarksville, Texas, arrived too late to see his mother, he returned home the first of the week. To her second union only one child was born, Emmet Flemming, a well known young man of Tahoka.

This is the fifth time the grim reaper has visited the home of Mr. Flemming; he having laid to rest in that green tent whose portals never outward swing, his first wife and their three children.

In early childhood Mrs. Flemming took the yoke of the Master upon herself and at the age of twenty four united with the Methodist Episcopal Church South, of which institution she has bean a faithful member ever since. Those who knew her intimately and waited on her during the seven years she has been tortured by the dread cancer, testify that a more patient, resigned sufferer never came under their observation. And thru it all, however dark the way seemed, her faith in her Lord and Master never wavered. And till merciful death set her free from her temple of torture, and wafted her imortal soul to those realms of happiness and love, her greatest pleasure was derived from the reading of "The Precious Book."

Mrs Flemming was burried from the Methodist church in Tahoka Friday evening at four o'clock. The floral offering was perhaps the most magnificient ever tendered a citizen of this place.

NOTICE OF SCHOLASTIC CENSUS

To the School Patrons of Lynn County, Greetings:

The census of the scholastics will be taken this month, and each and every parent or guardian is urged to lend every assistance to the enumerator when he calls, and should any scholastic fail to be enumerated to report the same. This is important. 39 1t

J. L. STOKES, Ex-Officio Superintendent Lynn County.

CARD OF THANKS

Words cannot express the gratitude we feel towards those good women of the town of Tahoka, who have administered to and lightened the suffering of our dear wife and mother during her protracted illness. And only Him who rules our destines and awards in the open those who have administered in secret can repay you.

May God bless you and yours, is our prayer.

J. P. FLEMMING AND FAMILY.

The two year old son of a Mr. Talbert, who lives in one of the shacks south of the depot, along the Santa Fe tracks, fell from the door step Wednesday and crushed the back of his skull in. He had five severe spasams Wednesday night, and was in a critical condition late Thursday. The attending physician has hopes of his recovery.

A. R. McGonagill left Thursday morning for Lubbock to receive his new Ford. He went in a car from the Tahoka Hardware. John Yates drove the car back.

Drink Ell Ma-te, The tingling tang that tones the great South American drink at our fountain. Parkhurst Broken $ Store. A check given with each five cent drink. 38 39

We want to do your baking—H.& B. Bakery. Phone 57. 34tf.

When you think of farm, hail, or stock insurance, you always think of the old reliable St. Paul. The company that has proved their slogan of years: "If We Loose, We Hay." I represent this company, and will try and call on every farmer in Lynn county, in the next two weeks. Will appreciate any business you see fit to give me. Wishing you a prosperous year, I remain your friend.—D. A. Parkhurst. 38 39

Paul Gooch, of west of O'Donnell, was in Wednesday morning, and reported every one in that part of the county very busy planting.

We want to do your baking—H.& B. Bakery. 11 tf.

Tahoka's Need Of Public Tabernacle

There is no building in the town where the entire population could be gathered together, let alone should out of town visitors be present. The need of a large public building for all classes of gatherings has been admitted for several years. The time has now arrived when this want is felt more keenly than at any other time of the year. The time of summer picnics is here when we want a place for shade and public speaking. Also the time of the year when the several churches hold their summer revivals is upon us. Services in the open have considerable drawbacks. And the erection of temporary shade on each occasion of a large crowd is a wasteful expense.

The Methodist Church has decided to do away with the services of an out of town evangelist in their summer meeting and have agreed to contribute the amount of money such an evangelist and his singer would cost towards the erection of such a tabernacle.

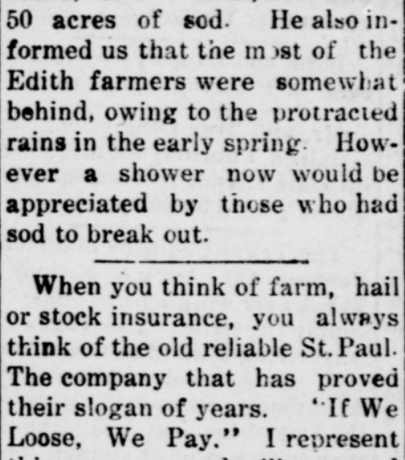
As we understand the movement, the building would be non-sectarian, would be available for any and all classes of gatherings, a place where all would be welcome and might feel at home.

The other denominations are invited to confer with each other. the Methodists and the people in general, and decide whether or not such a plan can be carried out.

G. C. King was in Tahoka Tuesday night and made the remark that he had about 125 acres of his crop up to a good stand, and would put in about 50 acres of sod. He also informed us that the most of the Edith farmers were somewhat behind, owing to the protracted rains in the early spring. However a shower now would be appreciated by those who had sod to break out.

When you think of farm, hail or stock insurance, you always think of the old reliable St. Paul. The company that has proved their slogan of years. "If We Loose, We Pay." I represent this company, and will try and call on every farmer in Lynn county in the next two weeks. Will appreciate any business you see fit to give me. Wishing you a prosperous year, I remain your friend.—D. A. Parkhurst. 38 39

UNCLE SAM SHOWN ON THE ZONE.



This photograph shows a unique figure of Uncle Sam on the Zone, the great amusement section at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco.

Ford Turns Turtle ---Skull Fractured

Wednesday evening about three thirty two car loads of boys and girls left for Slaton. The boys were to cross bats with the small team of that town. The game was called and the slaton boys got even for the drubbing received Saturday, by snowing the locals under to the tune of twelve to two.

On the return trip Miss Willie Denton was driving one car and Miss Sadye Dyer the other. The roads were good and the girls were doing fine. Just before they reached the rough place in the road, Virgil Phenix driver of one of the cars took the wheel, but Sadye did not change with the driver of the car she was in. The lights had been lit, and the cars were coming at a pretty good clip, between thirty and forty miles an hour, when the car Sadye was driving struck a sand bed and whipped across the road. The left fore wheel struck a drift around a mesquite bush and colapsed, the axle striking the roots. The sudden impact of the flying car with an immovable object could have but one result—the car turned a complete summersault and rolled over on to the right side. That the flip was turned in the air without the car touching the ground is based upon the fact that the wind shield was up and the left hand corner was not broken.

Clay Hughes, driver with the car was in the front seat with Sadye, who was at the wheel, Clay was hurled some twenty feet from the flying car and received only slight bruises, while Sadye was still at the wheel when the car settled, and was assisted out by one of the boys, little the worse for her experience.

Carl King and Willie Davison in the toneau were thrown clear of the wreck, Miss Davison sustaining a badly bruised collar bone. Roscoe Robert, Booty Swan and Fred Littlepage were riding the rear fender. Roscoe on the right fender and the other two boys on the left one. When the car struck, Booty and Roscoe were thrown across the car in opposise directioes. Roscoe fell clear without injury, while Booty sustained severe bruises about the hips and legs. Fred was less fortunate. Fouled by the top which had been laid back, he was jerked under the car and pinnioned by the right rear wheel which was still running at a terrific rate. From a stump in the road he received severe bruises obout the back and the skull where the hair curls was crushed in and the scalp laid open in an ugly wound. The whirling spokes of the wheel cut him about the face and broke his nose. One of the party regained presence of mind enough to shut off the engine, and a serch was made for the injured. Fred was found in a unconsious condition and the car lifted from his body. The other car came up and the wounded were brought to Tahoka. Fred's wounds were dressed by Doctor McCoy, and while his wounds are not fatal, he will pull thru by a close margin, if no complications set in. He did nor regain consciousness until Thursday morning.

The accident occured about twelve miles north of town. Other than the demolished wheel and smashed wind shield, the car, as far as could be ascertained last night, was only slightly damaged.

Lynn County News

Published every Friday by
B. C. CRIE & CO. TAHOKA.

J. CRIE, ED. & MGR.

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

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

Every scholastic overlooked in the census, which will be taken before the first day of June means about $10.00 subtracted from the school fund of the district in which said scholastic lives. Be sure to have you school children enumerated.

Speaking of the Lusitania disaster, the Lockney Beacon says; "Sherman knew what he was talking about when he said 'war is hell'."

Mabe it was in Snerman's time, but the present convulsion seems to be a hell-bender.

We noticed one of our country boys b[illegible]ging in a bunch of scalps last Saturday. He received noth[illegible] for them, and for the benefit of others, we give the following information:

The bounty law goes into effect the 20th day of June 1915, and provides the payment of $2.00 on wolves, $1.00 on wild cats, panthers, etc., and five cents on jack rabbits. The law further provides that the person killing said animals shall present the scalps to the commissioners' court in person, and there make affidavit that affiant and no other killed said animals from which scalps were taken and furthermore, any mutilation, such as slashes or holes in the ears of scalp may render it worthless.

William Franklin and Alvin [illegible]ee, of fourteen miles southeast of Tahoka, called on The News Saturday and watched some of the wheels go round. We are always pleased to see our friends.

J. H. Cowan, of south of Tahoka, informs us that his Missouri pippin apple trees this year show excellent prospects for a good crop and while they had fewer apples on them than last year, they have all the trees can mature. His other trees which had no apples on them last year are simply loaded. He expects to make a big crop of berries and grapes also.

A SEVERE HAIL STORM
may destroy your crop; see me for insurance.—C. T. Beard, in court house. 37 40 p

Miss Noba Streud returned Saturday from Crosby county where she has been teaching school.

Miss Christine Swan came in Friday of last week from Spareburg where she had been teaching school. She went to Plainview Saturday, to visit relatives, and returned Sunday.

Mr. Henry and Miss Rescola McDaniel entertained quite a select crowd at 42 Thursday night

PROFESSIONAL

C. M. CAIN
Lawyer
Office in old First National Bank Building
Tahoka Texas

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

C. P. GENTRY
Jewelery
All Repair Work Guaranteed
Office in Parkhurst Bldg.
Tahoka Texas

Drs Huchinson and Peebler
[illegible] HUCHINSON, M. D.
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
O. F. PEEBLER, M. D.
General Medicine and Surgery
Rooms in 1st Nat'l. Bank Bld'g.
LUBBOCK, TEXAS

DR. J. R. SINGLETON
DENTIST
Permanently Located
Tahoka. Texas.

Tahoka Rapidly Building Now

Tahoka is growing like a green bay tree.

Dr. J. H. McCoy's handsome residence in the west part of town is completed and the Doctor has moved in.

Howard Henderson, with the Tahoka Hardware Co., is building an addition to his home in north-west Tahoka; an 18x14 room and gallary being added.

C. L. Williams, the saddle and leather man, who for several years has occupied the two story building on the southeast corner of Main and Porterfield streets, has his new 24x60 building east of the Fair store on the south side of the square, nearly compleated and will put in a full line of hardware, and tin shop besides maintaining his saddle and leather business.

J. H. Edwards, ex-sheriff, will build a fourteen room dwelling on the seventy acres east of the cemetery. This will be the finest residence in Tahaka, according to contractors who bid on the job.

A new building was begun this morning west of the Higginbotham Harris lumber yard.

Sumner Clayton, the north side barber, will begin a two room addition to his residence in North Tahoka the coming week.

We have in mind three others who contemplate building but have not yet decided just where and when.

HAIL INSURANCE,

See McMill Clayton for Hail Insurance in old line companies that pay the loss. 37tf

T. C. Leedy has forty cherry trees that are bending under the weight of their crop of lucious fruit and reports three hundred more coming into bearing. He says he will have a booth in Tahoka Trades Day and sell ripe fruit to all who wish to buy. The Plains is an ideal home by adoption to the Japanese fruit and it thrives here equally as well as on the sunny slopes of the island kingdom. In fact the Plains and Panhandle are the only places they grow in the state with more than indifferent success.

Claude Donaldson returned Thursday morning from Plainview, where he has been attending school. He came in a car with Rev. Ledger, Guy Terry and his brother Wallace.

Farm and Ranch Loans six per cent. M.F.Young, Plainview, Tex.

Mr. and Mrs. Otho Shook entertained Thursday night, a few intimate friends in honor of Mrs. Shook's 19th birthday.

The Texas Company and Pierce Fordvee Oil Ass'n., stations in Tahoka are working full time to supply the trade. The Texas Co. is receiving a world of new business as a result of the gigantic advertising campaign launched the first of the year, and although they have a two car storage tank here, they are busy refilling all the time. They will average a car a week.

The increased demand for oil is due to the increase in the number of autos and oil ranges owned in the county.

Also our business from the west is daily increasing, and promises to do so the rest of the summer.

L. G. Depriest, of the New Home community, came in Monday with a couple of bales of bollies.

Geo. W. Reed, general merchant of Sanger, Texas, called on the News Monday. He owns land nine miles east of O'Donnell. Mr. Reed says they have good grain prospects, although hail destroyed several crops just before he left home. He was very enthusiastic about Lynn county.

HAIL.

See me before insuring your crop.—C. T. Beard, in the court house. 37 40 p

$100 Reward, $100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

As Others Saw Tahoka's Trade Boosters Excursion

Plains Developer

Plains had the honor on Tuesday last of entertaining Tahoka's Trade Excursion, the following prominent business men being in the company: J. E. Stokes, Homer Scott, H. M. Larkin, J.E. Ketner, J. N. Jones, R. C. Wells, D. T. Rogers, B. C. King, G. W. Small, J. J. Nettles, J. B. Stokes, of Gail, S. N. Weathers, I. S. Doak, Shelly Shook, M. H. Edwards, C. C. Barnes, E. L. Howard, J. Crie and G. G. Hazel.

In their new cars decorated with trade banners, seventeen of the company arrived at high noon on schedule time, and repaired at once to the Earnest Hotel where dinner was served.

One car was occupied by E. L. Howard, C.N. McDonald J, Crie, Ed Lynn County News, and G.G. Hazel, principal of the Tahoka High School, was delayed by being driven into a mudhole in a daring chase after a prairie dog which crossed their path, but nothing daunted, these gentlemen managed to extricate their car, and arrived in Plains some two hours late tho' none the less welcome.

Dinner being over, cigars were passed around, and our visitors proceeded to get acquainted and to inspect the sights of our city. All expressed themselves pleased with Yoakum county and its big possibilities. After distributing cards and extending to every one a hearty invitation to visit Tahoka, the railroad town, our Mr. Forkel appeared on the scene with his kodak and requested that our visitors group themselves in front of their cars for a picture. This request being granted, and after some slight delay occasioned by an attempt to scrouge Mr. J. E. Stokes out of focus, tho' happily unsuccessful, we hope, the picture was secured and these hustling business men waved us a hearty goodbye.

The business men of Tahoka are by no means strangers to our people, and their cordial visit is appreciated and will serve to make stronger our social as well as business ties.

Each member of the company was presented with a copy of the Plains developer, and its columns in the future may be patronized by these progressive business firms.

Terrp County Herald

Five or six cars of Tahoka boosters arrived in Brownfield about ten o'clock. Tuesday morning, and while more business and better roads was the main theme with them, there lingered geniel smiles upon their maps that denoted that business was not all they were getting out of life. If we were placing a chromo one the mug with the very broedest grin however, it would nuquestionably went to Larkin * *

Leaving here, they went on to Plains, where dinner awaited them; returning, they spent some time with the Gomez people, then back here for supper. While they were waiting for supper, the Herald man got in his work, first making a snap shot of the bunch —risking a good kodak—then we proceeded to relieve the crowd of several dollars on subscription, together with some nice adds.

It seems that some of the boys got stuck in Brownfield, but there was no mud to mention—but our girls are noted for their beauty, and we believe this fact was their legal excuse.

We are glad these fellows came over to the best county on earth, as some of them had never seen it before. We heard many compliments passed on the beauty of our little town and our famous court house park.

Cotton Oil Mill

The parties behind the cotton seed oil mill are very optomistic as to the outcome of the project. One of the gentlemen interviewed by the News man this week, informed us that the amount of stock required was $25,000 and that they had something likr $15-000 promised.

Ten thousand dollars is a small sum to be raised by a county in the hight of prosperity, as is Lynn county this year. Besides if we look at this proposion as we should, it will be readily seen that we can ill afford to let the opportunity pass.

That there will be a mill of the class contemplated here, put in somewhere in this immediate vicinity is an assured fact. Then why not have it here? Tahoka is situated in the heart of the cotton growing section of the great South Plains, is easily accessible by railroad, and is also the center of a great cattle raising section.

The securing of the oil mill will mean far more than providing a market for our cotton seed. When this mill shall have been installed, cattlemen in this section will finish their cattle here and ship direct to the killing pens, instead of selling to feeders. There will not only be the entire crop of seed of the surrounding counties consumed by the mill, but seed will be shipped in from other places. The above statement may not seem justified by the present volume of cake business here, but the cowmen of this section are awake to the advantages of feeding out their stuff at home when marketing and feeding facilities are accessible. This will mean feeding pens around the town that will accomodate the cattle from a distance driven here to be finished.

To Enlarge Gin

Wilson Edwards of the Tahoka Gin Co., informed us this week, that to date the gin had turned out thirty eight hundred and eighty bales of cotton, and that there would be only enough to run the total up to thirty nine hundred bales.

He is also our authority for the announcement that if the cotton crop justifies, the gin company will install more stands and another press this summer. He said that toe indications now were that it would be necessary. When the company installed their steam power plant they put in enough horse power to pull ten stands and two presses, or twice the equipment they now have.

When It Is To Eat Or Wear---

We have one of the freshest, best selected stocks of **Staple and Fancy Groceries** to be found in Tahoka, and our prices will meet all compeditors.

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

S. N. McDaniel

A Bank Deposit is a Combination to Succe



"OPPORTUNITY knocks once at every man's door." But many a tunity is lost when the man who sees it hasn't the where to take advantage of it. It is the man with the READY IN BANK who derives the benefit! If you haven't an account, op today. When the opportunity arrives

YOUR CHECK BOOK WILL BE READY

First Natoinal Ban
Of Tahoka, Texas

You Are Invited
to visit and judge for yourself the stock of hom grown young bearing trees that Plainview Nurser has. Also all kinds of garden plants. Prize wi ning Maize, Feterita, and Sudan seed for sal Agents wanted to sell on commission.

Business Is Good

¶ Because I do Cleaning and Press that Satisfies.

¶ From Nothing to Full Capacity in weeks is a good indication that I deli the goods.....

Give Me A Trial
and let me prove it to your own satisfac

W. W. VINSON
Made-to-measure Suits $13.50 to $20
"Why Pay More"

St. CLAIR'S
FOR
Everything A Man Wear
Kahn tailored Clothing
B.V.D. Underwear and Olon Union
Famous Ide Shirts and Collars
All fads and fabrics in Ties
Walk-Over Shoes---Wear-Ever Ho
Best in the world for the price.
Hats, Caps and Straws---All Shape
A Line of Work Cloches that yo can't get around, at let live prices.
North Side Spurae
In West Keever Bldg

Special Excursion to San Francisco, C from Tahoka. Round trip, Via Santa Lines, from $50.95 to $75.95. Side to Los Angeles and San Diego wit extra charge. Limited to three mo

The Price, Quantity & Quality of

Our Goods Is the Keynote of Our Success

EDWARDS BROS.

Wholesale And Retail Dealers In

Grain, Coal, Cotton and Cotton Seed Products

The Trey O' Hearts

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name Produced by the Universal Film Co.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "The Brass Bowl," "The Black Bag," etc.

Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance

SYNOPSIS.

The trey of hearts is the "death-sign" employed by Seneca Trine in the private war of vengeance which, through the agency of his daughter, Judith, a woman of violent passions like his own, he wages against Alan Law, son of the man (now dead) who was innocently responsible for the accident which made Trine a helpless cripple. Alan is in love with Rose, Judith's twin and double but in all other respects her precise opposite. Judith vows to compass Alan's death; but under dramatic circumstances he saves her life and so, unwillingly, wins her love. Thereafter Judith is by turns animated by the old hate, the new love, and jealousy of her sister. She earns her father's distrust and is left behind by him when he journeys West, taking Rose with him, in order to lure Alan away from New York. Alan pursues, Judith accompanying him against his wish, and succeeds in rescuing Rose from Trine's special train.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Light Engine.

Toward the close of that summer's day it was the whim of that arch-manager of theatricals whom men call Fate to stage an anticlimax in the midst of a vast and hilly expanse of desolate middle western country—a rude and rugged disk of earth which boasted no human tenancy within a circle of its far-flung horizon and was bisected, not neatly, rather irregularly, by the flowing double line of steel ribbons which marked the railroad's right of way over the old Santa Fe trail.

So much for the stage: the light effects were provided exclusively by the crimson and purple and gold of a portentous sunset; the properties employed were simply a special train and what is known as a light engine.

It was the engineer of the special who started the trouble. After bringing his monster to a full pause, he turned upon his passengers and—not without plausible excuse—violently indicted Mr. Alan Law for abuse of his and his fireman's trustfulness.

They had been engaged, both gentlemen asserted vigorously, for nothing more dangerous than a quick run across the prairies, in furtherance of the unspecified plans of Mr. Alan Law and his companion, Miss Judith Trine. After starting out, they had wickedly and maliciously been bribed by the said Law to put on speed and catch up with the special, in order that he might rescue from the latter a young woman, his bride-to-be and the sister of Miss Trine.

But—and here was the grievance—they hadn't bargained to be shot at with pistols. And precisely that outrage had been put upon them during and subsequent to the moment of rescue.

It was unhappy Mr. Barcus who precipitated the affair. This gentler was suffering from a severe sprain to his sense of decent pride. In the service of Miss Rose Trine and her betrothed, Mr. Law, Barcus had blackened his face and hands to the hue of ebony and had garmented himself in the garb of a Pullman porter.

It was the fireman (to be just) who brought the row to a focus by a slighting reference to that "shiftless and



One of His Arms Was Around Her Shoulder.

misbegotten dinge."

He repented quite promptly. Mr. Barcus jumped for his throat with a bellow of rage. The fireman slipped on the cab platform, trod on nothing, and went over backwards, taking Mr. Barcus with him to the ballast.

At almost the same moment Mr. Law, attempting to restrain the engineer from going to the assistance of his fellow-worker, ducked in under a vicious swing for his chin, grappled with his foe, tripped him up—and went with him to the ground on the opposite side of the locomotive from that occupied by Mr. Barcus and the fireman.

For the next several seconds he was very busy indeed keeping his face out o' the ballast. The engineer was a heavy man, but active and infuriated. He fought like a demon unchained. It was all very exciting. Mr. Law was even beginning to enjoy it when he heard a woman shriek. At the same instant revolvers began to pop.

Mr. Law released his foe almost as quickly as he was released. Both rose as one man, to find Judith Trine beside them, a little smile of excitement playing round her lips as she looked up the track and watched the special slow down to a stop—several persons on the back platform plying busy trigger-fingers all the while.

As these last threw open the platform gates and dropped to the ballast, still perforating the air with many bullets, Mr. Law, Miss Judith Trine, and that late belligerent, the engineer, turned simultaneously and sought the rear of the tender.

On the opposite side they found Rose Trine and Mr. Barcus standing uncertainly above the body of the fireman, who, it appeared, had stunned himself in falling and remained insensible.

The appearance of Law and Judith from behind the tender, closely pursued by the engineer, who was in turn closely pursued by gentlemen with revolvers, stirred Barcus and Rose to action. Alan passed him at a round pace, pausing only long enough to seize Rose and drag her with him toward the special.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Pullman.

"Come inside," Law suggested, "and introduce me to the brakeman. I presume I've got to fix things up with him—"

"If there's really any doubt in your mind as to that," Barcus said, rising, "I don't mind telling you you're right."

He paused as Alan entered the car before him and was greeted by a storm of vituperation that fairly blistered the ears of the Pullman. Mr. Seneca Trine, helpless in his invalid chair, thus celebrated his introduction to the young man whom he had never before seen whose life he had schemed to take these many years.

Alan made no effort to respond, but listened with his head critically to one side and an exasperating expression of deep interest informing his countenance until Mr. Trine was out of breath and vitriol; when the younger man bowed with the slightest shade of mockery in his manner and waved a tolerant hand to Barcus.

"He has, no doubt," Alan inquired, "his own private cell aboard this car?"

"Yas, suh!" Barcus agreed, aping well the manner of his apparent caste and color. "Ain't dat de troof?"

"Take him away, then," Alan requested wearily—"if you please."

"Yas, suh!" Barcus replied, with nimble alacrity seizing the back of the wheeled chair and swinging it round for a spin up the length of the car.

Before Trine had recovered enough to curse him properly, the door to his drawing room was closed and Barcus was ambling back down the aisle.

His grin of relish at this turning of the tables on the monomaniac proved, however, short-lived. It erased itself in a twinkling when Judith shouldered roughly past him, wearing a sullen and forbidding countenance, and flung herself into the drawing room with her father.

The cause of her temper was not far to seek: at the far end of the car Alan was bending solicitously over the chair in which Rose was resting. One of his arms was around her shoulder. Her face was lifted confidently to his.

Barcus mused morosely on his apprehension of trouble a-brew, simmering over the waxing fire of that strange woman's jealousy. He didn't like the prospect at all. If only Alan and Rose hadn't been so desperately in love that they couldn't keep away from one another! If only Alan had been sensible enough to outwit the woman and leave her behind when he started in pursuit of the special! If only there had not been that light engine in pursuit—as Barcus firmly believed it must be—loaded to the guards with Trine's unscrupulous hirelings!

No telling when they might catch up!

The fear of this last catastrophe worked together with his fears of Judith to render that night a sleepless one for Barcus. He spent it in a chair whence he could watch both the door to the compartment Judith had chosen for her own (formerly Marrophat's quarters) and the endless ribbons of steel that swept beneath the tracks.

But nothing happened. He napped uneasily from time to time, waking with a start of fright, but always to find nothing amiss. Ever Judith stopped behind that closed door, and ever the track behind was innocent of the glare of a pursuing headlight.

Nor did anything untoward mark the progress of the morning—unless, indeed, Judith's protracted sessions with her father behind the closed door of the drawing room were to be counted ominous.

Ever since lunch-time the girl had been closeted with her father; Barcus had been getting some well-earned and sorely-needed rest in his quarters; Alan standing his watch on the observation platform, in company with Rose; and the train booming along through an uncouth wilderness of arid mountains, barren mesas, and unsmitten flats given over to the desolate genius of sagebrush.

Whatever had been the tenor of the communication between father and daughter, Judith eventually emerged from the drawing room in an ominous temper. Barcus, coming decently away from his compartment at the same time, was jarred wide awake by sight of the foreboding countenance she wore; and after a moment of doubt followed her back to the lounge at the rear of the car.

He got there in time to see her at rigid standstill, glaring steadfastly at the two figures so close together on the observation platform. But on his appearance Judith shook herself together, snatched up a magazine, and plunged wrathfully into an easy chair, burying her nose between the pages of the publication with every indication of deep interest in its text.

Mr. Barcus, however, had learned the lesson of bitter experience to the effect that the outward bearing of Miss Judith Trine was no sure index to her inward humor—unless, that is, it might be taken to indicate the direct contrary of its semblance; though even this was no reliable rule. Reminding himself of this, he therefore invented a morbid interest in another magazine—round the edge of which he kept a wary eye upon the young woman.

For all her exasperation, Judith contained herself longer than might have been expected. Her continued show of placidity, indeed, lulled Barcus into a dangerous feeling of security. Persuaded that she meant to behave, he gradually ceased to watch her as narrowly as at first, and lost himself in a morose reverie whose subject was the seemingly permanent mourning into which he had plunged his face and hands for the purposes of his masquerade—staining them a shade of ebony upon which soap and water and scrubbing had no effect whatever. And he had invented a most excruciating method of revenging himself upon the druggist who had taken advantage of his confidence and sold him the ineradiable dye—when he was roused by the sudden flight of a magazine across the car, missing his head by a bare two inches, and the bang of a chair overturned by Judith as she jumped up and flung herself furiously toward the door.

Just what had happened on the observation platform Barcus didn't know, but he could readily believe that the lovers had just indulged in some especially provoking and long-drawn-out caress.

He overhauled Judith none too soon. In another moment she would have had her sister by the throat—if her purpose had not been to throw Rose bodily overboard, as Barcus suspected. Happily, he was as quick on his feet as Judith on hers; and almost before he had grasped the situation, he had grasped her—had seized her arms and drawn them forcibly behind her back, at the same time swinging her round and endeavoring to propel her back through the doorway.

It was a man-size job. For the ensuing five minutes he had his hands full of violently resentful and superbly able-bodied young woman. Only with the greatest difficulty did he succeed in wrestling her up the aisle and to the door of her compartment, where an even more furious resistance for some additional minutes prefaced the ultimate closing of the door upon the maddened Judith. Even then he might not draw a free breath: there was no way of locking that door from the outside; and he dared not leave go the handle, lest the girl again fly out and renew the battle.

Waving aside Alan's proffer of assistance, he acidly advised that gentleman to return to his post of duty and not let his infatuation blind him to what might at any moment loom up on the track behind them. Barcus stoutly held the door against the girl's attempt to pull it open and through another period when she occupied herself with kicking its panels as if hopeful of breaking a way out. A long pause followed. He heard no sounds from within. And wearying, he wondered what the devil she was up to. Then her voice penetrated the barrier, its accents calm and not unamiable:

"Mr. Barcus!"

"Hello!" he replied, startled. "What is it, Miss Judith?"

"Please let me out."

"Not much."

"Oh—please!"

Struck by the fact that she hadn't lost her temper on hearing his refusal, he hesitated.

"Will you be good if I let you out?"

"Perfectly."

"No more shenanigan?"

"I promise."

"Word of honor?"

"If my word of honor means anything to you—you have it."

"Well . . .!" he said dubiously.

In the same humor he turned and released the knob; promptly Judith opened it wide and swept out into the corridor, her mood now one of refetching mockery.

"Thank you so much!" she laughed into his face of discomfiture; and dropping him an ironic curtsy, she turned forward and swung into the drawing room occupied by Trine.

"Wonder what she put that on for?" he speculated, with reference to the ankle-long Pullman wrapper which Judith had seen fit to don during her period of captivity. "Heaven knows it's hot enough without wearing more

Continued on page four

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Trey O'Hearts

Continued from preceding page

clothing than decency demands . . . But you never can tell about a woman . . . I bet a dollar I've made a blithering ass of myself—letting her loose at all!"

He took his doubts aft, communicating them to Alan and Rose.

And his long conference with Alan and Rose on the observation platform afforded Judith ample opportunity in which undetected to suborn the train crew to treachery.

Whether she did or not, this is what happened in the course of the next hour: the special was forced to take a siding to make way for the California limited, east-bound; and when this had passed, the engine of the special coughed apologetically and pulled swiftly out, leaving the Pullman stalled on the siding.

From the rear of the tender the brakeman and fireman waved affecting farewells to the indignant faces of Alan and Barcus when they showed in the front doorway.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Hand Car.

"Well!" Mr. Barcus broke a silence whose eloquence may not be translated in print—"can you beat it?"

"Not with this outfit," Alan admitted gloomily.

"But—damn it!—we've got to."

"Profanity—even yours, my friend—won't make this Pullman move without an engine."

"All the same, we can't stop here like bumps on a log, waiting for that gang of thugs to sail up in the light engine and cut our blessed throats."

Mr. Law answered this unanswerable contention only with a shrug. Then, stepping out on the forward platform of the Pullman, he cast a hopeless eye over the landscape.

Raw, rugged hills hemmed in the right of way, hills whose vast flanks were covered with dense thickets of mesquite, chapparal, sagebrush and cacti, the haunt of owls and rattlesnakes and—solitude. No way of escape from that pocket in the hills other than by the railroad itself.

He lowered his gaze to the tracks and siding—and started sharply.

"Eh—what now?" Barcus inquired with interest.

"Some thoughtful body has left an old hand car over there in the ditch," Alan replied. "Maybe it isn't beyond service—"

"With me supplying the horsepower, I suppose!"

"Horse isn't the word," Alan corrected meticulously; and escaped the other's wrath by dropping down to the ballast and trotting over to the ditch, where the hand car lay.

"Looks as if it might work," he announced. "Come along and lend me a hand."

"Half a minute," Barcus answered, dodging suddenly back into the car.

When he reappeared, after some five minutes, Rose accompanied him, and Barcus was smiling as brilliantly as though nothing whatever was wrong with his world.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, old top," he explained; "but I was smitten with an inspiration. There didn't seem to be any sense in letting the amiable Judith loose upon this fair land, so I found a coil of wire in the porter's closet and wired the handle of the drawing room door fast to the bars across the aisle. It'll take her some time to get out, now, without assistance."

Ten minutes more had passed before the two grimy and perspiring gentlemen succeeded in placing the hand car upon the tracks.

"It's a swell little hand car," Barcus observed grimly: "no wonder they threw it away."

"What's the difference how it looks, as long as it will go?"

"But will it?" Barcus doubted.

Somewhere far back along the line a locomotive hooted mournfully.

"It's got to!" Alan replied, helping Rose aboard. "If we can only get out of sight before they get here—"

"Don't worry," Barcus advised: "that's a freight whistle."

"Maybe you can distinguish the whistle of a freight from that of a passenger train—I don't say you can't; but I'll take no chances on your judgment being good. Hop aboard here if you're coming with us!"

Slowly the hand car stirred on its grease-hungry and complaining axles; slowly it gathered momentum and surged noisily up the track as Alan and Barcus, on opposite sides of the handlebar, alternately rose and fell back; slowly it mounted the slight grade to the bend in the track, rounded it, lost sight of the stalled Pullman on the siding and began to move more swiftly on a moderate down grade.

Behind it the thunder of an approaching train grew momentarily in volume, lending color to the theory of Mr. Barcus that what they had heard had been the whistle of a freighter rather than of the light engine. But just as Alan was about to advocate leaving the tracks and taking the hand car with them, to clear the way for the train, its rumble began to diminish, grew less and beautifully less, and was stilled.

"What do you make of that?" Alan panted across the racking bar.

"The obvious," Barcus returned. "The freight has taken the siding to wait for some other through train to pass. We'll have to look sharp and be ready to jump."

The grade became a trace more steep; the car moved with less reluctance.

"Let go," Alan advised: "it'll coast down the balance of this incline—and we'd better save our strength."

But they had barely regained their breath and mopped the streaming sweat away from their eyes when a second whistle, of a different tone, startled both back to their task.

Catching the eye of Barcus Alan nodded despairingly.

"Afraid it's all up with us now," he groaned; "that sounded precisely like the whistle of the light engine."

"Sure it did!" Barcus agreed. "It wouldn't be us if we had any better luck. The saints be praised for this grade!"

For all its age and decrepitude the hand car made a very fair pace at the urge of the two who rose and sagged again without respite on either side the handlebar; and the grade was happily long, turning and twisting like a snake through the hills.

A little grace was granted them, moreover, through the circumstance (as they afterward discovered) that the light engine had stopped at the siding long enough to couple up Trine's Pullman—thus automatically ceasing to be a light engine, and becoming a special.

It was fully a quarter of an hour before the growing rumble of the latter warned the trio on the hand car, just as it gained the end of the grade and addressed itself to a level though tortuous stretch of track.

And at this point discovery of the switch of a spur line that shot off southward into the hills furnished Alan with his independent inspiration.

Stopping the hand car after it had jolted over the frogs, he jumped down, set the switch to shunt the pursuit off to the spur, and leaped back upon the car.

Hardly had they succeeded in working the hand car up round the shoulder of the next bend when the special took the switch without pause and the roar of its progress, shut off by an intervening mountain, was suddenly stilled to a murmur.

But even so, there was neither rest for the weary nor much excuse for self-congratulation; the rumble of the special was not altogether lost to hearing when the thunder of the freight replaced and drowned it out.

Of a sudden, releasing the handle bar, Alan stood up and signed to Barcus to imitate his example.

"Well—?" this last panted, when he had obeyed.

"Jump off—leave the hand car where it is—they'll have to stop to clear it off the track."

"And then?"

"I'll buy a lift from them if it takes my last dollar in the world," Alan promised. "It's our only hope. We can't keep up this heartbreaking business forever—and it can't be long before Trine and Marrophat discover their mistake!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

Caboose.

For once, in a way, it fell out precisely as Mr. Law had planned and prayed.

Constrained to pull up in order to remove the obstruction from the track, the train crew of the freight choked down its collective wrath on being presented with a sum of money. In the hopes of further largesse it lent its common ear to Alan's well-worn tale, which had so frequently proved useful in similar emergencies, of an eloping couple pursued by an unreasoningly vindictive parent; and had its hopes rewarded by the price Alan bargained to pay in exchange for exclusive use of the caboose as far as the next town.

So that it was not more than ten minutes before Rose was settled to rest in such comfort as the caboose afforded, while Alan and Barcus sat within its doorway and smoked.

Neither he nor any other aboard the freight suspected for an instant that, in the box car next forward of the caboose, a woman in man's clothing lay perdue, now and again chuckling impishly to herself in anticipation of the time and the event she was biding with such patience as she could muster.

The whistle of a locomotive overtaking the freight sounded the signal for her to take action on her cherished plan.

Rising, she glanced out of the open door. A curve in the track below the freight, laboring up a steep grade, enabled her to catch a glimpse of a headlight, followed by a string of lighted windows, indicating a single car: the special, beyond a doubt.

Without hesitation, since the train was not running at speed, she dropped out to the ballast, wheeled smartly about, caught the handbar at the end of the box car as it passed and swung herself up between it and the caboose.

A trifle later the freight gained the summit of the grade and began to run more smoothly.

Climbing to the top of the box car she peered keenly through the gloaming, which was not yet so dense that she might not discern two heads pro-



Judith Uncoupling the Caboose.

truding from the window of the special's engine, one on either side.

At a venture, she snatched off her coat and waved it wildly in the air.

An arm answered the signal from one window of the pursuing locomotive.

Marrophat, of course!

She turned and peered ahead. The freight was approaching a trestle that spanned a wide and shallow gully.

So much the better!

Dropping down again between the cars, she set herself to solve the problem of uncoupling the caboose.

In this she was successful just as the last car rolled out on the trestle . . .

Its own impetus carried the caboose to the middle of the trestle before it stopped.

As this happened, Alan and Barcus, already warned of an emergency by the slowing down of the car, and for some time alive to the fact that the special was again in pursuit, leaped out upon the ties and helped Rose to alight.

Already the last of the freight was whisking off the trestle, its crew thus far unconscious of their loss.

And behind them the special was plunging forward at unabated speed.

There was no time to execute their plan of the first desperate instant—to run along the ties to safety on the solid earth: the distance was too great; they could not possibly make it.

With common impulse the two men glanced down to the bottom of the gully, then looked at each other with eyes informed by common inspiration.

Barcus announced in a breath: "Thirty feet—not more."

Alan replied: "Can you hold the weight of the two of us for half a minute?"

Barcus shrugged: "I can try. We might as well—even if I can't."

While speaking, he was lowering himself between the ties.

"All right," he announced briefly.

With a word to Rose, Alan slipped down beside Barcus, shifted his hold to the body of the latter, and climbed down over him until he was supported solely by the grasp of his two on Barcus' ankles.

Instantly Rose followed him, ping like a snake down over t men till she in turn hung by her on Alan's ankles, then releas hold and dropped the balance distance to the ground, a sc feet, landing without injury.

A thought later Alan dropped to her side, staggered a trifle, ered and dragged her out of the

Barcus fell with a heavy thu went upon his back, but demons his lack of injury by immediate ing himself up and joining the in a mad scramble for safety.

Overhead the special engine tling onward like some titanic struck the caboose with a cra the explosion of a cannon. It co upon itself like a thing of past

That it had been construc more solid stuff was abun proved by the shower of timbers ters and broken iron that rained the heads of the fugitives.

For all that, the gods smiled them for their courage: they s without a scratch.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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