

LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 12

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1915.

NUMBER 22

Announcement!

To the People of Tahoka and Surrounding Trade Territory:

We are preparing to open in your town one of the most complete stocks of General Merchandise that can be found on the South Plains. It is our purpose to carry what you want and everything you want in Dry Goods, Groceries and Shelf Hardware---if we haven't got it, if you will just give us time we will put in stock what the trade demands.

It is our purpose to please you and if efficient service and plenty of good goods will do it, we feel that we can do so.

SATISFIED CUSTOMERS IS OUR MOTTO

We have spent considerable money erecting our merchandise home and it will take considerable more money to stock it right---We have come here to make this place our home and help you develop what is as yet an undeveloped country. We stand for the upbuilding and promotion of every good interest of this town and surrounding territory and we want you to consider us friends from the beginning. Come in and let's get acquainted---we will always be glad to see you and extend you a hearty welcome to our store. We cordially invite people who live out of town when in Tahoka to make our store headquarters---we have plenty of room to warm you and plenty of welcome to make you feel agreeable and pleasant. Don't hold us at arms-length as strangers---our interests are identical, let's be good friends at once.

We are going to sell you good goods at a moderate profit---Quality first, is our watchword in buying and we remind you that the best is the cheapest in the long run. We are not trying to get rich, we are in the game because we like it and we feel that the merchant who serves the public efficiently will be allowed a reasonable compensation for his services. We know we buy our goods right and discount our bills and hence make a big saving over the fellow who doesn't.

We sometimes make mistakes---all folks do---we are anxious to correct ours and at any time you find us in error or see us going wrong in any way kindly speak to the manager---he will gladly correct all errors and will regard you as a friend for calling same to his attention.

FREE STORE OPENS TUESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY FIRST AT EIGHT O'CLOCK AND TO THE FIRST 15 PERSONS WHO PURCHASE \$10 WORTH MERCHANDISE (FLOUR NOT INCLUDED) WE WILL GIVE ABSOLUTELY FREE ONE ALUMINUM COOKING SET WORTH \$2

FREE

Knight & Brashear

HOME STEAM LAUNDRY

Belton Howell drove up to the News office Tuesday morning, in his jitney, and remarked to the city editor: "If you want to see something first class, come with me." Arming ourselves with pad and pencil, we moved on the enemy.

Belton drove us to the stronghold of the Home Steam Laundry, Howell & Walters, proprietors, two blocks east of the depot.

Well people, "first class" was the right word, and you might add, "some class" too.

The laundry building is 25x40 and houses a new late model laundry plant consisting of a twelve horse boiler, three horse gasoline engine, a 29x48 and 32x30 Trow patent washers, 24 inch centrifugal extractor (wringer,) 16x40 three roller steam-heated mangle, 9x18 shirt machine, neckband and cuff iron, and collar shaper. The water question is taken care of by a good well and thirty barrel reservoir. In one corner of the main building is located the drying room, with two 4x7 feet steam heated drying coils.

The plant thorough is new, modern, and up-to-the-minute, and represents the investment of several thousand dollars.

Mr. Walters, recently of Brownfield, is manager, and Belton will have charge of the machinery. The laundry work will be under the care of C. E. Mrogette, a laundry man of several years experience.

We are proud to have this new institution open up in our little city. "Come to Tahoka, it grows all the time."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Shook of this city, January 25th a daughter.

We have plenty of Prairie Dog Poison on hand. Thomas Bros. Drug Co., north of the Picture Show.

CO-OPERATION AND PROGRESS

Monday will be the last day of the first month of 1916. The new year will be one-twelfth gone. During this part of this year, has Tahoka advanced a step towards a co-operative, co-heasive commercial unit? To be sure we grow daily. Not since the town was laid out has it hibernated for a season. But where individual endeavor has accomplished much, co-operative effort would have accomplished many times more the amount.

Today, all corporations are striving for a maximum of efficiency. A city or town is only a corporation, brought into existence by its several inhabitants for mutual gain. A corporation that does not work with harmony among its component branches, never reaches its maximum efficiency. The same applies to the city or town. Tahoka needs a commercial organization. Every citizen is a stockholder in the town and should be a member of such organization. The officers and committees of such an organization should perform the duties of the officers and directors of any other corporation.

Without such an organization Tahoka will not receive its rightful share of the prosperity promised this nation for the year 1916.

Life is real, life is earnest. Every town must hustle; We must use brains and money,

And a bit of muscle. Let's make a noise like something doing, Let them know we're on the map,

Or we'll lose our opportunity in a Rip Van-Winkle Nap.

Mrs. C. H. Ledger left on the Tuesday morning train for Lampasas county in response to a wire stating that her father, Col. F. A. Ramsey, who is 87 years old, was very ill.

Bart Reece of Edith community was in Monday and paid us a pleasant call. Bart tells us he finished clearing his field of the 1915 crop last week and turned his cattle in to clean up the stalks.

DIXIE HIGHWAY THRU TAHOKA

Harry A. Chandler, California landscape architect and cartographer, and party, employed by the Southern Motoring Magazine of Dallas, passed thru Tahoka Wednesday logging the Dixie Overland Highway, from Savannah, Ga., to San Diego, Calif.

This Highway Association was organized in Columbus, Ga., June last, with Frank C. Lumpkin, Columbus, Pres., and Sam Vaughn, Amarillo, Tex., state vice president. This is the shortest all year highway from the Atlantic to Pacific, begins at Savannah, and proceeds westward thru Columbus, Montgomery, Selma, Meridian, Jackson, Vicksburg, Monroe, Shreveport, Tyler, Dallas, Fort Worth, Breckbridge, Albany, Abilene, Merkel, Sweetwater, Snyder, Tahoka, Plains, Roswell, Ruidose, Alamogordo, Las Cruises, El Paso, Deming, Lordsburg, Phoenix, Yuma, El Centre, and San Diego. San Francisco may later be made the terminus of this route.

The party is making the log from Lordsburg to Savannah in an American thirty, winner of several road races at Jarex; chief among which was a fifty mile event won by "Red" Comer, average fifty-six miles per hour.

Mr. Chandler informed a News representative that the log would be the most complete of any National Highway; it containing every town along the way, whether a live town or not, number of garages, class of garages, and prominent farmers along the route, and where water and lodging might be obtained in case of necessity. Mr. Chandler was very complimentary of our little city, and said he was glad to be able to class us as a real live town with two first class garages.

The Chandler party is also compiling figures of road bond issues, and sounding the public sentiment in regard to such issues where road bonds have not been voted. This information will be used in a campaign to secure good roads along the Dixie Overland Highway. He informed us that our roads were fair in fair weather, but suggested that a bond issue would be of great benefit to us locally and abroad.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF SUN FEB. 3

According to the almanac there will be a total eclipse of the sun visible in all of North America February third. This will be the first time many of us will have seen this rare astronomical phenomenon.

CARD OF THANKS.

We take this method of thanking our good friends and neighbors for their loving care during the last sickness of our devoted husband and father. May Heaven's richest blessings fall on each and every one, is our prayer. Mother Lewis and children.

L. A. Pickens of near O'Donnell, called Monday and of his own freewill and accord became a subscriber to the News.

R. C. Wood, who recently purchased the J. D. Donaldson home in east Tahoka and moved his family here, the first of the week made the necessary transfer to secure the coming year.

SNYDER CREAM LIGHT BREAD

Baked fresh every day especially for our trade.

SANITARY MARKET. 21tf

Rev. Claude Ledger, pastor of the Methodist Church in Tahoka, made us a pleasant call Thursday. He expressed himself as highly gratified with the condition of the Church in Tahoka especially the spiritual uplift that is so clearly manifested. He received twenty members by letter Sunday, had more than a hundred in Sunday School, large, spiritual congregations morning and night, with incidental collections for the day, \$6.50, but what pleased him most was an attendance of sixty-one at the Wednesday night prayermeeting.

J. C. Bond and family of Kirkland, Texas, arrived in Tahoka Saturday on the evening train. He called on this office and secured a copy of our paper, complimented us on our town and expressed the pleasure he felt on becoming one of us. He has purchased land just across the Lynn county line in Terry county, in the Groves Chapel neighborhood.

LOCALS FROM PRIDE

After an illness of about three weeks Uncle Charlie Martin passed away, aged 75 years. He was a member of the M. E. Church, and a good citizen. Bro. Fuller conducted the funeral services, and his body now rests in the Pride cemetery.

Mr. Curtis of Fisher county, is now settled on the farm he bought from Hez Red.

Doss Palmer has moved south of Lamesa.

Tom Fullerton will soon be moved to his new home west of the Singleton ranch.

John Cathey is building a new house. Bud Cuninghame will occupy it this year.

J. K. Epperson spent two days in Tahoka this week. We sorter think he was trying to trade for a hamburger joint.

Mr. Fisher, our Pride merchant, had a smile on his face Saturday for the first time in three weeks. He's had the gripe you know.

A tombstone agent from Pecos City, was in this neighborhood this week looking for business.

Since gasoline has gone so high the Pride car men are making it mighty hard on old ponies.

We saw Joe Simmons riding in a long lope Sunday with spur on each heel. We sorter think Joe's coming out for office.

UNCLE HENRY.

MRS. BEACH DEAD

Mrs. G. T. Beach of the south part of the county, died Saturday, January 22nd, after an illness of only a couple of hours.

Miss Amanda Angeline Simpson was born in Talbot county, Ga., December 24th, 1854, and was married to G. T. Beach, in Panoia county, Texas, the first day of March, 1882. She professed religion at an early age and spent her life in the Methodist church.

Mrs. Beach's death was preceded by that of her husband by a month almost to a day. She was buried at Plainview school house, Sunday, Rev. C. H. Ledger, pastor of the Methodist church at Tahoka, officiating.

BUSINESS IN FARMING

The farmer has come into his own at last. The Nation as a whole has awakened to the fact that the prosperity of this nation depends in a large extent to the prosperity of the producer, and the farmer is the greatest producer of the nation. Having arrived at this conclusion, the nation anoints the head of the farmer continuously with rare gems of literature wherein they give unto him counsel for the betterment of his lot.

Much of this well meant advice is impracticable, owing to the ignorance on the part of the advisors, of the real problems that confront our rural friends.

But there is one suggestion made to the farmer, that many of his brethren have reaped handsome dividends from its application. We have in mind the introduction of a business system into the farming operations.

As a part of the biggest business enterprise in the nation, each farmer should have a room or a corner of a room in which to transact his business. This place should be designated as his office and should contain a desk or table, a letter file in which he can systematically file his correspondence, neat printed stationery, and if possible a typewriter, and telephone. And most important of all he should here keep a farm record book in which he should enter each transaction, and all receipts and disbursements of the farm. In this way he can tell in a very short time where his profits come from, and where his losses go, and take steps to increase the one and diminish the other.

This system also includes a cultivation of the banking habit and an avoidance of the credit system in so much as possible. And last, but equally as important, name your farm and maintain a standard in all products marketed therefrom.

Lynn County News

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Advertising Rates on Application
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10, 1905, at the post office at Tahoka,
Texas, under the Act of Congress of
March 3, 1879.

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Lawyer
Office in old First National Bank
Building
Tahoka, Texas

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Lawyer and Abstractor
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Oldest and Largest PIANO
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Music, MUSIC TEACHER'S
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and BOOK OF OLD TIME
SONGS FREE for the asking.
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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 the Santa Fe, Lynn County TEXAS

The one best all-around gun is the fast-handling, hard-hitting



Marlin
12-Gauge Repeater. It is a wonderful gun for ducks, geese, foxes, for trap shooting and all small game.
The 16 and 20 Gauge Marlin repeaters are built smaller, lighter and trimmer—perfectly designed for the lighter loads.
Hammerless—12-16-20 gauges—have Solid Steel Breech; Solid Top; Side Ejection; Matted Barrel; 6 Quick Shots (5 in 20-ga.); Press-Button Cartridge Release; Automatic Hammer-Fire Safety Device; Double Extractors; Take-Down; Trigger and Hammer Safety. See catalog.
With Visible Hammer—12, 16, 20 Gauges, Solid Top, side ejection, matted barrel, take down, etc. \$21.60
Get This Gun Book! Send for free catalog of Marlin repeating rifles and shotguns. It helps select right gun!
The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

In this the morning of a new year, there should rise a new order of things in Tahoka.

It should see every man and every woman constantly striving to make this the brightest spot in the Santa Fe southwest. We should strive with might and main to convert our little city into a place of wealth, happiness and prosperity as our daily heritage. It can be done if we want to do it.

Take a walk around the business section of the town, and it will compare favorably with the average town, building as rapidly as Tahoka, and more than favorably, considering our recent burn. But this burned district will very soon be cleared away and before many moons, where now heaps of twisted iron and furniture lay brick and sand for new buildings will be piled. But we should have a higher ambition for the civic attractiveness of our little city than just an average appearance.

Business property could be wonderfully improved with very little expense. A fresh coat of paint would help appearances immensely and attractive window displays by the merchants would add an appreciable dash of color to the business district, besides it would not do the merchants trade any harm.

There is the general accumulation of rubbish on vacant lots, in alleys and side streets, and in some parts of the residential districts. To be sure summer is months away, and the absence of the house fly during the winter months has caused us in a measure to forget the annoyance he causes during the summer, but the days will pass by like a shadow, and the fly will be with us again before we are expecting him. Every piece of rubbish destroyed now means one less breeding place for flies, and consequently a few million less of the tribe.

This year will without doubt witness the greatest influx of immigration to the Plains country since its great natural resources as an agricultural country were discovered, and the town that bears the best appearance of commercial, civic and community progressiveness, will show the greatest in population both in the town and surrounding country. Let us be that

A Home Bank,

The First National Bank

Of Tahoka

Capital \$50,000.00

We offer every service and consideration, consistent with good banking
Your business solicited

For Home People

Surplus \$5,000.00

town.
Let's cleanup and paintup.

Classified Column

POSTING NOTICE.

No hunting allowed on my land. All offenders prosecuted. My land extends west to the big road. C. W. Slover. 20-23p

NOTICE

No hunting allowed in Tahoka Lake pasture without my permission. Please shut gates in going through pasture. J. T. LOFTON. 16-8t

FOR SALE.

One House and Lot 1½ block of square. Address Box 256. 21 22p

FOR SALE—Mare and Horses, broke to work. Thomas and Redwine. 19tf.

FOR SALE—Section No. 425, Abstract 403, Certificate 697 Lynn County. Address: H. G. Thayer, Box 865, Charleston, Kanawha County, W. Va.

From a comparison of the Government livestock report for January 1st, 1916 for Texas and the United States some interesting figures are developed.

Texas has:
One-seventeenth of the horses of the nation, however she has fewer horses now than five years ago, and valued at less per head. The U. S. has more horses and the average price in five years has not decreased proportionately with the price in Texas. This fact may be attributed to the popularity of the motor and tractor in this state.

One fifth of the mules of the nation, and shows a greater increase than the nation, the price per head in both state and nation has decreased.

One-twentieth of the milch cows, with a gain in both numbers and price per head. The nation has fewer in number but an increased average price.

One-seventh of all other cattle, with a greater increase in both numbers and average price as compared with the nation.

One-twentythird of the sheep, with a greater increase in numbers and values than the nation.

One twentieth of the swine, with a greater increase in numbers, and while the price is the same now as five years ago in Texas, it is less in the nation!

W. R. Standefer, surveyor, writes us to change his News from Lubbock to Wilson. He says he is glad to announce that he is now a Lynn county citizen. Welcome, W. R.

There has been a new house finished just west of the J. S. Wells residence in west Tahoka. We have failed to learn who it belongs to.

OLD LINE FIRE INSURANCE

has proven to the most skeptical by our recent fire that no owner of property can afford to neglect carrying a policy.

D. A. Parkhurst's line of ten old and reliable Companies will supply your every need and he needs your business. 20 tf

From a bulletin sent out by the A. M. College, it appears that there remains in the hands of the farmers and merchants of the South 933,769 bales of cotton more than was produced in 1915. And it is estimated that by the time the 1916 crop begins to move, July 31st, there will still be in the hands of the farmers and merchants 2,500,000 bales of the 1915 crop. Farmers should bear these figures in mind when planting their 1916 cotton acreage.

Sidney Sanders of Edith, has sold his place there, and is building on a half section just north of town about half a mile

There is another tent house going up in North Tahoka. The lot has been fenced and a feed stack made and several hogs driven there. We have not yet learned the owner.

Dr. I. E. Smith, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist of Snyder. will be in Tahoka February 9th. 22 23

BRING US YOUR HIDES.

Highest market price paid in cash for green and dry hides at the Sanitary Market, north of Star Theater, Tahoka. 22 tf

Frank King began drilling the first of two new eight inch wells for the Shook Waterworks in North Tahoka, Wednesday. Frank intends to have these new wells ready for the towers by the fifteenth of the coming month.

We understand that a several hundred barrel storage tank and a thirty foot steel tower have been ordered for these works, and that spring will find Tahoka with a wholesale dispensary of the ale that Adam drank in the garden of Eden.

FRESH LIGHT BREAD

Baked every day, for sale at all times at the Sanitary Market, east side Main St., Tahoka. 21tf

I have just received my new line of Alfred Peats Prize Wall Paper samples. If you are interested in papering my experience is at your command. Call at my store next to the Star Theater. Will also carry a small line of medium priced paper in stock.

D. A. PARKHURST, Jewelry and Confections. 22 tf

J. N. JONES

Dealer in

Furniture and Undertaker's Supplies

Exhilarating Ideal Refreshment
Energy Builder At Fountains
5c

Special Round Trip Fares to Dallas

Account of Spring Market Buying Season
Jan. 30 to March 21. Date of sales and rates, see J. L. Heare, Agt.

GAMBLE GARAGE
Open Day and Night. All Work Guaranteed
Free Air, Gasoline and Oil
Located On the South Side of the Square
Tahoka, Texas

Ready For Business Again

In the yellow office on the south side square and am ready to do all kinds of cleaning and pressing with the same degree of satisfaction as before the fire

S. N. Weathers, The Tailor

P AND IMPLEMENTS O
Full carload just unloaded and aet up. We can fill the bill
G. L. Williams
Hardware, Harness, Saddles—South Side of the Square
Tin Shop Under Shoe and leather Repair
Expert Workman Work done Satisfactorily

LET A CLASSIFIED AD HUNT IT FOR YOU

HOME GROWN TREES.
Plainview Nursery has the largest and best stock of home grown trees that they have ever had, propagated from varieties that have been tested and do the best. We make a specialty to grow the kinds that seldom get killed by late frost. We are agents for Warnock's Tree Paint, which is guaranteed to protect trees from rabbits and disease, also for arsenate of lead in 50 and 100 lb. cans only, and spray pumps.
PLAINVIEW NURSERY, PLAINVIEW, TEXAS

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Five Years Experience In The Abstract Business Enables Us To Give You The Best Service Obtainable. Work Entrusted To Us Will Be Treated Strictly Confidential
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We Treat You Right

Every time you buy Groceries and Dry Goods, Either in Large or Small Quantities
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Colorado Field Fence

DISTANCE BETWEEN BARS INCHES			
11 BARS	55	IN	
10 BARS	47	IN	9
9 BARS	39	IN	8
8 BARS	32	IN	7
7 BARS	26	IN	6
6 BARS	20	IN	5 1/2
			5
			4 1/2
			4
			3 1/2
			3
			2 1/2
			2
			1 1/2
			1
			1/2

The Darling Tells The Story Better Than Words. For sale by

A. G. McAdams Lumber Company,
Complete Line Building Material, Windmills, Fencing
Posts, Paint and Glass in Stock

Exploits of Elaine

SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend Jameson, a newspaper man.

After many fruitless attempts to put Elaine and Craig Kennedy out of the way the Clutching Hand is at last found to be none other than Perry Bennett, Elaine's lawyer and the man she is engaged to marry. Bennett flees to the den of one of his Chinese criminals. The Chinaman forces from Bennett the secret of the whereabouts of \$1,000,000. Then he gives the lawyer a potion which will suspend animation for months. Kennedy reaches Bennett's side just after he has lost consciousness.

TWENTIETH EPISODE

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

Wu Fang sat at a table in his apartment, hidden behind the squalid and balconied exterior of a Chinatown tenement. Before him were a glass dish and a bottle, which contained several sticks of phosphorus immersed in water, and a small capillary glass tube.

For a moment, however, he had laid aside the strange paraphernalia and was writing a note. As he finished he tapped a bell and silently a Chinese servant appeared in answer.

"Take this letter to that white woman, Inez," directed Wu, adding, "Give it to her yourself—and if she is there, return with her."

The servant bowed and Wu returned to work on the curious machine he was devising.

He had completed his labors when his trusted lieutenant, Long Sin, entered.

"For what did the master summon me?" asked Long Sin, deferentially.

"Come here," beckoned Wu. "Behold this."

With a pair of tweezers he seized a small stick of the phosphorus under water and slowly brought it to the surface. Almost instantly the dangerous element burst into flame, giving off a dense white smoke.

"Here I have a capillary tube, as the white devils call it in their science," went on Wu, pointing out the glass tube. "By carefully bending it and arranging the outlet of the water I can set a fire anywhere at any time I choose."

Even while he was showing the devilish invention to Long Sin, his servant had sought the elaborately furnished apartment of the white woman to whom the note had been addressed.

She was an attractive young woman, known as Innocent Inez. Except for a certain coarseness, she strongly resembled Elaine, both in features and figure.

Inez turned languidly as her colored maid ushered in the servant of Wu, took the note and read it with interest.

"Wait," she said with a sudden accession of energy, nodding at the same time to her negro maid to bring her hat and coat. "I will go with you."

Thus a few minutes later Inez entered the secret den of Wu Fang.

Fang and Long Sin completed their arrangements and, finally, with Inez left the apartment. On the street an automobile was waiting at the curb, while not far away two toughs from the neighborhood stood.

As the Chinamen and the woman came out Wu beckoned to the waiting roughnecks. "Come—get in—lively," he ordered.

They climbed into the car and the five criminals whirled rapidly uptown.

Kennedy had often been amused at never having a match when I needed it, and it had occurred to him to devise a very novel cigarette lighter for my benefit.

It was simple enough, consisting of a small battery connected by small wires to one of a pair of cuff links. One link had in its face a very fine wire, only a fraction of an inch long. To the link Craig had soldered the wires from the battery and arranged them so that they ran up under his coat sleeve through the armhole of the vest to the battery, which he carried in his vest pocket.

He had just completed his work when he heard me coming and hastily drew on his coat.

"Well, what's new?" I greeted.

"Nothing in particular," he replied.

"Have a cigarette?"

He handed his cigarette case to me and I took one. Then, unsuspecting, I began to search my pockets for a match, but, as usual, could not find one.

At last, half mockingly, he lighted his cigarette apparently on his cuff link.

"What new-fangled sort of thing is that?" I asked in surprise.

"I thought it might amuse you," he smiled, explaining the arrangement as he opened his vest and showed me how he made the electric connection by a mere pressure of his arm. "I'll give it to you some day."

Naturally I was delighted by the novelty of the thing.

Elaine was reading to Aunt Josephine in the library when, not long after Wu's car slid out of the maze of streets of Chinatown, it stopped a few blocks below the Dodge house. With Long Sin, Wu got out and assisted Inez out.

"Walk up the avenue—you know the house," he directed Inez; then, turning to the roughs inside the car, added: "You will calculate to catch up with her directly in front of the house. After that, meet us just below, around the corner."

Wu and Long Sin quickly walked downtown again, while Inez went on up, followed shortly by the car with the two toughs.

Elaine had just finished the book and laid it down.

Suddenly, almost underneath the library window, she heard agonizing screams of "Help! Help!"

An instant later Jennings came rushing into the library from the hall and threw open the window to look out.

Inez had been just about to pass the house when Wu's car drove up and stopped. Without warning, apparently, two toughs had leaped out, and seized her.

"Oh, they're trying to kidnap that poor girl!" cried Elaine, remembering her own terrible experience.

Jennings was out of the door in a moment followed by Elaine and Aunt Josephine in a great state of excitement.

But the moment the toughs saw aid coming from the Dodge house they ran to the car as if thoroughly frightened and drove away as swiftly as

they had come, while Inez sank down on the sidewalk, seemingly overcome.

"Take her into the house, Jennings," directed Elaine, soothing Inez, who by this time had faked a perfectly convincing case of hysterics.

In the library, where she was placed in an easy chair, Elaine, her aunt, Marie and Jennings gathered about, while between sobs and cold water Inez, weeping and trembling like the good actress that she was, managed to tell a pitiful story of how she was just a poor lady's maid who had lost her position and now was pursued on the streets by white slavers.

"Oh, please, miss, may I stay here a while till I feel better?" she pleaded. "Oh—if I could only work for you and the kind lady who is like a mother," she sobbed, turning from Elaine to her aunt.

It was a touching story, and it reached the hearts it was intended for.

"Don't worry; I'll see you through this affair," nodded Elaine, wiping away the girl's tears and smiling bravely at her. "Take her upstairs, Marie. She can find plenty to do in this big house, I'm sure."

Even while Inez was looking her thanks from her swollen tear eyes, already the car containing the toughs had drawn up around the lower corner, and Wu and Long Sin had taken the places of the thugs.

"Everything worked fine, master," reported the gunmen.

I had gone over to the apartment after Kennedy had perpetrated his little joke with the new cigarette lighter, and there I found several letters waiting for him.

Having nothing better to do, I decided to go back to the laboratory, where I left him at work, and take along the mail in case there might be something important in it for him.

He opened one or two letters, then came to one which I had laid on his desk in a plain envelope, addressed evidently in a disguised hand. He tore it open and read it with a scowl.

"Well, Walter, what do you think of that?" he remarked, tossing it over to me.

I read it in astonishment: Another attempt is about to be made to kidnap Elaine Dodge.

A FRIEND.

I looked at him and shook my head blankly, while Craig took up the telephone and called the Dodge house.

"No one answers," he muttered, working the telephone hook up and down, "but I'm sure someone took off that receiver over there and listened in. Operator—will you ring that number again?"

Unable to get any reply over the Dodge telephone, Kennedy thought a moment, then scrawled in his familiar hand on the bottom of the anonymous note, sealed it in another envelope directed to Elaine, and called a messenger.

Inez, meanwhile, had transformed herself into a full-fledged maid, looking very pretty in her neat cap and apron, and making herself useful in a hundred ways about the Dodge house.

Without being obtrusive she was seldom out of hearing of the telephone, however, and it happened that at just the moment when Craig called up she was there to intercept the call, taking off the receiver, but not answering. Instead, she hung up and wedged the telephone bell with a piece of paper so that it would not ring at all.

She was about to move away from the desk when Elaine entered the library.

"Didn't I hear the telephone bell ring?" she asked.

Inez was quick. "Yes," she replied, "my former mistress telephoned that she is sending my trunk today."

"Oh, very well," smiled Elaine, passing on through the library with an encouraging nod to the girl.

Inez had killed two birds with one stone. Not only had she disarmed suspicion about the interrupted call, but she had laid the foundation for the delivery of a trunk which at that moment she knew Wu and Long Sin were preparing and packing.

It was a large trunk, and in it the two wily Chinamen were packing a chair, as well as the phosphorus machine.

"Once Mistress Inez induces Elaine to sit in this chair," observed Wu, tapping it significantly as he closed the trunk, "half our work is completed."

Uptown Inez, always on guard, was watching for the safe arrival of the trunk, when she saw a messenger boy coming up the steps of the house.

Perhaps, it flashed over her, it was some message from Kennedy. She must get it, whatever it was.

Without hesitating a moment she slipped back into the library while the boy was still at the door and wrote a note of her own at the desk. She had thought out beforehand just what plan she was to adopt and the note read:

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Dear Miss Dodge:

The ladies of the First Baptist church will send a collector for our rummage sale this afternoon. We thank you for whatever you can give him.

Yours truly,

Miss Ella Burns,

Secretary, Woman's Guild.

Inez read over the note she had written herself as the messenger boy continued ringing the bell impatiently. Then she hurried into the hall to open the door.

The boy came in and Inez took the note he had brought, signing Elaine's name for it in his book. She had acted not a moment too soon, for Elaine had heard the bell and was now coming downstairs herself.

"Was it anything for me, Inez?" she asked.

Inez deftly palmed the letter and substituted the note she had written.

"Yes, ma'am," she replied, handing Elaine the faked note.

Elaine read it. "I didn't know about the rummage sale before," she commented, as she went into the library, "but I guess I'll have to give them something."

She sat down for a moment to look over a new fashion magazine. Outside in the hallway Inez was reading the note which the messenger boy had brought, with the warning postscript written by Kennedy underneath. She knew, as she destroyed it, that it was only a part of Wu's subtle plan to alarm Kennedy and start him on a false scent.

It was not many minutes later that the bell rang again, and this time Jennings answered the door, disclosing the expressman with a heavy trunk.

"Oh, I guess that's my trunk," Inez exclaimed. "May I have it taken up to the attic, out of the way?"

The men carried the big trunk upstairs into the attic, a large room full of trunks, some old furniture and a great many old dresses hanging up. As they set it down she signed the receipt for it, and the expressmen clumped downstairs.

For a moment she leaned over the

railing and looked after them to make sure that she was alone, then hastily locked the door and ran back to the trunk to unlock it.

First she took out the chair which Wu had devised and placed it near the clothes hanging up. Next she removed the phosphorus mechanism and placed it in the shadow back of the chair, piling up some excelsior and other dry stuff over and around it.

Inez had scarcely completed her arrangements when it occurred to Elaine, down in the library, that she had done nothing yet about the letter from the Women's Guild.

"I wonder what there is upstairs that I can give them," she thought,

as she re-read the letter. "I think I'll see."

She started up, just as Inez was leaving.

The adventures in the attic heard Elaine coming and quickly slipped behind a door, letting Elaine pass her, without being seen.

In the attic Elaine started to take down and examine several dresses for the rummage sale, laying them aside one by one.

An attic is always a place that calls up memories of the past, and Elaine soon began to think of things that were suggested by one after another of the discarded dresses. Besides, some of them were scarcely worth

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Exploits

of Elaine

... sending, anyway. She sat down, absently, in the chair to think it over.

Suddenly a secret spring released a set of bands that automatically and swiftly clamped over Elaine's arms and about her body and neck, holding her in a grip of steel. At the same time a vapor bulb in the back of the chair shot out its smothering fumes, rendering her unconscious.

Elaine was caught in a trap.

Inez in silent exultation opened the attic door just a trifle. Then her slender hand reached in and took the key from the inside, shut the door and locked it from the outside.

Stealthily Inez crept downstairs from the attic and into Elaine's room. There, taking care that neither Marie nor Aunt Josephine was about, she opened the closet and took out the dress, coat and hat which Elaine had worn when she was kidnapped by Wu and stuffed them into a suitcase. Inez closed the suitcase quickly, threw on her own hat and coat and left the house unobserved.

Half an hour later she entered the opium joint on Mott street.

There were both Wu and Long Sin carefully examining a blonde wig made up as closely as possible to resemble the golden masses that were the

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MY REASONS FOR QUITTING--AGE AND OTHER INTERESTS DEMANDING MY TIME

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france to the laboratory. There he turned and crouched again in the darkness.

A moment later I came after him. As I passed the door he seemed to rise up unexpectedly and I stumbled headlong over him, almost stunned as I hit the floor. He rose again and criss-crossed around the corner of the building before I could pick myself up. It was of no use now to chase him further, and I limped back into the laboratory.

"He got away in spite of me," I managed to blurt out as I rejoined Kennedy in the hall. "What's that?"

"A note of some kind that he dropped," replied Craig, passing over to me the paper he had picked up.

I read in English:

"See what he is doing and report to me in the basement below 116 Mott street."

Beneath the few words, evidently orders, was that mystic sign of the serpent—the mark of the arch-criminal, Wu Fang.

"It's a clue, Craig!" I exclaimed.

For a moment Craig said nothing, as he turned to go back into the laboratory. For some time he continued to study the note, as though revolving something in his mind.

"Whatever it is," he remarked at length, "I'm going to look into it, anyhow. While I'm gone, Walter, I wish you'd just go around and see if Elaine is all right."

At last Kennedy sauntered in casually to the hop joint on Mott street, his collar still up and his hat still over his eyes.

He lounged across the floor among the smokers and picked out a bunk, while Hop Sing, the proprietor, brought him a pipe. Kennedy pretended to light it, but in reality did not.

In the back room, by this time, Inez had completed her disguise by placing on her head the wig and had given the little finishing touches to her make-up. Wu was giving final instructions to Long Sin and the rest, and the four Chinamen ranged themselves in groups of two on either side of the door.

Finally Wu paused and whispered something to Inez. Then both he and Long Sin seized two glass globes that stood on the table. They raised them high over their heads and smashed them on the floor, at the same time stamping their feet terrifically. Inez screamed as if a murder were being committed.

Outside in the den Kennedy heard the scream and the crashing of glass, muffled by the door. He straightened up in his bunk, now all attention.

Was it some white woman calling for help in this sinkhole of iniquity?

The door flew open. Sure enough, a woman appeared, still screaming.

It was only for an instant and she did not even get across the threshold. With a low guttural exclamation, Long Sin pulled her back into the room and slammed the door she had opened.

It was all done so quickly that Kennedy could catch only the most fleeting glimpse of her clothes and face. But that glimpse was enough.

It was—apparently—Elaine!

Craig sprang up instantly, drawing his revolver, and threw himself against the door, recollecting the warning message that had come through the mail.

The door yielded and he rushed through. In an instant the four Chinamen crouching on either side leaped on him.

The struggle was terrific. He downed two and seemed in a fair way to win against even such odds, when the disguised Inez turned, with a mocking laugh, pulling off both the hat and wig.

Kennedy's amazement gave the Chinamen a chance. Before he realized it, in his complete surprise, he was forced back on the post and held there just long enough for Long Sin to wind a rope around him, binding his arms, legs and body to the post.

Then Wu Fang walked over before him and faced him.

"Come over here, my dear," he called to Inez. "Let me introduce Prof. Craig Kennedy to you—Innocent Inez."

"By the way," he went on to Inez, "how did you leave the real Elaine?"

Inez looked at her watch. "She is locked in her attic," she replied with evident enjoyment. "The house will start to burn by spontaneous combustion in exactly twenty minutes."

Upstairs in the attic of the Dodge house Elaine, in the queer chair, was just recovering a bit from the effects of the vapor.

Still as the minutes lengthened she began to breathe more regularly as the stupefying effects of the vapor wore off, and was just beginning to move her head in the first unconscious endeavors to grasp at consciousness.

It must have been just at this point that, following Kennedy's instructions, I arrived at Elaine's house.

As Jennings led me into the library I was met by Aunt Josephine.

"Craig has gone off on a clue," I explained, "and has asked me to drop in to see how things are. Is Elaine all right?"

"Why, I haven't seen her for an hour or more," answered Aunt Josephine. "I think she must have gone out. Won't you sit down?"

There was nothing else to do. On the chance that she might come back, I sat down, considerably worried now, about the note and her absence.

Upstairs, if we had only known it, Elaine had now regained consciousness.

Worse than that, the time was up for the water to be drained off the

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phosphorus.

As the last drop was siphoned off the vessel by the capillary tube, the deadly element seemed to burst into flames and white fumes. Instantly the dry tinderlike excelsior and other stuff caught fire.

Helpless, tied to the post, Kennedy had not ceased struggling to free himself, though without avail.

Suddenly an idea occurred to him. He gazed down at his hands and wrists. Suppose they were not free? Was there no way to use them?

Slowly he turned his arm around until the outside of his wrist pressed on a rope. Then he drew his upper arm tight to his side, still with his wrist pressing on the rope.

His heart fairly leaped. It worked! The cuff link which he had devised as a cigarette lighter as a joke on me was burning the rope.

Then he pulled at the weakened ropes as he had before in his futile struggles.

They broke.

Just on the other side of the door he could hear the low buzz of the argument as Long Sin urged Wu to allow him to kill Kennedy.

"Very well, then," Wu at last agreed, looking at his watch and nodding to Long Sin and the others who sprang forward.

Free from his bonds, Kennedy had been standing a second wondering how to escape from the room. Just then he heard footsteps outside. Quickly he replaced the ropes about him so that they looked as if he were still bound by them.

The door opened, and Wu and Long Sin entered, each with a knife, while behind them were three other Chinamen.

Wu advanced. Slowly he raised his knife to strike.

"The white girl is slowly being burned to death," he hissed, brandishing the knife. "The allotted time is spent."

As he poised the knife in fiendish glee, Kennedy leaped forward from his loosened bonds and knocked him to the floor.

So unexpected was the assault that before he knew it Long Sin was also sprawling beside his master.

Craig seized the only weapon at hand, a taboret, and brought it down with smashing blows on the heads of the other astounded and unnerved Chinamen.

Once on the street, even in Chinatown, he was safe.

But it was not his own safety now that had nerved up his strength to escape from the unescapable.

Was he in time?

"I think I had better go back to the laboratory and wait for Craig," I said at last to Aunt Josephine after waiting for a time that seemed like hours. "Please let me know the moment you hear from Elaine."

I was about to turn from the foot of the steps to the Dodge house, when a taxicab came dashing up almost on the sidewalk urged on by some maniac inside. Imagine my surprise to see Craig, wild and dishevelled, leap out.

"Is Elaine here—safe?" he demanded.

"She isn't home," I managed to reply.

"Are you sure?" he repeated. "Did you search?"

He uttered a sudden cry, pointing up at the roof.

"Look!" he gasped horrified.

I stared in blank amazement. Smoke was pouring out of the attic windows in dense black columns, lighted by an angry flame.

"Fire!" shouted Kennedy, dashing instantly into the house.

As we mounted the stairs now we could hear muffled screams from the attic.

Smoke was pouring out from under the door and even through the keyhole. Jennings had heard Kennedy's call and was now dashing up after us with a fire extinguisher. Back of him came Aunt Josephine and Elaine's maid, Marie, screaming for help.

Like a human battering ram we went through that door. A sheet of flame shot out at us with the draft. But Kennedy stopped for nothing.

There was Elaine in a chair which the devilish mind of Wu Fang had devised to imprison her while the flames licked out her beauty and life. Instantly Craig understood and acted.

"Carry her out!" he cried, gasping for breath himself.

Together we seized the chair and its precious burden. Not a moment too soon we set the chair down outside in the hall, ourselves scorched and blistered.

It was as though Craig had accepted the challenge of the fiery monster. He seized the extinguisher from Jennings and attacked the flames.

By this time Jennings, Marie and Aunt Josephine had succeeded in unfastening Elaine, as our sudden onslaught with chemicals and force brought the fire demon under control.

"Are you—all right?" gasped Craig, stooping over Elaine as she leaned back half-fainting in his arms.

"Are you?" she murmured heroically, forgetting her own hurts in her fear for him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The State of Texas }
County of Lynn } In the District Court of Brown County, Tex.

Mary A. Maner and G. C. Maner, Plaintiffs, against Mrs. Lou Simpson, M. L. Simpson, Mrs. Amanda Cox, W. W. Cox, Mrs. Emma Adams, Jim Adams, S. R. Simpson, Elmer Simpson and Delmer Simpson, (the last two named parties being minors, represented by guardian ad litem.) Defendants.

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court of Brown County, Texas, on a judgement rendered in said court on the 18th day of December A. D. 1915, in favor of the said Mary A. Maner and G. C. Maner and against the said Mrs. Lou Simpson, M. L. Simpson, Mrs. Amanda Cox, W. W. Cox, Mrs. Emma Adams, Jim Adams, S. R. Simpson, Elmer Simpson and Delmer Simpson, Defendants, I did on the 17th day of January A. D. 1916, at 1 o'clock p. m. levy upon the following described tract and parcel of land situated in the County of Lynn, State of Texas, and belonging to the said Mrs. Lou Simpson, M. L. Simpson, Mrs. Amanda Cox, W. W. Cox, Mrs. Emma Adams, Jim Adams, S. R. Simpson, Elmer Simpson and Delmer Simpson, to wit: All that certain tract or parcel of land, situated in Lynn County, Texas, being the Southwest one-fourth of section No. 47, Abstract No. 207, Block No. 8, being the same land conveyed by A. J. Daughtry and wife to said B. Simpson, by deed dated October 20th 1908. And on the 17th day of March A. D. 1916, being the first Tuesday of said month, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on said day, at the court house door of said county, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said Mrs. Lou Simpson, M. L. Simpson, Mrs. Amanda Cox, W. W. Cox, Mrs. Emma Adams, Jim Adams, S. R. Simpson, Elmer Simpson and Delmer Simpson, in and to said property.

Dated at Tahoka, Texas, this 17th day of January A. D. 1916.

F. E. Redwine, Sheriff Lynn County, Texas, by S. W. Joplin.

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1 2 Merely Players Reliance

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1 2 3 A Disciple of Nietzsche, Thanhauser

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