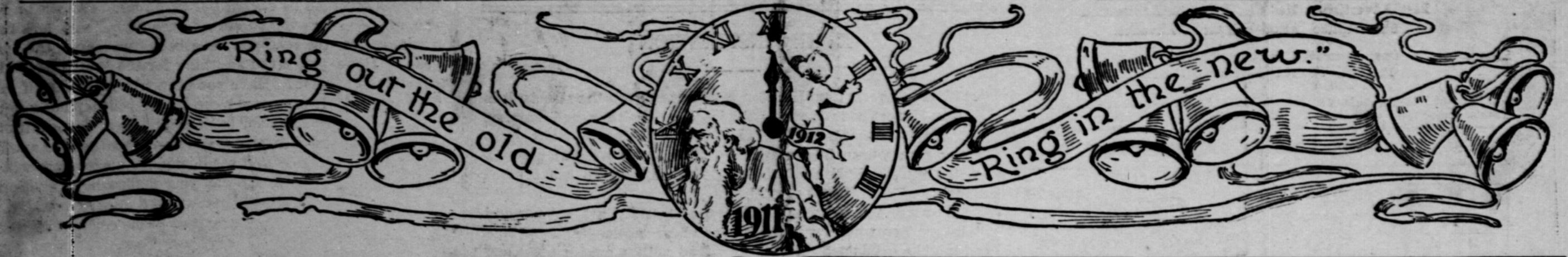


LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 8,

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1911

NUMBER 17



NEW YEAR'S DAY IN THE WEST

by Francis Fentiman.

FOR nearly three days the blizzard had raged against the rude log shanty, which stood on a rising piece of ground amid a sea of dead-white snow. Through the cap of the stove-pipe, which thrust its end above the level of the roof top, it shrieked all sorts of menaces to the man and the boy who sat huddled round the fire, their feet in the oven with the idea of extracting the last particle of warmth from the rapidly diminishing embers.

Even if the blizzard was balked of its desire to wreck the shanty it was not wholly to be denied, but drove in between the ill-joined logs and belied out the cracks and blankets which had been hung against them for protection, while the in-driven snow lay in oddly assorted mounds on the floor.

Both were reflective, the man because he realized the gravity of the situation, the boy because he had so recently left a home in the east. It was the first day of the new year, and presently he was picturing to himself what they were doing at that identical time.

Presently the man looked up. "Did you hear that?" he said. "No," replied the boy. "What was it—the wait?"

"Listen again," said the man, and just then above the shriek of the blizzard was heard a muffled chorus of deep bellows.

"If those cattle don't have water they'll tear the stable to pieces. They get extra thirsty feeding on straw, and it's three days since they had a drop. Why in h— that well wanted to give out I can't think."

"Yes," said the boy, "thirst's a shocking thing. Used to have one myself in days gone by. Now, if we could only do the widow's cruse of oil business we might make this lot go round," indicating a pot which stood on the stove.

"Can't you ever be serious?" protested the man. "We've got to fetch some water."

"By all means," replied the boy. "Just touch the bell for the waiter."

"Don't be a fool," retorted the man. "If you'd been in this country three years, instead of three months, you'd know what a blizzard means, and wouldn't be so mighty cheerful over it."

"Aren't you a fool to suggest fetching water?" said the boy. "Why, you got lost walking to the stable not an hour ago."

The man did not reply until the boy asked him whether he really considered his suggestion possible.

"Yes," said the man slowly, "it is possible."

"I suppose," remarked the boy, "you are aware it will take four barrels at least, that the nearest well is old man Red's, which is three miles away, and that you can't see six feet in front of you?"

"I know all that," said the man, "and more. I can tell you that the horses will go like the wind, and when they have had their fill of cold water there'll be no holding them while the barrels are filled. Of course the trails are obliterated, but they'll find their way like a blue streak."

"Sounds inviting," said the boy with his ridiculous laugh. "I'd offer to toss as to who goes if I had a coin, but as I haven't (more injustice), we'll draw straws."

SAN BENITO, TEXAS, 12-17-11.
Editor Lynn County News:-

When I wrote you last, it was muddy, but, now it has dried off, and we are having nice spring weather. I have seen many acres of cabbage, from the plant bed size up to a six pound header, and all doing well. I saw a five acre patch of lettuce yesterday, small but doing well. I have seen hundreds of acres of sugar cane that I don't suppose can be beat in the United States. I saw a piece of ground yesterday where the brush was growing in April, now has cotton stalks higher than I can reach, but being so very late only made 1/2 bale cotton.

Everything is high here; corn 90 cents and not much to be gotten, flour \$1.75 per sack, sorghum hay 35 cents a bale, corn chops \$2.00.

It seems strange to see people going fishing in December, roses blooming, and people going to church, some wearing summer clothes while some others wear winter clothes. Well I did not see the deer, but I was told by parties that did see them, that a crowd went out last Thursday and killed 8 deer, and another crowd from Fort Worth, went Friday and killed 9 deer and wounded a man.

Hoping to hear from you all soon, I am, Respectfully,
G. C. KING.

The Baptist Fifth Sunday Meeting will be held with the Church at Slaton, December 31, and a nice program has been arranged.

The Baptist Sunday school had a handsome Christmas tree at the Baptist church Saturday night that was a joyful occasion for the children. On account of the cold muddy weather no program was prepared, but with A. R. McGonagill as Santa nothing more was needed.

Mr Arthur Nettles and Miss Mittie White, of New Home, were united in marriage Sunday December 17th, by Rev. J. R. Balch. The News with their many friends wish them all the happiness life can give.

Mr. Lester Phillips and Miss Willie Waller were married at Draw, Sunday December 24th, Rev. Knight officiating.

Lester is a son of L. G. Phillips, a merchant at O'Donnell, and is a prominent young farmer in the Draw community. Miss Willie is a daughter of W. A. Waller, of Draw.

The News joins with their many friends in wishing them much joy and happiness in their married life.

Ab. Edwards spent Christmas in the Draw community.

The party at the home of J. H. Cowan, four miles south of Tahoka, Wednesday night was a very enjoyable affair. Several couples went out from town and enjoyed themselves immensely.

Death of the Old Year

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing,
Toll ye the church bells sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die,
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still he doth not move,
He will not see the dawn of day,
He hath no other life above,
He gave me a friend and a true, true love,
And the New Year will take 'em away.

Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim,
A jollier year we shall not see,
But tho' his eyes are winking dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er,
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own,
The night is starry and cold my friend,
And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! Over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock,
The shadows flicker to and fro,
The cricket chirps: the light burns low,
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die,
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you,
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin,
Alack! our friend is gone,
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in,
That standeth there alone,

And waiteth at the door,
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

-Tennyson.

-Announcements-

The Lynn County News will place the names of candidates for the following offices at the rates given below. This carries your name up to the primaries and should you be the successful nominee your name will appear in the proper column up to the general election:

District Offices	\$15.00
County Offices	10.00
Commissioners	5.00
Justice of the peace	2.50

FOR TAX ASSESSOR
We are authorized to announce J. B. Lowe as a candidate for the office of Tax Assessor of Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912

Revival Services will be held at the Methodist church every morning and night beginning Sunday morning January 7th.
R. J. McElrath, P. C.

SAN SABA, TEXAS, 12-18-11.
Mr. H. Crie,

Dear Sir:-
Inclosed find check for \$1.50, 50c to pay past dues and \$1.00 to pay as per your clubbing proposition. We have a big carnival with us in San Saba this week. I am in the grocery business, doing very well. My best regards to you and family, and all of my friends in Tahoka.

As ever,
S. C. MCCARLEY.

Notice to Real Estate Men
Notice is hereby given that all my property in Tahoka and Lynn county is off of the market.
16-11th Ed. S. Duncan

G. W. Snyder, of Wheeler, Ark., brother-in-law of L. L. Williams the P. & N. T. Ry. section boss here, arrived in Tahoka on Christmas day with his car of stock and household goods. Mrs. Snyder arrived Wednesday of last week, but Mr. Snyder was delayed at the quarantine line. The inspector found one tick and the eight head of stock had to be dipped. Mr. Snyder brought some fine pumpkin-yam sweet potatoes and, hush, a possum. Don't that just make your mouth water?

The Methodist Sunday school had a nicely decorated Christmas star at the Methodist church on Saturday night. A Christmas Carol by five little girls accompanied on the organ by Mrs. Windham was beautifully rendered and J. E. Ketter as Santa was a decided success.

Wednesday night, at the home of the bride's parents, nine miles from Lamesa, B. N. Graham and Miss Austin were married, Rev. R. J. McElrath officiating. Both bride and groom have been teaching in the public school at Cress, Texas. Mr. Graham has been the principal, but it is likely he has now accepted the subordinate place in life.

The young folks report a big time at the dance at the home of A. J. Warren, about 12 miles south of Tahoka, Christmas night.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Moore died Saturday December 23rd, at 5:00 p. m. Mrs. Moore had gone to spend Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Baldridge, whose home was only a short distance from where the young people lived. All the family were in town getting things for their Christmas celebration.

The young mother and a small sister were alone when the little one was taken very ill. The doctor was called immediately but could do nothing. The child was a month and two days old and had never been well.

The funeral was held at the Tahoka cemetery Sunday afternoon, Rev. R. J. McElrath conducting the burial services. Friends sympathize deeply with the bereaved parents.

Happy New Year of Many Nations

NEW YEAR'S day has for generations been the occasion of revels. It has come down to us from the old German custom of dividing the year at the close of those months when it was no longer possible to keep cattle out doors.

This was made quite a fete and in the sixth century was merged into the feast of St. Martin, November 11, on which day the opening of the New Year was celebrated.

While in Germany Martinmas and the New Year were identical, with the introduction of the Roman calendar the celebration was gradually transferred to the first of January, and with it went many of the jolly Martinmas customs.

Traces of these old New Year observances and superstitions can still be traced in the way the season is kept in different lands.

Our decorations of greens, for instance, are a relic of the old Roman superstition of presenting branches of trees for good luck in the coming year.

The giving of presents has also come to us from the Romans. They outdid even the generous Americans, for they used to ask for gifts, if not received, until one of the emperors forbade his subjects demanding gifts save on his New Year.

One of the favorite New Year's gifts after pins were invented in England, in the sixteenth century, were the rough hand-made pieces of metal that took the place of bone and wood skewers. Later pin money was substituted.

A gift that must never be omitted was an orange stuck with cloves to grace the wassail bowl. Apples, nuts and fat fowl were popular offerings of the season.

Gloves and glove money is a very old New Year custom which is still kept up in the increasing use of gloves as holiday gifts.

Even more curious are the old New Year customs. Many of these are still observed by old-fashioned people who cling to the old traditions.

The old-fashioned Englishman will formally open the outer door of his house on New Year's eve just at the approach of midnight. This is to let out the old year and usher in the new.

The Scotch make much of New Year. It is generally ushered in with a "hot pint," brewed at home and drunk by the family standing around the bowl just as midnight strikes.

After hearty greetings to the New Year, the "hot pint," with bread, cheese and cakes, is taken to the houses of the neighbors. The first to enter another's home on the first of January bestows good luck on the family for the year.

In many of the Scottish regiments even yet the ushering in of New Year is most picturesque. At five minutes before twelve the soldiers, headed by the oldest man in the regiment dressed as Father Time, march out of barracks headed by the band playing "Auld Lang Syne."

Just at the stroke of twelve there comes a knock at the gate.

"Who goes there?" calls the sentry.

"The New Year," is the answer.

"Advance, New Year," is called back.

The gates are thrown open and the smallest drummer lad in the regiment, dressed in Highland costume, is carried in on the shoulders of the men, and marched around the barracks to the pipers' tunes. The rest of the night is spent in carousing.



The passing of years is like the coming of dawn—slow, silent, inevitable. The most eager cannot hasten the quiet, irresistible movement, and the most reluctant cannot forbid. Some gifts the years bring which we would fain decline—age, sorrow, disappointment. Some treasures they take which we would keep forever—youth, beauty, innocence. But there are more precious treasures which time cannot supply and the years cannot remove—friendship, patience, faith and love.—Herbert L. Willett.



(Continued On Third Page)

LYNN COUNTY NEWS

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Vol. 6 TAHOKA, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29 1911. No. 17

DECEMBER 1911						
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The New Year

The wind blew there and the wind blew here, And brought from somewhere the small New Year. It tapped for him at each door and pane And never once was a knock in vain! All good folks waited the coming child, Their doors they opened and on him smiled. Inside he stepped, with a happy face, And softly slipped in the Old Year's place. Said he: "I bring you a Box of Days, Tied round with tissue of rainbow rays; I give it joyfully, for I know, Though all days may not with gladness glow, Each gift holds some precious bit of cheer To win your thanks," said the sweet Child Year!



Just at the turn of midnight, When the children are fast asleep, The tired Old Year slips out by himself, Had a chance to be laid on the shelf, And the New Year takes a peep.



A Prayer for the New Year

ETERNAL God, in whom is the hope of all our years, remember us in Thy mercy also in this new year of our Lord. Reveal Thy glory in the experience of Thy joys and sorrows. Forestall its tears with the abiding comfort of Thy presence. Make us strong rightly to measure all our gains and to endure with patience every loss Thy love allows. Show us Thy meaning in the gifts and opportunities of each new day. Assure us of Thy help in labor, Thy delight in our joys. Quicken our minds to clear vision and our hearts to cheerful content. Provide for our bodies such vigor as shall be needful for our allotted work. We leave to Thee the mystery of the year's events, assured that Thou wilt guide our way. Withhold from us all gifts which would prevent Thy purpose for our growth in wisdom and in service. Only deny us not Thyself—Thy Spirit to instruct our hearts, Thy work to share, Thy peace to still our restlessness, Thy presence to resolve our doubts. In the sitting of temptation grant that our faith fail not, and when our years are ended bring us to Thyself, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

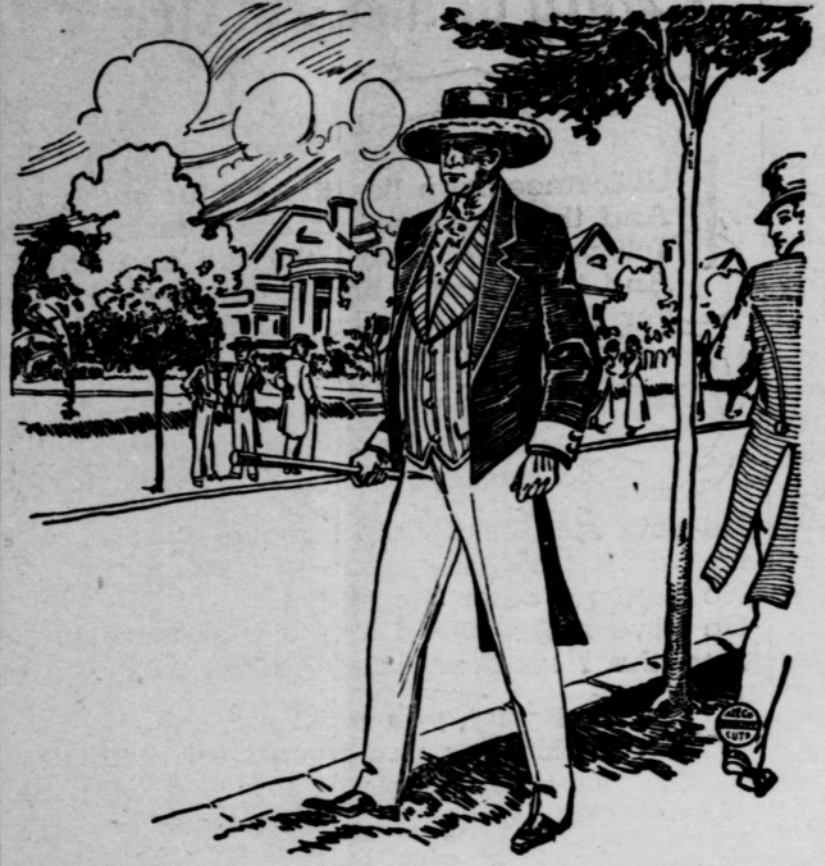


Holly and Mistletoe. In the language of flowers holly signifies foresight, and mistletoe means "I have surmounted all difficulties." Holly, as everyone knows, is the symbol or sign of Christmas, but the custom of using it is older than Christianity. The Romans sent friendly greetings and sprigs of holly to one another during their winter festival. For this reason, perhaps, it was taken to stand for the spirit of love and good-will.

Texas Needs Great Men

XVIII. INSPIRATION

WHEN General Sam Houston would pass down the streets, it is said that strangers would instinctively turn and inquire, "Who is that man?" The history of Texas is made up of strong men whose brilliant thoughts and noble deeds have attracted the admiration of the whole world, and caused nations to inquire, "Who is that man?" We need in government, industry, philosophy, art, science and literature men whose walk through our lives will inspire us to high and mighty deeds and fill the Southland with a golden glow and cause future generations to instinctively pause and inquire, "Who is that man?"



WHO IS THAT MAN?

Let those who would hold the wondering attention of men live a life so powerful that it lifts until it awes and dumbfounds, throw the brightness of their intellect into the dark caverns of civilization and crown the age in which they live with a golden wealth of progress. Texas needs great men.

Buy Your Grain & Coal

The MORRIS & LINDLEY
Wagon Yard Tahoka, Texas
South West Corner Public Square
Good Accomodations--Right Prices

A Healthy and Wise New Year

"Resolution No. 1—I will try to become more intelligent concerning my body," says Dr. Jean Williams in Woman's Home Companion for January, "looking with greater respect upon my physical resources and trying to realize more fully that upon them the force and success of my life largely depend."
"Resolution No. 2—I will arrange, if possible, to supply sufficient pure air for every breath I take, thus better to combat every source of disease that might attack me, to improve my chance for long life and to increase my efficiency."
"Resolution No. 3—I will be kinder to my digestive organs, avoiding all excess and not asking them to struggle

Shakespearean Mottos for the New Year

Heaven grant us its peace.—Measure for Measure.
Let each man do his best.—King Henry IV.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.—Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years.—King Richard II.
Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides.—King Lear.
That it shall hold companionship in peace with honor as in war.—Coriolanus.
Be of good cheer; They shall no more prevail than we give way to.—King Henry VIII.
This lies all within the will of God, To whom I do appeal.—King Henry V.
There's rosemary and rue; these keep Seeming and savour all the winter long.—Winter Tale.
Be just and fear not; Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's Thy God's and truth's.—King Henry VIII.

Blacksmithing

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

J. Macfarlane's
--South of Square--

Happy New Year

On the threshold of another New Year we want to pause to thank our friends and patrons for the very liberal business accorded us during the past year. As one and all you will soon turn the corner into the New Year, look back a minute over the road you have been traveling the past year. Have you saved anything for the "rainy day" that never fails to come? Have you been true to yourself and your family? If not, once more before you step out into the new year call at our bank and make a deposit, if only of one dollar and in twelve more short months take another representative glance and see how much pleased you will be with your savings. The seed you planted in our bank, Jan. 1, 1912, will have grown into a young man in the community who starts a bank account with the New Year. It would mean much to us but it would mean lots to them. How many will try the experiment? This is our advice and his salvation, it's free. Try it.

First National Bank

CITATION BY PUBLICATION.

THE STATE OF TEXAS
To the Sheriff or any Constable of Lynn County, GREENING.

Whereas, upon application made by the plaintiff, The Pecos & Northern Texas Railway Company, and in accordance with the statutes in such cases made and provided, the Honorable Geo. W. Perryman, County Judge in and for Lynn County, Texas, did on the 1st day of December, A. D., 1911, appoint the undersigned as commissioners to assess the damages, if any, to the hereinafter described property to be used by said plaintiff as right of way for its line of railway upon which to construct, operate and maintain its line of railway, and it appearing from the plaintiff's said application that the property in this proceeding sought to be condemned is the property of the heirs of Marcus H. Walker, deceased, and that the names and places of residences of such heirs are unknown to the petitioner.

You are hereby commanded to summon the heirs of Marcus H. Walker, deceased, whose names are unknown, to appear at the court house of said Lynn County, in the town of Tahoka in said county, on the 8th day of February A. D., 1912, at 9 o'clock a. m. then and there to answer a petition or application filed with the County Judge of said Lynn County, Texas, on the 1st day of December 1911, in a certain condemnation proceeding wherein the Pecos & Northern Texas Railway Company is plaintiff and the heirs of the said Marcus H. Walker, deceased, are defendants, said petition or application being as follows, to-wit:

THE PECOS & NORTHERN TEXAS RAILWAY CO. vs. HEIRS OF MARCUS H. WALKER. CONDEMNATION PROCEEDINGS.

TO HONORABLE GEO. W. PERRYMAN, COUNTY JUDGE IN AND FOR LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS.

Your petitioner, the Pecos & Northern Texas Railway Company, a body politic, duly incorporated under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Texas, having its principal office in the City of Amarillo, County of Potter, State of Texas, complaining of the heirs of Marcus H. Walker, deceased, respectfully represents that by the terms of its charter it is authorized and empowered to locate, own, operate and maintain a railroad through certain counties in the State of Texas, including the County of Lynn in said state, and for that purpose has authority under the laws of Texas, and also by the terms of its charter, to receive, take, hold or obtain any lands necessary for the purpose of locating, constructing and maintaining its line of railway. That for railroad and other lawful purposes as hereinafter set forth, it is necessary for petitioner to have the possession and use of the following described tract or parcel of land situated in said Lynn County, Texas, to-wit:

All that certain parcel of land situated in the County of Lynn and State of Texas, the same being a part of Survey No. 13, in Block No. 24, located by virtue of Certificate No. 706 issued to the H. E. & W. T. Ry. Co., and more particularly described as follows: A strip of land one hundred (100) feet in width, being fifty (50) feet wide on each side of the center line of said The Pecos & Northern Texas Railway Company's main track as now located and constructed over and across said Survey No. 13; said center line intersecting

the east line of said survey, a distance of twelve hundred and eighty (1280) feet south of the corner thereof; thence extending North 80 degrees 30 minutes East and fifty (50) feet to the line of said survey; thence East and twenty-five hundred (2500) acres, more or less.

That petitioner desires to have the possession and use of the above described tract of land for the purpose of designating, locating, constructing a right of way and the construction, maintenance and operation of petitioner's line of way over, through and across said lands.

That said tract of land is owned and possessed by the heirs of Marcus H. Walker, deceased, but that the heirs are to petitioner unknown. That the right of way required by your petitioner and described above has been surveyed and established over and across said property, is now occupied by your petitioner but the owners thereof being to petitioner unknown it is impossible for any agreement as to compensation between your petitioner and the heirs of Marcus H. Walker to be reached; therefore, it is necessary that the said right of way be deemed as prescribed by the laws of the State of Texas.

Wherefore, petitioner prays for appointment of commissioners to assess the damages, if any, accrued to said heirs by reason of the loss of petitioner's right of way and construction, operation and maintenance of petitioner's line of railway over and across said lands, and the condemnation of said tract of land for the purposes and uses aforesaid, in accordance with the laws in such cases made and provided for general relief.

Herein fail not, but have the time above set out, to-wit, the 9th day of February A. D., 1912, this notice with your return showing how you have executed same.

Given under our hands at the City of Tahoka, Lynn County, Texas, this day of December A. D., 1911.

M. M. SKINNER
County Clerk
14-21 J. N. THOMAS

Buy your Christmas Presents from McGill's Drug Store. Everything new.

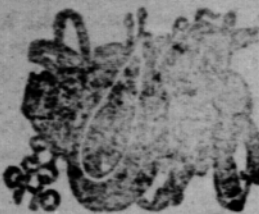
NEW HOME
THE SEWING MACHINE OF QUALITY
NOT SOLD UNDER ANY OTHER NAME.
WARRANTED FOR ALL TIME.
If you purchase the NEW HOME you have a life asset at the price you pay. It does not have an endless chain of repairs.
If you want a sewing machine, see our latest catalogue before you buy.
The New Home Sewing Machine Co.

For a clean, comfortable Shave or a smooth, artistic Hair-Cut
Come to the
West Side Barber Shop
IRA DOAK, PROP.
Up-to-date
Baths always on tap: Try one
Laundry basket in connection
TAHOKA, TEXAS

Tahoka Saddle Shop

G. R. MILLIKEN Prop.

Saddles, Harness,
Fancy Belts Made
Repairing Done



Ramsey & Ramsey

ROBORS & BUILDERS

Best season to build. Let us have
your plans on for Brick Business Houses.
Anything—Nothing too large or too small.

Tahoka - - - - - Texs

Tahoka Tailor Shop

What about that
New Suit for 1912;
we have the swell
dope in samples and
the price is attractive.

Let Us Clean Up That Suit
And Make It Look Like New.

"Tin Tanks"

Of the very highest quality made to
order at the very lowest price.
Pumping Of All Kinds Done.

Complete Line Of

Shelf and heavy hardware
Bizzard-wingsweeps, Enamel ware

Tahoka Hardware Co.

BEST ATTITUDE FOR SLEEP

French Physician Says Position Which
One Finds Most Comfortable
Is Best.

As practically everyone is more or less addicted to the habit of sleeping on the left side, the question of the best and most healthful attitude during slumber is of general importance. There is an ancient and widespread idea that to sleep on the left side interferes with the heart action and is consequently injurious and that to sleep on the back develops the inclination to snore. Modern authorities are not at all agreed on the matter, however, one of the greatest heart specialists declaring that it is quite immaterial whether a person sleeps on the right or left side, while another equally famous doctor asserts emphatically that one should always lie on the right side if heart trouble and indigestion is to be avoided. Eliminating the question of snoring—a habit quite possible to break one's self of—there is little doubt that the most restful position, when once a person has become accustomed to it, is to lie upon the back, using no pillow, and with the arms above the head. This straightens the sleeping shoulders and gives the lungs full play.

However, this is a matter in which one may do as one pleases, and have good authority therefor, as a very distinguished French physician has dismissed the subject by saying that the best position for sleeping is that which a person finds most comfortable.

Measurement.

"Your wife thinks a lot of you, doesn't she?"
"I suppose I might say so," replied Mr. Meekin. "When she starts in to tell me what she thinks of me it takes a long time."

JOKE ON POLICE SERGEANT

Thought He Had Officer Trapped in
Undertaker's Shop When Pinocle
Game Was On.

"Here's the best joke I ever heard on a sergeant," said a high official in the police department. "He was going the rounds when he saw a policeman whom we'll call Mullaney go into an undertaker's shop where there is generally a pinocle game in the back room. He knew there was no back way out for Mullaney, so 'rounds' planted himself at the door and waited.

"After a time he sent in word by one of the men working in the shop that he knew Mullaney was in there and that he had better come back on post, because the longer he waited the worse the complaint against him would read.

"There was much commotion in the back room, and as there were a number of coffins being loaded on a wagon outside they put Mullaney in a coffin and loaded him on the wagon. They drove him down the street a couple of blocks and Mullaney climbed out. He strolled back up to where the sergeant was doggedly watching the door and saluted.

"Hello, rounds, pleasant evening, isn't it?" he said, and the sergeant stared for a moment and then stamped away too mad to speak!"—New York Sun.

Don't Forget the Waiter.

"Well, our vacation is over. We leave for home today."
"I see the waiter has decorated our table with rosemary."
"Rosemary, eh? Ah, yes; that's for remembrance."

(Continued From First Page)

New Years Day In The West



Both Were Reflective.
his moccasins and wrapped himself in his outer clothes as he possessed, cursing luck generally that he had no furs.

By and by there was a tinkle of sleigh-bells outside, and the man appeared with the team ready harnessed to the bob-sled, on which four empty barrels could dimly be discerned.

"Have you put the pall and rope in?" asked the boy.

The man nodded as they solemnly shook hands, while the boy shielded his eyes with the crook of his arm and gave the horses their heads. He tried from time to time to peer into the storm, but the snow made wreaths round him and froze his eyelashes together.

How the horses got there the boy never knew, but get there they did, and whilst the icy blast probed remorselessly amongst his clothes for the flesh beneath, and poured the powdered snow down his neck.

The maddened animals charged him as he lowered the bucket into the well, and spilled the water all over him as they fought for the first drink.

It was a slow process at best, and his clothes and mittens crackled with the congealed ice as he hauled up each pail. When they had drunk their fill they quivered with the cold, and plunged to get back, but the boy bound the reins round the runners of the foremost bob. They bucked as the frozen bits galled them, causing him to spill as much as he put in the barrels, and to slither about on the rapidly forming ice, rendering a foothold almost impossible. In between times the boy rubbed his eyes and the frozen places.

It was a slow and tedious task, and he soon was fagged, because at 19 the muscles are not hardened. The horses knocked him over and the sleigh ran over his legs, but, being light, only bruised him. In his puny rage he slashed them with the pall rope, and it warmed him until one of the horses tumbled and bent it flat. Foolishly he took off his mittens to straighten it, and only learned sense when he felt the sensation of many needles piercing his hands and the skin on his fingers adhered to the metal.

It was a painfully slow job; to lift a filled pail shoulder high and empty it



Fought for the First Drink.

in a barrel mounted on a sleigh requires strength, and his was fast leaving him. Moreover, the water ran up his sleeves and froze, until he was like an automatic block of ice, if such a thing can be conceived. He became such an embodiment of misery that he no longer troubled about anything, but occasionally buried his head in his arms to rest, and had only sufficient strength left when at last it was finished to put the reins behind his back and brace his feet against the hindmost barrel before returning, and in this position the water slopped over him and played its sweet will unchecked.

Where the horses went he knew not, and if they tipped the lot over again he cared not. He was past caring. With what little sense remaining him he rather hoped they would, and so end it. He believed they stopped, but couldn't be quite sure, it seemed hours after in a dream that he fancied he heard the man's voice: "My God, I thought you were never coming back," and in the same dream he heard himself saying: "Neither did I."

I knew the boy in those long years ago. I see him and it is in day dreams myself sometimes even now, especially on New Year's day, as I sit round the fireside here at home. It is incon-

gruous that pictures should appear in the embers, but so they do, or else one's fancy paints them there. Then a coal drops out, and I wake up to the remembrance that I was once that boy.

Origin of New Year Gifts

Like the customs of Christmas, which, in their origin, are a curious mixture of poetry and symbolism and of superstition, those that belong to the observance of New Year's day are also relics of ideas that date from early heathen ages. The French derive their term for New Year presents from the Latin word, Strenia, the name of a goddess whom the Romans venerated as the patroness of gifts. There was a grove in Rome dedicated to this goddess, where it was customary to get fresh twigs, to give as presents to friends and relatives on New Year's day. During the sway of the emperors, Roman subjects made New Year's gifts to their sovereign. Augustus received such quantities of these that he had gold and silver statues made of them. Tiberius did away with the usage, because he considered it too troublesome to express thanks for the gifts. Caligula, on the contrary, reintroduced the custom, and even made up for his predecessor's refusal to receive presents by requiring those that had been offered to him to be given to himself as arrears. The custom of making New Year's gifts, notwithstanding attempts to suppress it, was continued after Europe had become Christian. For a time present making was transferred to Easter, but later it was again associated with the first day of January.

Polyglot Chicago.

The introduction of Polish as a course in the public schools of Chicago, by Superintendent Ella Flagg Young, is an interesting experiment, though some may regard it as a rash one. There is a tendency among children of foreign parentage to drop their native language, while it would no doubt add to the general culture of the rising generation in our large cities if they would retain it along with the prescribed studies. If the experiment is successful, Mrs. Young proposes to follow it up with other languages. There are perhaps 150,000 Poles in the city, but there are 14 tongues, each of which is spoken by more than 10,000 persons. Newspapers appear in ten languages and church services are held in twenty. In all there are forty different languages of dialects employed to express the thoughts, needs and emotions of the population. Chicago is the second largest Bohemian city in the world, the third Swedish, the fourth Norwegian, the fifth Polish and the fifth German. If all these are to be instructed in their national language and literature the city will eventually need an Elihu Burritt or a George F. Marsh to direct its educational activities.—Boston Transcript.

Trick May Earn Monument.

Pioneer residents have inaugurated a movement to have a tablet placed in the new state capitol of Minnesota in memory of Joseph Rolette, who, in the early days saved the prestige of St. Paul. By act of legislature the capital of Minnesota was removed from St. Paul to the rival town of St. Peter, but the bill never was signed by the governor, for, during the last ten days of the session the bill was in custody of a committee of which "Joe" Rolette was a member, and he disappeared with the bill in his pocket. His disappearance with the bill rendered the act of the legislature void.

Wanted to See It Bloom.

Mabel Parr, just turned six, lives in Lauderdale avenue, in Lakewood, says the Cleveland Leader. Her mother, a Scientist, has been troubled for some days with a cold-sore, much to her little daughter's concern. When she could no longer restrain her sympathy she turned interrogation point.

"Mother," she asked, pointing to the slight disfigurement, "what is that you've got?"
"That's a rosebud, dear," said Mrs. Parr.

Mabel was silent and thoughtful all the rest of the day. When she yielded to pressure she confessed she'd been worrying about her mother.

"I've been thinking about that rosebud," she said, "and wondering why that flower never blooms."

Incumbrance.

"No," said Mr. Cumrox; "I don't in the least disapprove of my daughter's marrying a title."
"But you seem dissatisfied."
"I am. What I object to is the fellow that goes with it."

TEXAS PEACH CROP SELLS FOR \$7,000,000

OVER 4500 SOLID CAR LOADS SHIPPED FROM STATE

TEXAS PEACH IS A WINNER

The Texas peach is the King of Fruits and the fruit of kings. It is invited into the parlors of the great and is welcomed in the hovel of the poor of both hemispheres. It has met its rival at home and abroad on most every table on the globe and by its natural beauty and delightful personality it has conquered all competitors and today its appearance in the market is an annual event of importance in every household in America and its disappearance is the consumer's regret. Public interest is so deeply centered in its arrival at the market that it travels in special trains running at full speed in order to relieve the anxiety of the waiting public and its welcome is so cordial that cold storage plants have been erected in order to prolong its stay in the community. Canneries and evaporating plants are run day and night during the peach season in order to preserve its eating qualities for the table of the nation during the entire year.

The family peach tree can be found in most every county in the State, but the commercial peach belt is confined largely to East Texas. The exact number of bearing peach trees in the State is not of record but competent authority estimates it at seven millions. During the peach season of 1910 we shipped to the market 4500 cars of peaches and supplied our local wants as well as run our canneries during the peach season.

The peach industry has been pouring into the channels of trade a golden stream of wealth. The farm value of the peach production in 1910 is estimated as high as \$7,000,000. The rapid growth of the industry during the past decade and the wide extension of the commercial peach belt has been one of the marvels of our development.

At first the Texas peach entered the market under an assumed name, masquerading as a California product, but it soon threw off its disguise and like all native Texans, outstripped its competitors and to lay it is master of the world's trade.

The Growing South.

The south is forging ahead at a great rate. The fourteen southern states, with Missouri and Oklahoma, have a population of 32,000,000, or only 18,000,000 less than the total population of the United States in 1880. Since 1880 the sixteen southern states have increased the annual value of their mineral production from \$20,000,000 to \$340,000,000, as against \$450,000,000 in the whole country in 1880. Their manufactured products have a value within \$2,000,000,000 of the value of the whole country thirty years ago. In 1880 the railroads of the country had an aggregate length of 93,300 miles. The southern states now have 87,000 miles. From southern ports were exported last year goods to a value only \$100,000,000 less than the value of all exports from the country in 1880.—Chicago American.

Good Thought, Anyway.

Little John Bruce loves to walk with his daddy through the woods. Last Sunday these two had a famous walk together, scaring up a rabbit or two, and looking for squirrels. Suddenly John stopped, in a listening attitude. Then, "I know what makes the wind," he announced.

"It's the trees whispering," he informed his father, who had been waiting for the result.

Perhaps he is right.—Cleveland Leader.

Behind the Band.

"My wife is much interested in the comet."
"The comet? The comet was here last year."
"I know. She's putting old newspapers under the carpets throughout the house and catching up with the news as she puts 'em down."

CITATION BY PUBLICATION.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,

To the Sheriff or any Constable of
Lynn County—Greeting:

YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED to summon the unknown heirs of Isaac N. Pownall by making publication of this Citation once in each week for eight successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 72nd Judicial District; but if there be no newspaper published in said Judicial District, then in a newspaper published in the nearest District to said 72nd Judicial District, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Lynn County, to be holden at the Court House thereof, in Tahoka, on the Second Monday in March A. D. 1912, the same being the 11th day of March A. D. 1912, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 6th day of December A. D. 1911, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No. 92, wherein B. T. Sumner is Plaintiff, and the Unknown Heirs of Isaac N. Pownall are Defendants, and said petition alleging:

That Plaintiff resides in Lynn County, Texas, and that the residence of the said heirs of Isaac N. Pownall is unknown to Plaintiff.

Plaintiff shows to the Court that he is the owner in fee simple of a 640 acre tract of land situated in Lynn County, Texas, described as follows: Survey No. 97, Abstract No. 278, Certificate No. 15, Block No. 1, Georgetown Rail Road Company, Original Grantee patented to Morgan A. Pownall, patent No. 22, date of patent Nov. 15, 1879, Vol. No. 51.

Plaintiff shows the Court that he purchased the land herein described, on the 30th day of Oct. 1901, and had his deeds placed of record in Nov. 1901, in Lynn County Deed Record, paying for said land a valuable consideration and the price of said land such price as other lands in Lynn County, Texas, were selling for at that time.

That he at once went upon said hereinbefore described lands, took his family and has lived together with his family from that time to this day, on said land. That he has put valuable improvements thereon, to-wit: Has improved about one hundred acres and has the whole 640 acre tract under fence. Has erected on said land a residence of the value of \$1,500.00, and other sheds and barns at a cost of several hundred dollars. That he has resided on the said land the ten years from November 1901 to November 1911.

Plaintiff represents that some parties representing themselves to be the heirs of Isaac N. Pownall are claiming to have an interest in this land and setting up title to same, thereby casting a pretended cloud on plaintiff's title to this land.

Wherefore Plaintiff prays that they be cited by publication to answer this writ, and that Plaintiff have his title cleared and be quieted in his possession. As in duty bound Plaintiff will ever pray.

HEREIN FAIL NOT, but have before said Court, at its aforesaid regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

WITNESS, J. W. Elliott, Clerk of the District Court of Lynn County.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND and the seal of said Court at office in Tahoka, Texas, this 6th day of December A. D. 1911.

J. W. Elliott, Clerk, District Court, Lynn County, 14-21
By N. R. Skinner, Deputy.

For dependable windmill work get E. N. McReynolds. Satisfaction guaranteed. Phone 32. 41-1f

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Naturally So.

parts in this play are fat

to be when the play is in Greece.

The Christmas Tree Lesson

By Dorothy Blackmore

I would be perfect folly, George," the girl was saying. "Thanks," the man replied, a little hurt.

"You know very well what I mean. It would be foolish—worse than foolish—for us to marry and—it is not because I do not love you, George," she added, earnestly.

"What on earth is necessary—except love?" asked the impatient man. The girl laughed. "Much—much more," she said. "You admit, for instance, that you are absolutely bored to death in the country, that picnics, any kind of outing where you have to get down to nature is uninteresting to you. Even today you chafe under the discomfort of having to sit on a mossy mound instead of in a mahogany arm chair with a leather hassock at your feet. You would rather hear the clang of a trolley car than the song of a bird; you would rather eat a six-course dinner in a brilliantly lighted restaurant with music and the gay chatter of many companions than sit down quietly in your own home to a simple domestic meal with—a single woman for a vis-a-vis. While, I—well, set down all the opposites of the things you live for and you have what I like. Don't you see, George?"

For a time the man did not answer. He counted the buttons on his gaiters with the tip of his walking stick. "Is it as bad as that, girl?" he asked. "Are we as far apart as that?"

Eleanore nodded while she looked straight into his eyes. "We are," she repeated, "even as far as that."

"And there we stand—do we?"

"Yes—you in the city with all the lights turned on you; I in the quiet, peaceful country with only the eyes of my family and my friends to see me and all of nature to commune with."

"It's a very happy prospect for a life together, Eleanore. We're old enough to see that—even in our 20's—aren't we? But oh—there was a great longing tenderness in his voice—"I do love you. I do want you, dear."

The girl turned away. Presently she rose to go. There was no broynacy in her movement. At last, the thing she had been fearing had come to pass. They had had their explanation—they had tried to have an understanding as to why they could not marry each other. There was no further hope that he would tire of the life she considered artificial, the life she had been brought up in and—hated. Always, she had longed for the country and when she began to realize that she loved George Davidson it was with fading hope that she studied his life, his fancies, his preferences. He loved every inch of the merry avenues of the crowded cities, every atom of their existence.

On the way home the man told her frankly that if he could not have her—if she could not marry him and take a chance with it all—he would put her out of his life. He, manlike, was willing to take any chance to have her for his wife; but then, she explained to him, he had not given it the thought that was necessary.

"Well, I'll travel," Eleanore told him when they were parting. "I want to see rural France and Germany and—with you out of my life, George—I might be lonely," she said a little wistfully. She looked hastily away that he might not see the effort with which she kept the sparkling tear-drop from tumbling down her cheek. "And—if I find that I can come back and—live with my ear on the trolley track, I'll—I'll come and let you know. Meantime, you shall not know where I am," she said, an almost imperceptible break in her voice. She had tried to be gay, but she had failed dismally—and she knew he knew it.

one, mate or mis-mate. Good-by." He strode off with never a look behind and she knew he was gone out of her life until—"Oh, forever!" she said, as she dashed away the foolish tears that pushed each other from her eyes.

True to her word, she traveled. She journeyed here and there and enjoyed things as only a woman of her caliber can enjoy the beautiful, rare old things she had read of and heard of all her life.

When she returned to her own country it was to take up her profession of tutoring—but in the country this time. She found a home in the rectory of an old church. The minister was a family friend, and she went into the family to tutor his two children with the privilege of having a few others during odd hours in the week.

She spent many happy days with the children; she taught them everything she knew how to teach them, from reading and spelling to French and German, but, most of all, she taught them the love of Mother Nature.

The holidays were drawing near and Eleanore had little time for introspection. She was busy helping the children keep their Christmas secrets, planning for the Christmas tree in the church, making odds and ends to give to friends. For the time, she was almost forgotten.

But when Christmas eve had come and gone and she sat in the small conservatory of the rectory on Christmas afternoon when the children, tired from play, had gone to take an afternoon nap and the good rector with his wife had gone and done likewise, Eleanore began to have that lonely feeling deep within her. She looked out of doors where tiny snowflakes were just beginning to blow here and there as forerunners of a glorious Yuletide snowstorm.

Suddenly, as if to ward off the blues, she sought her cloak and gloves. She would go out in it if only because she could!

Outside, she struck out briskly toward the churchyard where the fir trees were green. There was much of the yard that was made up of beautiful parkways with wonderful blue spruce trees mingled with the old-fashioned green Christmas tree.

It was toward these trees that she walked and with every breath of the soft, moist air, she felt invigorated. The caress of each tiny snowflake as it touched her cheek was sweet to the girl who loved nature.

Presently, ahead of her, she saw a group of boys. They seemed to be looking up at a great green fir tree and listening to a man who stood in their midst.

Eleanore drew near. None of the little group had seen her as she walked softly on the snow covered grass. The man—her heart beat wildly—was George Davidson.

Suddenly, as if he felt her presence, he turned. "You," he cried, "Eleanore." Then, as if remembering the boys, he said, "Boys, I want to introduce you all to Miss Marvella. Perhaps she can tell you more than I can about—Christmas trees."

Eleanore acknowledged the introduction to each bareheaded lad even while her hand was still in the big warm one of George Davidson.

"It's like this, Eleanore," he was explaining.

"I grew near and spoke in an undertone while the lads, feeling instinctively that they were at liberty to roam about if they desired, left the two standing together."

"Is it too late for me—to learn?" he asked.

"No," she said, "but first, I'd like to exchange a few lessons in how to behave in a fashionable restaurant for them," she said.

"Eleanore!" he cried.

"Yes," she admitted, "it isn't so thrilling to sit on the porch all evening and watch the moon come up behind the trees—alone—even if it is Nature. I—suppose we combine our tastes and live in the country, but not so far that we can't get to town whenever we—you, I should say—feel like it."

"I feel now, dear, that I never want to see the city again if—if you don't want to," he said. "I'm so weary of living without you that I'd gladly camp under a haystack with nothing but the lowing herd for an outlook if you were with me."

plaining. "I've sort of taken up some settlement work on the East side lately, and when one of these boys asked me—not long ago—where the Christmas trees came from—I—felt ashamed to think he had been under my eye and didn't know. He'd never been out of the city in his life—had never seen a fir tree growing."

Eleanore's eyes grew wide with surprise. "Poor lad!" she said.

"Then and there, I promised the whole crowd of boys that on Christmas day I would take them to see a real Christmas tree growing in the earth where it belongs. I told them they should not have their gifts until we stood under one of Nature's own trees and—well, here we are. Aren't we, boys?" he asked, turning to the group of young foreigners who adored him.

"I was trying to tell them about—trees and things and—"

The man broke off lamely. "And you didn't know very much about them? Was that it?" Eleanore asked, teasingly.

"That's it, exactly," he said. Then

TWEED DEFIED BY HOFFMAN

Tammany Boss Could Not Frighten Governor into Giving Approval to Certain Bill.

As a questioning reporter, the writer had been received by Governor Hoffman, in the executive office of the old capitol, with that dignified courtesy that marked the governor's intercourse with any one, high or low. The question had been asked, and the answer given. The reporter rose, and was making his acknowledgements, when the green balze doors that separated the executive chamber from the outer office were swung violently open and "Boss" Tweed, with red face, flashing eyes and threatening manner, burst into the room.

The governor advanced to meet him, with a heavy frown upon his face.

"I hear that you're goin' to veto such-and-such a bill, Governor Hoffman?" shouted Tweed.

"Such is my intention, Senator Tweed," replied the governor, very white of face.

"Do you know I'm behind that bill?" raising his voice, threateningly.

"I have been so informed," was the answer.

"See here, you expect to have a second term, don't you?" cried the enraged boss.

"Senator Tweed, I propose to be governor of the state of New York one term and to accept no dictation during it," replied the governor, looking straight into the eyes of the frantic boss and standing up very straight.

Tweed ripped out an oath as he wheeled around and flung himself out of the room.—From "Random Recollections of an Old Political Reporter," by William C. Hudson.

Opportunity at West Point.

Deeply fixed in the thought of the more well-to-day, is the belief that anything like equality of opportunity or condition would be incompatible with their own enjoyment and with efficiency of work in the lower classes. The dignity of self-sustained leadership on the one hand, and the spur of necessity on the other, seems to them the only forces which can keep the world moving. But this belief has really no higher authority than that of tradition and long-established custom. West Point, and in only a less degree the service outside, demonstrates the impotence of wealth or privilege as a necessary spur to endeavor. Equality of opportunity, privileges, and pecuniary rewards are found to be in no sense incompatible with individual initiative, with efficiency in work and with the general happiness. No loss results—rather, the reverse—from the absence of all extraneous advantages, and from compelling every one to stand on his own merit, performing the work for which he is fitted, without any reference to the pecuniary compensation which he receives.—The Atlantic.

The Sullivan Law.

Magistrate—Did he carry concealed weapons?
Policeman—Yes; he had his fists in his pockets.

There was an uncomfortable congregation at the rear end of the pay-as-you-enter car, every one trying to get out of the rain and mud and only a third having their nickels ready. A young man gave the conductor a quarter, received his five nickels and dropped one of them into the box. "Here," shouted the conductor, "put in another nickel." "What for? I ain't two people," retorted the young man angrily.

"Well, who's that woman up there?" "I don't know. I never saw her before."

"Well, she didn't pay." But the insistent passengers demanded attention and the man at the box had to drop the subject, although he looked into the car later, glaring with especial disfavor at the youth who disowned acquaintance with the woman whose fare remained unpaid.

FOR SALE—New and Re-built Buggies at half price. If you want a genuine bargain, see W. P. PHENIX, Tahoka, Texas. 10th

Church Notes

We would be pleased to print free of charge all church notes, reports; and notices from which revenue is derived, in this column. Notice from which a revenue is derived will be run at half price.

BAPTIST—Sunday School 10: a. m. every Sunday. Preaching the second and fourth Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. J. R. Balch, pastor.

METHODIST—Sunday School 10: a. m. every Sunday. Preaching the first and third Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. R. J. McElrath, pastor.

CHRISTIAN—Sunday School 10: a. m. every Sunday.

PRIMITIVE BAPTISTS—Preaching in every fourth Sunday at the public school building at 10: a. m. and 8: p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN—Rev. J. Wood will preach the fourth Sunday in each month at the Baptist Church at 11: a. m. and 8:30 p. m.

Prayermeeting every Wednesday night at the Baptist Church 7:30 p. m.

Prayermeeting at the Methodist Church every Thursday night 8:30 p. m.

Junior League at the Methodist Church every Sunday at 5: p. m.

Choir Practice every Friday evening at the Baptist Church 8:30

Baptist Young Peoples' Unit meets every Sunday evening at the Tahoka Baptist Church 7:30 p. m.

The Womans Home Mission Society meets Monday afternoon after the first and third Sunday in each month.

Senior Epworth League meets Every Sunday evening at the Methodist Church at 7:30.

Candidate cards, Shipping tags, Fancy stationery and Commercial printing at The News office.

WHY CONDUCTOR WAS MAD

Because Youth Disowned Acquaintance With Woman Whose Fare Remained Unpaid.

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