

GIVE HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE

J. H. Lewery, in the Honey-Grove Signal pays a noble tribute to the "Old Baptists" on the occasion of their annual encampment. Were eulogy shorter we would reprint it for the benefit of our readers, but we have not the space to spare, so mention a few of the salient points.

The one thing that strikes Mr. Lewery, and also your humble scribe, is the simplicity of the Old Baptist's worship.

No gilded domes, no spiraled temples, point out the place at which they bend the knee and bow the head to their God; nor will you hear the clash of cymbals, the blare of trumpets, or the clang of bells before their services commence. Quietly and they gather in some secluded spot, and there, with no other music than the mingled voices of the flock, they open their services.

Another characteristic of the Old Baptist's, is their careful perusal of the scriptures. Constantly and diligently do they study the word, and few there be who know the scripture for their beliefs and customs better than these.

Too, the lowliest disciple need not feel embarrassed in their services; rather would the gayly clad person feel a little rebuked. Pomp and show they care not for.

ON THE JOB AGAIN

We wish to announce to our patrons that we have our job press in working order again and are able to do better work than ever before. If you want anything in our line, get our prices before buying elsewhere. No job too small to receive our best efforts, and none so big but that we can do it or have it done. Patronize home industry.

H. C. Crie & Co.
Tahoka, Texas.

Clarendon College dormitory burned Nov. 20. Building and contents total loss. A three story brick will be erected to take its place.

Father Buckner, founder of Buckner Orphans' Home at Dallas, has turned the Home over to the Baptist Convention and it is now the property of the Baptists of Texas. It is clear of debt and valued at \$645,000. There are now more than 600 children in the home. While it is a denominational institution, children of all denominations are welcomed.

Brownfield Herald. Dick Brownfield has sold the Hefflin place to a Mr. Mosly of near Tahoka. We did not learn the price paid. Mr. Mosley has a family of six, which he will move on the place about New Year, and he informed some of our people that he would likely bring with him a couple of nephews if he could rent, and they would buy later.

A card from Kansas states that Mrs. Carrol Phillips is thought to be improving.

Jefferson Jimblecute. A heavy cloud of smoke rolled over this section Sunday evening and it was so thick Monday that the sun looked like a ball of fire. The smoke was from the big fire in the woods in Oklahoma and Arkansas.

Let Me Do Your Feed Grinding

I have purchased the Utility Grinding machinery and am now ready to grind your feed or corn meal. Will grind every Tuesday at the Tahoka Blacksmith Shop. H. C. SMITH, Prop. 50-t

A FOUR MILE GRAVE

Amstercam, Nov. 17.—A Galician priest writes that forty thousand Austrians were buried in one day in a grave six and a half feet wide and four miles long. The bodies were laid in three layers. These men, he says, were killed during a battle lasting only a few hours.

Tahoka is now the possessor of one of the best moving picture shows on the Plains. None excepted. Messers. Howard and McGowan are located in the brick building next the Post office. The building is seated with folding chairs and will accommodate 200 persons. The player piano furnishes appropriate music for the scenes and also fill the intermissions between reels very pleasantly. The light is furnished by a six h. p. Fairbanks Morse engine and dynamo. The pictures are superb. These gentlemen are giving a clean first class show at popular prices and deserve the patronage of the citizens.

On Sunday, November 22, the entire west side of the public square in Dickens was destroyed by fire. Among the buildings burned were: The Masonic Hall, A. S. Jackson's Hdwe. store, F. C. Gibson Drug and Grocery business, Bott's Blacksmith Shop Post Office and restaurant building, and old bank building. Total loss \$10,000. The supposition is that the fire started from cigar stubs carelessly thrown upon the floor. Very little insurance was carried. The property will not be rebuilt for sometime.

The little folks of the Methodist Sunday School rendered a very nice program Sunday at the preaching hour the occasion being the fifth Sunday.

The children were trained by Mrs. Ledger, and did honor to themselves and their instructor. Quite a unique feature of the program, was a list of pop quizzes on Bible characters. The little folks were some what hampered by bashfulness, but we doubt not that they could put to shame some of the older classes.

160 acres improved land in Terry county. Will trade for Tahoka Property, see 10tf C. L. Williams, Tahoka.

Mr. Strong, of Three Lakes, cropped into the News office Wednesday and had quite a chat with the scribe in charge. Mr. Strong tells us he has about 40 acres of cotton in this year, and expects to make about 40 bales. He has only five bales out.

The Tahoka Cotton Gin shut down Tuesday and Wednesday to sharpen the saws to the stands.

WANTED—FARM AND RANCH Land for Colonization purposes. No tract to large or too small. If you want to sell your property at your own price, on your own terms, without payment of commission, write European Mutual Colonization Co., Ltd., 633 Kress Bldg. Houston, Texas, for listing blanks and full information. 1316

Mrs. A. S. Coughran, accompanied her son, Virgil, to his home in Hamlin, last Saturday is a week ago. She returned Tuesday.

A couple of Nebraskans, Geo. C. Whisler and Thos. Richards, by name, played their character role in a "badger pulling" at Plains Thanksgiving day. They went on their way a little less enthusiastic about Texas sports and a little wiser too.

HAS QUIT THE SHOW

The papers announce that "Aunt Molly Bailey" has quit the show business and retired to her farm near Houston. Aunt Molly is 74 years old and has earned a good rest, which we hope she will find in the quiet of her farm. She is known to more people perhaps than any other person ever engaged in the show business in the south. A spy in the Confederate army, she was constantly on the move during her younger days, and soon after the war she began traveling with her show. Any Ex confederate has always been welcomed at the doors of her show without money or price. She has also given much to charity and has furnished the funds for the erection of two churches. —Honey Grove Signal.

TO THE BUYING PUBLIC

The holidays are fast approaching, and more goods are being bought every day. The weather is bad and the biggest part of these goods are delivered. We, Tahoka's deliverymen, respectfully ask the buying public to make their orders before noon as much as possible that we may not be compelled to work so far into the night bringing your goods. This will save you worry as same as us. Thanking you in advance, we are,

Yours for better service.
Mr. Jim Fleming & Son. 141

W. P. Wordsworth, of Channing Texas, No relation to the poet, arrived in the town of Tahoka on the Monday evening train, and betook himself to the parsonage, where he was established as the guest of Rev. Ledger. Tuesday Mr. Wordsworth was introduced to the people of Tahoka by the Reverend, and when he lifted up his voice and spoke, also opened the little black satchel he carried, it was found he was selling lamp burners which were guaranteed not to smoke, snout or smooch a lamp chimney, curling irons, etc, etc. He sold about a gross Tuesday and Wednesday. Yes he even sold yours truly one; but keep it to yourself, we believe the dog gone thing was worth the money.

UP TO THE BANKER

At a meeting of the representatives of the Texas Bankers' Association and the Farmers' Union in Dallas recently, co-operative plans were adopted whereby the men who grow the cotton and the men who finance it will renew their efforts to hold the present crop for better prices and to diversify the planting next year. Mr. W. D. Lewis, President of the Farmers' Union, who represented that body at the meeting, gave out the following interview: "The Farmers' Union renews its entreaties to all farmers to hold cotton and recommends that the farmers who must have money avail themselves of the co-operation of the banker in securing cotton loans. The Union is tending out a large corps of lecturers to urge holding cotton and diversifying next year's crop.

Too Much Free Advice.

"The banker in lending money is giving practical co-operation to the farmer in holding his crop after it is harvested and I want to suggest that the banker and the credit merchant extend the same character of co-operation to the farmer in producing the crop and then the problem of diversification is solved. Let the banker and the money lender announce that they will lend as much money on corn, wheat, oats and other crops as they will advance on cotton at the time of planting and we will have an era

SUNDAY'S SINGING

The Lynn Singing Class, came Sunday in full force. The first part of the singers arrived early enough to give a few renditions after the program rendered by the little folks of the Methodist Sunday School. This foretaste of the afternoon treat was greatly enjoyed by all those fortunate enough to be there.

At two thirty the church bell rang out a summons to all who cared for good sacred music to gather in. And there were more than a few came. The Lynn class rendered a program of about sixty minutes duration, and believe it or not, the fact remains, that there is not a church choir in two hundred miles of here that would not have to look to there laurels should they sing with these prairie singers.

The program was a rare treat to the Tahokaites, and we are certain the Lynn bunch will be welcome at any future time they might honor us with their company.

At a meeting of out-of-the-state capitalists at Freeport, Governor-elect Ferguson declared that he would not be antagonistic to capital. He declared that it was the duty of the citizens of the state to extend a welcome to the man on the outside of the state who had money to invest within our borders.

The parents of Mr. and Mrs. Boscheil, who have been visiting them the past few days, left on the Tuesday morning train for Texico, N. M., on a visit to another one of their children. Their home is in the southern part of this state.

Rumor has it that the Santa Fe trains de luxe, what ever that means, will be started over the Coleman cut-off through Slaton January first. The Lamesa train will run between that point and Amarillo, one train each way a day.

of diversification that will astonish all of us. In Texas, according to the most reliable data obtainable, at least two-thirds of the crop is mortgaged before it is planted and the farmer must take dictation from the banker and the merchant as to what he plants. There is little use to send lecturers to tell the farmer what to plant when he has no control over the crop. The banker and the merchant need lecturers sent to them as badly as the farmer and we think the lecture force should be divided equally between the city man and the farmer. We suggest it is unfair for the banker to coerce the farmer to diversify by the power of a loan. Let him agree to finance the diversified crop while in process of production. It is co-operation, not dictation, the farmer needs. Agriculture is already bed-ridden with free advice and if the city man will come back to the soil and co-operate direct with the man who plows instead of basing his action upon type-written reports of book farmers, we will understand each other better and the south will blossom like a rose."

Statement Issued.

The following statement was issued from the joint meeting and signed by Mr. Lewis, Peter Radford and J. A. Kemp, Chairman Bankers' Committee:

"The farmers and bankers of Texas, through their representatives, being united in the determination to work and stand together in the matter of holding this year's crop and reducing the acreage of the 1915 crop at least 50 per cent, urge all who have cotton to sell none for less than 8c a pound and we urge the co-operation of all farmers, bankers and business men in this campaign, with absolute confidence that the price of 10c a pound can and will be reached in the near future."

HOLT-HILL

Quite a surprise was given to the friends of Miss Lillie Holt of Brownfield, an erstwhile student in the Tahoka High School, and Mr. Earl Hill of Brownfield, Sunday morning when it was generally known that they had embarked on the sea of life in the long boat of matrimony. Only one or two witnesses were present.

It seems that they were enamored of each other before Miss Holt entered school here, and Mr. Hill was quite a frequent visitor in our midst. Saturday morning Mr. Hill took a party of business men down through Dawson and Howard counties returning here just before sun-down. After supper he slipped away to the garage and quietly driving his car out, hit the trail for his home range, all of which was nothing out of the ordinary. But, arriving at Brownfield, he woke the county clerk up and secured a marriage license, turned his car around and hit the grit back. Whether he made the clerk swear secrecy or not we do not know but it seems that the young couple was married before any one in their home town was wised up to it. Back at Tahoka, business began to pick up. Earl pounded on the door of Jim McFarlane's room, and when asked in no uncertain words what he wanted, is alleged to have made the assertion, "You wouldn't believe it but I'm getting married." The response was immediate. It was required of Jim to fix a broken auto spring that the young people might leave pronto, after the ceremony. Real early, for Sunday morning, Mr. Hill was waiting on the Hotel porch, when Miss Holt and her brother arrived on the scene. The question was asked, "Are you ready," and answered in the affirmative. Quietly and very nearly unobserved, they repaired to the court house and were made one until. But every one is familiar with the marriage ceremony. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Hill left in their car for Amarillo. They will make their future home in Brownfield we understand. The young couple number their friends here by their acquaintances, and each and every one extend the heartiest congratulations.

CORRESPONDENTS WANTED

We want correspondents from every community in the county, to report the local news. Paper and stamps furnished. We will also give the correspondent one years subscription to the Lynn County News and the Hearth and Home Magazine.

Address, H. C. Crie & Co., Tahoka.

A petition is being circulated in Dickens county for a county site election to move the same from Dickens to Spur. It seems that this has been the ultimate purpose of the founders of Spur, and the outcome is to be watched with interest:

In Tahoka this month. Ben Moore—Photographer with a conscience. 141

Notice to Hunters

Any person hunting in the Tahoka Lake pasture without permission will certainly be prosecuted. J. T. Lofton 10-17p

Work is progressing right along on the furnace to the boiler at the gin. The bad weather makes work difficult, but does not keep the boys from pegging away.

JAMES D. BLACK KILLED IN ELEVATOR ACCIDENT

Fort Worth, Texas, Nov. 28.—James D. Black, a Wells-Fargo driver, was killed instantly on a freight elevator at the Cotton Exchange Building at 6 o'clock this evening, when he was caught between a guy rod and the elevator. His neck was broken and his skull was crushed at the base. He was going up on the elevator with some cotton samples.

It is thought that something attracted his attention and that he extended his head too far over the side. The messengers usually carry the samples to the offices of the consignee, operating the elevator themselves. Death was practically instantaneous. Justice of the Peace Maben viewed the body, but has not rendered a verdict. He will hold an inquest tomorrow morning. The body was taken in charge by the Fort Worth Undertaking Company.

Mr. Black had been living with his brother, A. L. Black, at 1619 Bessie street. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Black, who reside six miles west of Fort Worth; four brothers, Clty, A. L. Crawford and B. H. Black Jr., and five sisters, Mrs. Ruby Hutchinson of Lubbock and Misses May, Grace, Leah and Essie Black, all of Fort Worth. Funeral arrangements have not been made.

Mr. Walker, of Seminole was here Sunday, and while in the city as the guest of his friend Mr. John Yates.

Misses Christine Swan and Mattie Shifflet of Sparenburg returned to that place Sunday evening in Mr. Howards car. Christine came up Friday to spend the week end at home and Miss Shifflet accompanied her.

John Standefer, of near Wilson was in Tahoka Monday to attend to business, Grandma Standefer accompanied him home in his car. While here John dropped in to the News office and renewed his subscription and put in a notice to hunters. John says they Gotta cut it out.

Jack Ramsey came in from Ragtown Saturday night and spent Sunday at home. He returned Sunday evening. Jack made the trip of about 20 miles on a bicycle, and reports the roads in a condition that nearly proves what the old Indian said of the bicycle, "White man heap lazy, him set down to walk," works out on the basis of "a lazyman's way was always the hardest."

BARGAIN

One five year old black work horse, new riding cultivator with planter attachment, and wagon and harness. A. W. Sullivan. Tahoka.

Spur will hold a pool hall election in the near future. Petition was being circulated on Nov. 21, and signers were numerous.

Borden Citizen.
J. E. Eubanks was in the city Saturday.

Messers. Ted Wallace, G. W. Connell and J. B. Stokes returned from Lovington New Mexico Saturday.

The Gail Gin caught fire Tuesday, about 2 o'clock. The origin of the fire is unknown. The fire was first noticed in the press and was blazing furiously. Mr. Virgil Derrick first noticed it and gave the alarm. The hands soon put the fire out and no damage was done.

LYNN COUNTY NEWS

Published every Friday by
H. C. CRIE & COMPANY, TAHOKA, TEXAS
H. C. CRIE EDITOR

Subscription Rates:
One Year \$1.00
Six Months 50c
Strictly in Advance

Advertising Rates:—Locals 10 cents per line first insertion, 5 cents each subsequent issue. Display 15 cents per single column inch, 12½ cents each subsequent issue. Discount on time contracts.

Letters, Write Ups, Country Communications and News Items Solicited

PHONE, OFFICE 3-5, RESIDENCE 1-3
Entered as second-class matter, July 19, 1905, at the post office at Tahoka Texas, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

VOL. 11 TAHOKA, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1914 NO. 14

THE WORLD'S RECORD

The world's record has again been broken by a Tyler Commercial College student, Mr. J. J. Ayo of Bowie La. entered the Tyler Commercial College for a course of Shorthand on Aug. 17, 1914 and twenty three days after entering, won the world's record by writing 150 words per minute, unfamiliar matter, for five consecutive minutes, making a grade of 100 per cent on his transcript.

Why attend any other school when you can enter the Tyler Commercial College, complete your course and go in a good position in half the time required by any other school teaching any other systems besides the Byrne Simplified Shorthand and Practical Bookkeeping. The Tyler Commercial College owns the copyrights on these famous systems.

Here is the time required by a few students who completed these courses: Mr. J. D. Dungan of Donie Texas finished shorthand in one month and twenty-two days; Mr. J. S. Drew of Monroe, La, one month and twenty-eight days; Mr. Olin Roberts of Terrell Texas, one month and twenty-six days; Miss Alice Wallace of Winona, Texas, in two months and five and a half days; Mr. J. J. Ayo of Bowie, La, in twenty three days; Mr. W. W. Beeson of Malvern, Ark. finished bookkeeping in two months and eight days; Mr. Asa Boles of Garrison, Texas, two months and six days; Mr. E. M. Cain of Fairfield, Texas, one month and eighteen and a half days; Mr. B. Sherrod of Ralls, Texas, finished the combined course of bookkeeping and shorthand in three months and fifteen days; Miss Maidee Thompson of Goldthwait, Texas, in two months and thirteen days.

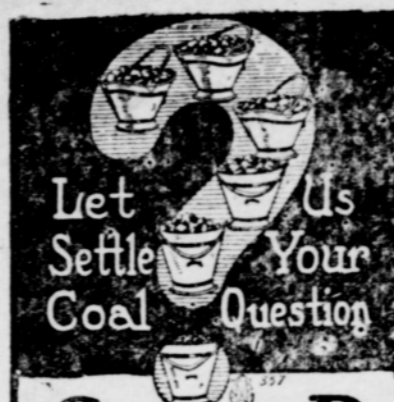
This shows how quickly these young people prepared themselves for a good salaried position by attending the Tyler Commercial College where they could get advantage of the famous Byrne Systems. We easily save from three to five months time on a course of bookkeeping and shorthand. Conceding that we only save the average student three months time, his salary after completing should be at least \$50 per month for the three months. This would make a saving of \$150 in time and his board at \$12 per month, would be \$36, making a total saving of \$86 to say nothing of the fact that the student of our school gets three months experience while the student of the other schools is just finishing his course and has no experience. Our work is the most thorough to be found in any school in the U. S. as is shown by our students holding the very best positions to be found in the various lines of business thruout this and other countries. You may enter with us at any time. Our work is practically all individual instructions. Through preparatory work in English branches is given free with either Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Telegraphy, or Business Administration and Finance. Write for free catalogue. Make your arrangements to enter at once that we may have the pleasure of placing you in a good position at an early date. Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

We Are Long on Production, Short on Distribution.

By Peter Radford.
Lecturer National Farmers' Union.

The economic distribution of farm products is today the world's greatest problem and the war, while it has brought its hardships, has clearly emphasized the importance of distribution as a factor in American agriculture and promises to give the farmers the co-operation of the government and the business men the solution of their marketing problem.

This result will, in a measure, compensate us for our war losses, for the business interests and government have been in the main assisting almost exclusively on the production side of agriculture. While the department of agriculture has been dumping



SNIDER keeps the best grades of COAL

Also bear in mind that when in need of Hay, Grain, Cottonseed Meal and Cake, Rock and Crushed Salt and Bundle Feed, the place to go is:

G. W. SNIDER'S
2 blocks N. of N. W. Cor. Pub. Sq. Tahoka, Texas

TROUSER SPECIALS

For a limited time I will make below cost prices on made-to-measure trousers.

\$7.50 trousers \$5.00

Get that Christmas suit now. See my 1000 samples at saving prices

SHED
Tahoka's Tailor

Santa Fe

MEETING MASONIC GRAND BODIES OF TEXAS
WACO, TEXAS
NOV. 23--DEC. 12, 1914

Tickets on Sale Tahoka, November 30th. Final limit December 16th. Round Trip \$14.75 from Tahoka, Texas. As for special rates to most important conventions.

J. M. Hughes, Agent

tons of literature on the farmer telling him how to produce, the farmer has been dumping tons of products in the nation's garbage can for want of a market.

The World Will Never Starve.

At no time since Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden have the inhabi-

BLACKSMITHING
Woodwork, Repair Work of all Kinds
Special attention given to Wagons
Buggies, Buggy Tops, Buggy Painting
W. P. PHENIX.
SOUTH OF SQUARE
TAHOKA, TEXAS

The Tahoka News thought to criticize the Slatonite last week, but the efforts were so palpably insignificant, irrelevant, and immaterial that they are not worth straightening out. The News for instance, criticized the printed newspaper service of the Slatonite by which we supply our readers with the serial story and special features on current topics, yet the News tries to imitate this service in its own columns, but in such a pitifully weak, faltering manner! Glass house dispeptics better stay under cover. It might possibly be that were mistaken as to where that bat landed.—Slatonite

The criticism of the slatonite above referred to was nothing more nor less than that the Slatonite used ad besmeared ready prints. It is the truth that hurts. The patent part of the Slatonite from which the above was clipped contained 108 lines of reader advertisements, at which a minimum charge of five cents this would amount to \$5.40, also 55 column inches of display which at a minimum rate of 10c would amount to \$5.50, a total of \$10.90.

Loomis pays a little less than \$3.50 a week for the privilege of running this advertising, while on the other four pages of his paper he charges his home merchants for the space used by them. Loomis is double crossing his advertisers and he is a little afraid they will get hunk. Just reprint this L. P. and see how they take to the idea of paying good money for space, while you are paying a syndicate to fill your column with ads of patent medicine concerns etc. from which you do not receive a penny.

Guy Shook, of Tahoka, left on the Saturday evening train for O'Donnell where he will take up the duties of agent for the Santa Fe. Mr. Shook is an experienced railroad man and we feel sure the people of that place will be pleased with their new agent.

tants of this world suffered from lack of production, but some people have gone hungry from the day of creation to this good hour for the lack of proper distribution. Slight variations in production have forced a change in diet and one locality has felt the pinch of want, while another surfeited, but the world as a whole has ever been a land of plenty.

We now have less than one-tenth of the tillable land of the earth's surface under cultivation, and we not only have this surplus area to draw on but it is safe to estimate that in case of dire necessity one-half of the earth's population could at the present time knock their living out of the trees of the forests, gather it from wild vines and draw it from streams. No one should become alarmed; the world will never starve.

The consumer has always feared that the producer would not supply him and his fright has found expression on the statute books of our states and nations, and the farmer has been urged to produce recklessly and without reference to a market, and regardless of the demands of the consumer.

Back to the Soil.

The city people have been urging each other to move back to the farm, but very few of them have moved. We welcome our city cousins back to the soil and this earth's surface contains 16,092,160,000 idle acres of tillable land where they can make a living by tickling the earth with a forked stick, but we do not need them so far as increasing production is concerned; we now have all the producers we can use. The city man has very erroneous ideas of agricultural conditions. The commonly accepted theory that we are short on production is all wrong. Our annual increase in production far exceeds our increase in population.

Education is a developing of the mind, not a stuffing of the memory. Digest what you read.

A Check Book.....

Increases your Standing in Your community.

It broadens your influence, widens the scope of your usefulness, and stamps you with the label of success.

Commence the forward movement today. Open an account with us no matter how small the beginning.

First National Bank

Of Tahoka, Texas

Blacksmithing

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

J. Macfarlane's
South of Square

TAHOKALODGE I. O. O. F.
No. 653, Meets Every Tuesday night.
J. L. STOKES, N. G.
G. R. MILLIKEN, V. G.
H. C. CRIE, Sec. & Treas.

Fine Stock

Of The Best LUMBER

We have

Ever had

Wire, Posts, Paints

Glass, and Oils,

Star Mills and pipe

McAdam Lbr. Co

PRICES

For Knife

-Go-Devils-

Made To Order From

\$5 to \$10

Better Order Now Before The Rush Season

H. C. Smith

Blacksmith.

PROFESSIONAL

C. H. CAIN
Lawyer

Office in old First National Bank Building
Tahoka Texas

M. M. HERRING

Lawyer and Abstractor
Office over Postoffice
Tahoka Texas

C. P. GENTRY

Jewelry
All Repair Work Guaranteed
Office in Parkhurst Bldg.
Tahoka Texas

Drs. Hutchinson and Peebler

J. T. HUCHINSON, M. D.
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
O. F. PEEBLER, M. D.
General Medicine and Surgery
Rooms in 1st Nat'l. Bank Bld'g.
LUBBOCK, TEXAS

W. D. Benson Percy Spencer

BENSON & SPENCER

Attorneys-at-Law
Rooms 3, 4 and 5, Lubbock State Bank Bldg.
LUBBOCK, TEXAS

Complete set abstracts Lubbock, Hockley and Cochran Counties in office.

When It Is o Eat Or Wear--

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

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

S. N. McDaniel

There are some merchants in this town.

Sell goods to folks for miles around, And everybody knows they are there;

Because they sell them goods on time, And everybody knows they are there.

At prices that each year do climb, And everybody knows they are there.

When folks can't pay the money down, They bring their money to Tahoka town,

And everybody knows they are there, For the merchants' ache about those bills,

And the lack of cash to fill their tills, So everybody knows they are there.

But when a man has got the gits, A money order he quickly gits,

For everybody knows they are there To pay the mail order houses wise,

Who have the sense to advertise, Till everybody thinks they are there.

With stuff as good as the home trade, Because the buyer the cash has paid,

But some folks know they are there, Only because of printing inks

And an advertising man who thinks And you can bet he's there.

To any of our merchant readers who might become offended at the jingle, in which there is more truth than poetry, we make the following proposition: Close your books for the years business ending Nov. 30th. Figure the cost of keeping books and collecting for the year, the amount lost on bad accounts and discounts lost because you bought on time. Total your years sales and find what percent the credit system has cost you. Subtract this percent from your selling price, and begin on a cash basis; take a quarter page in the news and in this space give your prices changing copy weekly; if at end of three months you are not convinced that you have made a wise change, we will refund your money paid for the ad and eight percent interest for the use of the same. We mean business.

November 14, Palo Pinto county went into the dry column by 284 majority. It is hoped that the word "health" in health resort, will be spelled with only one l and an a put in the place of the first l.

The Clarendon News declares for the abolishment of capital punishment in the United States. The above measure was defeated at the recent elections in Arizona by 1146 votes. Maybe you have the right spirit Bro. Warren, but it is hard to get away from the old law of "an eye for an eye, and a life for a life."

Dec. 9, 10, 11 the Columbus Cat Club will hold their annual world wide exhibition of pedigreed cats. Do you reckon mothers-in-law will be able to qualifo?

COMFORT FOR COLD WEATHER

Can be secured by using
Our Hard Lump Coal
 All other grades handled at peace prices.
Grain, Hay, Meal Cake and Salt
 Sold in large and small quantities.
Edwards Coal & Grain Co.,

By The Railroad Track Phone 14

The Last Shot

By
FREDERICK PALMER

(Copyright, 1914, by Charles Scribner's Sons)

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—At their home on the frontier between the Browns and Grays, Marta Galland and her mother, entertaining Colonel Westerling of the Grays, see Captain Lanstron, staff intelligence officer of the Browns, injured by a fall in his aeroplane.

CHAPTER II—A year later Westerling, now in command of a unit of the South La Tere, meditates on war, and speculates on the comparative ages of himself and Marta, who is visiting in the Gray capital.

CHAPTER III—Westerling calls on Marta. She tells him of her teaching children the follies of war and martial patriotism, begs him to prevent war while he is chief of staff, and predicts that she will make war against the Browns he will not win.

CHAPTER IV—On the march with the 53d of the Browns Private Stransky, anarchist, declares war and played-out patriotism and is placed under arrest. Colonel Lanstron overruling, begs him to say the anarchist will fight well when enraged and is "all man."

CHAPTER V—Lanstron calls on Marta at her home. He talks with Feller, the gardener. Marta tells Lanstron that she believes Feller to be a spy. Lanstron confesses it is true.

CHAPTER VI—Lanstron shows Marta a telephone which Feller has concealed in a secret passage under the tower for use to benefit the Browns in war emergencies, pointing out its value as being in the center of the fighting zone in case of war. Marta consents for it and Feller to remain for the present. Lanstron declares his love for Marta.

CHAPTER XV—Marta calls up Lanstron on the secret telephone and with his assistance plans to give Westerling false information that will trap the Gray army. Westerling, after questioning her, forms his plan of attack upon what he has learned.

CHAPTER IX—The Gray army crosses the border line and attacks. The Browns check them. Artillery, infantry, aeroplanes and dirigibles engage. Stransky, rising to make the anarchist speech of his life, draws the Gray artillery fire. Nicked by a shrapnel splinter, he goes Berserk and fights "all a man."

CHAPTER XI—The Browns fall to the Galland house. Stransky forages. Marta sees a night attack.

CHAPTER XII—The Grays attack by force. The call of the fight too strong for Feller, he leaves his secret telephone and goes back to his guns. Hand to hand fighting. The Browns fall back again.

CHAPTER XIII—Marta asks Lanstron over the secret telephone to appeal to Partow to stop the fighting. Vandalism by Gray soldiers in the Galland house.

CHAPTER VII—Westerling and the Gray premier plan to use a trivial international affair to foment warlike patriotism in army and people and strike before declaring war. Partow, Brown chief of staff, and Lanstron, made vice, discuss the trouble, and the Brown defenses. Partow reveals his plans to Lanstron.

CHAPTER VIII—At the frontier the two armies are crunched for attack and defense. In the town with the non-combatants fleeing from the danger zone, Marta hears her child pupils recite the peace oath.

which, Marta is notified, will be made Westerling's headquarters.

CHAPTER XIV—Westerling and his staff occupy the Galland house. At tea with Marta, Westerling begins to woo her, disclosing his selfish ambition. Marta apparently throws her fortune with the Grays and offers to give her "information."

CHAPTER XVI—The Grays win Bordir. Marta assumes her role of spy and through her Westerling is led to concentrate the attack on the main line at Engadir. A leak of information is suspected, but the source is undiscovered. Positions are won but the Browns always give way grudgingly, never taken by surprise.

passed in the last twenty-four hours." She realized that he had drawn perceptibly nearer. She wanted to rise and cry out: "Don't do this! Be the chief of staff, the conqueror, crushing the earth with the tread of five against three!" It was the conqueror whom she wanted to trick, not a man whose earnestness was painting her deceit blacker. Far from rising, she made no movement at all; only looked at her hands and allowed him to go on, conscious of the force of a personality that mastered men and armies now warm and appealing in the full tide of another purpose.

"The victory that I was thinking of last night was not the taking of Bordir. It was finer than any victory in war. It was selfish—not for army and country, but born of a human weakness triumphant; a human weakness of which my career had robbed me," he continued. "It gave me a joy that even the occupation of the Browns' capital could not give. I had come as an invader and I had won your confidence."

"In a cause!" she interrupted hurriedly, wildly, to stop him from going further, only to find that her intonation was such that it was drawing him on.

"That fatality seemed to be working itself out to the soldier so much older than yourself in renewed youth, in another form of ambition. I hoped that there was more than the cause that led you to trust me. I hoped—"

"Was he testing her? Was he playing a part of his own to make certain that she was not playing one? She looked up swiftly for answer. There was no gainsaying what she saw in his eyes. It was beating into hers with the power of an overwhelming masculine passion and a maturity of intellect as his egoism admitted a comrade to his throne. Such is ever the way of a man in the forties when the clock strikes for him. But who could know better the craft of courtship than one of Westerling's experience? He was fighting for victory; to gratify a desire.

"I did not expect this—I—" the words escaped tumultuously and chokingly.

He was bending so close to her that she felt his breath on her cheek burning hot, and she was sickeningly conscious that he was looking her over in that point-by-point manner which she had felt across the tea-table at the hotel. This horrible thing in his glance she had sometimes seen in strangers on her travels, and it had made her think that she was wise to carry a little revolver. She wanted to strike him.

"Confess! Confess!" called all her own self-respect. "Make an end to your avasement!"

"Confession, after the Browns have given up Bordir! Confession that makes Lanny, not Westerling, your dupe!" came the reply, which might have been telegraphed into her mind from the high, white forehead of Partow bending over his maps. "Confession, betraying the cause of the right against the wrong; the three to the conquering five! No! You are in the thing. You may not retreat now."

For a few seconds only the duel of argument thundered in her temples—seconds in which her lips were parted and quivering and her eyes dilated with an agitation which the man at her side could interpret as he pleased. A prompting devil—a devil roused by that thing in his eyes—urging a finesse in double-dealing which only devils understand, made her lips hypnotically turn in a smile, her eyes soften, and sent her hand out to Westerling in a trancelike gesture. For an instant it rested on his arm with telling pressure, though she felt it burn with shame at the point of contact. "We must not think of that now," she said. "We must think of nothing personal; of nothing but your work until your work is done!"

The prompting devil had not permitted a false note in her voice. Her very pallor, in fixity of idea, served her purpose. Westerling drew a deep breath that seemed to expand his whole being with greater appreciation of her. Yet that harried hunger, the hunger of a beast, was still in his glance.

"This is like you—like what I want you to be!" he said. "You are right." He caught her hand, inclosing it entirely in his grip, and she was sensible, in a kind of dazed horror, of the thrill of his strength. "Nothing can stop us! Numbers will win! Hard fighting in the mercy of a quick end!" he declared with his old rigidity of five against three which was welcome to her. "Then," he added—"and then—"

"Then!" she repeated, averting her glance. "Then—" There the devil ended the sentence and she withdrew her hand and felt the relief of one escaping suffocation, to find that he had realized that anything further during that interview would be banality and was rising to go.

"I don't feel decent!" she thought. "Society turned on Minna for a human weakness, but I—I'm not a human being! I am one of the pawns of the machine of war!"

Walking slowly with lowered head as she left the arbor, she almost ran into Bouchard, who apologized with the single word "Pardon!" as he lifted his cap in overdone courtesy, which his stolid brevity made the more conspicuous.

"Miss Galland, you seem lost in abstraction," he said in sudden loquacity. "I am almost on the point of accusing you of being a poet."

"Accusing!" she replied. "Then you must think that I would write bad poetry."

"On the contrary, I should say excellent—using the sonnet form," he returned.

"I might make a counter accusation, only that yours would be the epic form," answered Marta. "For you, too, seem fond of rambling."

There was a veiled challenge in the hawk eyes, which she met with commonplace politeness in hers, before he again lifted his cap and proceeded on his way.

For the next two weeks Marta's role resolved itself into a kind of routine. Their cramped quarters became a refuge to Marta in the trial of her secret work under the very nose of the staff. With little Clarissa Eileen, they formed the only feminine society in the neighborhood. On sunshiny days Mrs. Galland was usually to be found in her favorite chair outside the tower door; and here Minna set the urn on a table at four-thirty as in the old days.

No member of the staff was more frequently present at Marta's teas than Bouchard, who was developing his social instinct late in life by sitting in the background and allowing others to do the talking while he watched and listened. In his hearing, Marta's attitude toward the progress of the war was sympathetic but never interrogatory, while she shared attention with Clarissa Eileen, who was in danger of becoming spoiled by officers who had children of their own at home. After the reports of killed and wounded, which came with such appalling regularity, it was a relief to hear of the day's casualties among Clarissa's dolls. The chief of transportation and supply rode her on his shoulder; the chief of tactics played hide-and-seek with her; the chief engineer built her a doll house of stones with his own hands; and the chief medical officer was as concerned when she caught cold as if the health of the army were at stake.

"We mustn't get too set up over all this attention, Clarissa Eileen, my rival," said Marta to the child. "You are the only little girl and I am the only big girl within reach. If there were lots of others it would be different."

Bouchard was losing flesh; his eyes were sinking deeper under a heavier frown. His duty being to get information, he was gaining none. His duty being to keep the Grays' secrets, there was a leak somewhere in his own department. He quizzed subordinates; he made abrupt transfers, to no avail.

Meanwhile, the Grays were taking the approaches to the main line of defense, which had been thought relatively immaterial but had been found shrewdly placed and their vulnerability overestimated. The thunders of batteries hammering them became a routine of existence, like the passing of trains to one living near a railroad. The guns went on while tea was being served; they ushered in dawn and darkness; they were going when sleep came to those whom they later awakened with a start. Fights as desperate as the one around the house became features of this period, which was only a warming-up practice for the war demon before the orgy of impending assault on the main line.

Marta began to realize the immensity of the chessboard and of the forces engaged in more than the bare statement of numbers and distances. If a first attack on a position failed, the wires from the Galland house repeated their orders to concentrate more guns and attack again. In the end the Browns always yielded, but grudgingly, calculatingly, never being taken by surprise. The few of them who fell prisoners said, "God with us! We shall win in the end!" and answered no questions. Gradually the Gray army began to feel that it was battling with a mystery which was fighting under cover, falling back under cover—a tenacious, watchful mystery that sent sprays of death into every finger of flesh that the Grays thrust forward in assault.

"Another position taken. Our advance continues," was the only news that Westerling gave to the army, his people, and the world, which forgot its sports and murders and divorce cases in following the progress of the first great European war for two generations. He made no mention of the costs; his casualty lists were secret. The Gray hosts were sweeping forward as a slow, irresistible tide; this by Partow's own admission. He announced the loss of a position as promptly as the Grays its taking. He published a daily list of casualties so meager in contrast to their own that the Grays thought it false; he made known the names of the killed and wounded to their relatives. Yet the seeming candor of his press bureau included no straw of information of military value to the enemy.

Westerling never went to tea at the Gallands' with the other officers, for it was part of his cultivation of greatness to keep aloof from his subordinates. His meetings with Marta happened casually when he went out into the garden. Only once had he made any reference to the "And then" of their interview in the arbor.

"I am winning battles for you!" he had exclaimed with the thing in his eyes which she loathed.

To her it was equivalent to saying that she had tricked him into sending men to be killed in order to please her. She despised herself for the way he confided in her; yet she had to go on keeping his confidence, returning a tender glance with one that held out hope. She learned not to shudder when he spoke of a loss of "only ten thousand." In order to rally

Moving Pictures

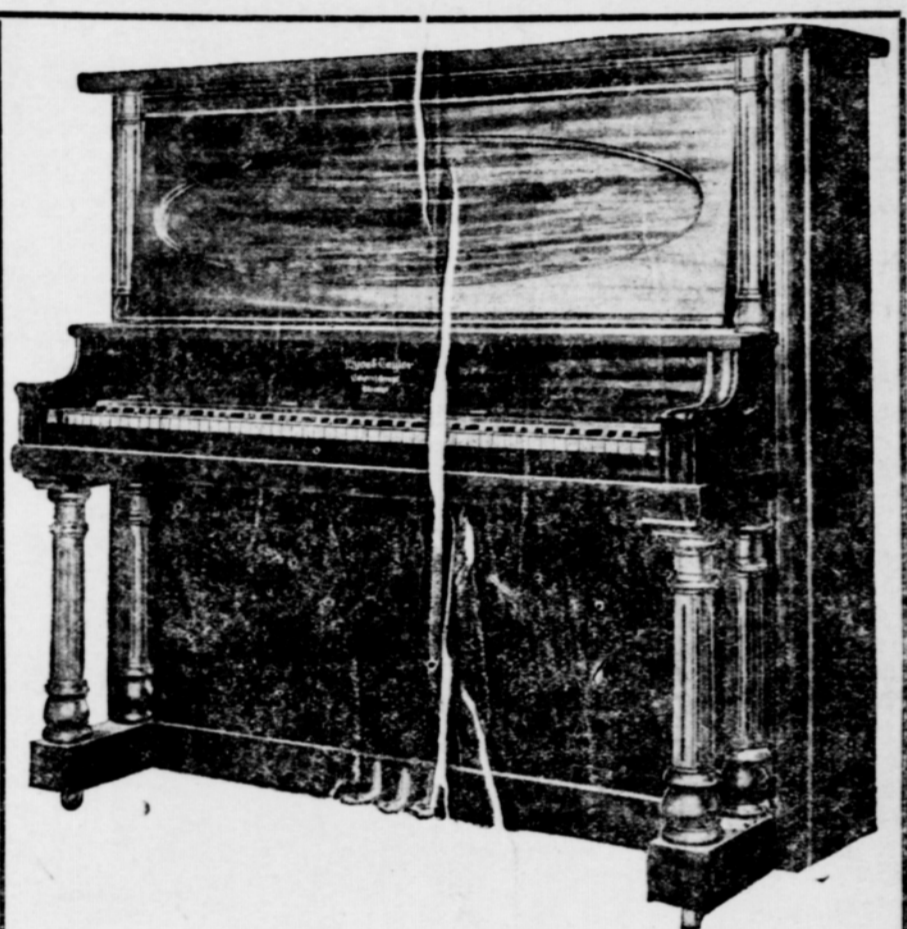
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Viola Roberts, gain 149,790.	Total	825,575
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 Contains the Maximum of Nutriment at the Smallest Possible Cost.
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 has involved the human race for all time is the conflict between
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 AMARILLO, TEXAS.



My Dear Bill

IT'S awfully good of you to write me about that company in your town wanting a good man of my trade. But honestly, Bill, I don't want the job. Of course they want good men—for prohibition has driven all the competent men out of the town.

There isn't a beer saloon in the place. You work and sleep—that's your daily programme. May suit you, Bill, but I like to get out and talk things over with the boys once in a while. I want some place to go after a hard day's work where I can get a glass of beer if I want one.

I know you can get a drink down there when you feel like it. But that isn't the point. The saloon is my club. You sneak into the back door of some blind pig or speak-easy and pay good money for stiff not fit to drink. No sneaking for me, Bill. I'm a Temperance man—a real temperance man. That's why I'm going to stay right here where I can drink beer moderately and above board.

Those speak-easies get you, Bill, sooner or later. They've made drunkards of a lot of good men right in your township. I'd rather stay where my personal liberty isn't interfered with. Thanks for your interest in me. Yours truly, JOHN.

—Advertisement

UGH! CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK. DON'T STAY BILIOUS, CONSTIPATED

"Dodson's Liver Tonic" Will Clean Your Stagnant Liver Better Than Calomel and Can Not Salivate.

Calomel makes you sick; you lose a day's work. Calomel is quicksilver and it salivates; calomel injures your liver. If you are bilious; feel lazy, sluggish and all knocked out, if your bowels are constipated and your head aches or stomach is sour, just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tonic instead of using salivating calomel. Dodson's Liver Tonic is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and bowels regular. You will feel like working. You'll be cheerful; full of energy, vigor and ambition.

Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50 cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic under my personal guarantee that it will clean your sluggish liver better than nasty calomel; it won't make you sick and you can eat anything you want without being salivated. Your druggist guarantees that each spoonful will start your liver, clean your bowels and straighten you up by morning or you get your money back. Children gladly take Dodson's Liver Tonic because it is pleasant tasting and doesn't gripe or cramp or make them sick.

I am selling millions of bottles of Dodson's Liver Tonic to people who have found that this pleasant, vegetable, liver medicine takes the place of dangerous calomel. Buy one bottle on my sound, reliable guarantee. Ask your druggist about me.

one plan universally followed of all will fail. We want to review some of the plans now under discussion and recommend for the adoption of the Texas farmer such plans as we think practicable and feasible.

The problem before us is clearly one of warehouses, credits and acreage. They are business—not political—problems and their solution must be based on sound economic principles.

Warehouse Bill a Farce.

The so-called relief measures passed by the last legislature are, in their present form, of little value. The warehouse bill submitted to the last legislature by the Farmers' Union was thrown together with a lot of other bills on this subject and a hybrid bill prepared, apparently by parties who have no practical knowledge of the cotton industry. While we appreciate the sincerity of the motive and honesty of effort that actuated the legislature, the Farmers' Union hereby washes its hands of the whole affair. The farmers of Texas can hope for no relief from any enactments of the last session of the legislature as they now stand.

The plan of the Texas bankers to force a reduction of acreage by requiring a farmer to sign a pledge to reduce acreage before lending money on cotton no doubt has patriotic motives behind it, but in effect it is vicious. It forces the poor farmer, who must borrow money, to reduce his acreage next year, but leaves the well-to-do farmer and the large planter, who are independent of the power of the banker, to do as they please. No farmer should be coerced by business pressure of the banker to sign such a contract, for he can depend upon the large planter increasing his acreage in the same ratio that the poor farmer decreases his. Likewise, the farmer should pay no attention to agents of self-appointed agricultural administrators who call around with their sample cases filled with advice on when to sell cotton and how many acres to plant next year.

By what authority does the merchant and the banker exercise the right of eminent domain over the products of the soil?

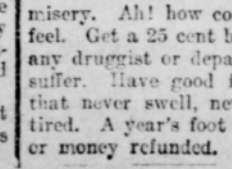
Acreage a World Problem.

The question of cotton acreage is not a local or state problem, if indeed it can be solved nationally. It is a world problem, for in what way would a profit the south to reduce the cotton acreage, say 10 per cent, if the foreign countries took up the slack? No Texas farmer should be asked to pledge a reduction of acreage unless satisfactory assurance is given that the propaganda will be successfully carried out.

"TIZ" FOR ACHING, SORE, TIRED FEET

Good-bye sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, sweaty feet, smelling feet, tired feet.

Good-bye corns, callouses, bunions and raw spots. No more shoe tightness, no more limping with pain or drawing up your face in agony. "TIZ" is magical, acts right off. "TIZ" draws out all the poisonous excretions which pull up the feet. Use "TIZ" and forget your foot misery. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel. Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" now at any druggist or department store. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. A year's foot comfort guaranteed or money refunded.



ried on in other cotton states and countries. The Farmers' Union has been dealing with this problem for the past ten years and has placed its influence behind almost every suggestion that promised solution and out of our experience we are inclined to suggest, at the moment, that there is a peril in planting cotton by law or farming by dictation from bankers. We think planting by the moon is as good a plan as either (although we have never tried it) unless the total world acreage can be regulated by these influences.

We present statistics from the Federal Department of Agriculture dealing with the subject which give a reason why the farmer does not take eagerly to diversification. The following table gives a list of our leading staple products produced in Texas and their average value per acre during the past five years:

Crop	Five year average value per acre
Cotton	\$21.55
Oats	14.35
Corn	12.97
Wheat	12.76

Want Information—Not Advice.

It is information the farmer wants. If some one will fill in the figures on value of the 1915 crop per acre, the farmer will know what to do and he is ready to listen to business reasons and discussions relative to prospective price per pound of the 1915 crop based upon practical, not theoretical, conditions. If he is convinced it will be more profitable to plant other crops he will do so and if not, he will plant cotton and that is all there is to it.

The Farmers' Union stands for reduction of cotton acreage by diversification but it is difficult to induce a farmer to plant a product that will yield \$15.00 per acre so long as he can plant one that will make \$20.00. The subject of diversification always opens up a fertile field of discussion for the book farmers who hold a recipe for doubling production without an increase in the cost. It is passing strange that these magic plowmen who can make a hundred bushels of corn grow where fifty grew before are usually standing on street corners looking for jobs and how they have survived so many hair-breadth escapes from wealth, is truly marvelous. The practical farmer knows that prosperity predicated upon such a basis is a myth and the business man knows it too if he would only stop and think.

Out of the mass of suggestions now before the public the one, in our opinion, most desirable is the plan of the national bankers, headed by Festus J. Wade of St. Louis, which proposes to lend the farmer money on cotton at 6 per cent without



TAN-NO-MORE AND FRECKLEATER
Two of the most Scientific Beautifying Agencies Known.



TAN-NO-MORE THE SKIN BEAUTIFIER
The scientific combination of Cream and Powder. Delightful in appearance and pleasing in its effect. Used during the day it is a protection from the sun and wind. In the evening its use assures a faultless complexion. Experience has taught us that the best way to apply Tan-No-More is to put it on very wet and wipe off with a soft towel at once and do not wait for it to dry.

FRECKLEATER CREAM
For the removing of Liver Spots, Freckles, Ring Worm and all kinds of blemishes of the skin. It will bleach the skin in 10 days and make it as smooth and soft as a baby's. Makes Bad Complexions Good Good Complexions Better.

50 AND 35 CTS. 50 AND 25 CTS. BAKER-WHEELER MFG. CO. DALLAS, TEXAS

Nation Rings With Cries of Stricken Industry.

By Peter Radford. Lecturer National Farmers' Union.

King Cotton has suffered more from the European war than any other agricultural product on the American continent. The shells of the belligerents have burst over his throne, frightening his subjects and shattering his markets, and, panic-stricken, the nation cries out "God save the king."

People from every walk of life have contributed their mite toward rescue work. Society has danced before the king; milady has decreed that the family wardrobe shall contain only cotton goods; the press has plead with the public to "buy a bale"; bankers have been formulating holding plans; congress and legislative bodies have deliberated over relief measures; statesmen and writers have grown eloquent expounding the inalienable rights of "His Majesty" and presenting schemes for preserving the financial integrity of the stricken staple, but the sword of Europe has proved mightier than the pen of America in fixing value upon this product of the sunny south. Prices have been bayoneted, values riddled and markets decimated by the battling hosts of the eastern hemisphere until the American farmer has suffered a war loss of \$400,000,000, and a bale of cotton brave enough to enter a European port must pay a ransom of half its value or go to prison until the war is over.

Hope of the Future Lies in Co-operation.

The Farmers' Union, through the columns of the press, wants to thank the American people for the friendship, sympathy and assistance given the cotton farmers in the hour of distress and to direct attention to co-operative methods necessary to permanently assist the marketing of all farm products.

The present emergency presents as grave a situation as ever confronted the American farmer and from the viewpoint of the producer, would seem to justify extraordinary relief measures, even to the point of bending the constitution and straining business rules in order to lift a portion of the burden off the backs of the farmer, for unless something is done to check the invasion of the war forces upon the cotton fields, the pathway of the European pestilence on this continent will be strewn with mortgaged homes and famine and poverty will stalk over the southland, filling the highways of industry with refugees and the bankruptcy court with prisoners.

All calamities teach us lessons and the present crisis serves to illuminate the frailties of our marketing methods and the weakness of our credit system, and out of the financial anguish and travail of the cotton farmer will come a volume of discussion and a mass of suggestions and finally a solution of this, the biggest problem in the economic life of

any strings tied to it. This plan originated in Texas and proved successful and satisfactory in operation.

The problem before us involves principally organization of the farmer and co-operation of the business interests. We will have more to say on this subject at a later date.

W. D. Lewis, President, Farmers' Educational & Co-operative Union of Texas.

Peter Radford, National Lecturer Farmers' Educational & Co-operative Union of America.

A successful farmer must at least possess three virtues—honesty, energy and economy.

COULD SCARCELY WALK ABOUT

And For Three Summers Mrs. Vincent Was Unable to Attend to Any of Her Housework.

Pleasant Hill, N. C.—"I suffered for three summers," writes Mrs. Walter Vincent, of this town, "and the third and last time, was my worst."

I had dreadful nervous headaches and prostration, and was scarcely able to walk about. Could not do any of my housework.

I also had dreadful pains in my back and sides and when one of those weak, sinking spells would come on me, I would have to give up and lie down, until it wore off.

I was certainly in a dreadful state of health, when I finally decided to try Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I firmly

believe I would have died if I hadn't taken it.

After I began taking Cardui, I was greatly helped, and all three bottles relieved me entirely.

I fattened up, and grew so much stronger in three months, I felt like another person altogether."

Cardui is purely vegetable and gentle-acting. Its ingredients have a mild, tonic effect, on the womanly constitution.

Cardui makes for increased strength, improves the appetite, tones up the nervous system, and helps to make pale, sallow cheeks, fresh and rosy.

Cardui has helped more than a million weak women, during the past 50 years. It will surely do for you, what it has done for them. Try Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "How Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper.

America, if, indeed, we have not already laid the foundation for at least temporary relief.

More Pharoahs Needed in Agriculture.

Farm products have no credit and perhaps can never have on a permanent and satisfactory basis unless we build warehouses, cold storage plants, elevators, etc., for without storage and credit facilities, the south is compelled to dump its crop on the market at harvest time. The Farmers' Unions in the cotton producing states have for the past ten years persistently advocated the construction of storage facilities. We have built during this period 2,000 warehouses with a capacity of approximately 4,000,000 bales and looking backward the results would seem encouraging, but looking forward, we are able to house less than one-third of the crop and warehouses without a credit system lose 90 per cent of their usefulness. The problem is a gigantic one—too great for the farmer to solve unaided. He must have the assistance of the banker, the merchant and the government.

In production we have reached the high water mark of perfection in the world's history, but our marketing methods are most primitive. In the dawn of history we find agriculture plowing with a forked stick but with a system of warehouses under governmental supervision that made the Egyptians the marvel of civilization, for who has not admired the vision of Joseph and applauded the wisdom of Pharoah for storing the surplus until demanded by the consumer, but in this age we have too many Josephs who dream and not enough Pharoahs who build.

FROM THE FARM TO THE FIRESIDE

The farm-to-table delivery instituted by the Postmaster General has been established in twenty-seven cities in the United States. The institution is part of the parcel post system and the arrangement is designed to establish direct trading relations between the producer and consumer and to bring the two in direct communication.

The postmasters are acting in the capacity of clearing house managers, in furnishing price lists of the articles of produce which farmers and truck growers are prepared to send to city customers.

The results which must be obtained before the plan is proved a success are the standardizing of products so that there may be no misunderstanding the ability of the post office to handle packages so as to be received in good condition and, last but not least, an honest purpose and patient persistence of each party to the bargain to insure satisfaction to all concerned.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the blood purifier, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. P. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A TOAST TO GOV. FERGUSON

(Peter Radford proposes to the people of Texas the following toast in honor of Governor-elect Ferguson. In order that the prohibition question may be eliminated from the festivities, Mr. Radford suggests that all citizens rise and drink a glass of butter-milk to the health of our next Governor.)

Here's to the man who fought the farmers' battles and who planted the flag of agriculture on the parapets of success. A man out of the loins of agriculture and out of the heart of business, untroubled by combinations and untunged by politicians. A man tutored in the school of poverty and disciplined in the university of success, whose ambition is without guile and whose patriotism is without greed, called from the hearthstone of the common people to rule over the land.

A plain man who can hear the feeble cry of the weak and the just complaints of the strong; who has toiled by the side of those who labor and worked with those who plan. A man whose life is attuned to the song of the plow, the shrill whistle of the locomotive, the clatter of the dinner pail and whose heart feels the mighty surge of progress as it beats against the border line. A man who owes no debt to his friends and no grudge to his foes, but who answers the call of his country and serves for the joy of service.

A man whose life has been hissed by demagogues, whose heart has been stung by fanatics and whose back has felt the rod of prejudice. The people's friend, the politician's foe and the investor's hope. Whatever may be his will or ambition, fears or hopes, joys or sorrows, he is to wield the scepter of power and will soon be your Governor and mine.

LADIES! SECRET TO DARKEN GRAY HAIR

Bring back color, gloss and thickness with Grandma's recipe of Sage and Sulphur.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea, with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant; remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use tonic, costing about 50 cents a large bottle, at drug stores, known as "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," thus avoiding a lot of muss. While wispy, gray, faded hair is sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so softly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared. After another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant and you appear years younger.