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THE TEXAS SPUR

AND DICKENS ITEM

A NEWSPAPER

For the Homes of Dickens County, and the best advertising medium of this section of West Texas

Volume Six

SPUR, DICKENS COUNTY, TEXAS, APRIL 9, 1915.

Number 23

ANOTHER BURGLARY IN DICKENS SATURDAY NIGHT

Sheriff Conner was in Spur Monday and reported that the F. C. Gipson store was again burglarized Saturday night, the burglar or burglars securing several hundred dollars worth of jewelry. Several months ago the Gipson store was burglarized of this same jewelry, money and other valuables. However, at that time the jewelry was recovered and two boys, Hugh and Jess Blakley, were arrested and placed in jail. About the 18th day of March Hugh Blakley escaped from the jail and is now at large, and since it is reported that he was seen near Spur the latter part of last week, he is suspected of having committed this late burglary.

Sheriff Conner and his deputies are hot on the trail of Blakley and it is probable that their efforts will be successful within a short time.

IMPROVING AND PREPARING FOR NEW CROP YEAR

M. C. West and daughters and brother, of several miles south of Spur, were in the city Saturday shopping and on other business. Messrs. West informed us that they are now preparing for this year's crop and also making improvements on their place, putting in a storm house, building lots, sheds, etc., and otherwise equipping the place for better farming another year. The West brothers are among the most successful and prosperous farmers of the country.

ESCAPED PRISONER HAS BEEN CAPTURED

Information came to Spur Tuesday that Hugh Blakley, the prisoner who escaped from the Dickens County jail March 18th, had been captured between Afton and Roaring Springs. It is said that Blakley approached a camp wagon on the road between Afton and Roaring Springs and asked the campers for something to eat. One of the men, having seen a postal card giving a description of the escaped prisoner and offering a twenty five dollar reward by Sheriff Conner, recognized the applicant as one who answered to the description of the escaped prisoner, and promptly took him in charge, and notifying the proper County officials.

At the time of his capture the escaped prisoner had in a sack the razors, watches, rings and other jewelry which were taken from the F. C. Gipson store Saturday night, this being the second time this jewelry was stolen and recovered.

Blakley has been in hiding within Dickens county since his escape from jail on the 18th day of March, and on several occasions has been seen by citizens who failed to recognize that he was the escaped prisoner until he had again retired to some hiding place. It is said that

Blakley was seen last Saturday within three miles of Spur, and it is supposed that he was trying to get to the railroad, but becoming alarmed hit back towards Roaring Springs where he could ride out on the Q. A. & P. railway. The very fact that the escaped prisoner has been keeping himself secluded within this immediate territory is one reason he avoided capture until this day. Had he tried to leave the country immediately he would probably have met the vigilant officers.

C. C. Haile, of Draper, brought in a load of threshed maize Monday. He has several loads to haul and the maize will be stored in Spur until the whole crop can be brought to town. Mr. Haile is this year cultivating about forty or forty five acres of land in connection with his mercantile business at Draper.

AN OLD TIMER HAS HEARD HOWL OF WOLF

J. I. Greer was in town Saturday from his farm home in the Tap country. Mr. Greer is one of the oldest settlers of this country, and although he has heard the "howl of the wolf" in past years he has survived all the hardships and disadvantages of the early days and is now one of the most prosperous citizens and best fixed farmers of the country. At this time he is very optimistic with reference to bumper crops again this year and says that he never saw a better season in the ground at this time, and with a shower now and then as needed he is confident of bumper crops in every section of the Spur country.

RESULT OF COUNTY SCHOOL TRUSTEE ELECTION

At the election held in Spur Saturday for the purpose of electing two County School Trustees, to serve on the County School Board, there were thirty six votes polled as follows:

For Trustees: C. F. Cates 23 votes, J. P. Gibson 21 votes, W. D. Wilson 23 votes and L. G. Crabtree 5 votes.

As we understand it one member is to be elected from this Commissioners Precinct and also one member from precinct 4.

The result of the election throughout the county has not yet been canvassed.

ATTEMPTS JAIL BREAK.

A young fellow from Roaring Springs who has been confined in the county jail on a charge of boot legging threw a box of snuff in Jailer Joe Cornett's eyes Wednesday evening and temporarily made his escape. City Marshall Sandlin captured him within a few minutes however and he is now suffering a two fold punishment. He is in jail and has no snuff.—Motley County News.

C. F. Cates has just completed an addition and other improvements to his suburban home in the west part of Spur.

MAKE 1915 THE BANNER.

We are trying to make 1915 our Banner Year. We think we should do this. We must either go forward or backward, and we are determined to make progress. And we know to do this we must give you improved service and right merchandise, and improve each year on the methods of the past. We try to employ as good men and women to sell our goods and do our office work as we can find. We will not have any person in our employ who is immoral if we know it, and we think you will agree with us that our entire force is the right kind, and they are instructed to deal fairly; to give 36-inch yds. and 16 oz. pounds, and we believe they do. They are also instructed to not misrepresent any item of merchandise, but to offer what they sell on its real merits. Now, some of our boys are not exceptionally good looking but they can't help that, and wouldn't look like they do if they could help it. In fact the boys say if they were especially good looking they would out look the boss too much, and that might cause trouble. Anyway, we are trying our very best to give you real service this year, and we want your business, your friendship and good will.

Our stock is full of the newest in merchandise, and our business has been fine thus far this year. We invite the trade from neighboring communities to give us their cash business, and if you haven't the cash we will sell you on fall time, if you make us a good note.

We have 100 bushels of Mebane cottonseed to sell at \$1.00 per bushel. They were raised at Sherman by one of Texas' best seed growers. We also have some white cane seed, said to be the best cane that can be grown in this country.

"Tackle the work just in front of you. Strive in an honest way to do the best you can, and having done your best there seems to appear the hand of some overruling power which hammers you, take it like a good piece of steel, and come right off the anvil with a better temper and a keen edge."

Take a little piece of tin and a little piece of board
Put them together and make a little Ford
Then when the Ford is ready and you want to go to buy
Go to Bryant-Link Co's. where goods are never high.
—Bryant-Link Company.

HELP PUSH THE DICKENS COUNTY FAIR

Prof. Geo. T. Barnes, of the Croton school, spent Saturday and Sunday in Spur with his family. Prof. Barnes is interested and enthusiastic concerning the organization of a Dickens County Fair Association which is now under process of formation. He was one of the promoters and organizers of the Eastland County Fair which has been a success, and in view of his experience and success in the fair business it is suggested that Prof. Barnes be selected as one

of the heads of the Dickens County Fair. This is a matter which should be pushed at the present time in order that a fair can be held this fall, and in this connection the farmers and stockmen of this entire territory are urged to begin now in the selection and preparation of exhibits. Exhibits of livestock as well as all kinds of farm products is desired. Those who can and will have an exhibit at this fair from any section of Dickens or adjoining counties are referred to either R. L. Collier of Spur or to Prof. Geo. T. Barnes of Dickens for further information concerning exhibits and plans of the organization. It is settled that a fair will be held this fall and as fine exhibits and in as great variety as is possible to secure is desired for the occasion. Help push the Dickens County Fair.

SPUR RECOGNIZED AS A CENTER FOR SURGERY

John Brandon, of Roaring Springs, was brought to the Standifer Hospital last week and underwent a very delicate but successful operation. Mr. Brandon is one of the most prominent citizens of the Roaring Springs country and his many friends will be glad to note that he is now reported doing nicely and recovering rapidly. The Standifer Hospital has established a wide reputation as one of the best equipped hospitals, and the numerous and successful operations performed by Dr. Standifer has demonstrated that he is one of the best surgeons in all of Western Texas. Truly, Spur is becoming recognized throughout the country as a center for expert surgery.

H. T. BURGOON DIES AT HOME IN DENTON

The report came to Spur last week of the death of H. T. Burgoon, a former citizen of Spur, at his home in Denton. He underwent an operation for locked bowels and from which he later died. One report stated that he died on the operating table, while another report stated that he was operated upon one Sunday and died the next Tuesday.

H. T. Burgoon and family were among the first citizens of Spur in the beginning of the town and resided here until last year when they removed to Denton. We regret to hear of the death of Mr. Burgoon and extend our sincere condolence to the family in this bereavement.

GOING TO ARKANSAS.

Rev. J. V. Bilberry, of near Dickens, was in Spur Monday and while here was a very pleasant caller at the Texas Spur office. Rev. Bilberry recently sold his farm home in the Dickens country and is now planning to remove with his family to Arkansas. However, he stated that he would remain here until the end of the Baptist Association year to finish up his work in connection therewith.

SEED SELECTION NECESSARY TO A SUCCESS

J. J. Cloud, of the Soldier Mound community, was in town last week and carried out a sack of kaffir corn seed which was shipped to him from the north part of Texas. This kaffir corn, he says, is of the dwarf variety and is said to be the most productive in this section. There is no question but that the seed proposition is of most importance in producing bumper yields of all varieties of farm produce, including cotton as well as maize, kaffir and other grain and feed crops. If every farmer in this country would pay more attention to the selection of seeds for the various crops Dickens county and the great Spur country will become more prosperous and more famous throughout the whole country as a leader in agricultural production. Seed selection is an important factor in successful farming.

FARMER KEEPING IN THE PROGRESSIVE PROCESSION

R. L. Overstreet, one of the most prosperous farmers of the Afton country, was in Spur Saturday and hauled out a late model planter and other farm implements with which to do more expert farming this year. Mr. Overstreet is generally recognized as one of the most successful farmers of this whole country, and his purchases of farming implements is evidence that he is keeping in the progressive procession in agricultural development.

THE SPUR BAND NOW GIVING CONCERTS

The Spur Band under the leadership of R. G. Rogers is progressing so rapidly in study and practice of music that the members of the band are now in a position to make excellent music and fill musical programs for concerts and other public occasions.

During the past several weeks each Saturday the band has been giving public demonstrations of their ability on the streets, and each Saturday hereafter, when it is possible to do so, they will make music on the streets for the entertainment of visitors to Spur.

LIKES THE COUNTRY.

G. W. Robinette was a pleasant caller at the Texas Spur office Monday and added his name to the growing subscription list of the Texas Spur, having the paper sent to McGeagor, Texas, where he will make his home for a time. Mr. Robinette has been making his home during the past several months near Girard where he has been employed. He stated that he expected to return to this section of the country and probably make his permanent home here.

Easter Toys Bring Joy To Hearts of Children



Photo by American Press Association.

Hundreds of Novelties Help to Fill the Day With Almost Christmaslike Gladness For the Little Ones—Rabbits and Eggs Still Predominate In Popularity.

THE old man and the boy stood silently contemplating the novelty and beauty of an Easter shop window. The display was intended to catch the eye of the child, but the old man stood peering through the glass and letting his thoughts run back through reminiscent years to when he was a boy. He did not see another old man a few years his junior perhaps stop behind him and gaze reflectively at the window's Easter delights.

"Easter is getting to be next of kin to Christmas," the newcomer remarked, with a chuckle. "When I was a boy Easter was all eggs. Now it's eggs and a lot of other things."

"Isn't it the very truth?" the old man responded, turning to impress a grin on the third member in the party of window gazers. "When we were boys, you remember," the old man went on, "we were tickled to death to have Easter eggs that were colored with the stain of grass or the boilings of a piece of dyed cloth."

How Things Have Changed.
 "Now they have all kinds of fancy store dyes, and most of the mothers

buy the eggs already dyed usually at some church bazaar or at the little store on the corner.

"We used to hunt the eggs in the barn or around the yard, and I never heard of an Easter rabbit until a German family moved next door to us. The old folk in this German family poured us children full of a lot of mythology about the rabbits laying the colored Easter eggs, and I thought it a beautiful thing. Now the Easter rabbit doesn't belong exclusively to the Germans. He's just as much an American rabbit as he's German. The boy and I were just in one of the novelty shops, and it looked like the week before Christmas. There were Easter toys of a hundred kinds, and I couldn't help thinking of how things had changed."

And the old man was right—things have changed. To ramble through an Easter novelty shop now almost develops the Christmas spirit in any grownup, not to mention the children. One of them has the ceiling hidden with artificial limbs and blossoms that give the full effect of spring. The counters and showcases are piled high with artificial rabbits, chickens, ducks and geese. There are countless forms of artificial Easter eggs, too, to lure the pennies and the nickels of both child and grownup. Extra salespeople are employed to care for the Easter trade, which, next to Christmas, is this store's busiest season. Easter, once a simple holiday, has become a day of giving and of elaborate show.

The wise men who make dollars out of the celebration of Easter are as quick to catch the spirit of the times as any showman. For instance, now that the tango is at high tide, the Easter novelty makers have come forward with a tango duck. The duck is a fluffy little lady with web feet, and when, with the aid of a key, her mechanism is put into full play, Miss Duck will dance across the floor or the table with all the grace of a duck. It is an amusing little Easter toy and is sure to make a big hit in thousands of American households on Easter morning.

There are as many kinds of Easter rabbits as there are stars in the sky. They range from rag ones at a nickel each to a giant jack rabbits built of plaster. There are candy rabbits, too, that have come across from faroff Italy to tickle the sweet teeth of American children. The candy rabbits are of pure chocolate and will prove big Easter joys for the youngsters to bite off a leg, then munch an ear and finally get Mr. Bunny stowed away so that, as youngsters say, "they ain't no more."

A new idea in Easter rabbits is a cloth bunny with a large bag sewed around his body. The bag is large enough to contain a half dozen Easter eggs. These are proving quite popular with Easter shoppers. The novelty of the thing appeals, and no doubt hundreds of American youngsters will receive their Easter eggs by way of bunny and his bag.

Ruin of Poland Told by Author of "Quo Vadis?"

Berne, Switzerland.—Henryk Sienkiewicz, the famous Polish novelist, author of "Quo Vadis?" is, like tens of thousands of his compatriots, a refugee driven from home by the war.

He is now at Vevey with the members of the committee on relief for war victims in Poland, of which he is president, and Ignace Paderewski, the famous pianist, is vice president.

No more appalling picture of death, destruction and devastation has ever been drawn than that outlined by Sienkiewicz, who declares it is unique in history. He said:

"Poland has nothing to do with the war. Conquered and partitioned, she is not one of the belligerent nations,

yet 1,500,000 of her sons are fighting fratricidal battles in the armies of three different warring states. Our country is made a cockpit and is devastated from end to end.

"Think what this means when the order for a charge is given. Hordes of soldiers rush on each other, and when they get within striking distance commence cutting one another down. They find the language in which they are uttering imprecations is the common natal tongue.

"It frequently happens when the Red Cross forces go to collect the wounded they lift from the heap one man in a German uniform, another in the Austrian, a third in the Russian, all three Poles.

"The misery is really very great. In the kingdom of Poland alone there are 15,000 villages burned or damaged and 1,000 churches and chapels destroyed.

"Homeless villagers have sought shelter in the forests, where women and children are dying of cold and hunger by the thousands daily. In the whole 60,000 square miles of territory in possession of the armies not a grain of corn, a scrap of meat or a drop of milk has remained for the civil population.

"The material losses are estimated at \$500,000,000. Agriculture is ruined, industry destroyed, and 400,000 workers have lost the means of livelihood.

"The state of things in Galicia is just as dreadful. The Russians have commandeered 900,000 horses and 2,000,000 horned cattle and have seized all the corn. The rich country is a desert. Over 1,000,000 inhabitants have sought refuge in other parts of Austria in sheer destitution.

The Sunday School Lesson

SENIOR BEREAN

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xxviii, 1-10.

Memory Verses, 5, 6—Golden Text, I Cor. xv, 20.

The Scripture is full of the sufferings of Christ, from Gen. iii, 15, 21, on to the end of the book, but it is also full of the resurrection, the kingdom and the glory. Willingly and of his own accord he humiliated himself unto Bethlehem and Nazareth and Golgotha that the Scripture might be fulfilled, but God raised him from the dead and gave him glory and all power in heaven and in earth that he might rid the earth of the devil and the curse and make it his own fair world, as in Gen. 1. He is our "alive forevermore" king (Rev. i, 5, 18) waiting for an "alive forevermore" people to reign with him.

If we have seen ourselves as guilty, condemned sinners and have seen him bearing our sins in his own body and raised from the dead and ascended to the right hand of the Father and have honestly received him, putting all our trust in his finished work, then we may safely rest on Eph. 1, 6, 7; John vi, 37, 47; Rom. iii, 24, and joyfully anticipate I Thess. iv, 16, 17; I John iii, 1, 2; Col. iii, 4. His enemies made his tomb as sure as they could by seal and a guard of soldiers (Matt. xxvii, 64-66), just about as secure as seals or soldiers can make things today, but all was unavailing. He makes us safe forever by his precious blood, sealing us by his holy spirit, and no power can break the bundle of life in which we are bound nor pluck us out of his hand (I Sam. xxv, 29; John x, 28).

In the great words of Acts 1, 3, "He showed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God." It is all so grand and suggestive—himself, infallible proofs, forty days, the things of the kingdom. He had just as infallibly foretold by the prophets and more plainly by his own words that he would suffer and die and rise from the dead the third day, and if his disciples had only believed his

words how much sorrow they might have been spared and how much more joy they might have had! It is helpful to keep in mind the five appearances of the resurrection day, which were probably in this order—to Mary Magdalene, the other women, Simon Peter, the Emmaus walk, the ten in the evening. Recently in Judges we saw how God honored Deborah and other women. Now it is Mary and the other women, and, although Mary Magdalene saw him first, the other women are the first to touch him (verse 9). The reason is plainly given in John xx, 17, implying that between the two appearances he had ascended and returned.

What he did at his several appearances during those forty days gives us a sample of what we can do in our glorified bodies. What an inspiration it should be to us to consider it! These women who so loved him and were devoted to him, not expecting his resurrection, had bought spices with which to anoint his dead body when the Sabbath was past, but they never did. Believing his word will prevent us from spending money unwisely. Love is in some respects the greatest, but in the matter of service it must be faith working by love (I Cor. xiii, 13; Gal. v, 6). Note the ministry of angels at his birth, in the wilderness and in Gethsemane, as well as in our lesson, and take comfort from Heb. 1, 14. Note the "Fear not" of the angel (verse 5; Luke ii, 10) and compare the Lord's "Peace be unto you" of Luke xxiv, 36, and hear his own voice to you in many similar sayings, for all his thoughts to his people, however unworthy we may be, are thoughts of peace (Jer. xxix, 11; Ps. xxix, 11). Since Christ is risen our great commission is, "Go, tell!" "Go teach all nations!" "Go into all the world!" (Verses 7, 10, 19; Mark xvi, 15.) And if we are not obedient great will be our loss. It is ours to be obedient, to go quickly and tell. He will see to the results. There is no use talking about the power of his resurrection unless his love constrains us to make it known.

For the Farmer Who Thinks

CORN ENSILAGE MAKES AN ECONOMICAL FEED FOR COWS

Experiment Shows That It Is One of Best Buttermakers in the Market.

It does not need any special argument or showing of facts to convince Wisconsin dairymen of the great superiority of corn ensilage as an economic feed for cows, says Hoard's Dairyman. Those who have combined the silage with alfalfa hay get still greater results.

But we know that there are skeptics among our readers in other states. For their special benefit we give the following brief account of a trial carried on by the Minnesota College of Agriculture.

Two hundred and sixteen cows were fed on silage as compared with 239 cows fed on dry rations. The results showed that the silage fed cows produced fifty-nine pounds more of butter fat yearly per cow than the other cows. This amounted to \$18.60 per cow in favor of feeding silage.

The following year another trial was had, with a gain in favor of the silage fed cows of forty-seven pounds of butter fat. The silage fed cows consumed \$7.19 worth of feed more than the dry fed cows, but when this is subtracted they still show a decided gain over the others.

So far as the harvesting an acre of corn and putting it into the silo or harvesting it for the crib and binding the stalks the cost is about the same. But we have a decided loss in the feeding value of the dry stalks that we save in the silo.

CHICKEN FEED.

Remember that the size of the next generation is influenced largely by the female and color and finish by the male.

Lime, grit and charcoal should be provided for turkeys during the winter months. By such provision blackhead is less likely to occur later on in the spring and summer.

Turkeys lay from fifteen to thirty eggs at a litter. Put the early eggs under hens and let the turkey set on the June eggs.

On bright, sunny days, when there is no snow on the ground, it is best to allow the fowls outdoors.

Something to sell the year around is the secret of success with poultry.

Heavy birds and high roosts are a bad combination. Large breeds especially need low roosts.

Feed and Care For Cow.

The effect of feed and care on the dairy cow was well brought out at the New Salem (N. D.) dairy school. The four-year-old record of twelve cows was given. The butter fat production averaged 116 pounds in the first year, 196 the second, 214 the third and in 1913 239 pounds. The production was more than doubled in the four years. The cows were three to six years old when the records were started. The milk was weighed from each milking and tested each month. This very emphatically brings out the fact that to secure good production the cow alone cannot do it—she must have the feed and the care.

DAIRY WISDOM.

The calf should always receive the colostrum or first milk of the cow. This starts the digestive organs into action.

Train the youngsters to lead. No heifer should reach her first birthday unbroken to the halter.

It is a great mistake to leave the separator a day or two without cleaning.

Be sure to keep good, clean bedding under the cows and absorbents in the gutters.

The greatest gains are made when the cows are warm and comfortable. The food they eat goes for production instead of fighting the elements.

The separator should be washed every day, even if it stands in a cool place.

Silage a Roughage.

Experiment shows that corn silage is a roughage and not a grain feed, says American Agriculturist. Many feeders have been led to believe, from the fact that the grain from the corn plant is put into the silo, that the silage produced therefrom is a grain feed. In fattening cattle the roughage in the ration produces its most marked influence during the early part of the fattening period. As the cattle become fatter the quantity of roughage eaten decreases and the grain consumption increases.

Pea Vine Silage.

Pea vine silage is a splendid feed. It is somewhat richer in protein than corn silage, but contains the same amount of digestible nutrients in a hundred pounds.

FARMING SHOULD BE RECOGNIZED AS A BUSINESS

Farming is a business, just as much so as merchandising, manufacturing and railroading, and just as honorable in every essential that contributes to the formation of a true and noble manhood. It is not the business which a man follows that reflects honor upon the man; but it is the quality of good principles and habits which a man may possess that reflects honor upon the business which the man is pursuing. When we get this thought well grounded into our minds with regard to farming, and as for that matter with all other business, we will have unshackled our intellects from that tyranny which habit and custom with mankind, no less than ignorance and false pride, have established to the detriment alike of all classes of men.

There can be no honors accrue to any man in any business unless that man acts the honorable part in his affairs and dealings with men. The question is: make yourself an honor to your business. When we do this, the question of what business we are following will have no disturbing elements to our peace of mind.

The farmer above all men should feel an honorable pride in his business, he is a producer, manufacturer, transporter, merchant—all in one. By the reasoning which attaches to the false scale of business and social greatness in men, the farmer's pride of business and social standing should be about fourfold that of other classes. If we tickle our pride with this kind of vanity, the farmer should carry an air of self-satisfaction with himself and business of greater assurance than any other class of men.

Our city cousins of the business world tender us much advice as to how to run our farms on the principles of a business basis in our management. Such advice is good and I have no doubt is tendered with the utmost good will; but for all that the business man of the city has his troubles not a few. There are some troubles connected with the financial side of living in the city that the city cousin, with all the business acumen he can bring to bear upon them, fails to find a solution that solves the problem.

In discussing a question of this character with some business cousins of the city lately I was amused at the financial burden they were carrying. Being a "hayseed" from the farm, I could have solved the problem for them in less time than one minute. But the writer has long since learned that men heed but little advice which comes to them

free, so he volunteered none. Whatever costs men in the way of suffering, or in loss of dollars and cents, is not soon forgotten.

This is what is called "attending the school of fools." The greatest men of all ages, along with "hayseeds," and business men, have attended this institution of learning. So we all have nothing much to brag about in the matter of wisdom, whether it flows from the city or farm. The principle thing is to make good and merciful use of experience and learn all we can.

The advice of our city cousins is sensible and worthy of a fair trial from every farmer who has not already adopted systematic business methods in the management of his farm. The "hit or miss" system, so common to the average farmer, cannot be inspired to effort or improvement in any man. If we know the exact acreage we have under cultivation we can also know the exact amount of seed it takes to plant our crops. With this knowledge we also know the cost of planting an acre and the entire crop. It gives us an exact knowledge of the cost of cultivation and gathering in of the crop at harvest time. You know your acreage; cost of breaking, planting, cultivating and harvesting into barn, and when you sell all that you have to do is to place the figures of sale down and deduct the cost of production. If cost of production represents the smaller value in numbers, the balance remaining represents the amount of total profit in your farming business. If the cost of production be the greater number, deduct the total amount of sales and the balance left represents your net loss. This gives you an exact knowledge of your farming operations so that you can discover any errors in management that may lead to loss. This is farming by the book sure enough, and it gives a plain, sound, common-sense basis that informs you exactly what you are doing.—Quincy Davidson, in Farm and Ranch.

NOTICE

You will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law if caught hunting, fishing, shooting, trapping or trespassing in any way in any of the 24 pastures.—Mrs. Boley Brown & Sons. By Bert N. Brown, manager. 1-26t

NO HUNTING ALLOWED

The public is hereby notified that hereafter no hunting will be allowed in any of the Half Circle S pastures. All parties will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law for any hunting violations.—A. W. Hudson. 51-6m

Dr. Morris reports the birth of a girl baby Saturday to Mr. and Mrs. Mack Hopper at their home twelve miles west of Spur.

Dennis Harkey, our popular deputy sheriff, was in Spur Saturday shaking hands with friends. Mr. Harkey is first deputy under Sheriff Conner, and he is recognized as an expert office man and one of the best officials of the county. Sheriff Conner is to be congratulated in securing the services of such a man.

Matt Bingham, of near Girard, was in Spur Saturday and spent several hours here on business and greeting his friends. In connection with his farming operations Mr. Bingham is also one of the fencing crew for the Matador Land and Cattle Company.

Tack Kennedy, one of the most noted riders and broncho "busters" of Western Texas, was among the number of business visitors in Spur Saturday.

When in Spur drop into The German Kitchen and get you something to eat. We have it

THE BEST FRUIT

Apples, Bananas, Oranges, Lemons and All Kinds of Fruits and Nuts, including the best Pecans, Almonds and Walnuts. Call and see me.

YOUR TRADE APPRECIATED

E. F. SPRINGER, SPUR, TEXAS



The Telephone "S. O. S." Saved the Farm

"One day last fall my wife and I started for a drive, leaving the house deserted. A short while after we'd passed Jones' place, Mrs. Jones saw smoke coming from our roof.

"She ran to the telephone—Got Mrs. Reed who operates the switchboard located in her home. Mrs. Reed called all the nearby people on the line (two long rings—the emergency signal,) and they put the fire out with little damage."

A Telephone on the Farm connected with the Bell System is a protection and safe-guard in all emergencies.

Southwestern Tel. & Tel. Co. 4-R-14.

John Weathers, wife and children, of several miles west of Spur, were among the number of visitors in the city Saturday, spending several hours here greeting friends and shopping with the merchants.

W. P. Sampson, a leading citizen and prosperous farmer of the Gilpin country, was in the city Saturday greeting friends and purchasing supplies of the merchants.

Mrs. C. D. Copeland was in Spur the latter part of last week from her home several miles east of town, spending several hours here shopping with the merchants.

W. F. Walker came in Saturday from his farm home two or three miles southeast and spent several hours in town shaking hands with friends.

No. 9611 The Spur National Bank

CAPITAL STOCK, \$100,000
SURPLUS, 20,000

We Solicit Accounts of Merchants, Farmers and Stockmen, and Promise Fair and Courteous Treatment to All. Accommodations Granted Consistent with Sound Banking.

MAKE OUR BANK YOUR BANK

OFFICERS

R. V. COLBERT, PRESIDENT
C. A. JONES, VICE PRESIDENT

M. E. MANNING, CASHIER
JNO. B. HARDIN, ASST. CASHIER

B. G. WORSWICK
Attorney-At-Law
Practice Solicited in District and Higher Courts
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LIV-VER-LAX is harmless—not a deadly poison like calomel. Any child is safe and happy by the use of LIV-VER-LAX. 22-4t.

J. D. Martin, for many years one of the Spur Ranch boys but now one of the most successful and prosperous farmers of the country, was in Spur Saturday from his farm home north of town.

The special musical program at the Baptist tabernacle Sunday night was enjoyed by a large number of people. The program consisted of solos, duets and quartets, and the musical instruments were piano, violin and two horns.

J. E. Cherry, a leading citizen of the Steel Hill community, was in the city Saturday and while here handed us a check for another year's subscription to the Texas Spur and for which he has our thanks.

J. N. Zumwalt, of eighteen or twenty miles west, was among the number of business visitors to Spur Saturday. He reports everything in fine shape in his section.

L. S. Scott, a prominent citizen of the Cat Fish country, was among the number of business visitors in town the latter part of last week.

Rev. McMahan preached the Baccalaureate sermon Sunday at the School auditorium, and a large audience enjoyed this sermon.

W. M. Childress, one of the most prominent citizens of the Dickens country, was among the many visitors here Saturday.

Wayne VanLeer, of the Soldier Mound community, was among the number of visitors in the city the latter part of last week.

Ben Hagins, a prosperous farmer and stockman of the Steel Hill country, was among the visitors in Spur Saturday.

Tom Owens, of twelve miles southwest of Spur, was among the visitors in the city Saturday.

JACKSON REALTY CO.

Fire, Tornado, Plate Glass and Livestock Insurance. We sell Land, City Property and Livestock. Non-Residents' business promptly attended to.

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..J. P. SIMMONS..

Drayman and Agent for Pierce-Fordice Oil Ass'n. Heavy and light hauling. All work guaranteed.

Eastside Barber Shop

TIDWELL & REEVES, Props.

First Class Tonsorial Work. Hot and Cold Baths and Up-To-Date Service in Every Respect. Call and see us

W. F. Godfrey Realty Company.

We Buy and Sell Cattle, Fords, Real Estate and Write Fire Insurance.

"THE ACCOMPLICE" A Glance at Current Topics

By FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

A Unique Murder Trial as Described by the Foreman of the Jury, In Which Is Revealed the Most Astounding and Inconceivable Act of Rascality.

Copyright, 1905, by Harper Bros.

PROLOGUE.

The office of foreman on the jury in the People versus Emory case falls to the lot of Mr. Lambert, a literary man, whose qualifications lay in his absolute ignorance of the case. Ferris Barstow, a man of tenacious tendencies, is the lawyer for the accused girl, Alice Emory, former private secretary of Gregory Shaw, who was found murdered mysteriously in his home. In presenting the case to the jury Deak Gilbert, the prosecutor, explains the facts in detail, and the evidence all points to the guilt of the accused. The foreman, homeward bound, assists Barbara Frayne, a young horsewoman, and unwillingly listens to a declaration on the Emory case. Barbara believes Miss Emory to be innocent. The foreman visits the scene of the murder. Viewing the home from the outside, he overhears Madeleine Mapes, the housekeeper, endeavoring to persuade Betty Field, another servant, to forget all about a blue skirt she had seen the former put in the furnace. At this moment Barstow's assistant, Mr. Hunt, visits the women in an effort to get them to leave the neighborhood where their testimony might injure the accused. The trial opens, Lambert forces valuable testimony from the architect who had drawn the plans for the Shaw house. Gilbert produces evidence that forged Shaw checks were made out to the order of Alice Emory. When court adjourns Lambert gets a message to call up 22 Pollicet and is told by Miss Frayne that she occupied Miss Emory's room on the night of the murder and that Miss Emory was not there. Soon thereafter Lambert is approached in a dark lane by a man who Lambert believes is Barstow's assistant, Hunt, but who calls himself Gilbert's assistant and gives the name Corning. This man tries to worm from Lambert his reason for desiring to leave the jury, but fails. Lambert is warned he shouldn't leave for Hefryville without first consulting the judge. Lambert ignores the warning and plays the part of hero, with Barbara a witness, by saving Miss Mapes and Betty Field from what looked like a runaway. The driver is pitched off his seat and is badly hurt. He proves to be Hunt in disguise. The defendant is led into the court leaning heavily on the arm of her lawyer, Bayne, a juror, characterizes it as "sham" to Lambert. Gilbert produces evidence to show Shaw swore he was unmarried. Barstow and Gilbert have many tilts, and the latter has the courtroom locked while he examines Madeleine Mapes about the blue skirt which Miss Emory gave her. The testimony further implicates Miss Emory. Barstow next takes the witness and tries to place suspicion on her. He questions her so viciously that Miss Emory protests. This he ignores, and in her anger his client rises. He attempts to hold her. She frees herself and calls him a coward as Miss Mapes faints. Bethna Field is terror stricken when questioned about the blue skirt. Gilbert makes an unusual move by calling Lambert, the foreman, to the stand.

Uncomfortable Moments.

I STARED at the speaker in astonishment as he asked me to become a witness, scarcely believing my ears, but before I had completed the wondering inquiry which rose to my lips Barstow had interrupted with a protesting roar. "Your honor, this is outrageous, barefaced intimidation of the jury! I object and protest. You cannot tolerate such action sir! It is insulting to the dignity of the court!" The passionate outburst brought half the spectators to their feet, and the gavel crashed upon the desk again and again, the judge leaning toward the excited audience in a threatening attitude. "Sit down!" he shouted angrily. "Be seated, every one of you! Another minute and I'll clear the benches. Officer, arrest the next man or woman who rises." The commotion gradually subsided, but the old jurist continued glaring indignantly at the crowd for some seconds after order was restored. Then he turned to Barstow with an expression of menacing severity. "I object!" Barstow again almost shouted. "The court cannot countenance this proceeding in any manner whatsoever. If it does the case may as well end here and now, for no ad-

verse verdict rendered by a jury under such circumstances would stand for one moment on appeal."

"I will assume the responsibility of sustaining the verdict in this case," retorted Gilbert meaningly.

"Of course you will," sneered Barstow. "But I warn you there's enough queer law in this case already to keep you busy without making it utterly ridiculous."

Every note in the man's voice was irritating, and I began to suspect that he was deliberately seeking to anger the judge, but how he dared rouse the old gentleman at such a crisis passed my comprehension. Suddenly it occurred to me that he might be endeavoring to provoke the court into deciding against him, and as I remembered his boast that any adverse verdict of the jury would be overturned by the higher courts if the prosecutor's request should be granted I became convinced that this was his settled purpose.

"Mr. Lambert, I will ask you"—I leaned forward as the judge addressed me, but Barstow waved me back with both his arms.

"Don't answer the question, Mr. Foreman!" he shouted. "I object, your honor! I object! If you interrogate the juror now I warn you the case is ended, and you will be held responsible!"

"I will be held responsible!" the old gentleman thundered, his face flushing with anger. "What do you mean, sir? You are offensive and insolent, sir, and I warn you to—to— Your objection is overruled, sir. Now sit down."

"Exception!" Barstow's eyes were glittering with excitement, and I could see faint traces of a dangerous smile on his lips as he uttered the sinister rejoinder.

"Mr. Lambert, do you solemnly swear that such answers as you shall make in this cause, between the people and Alice Emory, shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

I bowed my head over the Bible which the court attendant placed in my hand, and, looking up, met Barstow's evil leer of triumph.

"Now, Mr. Gilbert, proceed with your examination," directed the judge.

The confusion of countless witnesses must have bewitched the chair in which I sat, for my brain whirled madly and for a moment I could not have told the prosecutor my name.

"Mr. Lambert, declare any fact of which you have personal knowledge affecting this cause."

Barstow's arm shot out, and his hand fluttered in protest as the prosecutor framed his question.

"Don't answer, Mr. Lambert!" he shouted. "I object!"

"Objection overruled," snapped the justice.

"Exception!" Gilbert repeated his question, and as he phrased it I partially regained my self possession.

"Shortly after the close of the first day of this trial," I began, "I was in the neighborhood of the Shaw farmhouse, and, never having seen it, I stopped and inspected it from the outside, and while doing this I inadvertently heard a conversation between Miss Madeleine Mapes and Miss Bethna Field."

"Stop!" thundered Barstow. "I object! This is not the witness' personal knowledge. It is hearsay—and not binding on"—

"Objection overruled and exception granted," interposed the judge. "Now, Mr. Barstow," he continued, "to save further interruption, it is understood that you object to each and every statement of this witness, and each of your objections is overruled and an exception noted. Will that satisfy you?"

"Yes, sir, and I am also satisfied that the further continuance of this trial is a waste of time, and I request you to discharge the jury."

"I decline to grant the request."

"Exception." "State the substance of the conversation you heard, Mr. Lambert," prompted his honor.

"As nearly as I can remember," I answered, speaking to the jury, "Miss Mapes warned the other woman that if she talked too much or became confused she might be guilty of murder."

"Did they talk about any particular facts in the case?"

The judge's question sounded as though whispered in my ear.

"Yes, the subject of the blue skirt was discussed, and Miss Field asked Miss Mapes how she was to answer certain questions which might be asked concerning it."

"Such as what?" "Miss Field seemed to fear she might be asked if she had ever seen the blue skirt, and Miss Mapes told her to say she hadn't. Then Miss Field said something about having seen it in the furnace, and Miss Mapes asserted that her companion didn't really know that it was a skirt she had seen there and advised her to deny all knowledge of it."

Often as I had thought of this con-

versation I never realized the damning effect of it until I repeated it in court, and the silence which followed was ominous of the impression it created.

"Did you hear anything else?" I hesitated as Gilbert put the question, and I saw Barstow watching me narrowly.

"Yes," I answered steadily, "I heard a conversation between Miss Mapes and a man who claimed to represent Mr. Barstow, in which Miss Mapes was urged to leave the state with the Field girl and remain away until after the trial."

"Did you learn the man's name?"

"Miss Mapes referred to him as Mr. Hunt."

Gilbert paused and, turning to one of his assistants, stooped and whispered in his ear.

"Have you anything further to declare, Mr. Lambert?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," I responded. "I received information over the telephone that Miss Mapes had occupied Miss Emory's room on the night of Mr. Shaw's death, but I cannot positively swear who talked to me over the wire."

Barstow rose and, moving to the far end of the jury box, stood watching me with embarrassing intensity.

"The night before last, a few minutes after I received the telephone communication," I continued, "I was interviewed by a person whose voice I recognized as the man called Hunt, who had talked with Miss Mapes in the Shaw farmhouse. He introduced himself, however, as Mr. Abel Corning, one of the prosecutor's assistants, and attempted to find out what I had learned about the case outside the courtroom, saying that if I would tell him everything he would endeavor to persuade the court to excuse me from serving on the jury. I declined to give him any information, and yesterday I encountered him driving Miss Mapes and Miss Field in a closed carriage along the Pollicet road."

"Did you have any conversation with him then?"

"No, sir. There was an accident, as I think your honor knows, and the man was badly injured. I know nothing more about this case except what I have heard in the courtroom."

Gilbert turned and nodded to his assistant, who immediately rose and left the room.

"I have no further questions to ask, your honor."

"Now, Mr. Barstow."

The judge glanced at the defendant's counsel, who still stood beside the jury box, but the lawyer, instead of answering directly, moved to the rail and addressed the stenographer.

"Counsel for the defendant does not participate in the examination of the juror," he dictated, "but he requests the court to take notice that the witness-juror carries in his pocket a newspaper containing an account of this trial and praising his efforts on behalf of the prosecution."

I clapped my hand against my side and discovered with dismay that the sheet Miss Frayne had given me was protruding from my pocket. It needed only this to complete my humiliation and chagrin, and I felt my face crimsoning as I turned to the bench.

"I have not read the paper, your honor," I blurted out. "It was intrusted to me for safe keeping, and I have seen nothing but the headlines and those only by accident."

There was a titter in the audience, and as I glanced over the room I saw Barbara Frayne rising from her seat and instinctively I shook my head.

"Do you demand the discharge of the juror upon the ground that he has this newspaper in his possession?"

Barstow hesitated, watching me with an insinuating smile.

"It isn't necessary," he responded at last. "One good reason is enough, and, having given more than one already, I will let well enough alone."

If the judge had been upon the point of yielding, Barstow's indifferent—almost contemptuous—answer would have changed his mind, and I could not understand the man's deliberate offensiveness.

Judge Dudley addressed me. "Mr. Lambert," he began, "answer me on your oath as a juror. Have the facts and occurrences which you have related had such an effect upon your mind that you cannot render a fair and impartial verdict in this case on the sworn testimony heard by you in this courtroom?"

"I would rather be excused from serving, your honor," I replied, "and I stated my position before the trial began."

"You have not answered my question, sir," he responded. "Can you render an impartial verdict on the sworn testimony, disregarding all matters which have reached you, directly or indirectly, outside the courtroom?"

"Yes, sir; I can."

His honor nodded approvingly as I spoke and turned again to Barstow.

"Have you any motion to make, sir?" he inquired.

Sell Live Chicks For Easter.

New York, March 30.—The novel though thoughtlessly cruel custom of giving live chicks as Easter remembrances has found wide popularity during the present week, hundreds of the fluffy little "peeps" being sold by downtown dealers. The chicks for convenience in carrying were usually placed in small white boxes, in which air holes were punched and tied neatly with white or lavender ribbon.

These sell at a quarter each in such quantities that the supply in some shops is exhausted, and new lots from the incubators are ordered.

The practice, though unique, caused considerable criticism because of the fact that the chicks were bought largely for the amusement of children. The early death of the tender gifts in the hands of unthinking youngsters is assured, and, though the idea in the abstract is a pretty one, a continuance of the custom is expected to meet with opposition from the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Our Reserve Army of Sixteen.

Washington, March 29.—Not long ago three army officers were testifying before a house committee on the matter of a bigger army, when one of these officers remarked that the reserve army of the United States numbered sixteen.

Representative Augustus P. Gardner of Massachusetts happened to be present.



Photo by American Press Association.

Representative Augustus P. Gardner of Massachusetts.

ent, and with his ever present sense of humor he resolved to give the sixteen a dinner. He wrote to the war department for their names and addresses, and the war department became slightly irritated. Nevertheless, the list was furnished.

As Washington looks at it, Mr. Gardner has mapped out a pretty big task for himself. Inquiries by friends recently drew from him the smiling information that he had been so busy on the shipping and immigration bills that he hadn't time to think much about the dinner, but that he intended to go through with it.

There is one feature, however, that is causing Mr. Gardner's friends considerable merriment, the matter of transportation. The list shows that there will be one fare to be paid from Porto Rico, two from San Francisco, another from Pike county, Pa.; ten from New York and Brooklyn and others from Indianapolis and West Philadelphia. But Mr. Gardner is rich enough to humor his whim.

Women Could Have Averted War.

Paris, March 28.—Mme. Despard French, sister of General Sir John French, who is on a visit to Rome, delivered an address on the subject of "The Entente Cordiale Among Women."

She said that if women had made their influence more strongly felt in public life, if they had better understood their role in all its domains, they would have been a barrier against which the ambitions of those who wanted war would have been broken.

Must Swim For Diplomas.

Princeton, N. J., March 30.—Unless the students at Princeton university learn to swim before graduation several members of this year's class will not receive their diplomas. A regulation made by the faculty in 1911 required students to test in swimming.

This regulation has not been carried out, but this year it is the intention of the university authorities to see that it is put into effect. Several members of the senior class have not as yet passed the test, which is to swim 200 yards, showing a mastery of two strokes.

To Secure Lasting Peace.

London, March 27.—An organization known as the Union of Democratic

Control has been formed by a number of distinguished Britishers to lay down principles to guide the framers of the peace terms with a view to securing a lasting peace by giving the people of conquered provinces the right to settle their own destinies and reducing international armaments.

The executive committee of the union is composed of Ramsey MacDonald, M. P.; Charles Trevelyan, M. P.; Arthur Ponsoby, M. P., and Norman Angel, the leader of the international peace movement.

Mosquito Extermination Raises Values.

Atlantic City, N. J., March 30.—Dr. Thomas J. Headlee, entomologist at the New Jersey experiment station, told the New Jersey Mosquito Extermination association that mosquito extermination had increased shore property values from Jersey City to Rumson by at least \$5,000,000. More than 1,000,000 persons had been relieved from the pest, he said, and the cost to none of the counties was more than 20 cents per capita.

The association asked the state to increase its appropriation for mosquito extermination from \$20,000 to \$50,000.

1916 Shakespeare Celebration.

New York, March 30.—The three hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's death, in 1616, will be celebrated all over this country if present plans are carried out. A preliminary meeting has been held in the Russell Sage foundation building under the auspices of the festival committee of the local Drama league.

The purpose is to give pageants and processions illustrating Shakespeare's plays in many cities and towns. Leading actresses and actors will form a stock company and tour the country in these plays.

Hill to Start Cattle Boom.

St. Paul, March 30.—University professors under the direction of James J. Hill will conduct a live stock campaign throughout the northwest, it was announced at the First National bank, to which institution the professors are attached.

Howard R. Smith, professor of animal husbandry of the University of Minnesota and author of "Profitable Stock Feeding," resigned his chair to direct the work, which has already started. Mr. Hill's campaign will be exhaustive in character and territory.

Professor Smith began his campaign by talking to groups of farmers and bankers. He will explain how to raise stock and how to finance the enterprise.

First Hebrew American Governor.

Boise, Ida., March 29.—Moses Alexander, Idaho's new governor, is said to be the first Jew ever elected governor of a state in the history of this country. Born in Germany sixty-one years ago, he came to this country, when a lad of fourteen, with his parents, who settled in Chillicothe, Mo. Mr. Alexander began his business career as an apprentice at \$10 per month, but in a few years had acquired a business of his own. He early took an active interest in public affairs, and in time was elected mayor of Chillicothe.

In 1891 Mr. Alexander removed to Boise, Ida., and engaged in the clothing business. In 1908 he was nominated for gubernatorial honors by the Democrats, and, although defeated, ran 7,000 votes ahead of the national ticket. Last September Mr. Alexander received the regular Democratic nomi-



Moses Alexander of Idaho is of Jewish Birth.

nation for governor at the state primary election. He made a canvass of the state on the issue of lower taxes and greater economy in the public service and was elected over his opponent by a good plurality, although the state is normally Republican by from 12,000 to 15,000. He was the only Democrat elected on the state ticket, and the legislature is Republican in both branches. [14A]

[To be continued.]

CLOSING EXERCISES OF SPUR PUBLIC SCHOOL

Friday night of last week one of the largest audiences to attend any function within the history of Spur filled the Spur School auditorium to witness the closing exercises of the 1915 term and the presentation of Diplomas by the School Board to the graduating class composed of Harry Cates and Erma Baker.

The entertaining feature of the program was a play entitled, "The Dear Boy Graduate" in which Harry Cates played the leading part as "The Dear Boy," and followed by Erma Baker as "His Elder Sister Who Knows it all"; His little sister, Dick Stafford; His mother, who adores her boy, Creola Richburg; His Grandmother, Elnora Dunn; His aunt on his mother's side, Mrs. J. B. Morrison; His country cousin, Zada Stafford; His fashionable aunt on his father's side, Flora Love; His city cousin, Donnalita Standifer; His best girl, Lula Goff; His old maid aunt who has a mission, Vivian Dunn; His chums, Faust Collier, Henry Clay and Feddy Cole; His Athletic coach, Robert Bartlett; The High School principal, Faust Collier.

The cast was well selected and each one of the number represented the several characters in the most acceptable manner and to the delight and gratification of the entire audience.

At the conclusion of the play Rev. E. E. White delivered an eloquent and inspiring address to the class. J. F. Vernon, as president of the School Board, presented the diplomas with a few well chosen words of commendation and encouragement to the graduates.

The Class of 1915 selected colors of royal purple and gold, and had for its Motto, "Beyond The Alps Lies Italy."

Harry Cates and Erma Baker are truly "the dear boy graduate" and "the sweet girl graduate", and having labored faithfully in attaining the heights of the Alps they are now in a position to survey Italy from a broader viewpoint, and being young, alert, accomplished and amid encouraging surroundings their steps will not falter in the pathway through Italy, and throughout the journey each will bear the colors of "royal purple and gold" with individual distinction and honor for the Class of 1915 of the Spur High School. The Texas Spur joins their friends in extending congratulations, and in observing the Class Motto of 1915 may each enjoy the fullest measure of the fruits and the cream of Italy.

A POPULAR TRADING PLACE IN A TOWN IS CREATED BY SELLING PROPER GRADES AT LOWEST PRICES!!

We Offer Some Startling Values

IN MENS SUITS FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS!! These Suits will be placed at Unmatched Prices where the Quality is Considered. We name these LOW PRICES to make a Demonstration of what the CASH will do in Spur. Note these Prices, \$10.00, \$12.50 and \$15.00, and then COME AND INSPECT THE SUITS. Come and look at the Boys Knee Suits we are offering at \$5.00---They Are Wonders. Cheaper Suits are also shown. See our Show Window for STRAW HAT DISPLAY. Also note the big display of WASH DRESSES and MIDDY BLOUSES, shown in all sizes.



Saturday we Will Give You The Snap of Snaps Between The Hours of Two and Three O'Clock!!

We will give you Choice of 80 Pieces of 12 1-2 cent Grade of Gingham at 8 yards for 65c. This Price will be maintained only as Advertised and only one Pattern to the Customer at this Low Price. New Summer Goods of all kinds are here, and we trust to see you on this SPECIAL INVITATION.

THE NEW LINE OF CORSETS ARE HERE NOW!

LOVE DRY GOODS COMPANY Spur, Texas The Store Different

J. Anderson Davis, a leading citizen and one among the most prosperous farmers of the Spur country, was among the number of visitors in town Saturday.

J. W. Thompson, a prominent citizen and business man of Afton, was in Spur Monday on business and shaking hands with friends.

J. A. Davis, a leading citizen and successful farmer of the Dry Lake community, was in Spur Saturday greeting friends and trading with the merchants.

J. H. Boothe, of a mile or two southeast of town, was among the number of visitors here Saturday.

Frank Broyles, of the Paddle Ranch, was among the number of visitors in town Monday.

MARKETING FARM PRODUCE AS NEEDED FOR SUPPLIES

E. H. Blakely, one of the most successful farmers of the Afton country, was in Spur Monday and Tuesday. Mr. Blakely says that he has been having chills the past several weeks and as a result has been doing but little running about. He reports that about one-half of his land has been bedded and prepared for planting, and that he never saw a better season in the ground. With just a shower or two at the proper time big crops are assured for 1915. Mr. Blakely says he has never failed to have corn to sell each year, but says that he only markets his farm produce as the money is needed for supplies. One trouble in securing a legitimate price for farm produce lies in the fact that the farm products of this country is all rushed to the market in practically three months time, thus leaving nine months of the year in which the speculator can manipulate prices.

BIDS WANTED.

Bids will be received at noon, April 14th, for the erection of a school building at Afton, Texas. Plans can be received from O. L. Hale, Secretary of School Board, Afton, Texas. 23-11.

Jack Morris, who has been one of the employees on the Pitchfork Ranch, passed through Spur this week on his way to the San Angelo country where he will spend some time with relatives and friends.

J. A. Neighbors came in Monday with a load of maize from his farm home in the Steel Hill community. We note that quite a number of farmers are again selling their maize at this time.

Sure Corn Cure—Will remove corn for 50 cents, bunyon on foot for \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. No cure, no pay.—L. G. Garrett. 23-2tp.

Hawley Bryant was in the city the latter part of last week from the Pitchfork Ranch and spent some time here on business.

LIV-VER-LAX! Better than calomel. No bad effect. Ask Spur Drug Co. 22-4t.

ANNUAL REPORT OF CITY TREASURY CITY OF SPUR

RECEIPTS	
Balance on hand March 31 1914	\$10,325.03
Sale of last bonds and interest	13,236.85
General Tax for 1914	2,942.31
Water rent collected	752.93
Street tax for 1914	106.00
Franchise Tax	54.25
Fines	52.00
Dog Tax	41.00
Total	27,510.37

EXPENDITURES	
Vouchers on General Fund,	
Numbers 256 to 334	\$ 3,251.01
Vouchers on Water Works Fund	
Numbers 1 to 62	23,282.23
Balance on hand	977.13
Total	27,510.37

State of Texas, County of Dickens: I, Oscar Jackson, City Treasurer of the City of Spur, Texas, certify that the foregoing is a true and correct statement of the condition of the City Treasury on March 31st 1915.

Oscar Jackson, City Treasurer. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of April 1915. [SEAL] B. D. Glasgow, Notary Public.

Mrs. N. P. Tidwell, of the eastern part of the state, is in Spur visiting at the of home her son and family, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Tidwell.

George Rentfro, came in Monday from his ranch home in Kent county and spent some time in Spur on business.

Bert Brown and wife, of the 24 Ranch in Kent county, were in Spur Monday and spent several hours here with friends.

LIV-VER-LAX stimulates the Liver. A harmless vegetable compound. Any child can take it safely. Ask Spur Drug Co. 22-4t.

Frank Hastings, of Stamford, was in Spur Monday and Tuesday on business in connection with the Swenson interests.

LIV-VER-LAX is purely vegetable. Just what you need to tone up your system. Ask Spur Drug Co. 22-4t.

Duff Green was in Spur the latter part of last week from his ranch home near Afton.

LIV-VER-LAX relieves all ills of the Liver and Stomach. Get it from Spur Drug Co. 22-4t.

THE ORIGINAL Cream Dealers OF SPUR

Bring us Your Cream, We Want It!!

Buy your GROCERIES from us--we need the business and appreciate it. Just unloaded a car of Stock Salt. See us before buying.

QUALITY ABOVE --- PRICE BELOW

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KEEP IN MIND THE Valuable Premiums! WE GIVE AWAY FREE

Get your friends in Line to vote for you. Voting Coupons can be obtained from following places:

Spur Hardware Co. Lyric Theatre
Red Front Drug Store German Kitchen
Hogan & Patton Midway Hotel
Texas Spur TEXAS

At The Lyric Theatre

FRIDAY NIGHT— 6th Episode of "ZUDORA". "The Case of the McWinter Family." "Mutual Girl No. 42."

SATURDAY NIGHT—"In The Clutches of the Gangsters"—a two reel Kay-Bee. "His Musical Career"—Keystone Comedy.

TEXAS SPUR
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

Entered as second-class matter November 12, 1909, at the post office at Spur, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ORAN McCLURE, Editor & Prop.

Subscription Price \$1.00 a Year.

When not specified, all Ads will be continued until ordered out and charged for accordingly.

FOUR ISSUES ONE MONTH

**ADVERTISING IS NECESSARY
TO BUSINESS SUCCESS**

We note from the Paducah Post that the merchants of that town are securing trade from Dickens county, especially furnishing a big bill of supplies to one Dickens county citizen of the plains country. We admit that this is quite a "boost" for Paducah merchants, but we do doubt the statement that Dickens county customers will be more than paid for the extra time and travel in goods and prices by going to that town to trade. It is simply a matter of attracting the attention and desire of the trade, and the Paducah merchants are to be congratulated in doing this. We know that the Spur merchants can and do furnish the goods and make the prices to meet Paducah competition, and the fault is only that Spur merchants have not reached out after this trade in the proper and most attractive manner. When they do this the Post will have rare occasions to note that Paducah merchants are securing trade from Dickens county. There are also many men in Dickens county who spend hundreds of dollars each year with foreign mail order concerns, but because they do this it is not conclusive evidence that they get better goods or cheaper goods—it is simply because the mail order houses reach out after this trade in the most attractive and inviting manner. When the merchants of Spur and other towns of this country learn to get out as attractive advertising as the mail order houses, and place such advertising before the trade, the mail order business in this country will no longer secure this trade. It will be a survival of the fittest in the business of advertising rather than merely furnishing the stock of goods for the trade to find by mere chance. Advertising is the very essence of business life and success.

A fire is reported to have occurred in the gin at Post last week, doing considerable damage. A fire is also reported at Snyder, a carriage repository and livery stable were destroyed together with several horses, the loss amounting to several thousand dollars.

To the many who have been disappointed by our inability to supply their wants in

LIV-VER-LAX

We are pleased to announce the arrival of a delayed shipment of this New and Most Popular Liver Medicine

If you have never tried LIV-VER-LAX fall in line and buy a bottle. Your money back if not satisfied.

50c and \$1.00 at

The Spur Drug Co.,

The *Rexall* Store

SPUR SCHOOL TERM EXTENDED ONE MONTH

In view of the fact that the Spur Public School term was scheduled to close Friday of last week on account of lack of funds to complete the term, Mayor Geo. S. Link and Oscar Jackson made the rounds of the town Saturday afternoon and secured contributions from the business men to the amount of four hundred dollars with which to continue the school one more month. It is thought that with one more month of school the pupils can finish their grades and thus be prepared for promotion at the beginning of the next term.

The business men of Spur are due the highest commendation in thus making it possible for all pupils of the school to complete the course of study for the term. No town can boast of a better and more liberal citizenship than Spur.

The snow last week over this portion of the country is estimated to amount to from five to eight inches. Since the snow melted as fast as it fell there is no sure way of telling how much fell. At any rate it was sufficient to give us an ideal season and further assure bumper crops for 1915.

Again the championship of the pugilistic world is held by a white man, Willard having knocked out the negro Jack Johnson in a twenty six round fight Monday in Cuba. Hereafter negroes should be prohibited from entering fighting contests with white men.

Floydada has issued and sold bonds for the purpose of installing a system of waterworks for that city.

Jim Smith, of eight or nine miles west of Spur, was among the number in the city Monday. He reports everything flourishing in his section.

J. G. Stearns, a leading citizen of the Steel Hill community, was among the number of business visitors to town Monday.

R. B. Spencer, of the Spencer Lumber Company, was in Spur this week on business and spent several days here.

Mrs. C. H. Senning left this week for Sherman where she will spend the month with her sister and other relatives and friends.

Luther Jones was in the city Monday from his farm and ranch home seven miles northwest of Spur.

JOSEPH DALY, M. D.

ABILENE, TEXAS

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Diseases
Treated and Glasses Fitted

**WILL BE IN SPUR
MAY 3RD AND 4TH**

Office With Dr. Morris

NOTICE

You will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law if caught hunting, fishing, shooting, trapping or trespassing in any way in any of the pastures controlled by me.—Sam White. 52-tf

At a prohibition election held last week in Tom Green county, we are informed that the county went wet by thirty odd votes, there being more than two thousand votes polled at the election.

There were six teachers who attended the Teachers Examination in Dickens last week, each teacher making application for State Certificates.

J. L. Curry, of near Spur, was one of the many visitors in town Saturday.

Buggy and harness for sale or trade. See R. L. Collier.

Items Over Dickens County
BY CORRESPONDENTS

GILPIN.

Hon. A. J. Hagins and family, of near Jayton, were the guests of P. E. Hagins and family Saturday and Sunday.

Our Literary, given at the Duck Creek school house Friday night, was a howling success. We children did extremely well, so everybody said. We cordially invite them all to come back again.

J. H. Parnell, who recently moved with his family into our settlement, died at his home Monday night, and his body was laid to rest in the Spur cemetery Tuesday evening. Rev. McMahan, of Spur, conducted the funeral services. We join the many friends of the deceased in offering our sympathy to the bereaved family, and while we mourn his loss, we do not mourn as one without hope for he was a good christian man. He leaves a wife and six children desolate.

We had a fine rain Tuesday night, and while the farmers say that it was not needed, everybody is glad that they do not have to haul water today, for the cisterns are all full.

Misses Ethel Word, Bessie Darden and Nora Blakely, of Girard, passed through Gilpin Saturday enroute to Spur on a shopping expedition.

Reuben Lee, of near Jayton, made a business trip to Gilpin Tuesday.

We are glad to note that Rev. W. B. Bennett is able to knock about again.

Little Hester Sampson, who has been indisposed for several days, was taken worse Monday, and Dr. Morris, of Spur, was called to her bedside. He said that while the little one was seriously ill he hoped that she would soon recover.

Rev. Vincent Bilberry, of the Midway settlement, was the guest of Rev. W. B. Bennett Saturday evening.

Miss Lily Hagins is on the sick list.

Elmer McClelland, of Spur, passed through Gilpin Sunday evening.

Mrs. Kelly McCallester, of near Jayton, who was called to the bedside of her dying father, J. H. Parnell, Monday, will remain the guest of her mother the remainder of the week.

Well, if it isn't school time.—A School Girl.

Bill Arthur a prominent citizen of Dickens, was in Spur Tuesday and spent some time here on business. Mr. Arthur has been acting as one of the deputies in the search for Hugh Blakely, the escaped prisoner from the Dickens Jail, and at the time of his capture was in Spur watching the freight trains out of Spur.

DRAPER.

Rev. Smith, of Roaring Springs, filled his regular appointment here Sunday.

W. L. Thannisch and family spent Sunday with J. E. Wright.

Miss Lily Hobson spent Sunday with Miss Edith Lovell.

Charlie Hellar and family spent Saturday night and Sunday with J. A. Murchison.

One morning last week J. A. Murchison found pig tracks around his front gate, and thinking one of his pigs was out he asked one of his boarding girls to find his pig for him. She tracked it to the home of Mr. Thannisch, and now the people are wondering how Marion made those pig tracks and how the girl knew he made them.

Earl Wright went to Afton sometime since. Don't know what he went for.

This pretty weather has caused some to plant corn, and others to think about shedding their winter clothes.

School Girl, the only remedy that we can offer for School Chap is to gouge his eyes out with a fence rail, and if that don't break him send him up here and I will turn him over to Maria. She will break him. I used to be in the same shape, but Maria broke me eighteen years ago and I am still broke.—Rambling Bill,

AFTON.

Miss Emma Buchanan is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Loyd.

Will Vaughn has just returned from an extended trip to Oklahoma.

M. A. Everts has accepted a position with the Hale Hardware Company.

F. F. Henry had business in Roaring Springs the latter part of the week.

C. M. Buchanan has bought 640 acres of land joining his home place on the north from the Matador Land and Cattle Company.

We understand that Eb Shaw was greeting friends in Afton Saturday.

The war has actually begun. The Afton people met last Sunday afternoon and organized a Singing Class for the purpose of being represented at Croton next June. Alvis Hicks was elected President, Lucius Hale, Vice President; Miss Inez Fornby, Secretary; Miss Jackson, Assistant Secretary and A. W. Fornby, Lucius Hale, Alvis Hicks and others perhaps as leaders. The service was closed with prayer by Mr. Dobbs.—Oat-Meal.

Lost.—Black overcoat between Firm Self's and Spur. Finder will be rewarded by returning to The Texas Spur office.—D. E. Thomas.

R. L. COLLIER & SON

Dealers in All Kinds Livestock

We try to keep Cattle, Mules and Horses on hand all the time. When you want anything in livestock phone or write us, and when you are at Spur be sure to call at the Conner Wagon Yard and tell us what you want. We are putting in a side-line to our business and will buy your poultry, eggs and hides. We handle more hogs than any one in Spur.

**W. C. BOWMAN
Lumber Com'y.**

**LUMBER, SASH
DOORS, AND...**

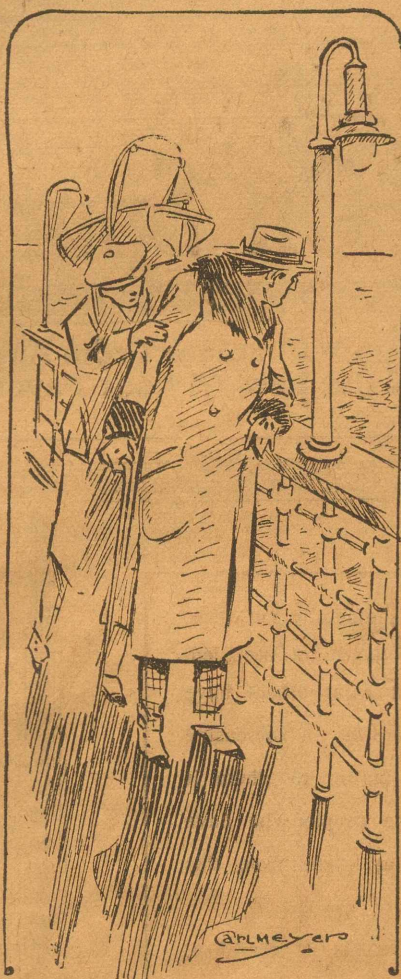
All Kinds of Building Material

The Golden Greyhound

By DWIGHT TILTON

A chase after a fair face leads Overton Brill, a wealthy man about town, into assisting in the defeat of the most astounding act of piracy ever attempted on the high seas.

Copyright, 1906, by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.



PROLOGUE.

The action of the story has its real beginning on an ocean liner bound for Europe and just leaving New York. It has been boarded in haste on a winter day by Overton Brill, an impetuous wealthy young bachelor, who, attracted by a pretty girl accompanied by an elderly gentleman, has followed them aboard. Brill was on his way uptown with Aristides Stebbins, his valet, known as Jay, when he saw the girl, just after purchasing a valuable bracelet as a gift for a Miss Carstairs. The passenger list reveals the names of the pursued as Mr. Andrew Jennison and daughter. Brill finds himself without money and negotiates with a dark individual named Benedict for the sale of the bracelet, receiving \$500 for it, with which he secures a de luxe cabin. At dinner the conversation turns to the weather, and a Professor Pennythorpe's storm prediction is placed before Captain Humphries for judgment. Brill makes the acquaintance of Mr. Jennison, and the two proceed to the captain's cabin to inspect a phenomenal, wonderfully trained canary. At luncheon a jovial person, Christopher C. Marsh, introduces himself to Brill. Starting from a sound sleep Brill hears through the window Benedict, the professor and Jennison discussing the large shipment of gold aboard. Soon after this he is rewarded by a smile from Marion Jennison for a small courtesy. Marsh is informed that he has been selected to take charge of the Christmas concert, and he chooses Brill, Marion Jennison, the professor and Mrs. Blueber-Ward as his aids. Brill, known as Mr. Overton, and Miss Jennison have a pleasant chat together. Icebergs and fog are reported. A child dies in the steerage, and Miss Jennison asks Brill to seek the captain's consent to hold the funeral in the first cabin. He finds the chief officer in company with Benedict and wonders. He gets the permit, but the purser officiates at the services. Jennison, worrying about the gold, becomes sick. Professor Pennythorpe observes that the ship is off its course. Marsh notices that the captain hasn't been at the dinner table for several days. Professor Pennythorpe misses his sextant and compass. Brill has a talk with Marion about the concert and is later told by Benedict that the latter objects to his friendship with Marion, whom Benedict calls his fiancée. Brill meets Marsh on deck. Hearing a noise in a supposedly unoccupied stateroom, they investigate with the captain, but find nothing. The altered course of the vessel frightens the passengers, who protest. Brill and Marsh look to Jay to assist in a secret search of the mysterious stateroom. A wireless reports that Russia has declared war against Great Britain. Marsh suspects Benedict of having manufactured the message. Professor Pennythorpe armed with a marine glass watches a strange craft approach astern. At the Christmas feast Brill becomes jealous of Benedict's attentions to Miss Jennison. Marsh, still suspicious, continues his investigations of the mysterious noises. Knocking on the door of room 33, he is confronted by the smiling Benedict.

Signaling the Stranger.

BRILL found the energetic Marsh standing in the middle of the room intently watching Stebbins, whose head was in close contact with the door in the partition. A moment later the youth turned away, and at a sign from Marsh the three left the cabin quietly and returned to Brill's domain.

"Hear anything?" asked Marsh in a most matter of fact tone.

Stebbins nodded. "Yes. A few moments ago there was a cry. Then a man spoke."

"Yes, yes! What was it? Could you make it out?" Marsh's voice thrilled

now, and he rolled his great watch chain between his fingers rapidly.

"I heard plain enough," replied Stebbins, "but they weren't words I know."

"Can you repeat them—give some idea what they were like?"

"I think so, pretty near. There were only two. One of 'em was like ker-keram-ba."

"Yes, yes; that's to be expected. The others?"

"It sounded like callacy."

"Callacy, callacy!" repeated Marsh earnestly; then he dropped into his former careless tone. "But you're sleepy, Mr. Stebbins. Don't let me keep you up. I've had disagreeable neighbors. Wanted to find out something about them."

Explanation was wasted on Aristides. Into his drowsy brain there had come no desire to know anything about the nocturnal doings of the queer Mr. Marsh. Bed was his prime object, and, having been dismissed by a look from his patron, he sought that haven with alacrity.

Left together, the two men looked at each other a moment in silence. Marsh was the first to speak.

"Do you know Spanish?"

"I'll own up to the 'carramba,'" returned Brill, with a smile. "The 'callacy' is just a few steps ahead of me."

"What that man said," observed Marsh, "was, 'Carramba, callese'—'Curse you, hold your tongue.' I assume it was the fellow with the cut forehead, for, although I saw him go into 33 again, he wasn't there when I went in."

Well into the morning hours the two men, companions in arms now, sat in the stateroom and talked of the curious conditions of affairs they had found in their section of the ship.

"The only thing that seems plausible to me is that the men are aiding some friend to get across the ocean passage free," said Brill.

Marsh laughed unfeelingly.

"Rest assured that there's nothing going on that Benedict doesn't know about and countenance," he declared. "He's got a pair of ferret's eyes behind those queer glasses of his. Wouldn't be in such a scheme himself, for passage money wouldn't trouble him. He's free with his money. Gets it too easily to worry."

"Well," returned his companion, taking the offensive, "what is your theory?"

Marsh's fat face grew serious, and he pursed his lips.

"It's a puzzle," he replied. "If that Mexican with the cut in his head didn't give it to himself, there must have been a struggle. That would prove resistance by whoever's there. Yet how could they have brought an unwilling person aboard without attracting attention?"

"Used drugs, possibly."

"It may be none of my business, but I'd give my commission on the sales of this trip if I could get the better of Benedict."

"Why are you so—well, to use a common expression, so down on Benedict?"

"I don't like snakes," answered Marsh quietly, "especially when one of 'em's crossing the path of a man I want as a friend."

The ring of honesty was in the words, and Brill's heart felt a warmth that few men had ever lighted there. But with the splendid Anglo-Saxon reserve that keeps in the soul all the emotions that might be poured out and lost, he merely bowed his head with a smile that was vital with meaning. Marsh rose, grasped Brill's hand and held it tightly a moment.

"I'm off to bed," he said. "Lost my beauty sleep already."

Brill sought his berth and slumber, but the latter was in no humor to be wooed. With staring eyes the young man lay tossing to and fro, his mind crowded with hobgoblins of his own

creation, all revolving around Benedict. The fellow had threatened him, and there was precious little doubt as to what he meant. He intended to separate him from Marion Jennison for the rest of the voyage. How he was to accomplish that highly undesirable circumstance was not quite as clear. The voyage would end by Thursday night or Friday morning, notwithstanding the Olympiad's long detour. What was to happen meantime?

He fancied his cabin was hot and stifling and rose and opened one of the portholes. Thrusting his head half out, he felt a strong wind on his face, blowing squarely against it. The ship was pitching heavily, the stars were blotted out by scurrying clouds, and there was in the half gale a quality of heat that recalled an experience with a typhoon in the Indian ocean.

"Such a wind would blow nowhere but from the south," he muttered. "Has the course been changed again?"

Once more he looked out. Over the blackness of the sea came the distant gleam of lights, tiny points of gold with one star of red. They rose and fell with long, undulous motions, sometimes disappearing altogether.

"Must be that the other steamer has caught up with us," Brill thought as he went back to his berth and finally to sleep.

His first knowledge of the new day came with the fact that Stebbins was stumbling about like a man with epilepsy.

"What's the matter, Jay?" asked his patron, not fully awake.

"I—I think, sir," replied Aristides as a sudden lurch threw him against the door like a rubber ball—"I think the sea has got its sea legs on. Isn't that what they call it, sir?"

"It's more than you've got, anyway," returned Brill, laughing. "Go back to bed. I don't need you."

Breakfast was not a fully attended feast this morning, the first really rough sea of the voyage having numbered its victims early. But Marsh was on hand, serenely smiling at rolls and pitches.

"Did anything disturb your slumbers?" Brill asked him significantly.

"I didn't even know the wind had risen. Seem in for a storm," replied the other. After that exchange taciturnity reigned until the meal was over.

On the way out one of the deck doors on the lee side suddenly opened, and the figure of Professor Pennythorpe, a curious apparition in violent yellow oilskins and sou'wester, was hurled through the opening as if projected by a catapult. A big book flew from under his arm and across the corridor. Marsh picked it up.

"A code book, eh? Been signaling to the loved ones at home, professor?"

The little man gave no heed to this too self evident pleasantry.

"I've been trying to read the signals we've been making to that vessel off yonder," he said solemnly.

The two men followed the direction of his finger through a port hole and saw abreast of them and the matter of a mile or so away a black, two funneled steamer of no very striking appearance.

"Well, what did they say?" asked Marsh.

"I couldn't make out. The signals were not in this book. An officer said the captain was using a private code."

"What is the ship?" queried Brill.

"I haven't found any one who knows," returned Pennythorpe. "Would you like to take my glasses?" This to Marsh, who was trying to improvise a telescope with his curled hands.

"Can you make her out?" demanded the professor.

Marsh shook his head. "Too low in the water for a liner. Too fast for a tramp. Might be a yacht. Might be—but what she might be isn't very illuminating as to what she is. How's the course, professor?" He asked suddenly handing the glass back to its owner.

"A little south of northeast," said the man of science majestically, as he quitted the scene with much reeling. Marsh sniffed contemptuously.

"There's an answer to make a sea dog lose his bark," he remarked. "A little south of northeast! O Lord!"

Brill smiled, but the vagaries of Pennythorpe were of little interest to him. Here he was at the threshold of a new day, one of the few remaining on shipboard. What would it bring forth for him? He could form no definite plan of action. Marsh might have had some brilliant coup, but he could not bring himself to discuss that matter even with so downright and honest a friend.

"Not much of a day for promenading," observed that gentleman, rather dubiously, "but I must have my constitutional as long as there's anything to hang on by. Will you come?"

Wrapped in greatcoats, the two made for the boat deck, where the wind was howling fiercely. Here they stopped to watch the flagman, who had been hauling the variously colored and marked streamers up and down as signals for the vessel on their beam. He was just putting the flags away into a chest, which showed that the Olympiad's part of the communicating was over.

On the forward deck Captain Humphries had his glass leveled at the distant steamer, and as a long line of

flags went up on her he turned to a book under his arm. Then he spoke to some one behind him. Another moment and the person stepped forward into view.

"Benedict seems to have been promoted to first mate," said Marsh with a snort as they walked aft.

At this particular point of indignation Marsh felt the need of his handkerchief, and opened his coat to get it. A ferocious blast struck the sturdy fellow amidships, and although he did not budge, his coat went whirling up around his head in exasperating fashion. It took the laughing Brill a full half minute to untangle the garment, and as he was thus occupied Captain Humphries and Benedict walked by, their heads down to escape the wind.

"I tell you a boat wouldn't live two minutes in this sea, even if we could launch one," the captain was saying.

After another turn the pair of friends decided to go inside for warmth and shelter. As they passed the door of the library they saw Benedict writing at one of the desks. Marsh shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't be surprised if we have some more war news," he said sardonically.

Brill, following his friend's example, went to his stateroom to dispose of his storm coat. He was glad to find Stebbins almost established on his sea legs again, although he still objected to looking out from the portholes.

"It makes me feel how far we are from home," he explained, which reason seemed to his patron as logical as any.

At Aristides' solicitation Brill removed his only suit and handed it over to be freshened by the electric iron that the steward had furnished, recognizing in Brill a man who would "do the 'andsome'" at the end of the voyage.

The tailoring operation had just been completed when a knock sounded at the door and in stepped Marsh, his face glowing with triumph.

"What did I tell you about the war news?" he cried. "The latest bulletin that greaser operator has pinned up is that Great Britain had declared an embargo or surveillance or something—I forgot the words—on all ships for Russian ports."

Brill smiled tolerantly. He wondered why Marsh fancied that Benedict could have any possible interest in dictating such messages as this and said as much. Marsh merely chuckled.

"I suppose," he said jocularly, "I'm such 'dead nuts' against Benedict that if the ship should be struck by lightning I'd swear he did it. May I smoke?"

"Certainly. That is, if I may."

The stout gentleman was not obtuse, and he drew another of his own perfectors from his pocket and gravely handed it to his host. With a dual sputtering of matches they put fire to their tobacco.

"Just saw the captain," observed Marsh after a few luxurious whiffs. "Seems to have thawed out. Asked me to drop in and see him any time."

"Indeed?"

"He thinks war is on all right—was quite jolly over it. If he wasn't captain of an ocean liner, Overton," he added seriously, "I'd think Captain Humphries had been drinking just a little too much."

Having thus freed his mind, the man of commerce pulled a pack of cards from an inside pocket, drew a chair up to the little cabin table and began to shuffle vigorously.

"If you'll excuse me, Overton," he said solemnly, "I'd like a little solitaire. I never think so well as when I'm monkeying the pasteboards."

For a time the host was entertained by this odd fight against the fate of the cards, in which he somehow read his own contest with a larger destiny. But after a little he wearied of the puzzle and had determined to throw himself on his berth when Marsh suddenly leaped to his feet, letting fall at least half of his pack of cards.

"I have it!" he cried, his eyes glistening, his lips parted in a radiant smile.

"The solitaire?" queried Brill, in astonishment. "Why, you've just—"

Marsh made a gesture of impatience. "No, not the cards. I said last night—or was it this morning—that I'd solve that stateroom rebus before I was twenty-four hours older."

"You've done it, then?"

"Planned it. Call your friend Stebbins, will you?"

Aristides appeared on the double quick. He was dreadfully afraid he was not earning his salary, and anything that bore the least resemblance to service was literally jumped at.

But what was this strange thing that the peculiar Mr. Marsh was doing? Aristides saw him lock the door between the two staterooms, take out the key, and put it in his pocket.

"Now, Mr. Stebbins, suppose I'd lost this key. Could you get into that room?" he asked gently.

Stebbins saw the point, if not the application of it. He looked toward Brill for instructions. Much as he respected the substantial Mr. Marsh, it must be thoroughly understood that his allegiance was another's.

"Go ahead, Jay," said his patron. "See if you can open it as you did the trunk."

Aristides, kneeling, squinted through the keyhole, turned the knob gently and pressed the door forward and

back; then, having obtained the key from Marsh, he inserted it and moved it delicately this way and that. Finally he arose, with a bland look of satisfaction on his chubby countenance.

"I think I could do it if I had the tools," he announced.

"What do you need?" asked Marsh.

"Some stout wire and a vise and file to put it in shape."

"Can you get those things with money?"

"Guess I don't need money," returned the youth, with a certain pride in his voice. "I can borrow 'em in the engine room."

Marsh said something in a half whisper to Brill, who nodded emphatically.

"Go ahead, Jay," he ordered briskly. "Get the things together and experiment on this door."

"Is it some other door?" queried Stebbins. Then, catching the affirmation in his master's face, "Mightn't it be bolted too, sir?"

Bill frowned at the "sir," but said nothing as he noted the two heavy bolts, one on each side of the door.

"Boil me, but I hadn't thought of that!" exclaimed Marsh tragically. "What could be done in that case, Mr. Lock-pick Stebbins?"

"I'd need a rather long, strong steel wire and some stout string," replied the young man confidently.

"Well, go and get all the stuff you need, Jay," said Brill, "and if money stands in the way, why, give it to 'em—in promises. That's about all we can do on this particular voyage. Then come back here and practice on this door till you can burglarize anything on the ship."

As soon as Aristides had gone away, rejoicing that he was to be of service, Marsh proposed that they visit the bulletin board to see if anything new had been posted.

The ship's public places were almost deserted, as Marsh observed gleefully, but at the foot of the grand staircase Professor Pennythorpe gave visible evidence that he had not succumbed. However, he was less loquacious than usual and his side whiskers drooped dejectedly.

"Rough, professor," grunted Marsh. "Exceedingly rough, sir," was the reply, "but the wind has shifted and the sea will calm down tonight." He would be didactic in the last extremities, thought Brill.

Marsh glanced from one of the portholes.

"Wind has shifted," he remarked. "It's on the other quarter. Let's go out a minute, on the other side, not in the teeth of the gale."

The two friends retraced their steps, and in so doing crossed through the passageway back of Brill's stateroom only to run into Andrew Jennison just coming from his cabin. His face was pale and drawn and he tottered in his gait. As the ship tilted violently he stumbled, and would have gone prone to the floor had not Brill caught him.

"I'm afraid I'll never get my sea-legs," he said, with a pitiful attempt at a smile. "I'm not well, Overton. I—I'm not a young man, and—I've been under a rather heavy strain." He seemed to hesitate a moment, then continued: "Would you mind coming into my room for a moment? Yes, and you, too, Mr. Marsh?"

To the younger man it was a blessed privilege, this passing into the intimate apartments of the Jennisons, with the one swift glance into the inner shrine that was so eloquent of a woman. That happiness was brief, to be sure, for the pert Marie quickly closed the door and shut out the vision. Yet the very nearness to the sacred spot was in itself sufficiently intoxicating.

The old man waved his visitors to chairs and sat down heavily himself. He looked from one to the other for a moment, then addressed himself to Brill.

"It may seem strange that I confide in you," he said, "but you don't seem like a stranger. You've been very kind, and then again you're a friend of Jethro Slade out in my home."

This was not strictly in accordance with the facts, but Brill saw no need of protest.

"And you, Mr. Marsh," continued Jennison, "I know by repute, and your judgment and experience are sufficient excuse for my seeking them, I hope."

The commercial agent bowed.

"You know, of course, of the presence on board of a large shipment of gold. You do not know, however, that in addition to the twenty millions in the specie room there are thirty millions among the cargo."

Marsh's eyebrows arched themselves over his blue eyes, but he said nothing. Nor did Brill, although he wondered in half amused fashion what this nervous gentleman would do should he mention his knowledge that the gold in the depths of the forward hold was masquerading as pig lead.

Jennison was not yet finished. "This gold is shipped by a syndicate," he declared, with quivering earnestness, "of which I am one, to control a Russian bond issue. For certain reasons it was desirable that the transaction be kept secret until completed. Secrecy seems useless now, however."

[To be continued.]

Wood Cutting Prohibited On Spur Lands!

Notice is Hereby Given That Any Person Who Cuts Wood of Any Kind Whatever From Any of Our Lands Any Where Now or Hereafter will Be Prosecuted to the Fullest Extent of the Law Without Favor or Consideration

IN Some localities in past years, the lands have been shamefully cut over, regardless of our rights, and those of purchasers of land not occupied. Many otherwise honest men, have come to think that what others have done, without a penalty resulting, they can also do, and there is an increasing disposition to appropriate wood wherever it can be found, no matter to whom it belongs. This must and will be stopped. We must protect the people who have already bought Spur Lands, and those who will hereafter buy them, from this wood cutting.

Some people pretend to think there is no objection to it. This is, therefore, public notice that no one has our permission to cut, saw, grub, break down or gather wood of any kind whatever from our lands anywhere, and that prosecution will certainly follow trespassers hereafter without favor.

S. M. Swenson And Sons

CHAS. A. JONES, Manager,

Spur, Dickens Co., Texas

TEXAS SPUR

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

Entered as second-class matter November 12, 1909, at the post office at Spur, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ORAN McCLURE, Editor & Prop.

Subscription Price \$1.00 a Year.

When not specified, all Ads will be continued until ordered out and charged for accordingly.

FOUR ISSUES ONE MONTH

AN EFFICIENCY BOARD WILL MAKE A SAVING

Much complaint among farmers is being made over high taxes. So general is the complaint at increased taxation that very few legislators or governors are willing to assume responsibility for raising the rate, yet most of them are on record as favoring appropriations, creating new offices, increase in salaries, authorizing commissions, conducting unjustified investigations, etc. In other words, they are willing to increase the burden of taxation forsooth the responsibility of levying and collecting can be shifted to some one else.

One thing we should remember is that it costs more to maintain the government than it did a few years ago, just as it costs more to run a private business. But this does not mean that all of this increased cost is necessary or even expedient. In fact, much of it is unnecessary.

The manner in which appropriations are made are not conducive to economy and efficiency as a general practice. Each department makes a report, generally calling for raises in salaries

and increase in other expenditures. Every state institution asks for larger appropriations each biennial session of the legislature. The legislature and the governor in their numerous duties have very inadequate means of knowing what these several institutions need, the people know even less about their needs. And it will not be an unjust criticism to say that the average legislative committee and the average governor is not generally qualified to say how much should be appropriated for the various institutions. Yet some one must exercise this authority. And often for fear of raise in the tax rate the meager allowance for educational institutions are hampered and boys and girls are deprived of the opportunities for education and training.

Why not an efficiency board or a fiscal board of trained people, who will not be identified with politics, but who will stand between the people and the politicians and see that the finances of the state are invested, not

wasted? This board could make up a budget and save the legislature and the governor an enormous amount of detail work. The expense of keeping the legislature in session so long could be reduced. Such a board or commission could save millions of dollars of the taxpayer's money and yet increase the efficiency of the various departments.

As a rule, the people are willing to bear any reasonable burden to maintain the various departments of the government. They are willing to permit taxes to be raised if this be necessary to enlarge the state institutions and to benefit the majority of its citizens. But they will not authorize increased taxation unless they know how this money is to be expended and unless they are shown that such is necessary. What the people want and what they deserve is a dollar's worth of service for a dollar of the taxpayer's money. No institution, no department, no official has any right to ask for more money until it has been shown that the investment has been made economically of that which has already been intrusted.—Ex.

G. S. White, of Weatherford, has been spending the past week at the ranch with his son, Sam White. We are informed that Mr. White will probably move soon to Spur and become a resident citizen of the town. We will be glad to number him among the citizenship of Spur and the Spur country.

I have long staple Mebane cotton seed for sale at 75 cents per bushel. I don't think it will pay farmers to plant Half-and-Half cotton. Spinners claim it is inferior and that they can't pay same price as for long staple. Geo. M. Williams. 22-1f.

J. E. Counts returned last week from a trip to Merkel where he spent several days with his brother and family near that place.

Dick Sampson, of twelve miles southwest of Spur, was among the number of business visitors here last week.

Jim Walker, of several miles southeast of Spur, was here Saturday greeting friends.

A BIG CROP WASTED IN WESTERN TEXAS

Howard Campbell was among the number of visitors here Saturday. He stated that in preparing for another crop this year he discovered considerable cotton on the ground and decided to save it. From this waste cotton he has already secured one bale which brought him more than six cents, and he is confident that another bale yet remains on the ground. There is no question but that the waste of farm produce in this country in many instances will more than equal the total products of other sections. A Northern or Eastern man, who has had experience in scrimping and saving to make ends meet, can settle in this country and live well on the customary waste which is generally practiced by farmers throughout Western Texas. By practicing similar farming methods and economy as is practiced in the more densely populated countries, Western Texas would soon become the richest section of America.

A. L. Thomas, a leading citizen and farmer of the Spur country north of town, was here Saturday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. I. G. VanLeer were in the city last week from their farm home north of Spur.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. West, of several miles north of Spur, were in the city last week.

J. R. McArthur and family, of the Tap country, were visitors in the city Saturday.

Saturday and Sunday the children of the town enjoyed Easter egg hunts.

The Turning Point

THE turning point in many a farmer's or business man's history is the moment when he and his banker come to a perfect understanding. With character, capacity and some capital, that other essential to success, CREDIT is easily attained. The officers of this bank desire to KNOW the business men and farmers of this community in order that they may become acquainted with their character, capacity and resources, and be in a position to add to their enterprise the co-operation which a conservative bank is permitted to give.

THE CITY NAT'L BANK OF SPUR, TEXAS

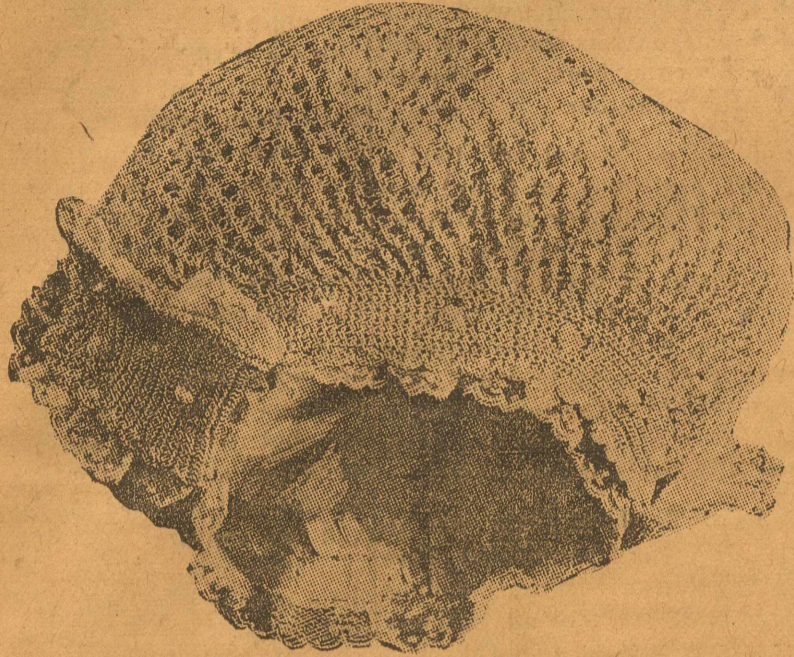
E. C. EDMONDS, Cashier
C. HOGAN, Asst. Cashier

G. H. CONNELL, President

S. R. DAVIS, Vice-Pres.
D. HARKEY, Vice-Pres.

Women's Ways and Fancies

Boudoir Caps Are Pretty Easter Gifts



Crocheting is very popular this season. All sorts of pretty things are made in this style of fancy work. The cap illustrated is of pale pink silk loosely crocheted. The lining is of white pussy willow taffeta and has Dutch ear tabs at the sides. It is finished around the edges with narrow val, and tiny embroidered flowers further ornament this exceedingly dainty cap, which would be charming for an Easter gift.

AN EASTER BREAKFAST.

Clever Housewife Can Prepare Novel Morning Meal.

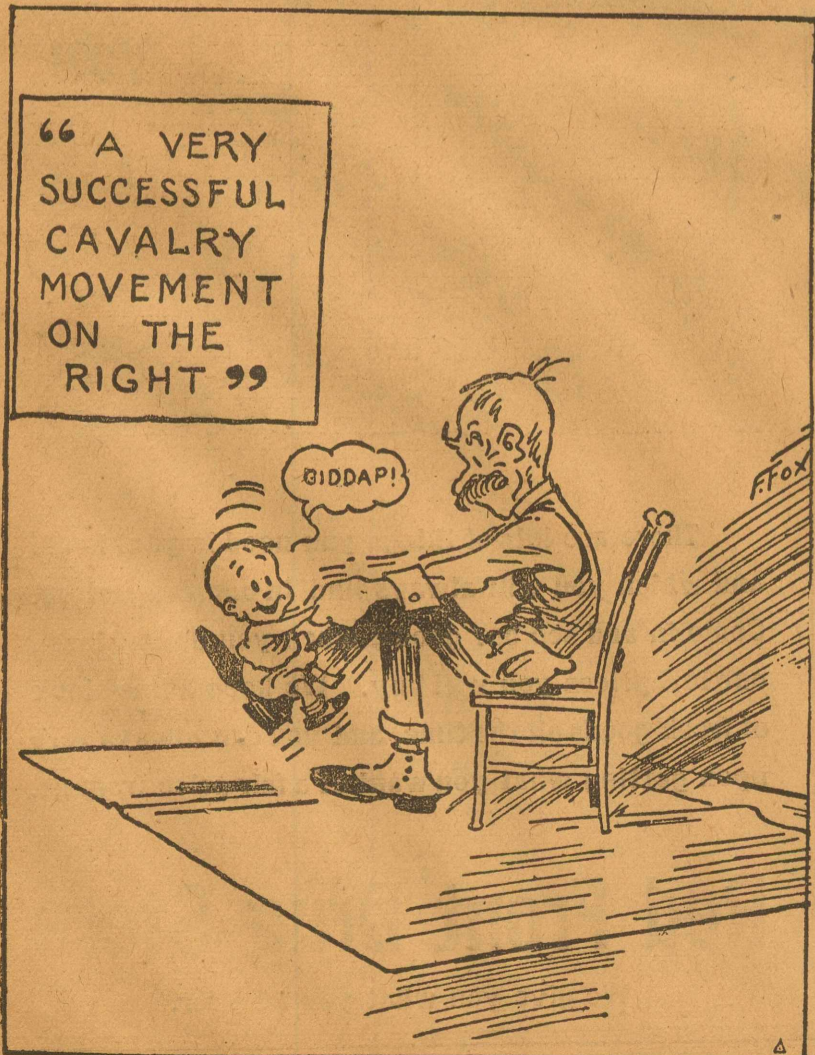
A charming Easter breakfast may be given by a housewife who is clever, and it will be a most economical and satisfying entertainment. The table should be round or oval, the cloth of highly finished satin damask and the flowers all white or yellow. Hyacinths and lilies, the Easter flowers par excellence, are not suitable because of their heavenly scent, which renders them unavailable for table use. The long stemmed golden jonquills or the yellow hearted Chinese lilies, which are like clustered stars on their slender stems, are the favorites.

One dainty fashion consists of a low silver fern dish in the middle of the table on a white centerpiece embroidered in star shaped flowers, with white silk embroidery. At each corner of this is set a lily shaped glass holding a bunch of narcissus blossoms. Asparagus vine is trailed from the fern dish to each vase, where it is caught with a tiny knot of white ribbon edged with gold. At each plate a pure white egg-shell is placed holding a few of the narcissus blossoms. Ten is the approved number of guests for the Easter breakfast.

Novel Dish For Easter Day.

Cut circles of bread one inch in thickness and toast, then butter sparingly; spread with pate de foie gras, deviled ham or any preferred potted game. Have ready hard boiled eggs, shelled; place these, small end down, into the center of each dish and then serve. Another novelty is to cut a slice from small end; then carefully remove the yolk, placing a stuffed olive, broiled oyster or the yolk seasoned with lemon juice, paprika, salt and salad dressing in the cavity. This dish must be served hot.

An Illustrated War Phrase



—New York Evening Sun.

DECORATING FOR EASTER.

Flowers Principally Should Be Used For Occasion.

For Easter put the house in holiday attire by using bright blossoms in the windows, on the mantels and wherever they may be used to advantage. If in reach of the woods or of a mossy bank, send the little ones to gather large pieces of the tender greens. It is wonderful what a springlike air the rooms will take on, with the delicate odor of the moss and the bright blossoms. Flat pans or pretty plates filled with damp moss, with clusters of violets in the center, make a charming table decoration. If one possesses a few house plants, they should be put in the best possible order for the occasion, spraying them thoroughly to remove the dust. Arrange them in groups wherever they will look the best, and they will aid the general decoration. If one must depend on the florist for blossoms decide upon a scheme of color and then follow it closely.

Having decided upon a luncheon, endeavor to make it something more than a mere gratification of the appetite. The food must of course be perfect of its kind, and be well cooked, but in its dainty service strive to appeal to the artistic instincts of the family and at the same time have it amuse and instruct the children.

For color scheme, select lavender, gold, green and white. Use white and gold china, white table linen; for center of the table select a rather low plant of Easter lily, with a perfect crown of blossoms. Cover the pot containing the plant with lavender paper, making a deep frill top and bottom.

Grapes Popular For Trimming.

As usual in the spring of the year the fruit of the vine appeals to fashion. Grapes are immensely chic, not only on spring millinery, but in the form of corsage ornaments on evening gowns. A lovely little dance frock of white tulle over silver green pussy willow silk has bunches of pale, translucent grapes on the shoulders and at the girdle.

Very smart, on the other hand, is a spring turban of black milan trimmed with black and green grapes and black velvet leaves. With this hat is worn an entirely new veil of sheer black mesh appliqued with green and bronze velvet leaves. The pattern is so delicately applied and so soft in color that the effect is very beautiful.

Her Soldier Boy's Return A STORY FOR EASTER

By ALMA R. BOYSTON

WHEN our troops came home from Cuba and, nearly all sick, were unloaded from transports on the eastern end of Long Island the camps that held them were thronged with persons who had come to find relatives or friends. One of these, an old lady with an anxious look on her face, stopped at a tent before which sat an officer in a camp chair and asked in a tremulous voice:

"Can you tell me if my boy has come?"

The officer rose, took off his hat respectfully and said:

"What regiment did your boy belong to, madam?"

"He was with the —th Pennsylvania."

"Come with me and I will see if I can get the information you wish."

He led the way to a tent wherein an officer was writing.

"Make your inquiries here," he said and left her.

"I'm trying to find my boy, Henry Ashurst," said the old lady.

The officer looked serious. He remembered having the name of Henry Ashurst on a list of killed and wounded. He hunted in his desk for a certain paper and when he found it ran his eye over the list of names. His expression became still more serious, but he bent his face down so that it was concealed under the rim of his hat. He had found the name of Henry Ashurst, but had not the heart to tell the mother what list it was in.

"Your son hasn't come up from Cuba yet, madam. He wasn't very well when the last transport sailed."

"Do you know what his trouble was?" asked the old lady, tears starting into her eyes.

"Some of those fevers they have down there, I believe."

"Is he very ill?"

"Well, I couldn't tell you about that. There's the regimental surgeon's tent over there; you might inquire of him."

The old lady walked feebly over to the tent designated, found the surgeon and asked the same questions she had asked the adjutant. The doctor looked down upon the anxious face and turned toward just as the other had done.

"Henry Ashurst!" he said as if trying to recollect. "There was a soldier in the hospital of that name, I think, but I can't exactly recall his case."

"Was he very sick?"

"Oh, no; not very sick. I think it

was a simple flesh wound in the leg."

"Do you think he will come on the next transport?"

"No doubt of it, madam; no doubt of it."

The old lady went away. The adjutant saw her go and walked over to the surgeon.

"I couldn't do my duty by that old lady, could you? I found his name on a list of mortally wounded. I told his mother he had a fever."

"I remembered him in the hospital as one for whom there was no hope of recovery. I lied about it too. I told his mother he had a slight flesh wound. I only know what I have told you, so I took the benefit of the doubt."

Every day the old lady visited the camp, and every day the adjutant and surgeon either told her more lies or repeated the old ones. The ship bearing her son never came to Montauk point, and when the last tent was struck she ceased her visits and her inquiries.

The winter passed and no one had the courage to tell the mother that her boy would not come back to her. They all excused themselves on the ground that no record of the death and burial of Private Henry Ashurst had been found. But when the war closed every one connected with the army was in a hurry to get away from the heat, the sickness, the death attending an army in a tropical climate in summer.

Until some one would assure her that her son was dead the poor mother hoped. She was very religious and prayed fervently that her boy might be restored to her. One morning in April when the sun, shining warm, was opening the leaves typifying the resurrection shortly to be celebrated at Easter the old lady went to her reactor and said she had a feeling that Henry would come home on Easter.

At dawn on Easter morning there was a loud rapping on the door of Mr. Ashurst's house.

"He's come!" she said, getting out of bed, and without stopping to put on a wrapper she went downstairs, opened the door and was clasped in the arms of her son.

"Oh, Harry, where have you been all this time?"

"I was left in Cuba. When I got well I had forgotten who I was. Since then I have been going about as another person. Some time ago a surgeon removed a piece of my skull, and here I am."

For the Paper's Younger Readers

PAINTING PICTURES ON EGGS.

How to Transfer Drawings Cut From Newspapers or Books.

To reproduce pictures upon eggs take a pin and after laying the picture upon cloth or other soft surface, prick the outlines of the drawing. This should be done very carefully, having the holes of equal size and evenly spaced, so that when this is completed and the paper held to the light the picture will be clearly shown by the holes. Lay the paper upon a hard boiled egg tightly. Sift it so as to enable you to fit the paper to the egg. Take a brush with ink or a piece of cloth wet with ink and paint over the holes. If carefully done the picture will be seen perfectly reproduced upon the egg when the paper is removed. Next join the dots so that the outline of the drawing on the egg is an unbroken line. Color with water colors or colored ink. White eggs should be used.

The Easter Lamb in the Sun.

[There is a German legend that a lamb may be seen in the sun on Easter morning.]

They told us how German children
Rise ere the day is begun,
And look out over the hills to see
The Easter lamb in the sun.

They said we must look straight at it,
And never once look away,
And pretty soon it would be right there,
The lamb of Easter day.

So, while we are chasing the rabbits,
Busily here and there,
And eagerly hunting for Easter eggs,
Seeking them everywhere,

We'll rest a little at sunrise,
Just as day is begun,
And look off over the hills to see
The Easter lamb in the sun.

Letter Changes.

Change one letter and from a body of water make a dessert, to arouse, a process of cooking, a garden tool, a fraud, a fish, to form, to appropriate, a boy's nickname.

Answers. — Lake, cake, wake, bake, rake, fake, hake, make, take, Jake.

Geographical Names.

What is known as the "hollow land?" Holland.

What is known as the "prospect mountain?" Montevideo.

What is known as the "swift river?" Tallapoosa, Ala.

What is known as the "cat's throat?" Cattetgat.

The Lay of the Easter Eggs



Photo by American Press Association.

Scarlet and purple, pink and gray,
Amber and brown and green,
Upon a Sevres saucer lay
The rarest eggs e'er seen.

And over them bent, with wondering eye
And shimmering flossy hair,
Cecil and Meg and Maud and Guy,
Brothers and sisters fair.

Purple and scarlet, pink and gray,
Green and amber and brown,
On the Sevres saucer lay (they think)
The loveliest eggs in town.

Lay on the deep old window seat,
Above a courtyard grim,
Where April violets, small and sweet,
Grew at the fountain's brim.

And round and round, with its arching head,
On the granite flags full sail.
A peacock strutted and proudly spread
The glories of its tail.

"Oh, see!" cries Meg. "Oh, see!" cries Maud.
"Cecil and Guy, behold!
On the bird's tail the dear good God
Hath set strange eyes of gold!"

"And, Cecil, mark how they shine—ah, me!
Where the feathery fringes fall!
What can the name of the bird be,
The fairest birdie of all?"

But Guy springs up at the closing words,
His soft hand lock'd in Meg's,
And cries, "'Tis the bird, the wonderful bird
Which laid our Easter eggs!"

ROAD BONDS SUBMITTED TO ATTORNEY GENERAL

County Attorney B. G. Worswick has stated that the bonds for Road District Number 1 of Dickens County have been prepared and submitted to the Attorney General for his approval. No unnecessary delay is anticipated and it is expected that work on the proposed highway through Dickens county will be commenced at no distant date. The building of this highway will place Dickens county in the front ranks of road building progress in Western Texas and will result in not only furnishing the citizenship of this district with first-class roads but will encourage travel through Dickens county from the country at large, since the road will probably become a part of the National Highway from Coast to Coast.

TRADES FARM LAND FOR GIN AT BLUM

J. A. Nichols and family, formerly of the Lee County settlement on the plains but who have been making their home in Spur for the past several months, left Sunday for Blum where they will make their home in the future. We understand that Mr. Nichols will engage in the ginning business at Blum this year, he having recently traded a portion of his land for a gin plant at that place. Mr. Nichols is one of the most substantial citizens of this section and we regret to

lose he and family from the citizenship of this country. However, we wish them much prosperity in their new home.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS.

Seven proposed amendments to the Constitution of the State will be submitted to the voters of Texas for their approval or rejection, resolutions to this effect having been adopted by the Legislature during the recent regular session.

These proposed amendments are as follows: To increase the membership of the Supreme Court from three to five; authorizing a tax levy of 20 cents on \$100 or 50 per cent valuations of drainage and levee districts for maintenance and improvements; permitting traveling men to vote outside the precinct of their residence; providing for a county school tax of 50 cents on the \$100; providing for the separation of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College from the State University; authorizing a county to levy a road tax of 50 cents on the \$100 and cities a tax of \$1.00 for improvements.

A BIG FARMER.

W. F. Shugart, one of the most prosperous and successful farmers of the country, was in town Friday and spent some time here on business and greeting friends. Last year Mr. Shugart made nearly two hundred bales of cotton on his place and again this year he is preparing to cultivate another big crop, and the present indications are that he will harvest bigger and better crops this year than the past year.

BUILDING PROGRESS IN SPUR COUNTRY

Tom McArthur was in the city Saturday from his home in the Tap country and reports that he is progressing slowly but surely in the matter of erecting another farm home on one of his places. Surely and steadily the building progress of Dickens county and the Spur country continues. As predicted in the beginning of the settlement of the Spur Farm Lands, only a few years remains until this section will be recognized as one of the most highly developed and most progressive agricultural countries in America. The soil here is rich and varied, and the production in various staple crops in past years warrants and encourages the substantial building and agricultural development now in progress.

RESULT OF THE CITY ELECTION HELD IN SPUR

At the election held Tuesday in Spur for the purpose of electing a mayor and one commissioner there were 71 votes polled as follows:

For Mayor: F. W. Jennings 33, E. C. Edmonds 32.

For Commissioner: T. A. Tidwell 50, W. D. Wilson 19, Ned Hogan 1, and C. B. Jones 1.

The result shows that F. W. Jennings will be the next Mayor of Spur, and T. A. Tidwell will be one of the two Commissioners, Clifford B. Jones being the hold-over Commissioner as the result of having been appointed to fill out the unexpired term of W. G. Sherrod.

DIED.

J. H. Parnell died Monday at his home in the Gilpin country after an illness of only a few days. He leaves a wife and six children. Mr. Parnell and family formerly lived in the Afton country, moving last January to the Gilpin country. The remains were interred Tuesday in the Spur cemetery. The Texas Spur extends sincere sympathy to the family in this bereavement.

Mrs. J. M. Foster spent Saturday and Sunday at her home in the Croton country. Mrs. Foster had returned home thinking that the term of the Spur Public School had ended but since arrangements were made to continue the school one more month, she returned to resume her duties in the school room as one of the teachers.

Strayed—Two bay mares about 14 hands high, one branded A on jaw, other branded on right thigh. Will pay \$5 reward for their return to Spur.—Fayette Springer. 23 11.

Billy Stovall, one of the most prominent citizens of Dickens, was in Spur several days last week on business and shaking hands with his many friends of the town and country.

J. A. Murchison, a leading farmer and citizen of the Draper country, was in Spur Monday and Tuesday trading with merchants and greeting his friends here.

Mrs. T. S. Lambert was in the city Monday from her farm home in the Tap country, spending several hours here shopping with Spur merchants.

J. D. Hufstедler was among the visitors to Spur last week from the Dry Lake country.

H. T. Garner and wife and Will Garner and wife left Spur last week for New Mexico. They are making the trip in Mr. Garner's Ford, and will go direct from here to Roswell where they will spend some time with relatives. From this place they will look over the country prospecting for a location.

J. H. McCamant, of twelve miles southwest of Spur, was among the number of business visitors in town Saturday. Mr. McCamant is making preparations to move his family back to Arizona and will probably leave within the next month. Mr. McCamant is a substantial citizen and we regret to lose him from the citizenship of this section.

Judge A. J. McClain was in town Monday from his Cat Fish farm and ranch home, spending several hours here on business and greeting friends. The Judge has been on the sick list during the past weeks and we are glad to note that he is able to come to town.

W. M. Randall came in Monday from his farm home in the Steel Hill community and spent several hours in town. Mr. Randall reports farming operations now under headway in his community.

A. W. Jordan was among the number of business visitors here Saturday from the Steel Hill country. Mr. Jordan is one of the most extensive and successful farmers of that section.

T. A. Randleman, formerly of Spur but who is now living on his farm south of Spur, was in the city Saturday on business and greeting friends.

J. C. Martin made a trip Saturday to Dickens to return with his daughter, Miss Lula, who had been attending the Teachers Examination during the week at that place.

Mrs. T. A. Tidwell, who has been quite sick the past several weeks, we are glad to note, is now very much improved.

A REMINDER TO NEGLECTFUL SUBSCRIBERS

There are two men in particular who are among the very best citizens of the country, foremost in development progress, who have been constant readers of the Texas Spur during the past five years and yet they have neglected to pay each year the price of our subscription. We know that they can pay it at any time and their failure to do so is only through "neglect". They are perfectly good for their indebtedness and we are not uneasy but that they will pay us some day, and this is only a reminder that we need the money, and we venture the assertion that after being reminded of this little matter they will come in and settle with us before the end of the month. At any rate we are going to keep tab on this particular item and see if we are not correct.

MARKETING ACCEPTABLE PRODUCE IN SPUR

W. T. Wilson and family, of six miles east of Spur, were in the city Saturday. Mr. Wilson marketed a wagon load of onions and country cured hams. The hams were large, weighing from twenty five to forty pounds and were in as fine condition as any packing house products. He readily sold the hams for fifteen cents a pound. The onions also were sold immediately. This is conclusive evidence that Mr. Wilson is a diversified farmer and the result is that Mr. Wilson has for a number of years been generally recognized as one of our most successful and prosperous farmers.

Get rid of the grouch. LIV-VER-LAX makes the sun shine brighter. Spur Drug Co. will tell you about LIV-VER-LAX. 22-4t.

The War in Europe is Making the Prices High on Necessaries of Life

MY PRICES ARE ABOUT THE SAME AS BEFORE THE WAR

I Sell as Cheap, and Many Things Cheaper Than You can Buy Elsewhere.

CHAS. JAYE, DICKENS, TEX.

THE SPUR HOTEL

F. R. HARRINGTON, Prop.

We serve the Best Meals, Have the cleanest and Best Beds, and solicit the patronage of the public with the understanding that in every instance we give value received for your money.

We Have Just Received a Full and Complete Line of PENNSYLVANIA & FIRESTONE TIRES

Tubes & Automobile Supplies

GAS STATION AND FREE AIR

Fill Your Tires at Our Station

We also carry a full line of Shelf and Heavy Hardware, Implements, Vehicles, Leather Goods, Pipe and Pipe Fittings, Windmills and Tanks

Tin Shop in Connection

WE EARNESTLY SOLICIT AND APPRECIATE YOUR BUSINESS

RITER HARDWARE CO.



There are lots of things you need in your home and which you will always find in our drug store. Come in and see our goods; when you do and learn our low prices you will buy. We keep a fine stock of fresh goods all the time, and you can always rely upon getting what you want at a fair price from us.

Red Front Drug Store

We give you what you ASK for.