

# LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 12

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1910.

NUMBER 12

## Thanksgiving Lay Origin and History

Thursday coming is Thanksgiving day for the entire nation. It is the one religious holiday that is for all the people. Christmas and Easter and the whole series of Christian festivals are for Christians only. The Jews have their Rosh Hoshana and pass over. The Mohammedans among us have their Ramadan, and even the Chinese have their feast days which they observe in their own peculiar manner.

Each religion has its own feast days, but there is one festival for all, of whatever faith—Thanksgiving day when we can in our own way call on God and praise Jesus, Mohammed or Buddha.

November 18, 1787, our first Thanksgiving day was ordained by the continental congress and proclaimed by George Washington. That God had been pleased to "smile on us in the persecution of a just and necessary war for the defense and establishment of our unalienable rights" are the words in which the day was set apart to express our gratitude.

There had been not a little discussion in Congress just following the adoption of the constitution as to the propriety of celebrating the day of Thanksgiving. Some of them were not thankful.

Two years later, November 28, 1789, that the last Thursday in the month was set aside for the day of Thanksgiving when no market event intervened another day, and the thanks of the nation united under the constitution were then given. The custom has never been entirely omitted since that day, although, only since the Civil War has it been observed more than occasionally outside of New England.

The proclamation by President Wilson published last week was the continuance of a precedence followed by every president since the close of the Civil War which brought the people to a new sense of national oneness.

But what president, prophet or sage in the fall of '61 could have dreamed that a half century later he lines of such a proclamation would issue forth into all parts of the world.

For Sale at a Bargain, any place in South Tahoka. G. M. Miliken 12-4tp

WANTED—Fresh eggs. See us before selling.—City Bakery. 12 tf

Mrs. Mattie Wiliken of Ballinger and Mrs. Tom Sears of Whitewright, Texas, came in Saturday to visit their father, I. N. Lewis of this place.

FOR SALE—three spans work mares, weight twelve hundred pounds each. Geo. Short. 12-tf

FOR SALE—males on the credit, or will trade for grain. I want to buy your turkeys.

B. F. Montgomery. 12-4P

Money to loan. Vendors liens extended.—J. D. Cunningham, Lamesa, Texas. 7-12

Our new jewelry has begun to arrive and in a few days we will have a full line. Come in and see us. 10 tf  
Parkhurst Broken \$ Store.

WANTED—Stock to pasture. Apply at residence or phone No. 1. Tahoka.—J. F. Carter. 5 tf

## Stock Sold For Lynn State Bank

Mr. A. D. Shook, real estate broker, and owner of the Hotel Lynn, showed a representative of this paper a petition for charter for a corporation to be known as the Lynn State Bank, capitalized at \$35,000 to be located at Tahoka, and do business under the state banking laws. A third of the stock was then subscribed by men prominent in local business circles and we were informed that the proposition had only been launched a few hours. At this writing there is only a small bit of the stock that has not been taken, and no uneasiness is felt that it will not be entirely subscribed by the last of the week.

We understand that the home of this bank will be erected on the corner of Main and Porterfield street where the Parkhurst Broken \$ Store is now located. As to when this new institution will open its doors to the public cannot at present be forecasted by the promoters as the time consumed in securing the charter and winding up other necessary red tape cannot be accurately estimated.

### MRS. DORA PARKHURST

About three o'clock Monday afternoon, D. A. Parkhurst received a telegram to the effect that his mother had died that morning at ten o'clock at the home of her son, Dr. L. P. Parkhurst, Grand Rapids, Michigan. Mr. Parkhurst left at midnight Monday night for Slaton here he took the train for Michigan. He hopes to reach his old home, Middleville, Thursday noon where the remains will be interred. He expects to be away about ten days as it will be necessary to settle the business affairs of his mother before he returns.

Mr. Dora Parkhurst, at the time of her death, was about eighty-eight years of age, a native of New York State, and had lived the greater portion of her life in Michigan. Mr. Parkhurst has the sympathy of the community in this his hour of trouble.

### NOTICE TO LADIES.

It is time to be making your fruit cakes for Thanksgiving and Xmas.

We have a nice line of fruits, candied lemon and orange peel, etc., specially prepared for fruit cakes.

Let us show you. 10 tf  
THOMAS BROS. DRUG CO.

Seventy five pounds corn to be bushel in your crib for fifty cents.—J. A. KEITH

O. P. Baker, of Bosque County, was here respecting Monday. He called at the News office and got a late copy, so he could make some estimate as to what kind of merchants Tahoka has.

Ladies of the Methodist church will give a Bazaar the 17 and 18 of December. Everyone cordially invited to come and buy your Christmas gifts. Refreshments served. Will give place in next week's issue. 12 tf

FOR SALE—On good terms, eight or ten mares, worth the money. Sell one or all.—B. F. Montgomery, Tahoka. 8 tf

Buy "VELMA AVIS" brand Pure country made, Japanese Honey Drip Sorghum Syrup Grown and put up by W. J. Crouch, Fruitland Farm, 3 miles west of Tahoka. For Sale at the Fair, and Anthony's. 9 tf

## Wilson Active--No Watchful Waiting

A representative of the News visited the thriving village of Wilson, on the Santa Fe, about eleven miles north of Tahoka, Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

Wilson now contains a depot, a church building, cotton gin, lumber yard, warehouse, general store, blacksmith shop, barber shop, restaurant, postoffice, school building, hotel, boarding house, and six private residences, and for its size there is not another village in Texas that has its equal in the cost and character of buildings.

R. R. Hughes has leased the Ed Fertsch twelve room building and is running a hotel therein; L. L. Forrester has just finished a building with five nice large well arranged rooms down stairs and four upstairs, and is running a boarding house; James A. Foster is running a barber shop with a restaurant in a building in the rear of the shop.

Mrs. T. E. Dawson has the post office in a small building just north of the barber shop.

T. B. Cobb and Miss Pearl Dawson, handle the business of the Wilson Mercantile Co.'s large general merchandise store on the west side of the railroad, while Ed Fertsch and Bob Forrester handle the lumber business on the east side of the railroad; they have a good sized office building wherein they handle builder's hardware, lime, cement, etc., and in the yard and under the shed they handle lumber, posts, wire, brick, etc., and L. L. Forrester handles coal. The cotton gin is a three stand Munger plant and has ginned three hundred and some odd bales this year so far. They don't expect to get more than one-third as many bales as they did last year, when they ginned fifteen hundred, on account of the New Home neighborhood getting hauled out this spring. The school house is an exceptionally nice one, painted inside and out, plenty large, at present, and nicely arranged. The new Baptist church building, which is all done except the windows and seats, is a building of which towns many times as large as Wilson might well be proud of; the building is 30x50 feet with 14 foot walls and a six foot square tower that is 48 feet

to the top of the spire. The floor of the building has an incline of one and one-half inch to the foot. The walls have a wainscoting that runs from two feet to about four from floor, and well proportioned gothic top windows. The building complete will cost at least \$1500, and the seats will add something like \$300 more to the cost of the finished church. Most of this amount has been already raised, Wm Green of Shiner, Texas, giving \$500 and three lots toward this project. Every denomination will be welcomed to worship in this building, and the citizens think that they will be able to hold services of some kind in the church every Sunday. At present, Sunday School is held in the school house every Sunday at four o'clock, and prayer meeting every Wednesday night, with a good attendance at both. Wilson enjoys the reputation of having the most steady set of young folks to be found anywhere. North of the church quite a considerable distance is the newly constructed residence of T. E. Dawson, a two story affair that looks as though it might have cost a couple of thousand dollars; north of the Dawson home on the same street is the L. L. Forrester place with nine rooms and convenient grounds and out houses; north of this place again is the G. W. Pilly residence, also a two story structure; next and at present, last, comes the Bob Forrester home, a picture and detailed description of which will appear in these columns in the near future. The Ed Fertsch residence, now used as a hotel, is situated on the street west of the one the church is on as is also the school house. A little west of north of the business portion of the little city, L. Lumsden has erected three nice little rent cottages, all of them occupied, one by our old friend C. A. Wasson, cotton and feed buyer, and family.

On account of the roads being in such bad condition to Tahoka, Wilson draws much of her trade from the New Home neighborhood but she will do lots of business with the new settlers to the east on the Post lands, where nearly every quarter section will have an occupant this coming season.

## Will Colonize Lockhart Tract

One of the most attractive colonization plans in the history of western Texas was launched this week when the Lockhart tract in the northwest corner of Lynn county was placed with the Bargain Land Company, for colonization. The tract consists of 2,800 acres and will be cut into quarter section tracts and sold to actual settlers, at terms that precludes any possibility of failure to meet the payments.

Mr. Lockhart and the Bargain Land Company have been very busy the week past with a force of men and teams surveying, grubbing and leveling an automobile road from Tahoka to the tract of land, following an airline course. The road is now complete, free from obstacles and cattle guards constructed at all fences past thru. One can drive the fourteen miles without a halt.

Located as this land is in one of the best farming sections, close to a good school and post office, priced only at twenty dollars per acre with twenty years to pay for it, during the first five only one hundred dollars and the interest being due, we feel no hesitancy in prophesying that there will not be a single tract of this land unsold one month from now. Prospectors are pouring into Tahoka at the rate of about twenty daily, and they come with the intention of buying and a proposition like the above colonization plan will not go begging for takers. Rather would we predict that there will be buyers begging for a look in after the last tract is gone.

Lynn county not only offers the world some of the best agricultural land in the nation, but offers the best opportunity to attach some of the land. Come to Lynn county and you will not wander far afield.

We will be glad to show you through our beautiful new line of White Ivory while the stock is complete. We have the piece you are looking for. 10 tf  
Parkhurst Broken \$ Store.

### MECKS-TURNER

Sunday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Turner, of Pride, Judge Stokes performed the ceremony that made Miss Orilla Turner and Carl Meeks, of Tahoka, man and wife. The bride was dressed in a creation of blue messalin, while the groom wore the conventional black.

Following the ceremony a bridal supper was served to the following guests: Misses Blanch Cathey, Eva Hallmark, and Mattie Thomas; Messrs. Waldo McLaurin, James Crews, Willis and Bossie Meeks, Judge Stokes and Lewis Piwonka, and Mr. and Mrs. Graves.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Meeks are now at home to their friends in south Tahoka.

Both of the contracting parties have many friends in and around Tahoka, with whom the News joins in wishing them all the happiness possible in their wedded life.

### FOR SALE

Lots 12 and 13, block 10, 50x125 feet, with building, north side of public square; also lot 4, block 23, 50x150, on south side of st. first lot west of square. Tahoka, Texas. If interested address, Box 27, Richland, Springs, Texas.

## T. H. S. Looses One Out of Four

Friday evening on the local field the basket ball teams of the Post City High School played a couple of very interesting games with the two local teams. The boys game was anybody's game until time was called and resulted in a score of 14 to 11 in favor of Tahoka High.

The girls game was a walk-over from the first and was featured by the frequency with which Post fouled. Result 27 to 4 for the Tahoka girls.

Saturday about noon five cars left for Lubbock in which were the two Tahoka teams, at which place the Tahoka delegation gave battle to the Lubbock High. Here the boys from Tahoka suffered their first defeat of the season to the tune of 21 to 1. The Tahoka boys played in very bad form owing to the hard game with Post the day before. Of course we aren't say that this was the cause of defeat, but it was one cause for the score being so lopsided. The boys are confident that it won't be the same when they meet the Lubbock bunch here Thanksgiving.

The girls game was the hardest fought game Lubbock has played this season according to their players after the game, in which they suffered their first defeat of the season. Score, Tahoka 9, Lubbock 8. The Lubbock girls were very complimentary to our was declaring it was the cleanest game they had played this season, and that Miss Jagglier, referee, was the fairest and squarest referee they had ever met on the field. They too, will play their return game here Thanksgiving.

Tahoka still boasts of an undefeated girls team, and visions of participation in the district games at Amarillo, and the all state meet at Austin occasionally flit thru their mind. If they continue their present team work and play, they have a look in alright.

We understand that the Plainview delegation will be here institute week, which is the fourth week in December.

Figure with us before you buy a diamond, a watch, High Class jewelry of any kind, or cut glass. We will please you and save you money. 10 tf  
Parkhurst Broken \$ Store.

WEST TEXAS ABSTRACT CO. Miss Bertha Bauder, Mgr. Office in Clerk's Office, Tahoka. Complete abstracts of Lynn County, and Tahoka Real Estate. 5 tf

For up-to-date construction and quick work—any and all kinds of building: See S. S. Ramsey; who knows how. Prices moderate. 52tf

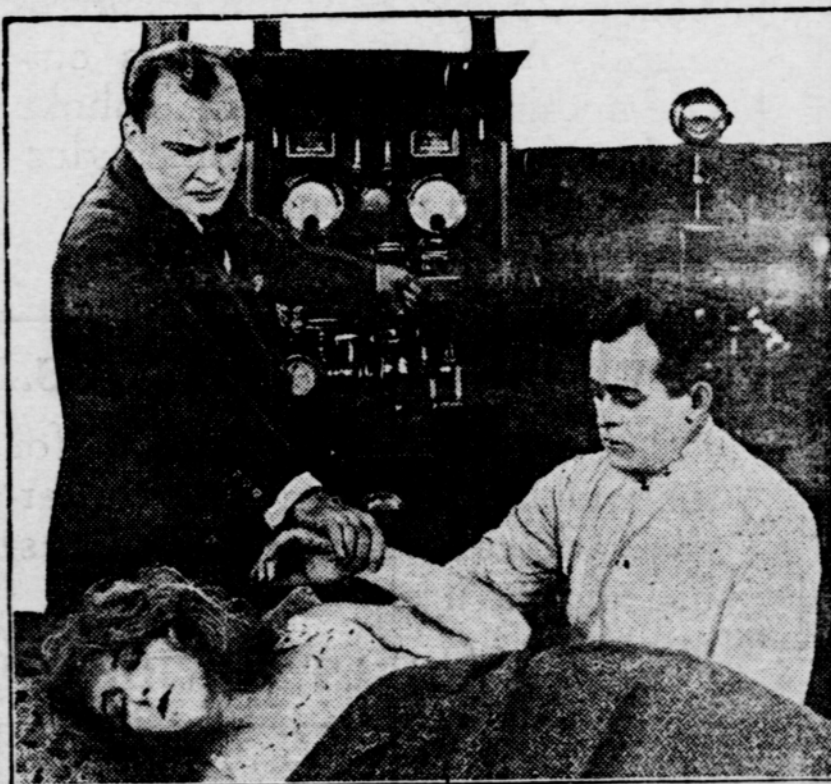
S. B. Hatchet, or as he is popularly known, "Boss" began the erection of a residence in North Tahoka Monday morning. This new building is situated on Main street, one block from the line of the addition. When asked what business he intended to follow here, he stated to a News representative that he was a "retired capitalist."

You know our high class of stationery. We have just opened up another fancy line. Call and see it, it's something you haven't seen. 10 tf  
Parkhurst Broken \$ Store.

### FIRE INSURANCE.

See McMill Clayton for fire insurance in old line companies.

## Scene From The Life Current Tenth Episode Of THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE



As Craig Kennedy Turns on the Current Elaine's Chest Slowly Begins to Rise and Fall.

W. C. HOGG RAYMOND DICKSON MIKE HOGG  
**HOGG, DICKSON & HOGG**  
We have every facility for handling consignments to your advantage, whether to sell on arrival or hold as long as you like. Advances at six per cent. per month.  
COTTON FACTORS HOUSTON

## Lynn County News

Published every Friday by  
H. C. CHAPMAN & CO. TAHOKA,  
J. CHIEF, ED. & MGR.  
One Year \$1.00—Strictly in Advance  
Advertising Rates on Application

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

### PROFESSIONAL

**C. H. CAIN**  
Lawyer

Office in old First National Bank  
Building

Tahoka, Texas

**M. M. HERRING**

Lawyer and Abstractor  
Office over Postoffice

Tahoka, Texas

**DR. J. R. SINGLETON**

DENTIST

Permanently Located

Tahoka, Texas

**Drs. INMON & TURENTINE**

Physicians & Surgeons

Tahoka, Texas

**Dr. J. H. McCoy**

Physician and Surgeon

Office over Tahoka Drug Co.  
Office 3 Phone Res 108

**Drs. Hutchinson and Peebler**

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

Ed Meyers left Sunday last for  
Dallas where he purchased himself  
a jitney which he drove home,  
arriving Thursday night. Ed  
tells us that while in the metrop-  
olis he purchased a complete line of  
undertaking goods. The stock  
will arrive Monday.

The Basket Ball girls of T. H.  
S. entertained Thursday evening  
at the home of Mr and Mrs.  
Swan in North Tahoka with a  
"Barrel of Fun." The proceeds  
of the entertainment went to dis-  
solve the deficit of the basket ball  
treasure. Dominoes and music

were the chief modes of amuse-  
ment. Refreshments of hot choco-  
late and wafers were served. The  
point of interest centered around  
the batrel, which disclosed many  
amusing packages when its guests  
dipped into its unknown depths.

Mr. Chas. Higgins and nephew  
Mr. Ollie Stone, left on the  
Tuesday morning train for Merkel,  
their home, after spending a few  
days with their cousin, T. B.  
Higgins.

### LETTER OF CONGRATULATIONS

Dallas, Texas, Nov. 15, 1915.  
Rev. C. H. Ledger,  
Tahoka, Texas.

My Dear Bro. Ledger:  
I rejoice with you in the good  
report made to Conference for  
your last year's work.

I praise the Father for His  
blessing upon your ministry and  
leadership in His Kingdom.

Your friend,  
W. N. Wiggins  
General Secy., Texas Sunday  
School Assn.

Iver Ewing arrived in Tahoka  
this week and is staying with his  
uncle, Sued Weathers. Iver, with  
his parents, left here seven years  
ago and expressed himself as very  
much surprised at the growth  
Tahoka had made in those seven  
years. At the time he went away  
Tahoka did not have a railroad,  
a brick building, a foot of concrete  
side walk, an outlying addition,  
was unincorporated and otherwise  
a very small wue place in the  
road. Today she is a vigorous  
growing town. Mr. and Mrs.  
Ewing will come back to Tahoka  
to live Iver tells us.

F. J. Dusek was in Tahoka last  
week representing the Mattiu  
Bakery of Lubbock. Mr. Dusek  
launched the contract to supply the  
Lynn Cafe with Martin's Butter  
flake bread and made arrange-  
ments with the management for  
them to handle Butterflake for  
the general public. Mr. Dusek  
placed a contract with the News  
for a small space in which to push  
his bread.

A. Ahrens, has just finished a  
nice little residence of five rooms  
and a porch just north of the city  
er will shortly begin the erection  
of a home about two miles north  
of Wilson.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is  
senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney  
& Co., doing business in the City of To-  
ledo, County and State aforesaid, and  
that said firm will pay the sum of ONE  
HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every  
case of Catarrh that cannot be cured  
by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY,  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in  
my presence, this 6th day of December,  
A. D. 1915.

A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally  
and acts directly upon the blood and mu-  
cous surfaces of the system. Send for  
testimonials, free.

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

No. 2143.  
The State of Texas,  
County of Lynn.

TO THE SHERIFF OR ANY  
CONSTABLE OF LYNN COUN-  
TY, TEXAS, GREETING:

You are hereby commanded to  
cause to be published in some  
newspaper, published in Lynn  
county, Texas, for one issue of  
said paper, the following:

The State of Texas, County of  
Lynn, In the County Court of  
Lynn County, Texas, November  
15, A. D. 1915.  
TO ALL PERSONS INTER-  
ESTED IN THE WELFARE OF  
P. G. BROWN,  
Know Ye, that T. A. Brown,  
Guardian of the person and estate  
of P. G. Brown, Minor, having on  
the 15th day of November A. D. 1915,  
filed in the County Court of  
Lynn County, Texas, his applica-  
tion to execute an Oil, Gas and  
Mineral Lease, to the Producer's  
Oil Company of Texas, upon the  
following described land in which  
the said Minor has a one-third un-  
divided interest, said land lying  
and being situated in Anderson  
County, Texas, to-wit:

198 acres, more or less, a part  
of the Isaac Simpson League, and  
being more fully described in a  
deed, of record in Vol. 64, pages  
486-7, Deed Records of Anderson  
County, Texas, to which referen-  
ces are hereby made.

Now, these are hereby to notify  
you, and each and all of you, who  
are interested in the said Minor  
and his estate, to be and person-  
ally appear at this Honorable Court,  
on the 29th day of November,  
1915 at the Court House of Lynn  
County, Texas, at Tahoka, Tex-  
as, and there and here to show  
cause why such application should  
not be granted.

Herein fail not, but of this Writ  
make due return, showing how  
you have executed the same

Witness my hand and official  
seal, this 15th day of November  
A. D. 1915.

P. H. NORTHROSS,  
Clerk of the County Court,  
Lynn County, Texas.

Rev. C. H. Ledger returned  
last week from annual Conference  
of the Methodist church at Clar-

endon, and brought the news that  
he received while there a letter  
from Rev. J. P. Callaway to the  
effect that he was unable to attend  
the conference for the reason that  
his wife was in such poor health  
that he dare not leave her. Mrs.  
J. D. Donaldson intends going to  
her father in the near future to  
be at the bedside of her stepmoth-  
er, if she does not receive an an-  
nouncement of a change for the  
better in her condition. Mrs. Cal-  
laway's friends here will be grieved  
to hear of her critical condition.

### HARMONY CLUB REPORT

Thursday afternoon, November  
11, at four o'clock the Harmony  
Club of T. H. S. met in calca-  
session in the music room. The  
meeting was called to order and  
the presiding officer made the  
statement that the meeting was  
called to discuss the advisability  
of changing the regular meeting  
from Saturday afternoons to some  
more convenient period. After  
some discussion a motion was in-  
troduced and carried that the Club  
meet hereafter on the second and  
fourth Thursday afternoons in  
each month at four o'clock.

The regular program was then  
rendered:  
Piano Solo, Miss Edna Montgom-  
ery; Reading, "The Life of  
Beethoven" Miss Anita Jaggler;  
Class study of Beethoven. Piano  
Solo, Miss Lois Donaldson; Com-  
position on Music, Miss Era  
Woods; Piano Solo, Miss Jimmie  
Lee Nicholson; Duet, Misses Mae  
Edison and Pauline Ramsey;  
Piano Solo, Miss Christine Swan;  
Business Session.

Following the rendition of the  
program and the conclusion of the  
business session refreshments were  
served the club. The next regu-  
lar meeting day will fall on  
Thanksgiving day. Owing to the  
holiday and basket ball games  
between Tahoka and Lubbock this  
meeting will not be held.

**GEO. ALLEN**  
Tahoka, Texas  
Oldest and Largest Print-  
ing and Book Binding  
Establishment in  
Lynn County, Texas.

### Time and tide wait for no man

Order that suit or overcoat today;  
don't put it off

We can please the ladies with a  
selection of tailored-to-your-meas-  
ure cloak, skirt or coat suit.

Clothes cleaned and pressed the  
"Hoffman Sanitary Way."

**S. N. Weathers, The Tailor**

### WHY

buy stale bread from one to two  
days old, when we can sell you  
fresh bread baked every day right  
here in Tahoka at the same price?  
Every cent you spend for Tahoka  
made bread and pastries stays in  
Tahoka. Every cent you spend for  
outside made products goes out-  
side and is never spent in Tahoka  
again. You encourage home indus-  
try when you patronize

**The City Bakery**

### Everything A Man Wears.....

A late shipment of timely togs for  
the well dressed man soon to ar-  
rive. Clothes tailored to your meas-  
ure at a saving.

**St. Clair's Gents Furnishings**

## Satisfaction

We have a new gin and would  
like to gin your cotton.....

Come down and try us and we  
will try and please you.....

**Fuller Cotton Oil Co**  
Tahoka Texas



## COTTON PALACE

**Special Excursion \$13.10**

DATE OF SALE NOV. 5 TO 20

FINAL LIMIT NOV. 23

J. L. HEARE, AGT., TAHOKA, TEX.

# We Treat You Right

Every time you buy Groceries and Dry Goods, Either in Small Quantities  
S. N. McDaniel, the West Side Merchant, Tahoka, Texas



## Thanksgiving Ode

Our Pilgrim Fathers never knew  
The privilege, their God to thank,  
For the security known to those who do  
Deposit their saving in the bank.

And you kind friend a chance have lost  
To be more thankful still,  
If you your savings have not tossed  
Into our money till.

A deposit slip in return  
You get, as good as gold,  
And never will your savings burn,  
While them in trust we hold.

Now when Thanksgiving day arrives  
May you, thanks on glad wings mount  
For the thrift that helps your fortune rise:  
A checking BANK ACCOUNT.

## The First National Bank

Of Tahoka, Texas

## If You Don't Take "Her"

A Box of  
"Jacob's" Candy  
Thanksgiving, the  
Other Fellow will..



**Thomas Bros.  
Drug Com'ny**

"Jacob's Made Last Night"



**WE HAVE AT HEART  
Your pleasure,  
Improve your half hour  
leisure**

By a visit to the



## Theater

10 Cents--ADMISSION--10 Cents

## J. N. JONES

Dealer in

**Furniture and Undertaker's supplies**



## SAVE YOUR CALVES

BY USING  
**BLACKLEGOIDS**

TO VACCINATE AGAINST BLACKLEG.  
Simple. Safe. Effective.  
No dose to Measure. No liquid to spill. No string to rot.  
Simply a little pill to be injected under the skin.  
SEND FOR FREE BOOKLETS.  
For Sale by

**Thomas Bros. Drug Co.**

## Honesty Is The Best Policy Besides Being Right

We could not afford to misrepresent, in the slightest degree, anything that we sell, because we realize that every permanent success is based upon the principle that—

"Honesty is the Best Policy"

### EDWARDS BROS.

Dealers In

Grain, Hay, Coal, Salt, Cotton and Cotton Seed Products  
ONE BLOCK NORTH OF DEPOT WAGON YARD IN CONNECTION

## Exploits Of Elaine

### SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend Jameson, a newspaper man. Enraged at the determined effort which Elaine and Craig Kennedy are making to put an end to his crimes, the Clutching Hand, as this strange criminal is known, resorts to all sorts of the most diabolical schemes to put them out of the way. Each chapter of the story tells of a new plot against their lives and of the way the great detective uses all his skill to save this pretty girl and himself from death.

### TENTH EPISODE

#### THE LIFE CURRENT.

Assignments were being given out on the Star one afternoon, and I was standing talking with several other reporters, in the busy hum of typewriters and clicking telegraphs.

"What do you think of that?" asked one of the fellows. "You're something of a scientific detective, aren't you?"

Without laying claim to such a distinction, I took the paper and read:

#### THE POISONED KISS AGAIN.

Three More New York Women Report Being Kissed by Mysterious Stranger—Later Fell Into Deep Unconsciousness—What Is It?

I had scarcely finished when one of the copy boys, dashing past me, called out: "You're wanted on the wire, Mr. Jameson."

I hurried over to the telephone and answered.

A musical voice responded to my hurried hello, and I hastened to adopt my most polite tone.

"Is this Mr. Jameson?" asked the voice.

"Yes," I replied, not recognizing it. "Well, Mr. Jameson, I've heard of you on the Star, and I've just had a very strange experience. I've had the poisoned kiss."

The woman did not pause to catch my exclamation of astonishment, but went on: "It was like this. A man ran up to me on the street and kissed me—and I don't know how it was—but I became unconscious—and I didn't come to for an hour—in a hospital—fortunately. I don't know what would have happened if it hadn't been that someone came to my assistance and the man fled. I thought the Star would be interested."

"We are," I hastened to reply. "Will you give me your name?"

"Why, I am Mrs. Florence Leigh of No. 20 Prospect avenue," returned the voice.

"Say," I exclaimed hurrying over to the editor's desk, "here's another woman on the wire who says she has received the poisoned kiss."

"Suppose you take that assignment," the editor answered, sensing a possible story.

I took it with alacrity, figuring out the quickest way by elevated and surface to reach the address.

I must say that I could scarcely criticize the poisoned kisser's taste, for the woman who opened the door certainly was extraordinarily attractive.

"And you really were—put out by a kiss?" I queried, as she led me into a neat sitting room.

"Absolutely—as much as if it had been by one of these poisoned needles you read about," she replied confidently, hastening on to describe the affair volubly.

It was beyond me.

"May I use your telephone?" I asked.

"Surely," she answered. I called the laboratory. "Is that you, Craig?" I inquired.

"Yes, Walter," he answered, recognizing my voice.

"Say, Craig," I asked breathlessly, "what sort of kiss would suffocate a person?"

My only answer was an uproarious laugh from him at the idea.

"I know," I persisted, "but I've got the assignment from the Star—and I'm out here interviewing a woman about it. It's all right to laugh—but here I am. I've found a case—names, dates and places. I wish you'd explain the thing, then."

"Oh, all right, Walter," he replied indulgently. "I'll meet you as soon as I can and help you out."

We waited patiently. The bell rang and the woman hastened to the door, admitting Kennedy.

"Hello, Walter," he greeted.

"This is certainly most remarkable case, Craig," I said, introducing him, and telling briefly what I had learned.

"And you actually mean to say that a kiss had the effect—"

Just then the telephone interrupted.

"Yes," she reassured quickly. "Excuse me a second."

She answered the call. "Oh—why—yes, he's here. Do you want to speak to him? Mr. Jameson, it's the Star."

"Confound it!" I exclaimed, "isn't that like the old man—dragging me off his story before it's half finished in order to get another. I'll have to go. I'll get this story from you, Craig."

The day before, in the suburban house, the Clutching Hand had been talking to two of his emissaries, an attractive young woman and a man.

They were Flirty Florrie and Dan the Dude.

"Now, I want you to get Kennedy," she said. "The way to do it is to separate Kennedy and Elaine—see?"

"All right, Chief, we'll do it," they replied.

Clutching Hand had scarcely left when Flirty Florrie began by getting published in the papers the story which I had seen.

The next day she called me up from the suburban house. Having got me to promise to see her, she had scarcely turned from the telephone when Dan the Dude walked in from the next room.

"He's coming," she said.

Dan was carrying a huge stag head with a beautifully branched pair of antlers. Under his arm was a coil of wire which he had connected to the inside of the head.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. Then, pointing to the head, he added, "It's all ready. See how I fixed it? That ought to please the Chief."

Dan moved quickly to the mantel and mounted a stepladder there by which he had taken down the head, and started to replace the head above the mantel.

He hooked the head on a nail. "There," he said, unscrewing one of the beautiful brown glass eyes of the stag.

Back of it could be seen a camera shutter.

"One of those new quick shutter cameras," he explained.

Then he ran a couple of wires along the molding around the room and into a closet, where he made the connection with a sort of switchboard on which a button was marked, "SHUTTER" and the switch, "WIND FILM."

"Now, Flirty," he said, coming out of the closet and pulling up the shade which let a flood of sunlight into the room, "you see, I want you to stand here—then, do your little trick."

Just then the bell rang.

"That must be Jameson," she cried.

"Now—get to your corner."

With a last look Dan went into the closet and shut the door.

Perhaps half an hour later Clutching Hand himself called me up on the telephone. It was he—not the Star—as I learned only too late.

I had scarcely got out of the house, as Craig told me afterwards, when Flirty Florrie told all over again the embroiled tale that had caught my ear.

Kennedy said nothing, but listened intently, perhaps betraying in his face the skepticism he felt.

"You see," she said, still voluble and eager to convince him, "I was only walking on the street. Here—let me show you. It was just like this."

She took his arm and, before he knew it, led him to the spot on the floor near the window which Dan had indicated. Meanwhile Dan was listening attentively in his closet.

"Now—stand there. You are just as I was—only I didn't expect anything."

She was pantomiming some one approaching stealthily while Kennedy watched her with interest, tinged with doubt. Behind Craig in his closet, Dan was reaching for the switchboard button.

"You see," she said advancing quickly and acting her words, "he

placed his hands on my shoulders—so—then throw his arms about my neck—so!"

She said no more, but imparted a deep, passionate kiss on Kennedy's mouth, clinging closely to him. Before Kennedy could draw away, Dan in the closet, had pressed the button and the switch several times in rapid succession.

"Th—that's very realistic," gasped Craig, a good deal taken aback by the sudden osculatory assault.

He frowned.

"I—I'll look into the case," he said, backing away. "There—there may be some scientific explanation—but—er—"

He was plainly embarrassed and hastened to make his adieu.

How little impression the thing made on Kennedy can be easily seen from the fact that on the way downtown that afternoon he stopped at Martin's, on Fifth avenue, and bought a ring—a very handsome solitaire, the finest Martin had in the shop.

It must have been about the time that he decided to stop at Martin's that the Dodge butler, Jennings, admitted a young lady who presented a card on which was engraved the name

Miss Florence Leigh,  
20 Prospect Avenue.

As he handed Elaine the card, she looked up from the book she was reading and took it.

"All right, show her in, Jennings. I'll see her."

Elaine moved into the drawing room, Jennings springing forward to part the portieres for her and passing through the room quickly where Flirty Florrie sat waiting. Flirty Florrie rose and stood gazing at Elaine, apparently very much embarrassed, even after Jennings had gone.

"It is embarrassing," she said finally, "but, Miss Dodge, I have come to you to beg for my love."

Elaine looked at her nonplused.

"Yes," she continued. "You do not know it, but Craig Kennedy is infatuated with you." She paused again, then added, "But he is engaged to me."

Elaine stared at the woman. She was dazed. She could not believe it.

"There is the ring," Flirty Florrie added, indicating a very impressive paste diamond.

Quickly she reached into her bag and drew out two photographs, with out a word, handing them to Elaine.

"There's the proof," Florrie said simply, choking a sob.

Elaine looked with a start. Sure enough, there was the neat living room in the house on Prospect avenue. In one picture Florrie had her arms over Kennedy's shoulders. In the other, apparently, they were passionately kissing.

Elaine slowly laid the photographs on the table.

"Please—please, Miss Dodge—give me back my lost love. You are rich and beautiful—I am poor. I have only my good looks. But—I love him—and he loves me—and has promised to marry me."

Florrie had broken down completely and was weeping softly into a lace handkerchief.

She moved toward the door. Elaine followed her.

"Jennings—please see the lady to the door."

Back in the drawing-room, Elaine seized the photographs and hurried into the library where she could be alone.

Just then she heard the bell and Kennedy's voice in the hall.

"How are you this afternoon," Kennedy greeted Elaine gayly.

Elaine had been too overcome by what had just happened to throw it off so easily, and received him with studied coolness.

Still, Craig, manlike, did not notice it at once. In fact, he was too busy gazing about to see that neither Jennings, Marie nor the duenna Aunt Josephine were visible. They were not and he quickly took the ring from his pocket. Without waiting, he showed it to Elaine.

Elaine very coolly admired the ring, as Craig might have eyed a specimen on a microscope slide. Still, he did not notice.

He took the ring, about to put it on her finger. Elaine drew away. Concealment was not in her frank nature.

She picked up the two photographs.

"What have you to say about those?" she asked cuttingly.

Kennedy, quite surprised, took them and looked at them. Then he let them fall carelessly on the table and dropped into a chair, his head back in a burst of laughter.

"Why—that was what they put over on Walter," he said. "He called me up early this afternoon—told me he had discovered one of these poisoned kiss cases you have read about in the papers. Think of it—all that to pull a concealed camera! Such an elaborate business—just to get me where they could fake this thing. I suppose they've put someone up to saying she's engaged?"

Elaine was not so lightly affected.

"But," she said severely, repressing her emotion, "I don't understand, Mr. Kennedy, how scientific inquiry into the poisoned kiss could necessitate this sort of thing."

She pointed at the photographs accusingly.

"But," he began, trying to explain.

"No buts," she interrupted.

"Then you believe that I—"

"How can you, as a scientist, ask me to doubt the camera?" she insinuated, very coldly turning away.

Kennedy began to see that it was serious than he had at

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"Very well," he said with a touch of impatience, "if my word is not to be taken—I'll—"

He had seized his hat and stick. Elaine did not deign to answer.

Then, without a word, he stalked out of the door.

Kennedy was moping in the laboratory the next day when I came in.

"Say, Craig," I began, trying to overcome his air of blues.

Kennedy, filled with his own thoughts, paid no attention to me. Then he jumped up.

"By George—I will," he muttered.

I poked my head out of the door in time to see him grab up his hat and coat and dash from the room, putting his coat on as he went.

"He's a nut today," I exclaimed to myself.

Though I did not know yet of the quarrel, Kennedy had really struggled with himself until he was willing to put his pride in his pocket and had made up his mind to call on Elaine again.

As he entered he saw that it was really of no use, for only Aunt Josephine was in the library.

"Oh, Mr. Kennedy," she said innocently enough. "I'm so sorry she isn't here. There's been something troubling her, and she won't tell me what it is. But she's gone to call on a young woman, a Florence Leigh, I think."

"Florence Leigh!" exclaimed Craig with a start and a frown. "Let me

use your telephone.

I had turned my attention in the laboratory to a story I was writing, when I heard the telephone ring. It was Craig. Without a word of apology for his rudeness, which I knew had been purely absent-minded, I heard him say: "Walter, meet me in half an hour outside that Florence Leigh's house."

Half an hour later I was waiting near the house in the suburbs to which I had been directed by the strange telephone call the day before. I noticed that it was apparently deserted. The shades were closed and a "To Let" sign was on the side of the house.

"Hello, Walter," cried Craig at last, bustling along.

He led the way around the side of the house to a window, and, with a powerful grasp, wrenched open the closed shutters. He had just smashed the window when a policeman appeared.

"Hey, you fellows—what are you doing there?" he shouted.

Craig paused a second, then pulled his card from his pocket.

"Just the man I want," he parried, much to the policeman's surprise. "There's something crooked going on here. Follow us in."

We climbed into the window. There was the same living room we had seen the day before. But it was now bare and deserted.

Continued on page four

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## Exploits Of Elaine

Continued from preceding page

"Come on," cried Kennedy, beckoning us on.

Quickly he rushed through the house. There was not a thing in it to change the deserted appearance of the first floor. At last it occurred to Craig to grope his way down cellar. There was nothing there.

Kennedy had been carefully going over the place, and was at the other side of the cellar from ourselves when I saw him stop and gaze at the floor.

"Hide," he whispered suddenly to us.

We waited a moment. Nothing happened. Had he been seeing things or hearing things, I wondered?

From our hidden vantage we could now see a square piece in the floor, perhaps five feet in diameter, slowly open up as though on a pivot.

The weird and sinister figure of a man appeared. Over his head he wore a peculiar helmet with hideous glass pieces over the eyes and tubes that connected with a tank which he carried buckled to his back.

Quickly he closed down the cover of the tube, not before a vile effluvia seemed to escape, and penetrate even to us in our hiding places. As he moved forward, Kennedy gave a flying leap at him, and we followed with a regular football interference.

It was the work of only a moment for us to subdue and hold him, while Craig ripped off the helmet.

It was Dan the Dude.

"What's that thing?" I puffed, as I helped Craig with the headgear.

"An oxygen helmet," he replied. "There must be air down the tube that cannot be breathed."

He went over to the tube. Carefully he opened the top and gazed down, starting back a second later, with his face puckered up at the noxious odor.

"Sewer gas," he ejaculated, as he slammed the cover down. Then he added to the policeman: "Where do you suppose it comes from?"

"Why," replied the officer, "the St. James viaduct, an old sewer—is somewhere about these parts."

Kennedy puckered his face as he gazed at our prisoner. He reached down quickly and lifted something off the man's coat.

"Golden hair," he muttered. "Elaine's!"

A moment later he seized the man and shook him roughly.

"Where is she—tell me!" he demanded.

The man snarled some kind of reply, refusing to say a word. "Tell me," cried Kennedy, "where is she?"

"I don't know," he answered, more close-mouthed than ever.

Kennedy was furious. As he sent the man reeling away from him he seized the oxygen helmet and began putting it on. There was only one thing to do—to follow the clue of the golden strands of hair.

Down into the pest hole he went, his head protected by the oxygen helmet. As he cautiously took one step after another down a series of iron rungs inside the hole he found that the water was up to his chest. At the bottom of the perpendicular pit was a narrow, low passageway leading off.

It was just about big enough to get through, but he managed to grope along it.

The minutes passed as the policeman and I watched our prisoner in the cellar by the tube. I looked anxiously at my watch.

"Craig!" I shouted at last, unable to control my fears for him.

No answer.

By this time Craig had come to a small, open chamber, into which the viaduct widened. On the wall he found another series of iron rungs, up which he climbed. The gas was terrible.

As he neared the top of the ladder he came to a shelf-like aperture in the sewer chamber, and gazed about. It was horribly dark. He reached out and felt a piece of cloth. Anxiously he pulled on it. Then he reached further into the darkness.

There was Elaine, unconscious, apparently dead.

In desperation Craig carried her down the ladder.

With our prisoner we could only look helplessly around.

"By George, I'm going down after him," I cried in desperation.

"Don't do it," advised the policeman. "You'll never get out."

One whiff of the horrible gas told me that he was right.

"Listen," said the policeman.

There was, indeed, a faint noise from the black depths below us. A rope alongside the rough ladder began to move, as though some one was pulling it taut. He gazed down.

"Craig! Craig!" I called. "Is that you?"

No answer. But the rope still moved. Perhaps the helmet made it impossible for him to hear.

He had struggled back in the swirling current almost exhausted by his helpless burden. Holding Elaine's head above the surface of the water and pulling on the rope to attract my attention, he could neither hear nor shout. He had taken a turn of the rope about Elaine. I tried pulling on it. There was something heavy on the other end, and I kept on pulling.

At last I could make out Kennedy dimly mounting the ladder. The weight was the unconscious body of Elaine which he steadied as he mounted the ladder. I tugged harder and he slowly came up.

Together, at last, the policeman and I reached down and pulled them out.

We placed Elaine on the cellar floor as comfortably as was possible, and the policeman began his first aid motions for resuscitation.

"No—no!" cried Kennedy. "Not here—take her up where the air is fresher."

With his revolver still drawn to overawe the prisoner, the policeman forced him to aid us in carrying her. A little rocky flight of cellar steps, and a porch followed quickly, unscrewing the helmet as he went.

In the deserted living room we deposited our senseless burden, while Kennedy, the helmet off now, bent over her.

"Quick—quick!" he cried to the officer. "An ambulance!"

"But the prisoner," the policeman indicated.

"Hurry—hurry; I'll take care of him," urged Craig, seizing the policeman's pistol and thrusting it into his pocket. "Walter, help me."

He was trying the ordinary methods of resuscitation. Meanwhile the officer had hurried out, seeking the nearest telephone, while we worked madly to bring Elaine back.

Again and again Kennedy bent and outstretched her arms, trying to in-

duce respiration again. So busy was I that for the moment I forgot our prisoner.

But Dan had seen his chance. Noiselessly he picked up the old chair in the room and with it raised was approaching Kennedy to knock him out.

Before I knew it myself Kennedy had heard him. With a half instinctive motion he drew the revolver from his pocket and, almost before I could see it, had shot the man. Without a word he returned the gun to his pocket and again bent over Elaine, without so much as a look at the crook, who sank to the floor dropping the chair from his nerveless hands.

Already the policeman had got an ambulance, which was now tearing along to us.

Frantically Kennedy was working. A moment he paused and looked at me—hopeless.

Just then, outside, we could hear the ambulance, and a doctor and two attendants hurried to the door. Without a word the doctor seemed to appreciate the gravity of the case.

He finished his examination and shook his head.

"There is no hope—no hope," he said slowly.

Kennedy merely stared at him. But the rest of us instinctively removed our hats.

Kennedy gazed at Elaine, overcome. Was this the end?

It was not many minutes later that Kennedy had Elaine in the little sitting room off the laboratory, having taken her there in the ambulance, with the doctor and two attendants.

Elaine's body had been placed on a couch, covered by a blanket and the shades were drawn. The light fell on her pale face.

There was something incongruous about death and the vast collection of scientific apparatus, a ghastly mocking of humanity. How futile was it all in the presence of the great destroyer!

Aunt Josephine had arrived, stunned, and a moment later Perry Bennett. As I looked at the sorrowful party Aunt Josephine rose slowly from her position on her knees, where she had been weeping silently beside Elaine, and pressed her hands over her eyes, with every indication of faintness.

Before any of us could do anything, she had staggered into the laboratory itself. Bennett and I followed quickly. There I was busy for some time getting restoratives.

Meanwhile Kennedy, beside the couch, with a look of desperate determination turned away and opened a cabinet. From it he took a large coil and attached it to a storage battery, dragging the peculiar apparatus near Elaine's couch.

To an electric light socket Craig attached wires. The doctor watched him in silent wonder.

"Doctor," he asked slowly as he worked, "do you know of Professor Leduc of the Nantes School of Medicine?"

"Why—yes," answered the doctor, "but what of him?"

"Then you know of his method of electrical resuscitation?"

"Yes—but," he paused, looking apprehensively at Kennedy.

Craig paid no attention to his fears, but, approaching the couch on which Elaine lay, applied the electrodes. "You see," he explained, with forced calmness, "I apply the shade here—



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