

LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

Conductor Bishop Announces Normal

Tahoka has secured the Normal for the summer of 1915 — opening in June and continuing for six weeks. Information has been received from W. F. Dougherty, State Supt. that he has officially approved the application for recognition of a summer normal institute to be located at Tahoka with Prof. W. B. Bishop as conductor for the coming summer, and Prof E. A. Bills of Snider, Prof. G. G. Hazel of this place, Prof. Lee L. Johnson of Gomez and Miss Nannie Kelly of Ft. Worth as members of the faculty. The faculty is as strong as could be found in the west, as they all hold permanent certificates or Normal Diplomas. Special care was taken to secure experienced teachers and especially the primary teacher who has taught primary methods in the Southwest Texas Normal for the past five summers.

With the conditions existing at Canyon as they are now we expect the largest attendance this summer that we have ever had. Preparations are now being made to get out the advertising material and it will be ready for distribution by the first week in April.

PAUL LOCKEY KILLED

Lubbock, Texas, March, 29 — Paul Lockey, age 14 years, brother of E. L. Lockey, deputy clerk, Seventh Court of Civil Appeals, was accidentally shot with a shot gun while out hunting with some other boys. The boy who discharged the gun was only four feet away and the tire charge took effect in the eyes. Lockey was removed to a sanitarium and three feet of intestines were removed. Hope was had for his recovery, but midnight Sunday when he began sinking. Death overtook him at four a. m.

John Yates had the misfortune have a horse fall on him last week, bruising him up considerably. While painful the accident is not serious and John will be sound in a few days.

Sec. Pat. land in the SE part of the county. \$100 down and \$50 per year until paid at 8 per cent. Who wants it? M. M. Herring, Tahoka. 31-t.

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Atty. M. M. Herring was a singer on the local for Lamesa Tuesday evening. He had a case there in Justice court that he is to trial Thursday.

Rev. C. H. Ledger, pastor of Tahoka-Slaton charge, returned Wednesday from Plainview. He was accompanied by aiding Elder Terry, who went to Lamesa.

Mrs. Hall Robinson and son, returned last week from a visit to Mrs. Robinson's parents, and Mrs. Jack Alley of Soash.

Miss L. E. Hinton, who disappeared, March 23, from her place, two miles north of Tahoka, two black grephounds, one has white front feet, the other white hind feet. Write or call for information, and I will be glad to help. A. L. Lockwood. 31-1t.

N. Jones is making quite an addition to his residence in the east part of town.



News Snapshots Of the Week
Three battleships were sunk in attack on Dardanelles, the Bouvet, French, and the Irresistible and Ocean, British, while allied troops landed in attack on Turkish forts. Rue Tanzer, shopgirl, sued James W. Osborne, prominent New York attorney, for \$50,000 for breach of promise. After a siege of eight months Przenysl, a strongly fortified Austrian city, capitulated to Russians, about 150,000 prisoners being taken. Russian army under General Dimitrieff then advanced on Cracow, another Austrian stronghold. John H. Patterson and twenty-six associates in National Cash Register company won appeal which made void all anti-trust penalties against them. Austria massed troops on Italian border, as Italy's preparations showed warlike intentions. Several demands of Japan on China accepted, but doubt still existed among powers as to just what the mikado has insisted on.

Date of First 1915 Trades Day--When

When shall we have our first tradesday?

This question has been asked us more than a half dozen times this week. We suggest that the business men meet Monday, April 5th, at the court house and arrange to hold monthly Trade Days in Tahoka this year. To make one of these Trade Days a success the merchants and business men must be permanently organized, and conduct them along business lines. The Trade Days last year were of unestimable value to the town, but were discontinued for this reason; there was nothing permanent behind them. It was not that they proved unprofitable.

Come out Monday and let us talk these things over and get each others views on this matter. There is some new trade territory close by that might well be annexed, and it is possible to do so if we will offer the proper inducements.

FOR SALE

Some good mares from 5 to 9 years old. Also some yearling Mules Worth the Money.

See me at the old Doak Ranch 14 miles west of Tahoka. Address Ben Hurst, Tahoka Texas. 31-32p.

WILSON SCHOOL PROGRESSIVE

We learned this week that the Wilson public school recently placed an order with the Plainview Nursery for thirty dollars worth of shade and ornamental trees to be set around the building and grounds.

The Wilson school is a coming place, and this step towards civic attractiveness is commendable. In a few years they will have school grounds to be envied by much larger places.

J. E. Porter has plenty of Pure Sudan Seed for Sale at Mr. J. E. Ketner's and Mr. Larkin's stores. More hay to the lb. than any seed in Texas. 31-34.

John Burnett left Saturday morning for Ft. Worth with a car of silo fed stuff. The car brought a good figure, and John returned on the Wednesday evening local.

J. W. Hinton of the H. and B. Bakery, returned Wednesday evening from a business trip to Lubbock.

Raymond Weathers, for the past few months with the Thomas Bros. Drug Co., of Tahoka, left Thursday morning for Lubbock to accept a position with one of the drug stores of that city.

ELECTION OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES SATURDAY

Saturday is the day set apart for the election of school trustees. J. E. Ketner and H. M. Larkin are the retiring trustees and J. V. Dyer the hold over.

As far as we are able to learn there is no one desirous of sacrificing themselves on the altar of public learning. The office of school trustee is one of the most important and least sought offices in the state. There is no remuneration attached to the office, and everyone imagines themselves too busy to attend to the office gratis.

We hereby make a suggestion. The education of the children is almost entirely left to the mothers these days, at least until the child reaches college age. Then if the mothers are to run the home end of the child's education, why not the public department. We believe a couple of lady trustees would be the most conscientious holders of the office we could secure to replace the retiring members of the board. There are plenty of competent women in our town for this position. Think it over.

PRE-EASTER WEATHER

Tuesday was a little chilly towards the end of the day, and Wednesday was ushered in by a lively snow storm. During the day old Boreas gave us a little of everything on the menu, ranging from sleet, and all variations in the snow line to rain and fine hail.

Wednesday being the 31st, it brought to mind the truth of an old saying that when March comes in like a lamb she goes out like a lion. The fact is that March has been a bit boisterous all the way along.

PLANT MANY TREES

Lynn county planted many trees this past year. J. E. Porter, agent for the Plainview tells us that he has sold about thirty-five hundred trees in the county this season. This report does not include shrubs and vines.

KODAK FINISHING

Send your films and plates to C. C. WRIGHT, PRIDE TEXAS for developing and printing. 32p

For Sale: Bed linnens, bowls and pitchers and fine Sudan grass seed. See me quick.—J. W. Hinton, at the Bakery. 231f

I am permanently located in Tahoka and would be glad to tune your piano. Satisfaction guaranteed. E. P. Parrish. 31p

Clark Brown left Saturday for Lubbock. He will hold down a job on a ranch some eighteen miles from there. Clark had the News follow him. "Just wanted to keep in touch with the folks," he said.

EASTER SUNDAY PREPARATIONS

This coming Sunday is Easter. And will only be slightly observed in Tahoka. Rev. Ledger will preach at the M. E. Church, and we understand that a few special pieces of vocal music will be rendered there by the small girls of the Sunday School.

Sunday being the Baptist pastors day in the country, there will be no other services at that church except Sabbath School.

Wanted!

Everybody to know that we will be located first door east of Meat Market after Monday, April 5th, and will thank you for your patronage. 31-1t The Tahokafe, Frank Blake prop.

Claude Donaldson was down from Seth Ward over Sunday to visit with his parents. He returned to Plainview on the Monday morning train. Claude is a graduate of the Tahoka High School and is studying with the intention of becoming a doctor.

Mr. James, the actor who quit the Chants Dramatic Co. here, was in town the latter part of last week. He has been working on the Burnett ranch in Terry county.

Miss Vera Nobles was a Tahoka visitor Saturday. We understand that the West Point school, of which she was teacher, has been closed for the lack of funds.

Boots to measure at Williams Saddle Shop. Made at Home. 30tf

MARCH WEATHER REPORT

Temperature
Maximum, 24th, 84 degrees.
Minimum, 5th, 7th, 8th and 9th, 22 degrees.

Mean maximum, 59 degrees.
Mean minimum, 29 degrees.
Greatest range, 49 degrees.

Precipitation
Total precipitation, 1.4 inches.
Greatest in 24 hours, .35 inches. 3rd.

Snow, 14 1/2 inches.
Number of days with .01 inches or more of precipitation, 7.

Days clear, 9; partly cloudy, 15; cloudy, 7.
Peach blossoms the 24th.

Seed Spanish Peanuts at McDaniel's, 75cts. per bu. 31-32.

WANTED—An industrious man who can earn \$100 per month and expenses retailing our Products to farmers. Must have some means for starting expenses and furnish bond signed by 2 respectable men. Address W. T. RAWLEIGH COMPANY, FREEPORT, ILL., giving age, occupation and references.

"Will Have 8 Month School"—J. V. Dyer

As a result of the interview published last week, of one of the professors in the school here, regarding the curtailment of the term owing to the lack of funds, and the loss of our classification thereby, the teachers and trustees met at the court house Saturday to devise ways and means to prevent this calamity to our school.

By individual subscription a little better than one half the deficiency was made up and the balance will be borrowed. The funds lacked about \$300 of being sufficient to round out the eight months term. Our trustees are to be commended for their prompt action in this matter. These men have done much for the up-building of our school, and when the test came were not found wanting.

We will not lose our classification and it will now be possible to gain affiliation with the State University this coming term.

W. J. Crouch and wife returned from San Saba Tuesday evening where they had been to attend the bedside of Mr. Crouch's brother, J. A. Crouch, of Richland Springs, who was in a critical condition when Mr. Crouch was summoned. J. A. Crouch is a sufferer from Bright's disease, but there are hopes of his recovery. Elsewhere in this issue will be found a clipping from the Richland Springs paper concerning Mr. Crouch and Lynn county. When asked about the unfavorable light in which the clipping tries to place this county, Mr. Crouch said the Eve Witness editor was an old side-kicker of his when he lived below the rim of the world, and since he (Crouch) had come to the Plains Paradise made a success and sent favorable reports to the children of the wilderness in the lower country, this same old side-kicker had had a chronic grouch against him, which would boil out every time he went back and renewed his standing invitation to come to a country where one could really live and enjoy life. Mr. Crouch reports that section of the state in fair condition, but very late. Mrs. Crouch, when interviewed, said she was glad to get back to the plains, and would not care to go back to the "American Nile" to live.

COTTON SEED FOR SALE

100 bu. Mebain Cotton Seed for Sale, \$1.00 per bu.—Phone me or leave orders at Well's Store. J. R. McIntyre. 30-32p.

G. W. Snyder had a row of smudge pots aflame in his orchard Wednesday night to protect his fruit trees from the cold weather.

Dr. I. E. Smith, Eye, Ear and Throat Specialist of Snyder Texas, will be in Tahoka, Wednesday April 14.

J. E. Ketner is finishing the addition to his residence in the south part of town.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Yates and daughter, Eula, were in town Saturday and were accompanied home by their son, Prof. Yates, of the Midway school, and a few of his friends to spend Sunday at the farm.

Let Me Do Your Feed Grinding

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

Lynn County News

Published every Friday by
H. C. ORIE & CO. TAHOKA.
J. ORIE, ED. & MGR.

One Year \$1.00—Strictly in Advance
Advertising Rates on Application

Known as second-class matter, July
16, 1905, at the post office at Tahoka,
Texas, under the Act of Congress of
March 3, 1879.

The Slatonite last week referred to as "rural burgs." It was not long since that the Slatonite informed us that the casting of such reflections was a sign of town jealousy. On behalf of our co-defendants to the above charge, we forgive the Slatonite, for it has grounds to be jealous of the least of the above mentioned "rural burgs."

The mail men now wait for the early morning Sweetwater train at Lubbock, unless a good bit behind time, and as a consequence, we get our dailies about four hours after Lubbock does, and about four hours before Tahoka, which is on a railroad. Great is the auto mail line. Brownfield Herald.

Them jits shore are a handy piece of furniture. Jack, but we reckon we wont swap our railroad for one just yet; we would like to get our papers sooner, but the iron horse comes in pretty handy when we get ready to move our bumper crops every fall.

One reason for the gain in patronage of the mail order houses is the increase of the credit habit. Credit may be secured by any one and very easily too. This entails considerable loss to the seller. This loss must be met by increased gain from those who are good pay. Thus the price is made exorbitant, and the mail order concerns who sell for cash and have no bill collectors to pay and no bad accounts to make up for can underwrite the home credit man. The credit system is also a breeder of extravagance. When one can say charge it it is easier to buy things than where the purchaser pays cash. Too it is not fair for the man who pays as he goes to bear the expense of handling the accounts of the man who has charged, and paying a per cent of bad accounts that the credit merchant

PROFESSIONAL

C. H. CAIN
Lawyer

in old First National Bank Building

Texas

M. M. HERRING

Lawyer and Abstractor
Office over Postoffice

Texas

C. P. GENTRY
Jewelry

All Repair Work Guaranteed
Office in Parkhurst Bldg.

Tahoka, Texas

Dr. Hutchinson and Peehler
HUCHINSON, M. D.
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
O. P. PEEHLER, M. D.
General Medicine and Surgery
Rooms in 1st Nat'l. Bank Bldg.
LUBBOCK, TEXAS

W. D. Benson, Perry Spence

BENSON & SPENCER
Attorneys-at-Law

Rooms 3, 4 and 5, Lubbock
State Bank Bldg.

LUBBOCK, TEXAS

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

DR. J. B. SINGLETON
DENTIST

Permanently Located

Tahoka, Texas

must loose. In a town not more than a hundred miles away a man has put in a department store and buys and sells for cash; guaranteeing that those who are forced to buy on time can borrow money at ten per cent and trade with him and save ten to twenty per cent.

Stationary printing at this office is giving the best satisfaction. Last week we printed 500 statements for a man and by their aid he collected all his accounts. Two months ago a man bought of us some note paper and envelopes to use when writing to his sweetheart and now he is married. Another man forged a name on a check printed in this office—and he's in jail. Another stole some of our paper with which to make cigarettes—he's dead. A young lady bought some of our paper to curl her hair on—now she has a beard.

How to make both ends meet is one of the problems confronting the churches over the country today, and especially the smaller ones. In many cases more or less questionable methods are resorted to, to raise money. For example, the papers tell of a case at Coapke, N. Y., where at a church fair the Ladies Aid Society had a tent on which this announcement was displayed: Miss Emily Lawson Will Sell Kisses—Price 25 Cents Each.

Of course the kisses went like hot cakes. The managers had taken in \$43 and would have taken in more had not one of the young men after investing his quarter made the remark that "There is only one trouble with this girl's kisses; she needs a shave." Upon this hint the tent was raided and the alleged 'girl' turned out to be a man in disguise. Thus the scheme, which was immoral on its face, proved to be a deliberate fraud in the bargain.—Sel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Crouch arrived Friday from Tahoka in response to a message announcing the illness of Mr. Crouch's brother, Mr. J. A. Crouch, of the Bethel community. Mr. Crouch said that crop conditions in Lynn county the past year had been ideal and that he was fairly well pleased with the plains, but reading between the lines we have concluded that when conditions again become normal and the South Plains are swept by the scorching winds that leave not a vestige of flower or blossom or grain or grass or anything green that grows upon the earth, when the heavens withhold the rain and when the burning sun in all its fury drives men to deeds

Blacksmithing

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

J. Macfarlane's
South of Square

PRICES For Knife
-Go-Devils- Made To Order From \$5 to \$10
Better Order Now Before The Rush Season
H. C. Smith
Blacksmith.

of desperation, when the trackless, barren plains are strewn with the bleached bones of the horses and cattle that have perished from hunger and thirst and Mr. Crouch returns to the land of prosperity and plenty—the American Nile—we will give him a hearty welcome.—Eye-Witness.

God save our Country!
Advertising is at once the most useful and exploited adjunct to modern business. Fifty years ago, advertising was an experiment, and as is the case with every innovation, legitimate business was slow to take advantage of it and the great possibilities it offered. While on the other hand, the fakir was quick to see where he could the more easily dupe the buying public. This state of affairs has been a handicap to the development of this modern art. However the dross will be overcome by the pure, and the right, tho long suppressed, will in the end conquer. During the past decade advertising has come into its own thru the cooperation of publisher and advertiser. The newspapers and better class of periodicals are practicing the closest scrutiny of the advertisements that go into their column, and the buying public has come to have faith in them. Then if you want to succeed, advertise, but be careful to tell the truth every time, and make your advertisement new and attractive. One lie in an advertisement will counteract nine truthful ads if put out by the same concern.

Long and loud is the wail of merchants at the encroachments of the mail order concerns, and well it should be from Tahoka merchants.

Did you ever stop to think that during the past three months the money from the Tahoka post office alone to these concerns amounted to an average of \$3,000 per month. And we are given to understand that during none of these months the amount sent away in bank drafts was less, and some months amounted to twice as much. \$6,000 per month, \$200 per day is quite a drain; and it is a proven fact that for every hundred dollars sent away only one ever returns.

We chronicle these facts with anything but pleasure, for it is a symptom of commercial decay. However, it is not only our business but our duty to call the attention of the people to such menaces.

But the above is not the most deplorable fact. The merchants are prone to set the example. Quite a few order the more usual luxuries for their own use that might well be handled here, not to mention their necessities, such as stationery and printing. And the mail order houses' only salesman, Advertising, is sparingly used by all.

This is no lament on our part, it is a statement of facts, penned with the intention of helping to industrial growth of our little city than which there is not a more promising if we will support each other and work for the common weal.

LOOK!
Would you like to have a little place in the country, close enough to attend to business in town and get the benefit of city schools, churches, etc.?
I own 240 acres 2 miles east of Tahoka that I will sell in tracts of 40 acres, \$250 cash and \$150 per year for 6 years. Will sell larger tracts, or the entire 240 acres, on the same basis. Address H. E. Ford, Box 113, Austin, Texas.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 13 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.
NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

HERE IS A BRAIN EXPANDER

By Prof. James of Harvard.
You do just four things and no more. You think; you remember; you imagine; you act. When you learn to think better, remember better, imagine better or act better, you are increasing your efficiency, and therefore, your income. You may feel you are very successful now. Suppose you are; it is not a question of what you know, but of how beneficial a practical business education will be to you in addition to what you already know. Did you ever stop to think that eighty-five per cent of the men of this country are only earning \$15 per week or less? That ninety-two per cent fail in business between the ages of 40 and 50? That ninety-five per cent have no money at the age of 60; You will agree with us that to violate a part of the laws of business means partial failure, and to violate all the laws means complete failure. You are also aware that to observe part of the laws of business means partial success, and to observe all of the laws means complete success. Our aim is to help you observe a higher per cent of the laws of success, and, therefore, enable you to be nearer the maximum success. The late Prof. James, of Harvard declares that the average man only uses ten per cent of his brain power. Suppose you are twice as capable as the average man? Even that would mean you are only using twenty per cent of your maximum possibilities. The purpose of our course is to produce a maximum proficiency with a minimum effort. The business world wants thinkers and doers. There is a famine of high priced men today; there are thousands of men worth a thousand dollars a year, but only a few worth ten thousand a year. Be the latter kind of a man; you can if you will. We know that a man is worth only about \$2.00 a day from the chin down, selling muscle, but as high as a hundred-thousand dollars a year from the chin up, selling

A Bank Deposit is the Combination to Success



"OPPORTUNITY knocks once at every man's door." But many an opportunity is lost when the man who sees it hasn't the wherewithal to take advantage of it. It is the man with the READY CASH IN BANK who derives the benefit! If you haven't an account, open one today. When the opportunity arrives
YOUR CHECK BOOK WILL BE READY!

First National Bank of Tahoka, Texas

SPRAYS FOR BUGS
Every farmer can make excellent use of the spray calendar, which is being distributed by the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. According to Dean Kyle, Professor of Horticulture, at the A. and M. College of Texas, the following general sprays should be used:
1. For insects that eat the foliage use, (Paris Green), (London Purple) and (Arsenate of Lead)
2. For sucking insects, like plant lice, use (Whale Oil Soap).
3. For fungus diseases, like rots, use (Bordeaux Mixture).
Tyler Commercial College, Tyler Texas.
Name _____
Address _____

We Print Auction Bills That Attract Attention



Kambove The Longest Railroad In the World

From Cape Town and from Cairo, for years the engineers have been pushing through desert, jungle and forest, over rivers and across lakes, the longest railroad in the world. The dream of the late Cecil Rhodes, this road is by this time almost completed. About a year and a half ago the line was pushed from Cape Town northward 2250 miles in the Belgian Congo. At that time the terminus was Kambove, the little African village shown in the illustration. The first train arriving at Kambove was illuminated with **TEXACO ILLUMINATING OIL** the Red-Star-Green-T brand made in Texas and known all over the world for its quality. That quality and service distinguish all the Texaco Products sold in your town. Our agent is ready to serve you. Call on him. The goods are worth while.

The Texas Company General Offices, Houston, Texas
No. 30
TEXACO

Trey O'Hearts

Episode Number Three Which Will Be Shown at the Star Theatre Tuesday April Sixth

CHAPTER IX.

Forewarned.

The thing was managed with an intimacy that Alan termed devilish—it is indisputably Machiavellian. The lovers had come down from the berth in hot haste and the shadow of death. Two days of steady traveling canoe, by woods trail, by lake hamer—forty-eight hours of fatigued strain eased by not one instant's relaxation from the high tension of dilance upon which their very lives depended—were to a culmination on the fourth afternoon on the train from Moosehead—a trap of physical torment only made possible by Alan's luck in securing, through sheer accident, two parlor-car reservations tucked back at the last moment before leaving Kineo station.

No matter—the longest afternoon it has its evening; the pokkiest of us comes the more surely to its destination; in another hour or two would be in Portland—free at last to draw breath of ease in a land of order and sane living.

If in answer to this thought, the train slowed down with whistling notes to the last hill-station, and as trucks groaned and moved anew, a boy came galloping down the aisle, brandishing two yellow envelopes and blating like a stray calf: "Mista Law! Mista Law! Tell 'em for Mista Law!"

Alan had been expecting at every station a prepaid reply to his wire communications on the night express from New York.

Why two envelopes superscribed "A. Law, Kineo train southbound, and Sta.?"

Alan tore one open, unfolded the envelope, and grunted disgust with its advice, opened the other and read his breath sharply as he withdrew a playing card.

"Pardon me," Alan ventured, "but perhaps you can help me out—" "You've come to the wrong shop, my friend," the young man interposed with morose civility; "I couldn't help anybody out of anything—the way I am now."

"I'm sorry," said Alan, "but I thought possibly you might know where I could find a seaworthy boat to charter."

The young man slipped smartly down from his perch. "If you don't look sharp," he said ominously, "you'll charter the Seaventure." He waved his hand toward a vessel moored alongside the wharf: "There she is, and a better boat you won't find anywhere—schooner-rigged, fifty feet over all, twenty-five horsepower, motor auxiliary, two staterooms—all ready for as long a coastwise cruise as you care to take. Come aboard."

He led briskly across the wharf down a gangplank, then aft along the deck to a companionway, by which the two men gained a comfortable and roomy cabin, bright with fresh white enamel.

Here the light of the cabin lamp revealed to Alan's searching scrutiny a person of sturdy build and independent carriage, with a roughly modeled good-humored face, reddish hair, and steady though twinkling blue eyes.

"Name, Barcus," the young man introduced himself cheerfully; "Christened Thomas. Nativity, American State of life, flat broke. That's the rub," he laughed, and shrugged, shamefaced. "I found myself hard up this spring with this boat on my hands, sunk every cent I had—and then some—sitting out on an oral charter with a moneyed blighter in New York, who was to have met me here a fortnight since. He didn't—and here I am, in pawn to the ship chandler, desperate enough for anything."

"How much do you owe?" "Upwards of a hundred."

"Say I advanced that amount—when can we sail?"

The young man reflected briefly. "There's something so engagingly idiotic about this proceeding," he observed wistfully. "I've got the strangest kind of a hunch it's going to go through. Pay my bills, and we can be off inside an hour. That is—"

He checked with an exclamation of dismay, chafalieu. "I may have some trouble scaring up a crew at short notice. I had two men engaged, but last week they got tired doing nothing for nothing and left me flat."

"Then that's settled," Alan said. "I know boats; I'll be your crew—and the better satisfied to have nobody else aboard."

The eyes of Mr. Barcus clouded. "See here, my headlong friend, what's your little game, anyway? I don't mind playing the fool on the high seas, but I'll be no party to a kidnaping."

"It's an elopement," Alan interrupted in explanation. "We've simply got to get clear of Portland by midnight."

"You've got!" Barcus agreed promptly, his face clearing. "God only knows why I believe you, but I do—and here's my hand!"

CHAPTER XI.

Blue Water.

Anxiety ate like an acid at Alan's heart. If this shift to the sea might be thought a desperate venture, he was a weathered salt-water man and undismayed; nothing would have been more to his liking than a brisk coastwise cruise in an able boat—under auspices less forbidding.

But when he re-entered the hotel one surprising thing happened that gave him new heart—momentarily it

stinct, intuition, blind guesswork. . . . He nodded heavy-hearted confirmation of a surmise slowly settling into conviction in his mind, that such cunning, such purpose and pertinacity could not possibly spring from a mind well balanced, that the woman, Judith Trine, sister to the Rose he loved so well, was as mad as that monomaniac, her father, who sat helpless in his cell of silence and shadows in New York, day after day, eating his heart out with impatience for the word that his vengeance had been consummated by the daughter whom he had inspired to execute it.

An hour late, in dusk of evening, the train lumbered into Portland station; and, heart in mouth, Alan helped Rose from the steps, shouldered a way for her through the crowd, and almost lifted her into a taxicab.

"Best hotel in town," he demanded. "And be quick about it—for a double dip."

He communicated his one desperate scheme to the girl en route, receiving her indorsement of it. So, having registered for her and seen her safely to the door of the best available room in the house within ready call of the public lobby and office, he washed up, gulped a hasty meal—which Rose had declined to share, pleading fatigue—and hurried away into the night with only the negro driver of a public hack picked up haphazard at some distance from the hotel, for his guide.

CHAPTER X.

Fortuity.

He wasted the better part of an hour in fruitless and perhaps ill-advised inquiries; then his luck, such as it was, led him on suspicion down a poorly lighted wharf, at the extreme end of which he discovered a lonely young man perched atop a pile of hands in pockets, gaze turned to a tide whereon, now black night had fallen, pallid wreaths of yachts swung just visibly beneath uneasy riding lights.

"Pardon me," Alan ventured, "but perhaps you can help me out—" "You've come to the wrong shop, my friend," the young man interposed with morose civility; "I couldn't help anybody out of anything—the way I am now."

"I'm sorry," said Alan, "but I thought possibly you might know where I could find a seaworthy boat to charter."

The young man slipped smartly down from his perch. "If you don't look sharp," he said ominously, "you'll charter the Seaventure." He waved his hand toward a vessel moored alongside the wharf: "There she is, and a better boat you won't find anywhere—schooner-rigged, fifty feet over all, twenty-five horsepower, motor auxiliary, two staterooms—all ready for as long a coastwise cruise as you care to take. Come aboard."

He led briskly across the wharf down a gangplank, then aft along the deck to a companionway, by which the two men gained a comfortable and roomy cabin, bright with fresh white enamel.

Here the light of the cabin lamp revealed to Alan's searching scrutiny a person of sturdy build and independent carriage, with a roughly modeled good-humored face, reddish hair, and steady though twinkling blue eyes.

"Name, Barcus," the young man introduced himself cheerfully; "Christened Thomas. Nativity, American State of life, flat broke. That's the rub," he laughed, and shrugged, shamefaced. "I found myself hard up this spring with this boat on my hands, sunk every cent I had—and then some—sitting out on an oral charter with a moneyed blighter in New York, who was to have met me here a fortnight since. He didn't—and here I am, in pawn to the ship chandler, desperate enough for anything."

"How much do you owe?" "Upwards of a hundred."

"Say I advanced that amount—when can we sail?"

The young man reflected briefly. "There's something so engagingly idiotic about this proceeding," he observed wistfully. "I've got the strangest kind of a hunch it's going to go through. Pay my bills, and we can be off inside an hour. That is—"

He checked with an exclamation of dismay, chafalieu. "I may have some trouble scaring up a crew at short notice. I had two men engaged, but last week they got tired doing nothing for nothing and left me flat."

"Then that's settled," Alan said. "I know boats; I'll be your crew—and the better satisfied to have nobody else aboard."

The eyes of Mr. Barcus clouded. "See here, my headlong friend, what's your little game, anyway? I don't mind playing the fool on the high seas, but I'll be no party to a kidnaping."

"It's an elopement," Alan interrupted in explanation. "We've simply got to get clear of Portland by midnight."

"You've got!" Barcus agreed promptly, his face clearing. "God only knows why I believe you, but I do—and here's my hand!"

CHAPTER XI.

Blue Water.

Anxiety ate like an acid at Alan's heart. If this shift to the sea might be thought a desperate venture, he was a weathered salt-water man and undismayed; nothing would have been more to his liking than a brisk coastwise cruise in an able boat—under auspices less forbidding.

But when he re-entered the hotel one surprising thing happened that gave him new heart—momentarily it

seemed almost as if his luck had turned. For, as he paused by the desk of the cashier to demand his bill, the elevator gate opened and Rose came out eagerly to meet him with an eager air of hope that masked measurably the signs of fatigue.

"I worried so I couldn't rest," she told him guardedly as he drew her aside; "so I arose and got ready, and watched from the window till I saw you drive up."

He acquainted her briefly with his fortune.

But she seemed unable to echo his confidence or even to overcome the heaviness of her spirits when their cab, without misadventure, set them down at the wharf.

Here, Alan had feared, was the crucial point of danger—if the influence of the Trey of hearts was to bring disaster upon them it would be here, in the hush and darkness of this deserted waterfront. And he bore himself most warily as he helped the girl from the car and to the gangplank of



Lingered Watchfully on Deck.

the Seaventure. But nothing happened; while Mr. Barcus was as good as his word. Alan had barely set foot on deck, following the girl, when the gangplank came aboard with a clatter, and the Seaventure swung away from

the wharf.

Until the distance was too great for even a flying leap Alan lingered watchfully on deck.

At length, satisfied that all was well, he returned to the cabin.

"All right," he nodded; "we're clear of that lot, apparently; nobody but the three of us aboard. Now you'd best turn in. This is evidently to be your stateroom, this one to port, and you'll have a long night's sleep to make up for what you've gone through—dearest."

He drew nearer, dropping his voice tenderly. And of a sudden, with a little low cry, the girl came into his arms and clung passionately to him.

"But you?" she murmured. "You need rest as much as I! What about you?"

"Oh, no I don't," he contended. "Besides I'll have plenty of time to rest up once we're fairly at sea. Barcus and I stand watch and watch, of course. There's nothing for you to do but be completely at your ease. But—you must let me go."

Eyes half-closed, her head thrown back, she seemed to suffer his kiss rather than to respond, then turned hastily away to her stateroom—leaving him staring with wonder at her strangeness.

By midnight the Seaventure was spinning swiftly south-southeast, close reefed to a snoring southwest wind—the fixed white eye of Portland head light fast falling astern.

CHAPTER XII.

Down the Cape.

At four o'clock, or shortly after, Alan was awakened by boot-heels

pounding imperatively overhead, and went on deck again, to stand both dog-watches—saw the sun lift up smiling over a world of tumbled blue water, crossed the wake of a Cunard liner inbound for Boston, raised and overhauled a graceful but businesslike fisherman (from Gloucester, Barcus opined when called to stand his trick at eight) and saw it a mile or two astern when—still aching with fatigue—he was free to return to his berth for another four-hour rest.

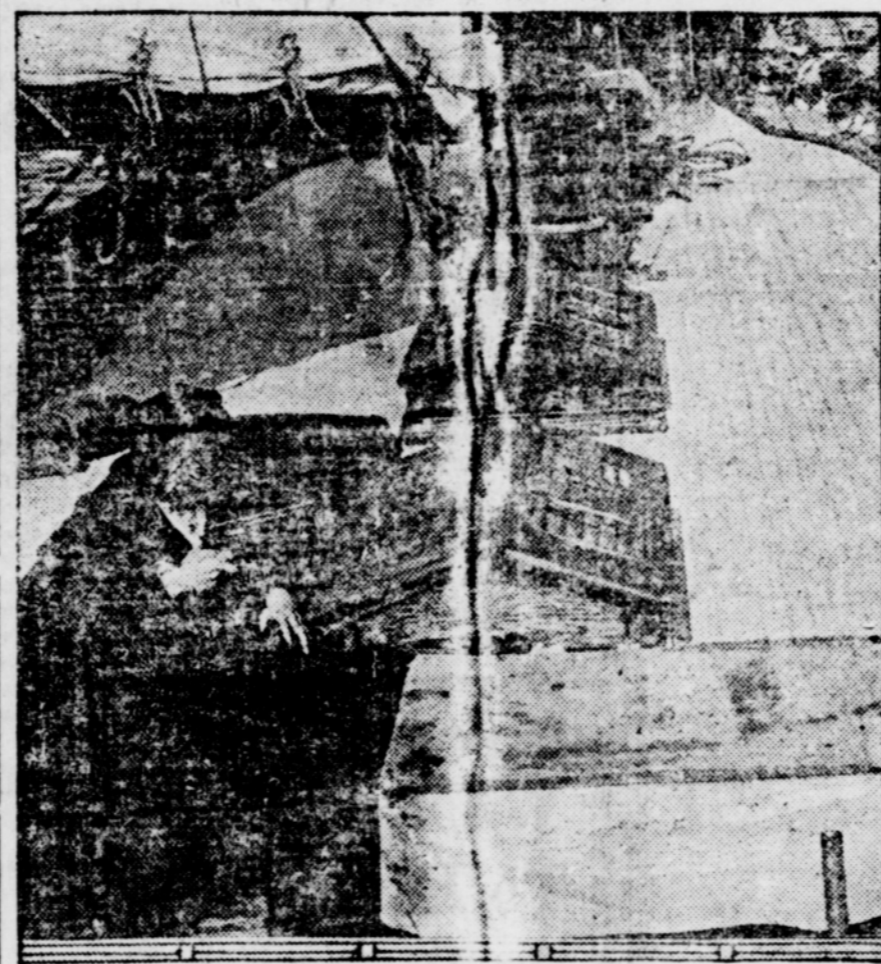
This time misguided consideration induced Barcus to let his crew sleep through the first afternoon watch. Six bells were ringing when, in drowsy apprehension that something had gone suddenly and radically wrong, Alan waked.

He was on deck again almost before he rubbed the sleepiness from his eyes, emerging abruptly from the half-light of the cabin to a dazzle of sunlight that filled the cup of day with rarefied gold, even as he passed from conviction of security to realization of immediate and extraordinary peril.

His first glance discovered the wheel deserted, the woman with back to him standing at the taffrail, Barcus—nowhere to be seen. The second confirmed his surmise that the Seaventure had come up into the wind, and now was yawing off wildly into the trough of a stiff if not heavy sea. A third showed him, to his amazement, the Gloucester fisherman—overhauled with such ease that morning and now, by rights, well down the northern horizon—not two miles distant, and standing squarely for the smaller vessel.

Bewildered, he darted to the girl's side, with a shout, demanding to know what was the matter. She turned to him a face he hardly recognized—but still he didn't understand. The inevitable inference seemed a thing unthinkable; his brain faltered when he asked to credit it. Only when he saw her tearing frantically at the painter, striving to cast it off and with it the dory towing a hundred feet or so astern, and when another wondering glance had discovered the head and shoulders of Mr. Barcus rising over the stern of the dory as he strove to lift himself out of the water—only then did Alan begin to appreciate what had happened.

Even so, it was with the feeling that all the world and himself as well had gone stark, raving mad, that he seized the girl and, despite her struggles, tore her away from the rail before she had succeeded in unknitting the painter. "Pose!" he cried stupidly. "Rose!"



She Whips Out a Gun as Big as a Cannon.

What's the matter with you? Don't you see what you're doing?"

Defiance inflamed her countenance and accents. "Can't you ever say anything but 'Rose! Rose! Rose!'? Is there no other name that means anything to you? Can't you understand how intolerable it is to me? I love you no less than she—better than she ever dreamed of loving you—because I hate you, too! What is love that is no more than love? Can't you understand?"

"Judith!" he cried in a voice of stupor. "But—Good Lord!—how did you get aboard? Where's Rose?"

"Where you'll not find her easily again," the woman angrily retorted. "Trust me for that!"

"What do you mean?" Illumination came in a blinding flash. "Do you mean it was you—you whom I brought aboard last night?"

"Who else?"

"You waylaid her here in the hotel, substituted yourself for her, deceived me into thinking you—!"

"Of course," she said simply. "Why not? When I saw her sleeping there—the mirror of myself, completely at my mercy—what else should I think of than to take her place with the man I loved? I knew you'd never know the difference—at least I was fool enough for the moment to believe I could stand being loved by you in her name! It was only today, when I'd had time to think, that I realized how impossible that was!"

A sudden slap of the mainsail boom athwartships and a simultaneous cry from over the stern roused Alan from his contemplation to fresh appreciation of the emergency. With scant

Continued on next page

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When in Tahoka Saturdays, come to the matinee. Two full shows commencing 2:30. Admission 10 cents.

OUR SCHOOL BUILDING

Series on the Sanitary Condition of Tahoka, Number 2.

Our school ground comprises one block of land situated in the south west part of town. As promised last week we will call to your attention some of the most important improvements needed here.

Firstly, the out buildings on the school ground are in such an unsanitary condition as to be a disgrace to the lowest type of uncivilized human beings. The very sight of them is repulsive to the eye and the stench that ever permeates the atmosphere there about is simply nauseating. Seek far and near and you will find few equals to these filthy objects. The nearest comparison was the old sanitary building at the court house that has recently been replaced by a modern sanitary building. Let us turn to the more pleasant part of the improvements needed.

The yard is cut up by old roads and the play grounds are worn and we shed until any kind of a game is impossible on the school ground. There is not a tree or shrub on the ground. These conditions require

time and money to correct, as the grounds must needs be graded and the trees set out and allowed to grow. Before the latter could be accomplished the grounds would either have to be fenced or the town incorporated and a stock law passed. But there is one condition of the yard that could be remedied immediately, and that is the enormous amount of trash that is daily swept into the yard and left to blow thither and yon about town. This practice not only makes the yard unsightly, but somewhere about town this paper will lodge and form a breeding place for flies, mosquitos etc.

We do not expect to at once transform the ideal city as to model school grounds and other public buildings, but we do expect to tell the people in unvarnished terms the filthy conditions that the health of the town demands to be removed. The news stands prepared to do its share in any movement to remove these conditions, when these expenses become intolerable to those responsible.

Lewis Robinson, who owns the old building in the south part of town known as the garage, has had the building torn down and expects to have the material shipped to Lubbock.

BE A BOOSTER!
TRADE AT HOME!
TAKE THE HOME PAPER!

A. L. Lockwood returned Tuesday evening from Snyder, where he went to see his mother who was very ill. Mrs. Lockwood was much improved when Mr. Lockwood left. We hope for her speedy recovery.

We find only one fault with the compulsory school law. By all means it should have embraced free text books for the children. Text books are strictly cash—if you don't believe it try buying them on credit—and we have parents in Texas who cannot raise the cash to buy the books. What will the law do in an instance of this kind? The law is a good one and we favor it, but in our opinion it would have been much better with the above mentioned clause attached.
Stanton Reporter.

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Trey O'Hearts

Continued from preceding page

eration he hustled the woman to the companionway and below, slammed its doors and closed her in with the sliding hatch—all in a breath—then sprang to the taffrail, just in time to lend a helping hand sorely wanted by Mr. Barcus in his efforts to climb aboard, after he had pulled the dory up under the stern by its painter.

He came over the rail in a towering temper. "I hope you'll pardon the apparent impertinence," he suggested acidly, as soon as able to articulate coherently—"but may I inquire if that bloody-minded vixen is your blushing bride-to-be?"

Alan shook a helpless head. The thing defied reasonable explanation. He made a feeble stagger at it without much satisfaction either to himself or to the outraged Barcus.

"No—it's all a damnable mistake! She's her sister—I mean, the right girl's sister—and her precise double-fooled me—not quite right in the head, I'm afraid."

"You may well be afraid, you poor flat!" Mr. Barcus snapped. "D'you know what she did? Threw me overboard! Fact! Came on deck a while ago, sweet as peaches—and all of a sudden whips out a gun as big as a cannon, points it at my head and orders me to lift into the wind. Before I could make sure I wasn't dreaming, she had fired twice—in the air—a signal to that blessed fisherman astern there—at least, they answered with two toots of a power whistle and changed course to run up to us. Look how she's gained already!"

"But how did she happen to throw you overboard?"

"Happen nothing!" Barcus snapped, getting to his feet. "She did it a purpose—flew at me like a wildcat, and before I knew what was up—I was slammed backwards over the rail."

"I can't tell you how sorry I am," Alan responded gravely. "There's more to tell—but one thing to be done first."

"And that?" Mr. Barcus inquired suspiciously.

"To get rid of the lady," Alan announced firmly. "Make that fisherman a present of the woman in the case. You don't mind parting with the dory in a good cause—if I pay for it?"

"Take it for nothing," Barcus grumbled. "Cheap at the price!" He took Alan's place, watching him with a sardonic eye as he drew the tender in under the leeward quarter, made it fast, and reopened the companionway.

As the girl came on deck without other invitation, in a sullen rage that only heightened her wonderful loveliness, Alan noted that her first look was for him, of untampered malignity; her second, for Barcus, with a curling lip; her third, astern, with a glimmer of satisfaction as she recognized how well the fisherman had drawn up on the Seaventure.

"Friends of yours, I infer?" Alan inquired civilly.

Judith nodded.

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—then it would save us some trouble—yourself included—if you'll be good enough to step into the dory without a struggle."

Without a word, Judith stepped to the rail and, as Barcus luffed, swung herself overside into the dory.

Immediately Alan cast off, and as the little boat sheered off, Barcus, with a sigh of relief, brought the Seaventure once more back upon her course.

For some few minutes there was silence between the two men, while the tender dropped swiftly astern, the woman plying a brisk pair of oars.

Then, suddenly elevating his nose, Barcus sniffed audibly. "Here," he said sharply, "relieve me for a minute, will you? I want to go forward and have a look at that motor."

In the time that he remained invisible between decks the fisherman luffed, picked up the dory and its occupant, and came round again in open chase of the Seaventure.

When Barcus reappeared it was with a grave face. "The devil and the deep sea," he observed obscurely, coming aft, "from all their works, good Lord deliver us!"

"What's the trouble now?"

"Nothing much—only your playful little friend has been up to another of her light-hearted tricks. . . . If you should happen to want a smoke or anything to eat when you go below, just find a mirror and kiss yourself good-by before striking the match. The drain-cocks of both fuel tanks have been opened, and there are upwards of a hundred and fifty gallons of highly explosive gasoline sloshing around in the bilge!"

CHAPTER XIII.

No Quarter.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Barcus indulgently, breaking a long silence. "Very interesting. Very interesting, indeed. I've seldom listened to a more entertaining life-history, my poor young friend. But I tell you candidly, as man to man, I don't believe one word of it. It's all down to foolishness!"

His voice took on a plaintive accent. "Particularly this!" he expostulated, and waved an indignant hand, compassing their plight.

"The rest of your adventures are reasonable enough," he said, "they win my credulity—and I'm a native of Missouri. But this last chapter is impossible. And that's flat. It couldn't happen—and has. And there, in a manner of speaking, we are!"

Against the western horizon a long, low-lying strip of sand dunes rested like a bar of purple cloud between the crimson afterglow of sunset in the sky and the ensanguined sea that mirrored it.

The wind had gone down with the sun, leaving the Seaventure becalmed—her motor long since inert for want of fuel—in shallow water a mile or so off the desolate and barren coast that Barcus, out of his abounding knowledge of those waters, named Ghost Beach.

Still another mile further off shore the so-called Gloucester fisherman rode, without motion, waters as still and glassy. Through the gloaming, with the aid of glasses, figures might be seen moving about her decks; and as it grew still more dark she lowered a small boat that theretofore had swung in davits. A little later a faint humming noise drifted across the tide.

"Power tender," the owner of the Seaventure interpreted. "Coming to call, I presume. Sociable lot. What I can't make out is why they seem to think it necessary to tow our dory back. Uneasy conscience, maybe—what?"

He lowered the binoculars and glanced inquiringly at his employer, who grunted his disgust, and said no more.

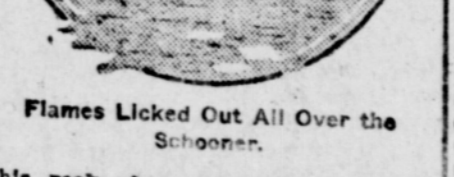
"Don't take it so hard, old top," Barcus advised with a change of note from irony to sympathy. Then he rose and dived down the companionway, presently to reappear with a megaphone and a double-barreled shotgun.

"No cutting-out parties in this outfit," he explained, grinning amiably. "None of that old stuff, revised to suit your infatuated female friend—once aboard the lugger and the man is mine!"

Stationing himself at the seaward rail, where his figure would show in sharp silhouette against the glowing sunset sky, he brandished the shotgun at arm's length above his head, and bellowed stertorously through the megaphone:

"Keep off! Keep off! This means you! Come within gunshot and I'll blow your fool heads off!"

Putting aside the megaphone, he sat down again. "Not that I'd dare fire this blunderbuss," he confided, "with



Flames Licked Out All Over the Schooner.

Gaining no response from Alan, observed critically: "Chatty little fellow, your are," and resumed the binoculars.

For thirty minutes nothing happened, other than that the sound of the fisherman's launch was still, and he rested motionless in the water, his figures mysteriously busy in the cockpit, the Seaventure's dory trailing behind it on a long painter.

Gradually these details became blurred, and were blotted out by closing shadows. The afterglow of the west grew cool and faint. The crimson waters darkened, to merge to violet, to a translucent green, to blackness. Far up the coast two white eyes, peering over the horizon, stared steadfastly through the dark. "Chatham lights," Barcus said they were.

Abruptly he dropped the glasses and jumped up. "Hear that!" he cried.

Now the humming of the motor was again audible and growing louder with every instant; and Alan, getting to his feet in turn, infected with the excitement of Barcus, could just make out at some distance a dark shadow beneath the dim, spluttering glimmer of light, that moved swiftly and steadily toward the Seaventure.

"What the devil!" he demanded, puzzled.

"You uttered a mouthful when you said 'devil'!" Barcus commented, grasping his arm and hurrying him to the leeward side of the vessel.

"Quick—kick off your shoes—get out for a mile-long swim! Devil's work, all right!" he panted, hastily divesting himself of shoes and outer garments. "I couldn't make out what they were up to till I saw them take the wheel, light the fuse, start the motor, and take to the dory. They've made on grand little torpedo boat out of that tender—"

He sprang upon the rail, steadying himself with a stay. "Ready!" he asked. "Look sharp!"

By way of answer, Alan joined him; the two had dived as one, entering the water with a single splash, and coming to the surface a good ten yards from the Seaventure. For the next several seconds they were swimming frantically, and not until three hundred feet or more separated them from the schooner did either dare pause for breath or a backward glance.

Then the impact of the launch against the Seaventure's side rang across the waters, and with a husky roar the launch blew up, spewing seawards a widespread fan of flame. Over the Seaventure, as this flamed and died, pale fire seemed to hover like a tremendous pall of phosphorescence, weird and ghastly glare that suddenly descended to the decks. There followed a crackling noise, a sound of the labored breathing of a giant, and bright flames, orange, crimson, violet and gold, lashed out all over the schooner, from stem to stern, from deck to topmast.

It seemed several minutes that she burned in this wise—it was probably not so long—before her decks blew up and the flames swept roaring up the sky.

By the time Alan and Barcus, swimming steadily, had gained a shoal which permitted them footing in waist-deep waters, the Seaventure had burned to the water's edge.

Continued next week.

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35x4	16.80	4.60
36x4	17.45	4.65
37x4	17.65	4.70
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38x4 1/2	22.50	5.75
37x4 1/2	23.60	6.20
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