

POLL TAX MUST BE PAID YEARLY

IS A PART OF STATE TAX SYSTEM AND OBLIGATORY.

Many Persons Think that only in Election Years Need this Tax be Paid.

"Get a poll tax receipt so you can vote next year," has been the slogan of the Texas newspapers so long that many tax payers have gained the impression that this tax is only voluntary on their part and that they need not pay it unless they so choose. A representative of the News heard on the streets only a few days ago a remark something like this: "Well I guess there will be no elections next year so I intend to save \$1.75 by not paying my poll tax."

The speaker was under the impression, as many other voters in the county, that it was only necessary to pay his poll tax when there was an election on hand, as under the election laws of this state a poll tax receipt is necessary to the voter.

Tax Collector W. A. Jennings offers the following citation of law for the voters of the county who were under the false impression:

Art. 5048 General Tax Laws of Texas. "There shall be levied and collected from every male person between the ages of twenty-one and sixty years, resident within this state, on the first day of January of each year (Indians not taxes, and persons insane, blind, deaf, dumb or those who have lost one hand or foot, excepted,) an annual poll tax of one dollar and fifty cents, one dollar for the benefit of free schools, and fifty cents for general revenue purposes; provided, that no county shall levy more than twenty-five cents tax for county purposes."

Further light is thrown on the subject by the following article: Art. 5176. "All real property held or owned by any person in this state shall be liable for all state and county taxes due by the owner thereof, including taxes on real estate, personal property and poll tax; and the collector of taxes shall levy on any personal or real property to be found in this county to satisfy all delinquent taxes, any law to the contrary notwithstanding."

It is thus seen that paying poll tax is not a voting privilege, but is an obligation and one that the collector can enforce just as he can for non-payment of taxes upon land or other property. Those who do not pay this tax are liable to have their property sold in order that the state and county may be protected.

Women Greatly Outnumber Men.

Of the 324 students enrolled at the Normal college last week there were 226 women and 98 men, making more than two women for every man. This proportion is about the same as has been maintained ever since the school started two years ago. During the past summer the proportion was almost three to one in favor of the women. Since the profession of teaching is so largely filled by women this proportion of attendance in the normal schools can readily be expected.

Miss Iva Maude Buie was the guest of friends in Amarillo over Sunday.

COUNTY SCHOOL TRUSTEES MEET.

73 Cents Per Capita Given Districts From Interest on Permanent School Fund.

The regular session of the county board of school trustees was held at the court house Monday at which time the interest on the permanent school fund was divided among the districts of the county, giving 73 cents per capita to each district. The interest on the fund amounted to \$800, and after deducting the salary of the county superintendent the remainder was the amount to be divided. Those attending the meeting were chairman S. B. Lofton, from precinct 1, R. E. Baird from precinct 2, C. R. Strong from precinct 3, and Geo. A. Brandon from the county at large. There is a vacancy in precinct 4.

The permanent school fund was derived from the sale of public lands given the counties for school purposes. Randall county has \$16,000 in this fund which is invested in bonds drawing 5 per cent interest. In addition to the 73 cents from this fund there is a state revenue of \$6.85 per capita.

At the present time there are enrolled in the rural schools 374 pupils, while in the Canyon Independent School District there are 208 pupils.

Mission Board Meets.

The Mission Board of the Tierra Blanca Association met with the Baptist church last Wednesday evening. The Board decided not to employ a missionary until next April, and all churches in the association, desiring financial aid to support pastors, were requested to place their requests in the hands of P. H. Young, secretary of the board, at as early a date as possible. Messrs R. E. Cook and G. T. Bailey, of Herford; C. L. Gatlin, of Happy; Z. T. Clifton, of Summerfield and Rev. W. O. Dean, of Tulia, attended the meeting.

Normal Power Plant.

Work on the power plant at the Normal is progressing nicely. The plant is being installed primarily to furnish power for the manual training shop but will be used also to light the dressing rooms, gymnasium and swimming pool room. In case of emergency the entire building could be lighted but the plant is too small to make a good light for all the halls. A dark room has also been made where the projector will be used by the various classes during the day.

New Christian Pastor.

J. Wilburn Rose, of Albuquerque, has accepted a call from the local Christian church and arrived last week to take up his work here. Mr. Rose is a very able minister and greatly pleased his congregation in his first sermons last Sunday. Services will be held regularly at the church in the future. The local church has been without a pastor since Rev. J. J. Hutchison left several months ago.

At the Methodist Church.

On Sunday, the pastor, F. M. Neal, will begin a series of sermons on Christian conduct.

Subject for the day, some things to avoid: "Liquor, Lickings, Law-suits and Liars." The discussions will be plain, fair and progressive. The usual monthly union services will be at night.

AVERAGE AGE IS GETTING HIGHER

20 3-4 YEARS IS AVERAGE AGE OF THE STUDENTS.

Increase Over Last Year is Very Noticeable—Last Year Under Three Year Course.

The average age of the students of the regular session at the Normal is higher than it has been since the school was opened two years ago. The average age is not so high as during the summer sessions when a large number of teachers are in attendance.

The students are more mature than those attending the other two years as it shown by the fact that there are 90 in the senior class. This large attendance of advance students is ascribed to the fact that this is the last year under the old three year course and all who wished to finish their normal school work under the old system were required to do so this year.

The total age of the 324 students is 6633 years, or an average of 20 3-4 years. The average age for the first year, 1910-1 was 20 27-79 years; for the summer quarter of 1911, 22 134-305 years; for year 1911-12, 20 1-43 years and for the summer quarter of 1912, 22 59-63 years.

The following is the number at the various ages:

16 years of age—32
17 " " 32
18 " " 51
19 " " 49
20 " " 43
21 " " 31
22 " " 24
23 " " 19
24 " " 7
25 " " 11
26 " " 6
27 " " 2
28 " " 2
29 " " 2
30 " " 4
31 " " 1
32 " " 2
34 " " 1
36 " " 2
39 " " 2
40 " " 1

Presbyterian Church Services.

The services Sunday morning will be a communion service in which Rev. Groves will take part, if able. Baptism will be administered to any infants, whose parents desire this. The evening service will be a union service at the Methodist church. You are cordially invited to come and worship with us.

Chalmers Kilbourn, Pastor.

All Day Services.

All day services were held at Umbarger last Sunday. Rev. Watts, of Haskell, preached in the morning and Rev. F. M. Neal in the afternoon. W. J. Flesher, of this city, directed to the Sunday school in the morning. A fine dinner was served on the grounds at noon.

Hanna House Complete.

Parker Hanna will move into his new house on his farm west of the city sometime this week. The residence is a California bungalow of six rooms and is modern throughout. It is pronounced to be one of the prettiest and most convenient in the county.

J. L. Prichard was a business caller in Amarillo Thursday.

METHODIST LEAD BY SMALL MARGIN

BAPTIST STUDENTS IN ALMOST AS LARGE NUMBER.

Methodist 117, Baptist 111, Christian 48 and Presbyterian 45, With Few Others.

The Methodist denomination is again in the lead among the students of the Normal as shown by the enrollment cards at the secretary's office. However, the lead is only 6 above those of the Baptist profession. The Methodist have 117 while the Baptist are second with 111. Until the summer quarter of this year the Baptist had always led in attendance.

The third place is held by the Christian students, and the fourth is held by the Presbyterians. The following is the number for each profession:

Methodist	117
Baptist	111
Christian	48
Presbyterian	45
Catholic	3
Episcopalian	2
Lutheran	1
Congregational	1

During the first year of the school, 1910-11, the Baptist were in the lead with 54, Methodist second with 41, Christian 21 and Presbyterian 20.

During the first summer quarter, 1911, the standing was as follows: Baptist 79, Methodist 72, Christian 33, Presbyterian 22.

The year 1911-12 had the following: Baptist 82, Methodist 78, Presbyterian 39, Christian 36.

During the summer quarter, 1912, the following was the standing: Methodist 120, Baptist 87, Christian 43 and Presbyterian 25.

Johnson School District.

Elmer Bauer was agreeably surprised by a number of his friends last Thursday evening. They reminded him that it was his birthday.

Twenty-five pupils enrolled during the first month of school in this district.

Sowing wheat and harvesting kaffir keeps everyone busy in this section now.

The pupils of this district will hold an agriculture fair at the school house, Saturday, Oct. 5th. They have decided to call their fair "Pumpkin Day," but will exhibit all kinds of farm products besides pumpkins. Speaking and judging the exhibits will be part of the afternoons work. Cordial invitations are extended to all.

C. C. Miller, formerly of this city but now station agent at Lockney, was in the city over Sunday to visit with his daughter, Sarah. Mr. Miller was returning from Topeka where he had gone for an operation on his nose. While there Mr. Miller heard Roosevelt speak. Mr. Miller says that while he didn't hear a great deal of politics discussed, the trend seems to be generally in favor of Wilson. Mr. Miller went to Lockney Monday morning.

October 1st was the time set a short time ago for the transfer of the Northwest Texas Telephone System to the Southwestern Telephone Co. The transfer was not made Tuesday and Manager Prichard reports that he does not know when the change will be made.

SELF-SUPPORTING STUDENTS.

Nearly One-half are Paying Own Expenses at Normal—Comparison With Summer.

Since the founding of the Gregg Cousins Memorial loan fund a few months ago, the Normal faculty have become interested in obtaining figures on the number of students who are wholly or partially paying their expenses during their course in the school. The first time that information along this line was asked was during the summer session of this year when blanks on the enrollment cards called for this information.

At that time it was found that nearly 75 per cent of the students were wholly or in part self-supporting. This large per cent could be expected, of course, as a majority of those attending were public school teachers attending the school to obtain a better grade of certificate.

Blanks on the enrollment cards this year revealed the fact that nearly 50 per cent of the students were paying their own way through school. The exact numbers are: 127 paying all their expenses and 27 paying part of their expenses. Of the remaining 170 cards examined it was found that a large number had overlooked this important question and it may be possible that even a number of these are self-supporting.

This per cent of self-supporting students is considered very large and indicates that the student body is composed of men and women with ambition to get the best out of life.

Normal Notes.

Five new students were enrolled the first day of this week, making the enrollment reach the 229 mark.

The window slashing, which has been going on for the past month, will soon be finished. The slashing will keep the window sashes tight and also make the building warmer.

The swimming pool has received four coats of enamel and as soon as the paint dries the pool will be ready for use.

The different classes elected officers for representation in the "annual." A class representative, a joke editor and a critic were selected by each separate class to act in conjunction with the editor-in-chief and his assistants.

All the football paraphernalia excepting the jerseys arrived Monday and the squad now appears on the field in new togs. The jerseys are a special make and have not been received from the factory. Coach Miller is trying to obtain a game for either Saturday or Monday in order to try his team out.

The girls' basketball squad is working hard, twenty-five appearing in the gymnasium every day for the regular one hour's practice. Another pump will be installed in the well house in the near future which will greatly increase the supply of water.

The Normal owns its own electrical power and the first piece of work done on the lathe in the manual training department was exhibited Monday.

The faculty is submitting bids for new gymnasium equipment which is greatly needed as the classes in physical education are extra large.

Secretary Terrill reports that a number of letters are received every week asking for the services of good teachers, and that the demand for good teachers is even greater than the supply.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR UNION TO HAVE RALLY

HELD IN AMARILLO FROM OCTOBER 18 TO 20.

Interesting Program Will be Given and Representatives From all Counties.

The following is an announcement of the coming Christian Endeavor Rally which will be held in Amarillo, Oct. 18-20:

The Panhandle district of the Texas Christian Endeavor Union covers all the counties in the Panhandle and others to the south, a total of thirty-seven counties. The district is large in size and large in Christian Endeavor enthusiasm. The Panhandle Endeavorers are blessed, with that eternal optimism so common to the plains country of Texas, and under the able leadership of their efficient superintendent, Miss Addie R. Whitcomb, they have seen the work grow from a few scattered societies to a total of twenty-three with a membership of 475. Thus in number they are in line with most of our more thickly settled districts.

They are at present making preparations for their district convention to be held in Amarillo, October 18 to 20, at which time they expect to have with them President Been of the State Union. Following the convention, Rev. Been will probably visit other cities in the district.

Miss Whitcomb, the superintendent, has been in Christian Endeavor work for several years, having formerly been a junior superintendent. She has been associated with the Society in her own church, the First Presbyterian of Amarillo, either as an officer or chairman of committee since it was organized.

She is now endeavoring to visit as many Societies in her district as possible before their convention and assist in holding local rallies. During a recent rally at Brushland she assisted in starting a union society with thirty-six members and was assured the juniors would also be organized in the near future.

Miss Whitcomb and three other Endeavorers from her district attended the state convention in June, having traveled a greater distance than any other delegation. At the convention she was able to give a report of Christian Endeavor activity in the plains country that brought forth hearty response from the assembled delegates.

Sunday School Rally.

Rally day was observed at the Methodist Sunday school last Sunday morning. At this service the year promotions of classes were made. Attorney Tom Turner, of Amarillo, was invited to make an address to the school and very ably told of the benefits to be derived from a good well regulated Sunday school.

Quarterly Conference.

The fourth quarterly conference of the local Methodist church will be held next Wednesday night, October 9. Rev. O. P. Kiker will be here at that time and hopes to finish up all of the business of the conference year. As was announced some time ago in the News, Rev. Kiker was scheduled to preach in the city next Sunday but he will be unable to appear here at that time.



REMINGTON UMC

PUMP GUN
Solid-Breech, Hammerless, Safe.

Bottom Ejection—empty shells are thrown downward—smoke and gases must go the same way, too—insuring uninterrupted sight—rapid pointing always.

Solid Breech—Hammerless—perfectly balanced—a straight strong sweep of beauty from stock to muzzle.

Three Safety Devices—accidental discharge impossible.

Simple Take-Down—a quarter turn of the barrel does it—carrying, cleaning, interchange of barrels made easy—your fingers are your only tools.

For trap or field work the fastest natural pointer. Your dealer has one. Lock it over today.

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
299 Broadway 5 New York City

Students Have Teaching Experience.

Out of the 324 students enrolled at the Normal, 103 have had teaching experience varying from 1 month to 16 years. This per cent is considered very high and indicates that many teachers were anxious to get into the Normal before the course was increased to four years.

Minter to Hale Center.

Prof. T. S. Minter, of the Normal faculty, will speak at Hale Center, Oct. 5th, at the county teachers' institute. In making the announcement last week the Hale Center Live Wire says the following:

"Prof. Minter, as well as a teacher of state-wide standing, is a farmer of practical knowledge and experience, and he will have something interesting to say. It is of prime importance that every tax payer in the Hale Center school district and adjoining districts hear him. Remember the date, October 5."

When you have a bad cold you want the best medicine obtainable so as to cure it with as little delay as possible. Here is a druggist's opinion: "I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for fifteen years," says Enos Lollar, of Saratoga, Ind., "and consider it the best on the market." For sale by all dealers.

Estate of John H. Knicely.

The State of Texas, County of Randall. In probate court. Estate of John H. Knicely, a minor.

To all persons interested in the welfare of John H. Knicely, a minor, and the guardianship of said estate:

R. H. Caler, guardian of the estate of John H. Knicely, minor, has filed his application to resign said guardianship, and with it his account of final settlement.

Said application will be heard at the next term of the County court, setting in Probate, on the 14th day of October, A. D., 1912, at the court house in the city of Canyon, at which time all persons interested in the welfare of said John H. Knicely, a minor, will appear and show cause why such application should not be granted.

WITNESS:

M. P. GARNER,
Clerk of the County Court,
Randall County.

Given under my hand and seal of said court at office, this 17th day of September, A. D., 1912.

[SEAL] M. P. GARNER,
Clerk of the County Court, Randall County, Texas.

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

You are hereby commanded to serve the above and foregoing Citation by publishing the same in a news paper published in Randall county, Texas, for three consecutive weeks, and make due return as required by law.

Given under my hand and seal of office this, the 17th day of September, A. D., 1912.

[SEAL] M. P. GARNER,
County Clerk, Randall County, Texas. 26t3

Legal Blanks.

- Get them at the News office:
- Warranty deed.
- Deeds of trust.
- Notes with vendor's lien.
- Chattle mortgages.
- Transfer of vendor's lien notes.
- Leases.
- Releases.
- Bills of sale.
- Notes.
- Receipts.
- Notary Acknowledgements.
- Contract for sale of real estate.
- Contract for sale of cattle.
- Scale books.
- Thrashing machine books.
- Butcher's bill of sales.

For Sale—Pony, family broke. 24t H. C. Roffey.

Are You Going to Build?

We carry the most complete stock of Lumber and Building Material in the country. Everything found in a first class lumber yard. We want to figure with you on your bill, be it a full house or barn pattern, or only repairs. :: ::

The Citizens Lumber Co.

Protect the Children's Eyes

School has opened now and the children will be required to study at night. If you want to protect their eyes use Electric Light. Don't hamper them in their work with poor light. Besides, the housewife hasn't time now to be cleaning and filling oil lamps. We especially recommend the MAZDA ELECTRIC LAMP for an ideal student's light.

Let us wire your house.

Canyon Power Company
Office in First National Bank

Subscribe for the "Newsy" News.

Bank With the Growing Bank

We are at the North-east corner of the square. We are in the Banking business "a little." You like to get money when in need do you not? We make some loans occasionally. We are the little, but the GROWING BANK

THE GUARANTY FUND BANK
The First State Bank

MOLES AND WARTS

Removed with MOLESOFF, without pain or danger, no matter how large or how far raised above the surface of the skin. And they will never return and no trace or scar will be left. MOLESOFF is applied directly to the MOLE or WART, which entirely disappears in about six days, killing the germ and leaving the skin smooth and natural.

MOLESOFF is put up only in One Dollar bottles.

Each bottle is forwarded postpaid on receipt of price, is neatly packed in a plain case, accompanied by full directions, and contains enough remedy to remove eight or ten ordinary MOLES or WARTS. We sell MOLESOFF under a positive GUARANTEE if it fails to remove your MOLE or WART, we will promptly refund the dollar. Letters from personsages we all know, together with much valuable information, will be mailed free upon request.

Please mention this paper when answering Florida Distributing Company Pensacola, Florida.

If a merchant wants your trade, he tells you about it in the NEWS

Our Business Is Banking
Banking Is Our Business

The sign "Bank does not make a bank and is often misleading. It requires time, energy, close attention to business, a substantial capital and ripe experience in banking to make a bank. We claim, without blushing, all the essentials necessary to make our business that of banking, and tender our patrons a service thoroughly seasoned by years of experience, backed by a substantial capital and a large surplus.

"The Bank That Does Things"

The First National Bank
of Canyon

Capital \$100,000 Surplus and Profits \$50,000

DECIDE YOURSELF.

The Opportunity is Here, Backed by Canyon Testimony.

Don't take our word for it. Don't depend on a stranger's statement.

Read Canyon's endorsement. Read the statements of Canyon citizens.

And decide for yourself. Here is one case of it:

George Reynolds, grocer, Canyon, Texas, says: "I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone suffering from kidney complaint. I had suffered from this trouble for a long time. I had pains in my back and sides and my kidneys became weak. I got Doan's Kidney Pills and was soon cured. Another member of my family had still worse trouble and Doan's Kidney Pills quickly cured that case. I consider this preparation the best one for kidney complaint on the market."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, Sole Agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. 27-2



AFTER TWENTY YEARS

The Eiler Show

Presents

MR. GEORGE MILTMORE

In

Rip VanWinkle

Mr. Miltmore has been associated with some of the very finest companies and is engaged this season especially for the title role : : :

30---People--- 30

BAND AND ORCHESTRA

Don't fail to attend. Under canvas at night only.

At Canyon, Texas

Monday, Oct. 7

The Canyon City Abstract Company

Work Promptly Done

FLESHER BROS. Managers

Office in Court House. Phone 210

The Panhandle is Great for Hogs.

Some of the best hogs that come to the Ft. Worth market are raised and fattened in the Panhandle of Texas, a section that is well adapted to the swine industry as any section of the United States, a fact that should induce the increasing of the hog crop in that part of the state. The Panhandle press is taking an interest in the movement to increase the hog stock in Texas and the Panhandle Herald is lending a strong hand in the good work. It says:

The cry is for hogs—and then some. The price is now, and has been for months, touching the sky-line and still soaring. The Panhandle country is the ideal place for the hog raiser and he is now sleeping on one of the most important opportunities of the day. Any man with a grain of determination can come here and start a hog ranch and in a few years become independent. It is a fact beyond dispute.

There is nothing here to cause the various diseases that prove such a drawback in some countries and one can always depend upon a feed crop, which can be produced with the lowest possible cost and the water is inexhaustible. Everything to encourage hog raising is here in its virgin state, and why it has not found a response long ago is one of the things we can't explain.

Hogs can be raised on kafir corn and milo maize at small cost. Both of these crops grow to perfection in the Panhandle. Another thing helpful in hog raising is a pasture. Alfalfa cannot be surpassed for this purpose, and alfalfa is another of the good and sure crops throughout this territory. Just as sure as the night follows the day the Panhandle of Texas will some day be the leading agricultural region of the United States.

"The lands are here to make this possible and the people will not always be asleep to its golden promises. The valleys of the Nile are not richer than the broad acres and the art of cultivation is reduced to the minimum. Hogs are but one of the many products that can be grown, and for each thing produced there is a ready market. Investigation will prove the great possibilities along these lines throughout this section and to all those looking for a better condition we extend a welcome to come and join us."

Itching Piles.

I want you to know how much good your Hunt's Cure has done me. I had suffered with itching piles fifteen years, and when I was traveling through Texas a man told me of your Hunt's Cure. I got a 50c box and it cured me. John Bradley, Caney, Kans.

"Fine Crops," Says Johnson.

L. L. Johnson, assistant agricultural demonstrator for the Santa Fe, was in the city Saturday and says that the crops are fine. He reports that the frost last week did little damage and that if there are no more frosts within two weeks the crops will be excellent generally. Mr. Johnson says that the wheat acreage will be large this year.

Stand Ahead.

There is something about Hunt's Lightning Oil that no other liniment possesses. Others may be good, but it is surely the best. It does all you recommend it for, and more. For sprains, cuts, bruises, burns, aches and pains it has no equal on earth. It stands ahead on my medicine shelf. Very truly yours, T. J. Brownlow, Livingston, Tenn. 25 and 50c bottles.

FOR SALE—30 head Hereford cows. See or write M. O. Meeks, 3 1/2 miles southeast of Wildorado, Texas. 27p2

Society Notes.

The A division of the Merry Maids and Matrons club were most delightfully entertained at the U. O. Keiser home Friday night by the B's. The guests were received at the door by Mesdames Keiser, Shaw, Guenther, Hoover, Luke, Cullum and Miss Turk and at the head of the stairs by Misses Phyllis Keiser and Edith Harrison. The parlors of the home were beautifully decorated in pink roses and dahlias. After a few games of forty-two the gentlemen were invited to the smoking room while the ladies were treated to a delightful program given by Misses Nichols, Huttar and Mrs. Shaw after which delicious two-course refreshments were served of chicken salad, sandwiches, olives, coffee, salted almonds, pickles, cake, cream and mints. Those present were Messrs. and Mesdames Lake, Cullum, Harrison, Hutchings, Hoover, Guenther, Morelock, Warwick, Winkelman, Miller, Coss, Keiser, Mesdames Shaw, Pipkin and Rowan; Misses Jones, Wade, Nichols, Huttar, Harrison, Turk and Skyles, and Mr. Sewell.

No Calomel Necessary.

The injurious effect and unpleasantness of taking Calomel is done away with by Simmon's Liver Purifier, the mildest known liver medicine, yet the most thorough in action. Put up in yellow tin boxes only. Price 25c. Tried once, used always.

AGENTS WANTED

It costs you nothing to give our line a trial, as we furnish you book of samples, catalogue, etc., FREE, and pay all express charges on your orders; dress goods, embroideries, suits, skirts, etc., now is the time to begin—WRITE NOW. EMBROIDERY AND IMPORT COMPANY. 1911 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

The Baptist Church.

Pastor Holmes Nichols, of the Baptist church, authorizes us to state that he will begin a series of ten sermons next Sunday morning on "The Ten Commandments." For the vesper sermons, during October, the pastor will preach a series of four sermons on "Representative Women of the Bible" as follows: "Eve—The Mother of Mothers. Was she an ascidian?" "Deborah—an old Testament Suffragette." "Abigail—The drunkard's widow who married a King," and "Ruth—The beautiful young widow, who captured an old bachelor in a barley field." The evening sermons will be preached in the order given, and will have to do with the practical things of every day life.

HOLMES NICHOLS, Pastor.

GIVE YOUR LIVER A FAIR CHANCE.

Stop Drugging it With Calomel; Dodson's Liver Tone, a Vegetable Liquid Medicine, works without harm.

If your liver stops working it is a mistake to try to whip it into action with doses of calomel.

It's so much simpler and safer to cure your liver troubles with the pleasant tasting liquid, Dodson's Liver Tone. You can get a large bottle at the City Pharmacy for fifty cents and every member of the family can use it. Dodson's Liver Tone is an all vegetable liver medicine that starts the liver to act within a few hours and has no bad after-effects. No restriction of your habits or diet necessary.

The City Pharmacy guarantees it to be a perfect substitute for calomel and will give you your money back if you are not pleased with the medicine.

Get a bottle instead of calomel next time.

Opportunity Knocks But Once SATURDAY and MONDAY ONLY

The LEADER will give 5 bars Crystal White Soap with each \$5.00 purchase

WATCH THIS CORNER. Something doing here every week.

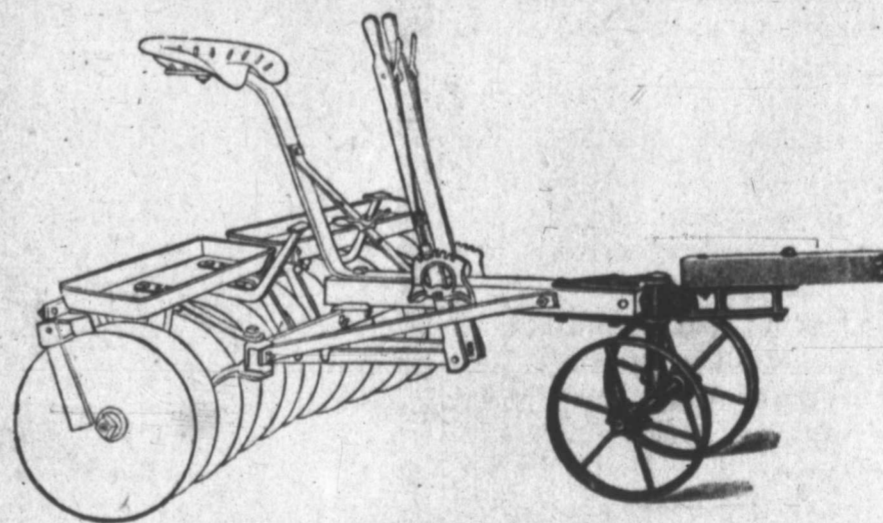
MRS. LUCY A. THOMAS
EXCLUSIVE UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER

All details carefully attended to. Calls answered day or night.

PHONE 91--TWO RINGS

Preserve the Moisture Best done by killing the weeds

"Follow the binder and header with the disc harrow," say the expert agriculturists, "in order to kill the weeds and preserve all the moisture until the ground can be plowed." Many farmers are doing this, but all should be in this class, especially since good rains have fallen. Nothing can be done early that will do more to preserve the moisture than by forming a mulch with the disc harrow.



P. & O. Disc Harrow

Leads them all, it positively has no equal. It is made in all sizes. Also can be equipped with tandem attachment so as to double disc as you go. It is the longest life and most substantial disc harrow on market. See one before buying.

THOMPSON HARDWARE COMPANY
EAST SIDE OF SQUARE.

The Randall County News.

C. W. Warwick, Managing Editor.

Entered at postoffice at Canyon, Texas, as second class matter. Office of publication, West Houston street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One year, in county	\$1.50
Six months	.75
Three months	.50
Two months	.40
One month	.25

INSURANCE TOO HIGH.

Canyon, Texas, Oct. 2, 1912.
Editor News:—

It seems that insurance rates are higher in Canyon than it ought to be. I would suggest that the citizens in Canyon appoint a committee for the purpose of getting figures on the local fire loss during the last three years. I notice that other towns are doing this. I think the rule is that where fire losses have not been over 55 per cent of the total premiums paid, a liberal reduction will be allowed, on the scale of three per cent for every five per cent drop from 55 per cent of the premiums. This may be worth inquiring into. There is no reason for the insurance rates being as high as they are in Canyon, and we ought to begin to show that our fire loss is small and have our rate lowered.

J. C. HUNT.

On the first of October a law went into effect requiring all newspapers to file with the local postmaster a certificate showing the names of the editor, business manager, etc., the names of the owner or owners, the bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders, and in case of daily newspaper, the average circulation for the previous six months. These certificates must be made the first of April and October each year and must

"be published in the second issue of such newspaper, magazine or other publication printed next after the filing of such statement." Another section of the law requires all editorial or news matter for which pay is received to be marked "advertisement." The object of the law is to put out of business cheap city newspapers which are controlled by corporations and operated for the benefit of the corporations. These publications also claim large circulations in order to obtain high advertising rates. The law will have no effect upon the weekly newspapers as no publisher of a weekly newspaper has ever been known to sell his editorial space and few will misrepresent his circulation.

THE PARAGRAPHER.

Put up a stove last week? Here too.

"The Man of the Hour," the politician.

Despondency is a worse disease than rheumatism.

It is about time to start the cry: "Buy 'em early."

It's a poor man that hasn't more hope than anything else.

The man with a grin stands the best show in the world to win.

No difference about the price of liquor drinking, it is a costly investment.

It never hurts you very much to see the man you dislike get the worst of it.

The dog that once hid under the farmer's wagon now rides in the farmer's auto.

Taft believes that he will be elected. Thank goodness some one believes in Taft.

A woman once wrote a bank: Please stop payment on my check—I tore it up.

A bee travels 47,000 miles to make a quart of honey. How would you like to be a bee?

Generally speaking, a man takes two looks at a "Boy Wanted" sign until he has passed 40.

No man has to join a tennis club in order to get exercise. There are plenty of weeds in Canyon.

While a boy soon arrives at the age he is somewhat ashamed to be petted, he never gets too old to thoroughly enjoy it.

A woman recently told her husband that he was pretty in two ways: Pretty homely and pretty apt to stay that way.

A leading paper advertises "See Roosevelt in Africa." Taft and his party would rather see Roosevelt in Africa than anywhere else.

Most young men expect a wife to be a valet and a tailor; and most young women expect a husband to be a plumber, a carpenter and a national bank.

The Moose party will no more stand analysis of principals than its name, Moose, will stand analysis of sound. Divide the word into its two natural sound divisions and you get "Moo" and "S-s-s-s," the language of the cow and the goose. Pick to pieces the inner spirit of the big Moose himself and you will find the elements as lowering as the come-down in the name.

When a man stops his local paper it is a sure sign that he has a neighbor who will loan him his copy every week. Every newspaper man knows that no citizen of his town will go for a



Benjamin Clothes
Alfred Benjamin & Co. NEW YORK



Benjamin Clothes
Alfred Benjamin & Co. NEW YORK

Benjamin Clothes
Alfred Benjamin & Co. MAKERS
NEW YORK

THERE is invariably one argument which convinces. It is so strong and so timely and so truthful that nothing can prevail against it. Today an argument founded on facts will withstand almost any rebuttal. In politics or in the general workaday life, it is only the best that finally comes out "atop."

Benjamin Clothes have maintained their standing because no argument could prevail against them. Nearly forty years ago, when the first Benjamin suit was made, every feature was as good and dependable as it possibly could be—the style was authentic, then, just as it is now. New York has ever been the starting place for fashions just as it is today—it has ever been the home of expert tailors, just as it is today.

Benjamin Clothes are a standing argument in favor of quality. Their style, cleverness and value interest every man who cares to dress well and dares to seek quality at a moderate price.

The Canyon City Supply Co.
DRY-GOODS, CLOTHING & GROCERIES
CANYON, TEXAS

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

- Blue Jay Tablets No. 70, Exam. Tablets No. 81, Music Books, Pencil Tablets No. 72, Lead Pencils No. 375, Blue Jay Pencils No. 4, Erasers, Bankers Pen Staffs, University Comp. Book, Water Colors and Drawing Tablets at the

Racket Store

EXCURSIONS

One Way Fall Colonist Fares

To Alberta, Arizona, British Columbia, California, Colorado, Idaho, Mexico, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, Saskatchewan, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, will be effective on Santa Fe lines Sept. 25 to Oct. 10, inclusive.
Synod of North Texas American Presbyterian Church, Amarillo, Texas, Oct. 9 to 15; tickets on sale Oct. 8 and 9, limit Oct. 17. Round trip 70c.
State Council W. C. T. U., Austin, Oct. 5 to 12, ticket sale Oct. 3 and 4, limit Oct. 14, round trip \$21.35.
Grand Chapter Order Eastern Star, Waco, October 8 to 11, ticket sale Oct. 6 and 7, limit Oct. 12, round trip \$15.30.
Texas State Fair, Dallas, Oct. 12 to 27. Sale Oct. 11 to 27, limit Oct. 28. Round trip \$13.25. On Oct. 18 and 19, and Oct. 24 and 25, a very low rate of \$6.55 will be made for round trip. For further particulars phone or call upon
R. McGee, Agt.

week without seeing what is going on in the town. "I can't afford to take it, it's too high," is a threadbare excuse which no publisher believes. If you rely on your neighbor, better stop it and get a copy of your own.

\$100 Reward, \$100
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address: J. C. HENRY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Notice.
I have fenced the east line of my section, No. 79, Block M9 and all parties must use lane on south, as I will not permit crossing the premises.
JAMES MAXWELL,
2613 Happy, Texas.

FOR SALE—The very best grade of home grown home canned Elberta peaches in two and three pound cans. T. S. Minter, Canyon, Texas. 2514
FOR SALE—Five room house one block of Normal campus, price \$850. C. M. Thomas. 2514
Get your legal blanks at the News office.

Our inspector will be here in a short time. If you want any money don't delay seeing,
C. P. HUTCHING, Agent
Missouri Life Ins. Co.



WHAT a woman puts on her head makes more difference in her appearance than any other article of apparel. Our customers LOOK dressy and ARE dressy at small expense. Unless you are familiar with our moderate prices, we can surprise you with the highclass millinery you can buy here at less than elsewhere.

The Canyon City Supply Co.
 DRY GOODS, CLOTHING & GROCERIES
 CANYON, TEXAS

Social and Personal Notes

Photo stamps Oct. only. Lusby
 Earl Laird spent Sunday in Amarillo.
 Notice — The Leader special this week.
 T. C. Thompson was an Amarillo caller Sunday evening.
 G. W. Wharton, of Amarillo, spent Sunday in the city.
 You will find it at the Leader most any time.
 A. S. Rollins, of Amarillo, was in Canyon Saturday on business.
 Grandma Woosley and son, Mose, of Floyd county, have moved to Canyon to live.
 W. H. Lehman, of Shamrock, came in the first to take an inventory of the Baltimore Hotel.
 Just received a handsome line of the famous Widow Jones clothing for boys. The Leader.
 Miss Carrie Quirk visited Sunday in Amarillo at the home of her mother.
 Don't fail to see the extensive line of ladies' and misses coats. Styles and prices that will interest you. The Leader.

The Leader leads in prices—others follow.
 L. H. Roberts, of Amarillo, was in Canyon last Sunday.
 Buy your school supplies at the Racket Store.
 T. C. Thompson made a business' trip to Happy Monday.
 See upper right hand corner of page three.
 Miss Annie Laurie Buie has been quite ill the past week.
 Lehman Brothers and L. B. Harshberger have taken charge of the Baltimore Hotel.
 Eiderdown wool for making the popular hoods and caps. All colors. The Leader.
 Miss Lillian Lair returned Sunday from a visit in Amarillo at the home of her brother.
 Ask your dressmaker abo ut about the style and fit.
 Ask your doctor about the healthfulness.
 Ask any wearer about the comfort.
 Ask me about the price of Spirella Corsets.
 Calls by appointment.
 Mrs. Mathews,
 26p8 Phone 69.

Stamp photos, Lusby Studio
 S. S. and James Coffee were business callers in Amarillo Thursday.

Wanted—All the produce in Randall county. The Leader.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Anthony are spending the week in Roswell.

C. R. Flesher left Friday for a business trip to Cedaredge and Delta, Colo.

Phone 188 for prices on produce. The Leader.

Miss Gorby, of Bowen, Ill., is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. H. C. McNeil.

The McNeil sale last Friday was reported very successful. All of the stock sold at a very good price.

Don't fail to hear George Mittmore in the title roll of Rip Van Winkle under canvas at Canyon, Monday Oct. 7th.

I. L. Hunt and his brother-in-law, Mr. Bacon, of Lubbock, are making a business trip to Denver this week.

We will pay 20 cents per dozen for all the fresh eggs you have this week. The Leader.

Come to the lecture at The Gem next Tuesday night, October 8th at 8 o'clock. No admission fee.

A. W. Haynes and daughter and Oscar Mathis, of McLean, spent Sunday at the Davault and Grundy homes.

A lecture on Christian Science is to be given at "The Gem" Tuesday night at 8:00 o'clock by Willis F. Gross, of Boston. All are welcome. No admission fee.

Miss Hattie Huttar, of Plainview, visited over Sunday at the Rev. Holmes Nichols home. Miss Huttar is director of music in the Wayland college.

Williams, the Veterinarian, will be at the livery barn Saturday the 5th.

Whose Trade Has Grown

Everybody knows it. Anybody can see it.

ORTON'S
 trade has doubled in 12 months.

"THERE'S A REASON"

Don't fail to buy \$5.00 worth of goods at the Leader Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Garner are visiting in Plainview this week at the W. F. Garner home.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Coss are spending the week with relatives in Roswell.

C. M. Moore, of Comanche, is visiting at the C. R. Burrow home. Mr. Moore and Mr. Burrow were boyhood friends.

Having sold my transfer line I wish to thank my many friends for their liberal patronage in the past. Resp. C. P. Shelnett.

Miss Mamie Conner was down from Canadian over Sunday to visit at the parental L. G. Conner home. Miss Conner is teaching in the Canadian schools.

FOR SALE—Indian Motorcycle, used as demonstrator, in fine condition, fully guaranteed. Making room for the new stock, cheap, on easy terms. Indian Motor Co., Amarillo, Texas. 28t3

Mrs. H. F. McNeil and daughter, Helen, have gone to Herrin, Ill., to visit friends.

Misses Pearl Hensley and Ira Rowan spent Sunday at their homes in the city. They are teaching in the Panhandle schools.

We are shipping all the chickens, turkeys and butter we can buy. Get our prices. The Leader.

Rev. Watts, of Haskell, was in the city over Sunday to enroll his daughter in the Normal and to visit at the R. E. Pickens home.

J. W. Copeland, of Dayton, Ohio, purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for his boy, who had a cold, and before the bottle was all used the boy's cold was gone. Is that not better than to pay a five dollar doctor's bill? For sale by all dealers.

Parties wishing PLUMBING done, call me at
B. T. Johnson's Hardware
 —Phone 29—
 Estimates furnished, repair work promptly looked after
R. L. WAGNER

S. A. Shotwell & Co.
 Wholesale and Retail
Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds.
 Best Grades of Nigger Head and Maitland Coal.
TERMS CASH

We Use Lotions and Face Creams from Holland-Jarrett Drug Co.

Have you ever tried a bottle of Willows face cream? If not, do so today. It removes tan and sunburn, and keeps the skin soft. We have all kinds of toilet articles and sell at reasonable prices.

The Holland-Jarrett Drug Company is where the dollar will go as far as any place on earth. Nothing but the best.

Holland-Jarrett Drug Company
 Phone 90 Phone 90

This is the Piano We Give Away
 ON MARCH 10, 1913, VALUE \$400

WHAT SEEMED TO US TO BE A QUESTION IS NOW A GRATIFYING SUCCESS. IT PAYS TO BE LIBERAL WITH OUR TRADE

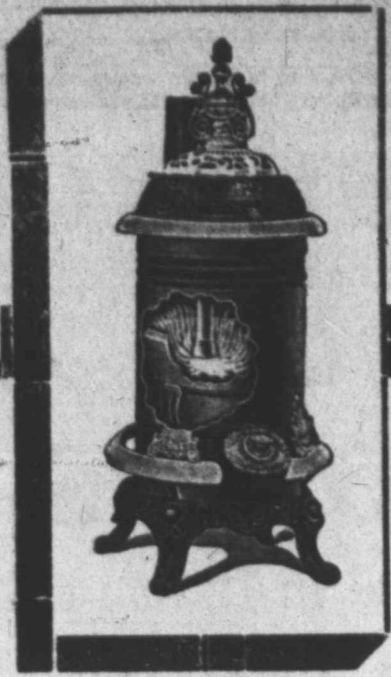
Since we first announced that we should give away this Beautiful Upton Parlor Grand Piano to some one of our customers on March 10, 1913, our business has shown a Big Increase in every department. Of course the unusual values which we are offering have helped to make this increase and we shall continue along these lines. We are daily receiving New and Attractive Offerings from the Fashion Centers and you will find our stocks complete in all lines regardless of the heavy daily demand.

Be Sure to Ask for Your Piano Votes With Every Purchase.

RULES OF CONTEST

- 1 Name of Contestant will be unknown.
- 2 Name of Contestant will not be published.
- 3 Every Contestant is credited with 2,000 votes to start with.
- 4 Every Contestant gets a number.
- 5 Standing of Contestants' numbers published weekly.
- 6 All votes must be brought in for recording on Wednesday.
- 7 Votes must not be written upon.
- 8 Tie Votes in packages with Contest's number and the amount on top slip only.
- 9 Color of Votes will change and must be recorded weekly.
- 10 Votes are transferable only before recording.
- 11 Contestant having the largest number of Votes on the 10th of March wins the Piano.
- 12 Candidates not bringing in personal Votes will be dropped.

CITY PHARMACY



Winter Coming

GET READY FOR ITS COMING BY HAVING A GOOD HEATING STOVE PUT UP NOW. WE HAVE THE CELEBRATED "OLIVER" AND OTHER GOOD MAKES. DON'T FAIL TO SEE US BEFORE BUYING. FULL LINE OF OIL BURNERS FOR THOSE NOT IN NEED OF A HEATER

B. T. Johnson & Co.
West Side of Square

CANYON LUMBER CO.

Everything in the way of building material.....

The House Of High Quality.

L. N. Daimont N. J. Sechrest M. S. Kellr
Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention. Ask for Catalog

The Plainview Nursery Co.

Growers of Native Trees from the best selected varieties on the Plains. Fruit, Shade and Ornamental Trees; Evergreens, Privet Hedge, Roses, Flowering Shrubs, Bulbs; all kinds of Berries, Grapes, Rhubarb, Asparagus, Tomato, Potato and Cabbage Plants in season. Largest and best equipped Nursery in West Texas, supplied with plenty of water, a necessity for handling Nursery stock. Investigation solicited.

PLAINVIEW, TEXAS

See the News Printery
FOR THE SUPERIOR KIND OF
Commercial Job Printing

MESSIAN FLY.

Late Sowing as a Means of Combating This Pest.

[National Crop Improvement Service.] Nothing can be done if a field once becomes badly infested with the fly, though heavy fertilization or manuring will greatly assist the plants to resist the attack. It is best, therefore, when a serious attack is anticipated, to forestall it by late sowing. Any farmer may establish a safe late date of sowing for his locality by noting the time of seedling and the degree of infestation for a few years, or by writing to his state experiment station, or he may ask his state entomologist for this information.

SEED WHEAT VITALITY.

Millions of Dollars Lost Annually From Sowing Wheat of Unknown Vitality.

By L. M. Smith, President Seed Trade Reporting Bureau.

[National Crop Improvement Service.] There are millions of dollars lost annually from sowing wheat of unknown vitality.

Scientists throughout the country, both state and national, have spent a great deal of time and money in the introduction and breeding of cereals suitable to the various climates of the United States. However, the underlying factor in crop production—that of vitality—has been sadly neglected. While a high vitality of seed grain is desirable, yet, it is not always obtainable, and the only way to counteract the low vitality, and obtain a maximum outturn, is by increasing the amount of seed sown according to its inability to grow.

How Grain is Damaged.

There are many factors which influence and destroy vitality. Probably the most common are immaturity, heat or weather damage.

It is also a well known fact that it is impossible to get anyone lot of grain absolutely free from some of these defects; consequently few lots of seed, when tested for germination, will grow 100 per cent. If a certain lot of wheat be sown under ordinary conditions which tests only 50 per cent, it means only 50 per cent of a crop can possibly be produced. If this same wheat is tested before sowing and found to grow only 50 per cent, then twice as much seed should be sown, and a maximum outturn could be expected.

Canada has an excellent system of inspecting and testing seed grain, under which arrangement it is expected the yields of grain will be materially increased and a maximum crop production obtained.

GERMINATING TESTS.

Heavier, Better Developed Kernels Germinate Better Than Light Ones.

[National Crop Improvement Service.] Investigation carried on at the Kansas State Agricultural College:

This experiment was to determine the difference, if any, in the vitality or germination of large and small, and heavy and light, kernels.

Standard varieties of winter wheat, Turkey and Kharkof usually, were used in this investigation.

The experiment was conducted along four general lines, namely:

1. Kernels separated by weight.
2. Kernels separated by size.
3. Kernels separated by density.
4. Kernels separated by size and density.

Results Obtained.

The results of this investigation indicate that—

1. The heavier, better developed kernels in a head of wheat germinate better than the lighter kernels in the same head.

2. Grading according to size will not select the kernels which will germinate the best.

3. The germination is directly correlated with the density of the kernels.

4. The germination is independent of the size of the kernels.

The above points have been indicated by the results of the tests. It is believed that the samples used were large enough to give accurate determinations of the germinating ability of the different samples of wheat.

NO MATTER WHO FARMS.

By B. C. Moore, Supt. of Schools, McLean Co., Illinois.

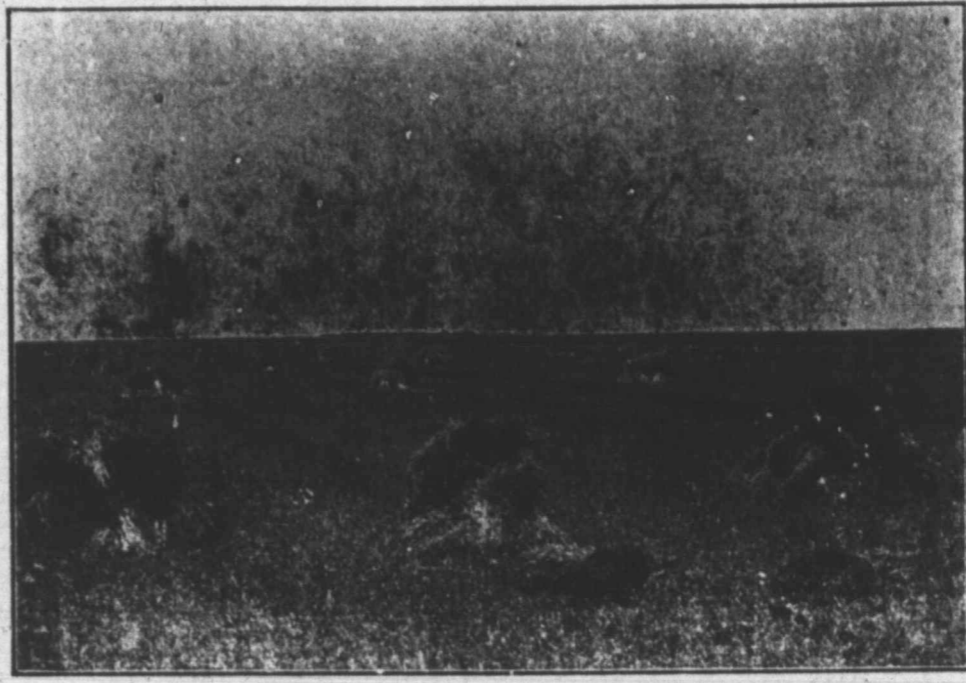
[National Crop Improvement Service.] It matters not so much who stays on the farm, who goes to the farm, or who leaves the farm, as it matters that in the nation, in the state, in the country, in the school district in which the farm lies there shall be a wholesome, educated farm spirit and agricultural intelligence. This to the end that those engaged in feeding the world may be contented in their work while they are at it, that the earth may yield to her fullest degree, that she may respond bountifully to the hard application of the farmer's hand and to the fine touch of the farmer's brain.

TARPAULIN COVERS.

Protect Shocks and Stacks from Wet Weather with Canvas Covers.

[National Crop Improvement Service.] Small grain which is not properly stacked will take in moisture, with the result that it sprouts. Such grain will not stand shipment, and when delivered brings a low price. Grain can be sacked so that moisture cannot get through the straw, or tarpaulins are made for the purpose of protecting grain in shocks or stacks.

MAN has acquired a hunger for land which he can call his own. The supply is limited---the demand unlimited! Land values have risen to prohibitive prices in older settled states!



The Panhandle Is Ready For The Farmer

Here is a deep, rich soil, ready for the plow. An ample rainfall and a most healthful and splendid climate. Adequate railroad facilities by which to reach the markets of the world.

A return to normal climatic conditions, a greatly increased acreage of winter wheat, spring wheat, oats and barley, an unqualifiedly successful demonstration that Kaffir corn and Milo maize cannot be excelled as material for ensilage, the "better farming" spirit and the results of studying and developing this land assures a prosperous year.

The successful outcome of flax culture, demonstrated last year under conditions much less favorable than can confidently be reckoned on in the future has added another to the list of our resources.



Farms can be bought here now cheaper than they can later on, at prices which are certain of a steady advance as the summer and fall emigration stimulates the demand.

My farms are all favorably located, as regards towns and railroads and give the buyer a wide range in selection. All the improved farms are rented to good farmers and will produce a substantial revenue this year.

I am in position to give terms to suit the purchaser.

G. O. KEISER
CANYON, TEXAS KEOTA, IOWA

EXCUSE ME!
RUPERT AUGHERS
 NOVELIZED FROM THE
 COMEDY OF THE SAME
 NAME. T T T
 ILLUSTRATED FROM
 PHOTOGRAPHS OF
 THE PLAY AS PRODUCED
 BY HENRY W. SAVAGE.
 COPYRIGHT 1911 BY A. K. FLY CO.

Wellington waved him away: "Say, what do you think I'm trying to do? stuff a mattress? Get out of my way. I want my wife—lead me to my wife."
 "An excellent idea," said Dr. Temple, who had been praying for a reconciliation.

He guided Wellington with difficulty to the observation room and, finding Mrs. Wellington at the desk as usual, he began: "Oh, Mrs. Wellington, may I introduce you to your husband?"
 Mrs. Wellington rose haughtily, caught a sight of her suffering consort and ran to him with a cry of "Jimmie!"

"Lucretia!"
 "What's happened—are you killed?"
 "I'm far from well. But don't worry. My life insurance is paid up."
 "Oh, my poor little darling," Mrs. Jimmie fluttered, "What on earth alls you?" She turned to the doctor. "Is he going to die?"

"I think not," said the doctor. "It's only a bad case of cinder-in-the-eyes."
 Thus reassured, Mrs. Wellington went into the patient's eye with her handkerchief. "Is that the eye?" she asked.

"No!" he howled, "the other one."
 She went into that and came out with the cinder.
 "There! It's just a tiny speck."
 Wellington regarded the mote with amazement. "Is that all? It felt as if I had Pike's Peak in my eye." Then he waxed tender. "Oh, Lucretia, how can I ever—"

But she drew away with a disdainful: "Give me back my hand, please."
 "Now, Lucretia," he protested, "don't you think you're carrying this pretty far?"
 "Only as far as Reno," she answered grimly, which stung him to retort: "You'd better take the beam-out of your own eye, now that you've taken the cinder out of mine," but she, noting that they were the center of interest, observed: "All the passengers are enjoying this, my dear. You'd better go back to the cafe."

Wellington regarded her with a reversion to wrath. He thundered at her: "I will go back, but allow me to inform you, my dear madam, that I'll not drink another drop—just to surprise you."
 Mrs. Wellington shrugged her shoulders at this ancient threat and Jimmie stumbled back to his lair, whither the men followed him. Feeling sympathy in the atmosphere, Little Jimmie felt impelled to pour out his grief:

"Jellmen, I'm a brok'n-heartless man. Mrs. Well'n'ton is a queen among women, but she has temper of tarant—"

Wedgewood broke in: "I say, old boy, you've carried this ballast for three days now, wherever did you get it?"

Wellington drew himself up proudly for a moment before he slumped back into himself. "Well, you see, when I announced to a few friends that I was about to leave Mrs. Well'n'ton forever and that I was going out to—to you know."

"Reno. We know. Well?"
 "Well, a crowd of my friends got up a farewell sort of divorce breakfast—and some of 'em felt so very sad about my divorce that they drank a little too much, and the rest of my friends felt so very glad about my divorce, that they drank a little too much. And, of course, I had to join both parties."
 "And that breakfast," said Ashton, "lasted till the train started, eh?"
 Wellington glowered back triumphantly. "Lasted till the train started; Jellmen, that breakfast is going yet!"

CHAPTER XXII.

In the Smoking Room.
 Wellington's divorce breakfast reminded Ashton of a story. Ashton was one of the great That-Reminds-Me family. Perhaps it was to the credit of the Englishman that he missed the point of this story, even though Jimmie Wellington saw it through his fog, and Dr. Temple turned red and buried his eyes in the eminently respectable pages of the Scientific American.

Ashton and Wellington and Fosdick exchanged winks over the Britisher's stare of incomprehension, and Ashton explained it to him again in words of one syllable, with signboards at all the different spots.

Finally a gleam of understanding broke over Wedgewood's face and he tried to justify his delay.
 "Oh, yes, of course I see it now. Yes, I rather fancy I get you. It's awfully good, isn't it? I think I should have got it before but I'm not really myself; for two mawnings I haven't had my tub."

Wellington shook with laughter: "If you're like this now, what will you be when you get to Sin san frasco—I mean Frinsansisco—well, you know what I mean."
 Ashton reached round for the electric button as if he were conferring a favor: "The drinks are on you,

Wedgewood. I'll ring." And he rang. "Awfully kind of you," said Wedgewood, "but how do you make that out?"
 "The man that misses the point, pays for the drinks." And he rang again. Wellington protested.
 "But I've jolly well paid for all the drinks for two days."

Wellington roared: "That's another point you've missed." And Ashton rang again, but the pale yellow individual who had always answered the bell with alacrity did not appear. "Where's that infernal buffet waiter?" grumbled.

Wedgewood began to titter. "We were out of Scotch, so I sent him for some more."
 "When?"
 "Two stations back. I fancy we must have left him behind."
 "Well, why in thunder didn't you say so?" Ashton roared.

"It quite escaped my mind," Wedgewood grinned. "Rather good joke on you fellows, what?"
 "Well, I don't see the point," Ashton growled, but the triumphant Englishman howled: "That's where you pay!"

Wedgewood had his laugh to himself, for the others wanted to murder him. Ashton advised a lynching, but the conductor arrived on the scene in time to prevent violence.

Fosdick informed him of the irretrievable loss of the useful buffet waiter. The conductor promised to get another at Ogden.

Ashton wailed: "Have we got to sit here and die of thirst till then?"
 The conductor refused to "back up for a coon," but offered to send in a sleeping-car porter as a temporary substitute.

As he started to go, Fosdick, who had been incessantly consulting his watch, checked him to ask: "Oh, conductor, when do we get to the state-line of dear old Utah?"
 "Dear old Utah!" the conductor grinned. "We'd 'a' been there already if we hadn't 'a' fell behind a little."
 "Just my luck to be late," Fosdick moaned.

"What you so anxious to be in Utah for, Fosdick?" Ashton asked, suspiciously. "You go on to Frisco, don't you?"
 Fosdick was evidently confused at the direct question. He tried to dodge it: "Yes, but—funny how things have changed. When we started, nobody was speaking to anybody except his wife, now—"

"Now," said Ashton, drily, "everybody's speaking to everybody except his wife."
 "You're wrong there," Little Jimmie interrupted. "I wasn't speaking to my wife in the first place. We got on a strangerah and we're strangerah yet. Mrs. Well'n'ton is a—"

"Queen among women, we know! Dry up," said Ashton, and then they heard the querulous voice of the porter of their sleeping car: "I tell you, I don't know nothin' about the buffet business."

The conductor pushed him in with a gruff command. "Crawl in that cage and get busy."
 "Still the porter protested: "Mista Pullman engaged me for a sleepin' car, not a drinkin' car. I'm a berth-maker, not a mixer." He cast a resentful glance through the window that served also as a bar, and his whole tone changed: "Say, is you goin' to allow me loose amongst all you do, I can't guarantee my conduct."

"them beautiful bottles? Say, man, if 'If you even sniff one of those bottles," the conductor warned him, "I'll crack it over your head."
 "That won't worry me none—as long as my mouf's open." He smacked his chops over the prospect of intimacy with that liquid treasury.
 "Lordy! Well, I'll try to control my emotions—but remember, I don't guarantee nothin'."

The conductor started to go, but paused for final instructions: "And remember—after we get to Utah we can't serve any hard liquor at all."
 "What's that? Don't they 'low nothin' in that old Utah but ice-cream soda?"
 "That's about all. If you touch a drop, I'll leave you in Utah for life."
 "Oh, Lordy, I'll be good!"

The conductor left the excited black and went his way. Ashton was the first to speak: "Say, Porter, can you mix drinks?"
 The porter ruminated, then confessed: "Well, not on the outside, no, sir. If you-all is thirsty you better order the simplest things you can think of. If you want to command anything fancy, Lord knows what you'd get. Supposin' you was to say, 'Gimme a Tom Collins.' I'd be just as liable as not to pass you a Jack Johnson."
 "Well, can you open beer?"
 "Oh, I'm a natural born beer-opener."
 "Rush it out then. My throat is as

full of alkali dust as these windows."
 The porter soon appeared with a tray full of cotton-topped glasses. The day was hot and the alkali dust very oppressive, and the beer was cold. Dr. Temple looked on it when it was amber, and suffered himself to be bullied into taking a glass.

He felt that he was the greatest sinner on earth, but worst of all was the fact that when he had fallen, the forbidden brew was not sweet. He was inexperienced enough to sip it and it was like foaming quinine on his palate. But he kept at it from sheer shame, and his luxurious transgression was its own punishment.

The doleful Mallory was on his way to join the "club." Crossing the vestibule he had met the conductor, and had ventured to quiz him along the old lines:
 "Excuse he, haven't you taken any clergymen on board this train yet?"
 "Devil a one."
 "Don't you ever carry any preachers on this road?"

"Usually we get one or two. Last trip we carried a whole Methodist convention."
 "A whole convention last trip! Just my luck!"
 The unenlightened conductor turned to call back: "Say, up in the forward car we got a couple of undertakers. They be of any use to you?"
 "Not yet."

Then Mallory dawdled on into the smoking room, where he found his own porter, who explained that he had been "promoted to the bottler."
 "Do we come to a station stop soon?" Mallory asked.
 "Well, not for a considerable interval. Do you want to get out and walk up and down?"
 "I don't," said Mallory, taking from under his coat Snoozeleums, whom he had smuggled past the new conductor.

"Meanwhile, Porter, could you give him something to eat to distract him?"
 The porter grinned, and picking up a bill of fare held it out. "I get a menueah. It ain't written in dog, but you can explain it to him. What would yo' canine desiah, sah?"
 Snoozeleums put out a paw and Mallory read what it indicated: "He says he'd like a filet Chateaubriand, but if you have any old bones, he'll take those." The porter gathered Snoozeleums in and disappeared with him into the buffet, Mallory calling after him: "Don't let the conductor see him."

Dr. Temple advanced on the discolored youth with an effort at cheer: "How is our bridegroom this beautiful afternoon?"
 Mallory glanced at his costume: "I feel like a rainbow gone wrong. Just my luck to have to borrow from everybody. Look at me! This collar of Mr. Wellington's makes me feel like a peanut in a rubber tire." He turned to Fosdick.
 "I say, Mr. Fosdick, what size collar do you wear?"
 "Fourteen and a half," said Fosdick.
 "Fourteen and a half!—why don't you get a neck? You haven't got a plain white shirt, have you? Our English friend lent me this, but it's purple, and Mr. Ashton's socks are maroon, and this peacock blue tie is very unhappy."

"I think I can fit you out," said Fosdick.
 "And if you had an extra pair of socks," Mallory pleaded—"just one pair of unemotional socks."
 "I'll show you my repertoire."
 "All right, I'll see you later." Then he went up to Wellington, with much hesitance of manner. "By the way,

Mr. Wellington, do you suppose Mrs. Wellington could lend Miss—Mrs.—could lend Marjorie some—some—"
 Wellington waved him aside with magnificent scorn: "I am no longer in Mrs. Wellington's confidence."
 "Oh, excuse me," said Mallory. He had noted that the Wellingtons occupied separate compartments, but for all he knew their reason was as romantic as his own.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Through a Tunnel.
 Mrs. Jimmie Wellington, who had traveled much abroad and learned in England the habit of smoking in the corridors of expensive hotels, had acquired also the habit, as travelers do, of calling England freer than America. She determined to do her share toward the education of her native country, and chose, for her topic, tobacco as a feminine accomplishment.

She had grown indifferent to stares and audible comment and she could fight a protesting head waiter to a standstill. If monuments and tablets are ever erected to the first woman who smoked publicly in this place or that, Mrs. Jimmie Wellington will be variously remembered and occupy a large place in historical record.

The narrow confines of the women's room on the sleeping car soon palled on her, and she objected to smoking there except when she felt the added luxury of keeping some other woman outside—fuming, but not smoking. And now Mrs. Jimmie had staked out a claim on the observation platform. She sat there, puffing like a major-general, and in one portion of Nebraska two farmers fell off their agricultural vehicles at the sight of her cigar-smoke trailing after the train. In Wyoming three cowboys followed her for a mile, yipping and howling their compliments.

Feeling the smoke mood coming on, Mrs. Wellington invited Mrs. Temple to smoke with her, but Mrs. Temple felt a reminiscent qualm at the very thought, so Mrs. Jimmie sauntered out alone, to the great surprise of Mrs. Lathrop, whose motto was, "Two heads are better than one," and who was apparently willing to wait till Anne Gattie's head grew on his shoulder.

"I trust I don't intrude," Mrs. Wellington said.
 "Oh, no. Oh, yes." Anne gasped in fiery confusion as she fled into the car, followed by the purple-faced Ira, who slammed the door with a growl: "That Wellington woman would break up anything."

The prim little missionary toppled into the nearest chair: "Oh, Ira, what will she think?"
 "She can't think!" Ira grumbled.
 "In a little while she'll know."
 "Don't you think we'd better tell everybody before they begin to talk?" Ira glowed with pride at the thought and murmured with all the ardor of a senile Romeo: "I suppose so, ducky darling. I'll break it—I mean I'll tell it to the men, and you tell the women."

"All right, dear, I'll obey you," she answered, meekly.
 "Obey me!" Ira laughed with boyish swagger. "And you a missionary!"
 "Well, I've converted one heathen, anyway," said Anne as she darted down the corridor, followed by Ira, who announced his intention to "go to the baggage car and dig up his old Prince Albert."

In their flight forward they passed the mysterious woman in the stateroom. They were too full of their own mystery to give thought to hers. Mrs. Fosdick went timidly prospecting toward the observation car, suspecting everybody to be a spy, as Mallory suspected everybody to be a clergyman in disguise.

As she stole along the corridor past the men's clubroom she saw her husband—her here-and-there husband—wearily counting the telegraph posts and summing them up into miles. She tapped on the glass and signalled to him, then passed on.

He answered with a look, then pretended not to have noticed, and waited a few moments before he rose with an elaborate air of carelessness. He beckoned the porter and said:
 "Let me know the moment we enter Utah, will you?"

"Yassah. We'll be comin' along right soon now. We got to pass through the big Aspen tunnel, after that, befo' long, we sploounce into old Utah."
 "Don't forget," said Fosdick, as he sauntered out. Ashton perked up his ears at the promise of a tunnel and kept his eye on his watch.

Fosdick entered the observation room with a hungry look in his luscious eyes. His now-and-then wife put up a warning finger to indicate Mrs. Whitcomb's presence at the writing desk.

Fosdick's smile froze into a smirk of formality and he tried to chill his tone as if he were speaking to a total stranger.
 "Good afternoon."
 Mrs. Fosdick answered with equal ice: "Good afternoon. Won't you sit down?"
 "Thanks. Very picturesque scenery, isn't it?"
 "Isn't it?" Fosdick seated himself, looked about cautiously, noted that Mrs. Whitcomb was apparently absorbed in her letter, then lowered his voice confidentially. His face kept up a strained pretense of indifference, but his whisper was passionate with longing:

"Has my poor little wifey missed her poor old hubby?"
 "Oh, so much!" she whispered.
 "Has poor little hubby missed his poor old wife?"
 "Horribly. Was she lonesome in that dismal stateroom all by herself?"
 "Oh, so miserable! I can't stand it much longer."
 Fosdick's face blazed with good news: "In just a little while we come to the Utah line—then we're safe."
 "God bless Utah!"

The rapture died from her face as she caught sight of Dr. Temple, who happened to stroll in and go to the bookshelves, and taking out a book happened to glance near-sightedly her way.

"Be careful of that man, dearie," Mrs. Fosdick hissed out of one side of her mouth. "He's a very strange character."
 Her husband was infected with her own terror. He asked, huskily: "What do you think he is?"
 "A detective! I'm sure he's watching us. He followed you right in here."
 "We'll be very cautious—till we get to Utah."

The old clergyman, a little fussy in brain from his debut in Reno, continued innocently to confirm the appearance of a detective by drifting aimlessly about. He was looking for his wife, but he kept glancing at the uneasy Fosdicks. He went to the door, opened it, saw Mrs. Wellington finishing a cigar, and retreated precipitately. Seeing Mrs. Temple wandering in the corridor, he motioned her to a chair near the Fosdicks and she sat by his side, wondering at his flimsy eyes.

The Fosdicks, glancing uncomfortably at Dr. Temple, rose and selected other chairs further away. Then Roger Ashton sauntered in, his eyes searching for a proper companion through the tunnel.

He saw Mrs. Wellington returning from the platform, just tossing away her cigar and blowing out the last of its grateful vapor.
 With an effort at sarcasm, he went to her and offered her one of his own cigars, smiling: "Have another."
 She took it, looked it over, and parried his irony with a formula she had heard men use when they hate, to refuse a gift-cigar: "Thanks. I'll smoke it after dinner, if you don't mind."
 "Oh, I don't mind," he laughed, then bending closer he murmured: "They tell me we are coming to a tunnel, a nice, long, dark, dismal tunnel."

Mrs. Wellington would not take a dare. She felt herself already emancipated from Jimmie. So she answered Ashton's hint with a laughing challenge:
 "How nice of the conductor to arrange it."
 Ashton smacked his lips over the prospect.

And now the porter, having noted Ashton's impatience to reach the tunnel, thought to curry favor and a quarter by announcing its approach. He bustled in and made straight for Ashton just as the tunnel announced itself with a sudden swoop of gloom, a great increase of the train-noises and a far-off clang of the locomotive bell.

Out of the Egyptian darkness came the unmistakable sounds of osculation in various parts of the room. Doubtless, it was repeated in other parts of the train. There were numerous cooing sounds, too, but nobody spoke except Mrs. Temple, who was heard to murmur:
 "Oh, Walter, dear, what makes your breath so funny!"

Next came a little wowl of pain in Mrs. Fosdick's voice, and then daylight flooded the car with a rush, as if time had made an instant leap from midnight to noon. There were interesting disclosures.

Mrs. Temple was caught with her arms round the doctor's neck, and she blushed like a spoony girl. Mrs. Fosdick was trying to disengage her hair from Mr. Fosdick's scarf-pin. Mrs. Whitcomb alone was deserted. Mrs. Ashton was gazing devotion at Mrs. Wellington and trying to tell her with his eyes how velvet he had found her cheek.

But she was looking reproachfully at him from a chair, and saying, not without regret:
 "I heard everybody kissing everybody, but I was cruelly neglected."
 Ashton's eyes widened with unbelief, he heard a snicker at his elbow, and whirled to find the porter rubbing his black velvet cheek and writhing with pent-up laughter.

Mrs. Wellington glanced the same way, and a shriek of understanding burst from her. It sent the porter into a spasms of yah-yahs till he caught Ashton's eyes and saw murder in them. The porter fled to the platform and held the door fast, expecting to be lynched.

But Ashton dashed away in search of concealment and soap.
 The porter remained on the platform for some time, planning to leap overboard and take his chances rather than fall into Ashton's hands, but at length, finding himself unpursued, he peered into the car and, seeing that Ashton had gone, he returned to his duties. He kept a close watch on Ashton, but on soberer thoughts Ashton had decided that the incident would best be consigned to silence and oblivion. But for all the rest of that day he kept rubbing his lips with his handkerchief.

The porter, noting that the train had swept into a granite gorge like an enormously magnified aisle in a made-up sleeping car, recognized the presence of Echo Canyon, and with it the entrance into Mr. Fosdick's compartment. He hastened to impart the tidings to Mr. Fosdick and held out his hand as he extended the information.

Fosdick could hardly believe that his twelve-hundred-mile exile was over.
 "We're in Utah!" he exclaimed.
 "Yassah," and the porter shoved his palm into view. Fosdick filled it with all his loose change, then whirled to his wife and cried:
 "Edith! We are in Utah now! Embrace me!"

She flung herself into his arms with a gurgle of bliss. The other passengers gasped with amazement. This sort of thing was permissible enough in a tunnel, but in the full light of day—!
 Fosdick, noting the sensation he had created, waved his hand reassuringly and called across his wife's shoulder:
 "Don't be alarmed, ladies and gentlemen. She's my wife!" He added in a whisper meant for her ear alone: "At least till we get to Nevada!"
 "My dog."
 "How is he this morning?"
 "My dog."
 "Your husband."
 "Oh, he's as well as could be expected."

"Where did you get that love of a waist?" Mrs. Wellington laughed.
 "Mrs. Temple lent it to me, isn't it sweet?"
 "Exquisite! The latest Ypsilanti mode."

Marjorie, suffering almost more acutely from being badly frocked than from being doped in her matrimonial hopes, threw herself on Mrs. Wellington's mercy.
 "I'm so unhappy in this. Couldn't you lend me or sell me something a little smarter?"
 "I'd love to, my dear," said Mrs. Wellington, "but I left home on short notice myself. I shall need all my divorce tressouze in Reno. Otherwise—I—but here's your husband. You two ought to have some place to spoon. I'll leave you this whole room."
 And she swept out, nodding to Mallory, who had divined Marjorie's presence, and felt the need of being near her, though he also felt the need of finishing the story of the great ball game. Husbandlike, he felt that he was conferring sufficient courtesy in throwing a casual smile across the top of the paper.

Marjorie studied his motley garb, and her own, and groaned:
 "We're a sweet looking pair, aren't we?"

CHAPTER XXIV.
The Train Butcher.
 Mallory was dragging out a miserable existence with a companion who was neither maid, wife, nor widow and to whom he was neither bachelor, husband, nor reject.

They were suffering brain-fag from their one topic of conversation, and heart-fag from rapture deferred. Marjorie had pretended to take a nap and Mallory had pretended that he would leave her for her own sake. Their contradictory chains were beginning to gall.

Mallory sat in the smoking room, and threw aside a half-finished cigar. Life was indeed nauseous when tobacco turned rank on his lips. He watched without interest the stupendous scenery whirling past the train; granite ravines, infernal grotesqueness of architecture and diablerie, the Giant's Teapot, the Devil's Slide, the Pulpit Rock, the Hanging Rock, splashes of mineral color, as if titanic paint pots had been spilled or flung against the cliffs, sudden bushes of green pine-woods, dreary graveyards of sand and sagebrush, mountain streams in frothing panics.

His jaded soul could not respond to any of these thrillers, the dime-novels and melodramatic third-acts of nature. But with the arrival of a train-boy, who had got on at Evanston with a batch of Salt Lake City newspapers, he woke a little.

The other men came trooping round, like sheep at a herd-boy's whistle or chickens when a pan of grain is brought into the yard. The train "butcher" had a nasal sing-song, but his strain might have been the Pled Piper's tune emptying Hamelin of its grown-ups. The charms of flirtation, matrimonial bliss and feminine beauty were forgotten, and the males flocked to the delights of stock-market reports, political or racing or dramatic or sporting or criminal news. Even Ashton braved the eyes of his fellow men for the luxury of burying his nose in a fresh paper.

"Papers, papers? Yes? No?" the train butcher chanted. "Salt Lake papers, Ogden papers, all the latest papers, comic papers, magazines, periodicals."
 "Here, boy," said Ashton, snapping his fingers, "what's the latest New York paper?"
 "Last Saturday's."
 "Six days old? I read that before I left New York. Well, give me that Salt Lake paper. It has yesterday's stock market, I suppose."
 "Yes, sir." He passed over the sheet and made change, without abating his monody: "Papers, papers. Yes? No? Salt Lake pa—"
 "Whash latest from Chicago?" said Wellington.
 "Monday's."
 "I read that before—that breakfast began," laughed Little Jimmie. "Well, give me Salt Lake Baroo. It has baseball news, I s'pose."
 "Yes, sir," the butcher answered, and his tone grew reverent as he said: "The Giants won. Mr. Matyson was pitching. Papers, gents, all the latest papers, magazines, periodicals."
 Wedgewood extended a languid hand: "What's the latest issue of the London Times?"
 "Never heard of it."
 Wedgewood almost fainted, and returned to his Baedeker of the United States.

Dr. Temple summoned the lad: "I don't suppose you have the Ypsilanti Eagle?"
 The butcher regarded him with pity, and sniffed: "I carry newspapers, not poultry."
 "Well, give me the—" he saw a pink weekly of rather picturesque appearance, and the adventure attracted him. "I'll take this—also the Outlook." He folded the pink within the green, and entered into a new and startling world—a sort of journalistic slumming tour.
 "Give me any old thing," said Mallory, and flung open an Ogden Journal till he found the sporting page, where his eyes brightened. "By jove, a ten-inning game! Matthewson in the box!"

"Mattie is most intellectual pitcher in the world," said Little Jimmie, and then everybody disappeared behind paper ramparts, while the butcher lingered to explain to the porter the details of the great event.
 About this time, Marjorie, tired of her pretence at slumber, strolled into the observation car, glancing into the men's room, where she saw nothing but newspapers. Then Mrs. Wellington saw her, and smiled: "Come in and make yourself at home."
 "Thanks," said Marjorie, bashfully, "I was looking for my—my—"
 "Husband?"
 "My dog."
 "How is he this morning?"
 "My dog."
 "Your husband."
 "Oh, he's as well as could be expected."
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EXCUSE ME!

Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED From Photographs of the Play as Produced By Henry W. Savage

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Continued from page 7

"Mr. and Miss Fit," said Mallory, from behind the paper. "Oh, Harry, has your love grown cold?" she pleaded. "Marjorie, how can you think such a thing?" still from behind the paper. "Well, Mrs. Wellington said we ought to have some place to spend, and she went away and left us, and—there you stand—and—"

This pierced even the baseball news, and he threw his arms around her with glow of devotion. She snuggled closer, and cooed: "Aren't we having a nice long engagement? We've traveled a million miles, and the preacher isn't in sight yet. What have you been reading—wedding announcements?"

"No—I was reading about the most wonderful exhibition. Mattie was in the box—and in perfect form."

"Mattie?" Marjorie gasped unseeingly. "Mattie!" he raved, "and in perfect form."

And now the hidden serpent of jealousy, which promised to enliven their future, lifted its head for the first time, and Mallory caught his first glimpse of an unsuspected member of their household. Marjorie demanded with an ominous chill:

"And who's Mattie? Some former sweetheart of yours?"

"My dear," laughed Mallory. But Marjorie was up and away, with apt temper: "So Mattie was in the box, was she? What is it to you, where she sits? You dare to read about her and rave over her perfect form, while you neglect your wife—or your—oh, what am I, anyway?"

Mallory stared at her in amazement. He was beginning to learn what ignorant heathen women are concerning so many of the gods and demi-gods of mankind. Then, with a tenderness he might not always show, he threw the paper down and took her in his arms: "You poor child. Mattie is a man—a pitcher—and you're the only woman I ever loved—and you are able to be my wife any minute."

The explanation was sufficient, and she crawled into the shelter of his arm with little noises that served for apology, forgiveness and reconciliation. Then he made the mistake of mentioning the sickening topic of deferred hope:

"A minister's sure to get on at the next stop—or the next."

Marjorie's nerves were frayed by too much enduring, and it took only a word to set them jangling: "If you say minister to me again, I'll scream." Then she tried to control herself with a polite: "Where is the next stop?"

"Ogden."

"Where's that? On the map?"

"Well, it's in Utah."

"Utah!" she groaned. "They marry by wholesale there, and we can't even get a sample."

CHAPTER XXV.

The Train Wrecker.

The train-butcher, entering the Observation Room, found only a loving couple. He took in at a glance their desire for solitude. A large part of his business was the forcing of wares on people who did not want them.

His voice and his method suggested the mosquito. Seeing Mallory and Marjorie mutually absorbed in reading each other's eyes, and evidently in need of nothing on earth less than something else to read, the train-butcher decided that his best plan of attack was to make himself a nuisance. It is a plan successfully adopted by organ-grinders, street pianists and other blackmailers under the guise of art, who have nothing so welcome to sell as their absence.

Mallory and Marjorie heard the train-boy's hum, but they tried to ignore it.

"Papers, gents and ladies? Yes? No? Paris fashions, lady?"

He shaved a large periodical between their very noses, but Marjorie threw it on the floor, with a bitter glance at her own borrowed plumage:

"Don't show me any Paris fashions!" Then she gave the boy his come by resuming her chat with Mallory: "How long do we stop at Ogden?"

The train-boy went right on auctioning his papers and magazines, and poking them into the laps of his prey. And they went right on talking to one another and pushing his papers and magazines to the floor.

"I think I'd better get off at Ogden, and take the next train back. That's just what I'll do. Nothing, thank you!" this last to the train-boy.

"But you can't leave me like this," Mallory urged excitedly, with a side glance of "No, no!" to the train-boy. "I can, and I must, and I will," Marjorie insisted. "I'll go pack my things now."

"But, Marjorie, listen to me." "Will you let me alone!" This to

the gadfly, but to Mallory a deflected wall: "I—I just remembered. I haven't anything to pack."

"And you'll have to give back that waist to Mrs. Temple. You can't get off at Ogden without a waist."

"I'll go anyway. I want to get home."

"Marjorie, if you talk that way—I'll throw you off the train!"

She gasped. He explained: "I wasn't talking to you; I was trying to stop this phonograph." Then he rose, and laid violent hands on the annoy, shoved him to the corridor, seized his bundle of papers from his arm, and hurried them at his head.

They fell in a shower about the train-butcher, who could only feel a certain respect for the one man who had ever treated him as he knew he deserved. He bent to pick up his scattered merchandise, and when he had gathered his stock together, put his head in, and sang out a sincere:

"Excuse me."

But Mallory did not hear him, he was excitedly trying to calm the excited girl, who, having eloped with him, was preparing now to elope back without him.

"Darling, you can't desert me now," he pleaded, "and leave me to go on alone?"

"Well, why don't you do something?" she retorted, in equal desperation. "If I were a man, and I had the girl I loved on a train. I'd get her married if I had to wreck the—"

she caught her breath, paused a second in intense thought, and then, with sudden radiance, cried: "Harry, dear!"

"Yes, love!"

"I have an idea—an inspiration!"

"Yes, pet," rather dubiously from him, but with absolute exultation from her: "Let's wreck the train!"

"I don't follow you, sweetheart."

"Don't you see?" she began excitedly. "When there are train wrecks a lot of people get killed, and things. A minister always turns up to administer the last something or other—"

"Well?"

"Well, stupid, don't you see? We wreck a train, a minister comes, we nab him, he marries us, and—there we are! Everything's lovely!"

He gave her one of those looks with which a man usually greets what a woman calls an inspiration. He did not honor her invention with analysis. He simply put forward an objection to it, and, man-like, chose the most hateful of all objections:

"It's a lovely idea, but the wreck would delay us for hours and hours, and I'd miss my transport—"

"Harry Mallory, if you mention that odious transport to me again, I know I'll have hydrophobia. I'm going home."

"But, darling," he pleaded, "you can't desert me now, and leave me to go on alone?" She had her answer glib:

"If you really loved me, you'd—"

"Oh, I know," he cut in. "You've said that before. But I'd be court-martialed. I'd lose my career."

"What's a career to a man who truly loves?"

"It's just as much as it is to anybody else—and more."

She could hardly controvert this gracefully, so she sank back with grim resignation. "Well, I've proposed my plan, and you don't like it. Now, suppose you propose something."

The silence was oppressive. They sat like stouthearted bottles. There the conductor found them some time later. He gave them a careless look, selected a chair at the end of the car, and began to sort his tickets, spreading them out on another chair, making notes with the pencil he took from atop his ear, and shoved back from time to time.

Ages seemed to pass, and Mallory had not even a suggestion. By this time Marjorie's temper had evaporated, and when he said: "If we could only stop at some town for half an hour," she said: "Maybe the conductor would hold the train for us."

"I hardly think he would."

"He looks like an awfully nice man. You ask him."

"Oh, what's the use?"

Marjorie was getting tired of depending on this charming young man with the very bad luck. She decided to assume command herself. She took recourse naturally to the original feminine methods: "I'll take care of him," she said, with resolution. "A woman can get a man to do almost anything if she flirts a little with him."

"Marjorie!"

"Now, don't you mind anything I do. Remember, it's all for love of you—even if I have to kiss him."

"Marjorie, I won't permit—"

"You have no right to boss me—yet. You subside." She gave him the merest touch, but he fell backward into a chair, utterly aghast at the shameless siren into which desperation had altered the timid little thing he thought he had chosen to love. He was being rapidly initiated into the complex and versatile and fearfully wonderful thing a woman really is, and he was saying to himself, "What have I married?" forgetting, for the moment, that he had not married her yet, and that therein lay the whole trouble.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Delliah and the Conductor.

Like the best of women and the worst of men, Marjorie was perfectly willing to do evil, that good might come of it. She advanced on the innocent conductor, as the lady from Borek must have sidled up to Samson, coquetting with one arch hand and snipping the shears with the other.

The stupefied Mallory saw Mar-

jorie in a startling imitation of herself at her sweetest; only now it was brazen mimicry, yet how like! She went forward as the shyest young thing in the world, pursed her lips into an ecstatic simper, and began on the unsuspecting official:

"Isn't the country perfectly—"

"Yes, but I'm getting used to it," the conductor growled, without looking up.

His curt indifference jolted Marjorie a trifle, but she rallied her forces, and came back with: "How long do we stop at Ogden?"

"Five minutes," very bluntly.

Marjorie poured maple syrup on her tone, as she purred: "This train of yours is an awfully fast train, isn't it?"

"Sort of," said the conductor, with just a trace of thaw. What followed made him hold his breath, for the outrageous little hussy was actually saying: "The company must have a great deal of confidence in you to entrust the lives and welfare of so many people to your presence of mind and courage."

"Well, of course, I can't say as to that—"

Even Mallory could see that the man's reserve was melting fast as Marjorie went on with relentless treacle:

"Talk about soldiers and firemen and life-savers! I think it takes a braver man than any of those to be a conductor—really."

"Well, it is a kind of a responsible job." The conductor swelled his chest a little at that, and Marjorie felt that he was already hers. She hammered the weak spot in his armor:

"Responsible! I should say it is. Mr. Mallory is a soldier, but soldiers are such ferocious, destructive people, while conductors save lives, and—if I were only a man I think it would be my greatest ambition to be a conductor—especially on an overland express."

The conductor told the truth when he confessed: "Well, I never heard it put just that way. Then he spoke with a little more pride, hoping to increase the impression he felt he was making: "The main thing, of course, is to get my train through on Time!"

This was a facer. He was going to get his train through on Time just to oblige Marjorie. She stammered; "I don't suppose the train, by any accident, would be delayed in leaving Ogden?"

"Not if I can help it," the hero averred, to reassure her.

"I wish it would," Marjorie murmured.

The conductor looked at her in surprise: "Why, what's it to you?" She turned her eyes on him at full candle power, and smiled:

"Oh, I just wanted to do a little shopping there."

"Shopping! While the train waits! Excuse me!"

"You see," Marjorie fluttered, "by a sad mistake, my baggage isn't on the train. And I haven't any—any—I really need to buy some—some things very badly. It's awfully embarrassing to be without them."

"I can imagine," the conductor mumbled. "Why don't you and your husband drop off and take the next train?"

"My husband—Mr. Mallory has to be in San Francisco by tomorrow night. He just has to!"

"So have I."

"But to oblige me? To save me from distress—don't you think you could?" Like a sweet little child she twisted one of the brass buttons on his coat sleeve, and wheedled: "Don't you think you might hold the train just a little tiny half hour?"

He was sorry, but he didn't see how he could. Then she took his breath away again, by asking, out of a clear sky: "Are you married?"

He was as awkward as if she had proposed to him, she answered for him: "Oh, but of course you are. The women wouldn't let a big, handsome, noble brave giant like you escape long." He mopped his brow in agony as she went on: "I'm sure you're a very chivalrous man. I'm sure you would give your life to rescue a maiden in distress. Well, here's your chance. Won't you please hold the train?"

She actually had her cheek almost against his shoulder, though she had to pole aside to reach him. Mallory's dismay was changing to a boiling rage, and the conductor was a pitiable combination of Saint Anthony and Tantalus. "I—I'd love to oblige you," he mumbled, "but it would be as much as my job's worth."

"How much is that?" Marjorie asked, and added reassuringly, "If you lost your job I'm sure my father would get you a better one."

"Maybe," said the conductor, "but—I got this one."

Then his rolling eyes caught sight of the supposed husband gesticulating wildly and evidently clearing for action. He warned Marjorie: "Say, your husband is motioning at you."

"Don't mind him," Marjorie urged, "just listen to me. I implore you. I—"

Seeing that he was still resisting, she played her last card, and, crying, "Oh, you can't resist my prayers so cruelly," she threw her arms around his neck, sobbing, "Do you want to break my heart?"

Mallory rushed into the scene and the conductor, tearing Marjorie's arms loose, retreated, gasping, "No! and I don't want your husband to break my head."

Mallory dragged Marjorie away, but she shook her little fist at the conductor, crying: "Do you refuse? Do you dare refuse?"

"I've got to," the conductor abjectly insisted.

Marjorie blazed with fury and the siren became a Scylla. "Then I'll see that my father gets you discharged. If you dare to speak to me again, I'll

order my husband to throw you off this train. To think of being refused a simple little favor by a mere conductor! of a stupid old emigrant train! of all things!!!"

Then she hurled herself into a chair and pounded her heels on the floor in a tantrum that paralyzed Mallory. Even the conductor tapped him on the shoulder and said: "You have my sympathy."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Dog-on Dog Again.

As the conductor left the Mallorys to their own devices, it rushed over him anew what sacrilege had been attempted—a fool bride had asked him to stop the Trans-American of all trains!—to go shopping of all things!

He stormed into the smoking room to open the safety valve of his wrath, and found the porter just coming out of the buffet cell with a tray, two hollow-stemmed glasses and a bottle swaddled in a napkin.

"Say, Ellsworth, what in — do you suppose that female back there wants?—wants me to hold the Trans-American while—"

But the porter was in a hurry himself. He was about to serve champagne, and he cut the conductor short: "Scuse me, boss, but they's a lovin' couple in the stateroom forward that is in a powerful hurry for this. I can't talk to you now. I'll see you later." And he swaggered off, leaving the door of the buffet open. The conductor paused to close it, glanced in, started, stared, glared, roared: "What's this! Well, I'll be a dog smuggled in here! I'll break that con's head. Come out of there, you miserable orn'ary hound." He seized the incredulous Snoozeleums by the scruff of his neck, growling, "It's you for the baggage car ahead," and dashed out with his prey, just as Mallory, now getting new bearings on Marjorie's character, spoke across the rampart of his Napoleonically folded arms:

"Well, you're a nice one!—making violent love to a conductor before my very eyes. A minute more and I would have—"

She silenced him with a snap: "Don't you speak to me! I hate you! I hate all men. The more I know men the more I like—"

this reminded her, and she asked anxiously: "Where's his Snoozeleums?"

Mallory, impatient at the shift of subject, snapped back: "Oh, I left him in the buffet with the waiter. What I want to know is how you dare to—"

"Was it a colored waiter?"

"Of course. But I'm not speaking of—"

"But suppose he should bite him?"

"Oh, you can't hurt those nigger waiters. I started to say—"

"But I can't have Snoozeleums biting colored people. It might not agree with him. Get him at once."

Mallory trembled with suppressed rage like an overloaded boiler, but he gave up and growled: "Oh, Lord, all right. I'll get him when I've finished—"

"Go get him this minute. And bring the poor darling back to his mother."

"His mother! Ye gods!" cried Mallory, wildly. He turned away and dashed into the men's room with a furious: "Where's that damned dog?"

He met the porter just returning. The porter smiled: "He's right in heah, sir," and opened the buffet door. His eyes popped and his jaw sagged: "Why, I left him here just a minute ago."

"You left the window open, too," Mallory observed. "Well, I guess he's gone."

The porter was panic-stricken: "Oh, I'm terrible sorry, boss, I wouldn't have lost that dog for a fortune. If you was to hit me with an axe I wouldn't mind."

To his utter befuddlement, Mallory grinned and winked at him, and murmured: "Oh, that's all right. Don't worry." And actually laid half a dollar in his palm. Leaving the black lids batting over the starting eyes, Mallory pulled his smile into a long face and went back to Marjorie like an undertaker: "My love, prepare yourself for bad news."

Marjorie looked up, startled and apprehensive: "Snoozeleums is ill. He did bite the darkey."

"Worse than that—he—he—fell out of the window."

"When!" she shrieked, "in heaven's name—when?"

"He was there just a minute ago, the waiter says."

Marjorie went into instant hysterics, wringing her hands and sobbing: "Oh, my darling, my poor child—stop the train at once!"

She began to pound Mallory's shoulders and shake him frantically. He had never seen her this way either. He was getting his education in advance. He tried to calm her with ineffectual words: "How can I stop the train? Now, dearie, he was a nice dog, but after all, he was only a dog."

She rounded on him like a panther: "Only a dog? He was worth a dozen men like you. You find the conductor at once, command him to stop this train—and back up! I don't care if he has to go back ten miles. Run, tell him at once. Now, you run!"

Mallory stared at her as if she had gone mad, but he set out to run somewhere, anywhere. Marjorie paced up and down distractedly, tearing her hair and moaning, "Snoozeleums, Snoozeleums! My child, my poor child! At length her wildly roving eyes noted the bell rope. She stared, pondered, nodded her head, clutched at it, could not reach it, jumped for it several times in vain, then seized a chair, swung it into place, stood up in it, gripped the rope, and came down on it with all her weight, dropping to the floor and jumping up and down in a frenzied dance. In the distance the engine could be heard faintly whist-

ling, whistling for every pull.

The engineer, far ahead, could not imagine what unheard-of crisis could bring about such mad signals. The fireman yelled:

"I bet that crazy conductor is attacked with an epileptic fit."

But there was no disputing the command. The engine was reversed, the air brakes set, the sand run out, and every effort made to pull the iron horse, as it were, back on its haunches.

The grinding, squealing, jolting, shook the train like an earthquake. The shrieking of the whistle, froze the blood like a woman's cry of "Murder!" in the night. The women among the passengers echoed the screams. The men turned pale and braced themselves for the shock of collision. Some of them were mumbling prayers. Dr. Temple and Jimmie Wellington, with one idea in their dissimilar souls, dashed from the smoking room to go to their wives.

Ashton and Wedgewood, with no one to care for but themselves, setzed windows and tried to fight them open. At last they budged a sash and knelt down to thrust their heads out.

"I don't see a beastly thing ahead," said Wedgewood, "except the heads of other fools."

"We're slowing down though," said Ashton, "she stops! We're safe. Thank God!" And he collapsed into a chair. Wedgewood collapsed into another, gasping: "Whatever are we safe from, I wonder?"

The train-crew and various passengers descended and ran alongside the train asking questions. Panic gave way to mystery. Even—Dr. Temple came back into the smoking room to finish a precious cigar he had been at work on. He was followed by Little Jimmie, who had not quite reached his wife when the stopping of the train put an end to his excuse for chivalry. He was regretfully mumbling:

"It would have been such a good shanah to shave my life's wife—I mean my—I don't know what I mean. He sank into a chair and ordered a drink; then suddenly remembered his vow, and with great heroism, rescinded the order.

Mallory, finding that the train was checked just before he reached the conductor, saw that official's bewildered wrath at the stoppage and had a fearsome intusition that Marjorie had somehow done the deed. He hurried back to the observation room, where he found her charging up and down, still distraught. He paused at a safe distance and said:

"The train has stopped, my dear. Somebody rang the bell."

"I guess somebody did!" Marjorie answered, with a proud toss of the head. "Where's the conductor?"

"He's looking for the fellow that pulled the rope."

"You go tell him to back up—and slowly, too."

"No, thank you!" said Mallory. He was a brave young man, but he was not bearding the conductors of stopped expresses. Already the conductor's voice was heard in the smoking room, where he appealed with the rush and roar of a Bashan bull.

"Well!" he bellowed, "which one of you guys pulled that rope?"

"It was nobody here, sir," Dr. Temple meekly explained. The conductor transfixed him with a baleful glare: "I wouldn't believe a gambler on oath. I bet you did it."

"I assure you, sir," Wedgewood interposed, "he didn't touch it. I was heah."

The conductor waved him aside and charged into the observation room, followed by all the passengers in an awe-struck rabble. Here, too, the conductor thundered: "Who pulled that rope? Speak up somebody!"

Mallory was about to sacrifice himself to save Marjorie, but she met the conductor's black rage with the withering contempt of a young queen: "I pulled the old rope. Whom did you suppose?"

The conductor almost dropped with apoplexy at finding himself with nobody to vent his immense rage on, but this pink and white slip. "You!" he gulped, "well, what in—Say, in the name of—why, don't you know it's a penitentiary offense to stop a train this way?"

(Continued Next Week)

WANTED—Two young men or two lady boarders, \$17. Hall House or phone 223. 27p2

T. A. Foster has gone to Chillicothe where he will visit with a son.

Charles Hunt returned last night from a months visit with his parents in Tennessee. Mr. Hunt reports that he had a very enjoyable vacation.

Sick headache is caused by a disordered stomach. Take Chamberlain's Tablets and correct that and the headaches will disappear. For sale by all dealers.

Here is a woman who speaks from personal knowledge and long experience, viz., Mrs. P. H. Brogan, of Wilson, Pa., who says, "I know from experience that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is far superior to any other. For cough there is nothing that excels it." For sale by all dealers.

Blotters free at the News office. Desk blotters only 5 cents each.

School Notes.

The boys of the high school basketball team played the team of the Normal training school Friday afternoon. The score was thirteen to eight in favor of the high school.

The organization of the high school athletic association this year is as follows: Boy's Tennis Club, Earl Hunt, Pres.; Lyle Holland, Treas.; Girl's Tennis Club, Helen McNeil, Pres.; Felicia Cleveland, Treas.; Boy's Basketball Team, Louis Hix, Capt., Clarence Thompson, Treas.; Girl's Basketball Team, tenth and eleventh, Ruby Ballard, Capt., Neva Hix, Treas.; Girl's Basketball, eighth and ninth, Bina Muldrow, Capt., Emely Brooks, Treas.; Volleyball, Elythe Eakman, Capt., Sarah Miller, Treas. The courts for these games have practically all been completed and much interest is being manifested in the games.

The school is now receiving daily weather bureau reports which are kept in the science room. At the end of each month averages are made of the barometric pressure and of the average temperature. In this way we learn how weather forecasts are made, though we have not yet reached the point of forecasting the changes in the weather, especially in the Panhandle.

The Seniors met last Monday for the purpose of organizing their class. The following officers were elected: Helen McNeil, Pres.; Ethel Crowley, Vice-Pres.; Louis Hix, Sec. and Treas. The colors chosen were orange and black, the class flower the white rose. The motto has not yet been selected.

Mr. Yoe has decided that every other Friday night, will be devoted to a picture show. The school has an excellent balopticon, and slides both interesting and instructive will be purchased. After this a social hour or two will be spent. This is done not only for pleasure and instruction, but it also keeps alive the high school spirit which is entirely lacking in so many schools and without which little can be accomplished.

In a class meeting Wednesday afternoon the seniors decided to entertain the juniors Friday night.

A fund is being raised among the high school students for the purchase of song books, of which we stand greatly in need.

Mrs. R. S. Pipkin spent this week with her parents in Herford.

Miss Pearl Elliott, of Altus, Okla., is visiting this week with Miss Pearl Shelnut.

Miss Ira Cochran left Tuesday for Alpha where she will teach school this year.

Miss Anita Garrett returned Sunday from Petersburg where she has been clerking for several months.