

BAINER REQUEST FOR COOPERATORS

FREE SEED WILL BE FURNISHED BY THE SANTA FE.

All Who Wish to Cooperate in 1914 Asked to Write Mr. Bainer at Amarillo Immediately.

The Agricultural Department of the Santa Fe, through the system's demonstrator H. M. Bainer, has issued a circular letter setting forth the plan of work in cooperative farm demonstration work, and the plan through which seeds will be furnished farmers along the Santa Fe lines.

It is the expressed hope of Mr. Bainer that all farmers who see the following letter, write him concerning co-operation in farm work along the Santa Fe lines, for his department is anxious to be used for the development of the agricultural resources of the county.

The Santa Fe Agricultural Department will continue to do farm demonstration work in your territory in 1914. We desire to do all that we can to assist in the agricultural development of the entire southwest.

During 1913 we worked with 650 farmers in the southwest, co-operating with them in growing 12,000 acres of demonstration crops for which we furnished the seeds. We visited each of these 650 tracts not less than three times during the growing season.

During 1914, we desire to encourage more and more the growing of such crops as Dwarf Santa Fe Kaffir, Feterita, Dwarf Milo (white and red) and such other crops as are adapted to local conditions, and will make good feed either as fodder or silage. We will also put out limited quantities of cotton seed and peanuts for demonstration crops.

Santa Fe Dwarf Kaffir will mature in three weeks less time than the common kaffir, and while it makes slightly less fodder, yet one year with another, it will produce more seed.

Feterita, during 1913, proved to be one of the most drought resistant crops ever introduced into this country. It grows like kaffir and milo, the feeding value of the seed being about the same as kaffir while the fodder is not as good as kaffir, but somewhat better than milo. It makes a good silage crop.

We have seeds of the crops named above and these we will furnish in sufficient quantities to plant ten acres each (peanuts will be furnished only in quantities for one acre), free of charge only to those farmers who agree to handle them as demonstration crops. We do not care to furnish more than two crops to any one co-operator, thus you may choose Santa Fe Dwarf Kaffir ten acres and Feterita ten acres, or Feterita ten acres and peanuts one acre, or any other of the two item combinations, as cotton and kaffir, milo and cotton or any other arrangement that may be desired of two crops, seed for which will be furnished by us.

We desire that the demonstration crop be planted on deep fall plowing or deep fall listing that has been prepared before January 1, 1914, or else on land that was plowed or listed deep last spring and has been well cultivated during the past summer. Small grain land that was well prepared before sowing last spring or which little grain was

produced in 1913, may answer the requirements.

It is understood by those co-operating with the Santa Fe Agricultural Department that they will exert themselves to make the demonstration field the best on the farm. Those who are furnished seed agree to return the same quantity at the end of the season as they were supplied by the department, provided that they make a crop. Each co-operator also agrees to keep a record of methods, time of planting, handling of crop, yield and other details.

If after reading this letter you desire to co-operate with us, write at once, being sure to tell us the present condition of the land on which you expect to plant the crop, also telling us name crop or crops preferred. If you can meet with the requirements, we will upon receipt of that information, send you an agreement blank for your signature and other desired information. No seeds will be shipped until we receive agreement properly signed. If you desire to work with us under the conditions named, let us know now so that we may make arrangements for sufficient seeds for our entire distribution.

Standard or Black-Capped-White Kaffir will be furnished in certain localities where it is well adapted to prevailing conditions.

John Bates for Clerk.

In this issue of the News will be found the announcement of John W. Bates as a candidate for District and County Clerk. Mr. Bates is a young man of unquestioned ability and with a splendid moral reputation. He is 26 years of age and has made his home with his father and mother just north of the city for the past twelve years. He is a successful farmer but has had three years in college besides a first class course in a business college. He has never asked for an office nor served as a deputy in any of the offices of the county. If elected to the position, he is highly qualified to serve the people of Randall county in a very business-like and proficient manner.

Avent-Lair Wedding.

Miss Gladys Avent and Thos. G. Lair were married Thursday evening at the Methodist parsonage by Rev. F. N. Neal. The only witnesses were Miss Ethel Kornagay and Lavert Avent, brother of the bride.

Miss Avent is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Avent and came to the city two years ago. She is an accomplished young lady and has many friends in the city. Mr. Lair has lived in Canyon since childhood and his many friends are extending congratulations to the young couple and wishing a long and happy wedded life.

Notice

All persons between the age of 21 and 45 years are liable to street duty, except ministers of the gospel in the active discharge of their ministerial duties, invalids, and members of the voluntary fire company. All persons liable to work on the streets can secure exemption therefrom for the year 1914 by paying to the city tax collector before the first day of February, the sum of three dollars, after February 1st you must pay \$5.00. I am now ready to collect and receipt for such tax. J. H. JOWELL, 4815 City Tax Collector.

J. W. Turner of Umbarger was a business caller in the city Monday.

CORONADO VISIT TO CANYON IN 1542

RESEARCH STUDENT IN CALIFORNIA TRACES EARLY EXPEDITION.

Spanish Explorer Was in Search of Seven Cities Built by Indians with Streets of Gold.

It has been discovered that Coronado, the early Spanish explorer, crossed the Plains during his search in 1542 for the seven cities which were supposed to have been built by the Indians and whose streets were paved with gold. He passed over or near the spot where our city now stands. This fact was brought to light by Tom P. Martin, a friend of Prof. J. A. Hill, who is now taking his master's degree in the university at Berkeley, California, and who is making a special study of southwestern history. Mr. Martin writes to Prof. Hill as follows concerning his study:

Some of the research work that we are doing now would be of great interest to your people. For example, by reason of my intimate knowledge of the geography of Western Texas we have been able to conclude with some certainty that Coronado's expedition crossed New Mexico into Texas at a point about due west of Canyon City, veered to the southward and struck the Salt Fork of the Brazos in Crosby county. From there a party was sent down the river as far as the mouth of the Double Mountain Fork on the line of Stonewall and Haskell counties. In the meantime, Coronado chose thirty horsemen and proceeded northward via Canyon City, Amarillo, to Kansas, and the main army moved across from Crosbyton to Lubbock. Here the party which had proceeded down the Salt Fork joined the main army, having returned by way of the Double Mountain Fork. From Lubbock the main army proceeded westward to the Pecos, thence up that stream to their original crossing near the Santa Rosa.

Thompson Hardware Elect.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Thompson Hardware Co. was held Friday. Directors were elected as follows: T. C. Thompson, J. R. Cullum, Dr. J. M. Black, W. A. Johnson and D. P. Seay. The directors organized with the following officers:

T. C. Thompson—President, W. A. Johnson—Vice Pres., J. R. Cullum—Secy-Tres.

Canyon Club Officers Elected.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Canyon City Club was held at the court house Monday and the following directors elected: J. T. Holland, Dr. S. R. Griffin, Dr. S. L. Ingham, Oscar Hunt, J. R. Cullum, W. G. Word and J. E. Winkelman. The directors chose the following officers:

J. T. Holland—President, Dr. S. L. Ingham—Vice Pres., W. G. Word—Secy-Tres.

Stamford Not Coming.

A message to Henry Gamble last night stated that the Stamford team would not come for their games next week as they were unable to get other games in this section of the state.

Come to Canyon to live.

EVENTS OF WEEK AT THE NORMAL

DELEGATES TO KANSAS CITY MAKE INTERESTING REPORTS.

Biggest and Most Successful Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. Convention Ever Held.

A. L. Tarlton and Chas. Smith delegates to the Y. M. C. A. convention at Kansas City, held during the holidays, returned to Canyon last week. Everyone was especially invited to hear the good things they had to tell us at the Sunday afternoon meeting. They reported a most enjoyable trip both going and coming, but best of all that the convention was the most successful ever held. There was an attendance of over seven or eight thousand people from all over the world. The delegates stated that they were given a keener insight as to their duties in life, which was shown in the pleasing manner, in which they gave the ones who were unable to attend the convention, some of the things that happened while they were there.

BRIEFS FROM REPORT

Many distinguished speakers were present among which were Dr. John R. Mott, Word Secy. of Student Volunteer movement, Dr. Sherwood Eddy, coworker of Dr. Mott, Dr. McKenzie of Hartford Theological Seminary, William J. Bryan, Secy. of State and Bishop Consolving of the Methodist Episcopal church. Of the fraternal delegates from over the world who made addresses were Dr. Brody of Great Britain, Dr. Si of China and Dr. Kato of Japan.

There were in attendance including visitors and delegates over seven thousand people at each service.

There were over five thousand delegates representing seven hundred twenty five schools of America and Canada.

COUSINS SOCIETY DEBATERS.

The Cousins Literary Society met Saturday evening at seven o'clock for the purpose of choosing their intersociety debaters.

Each member had a chance to "try out" for the debate, and out of the entire number which debated the four best were to be chosen by the judges to represent the society in the intersociety debates. The successful ones were: H. T. Reynolds, William Gatewood, Will Ward and Ben Baird.

Canyon Supply Elects Officers.

The stockholders of the Canyon Supply Co. held their annual meeting a week ago Tuesday night and elected the following directors: C. T. Word, W. T. Moreland, Dr. J. M. Black, J. D. Gamble and O. N. Gamble. The directors selected the following officers:

Dr. J. M. Black—President, W. T. Moreland—Vice Pres., W. G. Word—Secy-Tres., O. N. Gamble—Manager.

Commercial Club Meeting.

All the men interested in the future welfare of Canyon are urged to meet at the court house Friday afternoon of this week at 3:00 o'clock sharp for the election of commercial club officers and to transact other business that may come before the meeting.

O. W. WARWICK, Secy.

Missionary Society Elects.

On Tuesday afternoon the ladies of the Missionary Society of the Methodist church had their first meeting of the year. The following officers were elected: Mrs. J. D. Bybee Pres., Mrs. A. W. Thompson Vice Pres., Mrs. M. P. Garner Tres., Mrs. R. McGehee Sec., Mrs. A. H. Hussy Cor. Sec., Mrs. F. M. Wilson Agent for Voice.

Quite a number were present and several new members enrolled. On Friday the ladies will spend the afternoon quilting and tacking comforts at the homes of Mrs. Jno. Guthrie and Mrs. C. T. DeGraffenreid.

Book Club Program.

The Woman's Book Club met in regular session yesterday afternoon at the rest rooms of the court house and the following program was given:

Roll call—Quotations from the lines of Autolytus.

Paper—The interval of sixteen years.

Discussions—The pastoral rise of plot. Shakespeare's country, the "Heart of England."

Queries—Act 4, first half. Leaders—Mesdames Guenther, Stafford, Garner.

W. E. Lair went to Ft. Worth Thursday on business.

Political Announcements.

The News will place the names of candidates for the following offices at the rates given below, CASH must accompany announcement. This carries your name up to the primaries and should you be the successful nominee your name will appear in the proper column up to the general election:

District \$12.50
County 10.00
Precinct Officers 2.50

For District Judge.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of District Judge, 4th Judicial District subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

JNO. W. VEALE

I hereby announce my candidacy for re-election to the office of District Judge, 4th Judicial District subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

JAMES N. BROWNING.

For County Judge.

I hereby announce my candidacy for re-election to the office of County Judge, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

C. E. COSS.

For Sheriff and Tax Collector.

I hereby announce my candidacy for re-election to the office of sheriff and tax collector, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

WORTH A. JENNINGS.

For County Clerk.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of District and County Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

O. N. HARRISON.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of District and County Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries, July 25, 1914.

T. V. (Vince) REEVES.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of District and County Clerk subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

JOHN W. BATES.

For Assessor.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Tax Assessor subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

J. C. BLACK.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Tax Assessor subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

G. G. FOSTER.

PETITION ASKS STOCK LAW VOTE

TO BE PRESENTED TO THE COMMISSIONERS COURT NEXT MONTH.

John A. Wallace Explains the Petitions and Why Two Tickets are Necessary.

The following is a communication from John A. Wallace regarding the stock law petition:

To the public—Many of you have asked with considerable interest, "What about that stock law petition, what has become of it," and that one answer may be to all, I will beg to say, that petition of which you inquire, was to the legislature asking that this county be listed as many others of the Plains country, permitting us to vote on the question as to whether or not our stock will be permitted longer to run at large. That request was granted by the legislature, and we now have that right.

The statutes prescribed that any stock to be voted on, must be names in our petition to the Commissioners Court, then the ballot will simply state, "For the stock law," and "Against the stock law." Now, it further appears that we have no hog law, at least it is not of record. Hence, to vote as to whether or not ANY stock shall be permitted to run at large, requires, as I have said, that the special kinds of stock, must be named in the petition to the Commissioners; that is to say, if we vote as to whether or not "Hogs, Sheep and Goats" shall be permitted to run at large, this will require an independent petition and an independent election as well as in the case of whether or not, "Horses, Jacks, Jennets, Cattle, etc." shall be permitted to run at large.

In view of these facts and knowing that many of our citizens are very urgent about the matter, both as to hogs, sheep and goats, as well as all other stock, I have asked W. J. Flesher, Co. Atty., to prepare these two petitions for signatures and he has done so and they are now at the office of Mr. Conner, for convenience to all who wish to sign them, so let every real estate owner who is in favor of such law, call at Mr. Conner's office at your very earliest convenience and sign up. I suggest the owners of real estate, because only those are allowed to vote.

John A. Wallace.

Drillers Through Salt Strata.

The drilling force on the Will A. Miller ranch in the Palo Duro Canyon, has been working under difficulties since the beginning of the well several months ago. For a time the force of inrushing waters retarded the progress of the drilling, then a peculiar tough and mucky clay formation impeded progress. Next it was found that the well had to be enlarged in size and a more substantial and larger rigging was procured. Lately the drilling forces encountered a strata of salt thirty-five feet in depth. This has been safely pierced through and the work is going forward with general satisfaction.

The well is now past the 1200 foot mark, and the drillers feel much encouraged by the indications for oil or gas.

Mrs. Rowley returned Wednesday from a visit to Farwell.

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Health, Accident.
None but the best companies, represented.

J. E. Winkleman

CANYON LUMBER CO.

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QUALITY, COURTEOUS
TREATMENT, AND
PRICES THAT ARE
RIGHT.

CANYON LUMBER CO.

S. A. Shotwell & Co.

Wholesale and Retail

Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds

Best Grades of Nigger
Head and Maitland Coal

TERMS CASH

MORE LIGHT!!!
CHEAPER LIGHT!!!
BETTER LIGHT!!!

We have some 10, 15 and 20-watt Mazda Lamps. These lamps are 7, 12 and 16-candle-power, respectively. They are ideal for hall and porch lights. The 10-watt may be burned continuously at a cost, for current, of thirty-five cents per month.

If you have fixtures you may use two or four small lamps at no greater cost for current than with one lamp.

We now have a 60-watt Mazda Lamp that sells for forty-five cents. This lamp is 50-candle-power and consumes no more current than the old 16-candle-power carbon lamp.

10, 16 and 20-watt Mazda Lamps.....\$0.35
25-40 and 60-watt Mazda Lamps..... 45
Hot Point Electric Irons, 5 and 6 lbs.. 3.50

Canyon Power Company

Office in First National Bank

Plainview Nursery

Has the best stock of home-grown trees they have ever had. Propagated from trees that have been tested and do the best; are hardy and absolutely free from disease. We have no connection with any other nursery.

L. N. Dalmont, Mgr. N. J. Secrest, Gen. Agt.
Salesmen—Roy Terrell, Jeff Pippin, Jim Celsor.

If you want trees that will give satisfaction and good results send in an order or see salesman.

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FRAN

BY JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

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Hamilton Gregory resumed, cautiously stepping over dangerous ground, while the others looked at Fran, and Grace never ceased to look at him. "She came here tonight, after the services at the Big Tent. She came here and, or I should say, to request, to ask—Miss Grace saw her when she came. Miss Grace knew of her being here." He seized upon this fact as if to lift himself over pitfalls.

Grace's eyes were gravely judicial. She would not condemn him unheard, but at the same time she let him see that her knowledge of Fran would not help his case. It did not surprise Mrs. Gregory that Grace had known of the strange presence; the secretary knew of events before the rest of the family.

Gregory continued, delicately picking his way: "But the child asked to see me alone, because she had a special message—a yes, a message to deliver to me. So I asked Miss Grace to leave us for half an hour. Then I heard the girl's story, while Miss Grace waited upstairs."

"Well," Simon Jefferson interposed irritably, "Miss Grace is accounted for. Go on, brother-in-law, go on, if we must have it."

"The fact is, Lucy—" Gregory at this point turned to his wife—for at certain odd moments he found relief in doing so—"the fact is—the fact is, this girl is the daughter of—of a very old friend of mine—a friend who was—a friend years ago, long before I moved to Littleburg, long before I saw you, Lucy. That was when my home was in New York. I have told you all about that time of my youth, when I lived with my father in New York. Well, before my father died, I was acquainted with—this friend. I owed that person a great debt, not of money—a debt of—what shall I say?"

Fran suggested, "Honor." Gregory mopped his brow while all looked from Fran to him. He resumed desperately: "I owed a great debt to that friend—oh, not of money, of course—a debt which circumstances prevented me from paying—from meeting—which I still owe to the memory of that—of that dead friend. The friend is dead, you understand, yes, dead."

Mrs. Gregory could not understand her husband's unaccustomed hesitancy. She inquired of Fran, "And is your mother dead, too, little girl?"

That simple question, innocently preferred, directed the course of future events. Mr. Gregory had not intentionally spoken of his friend in such a way as to throw doubt upon the sex. Now that he realized how his wife's misunderstanding might save him, he had not the courage to undeceive her.

Fran waited for him to speak. The delay had lost him the power to reveal the truth. Would Fran betray him? He wished that the thunder might drown out the sound of her words, but the storm seemed holding its breath to listen.

Fran said quietly, "My mother died three years ago." Mrs. Gregory asked her husband, "Did you ever tell me about this friend? I'd remember from his name; what was it?"

It seemed impossible for him to utter the name which had sounded from his lips so often in love. He opened his lips, but he could not say "Josephine." Besides, the last name would do. "Derry," he gasped.

"Come here, Fran Derry," said Mrs. Gregory, reaching out her hand, with that sweet smile that somehow made Fran feel the dew of tears.

Hamilton Gregory plucked up spirits. "I couldn't turn away the daughter of my old friend. You wouldn't want me to do that. None of you would. Now that I've explained everything, I hope there'll be no objection to her staying here in the house—that is, if she wants to stay. She has come to do it, she says—all the way from New York."

Mrs. Gregory slipped her arm about the independent shoulders, and drew the girl down beside her upon a divan. "Do you know," she said gently, "you are the very first of all his New York friends who has come into my life? Indeed, I am willing, and indeed you shall stay with us, just as long as you will."

Fran asked impulsively, as she clasped her hands, "Do you think you could like me? Could—you?"

"Dear child"—the answer was accompanied by a gentle pressure, "you are the daughter of my husband's friend. That's enough for me. You need a home, and you shall have one with us. I like you already, dear."

Tears dimmed Fran's eyes. "And I just love you," she cried. "My! What a woman you are!"

Grace Noir was silent. She liked Fran less than ever, but her look was that of a hired secretary, saying, "With all this, I have nothing to do." Doubtless, when alone with Hamilton Gregory, she would express her sincere conviction that the girl's presence would interfere with his work—but these others would not understand.

Fran's unconventional had given to Mrs. Gregory's laugh a girlish note, but almost at once her face resumed its wonted gravity. Perhaps the slight hollows in the cheeks had been pressed by the fingers of care, but it was rather lack of light than presence of shadow, that told Fran something was missing from the woman's heart.

In the meantime old Mrs. Jefferson had been looking on with absorbed attention, desperately seeking to triumph over her enemy, a deaf demon that for years had taken possession of her. Now, with an impatient hand, she bent her wheel-chair to her daughter's side and proffered her ear trumpet.

"Mother," Mrs. Gregory called through this ebony connector of souls. "This is Fran Derry, the daughter of Mr. Gregory's dear friend, one he used to know in New York, many years before he came to Littleburg. Fran is an orphan, and needs a home. We have asked her to live with us."

Mrs. Jefferson did not always hear aright, but she always responded with as much spirit as if her hearing were never in doubt. "And what I'd like to know," she cried, "is what you are asking her to give us?"

Grace Noir came forward with quiet resolution. "Let me speak to your mother," she said to Mrs. Gregory.

Mrs. Gregory handed her the tube, somewhat surprised, since Grace made it a point of conscience seldom to talk to the old lady. When Grace Noir disapproved of any one, she did not think it right to conceal that fact. Since Mrs. Jefferson absolutely refused to attend religious services, alleging as excuse that she could not hear the sermon, refusing to offer up the sacrifice of her fleshly presence as an example to others—Grace disapproved most heartily.

Mrs. Jefferson held her head to the trumpet shrilly, as if afraid of getting her ear tickled.

Grace spoke quietly, but distinctly, as she indicated Fran—"You know how hard it is to get a good servant in Littleburg." Then she returned the ear trumpet. That was all she had to say.

Fran looked at Mr. Gregory. He bit his lip, hoping it might go at that.

The old lady was greatly at sea. Much as she disliked the secretary, her news was grateful. "Be sure to stipulate," she said briskly, "about wheeling me around in the garden. The last one wasn't told in the beginning, and had to be paid extra, every time I took the air. There's nothing like an understanding at the beginning."

Fran walked up to Grace Noir and shook back her hair in the way that Grace particularly disliked. She said: "Nothing like an understanding at the beginning; yes, the old lady's right. Good thing to know what the trouble is, so we'll know how it'll hit us. I guess I'm the trouble for this house, but I'm going to hit it as the daughter of an old friend, and not as a servant. I'm just about as independent as Patrick Henry, Miss Noir. I'm not responsible for being born, but it's my outlook to hold on to my equality."

"Fran!" exclaimed Mrs. Gregory, in mild reproof.

Grace looked at Mrs. Gregory and nothing could have exceeded the saintliness of her expression. Insulted, she was enjoying to the full her pious satisfaction of martyrdom.

"Dear Mrs. Gregory," said Fran kindly, "I'm sorry to have to do this,



Fran Suggested Honor.

but it isn't as if you were adopting a penniless orphan. I'm adopting a home. I want to belong to somebody, and I want people to feel that they have something when they have me."

"I reckon they'll know they've got something," remarked Simon Jefferson, shooting a dissatisfied glance at Fran from under bushy brows.

Fran laughed outright. "I'm going to like you, all right," she declared. "You are so human."

It is exceedingly difficult to maintain satisfaction in silent martyrdom. Grace was obliged to speak, lest any

one think that she acquiesced in evil. "Is it customary for little girls to roam the streets at night, wandering about the world alone, adopting homes according to their whims?"

"I really don't think it is customary," Fran replied politely, "but I'm not a customary girl." At that moment she caught the old lady's eye. It was sparkling with eloquent satisfaction; Mrs. Jefferson supposed terms of service were under discussion. Fran laughed, grabbed the ear-trumpet and called, "Hello. How are you?"

When an unknown voice entered the large end of the tube, half its meaning was usually strained away before the rest reached the yearning ear. Mrs. Jefferson responded eagerly, "And will you wheel me around the garden at least twice a day?"

Fran patted the thin old arm with her thin young hand, as she shouted, "I'll wheel you twenty times a day, if you say so!"

"But I do not see-saw," retorted the old lady with spirit.

Gregory, finding Grace's eyes fixed on him searchingly, felt himself pushed to the wall. "Of course," he said coldly, "it is understood that the daughter of—or my friend, comes here as a—a—as an equal." As he found himself forced into definite opposition to his secretary, his manner grew more assured. Suddenly it occurred to him that he was, in a way, atoning for the past.

"As an equal, yes!" exclaimed his wife, again embracing Fran. "How else could it be?"

"This is going to be a good thing



"Would You Like to Know More About Me?"

for you, if you only knew it," Fran said, looking into her face with loving eyes.

Hamilton Gregory was almost able to persuade himself that he had received the orphan of his own free choice, thus to make reparation. "It is my duty," he said; "and I always try to do my duty, as I see it."

"Would you like to know more about me?" Fran asked confidentially of Mrs. Gregory.

Gregory turned pale. "I don't think it is necessary—"

"Do tell me!" exclaimed his wife.

"Father and mother married secretly," Fran said, solely addressing Mrs. Gregory, but occasionally sending a furtive glance at her husband. "He was a college-student, boarding with his cousin, who was one of the professors. Mother was an orphan and lived with her half-uncle—a mighty crusty old man, Uncle Ephraim was, who didn't have one bit of use for people's getting married in secret. Father and mother agreed not to mention their marriage till after his graduation; then he'd go to his father and make everything easy, and come for mother. So he went and told him—father's father was a millionaire on Wall street. Mother's uncle was pretty well fixed, too, but he didn't enjoy anything except religion. When he wasn't at church—he went 'most all the time—he was reading about it. Mother said he was most religious in Hebrew, but he enjoyed his Greek verbs awfully."

Grace Noir asked remotely, "Did you say that your parents eloped?"

"They didn't run far," Fran explained; "they were married in the county, not far from Springfield—"

"I thought you said," Grace interrupted, "that they were in New York."

"Did you?" said Fran politely. "So father graduated, and went away to tell his father all about being married to Josephine Derry. I don't know what happened then, as he didn't come back to tell. My mother waited and waited—and I was born—and then Uncle Ephraim drove mother out of his house with her tiny baby—that's me—and I grew to be—as old as you see me now. We were always hunting father. We went all over the United States, first and last—it looked like the son of a millionaire ought to be easy to find. But he kept himself close, and there was never a clew. Then mother died. Sometimes she used to tell me that she believed him dead, that if he'd been alive he'd have come for her, because she loved him with all her soul, and wrecked her whole life because of him. She was happiest when she thought he was dead, so I wouldn't say anything, but I was sure he was alive, all right, as big and strong as you please. Oh, I know his kind. I've had lots of experience."

"So I'd suppose," said Grace Noir quietly, "May I ask—if you don't mind—if this traveling about the United States didn't take a great deal of money?"

"Oh, we had all the money we wanted," Fran returned easily.

"Indeed? And did you become reconciled to your mother's uncle?"

"Yes—after he was dead. He didn't leave a will, and there wasn't anybody

else, and as mother had just been taken from me, the money just naturally came in my hands. But I didn't need it, particularly."

"But before that," Grace persisted, "before, when your mother was first disinherited, how could she make her living?"

"Mother was like me. She didn't stand around folding her hands and crossing her feet—she used 'em. Bless you, I could get along wherever you'd drop me. Success isn't in the world, it's in me, and that's a good thing to know—it saves hunting."

"Do you consider yourself a 'success'?" inquired the secretary with a chilly smile.

"I had everything I wanted except a home," Fran responded with charming good-humor, "and now I've got that. In a New York paper, I found a picture of Hamilton Gregory, and it told about all his charities. It said he had millions, and was giving away everything. I said to myself, 'I'll go there and have him give me a home'—you see, I'd often heard mother speak of him—and I said other things to myself—and then, as I generally do what I tell myself to do—it keeps up confidence in the general manager—I came."

"Dear child," said Mrs. Gregory, stroking her hair, "your mother dead, your father—that kind of a man—you shall indeed find a home with us, for life. And so your father was Mr. Gregory's friend. It seems—strange."

"My father," said Fran, looking at Mr. Gregory inscrutably, "was the best friend you ever had, wasn't he? You loved him better than anybody else in the world, didn't you?"

"I—yes," the other stammered, looking at her wildly, and passing his agitated hand across his eyes, as if to shut out some terrible vision, "yes, I—I was—fond of—him."

"I guess you were," Fran cried emphatically. "You'd have done anything for him."

"I have this to say," remarked Simon Jefferson, "that I may not come up to the mark in all particulars, and I reckon I have my weaknesses; but I wouldn't own a friend that proved himself the miserable scoundrel, the weak cur, that this child's father proved himself!"

"And I agree with you," declared Grace, who seldom agreed with him in anything. How Mr. Gregory, the best man she had ever known, could be fond of Fran's father, was incomprehensible. Ever since Fran had come knocking at the door, Grace's exalted faith in Mr. Gregory had been perplexed by the foreboding that he was not altogether what she had imagined. Hamilton Gregory felt the change in her attitude. "That friend," he said quickly, "was not altogether to be censured. At least, he meant to do right. He wanted to do right. With all the strength of his nature, he strove to do right."

"Then why didn't he do right?" snapped Simon Jefferson. "Why didn't he go back after that young woman, and take care of her? Huh! What was holding him?"

"He did go back," exclaimed Gregory. "Well—not at first, but afterward. He went to tell his father, and his father showed him that it would never do, that the girl—his wife—wasn't of their sphere, their life, that he couldn't have made her happy—that it wouldn't—that it just wouldn't do. For three years he stayed in the mountains of Germany, the most miserable man in the world. But his conscience wouldn't let him rest. It told him he should acknowledge his wife. So he went back—but she'd disappeared—he couldn't find her—and he'd never heard—he'd never dreamed of the birth of a—of the—of this girl. He never knew that he had a daughter. Never!"

"Well," said Simon Jefferson, "he's dead now, and that's one comfort. Good thing he's not alive; I'd always be afraid I might come up with him and then, afterward, that I might not get my sentence commuted to life-imprisonment."

"Who is exciting my son?" demanded the old lady from her wheel-chair. Simon Jefferson's red face and staring eyes told plainly that his spirit was up. "After all," said Fran cheerfully, "we are here, and needn't bother about what's past. My mother wasn't given her chance, but she's dead now, blessed soul—and my father had his chance, but it wasn't in him to be a man. Let's forget him as much as we can, and let's have nothing but sweet and peaceful thoughts about mother. That's all over, and I'm here to take my chance with the rest of you. We're the world, while our day lasts."

"What a remarkable child!" murmured Grace Noir, as they prepared to separate. "Quite a philosopher in short dresses."

"They used to call me a prodigy," murmured Fran, as she obeyed Mrs. Gregory's gesture inviting her to follow upstairs.

"Now it's stopped raining," Simon Jefferson complained, as he wheeled his mother toward the back hall.

"That's a good omen," said Fran, pressing Mrs. Gregory's hand. "The moonlight was beautiful when I was on the bridge—when I first came here."

"But we need rain," said Grace Noir reprovingly. Her voice was that of one familiar with the designs of Providence. As usual, she and Hamilton Gregory were about to be left alone.

"Who needs it?" called the unabashed Fran, looking over the banisters. "The frogs!"

"Life," responded the secretary solemnly.

CHAPTER VIII.

War Declared.

The April morning was brimming with golden sunshine when Fran

INTERRUPTED STORY.

Supper was in progress and the father was talking about a row which took place in front of his store that morning. "The first thing I saw was one man deal the other a sounding blow, and then a crowd gathered. The man who was struck ran and grabbed a large shovel he had been using on the street and rushed back, his eyes flashing fire. I thought he'd surely knock the other man's brains out and I stepped right in between them."

The young son of the family had become so hugely interested in the narrative as it proceeded that he had stopped eating his pudding. So proud was he of his father's valor his eyes fairly shone, and he cried: "He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?"

Father looked at him long and earnestly, but the lad's countenance was frank and open.

Father gasped slightly and resumed his supper.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Uncle Jerry.

"I notice," said Uncle Jerry Peebles, taking off his glasses and wiping them, "that a woman wants to be divorced from her husband because he can't hold a job long anywhere and they have to be always movin'." She says they've moved six times in the last ten years. Great Peter Cartwright! Wouldn't she 'a' been an awful failure as an old time Methodist preacher's wife?"

FELINE.



Gladys—When people go to the country they leave the cats behind.
Marion—Then where do all those on the hotel piazzas come from?

In Boston.

You talk about your breakfast foods of cedar or of pine;
But give me any kind of pie,
It's good enough for mine.

Helping the Bride.

When Mrs. Blank, who had always lived near the coast, was married she went to live in a small Kansas town. Shortly after her arrival she called on her butcher and ordered a quart of scallops.

"Why, Mrs. Blank," said the dealer, "I guess you will find those at the dressmaker's. And," he added, kindly, remembering that she was a bride, "I think they're sold by the yard."—Lippincott's Magazine.

In Palliation.

The elderly but well-preserved bachelor was trying to make love to the proud young beauty.

"Why, Mr. Squillop," she exclaimed, in astonishment, "why don't you take somebody of your own age! You're as old as—as old as the moral law!"

"I know it, Miss Fanny," he said, "but I'm in a good deal better state of preservation."

Absent Minded.

"Then, Minnie, you are going to get another physician instead of the old health inspector?"

"Yes; he is too absent minded. Recently, as he examined me with the stethoscope he suddenly called out, 'Hello! Who is it?'—Fliegende Blaetter, Munich.

ART'S DISCOURAGEMENTS.



"Why do so many theaters close in the summer time?"

"Because," answered the burlesque manager, "people can't be expected to take much interest in comic costumes during the seaside bathing display."

Melancholy Fate.

I'd hate to be a little fly—
That is, if I were not me;
And here's my dears, the reason why,
Some one would surely swat me.

His Work.

First Employer—How long has Gotrox's boy worked in your office?

Second Employer—About half an hour. He has been with us six months now.—Judge.

Prolonged Farewell.

"Where's daughter?" asked father.
"She'll be at the beach a couple of days longer," explained mother, "giving a young man a good by kiss."

WRITERS' DEBT TO THE BIBLE

Great Literature Acknowledge the Immense Help Given Them by Study of Its Phrases.

The book to which English literature is most indebted is, of course, the Bible, and the extent of that indebtedness will be at least partly realized by readers of Prof. William Gilmer Perry's article on the subject in the North American Review.

Amusing is the story he tells to illustrate Macaulay's early employment of scripture phrase, which all the world knows the great historian and essayist later used so often and to such excellent effect.

Finding one day that the maid had disarranged the pebbles marking off his little garden, the boy Macaulay exclaimed: "Cursed be Sally! For it is written, 'Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark.'"

Significant is the fondness with which the English-speaking world clings to the phraseology of the King James version of the Bible and refuses to accept any later and, philologically, more correct rendering.

Mrs. Barr, in her recently published autobiography, takes pleasure in fortifying her own preference for the old version by relating her conversation with one of the authors of the "revised version" who always carried a new testament in his pocket and declared his attachment to the little volume which, on examination, proved not to be the translation in which he had himself collaborated, but the much older and less scholarly one that it was designed to supersede.

EXCEPTION THAT WAS FATAL

Everything Seemed All Right Until the Great Stumbling Block Was Reached.

He was fondly holding the hand of the pretty girl, and at last he approached the leading subject courageously. "I have carefully studied the matter from the scientific point of view, and am thoroughly convinced that we are fitted one for the other."

"Please explain yourself," said she, looking up at him with her large, bright eyes. "It is simply this," he continued, "according to science, which is the only way to approach the subject. You see, you are light and I am dark. You are short and I am tall. You are small and I am large and powerful. You are sprightly, vivacious; I am somewhat sober and phlegmatic. In short, we are opposites, and opposites should marry."

"Yes," she replied, "but there are exceptions to all such rules, and I know of one in this case that is sufficient. I cannot marry you."

"In what respect is this exception made?" he demanded excitedly. "You see," she smiled up at him again, "you are like me in this: I could never earn my own living."

Natural Weather Prophet.

Among the yeomen of the guard, popularly known as beefeaters, at the Tower of London, is one who has earned for himself fame as a weather prophet.

"I am getting quite a connection," he said to an interviewer recently, "among people who are doubtful of the professional weather prophet, and who have proved my accuracy. I always have an early intimation of coming rain. I feel it in my bones."

He scornfully denied that his sensitiveness had anything to do with a predilection to corns or a tendency to rheumatism. "No," he said; "I put it down to an attack of ague I had years ago when I was in India. I suppose it turned me into a sort of barometer. Anyhow, as soon as the weather changes, if only a trifle, I always get a warning."

"They say I'm more accurate than these weather people, who reckon to know such a lot. I've certainly proved them wrong time after time."

Numbering French Roads.

In France a new system of road designation for the convenience of tourists has been adopted. Every road in the country will be given a name and a number and these designations will be painted upon direction posts at the road crossings and the 100-meter posts along the roads. The highways of France are classified as national roads, departmental roads, and so on. The roads in each case will be numbered. The direction post will state the class of highway and the number of the road. The tourist starting on a journey will need only a strip of figures, and he will be able to find his way anywhere.

God's Use for Petroleum.

Employment of oil as fuel for the navy would have met with the wholehearted disapproval of an American who figures in Sir John Robinson's reminiscences. This farseeing person petitioned congress that "a stop might be put to the irreverent and irreligious proceedings of various citizens in drawing petroleum from the earth, thus checking the designs of the Almighty, who stored it there for the future destruction of the world."

Liked the Variety.

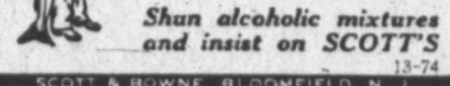
"Freddie, dear," said the blonde young woman after he had turned the gas down to a dim glimmer, "there's something I wish you would explain to me."

"What is it, Ethelberta?" "Why do you say you like me all the better because I'm so changeable?" "Because, darling, every time I kiss you it's like kissing another girl." And then the light went up and he was left alone.



HAVE YOU CATARRH? Is nasal breathing impaired? Does your throat get husky or clogged?

Modern science proves that these symptoms result from run down health. Snuffs and vapors are irritating and useless. You should build your general health with the oil-food in **Scott's Emulsion**—its nourishing powers will enrich and enliven the blood, aid nutrition and assimilation and assist nature to check the inflammation and heal the sensitive membranes which are affected. **Scott's Emulsion** will raise your standard of health to correct catarrh. Shun alcoholic mixtures and insist on **SCOTT'S**



Farm Facts.

(By Peter Radford, president, Farmer's Union.)

Every consumer is a market maker.

The silo is the farmers best friend.

In the country you keep your check close to the breast of nature.

A cultivator under the shed is worth two left out in open weather.

Let farming become an abandoned profession and everything would stop.

Help to organize rural life and make the country a better place to live.

Good cultivation not only help growing crops but permanently improves the soil.

The proper preparation of ground work wonders in lessening cost of cultivation.

We can best serve our inter-

ests by giving all possible attention to marketing.

Production with out thought to marketing is like building elaborately on foundation premises that are not true.

The man that owns the soil on which he lives is the only man who does not rest on shifting sands.

As the seasons advance the plow is the farmers best friend, but when the season closes the silo comes in handy.

The commonly accepted theory that we are short on production is all wrong. We are short on marketing information.

Many wealthy corporations and individuals have been telling the farmer how to farm when they should have been telling him where and when to market.

The problem of marketing is the biggest business proposition of any age or nation and one that will require combined effort of all the agencies of civilization to solve.

The Abilene Reporter of Sunday, Nov. 30 contained nine pages of advertising for one dry goods firm—J. W. Campbell—all being about a holiday sale. The editor of the News knows Mr. Campbell quite well. He started into business as a dry goods clerk, later he opened a little store, and this store has been growing all the time, until now it is possibly the largest in the Western half of Texas. Mr. Campbell has always been a big advertiser—when he had a little store he carried half-page, page and double-page ads in the local papers, when his competitors were carrying only small ads, or none at all. The success of Mr. Campbell is due to advertising, energy and knowing his business.—Plainview News.

Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure The worst cases, no matter of how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves Pain and Heals at the same time. 25c, 50c, \$1.00. (Advertisement)

Happy Baking Days

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

The cook is happy, the other members of the family are happy—appetites sharpen, things brighten up generally. And Calumet Baking Powder is responsible for it all. For Calumet never fails. Its wonderful leavening qualities insure perfectly shortened, faultlessly raised bakings. Cannot be compared with other baking powders, which promise without performing. Even a beginner in cooking gets delightful results with this never-failing Calumet Baking Powder. Your grocer knows. Ask him.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS
World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill.
Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.

You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

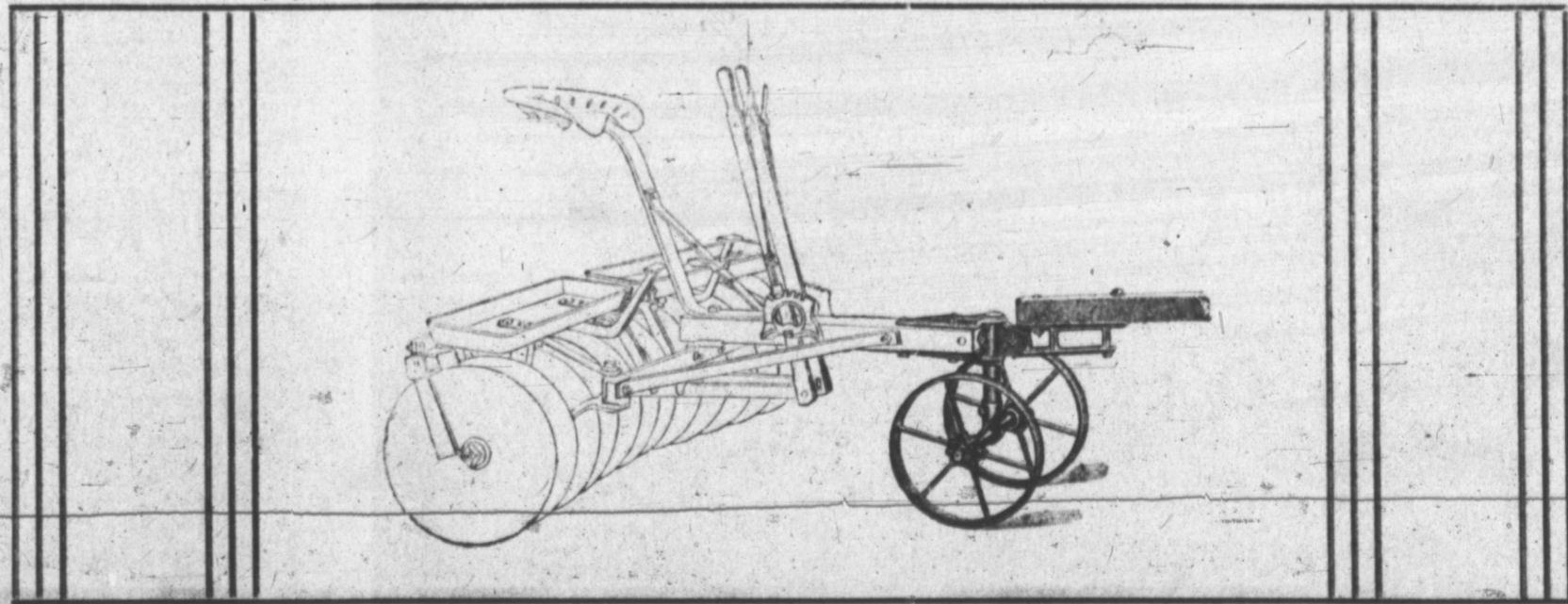
See the News Printery

FOR THE SUPERIOR KIND OF

Commercial Job Printing

Preserve the Moisture With a Disc Harrow

Preserve all the moisture that is in the ground until you can use the plow or lister. Many farmers are doing this, but all should be in this class. 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. See this one before buying.

THOMPSON HARDWARE COMPANY

looked from the window of her second-story room. Eager for the first morning's view of her new home, she stared at the half-dozen cottages across the street, standing back in picket-fenced yards with screens of trees before their window-eyes. They showed only as bits of weather-boarding, or gleaming fragments of glass, peeping through the boughs. She thought everything homelike, neighborly. These houses seemed to her closer to the earth than those of New York, or, at any rate, closer in the sense of brotherhood. She drew a deep breath of pungent April essence and murmured: "What a world to live in!"

Fran had spoken in all sincerity in declaring that she wanted nothing but a home; and when she went down to breakfast it was with the expectation that every member of the family would pursue his accustomed routine, undisturbed by her presence. She was willing that they should remain what they were, just as she expected to continue without change; however, not many days passed before she found herself seeking to modify her surroundings. If a strange mouse be imprisoned in a cage of mice, those already inured to captivity will seek to destroy the new-comer. Fran, suddenly thrust into the bosom of a family already fixed in their modes of thought and action, found adjustment exceedingly difficult.

She did not care to mingle with the people of the village—which was fortunate, since her laughing in the tent had scandalized the neighborhood; she would have been content never to cross the boundaries of the homestead, had it not been for Abbott Ashton. It was because of him that she acquiesced in the general plan to send her to school. It was on the fifth day of her stay, following her startling admission that she had never been to school a day in her life, that unanimous opinion was fused into expressed command—

"You must go to school!"

Fran thought of the young superintendent, and said she was willing.

When Mr. Gregory and the secretary had retired to the library for the day's work, Mrs. Gregory told Fran, "I really think, dear, that your dresses are much too short. You are small, but your face and manners and even your voice, sometimes, seem old—quite old."

Fran showed the gentle lady a soft docility. "Well," she said, "my legs are there, all the time, you know, and I'll show just as much of them, or just as little, as you please."

Simon Jefferson spoke up—"I like to see children wear short dresses—and he looked at this particular child with approval. That day, she was really pretty. The triangle had been broadened to an oval brow, the chin was held slightly lowered, and there was something in her general aspect, possibly due to the arrangement of folds or colors—heaven knows what for Simon Jefferson was but a poor male observer—that made a merit of her very thinness. The weak heart of the burly bachelor tingled with pleasure in nice proportions, while his mind attained the esthetic outlook of a classic age. To be sure, the skirts did show a good deal of Fran; very good—they could not show too much.

"I like," Simon persisted, "to see young girls of fourteen or fifteen dressed, so to say, in low necks and

low colors. It seemed to her that of all the people in the world, Mrs. Gregory was the last to hold her in affectionate embrace. She cried out with a sob, as if in answer to her dark misgivings—"Oh, but I want to belong to somebody!"

"You shall belong to me!" exclaimed Mrs. Gregory, folding her closer.

"To you?" Fran sobbed, overcome by the wonder of it. "To you, dear heart?" With a desperate effort she crowded back intruding thoughts, and grew calm. Looking over her shoulder at Simon Jefferson—"No more short dresses, Mr. Simon," she called, "you know your heart mustn't be excited."

"Fran!" gasped Mrs. Gregory in dismay, "hush!"

But Simon Jefferson beamed with pleasure at the girl's artless ways. He knew what was bad for his heart, and Fran wasn't. Her smiles made him feel himself a monopolist in sunshine.



"Love Him? This is Merely a Question of Doing the Most Good."

Simon Jefferson might be fifty, but he still had a nose for roses.

Old Mrs. Jefferson was present, and from her wheel-chair bright eyes read much that dull ears missed. "How gay Simon is!" smiled the mother—he was always her spoiled boy.

Mrs. Gregory called through the trumpet, "I believe Fran has given brother a fresh interest in life."

Old Mrs. Jefferson beamed upon Fran and added her commendation: "She pushes me when I want to be pushed, and pulls me when I want to be pulled."

Fran clapped her hands like a child, indeed. "Oh, what a gay old world!" she cried. "There are so many people in it that like me." She danced before the old lady, then wheeled about with such energy that her skirts threatened to level to the breeze.

"Don't, don't!" cried Mrs. Gregory precipitately. "Fran!"

"Bravo!" shouted Simon Jefferson. "Encore!"

Fran widened her fingers to push down the rebellious dress. "If I don't put leads on me," she said with contrition, "I'll be floating away. When I feel good, I always want to do something wrong—it's awfully dangerous for a person to feel good, I guess. Mrs. Gregory, you say I can belong to you—when I think about that, I want to dance. . . . I guess you hardly know what it means for Fran to belong to a person. You're going to find out. Come on," she shouted to Mrs. Jefferson, without using the trumpet—always a subtle compliment to those nearly stone-deaf, "I mustn't wheel myself about, so I'm going to wheel you."

As she passed with her charge into the garden, her mind was busy with thoughts of Grace Noir. Belonging to Mrs. Gregory naturally suggested getting rid of the secretary. It would be exceedingly difficult. "But two months ought to settle her," Fran mused.

In the meantime, Grace Noir and Gregory sat in the library, silently turning out an immense amount of work, feeding the hungry and consoling the weak with stroke of pen and click of typewriter.

"About this case, number one hundred forty-three," Grace said, looking up from her work as copyist, "the girl whose father wouldn't acknowledge her—"

"Write to the matron to give her good clothing and good schooling." He spoke softly. There prevailed an atmosphere of subtle tenderness; on this island—the library—blossomed love of mankind and devotion to lofty ideals. These two mariners found themselves ever surrounded by a sea of indifference; there was not a sail in sight. "It is a sad case," he murmured.

"You think number one hundred forty-three a sad case?" she repeated, always, when possible, building her next step out of the material furnished by her companion. "But suppose she is an impostor. He says she's not his daughter, this number one hundred forty-three. Maybe she isn't. Would you call her conduct sad?"

Gregory took exquisite pleasure in arguing with Grace, because her serene assumption of being in the right gave to her beautiful face a touch of the angelic. "I should call it impossible."

"Impossible? Do you think it's impossible that Fran's deceiving you? How can you know that she is the daughter of your friend?"

He grew pale. Oh, if he could have denied Fran—if he could have joined Grace in declaring her an impostor! But she possessed proofs so irrefutable that safety lay in admitting her claim, lest she prove more than he had already admitted. "I know it; absolutely. She is the daughter of one who was my most—my most intimate friend."

Grace repeated with delicate reproach—"Your intimate friend!"

"I know it was wrong for him to desert his wife."

"Wrong!" How inadequate seemed that word from her pure lips!

"But," he faltered, "we must make allowances. My friend married Fran's mother in secret because she was utterly worldly—frivolous—a butterfly. Her own uncle was unable to control her—to make her go to church. Soon after the marriage he found out his mistake—it broke his heart, the tragedy of it. I don't excuse him for going away to Europe—"

"I am glad you don't. He was no true man, but a weakling. I am glad I have never been thrown with such a—degenerate."

"But, Miss Grace," he urged pleadingly, "do you think my friend, when he went back to find her and she was gone—do you think he should have kept on hunting? Do you think, Grace, that he should have remained yoked to an unbeliever, after he realized his folly?"

There was heavenly compassion in her eyes, for suddenly she had divined his purpose in defending Fran's father. He was thinking of his own wife, and of his wife's mother and brother—how they had ceased to show sympathy in what he regarded as the essentials of life. Her silence suggested that as she could not speak without casting reflection upon Mrs. Gregory, she would say nothing, and this tact was grateful to his grieved heart.

"I have been thinking of something very strange," Grace said, with a marked effort to avoid the issue lest she commit the indiscretion of blaming her employer's wife. "I remember having heard you say that when you were a young man, you left your father's home to live with a cousin in a distant town who happened to be a teacher in a college, and that you were graduated from his college. Don't you think it marvelous, this claim of Fran, who says that her father, when a young man, went to live with a cousin who was a college professor, and that he was graduated from that college? And she says that her father's father was a rich man—just as yours was—and that the cousin is dead—just as yours is."

At these piercing words, Gregory bowed his head to conceal his agitation. Could it be possible that she had guessed all and yet, in spite of all, could use that tone of kindness? It burst upon him that if he and she could hold this fatal secret in common, they might, in sweetest comradeship, form an alliance against fate itself.

She persisted: "The account that Fran gives of her father is really your own history. What does that show?"

He spoke almost in a whisper. "My friend and I were much alike." Then he looked up swiftly to catch a look of comprehension by surprise, if such a look were there.

(Continued.)

Temper Not Matter of Nerves.

The person of high-strung delicate organization will under extraordinary pressure become irritable or show lack of sound judgment, but the reaction is quick. His anger is a fire of straw. The cause removed, or on being permitted a moment for reflection, his former serenity is restored. The neurasthenic, on the other hand, is "glow to anger," and slow to recovery from rage.

Tree a Natural Cistern.

On one of the Canary islands there is said to be a tree which dispels from its branches actual rain to such an extent that a cistern placed at its base is never unfilled. This tree grows in one of the driest islands, through which no water ever flows. The branches of the trees are a cloud that changes into moisture frequently and sheds clear water.

Loved Home and Children.

Kingsley had an ideal home, and was never happier than when playing with his children. He gave them the best of everything—the largest and sunniest rooms indoors and the best part of the garden as a playground. He was at his best—where ordinary men so often fail—in the home. "A child mourning over a broken toy," he wrote, "is a sight I cannot bear."

Easy to Get Bag of Lions.

What to do when confronted with a lion is not a problem that would have puzzled the editor of one of the earliest newspapers published in South Africa. Asked by some inexperienced (or imaginary) correspondent for information about "the best way to get a good bag of lions in the Kalahari desert," he crisply replied in an editorial note: "The Kalahari desert is principally composed of sand and lions. First you sift out all the sand with a big sieve. Then the lions will remain. These you place in a bag which is carried for the purpose."

And American Indigestion.

Menu for a Cosmopolitan Dinner.—Scotch broth, Spanish mackerel, French chops, Hungarian stew, Irish potatoes, Vienna rolls, Italian wines, English muffins, Welsh rabbit, German pickles, Swiss cheese and Brazilian coffee.—Boston Transcript.

Ingenuus Outspoken.

"Yes," said the haughty actor, "I began my career as Legree in an 'Uncle Tom's troupe.' 'Oh,' replied the ingenuus, who had been permitted by him to pay for her own luncheon, 'I thought you might have been one of the chunks of ice.'—Chicago Record-Herald.

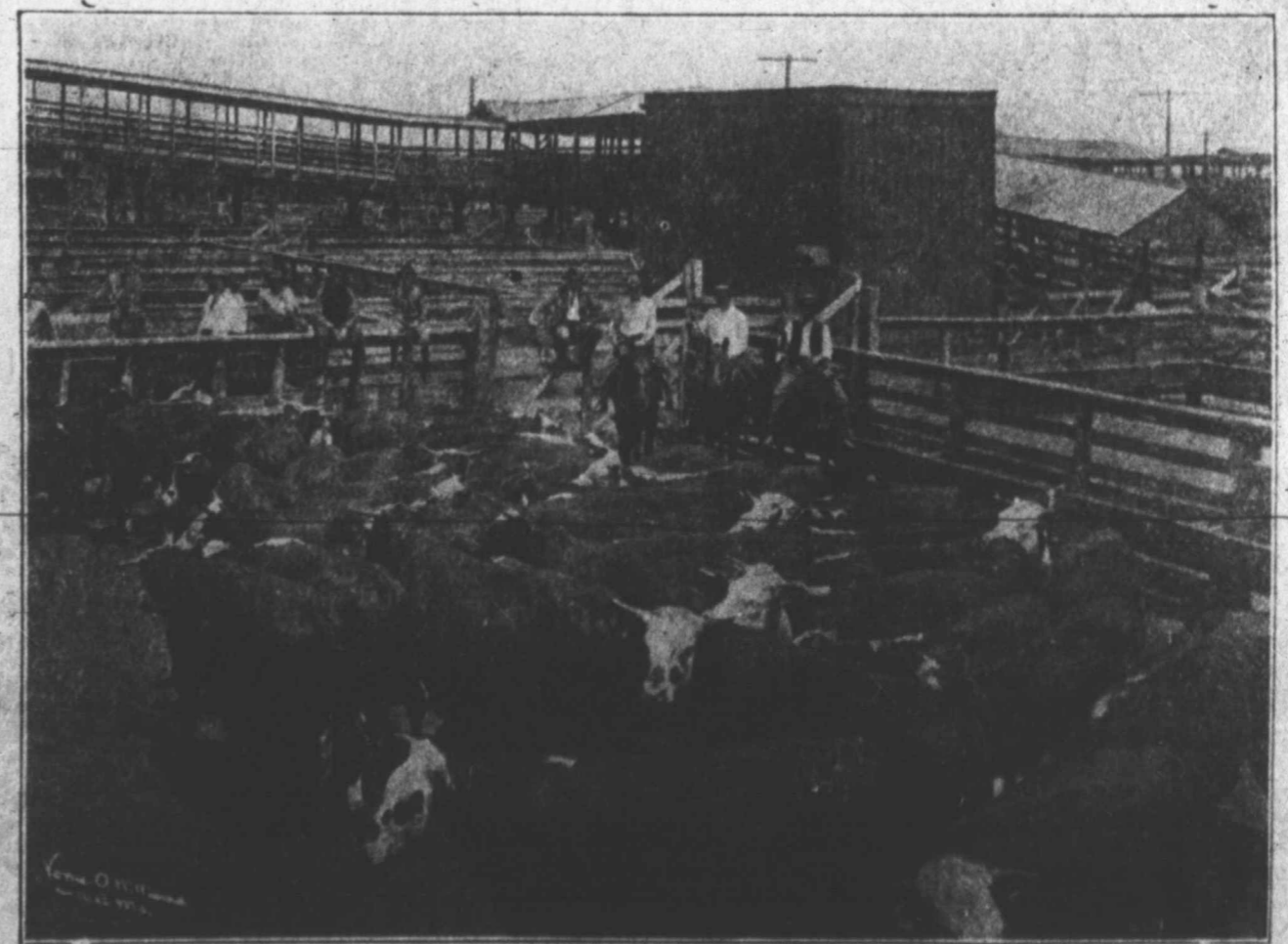


MAIZE CORN GROWING NEAR CANYON CITY, TEXAS.

Improved and Unimproved Farms PRICES REASONABLE Terms to Suit Purchaser Location and Quality of Farms Cannot Be Excelled

C. O. KEISER

Canyon, Texas Keota, Iowa



The Highest Priced Texas Cattle Ever Sold on the Kansas City Market. Bred and Fed by C. O. Keiser, Canyon, Texas. Fattened on Randall County Products.



"It Pleases Others, and It Doesn't Hurt Me."

high stockings in—in the airy way such as they are by nature . . . It was hard to express.

"Yes," Fran said impartially, "it pleases others, and it doesn't hurt me."

"Fran!" Mrs. Gregory exclaimed, gazing helplessly at the girl with something of a child's awe inspired by venerable years. It was a pathetic appeal to a spirit altogether beyond her comprehension.

Fran's quick eye caught the expression of baffled reaching-forth, of uncertain striving after sympathetic understanding. "You darling lady!" she cried, clasping her hands to keep her arms from flying about the other's neck, "don't you be troubled about me. Bless your heart, I can take care of myself—and you, too! Do you think I'd add a straw to your . . . Now you hear me: if you want to do it, just put me in long trains with Pullman sleepers, for I'll do whatever you say. If you want to show people how tame I am, just hold up your hand, and I'll crawl into my cage."

The laughter of Mrs. Gregory sounded wholesome and deep-throated—the child was so deliciously ridiculous. "Come, then," she cried, with a lightness she had not felt for months, "come, crawl into your cage!" And she opened her arms.

With a dash of her lithe body, Fran was in her cage, and, for a time, rested there, while the fire in her dark eyes burned tears to all sorts of rain-

The Randall County News

Incorporated under the laws of Texas
C. W. Warwick, Managing Editor.
 G. O. Keiser, President
 Oscar Hunt, Vice President
 C. W. Warwick, Sec'y-Treasurer
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Six months	.75
Three months	.50
Two months	.40
One month	.25

Plainview has three daily newspapers, The Evening Herald, The Plainviewian and The Advertiser. One daily might run successfully in Plainview, but never three, any more than could two weekly newspapers be published successfully in a town the size of Canyon.

Randall county has a good crop of candidates. All of them are good men and the News trusts that the entire campaign will be carried on in a gentlemanly fashion.

The Dallas slate maker do not seem to make their elimination plan work. They are trying to

eliminate all by Cullen F. Thomas and the people are hardly going to stand for such elimination.

Cullen Thomas is making some grand stand plays in order to bring public favor his way in the race for governor's office, but Mayes is far in the lead and will remain there.

What could be more ideal than the Panhandle weather this winter? Everything points to 1914 being the greatest year the country has ever seen.

If you do not pay your poll tax, you not only lose your right of citizenship but also rob the children of their school privileges.

1914 is election year. Pay your tax early.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured
 by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by restoring the condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

Write for One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness. Complete treatment guaranteed by Dr. H. C. CATARRH, 233 N. 1st St., St. Louis, Mo. Sold by Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.



MISS HELENE GUILBERT
 "The Thief" comes to the G. & L. Friday night of this week and will be one of the strongest plays of the season. Miss Guilbert is an artist and her work is highly praised in all towns she has visited.

Winder Resigns as Cashier.

As we go to press this morning word comes that at nine o'clock today J. P. Winder filed his resignation with the First State bank as cashier. No details of the transaction are yet made known. Mr. Winder stated that he does not intend to leave the city.

Tobacco Users.

Woods Hutchinson, M. D. in The Watchman, says, "Dr. Seaver, the medical director of Yale showed that out of the 178 men in the class of 1861, those not using tobacco in their college course had gained over the users of tobacco twenty two percent, in height 19 percent, in weight 29 percent in growth of chest, and sixty percent, in increase of lung capacity. In the Amherst graduating class for the same year the non users of tobacco had gained twenty four percent, more in weight, thirty seven per cent more in height, and twenty two per cent more in growth of chest than had the smokers. In lung capacity the tobacco user had lost two cubic inches, while the abstainer had gained six cubic inches. As a wet blanket upon ambition, a drag upon development and a handicap upon success in life, the cigarette has few equals and no superior. All trainers and coaches absolutely forbid tobacco in any way to athletes who are training for a contest." Query: Should preachers set an example for cigarette smoking boys?—The Baptist World.

Best Cough Medicine for Children.

"I am very glad to say a few words in praise of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, writes Mrs. Lindy Dewey Milwaukee, Wis. "I have used it for years both for my children and myself and it never fails to relieve and cure a cough or cold. No family with children should be without it as it gives almost immediate relief in cases of croup." Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is pleasant and safe to take, which is of great importance when a medicine must be given to young children. For sale by all dealers.
 (Advertisement)

8% Money
 On Improved Farms. No Commission Charged For Placing Loans
C. P. Hutchings
 AMARILLO, TEXAS

Last Opportunity

To buy merchandise for less than the Manufacturers cost.

Silk and Wool Dresses Half Price	Ladies Suits and Long Coats Half Price	Entire Stock Furs Half Price
Sweater Coats and Knit Caps Half Price	All Muslin Underwear Half Price	35 Pairs Lace Curtains Half Price
23 Prs Dr. Reed's Cushion Sole Shoes Half Price	All Ladies Skirts 1-3 Off	House Dresses and Kimonas 1-3 Off
40 pairs Wool and Cotton Blankets 1-3 Off	32 Good Comforts 1-3 Off	All Ladies Petticoats 1-3 Off
Men's and Boys' Suits 1-3 Off	Men's and Boys' Overcoats 1-3 Off	Men's and Boys' Pants, 1-3 Off
Entire Stock of Shoes 1-5 Off	All Woolen Dress Goods 1-5 Off	All Winter Underwear 1-5 Off

From Thursday, January 15th until February 1st. For cash only.

Ask to see our new laces, embroideries and white dress goods.



Society Notes.

Mrs. Guenther entertained the Merry Maids and Matrons club Thursday afternoon. The afternoon was spent at the usual game of 42. Refreshments were served of chicken cream with toasted nut dressing, potatoe chips, sandwiches and pickled peaches.

The guests of the club were: Mesdames Reid, Marquis, Hill, Allen, Cousins, Leo McDade, C. McDade, Blaine, Stafford and Shirley.

To Prevent Blood Poisoning
 apply at once the wonderful old reliable DR. PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL, surgical dressing that relieves pain and heals at the same time. Not a liniment. 25c. 50c. \$1.00

Presbyterian Church Jan. 18.

Sabbath school at 10 a. m., Prof. J. W. Reid Supt. Preaching at 11 o'clock, Subject "Unity of purpose the great factor in the successful work of the church." The evening service at 7:15 p. m., subject, "An old love letter." A glad welcome extended to all to attend any or all of these services.

A. B. Haynes, Pastor.

For Weakness and Loss of Appetite
 The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out Malaria and builds up the system. A true tonic and pure Appetizer. For adults and children. 50c.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE NEWS

SURELY

It is better policy to buy good, dependable building material from a dependable concern even if it costs more, because dependable material fosters pleasant relations and creates a feeling of satisfaction and confidence, the value of which cannot be measured by dollars and cents.

CANYON LUMBER CO.

"The house of quality and courteous treatment"

EXTRA SPECIAL

Kimonas, \$3.00 values
priced now \$1.00

JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE

EXTRA SPECIAL

25 black broadcloth coats,
values to \$25; Clearance
Sale price \$7.95

IN FULL BLAST--Of Every Suit, Coat and Dress in Our Store

After taking an inventory of our stock we find we have on hand over \$25,000 worth of High Class Merchandise. We realize this must be sold at once and to make immediate sale we will sacrifice same. Therefore, we have decided to throw our entire stock on the market at and below cost. Note a few of our many bargains below:

Waist Special	SUITS	COATS	Underwear Special	DRESSES
Blue and Brown Chambray and Light Madras Waists, \$1 values; Clearance Sale price 35c Messaline Waists in all colors: \$3.50 Values, Clearance Sale Price 2.75 \$5.00 Values, Clearance Sale Price 3.65 \$7.50 Values, Clearance Sale Price 4.95	Sec. No. 1: Former Price \$19.50 Clearance Sale Price 7.95 Sec. No. 2: Former Price \$22.50 Clearance Sale Price 9.95 Sec. No. 3: Former Price \$25.00 Clearance Sale Price 11.95 Sec. No. 4: Former Price 30.00 Clearance Sale Price 13.95 Sec. No. 5: Former Price 35.00 Clearance Sale Price 15.95 Sec. No. 6: Former Price 40.00 Clearance Sale Price 17.95 Sec. No. 7: Former Price 45.00 Clearance Sale Price 19.95	22.50 Values; Clearance Sale Price 10.95 25.00 Values; Clearance Sale Price 11.95 29.50 Values; Clearance Sale Price 14.95 32.50 Values; Clearance Sale Price 15.95 39.50 Values; Clearance Sale Price 17.95 Clearance Sale Prices on every Child's Coat in our store. Get our prices and we know you'll buy.	75c Unionsuits - 35c 1.00 Unionsuits - 75c 1.25 Unionsuits - 95c 2.00 Unionsuits - 1.35 2.50 Unionsuits - 1.65 3.50 Unionsuits - 2.65 Special on our Italian Silk and Messaline Underwear. Black Wool and Lisle Tights greatly reduced. Corset Special La Vida, Nemo and W. B. Makes. 1.00 Values - 75c 1.50 Values - 1.15 2.00 Values - 1.45 2.50 Values - 1.75 3.00 Values - 2.15 3.50 Values - 2.65 4.00 Values - 3.15 5.00 Values - 3.75	Woolen Dresses in all colors and this season's styles. Formerly priced at \$8.00 to 13.50; Clearance Sale Price 4.95 100 Messaline Dresses in Blue Black, Brown and Pink Stripes and Figures. Formerly priced 9.50; Clearance Sale Price 3.95 Greatly reduced prices on all Street, Afternoon and Evening Dresses, in Crepe De Chene, Messaline, Wool Rattine and Crepe Meteors. Railroad Fare Refunded--Get a receipt from your agent for your tickets Distances of 25 miles fare will be refunded on purchases of \$25.00. Distances of 50 miles fare will be refunded on purchases of \$50.00.
PETTICOAT SPECIAL \$2.00 Values, Clearance Sale Price 1.65 \$2.50 Values, Clearance Sale Price 1.75 \$3.00 Values, Clearance Sale Price 1.95 \$3.50 Values, Clearance Sale Price 2.45 \$5.00 Values, Clearance Sale Price 3.65		Glove Special \$3.50 Long, 16-button, all colors now 2.95 \$1.50 Kid Gloves, now 1.15 \$1.00 Kid Gloves, now 75c		

Not only will you find special prices on the above, but every article in our stock will be greatly reduced during this January Clearance Sale. This is what everybody has been waiting for. Come and see how reasonable you can buy a suit, coat or dress; in fact everything carried in a First Class Ready-to-Wear Shop Give us a look and we know you'll buy **Amarillo's Only Exclusive Ladies, Misses and Infants' Ready-to-Wear Store**

517 Polk Street Formerly The KIRSCH STORE Amarillo Texas

LOCAL NEWS.

George Ingham visited friends in Amarillo Sunday.

Miss Lucile Cummings left Sunday for Amarillo.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Reid and daughter of Amarillo visited at T. F. Reid home Sunday.

For your Sunday dinner you can get roast turkey, baked chicken with dressing, pies, cakes, bread and doughnuts at the old furniture building. For sale by the ladies of the Methodist church.

Mrs. H. F. Dowds of Wichita Falls is visiting at the home of Mrs. Vera Wagner.

Misses Della Burrows and Nora Daniel who have been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Holland returned home Tuesday.

Maitland coal, best on the market. Brown Coal Co.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. McAfee were Amarillo callers Saturday.

Mrs. Grubbs and Miss Grubbs of Amarillo visited the formers father, Price Taylor last week.

The Normal basketball team will play Hereford at the gymnasium Saturday night at 8:15.

Mrs. R. W. Morgan of Amarillo spent Tuesday in the city.

Mrs. A. B. Ellis left Sunday for Dallas called by the death of her brother.

Thompson-Hardware Co. carries a full line of Wear-Ever Aluminium cooking utensils. See our window display. Our prices are right.

S. V. Wirt carries a full line of paints, oils, glass and wall paper.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Davidson of Hereford visited Sunday at the Anthony home.

C. V. Woolley has accepted a position with the Santa Fe railway as claim agent with a territory extending from Higgins to Texico and from Canyon to Sweetwater.

Phone your coal order to 173. Just received a car of Maitland. Brown Coal Co.

Mrs. C. I. Wiggins received the sad news of the death of her sister in Portland, Oregon, Saturday. Mrs. Wiggins visited during the summer with her sister who has been in very bad health.

L. T. Lester went to Happy on business Tuesday.



EXCURSIONS

Annual convention of the Texas Hardware and Implements Dealers association, San Antonio, Jan 20-22. Fare and one-third for round trip. Tickets on sale Jan. 18-19, return limit Jan. 22.

Panhandle Swine Breeders association Memphis, Jan. 23-24. Fare and one-third for round trip. Tickets on sale Jan. 22-23, return limit Jan. 26.

R. McGee, Agt. P. & N. T. Ry. Co.

Mrs. G. W. Cox of Pampa visited Miss Amalda Jackson from Saturday until Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Angle of Groom visited last week at the Levi Angle home.

Navajoe saddle blankets at Thompson Hardware Co. See them in our window.

Mrs. L. R. Darnell of Clarendon is visiting Miss Nell Barnett.

Mrs. B. F. Merrill is in Claude visiting her sister.

On Saturday Jan. 17 the ladies of the Methodist church will have chicken, turkey, pies, cakes, bread and doughnuts for sale at the old furniture building.

G. W. Masters spent from Saturday until Wednesday with his family in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Chapman returned to the city Wednesday. Mr. Chapman will work for the Santa Fe here.

The new coal company is doing a big business and handles only the best. Phone 173. Brown Coal Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hunt were Amarillo callers Saturday.

Baptist Build Walks.

A number of men of the Baptist church met at the church on Tuesday morning, bringing with them teams, wagons, picks, shovels, etc., for the purpose of making some improvements about the church premises. Several loads of gravel were hauled and a walk made of same, leading from the cement walk on the south side of the church lot to the east and south east entrances. Also from the front door across the street east to the hitch racks. During the day a fence was built across the back side of the church lot.

Work was not the only good thing in store for the men for at the noon hour, all were summoned to the pastorium where a feast of good things was prepared and served by the ladies of the church. That the women are excellent cooks express the fact mildly for the manner in which the men partook of the viands showed that not only had they been laboring but that they appreciated, to the fullest extent this kindness up the part of the ladies. Dinner was served to about 40 people.

In the afternoon the Aid Society held its annual business meeting at which officers were elected for the ensuing year. Mrs. B. T. Johnson was re-elected president, Mrs. T. G. Nether-ton vice president, Mrs. C. C. Hughes secy. and Mrs. J. A. Hill treas. Plans for a greater years work were fully discussed and adopted. Everyone seemed very enthusiastic and left having said that this had been one of the most enjoyable days of their lives.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine. It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box.

Miss Edith Eakman was an Amarillo caller Friday.

The Baptist Church.

Services Jan 18 as follows:
Sunday school 10 a. m., W. P. Evans Supt., Sermon by the pastor at 11 a. m., Sunbeam band at 2:30 p. m., Miss Kittie Bea Burnett leader, Young People's Union at 6:30 p. m., May Horne Pres., Preaching by the pastor at 7:15 p. m., Prayer meeting at 7:30 Wednesday evening. Sermon Subject Sunday morning, "The Religion of a Child," evening, "Death at a Frolic." You are cordially invited to attend all of these services and worships with us.
T. G. Nether-ton, Pastor

Come to Canyon to live.

DON'T LET CONSTIPATION RUIN YOUR HEALTH

It Deadens the Brain and Weakens the Body. Nature Needs Real and Harmless Aid to Over-Come it.

Nature does its best to fight constipation and its evil effects. She fights to the last atom of her strength, but usually she has to have assistance. To avoid the sluggish brain and weakened body, the sick headache, coated tongue and biliousness, it is unwise to use unpleasant calomel, a medicine so strong that it leaves most people "all knocked out." Don't take chances with your health.

A great number of people have learned that Dodson's Liver Tone (50c) makes one brighter, healthier and happier in a perfectly easy and natural way, with no pain nor gripe and no bad after-effects.

All druggists guarantee it without condition and will refund purchase price if you are not entirely satisfied. Dodson's Liver Tone is an absolutely safe, pleasant tasting vegetable liquid and a wonderful liver stimulant which takes the place of calomel but be sure you get Dodson's.

(Advertisement)

CLASSIFIED ADS

Ads in this column are 1 cent per word for first insertion and 1-2 cent per word for succeeding issues. No ad taken for less than 15 cents.

Black Locust for Sale--Home grown. See John Knight for price. 42t2

Lost--At the Station. December 30th a class pin, book shape with class 09 engraved on. The pin was pinned on a small piece of old rose silk covered with all over lace. Leave at News office. 43 p 2

175 acres fine bottom land two miles east of the Normal to rent for 1914. See L. G. Conner, or A. M. Smith or write me. L. E. Cowling, Mineral Wells, Texas. 41t3

Best for Dairy Cows -- Fee your cows mixed hulls and meal See Welton Winn. tf

Miss Ella Leahman of Ohio returned Friday with the dead body of her brother Henry Leahman.

Edwin Muldrow has gone to Midland to work with a surveying gang.

His Stomach Trouble Over.

Mr. Dyspeptic, would you only like to feel that your stomach trouble was over, that you could eat any kind of food you desired without injury? That may seem so unlikely to you that you do not even hope for an ending of your trouble, but permit us to assure you that it is not altogether impossible. If others can be cured permanently, and thousands have been, why not you? John R. Baker, of Battle Creek, Mich. is one of them. He says, "I was troubled with heartburn, indigestion, and liver complaint until I used Chamberlain's Tablets, then my trouble was over." Sold by all dealers.

(Advertisement)

WHENEVER YOU NEED A GENERAL TONIC - TAKE GROVE'S

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is Equally Valuable as a General Tonic because it Acts on the Liver, Drives Out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. For Grown People and Children.

You know what you are taking when you take Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic as the formula is printed on every label showing that it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It is as strong as the strongest bitter tonic and is in Tasteless Form. It has no equal for Malaria, Chills and Fever, Weakness, general debility and loss of appetite. Gives life and vigor to Nursing Mothers and Pale, Sickly Children. Removes Biliousness without purging. Relieves nervous depression and low spirits. Arouses the liver to action and purifies the blood. A True Tonic and Sure Appetizer. A Complete Strengthener. No family should be without it. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50c

Making Tomorrow's World

By **WALTER WILLIAMS, LL.D.**
(Dean of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri)

LAND MONOPOLY IN GREAT BRITAIN.



London, Eng-land.—More than one-half the land of England and Wales is owned by 4,300 persons. Nearly 30,000,000—or two-thirds of the entire population—are landless. Eight per cent of the population of Great Britain live in houses with only one bedroom. Estimating the total national income at \$9,205,000,000, this income is divided one-half to five and one-half million persons and one-half to the remaining thirty-nine millions of the population.

One-Third of Land for Pleasure. Excluding Scotland and Ireland, at \$5,205,000,000, this income is divided one-half to five and one-half million persons and one-half to the remaining live in houses with only one bedroom. Estimating the total national income where the condition is worse, in England and Wales one-third of all the land is unused for agriculture, industry or housing. In the striking phrase of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, it is "more of a pleasure ground for the rich than a treasure house for the nation." Four hundred peers and peeresses, to use Mr. L. G. Chiozza Money's carefully prepared figures, own 5,730,000 acres; 1,300 great landowners own 8,500,000 acres; 2,600 squires own 4,220,000; 9,600 greater yeomen own 4,780,000; 24,400 lesser yeomen own 4,140,000; 230,000 small proprietors own 4,000,000; 700,000 cottagers own 150,000; while of the remaining 3,000,000 acres half is owned by public bodies and half lies waste. If the ownership be averaged, it will be found that a peer holds an average of 14,325 acres; a great land-

owner, 6,538; a squire, 1,661; a greater yeoman, 496; a lesser yeoman, 170; a small proprietor, 18, and a cottager, less than half an acre.

300,000 Leave Farms in Decade.

What is the effect of this concentration of land in the hands of the few?

"Land is the mother and labor the father of wealth," a distinguished economist has written. Land concentrated in a few hands increases the problem of poverty, which Mr. Horace B. Samuel defines as "the economic discomfort occasioned to vast masses of the population by the unequal distribution of wealth." The use of the land is necessary for economic production, whether agricultural or industrial, and for housing, whether in city or country. The whole trend of civilization just now is away from agriculture and toward industrialism. In England this tendency is most marked. Less than nine per cent of the population of England are now engaged in agriculture, 300,000 having abandoned the farm in the last ten years, as many leaving the farm in a single decade as the entire number of farm owners in the state of Missouri. In the United States one person in three is engaged in agriculture in some form; in all Great Britain and Ireland only one in ten is so engaged, and the proportion is growing rapidly less. The general tendency of the situation, to quote the significant and measured words of Mr. Asquith, the British prime minister, is "a process of depletion at one end and congestion at the other, by which every year fresh additions of recruits are being made to the ranks of the casual and unemployed."

Land Hogging Spawns Great Evils.
Land concentration in Great Britain

has promoted agricultural depression, low wages, unemployment and discontent. "It is notorious," said a city of London barrister, "that large areas of land which might be with advantage farmed by desirable tenants willing to pay a fair market rent are kept back by owners, who either sit on the property in the hope of being eventually able to hatch a higher price, or preserve it for the purpose of game or ornament for reasons of social prestige or sheer sporting instinct. The extent of this retention of land is conclusively evidenced by the numerous applications that flow in for every farm that is thrown upon the market and by the frequent abortive endeavors by actual or would-be small farmers to obtain at current market rate new or additional land for agricultural purposes." The evils of this state of affairs are manifest. Not only are many persons thus deprived of the employment which otherwise they would be enjoying, but this swelling of the ranks of the unemployed, some of whom remain in the country and some go to the cities, tends to diminish wages, and, so far as farm products are concerned, to increase prices. Poverty, taxation, agriculture, unemployment, housing, the whole economy of the social system, are affected by the land problem.

Very "Soft" for Noble Duke.

The unnecessary burden which falls upon industry by landlordism in the form of mining royalties is another evil result. Mr. Lloyd-George, the Liberal chancellor, estimated it at \$40,000,000 a year. The average amount of royalty on iron ore is 60 cents a ton on every ton brought to the surface and 18 cents on coal. This is paid to landlords for mining royalties in addition to ordinary leases or "dead rents." In British phrase, Of the coal mines visited one example will suffice. A coal mine operating company fourteen years ago sank the mine at an expense of \$2,500,000, and, although as yet no coal has been taken out, the company, has paid in mining royalties to the duke of Newcastle more than

not sold by them, but leased or rented. The renter erects, at his own expense, such buildings as he needs, and pays all the taxes. When his lease expires he must pay the increased rent which his own improvements make possible to charge, or else move, abandoning his own building. Some recent sales show the almost fabulous price which the absentee landowner receives when he does sell London real estate in the more favored sections.

What is Great Britain to do about it? Democracy, which is, or at least should be, the policeman and the partner of industry, is already in the United Kingdom doing something and plans to do more. "Let well enough alone" no longer satisfies, much less "let bad alone, lest the change bring worse."

National Ownership Makes Headway.

Three general plans of land reform have been seriously considered, and each, to a degree, has been adopted. The three plans are nationalization of the land, the small holdings policy, and taxation. Twenty years ago the great Gladstone said: "If the time comes when the British nation finds that the land should be nationalized, and it is wise to do it, they have a perfect right to do so." Nationalization, which means the ownership by all the people of all the land, is openly talked. Indeed, it is put into practical effect to a degree in government purchase and ownership in the land purchase acts. That striking form of nationalization known as the single tax, which "prides itself on being effected without compensation and by the confiscation by the state of economic rent," has many strong advocates. Rent being a value created by the whole community, say its supporters, should belong to the whole community. All economic rent, the rent of the actual land apart from the improvements, is unearned increment. The single taxers would confiscate not the land to the state, but the rent.

Compulsory Sale and Leasing.

Another form of land nationalization is considered, though not seriously. This involves the taking over of all the land by the state, with compensation to the landlord. Small holdings by compulsory purchases and small holdings by compulsory leasing are other plans actually pursued. Under these schemes the landlord is compelled to sell or lease small acreages for actual farm use. Land hire by the state and land purchase are involved in this general scheme. A more drastic measure has just been proposed by Mr. Will Thorne on the house of commons. Under the Thorne bill it would be illegal for any person to hold, in agricultural districts, any land, exceeding fifty acres in extent, in a waste or uncultivated state, unless it shall not be possible to cultivate such land at a profit, or unless it shall have been devoted to some purpose of public utility.

The real attack upon the evils of the present land ownership, the one about which the fiercest contention has taken place, is that in Lloyd-George's budget of taxation. Many forms of land taxation have been proposed, considered and, occasionally, adopted. Land value taxation, in some form, enters into discussion everywhere. This new land taxation, however, recently carried into effect by the Liberal government, is not a tax to raise revenue, but, to quote the pungent phrase of the chancellor of the exchequer in proposing it, "a tax to burst the land monopoly." This new system of taxation included five per cent. duty on mining royalties, a taxation of gifts of nature or windfalls. It included a tax on the capital value of unworked minerals, thus stimulating the exploitation of mines hitherto unworked. The important principles of the new taxation, however, are involved in the increment tax, the tax on undeveloped building land and on leasehold reversions. Under these sections two tax values are placed on land, the site value and the improved value. The tendency of the tax, as shown by its actual workings, is to bring more building land into the market, thus relieving congestion in the cities and the country.

Under the system of long leaseholds, which is peculiar to Great Britain, the owner of the freehold obtains, on the expiration of the lease—its "falling in," to employ an English phrase—"a property which has substantially increased in value by reason of the general growth of the community and independently of any expenditure of labor or enterprise on the part of the owner."

The budget levies ten per cent. duty upon the margin by which the leasehold has appreciated since it was last granted. Agricultural leases are exempt from this duty, as are all leases made within the last twenty-one years.

20 Per Cent. Increment Duty.

"Founded on the same principle," pointed out Mr. Horace B. Samuel, in discussing this effort to burst the land monopoly, "is the actual increment duty itself. This is a duty of 20 per cent, levied at death, on transfer, or at intervals of fifteen years (about the average period at which all land in the United Kingdom, through one cause or another, changes hands) on the actual site value." Supplementary to these novel forms of taxation—regarded by many in Great Britain as revolutionary—is a provision for a universal valuation of all the land affected.

The organization of opportunity for all, is the program of the British democracy today. To this end, monopoly of ownership of land, which limits opportunity to the few, must in some way be abolished. To this high task does Great Britain address herself. The result is on the knees of the gods.

(Copyright, 1913, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

TEACHING MANKIND

By ALLEN WARD.

When Miss Frances Turner established her hill school for the children of the poor whites of Mill county, unfavorable prophecies concerning it were vented freely.

"You'll never get the parents to send their children to your school, Frances," advised her friends. "Why, what they need is civilization, not book-learning. They get that in the mills, you know. Those mill towns are to them what a trip to New York would be to us."

Miss Turner listened indifferently. To educate the children of the poor mountaineers had always been her ambition. A chance legacy had enabled her to begin this work. And so the school was started.

Contrary to her friends' predictions, it did not lack for pupils. They came from far and near on the opening day, bringing their baggage in antiquated grips, corn sacks, and handkerchiefs, taxing the capacity of the little building.

Later a boys' wing was to be added. For the present only girls could be accommodated. These, fanning in age from seven to seventeen, proved apt pupils. Of course Miss Frances had her favorites. She could not help that. She had already selected in her mind a band of a dozen young women who were to be trained to carry on and extend her work. She chose them from among her most studious girls.

The six months' course ended, and when the new term began, Miss Frances, back from New York, where she had been explaining her idea before the Chautauqua conference, discovered to her dismay that nearly every face was new. And it was evident that the parents considered six months ample time in which to acquire a very fair education, as was witnessed by the dozen or more pathetic notes that were received.

"Dear Miss Frances," wrote Sadie Ellison, whom the elderly spinster had selected in her mind for principal of

Pocahontas, an Indian maiden, who, under romantic circumstances had—"I mean John Smith of—of Oak Valley," interrupted Miss Frances, gazing angrily at a letter in her hand. "This person, whose education is apparently extremely defective, says that he is engaged to you and wants you to leave school and marry him! Engaged at sixteen! Preposterous! If ever you did marry, Pauline, say in fifteen years' time, I hope it would be a man competent to assist in the responsibilities of your life-work. Some village loafer, I suppose! I shall write a letter that will effectually end this nonsense of his."

"Yes, Miss Frances," whispered Pauline, with downcast eyes.

Days passed. Miss Frances had forgotten the trifling incident. Pauline had been initiated into the elements of physics, astronomy, and domestic science. The school was flourishing. So much so, in fact, that Miss Frances resolved to begin the construction of the boys' wing.

It was to be done little by little. Two carpenters were sent for to put together the wooden frame, and later the plasterers would appear. Perhaps by the second year the wing would be completed.

The carpenters, with local shiftlessness, appeared about ten days after they were due—one of them, rather, a low-browed, sulky-looking fellow, whose deliberation of movement continually affronted the energetic northern lady.

"You see, my dear," explained Miss Frances to Pauline, "that is the result of lack of education. This fellow, shiftless, slow, uncouth, will doubtless marry some suitable girl and produce a half dozen or more children, useless to the world—unless we can get them and make good citizens of them. That is education versus native ignorance."

"Yes, Miss Frances," answered Pauline.

"Now I am going to train you in executive power," continued the teacher a day or two later. "I am going into town for a couple of days to try to interest Mr. Joyce, the cotton mill owner, in our school. When I return I shall expect to see great progress. Keep that carpenter up to the mark."

"Yes, Miss Frances," said Pauline. Miss Frances, returning two days later, found the work at a standstill. The school was in disorder; the girls sat about in groups, eagerly discussing something. Pauline was nowhere to be seen.

"What's the matter?" demanded Miss Frances. "Where is Pauline Ditton?"

"There was a general glance at the blackboard. On it Miss Frances read: "Dear Miss Frances, John was the carpenter and he think I ought to get married now Im nearly 17 so I cant come back nex year. Thank you for the aster and physic but John says domestic sience suits both of us just now. Resply Pauline Smith."

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

MAKING THE LAND BEAUTIFUL

Under Lord Kitchener, Egypt Seems Likely to Return to Something of Its Old Glory.

Under Lord Kitchener's regime, many improvements are being effected in the wonderful land of Egypt. In the open square near Cairo station, gardens have been laid out by the British agent and soon the magnificent statue of Rameses II., which has long been lying unhonored near Bedrashin, will be erected, and Egyptians and visitors alike will be able to get a glimpse of one of the glories of the land of the Pharaohs.

Rameses II. was one of the most celebrated of all Egyptian kings, and he is often identified with the "Pharaoh of the Oppression" so he will be truly a fittingly imposing personage with which to greet arriving visitors.

This statue which is made of fine, hard limestone, and measures about forty-two feet in height, was discovered in 1820, and owing to lack of interest and its tremendous weight, has been left ever since then practically neglected on the spot where it was first found.

That it is now going to have a setting in keeping with its historic greatness is due entirely to Lord Kitchener. "K. of K." has also cleared out what has been a great eyesore in the Citadel district.

His scheme has been to pull down blocks of old native houses and to cut new streets, and so give easier access to the Citadel and to the town itself.

By these means the beautiful Mosques of Sultan Hassan and El Rifayah will henceforth stand out in all their beauty.

Lord Kitchener is also credited with the intention of installing in the center of the square the obelisk from Materieh. This obelisk is the most ancient one in Egypt.



There was a General Glance at the Blackboard.

the great-school structure which was to succeed the little school-house of the present, "I am sorry to say I shant be able to come back to school next term Joel Upman has axed me to marry him and as in seventeen I tho't it was best to take him besides the corn has to be got in lovingly SADIE."

Another letter was from the mother of Marion Briggs, who was in many ways the particular bright star of Miss Frances' school.

"Dere Mis Turner," it ran, "this is to inform You that Marion cant cum back to school as her fathers in Jail for ltkkering the naberhood an she has to tend the still. Resply Jane Brigs."

In fact, of the little sisterhood on whom she had built such high and dazzling hopes only Pauline Ditton had remained faithful to her trust. Pauline was sixteen, a quiet, gentle girl, not brilliant, but an enthusiast about the future. Naturally Miss Frances made her her confident during that term.

"I'm going to have an educational institute," she said impressively, as they sat together at dinner—Pauline occupying the post of honor on Miss Frances' right. "I'm going to extend its influence throughout the mountain districts. Pauline, my dear, don't bite that potato off your fork but cut it in your plate."

The second term started auspiciously. Miss Frances impressed particularly upon her pupils the need of a two years' curriculum, and she had hopes of achieving her ambitions in building up a staff of trained teachers.

"A woman's vocation," she would explain, "is to teach mankind. The old days when marriage was a girl's destiny have passed, never to return. At a mature age, when a girl meets the man of her choice, which she has satisfied herself as to his moral, material, and physical and educational qualifications, she may possibly relinquish her duties in favor of matrimony. It is this principle that I wish to inculcate among our southern womanhood."

"Yes, Miss Frances," echoed the girls enthusiastically.

It was toward the end of the second term when Miss Frances received a strange, illiterate letter which caused her to ponder deeply; then she sent for Miss Ditton in dismay.

"Pauline," she said severely, "did you ever hear of a person named John Smith?"

"Yes, Miss Frances," answered the girl. "Capt. John Smith married

PREPARING FOR WAR

Army of Flies to Fight Invading Caterpillar Hosts.

Scientists of the Department of Agriculture Are Making Extensive Preparations for the Coming Conflict—Millions on Each Side.

Washington.—Scientists of the department of agriculture are busy at present preparing for one of the greatest wars ever fought within the confines of North America. While war talk concerning Mexico has been going the rounds for the past few months, comparatively few people are aware that two armies, each numbering hundreds of millions, will soon be destroying one another right and left.

The people most interested in the coming battles are the scientists and the owners of greenhouses, where roses and ferns are grown. The war is to be between the Florida fern caterpillar, known to the scientific world as *Eriopus floridensis*, and the ichneumon fly, the only natural enemy of the fern caterpillar.

The fern caterpillar has been attacking greenhouses in all parts of the country, destroying plants, especially ferns and rose bushes, and now it has been decided to turn loose millions of the ichneumon flies in the areas attacked by the caterpillar. It will be a battle royal with the odds on the ichneumon army.

During recent years this species of caterpillar, native to Florida and tropical America, has made its appearance in appalling numbers in northern greenhouses. Its three principal bases of operation have been Ohio, Illinois and the District of Columbia, although many other states have suffered more or less from the pests. It is apparently restricted to ferns and rose bushes, upon which it feeds naturally in its occurrence in the open in the warm south. It has evidently been carried to ferns in northern greenhouses on ferns from Florida.

The moth belong to a group of noctuids, in which the fore-wings bear at the sides, with just above the middle a tooth. The back wings are large and rounded at the sides. The thorax and abdomen are wide. The fore-wings are pale brown, marked with white scales, forming a peculiar and attractive pattern. The rear legs are dull buff, edged with a dusky grow; the lower surface of the body is much paler. The expanse of the wings is about 1 1/2 inches and the entire length of the body is in the neighborhood of half an inch. The larva is

slender, with fore-legs normal and well developed. The head is small and pale greenish color.

The type locality is Florida, Mexico, Guatemala, Costa Rica, Bahamas, Jamaica, Cuba, Hayti, Santa Lucia, St. Vincent, Venezuela, British Guiana, Brazil and Trinidad.

The species was first reported July 10, 1907, from Orlando, Fla. It was attacking the ferns in that vicinity. It was noted that the larvae usually fed at night, although sometimes eating during the day. They concealed themselves during the day, at the base of the ferns and rose bushes, or were found resting low down on the stems. They had a habit of crawling up the stems and eating off several leaflets, thus spoiling the beauty of the plants.

During the following September a report was made to the department of agriculture that this caterpillar was attacking several greenhouses in the vicinity of the District of Columbia. An entomological assistant in the department was detailed to get specimens of the insects and to investigate the conditions of the different greenhouses where the caterpillars had been ruining the plants and ferns.

Scores of methods of destruction have been tried in the different parts of the country infested with the fern caterpillar, but no method has proved a success, and so the commander-in-chief of the ichneumon fly army has been called into consultation and advises an immediate attack in several parts of the country.

Gloomy Weather Causes Trouble.
Chicago.—One hundred and fifteen warrants have been sworn out by women against men in the court of domestic relations during the recent gloomy days—twice the usual number. Court attaches say the gloomy weather is the cause of the increase in domestic troubles.




Florida Fern Caterpillar at Top, Moth Below; Dark Larva at Right, Drawings Much Enlarged.

Thompson Hardware Company. Always on Top. Phone 13. Canyon, Texas.

The Citizens Lumber Company
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 Buy your Building Material from us and
 "U-2" Will be
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 Good rooms, reasonable rates, Cleanliness, quality and service, West side of square. Phone 49.
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 Try us once. Then always.

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 409 Polk St. Amarillo
 "The Store with a Conscience." We give away every Saturday night a pair of \$3.50 shoes.

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LOWERY-PHILLIPS
 of Amarillo, the only Military school in the Panhandle.

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 General Blacksmithing
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 Everything the term 1st class implies in High Grade Drugs and Sundries for you-Health, Home Happiness-and the prices are right. Phone 32.

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 THE KNOW HOW PLUMBER
 Work that guarantees itself. Specialist in vapor, hot water and steam heating. 411 W. 5th St.

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BIG REDUCTION. Specialists in Fancy dress goods and Trimmings.
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HELPFUL WORDS.

From a Canyon Citizens.

Is your back lame and painful? Does it ache especially after exertion?

Is there a soreness in the kidney region?

These symptoms suggest weak kidneys.

If so there is danger in delay. Weak kidneys get fast weaker.

Give your trouble prompt attention.

Doan's kidney pills are for weak kidneys.

Your neighbors use and recommend them.

Read this Canyon testimony.

R. T. Holton, Canyon, Texas, says: "I still use Doan's Kidney Pills when I need a kidney remedy. They always do me a great deal of good. I am pleased to endorse them."

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

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

(Advertisement)

Sheriff's Sale.

The state of Texas, county of Randall.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a execution issued out of the honorable District court of Randall county, on the 18th day of November 1913 by the Clerk of said court for the sum of \$728.79 and costs of suit, under a Judgment, in favor of W. D. Jessup in a certain cause in said court, No. 711 and styled W. D. Jessup vs. W. T. Bowen, and placed in my hands for service, I, Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff of Randall county, Texas, did on the 6th day of January 1914, levy on certain Real Estate, situated in Randall county, Texas, described as follows, to-wit:

All of Survey No. 36, Block M-9, Certificate 0-103, patented to S. P. Merry John H. Gibson, land 640 acres more or less, and being situated about 11 miles south-east from the town of Canyon, in Randall county, Texas; And all of the North-west quarter of Survey No. 142, Block 61, & G. N. R. R. Co., Certificate No. 1022, being 160 acres more or less, and being situated in Randall county, Texas, about three miles south-east from the town of Canyon, Texas, first levied upon as the property of W. T. Bowen and that on the first Tuesday in February 1914, the same being the 2nd day of said month, at the court house door, of Randall county, in the town of Canyon, Texas, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., by virtue of said levy and said execution I will sell said above described Real Estate at public venue, for cash, to the highest bidder, as the property of said W. T. Bowen.

And in compliance with law, I give this notice by publication, in the English language, once a week for three consecutive weeks immediately preceding said day of sale, in the Randall County News, a paper published in Randall county.

Witness my hand, this 6th day of January 1914.

Worth A. Jennings,

Sheriff Randall county, Texas.

By T. V. Reeves Deputy. 4213

Chronic Constipation Cures.

"Five years ago I had the worst case of chronic constipation I ever knew of, and Chamberlain's Tablets cured me," writes S. F. Fish, Brooklyn, Mich. For sale by all Dealers.

(Advertisement)

For Sale - Pair of mules two red white faced heifers. W. E. Heizer. 41 p3



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The progressive farmer surrounds himself with modern advantages.

He, too, appreciates that convenience ministers to health, happiness, progress and wealth.

What does he do? With other neighbors he starts a Rural Telephone line. Enough said.

Apply to our nearest Manager for information or write to

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KERNEL AND THE HUSK

By HERMAN AYER.

In all her lonesome life Margaret never had had a lover. Even in the social doings of the youngsters of the village she had sat aside and never had blushed and giggled with Tom or Jimmie or Will, nor shared their bags of peanuts or all-day suckers.

When they played postoffice nobody ever called her out into the dark hall to be kissed, and none of the boys ever dropped a pillow in front of her. It was not that Margaret was not pretty, for she was, with a sort of serious, delicate beauty. Nor was it that she did not want to be admired and courted, for she did more ardently than any of the girls.

It was because of a sort of inherent dignity, an involuntary reserve which she really did not feel in her heart, but which she could not help expressing in her physical contact with others. And so she went through her girlhood—lonesome and wistful for the pleasures the other girls had, but somehow set apart by nature.

All this before Phillip Breasted came to town in search of a few weeks' rest from the war in the great world of which he was a part. He was a thorough man of the world, a connoisseur, a literateur, an artist.

The first time he heard Margaret Burson touch the piano—she always played at every entertainment or social gathering—he sought an introduction and became a most devoted knight. The townsfolk looked on wide-eyed. To be sure, they were aware that Margaret could "play on the piano like a thoroughbred," but they did not appreciate, as did this experienced stranger, that she had the divine spark of genius.

"Who is she?" he asked, eagerly. "Who? Oh, Margaret, she's the granddaughter of Bill Burson," was the reply. "Mother was Martha Burson. Mother ran away from home with some musician fellow—forgot his name. Old man Burson raised the little girl and always called her Margaret Burson."

It was the mark of genius Phillip Breasted detected in Margaret's divine touch on the piano which attracted him to her. No sooner had he made her acquaintance, however, than he was struck with the remarkable nature of the girl—her beauty, her shrinking sensibilities, her deep, ardent nature.

From being merely interested, he became enraptured and began to woo her assiduously, and with all the seductive grace of the experienced man of the world.

Immediately a new world opened to the girl. All the pent-up emotion and imagination repressed so long flamed forth and flowered. She responded to the admiration and love offered her with all the intensity of her passionate nature.

Breasted really loved the girl, too, but he had no idea of marrying a simple country maiden and setting up a dove-cote in the city, which he knew well would presently bore him. No, no, he had other and wiser plans. He would develop the great musical talent in the girl and would push her forward until she came into her own—until she became famous and experienced. Then he would marry her and they would set up an establishment which would be sought by the clever and the great.

When he took Margaret in his arms and outlined his plans she broke into a storm of passionate sobs.

"I don't want to be rich or famous—or—anything," she said. "I only want to be happy and to love you."

It touched him to the heart, but he had had much experience with men and women and his clear brain ever ruled his actions. So he went on with gentle insistence until he gained his point.

"I will do it because you want me to, Phillip," she sobbed. "I am afraid, oh, so much afraid that it is not the way to happiness, but I love you, I love you and I will do whatever you say."

The years sped on and the simple country girl slowly mounted the thorny path of art.

Finally came the great day when she made her debut as a star pianist and startled the musical world with her performance. When Breasted came to her with shining eyes to congratulate her she gave him a cold hand and a little tired smile.

"I am glad you are pleased," she said.

Triumph after triumph was hers after this until her name was in every mouth and all honors and riches were heaped upon her.

Then Phillip Breasted came to claim his own.

"Now, Margaret," he said, "we can have the happiness we have waited for—and it will be the sweeter for the waiting and because we know it will last. When shall it be?"

"Dear Phillip," she replied, calmly. "It cannot be. I do not know how it is, but my nature has not run for two gods. Heaven knows how dearly I wanted it to be Love, but you drove me to espouse Art. And Art is king. Love has gone, forever."

Phillip Breasted looked into the clear eyes before him and reading the truth dropped his head upon his breast. He knew then that he had sacrificed the kernel for the husk.

In a Way.

Glady—Did the hostess put you next to Mr. Verifast at the dinner last night?

Lay—Well, I should murmur! She is my whole awful past.—Judge.

DIRIGIBLE ON THE RAMPAGE

Kills One Man and Causes Hovee of All Descriptions Before It is Wrecked.

The strength and lifting power of balloons is seldom realized by the reading public until an air craft suddenly demonstrates its possibilities by cutting up capers without the guiding hand of a pilot.

This was forcibly brought out at the recent (also its last) flight of the German dirigible "Schutte-Lans I," which sailed from Konigsberg for Berlin, but was compelled to alight at Scheidernuhl to replenish its supply of hydrogen, remarks the Scientific American. The ship was moored to an anchor sunk six feet in the ground and as an additional precaution a force of 300 men from the neighboring garrison was ordered to be ready to hold the balloon down in case of storm.

During the high wind one of the cars, a motor and several instruments were damaged.

While repairs were in progress a violent gust struck the vessel, raising the stern about 100 feet in the air. The soldiers were so completely taken by surprise that all but two released their hold on the ropes.

One of them fell from a height of 30 feet and was badly injured, while the other clung to the vessel until it had risen to nearly 1,000 feet, when he also released his hold, and dashing earthward was immediately killed.

The ship hovered over the town for nearly an hour and then gradually descended. Driven along by the wind close to the ground, it bowled over trees and telegraph poles in passing. A large body of peasants endeavored to arrest its flight by tying cables to fir trees. The straining of the large bag, however, soon tore the trees up by their roots.

When a sufficient quantity of gas had escaped the ship collapsed in a forest with its framework broken and the machinery demolished.

AGAINST THE ATHLETIC GIRL

Englishman Comes Out Strongly on the Subject of Feminine Indulgence in Outdoor Sports.

"Untidy, crude and lacking in manners is the English athletic girl," according to Sir Thomas Holdich, who recently gave expression to some strong views on the use and abuse of sports on the occasion of the distribution of sports prizes at Princess Helena college, Ealing, as reported in the Daily Graphic.

"Nowadays," he said, "there is a tendency to mistake the means for the end. Games were meant to make one happy and strong and, incidentally, to teach one the value of good temper and courtesy. They are not, and never should be, the whole end and aim of one's existence.

"The athletic girl, for instance, is not altogether worthy of imitation, for if she does not succeed in getting in the front rank she is too likely to show her disappointment.

"She is not always as tidy as she might be, her methods are sometimes exceedingly crude and her manners—well, she has none."

He added that he did not consider such a girl by any means the most adorable of her sex. He had also heard an eminent sculptor say that golfing and tennis do not conduce to the grace and perfection of the female figure.

Despite these disparaging remarks girls are still "playing the game" in England.

Improved Aeroplane.

A type of aeroplane that seats two or three, has a cruising radius of almost 200 miles, is completely fitted with instruments for preserving stability and maintaining control with steadiness and security in gusty weather, is the achievement which Flying, the bulletin of the Aero Club of America, credits in its September number to Mr. Orville Wright. Stability assured, and we shall have touring by aeroplanes instead of automobiles. An aeroplane fitted with a landing chassis, enabling it to alight on the smooth waters of inland streams and lakes, would permit touring in the wildest and most beautiful country, not following devious roads, but in a straight line and over hitherto inaccessible regions. Passenger transportation would then be accomplished without dust or bumping, and with the exhilaration of flying.

Humorous Error.

Mr. F. R. Benson, the well-known English Shakespearean actor, has always been passionately addicted to outdoor sports. In his 'varsity days he achieved fame as a runner, and when touring with his companions he makes a practice of organizing athletic contests. The actor's known fondness for athletics once led to a misunderstanding. Mr. Benson desired to ascertain if a certain young actor could take part in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at Rugby, so he wired, "Can you play Rugby? If so, come at once." Back came the reply: "Arrive at four p. m. Played half-back for Stratford."

Diamonds Increase in Value.

Notwithstanding an ever-increasing production, there has been a progressively higher average price obtained for rough diamonds, with the exception of fluctuations during certain periods of depression, and during the last 20 years diamonds have increased in value by 150 per cent. America is at present the largest buyer of South African diamonds and also for boring and industrial purposes, buys from Brazil.

Ask for New Franchise.

J. F. Henderson of Ft. Worth, Commercial Superintendent of the Southwestern Tel. and Tel. Co., was in the city last week and appeared before the city council to ask for a new franchise for the company. The old franchise has yet thirteen years to run. The council has the proposition under advisement.

Epworth League Meeting.

The following is the program for the Epworth League meeting at the Methodist church next Sunday night:

Subject—Honesty and Liberty.

Leader—Mr. Warwick.

Song service.

Prayer.

Scripture lesson.

Piano solo—Lottie Lofton.

Open discussion of lesson.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

This remedy has no superior for coughs and colds. It is pleasant to take. It contains no opium or other narcotic. It always cures. For sale by all dealers.

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Or anything else that is generally difficult to bake with economy and success—you'll find one heaping teaspoonful of

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more efficient, purer and easier to use than any other Baking Power obtainable at any price.



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With HELENE GUILBERT and a Great Cast

A complete scenic production



Every husband, wife, lover, sweetheart, in the country should see "THE THIEF", a truly wonderful play, which is a parade of a husband's criticism and a wife's endeavor to please, even at a sacrifice of her reputation.

School Children Need Much Fresh Air

By WALTER W. ROACH, A. M. M. D.

What more practical activity for anti-tubercular societies than a campaign for open window schoolrooms? These fortify children against disease and teach parents through the children the value of fresh air in living rooms and sleeping rooms. Is it not better to prevent disease than to treat it after it has been acquired?

As parents realize more and more the value of fresh air there is a growing demand for the teaching of their children in open window schoolrooms. It is a logical process of reasoning, easily understood, that since fresh air has been found a boon to invalids and sickly children it is quite as important to supply an abundance of it to well children in order that they may retain their health and develop normally.

Almost any one on reflection will be impressed with the futility of expecting a maximum progression when children are housed in overheated rooms, with little or no moisture, compelled to sit in uncomfortable positions and perform great tasks. Such children, passing on dismissal into the cool, moist atmosphere outside the building, have the respiratory mucous membrane suddenly chilled. Not so with children taught in rooms with open windows, breathing a mixture of air and moisture at the temperature and quality of the outside atmosphere.

The influence of cold air creates a desire for exercise—a natural physiological demand to excite circulation. In accord with this requirement exercises of short duration should be given at frequent intervals between lesson periods, but never violent enough to cause perspiration. Such exercises require ample floor space, and this is secured without obstruction by the use of movable desks, which the children themselves can easily slide to the sides of the classroom and back again after the drill without noise or confusion.

It was found in Philadelphia at the Bach school last year that children taught all through the winter in rooms with windows wide open did better work and were more regular in attendance, because free from sickness, than other children of the regularly warmed-air rooms, and they gained in weight in the average more than two pounds for one each three months. Careful records were kept.

Fire Drills are of Great Value

By JONATHAN GERRY, Chicago

One of the calls to which the human mind responds most promptly is that of self-preservation. In answering this call, however, it sometimes happens that persons take the action least likely to save themselves. Thus, an alarm of fire often breeds a panic, resulting in scores of deaths. A factory or theater or other crowd goes compositely and temporarily insane under such conditions.

This curious working of the human mind serves to emphasize the value of well-conducted fire drills and similar precautions against panic. An illustration of it was given the other day when a twelve-story building in downtown Chicago, devoted to the manufacture of clothing, was emptied of its 1,800 workers in less than fifteen minutes.

A false alarm of fire had been sounded. There was nothing resembling a panic in the orderly way in which they left the building. This is the more remarkable because so large a number of them were foreigners, prone to yield to excitement under such circumstances. That none was injured is due to the fact that their careful training in what to do and what not to do when the fire gong sounds overcame any inclination toward stampeding.

Somewhat similar training is being extended to that part of the public, at least, which frequents theaters. In New York, by warnings on programmes and, otherwise, people are being taught to prepare their minds against panic by locating the nearest exit and by remembering not to bolt if an alarm sounded.

The New York fire commissioner is also requiring fire drills of theater employes to avert possible panics and it is even suggested that audiences be subjected to similar drills.

All reasonable precautions that train the human mind to restrain and coolness in emergencies ought to be encouraged everywhere.

Strong Protest Against Many Modern Things

By H. W. LEONARD, Milwaukee, Wis.

I have watched the passing show for fifty years, and I see strange, unaccountable things, reversions to savagery and self-torture, and I wonder what it all means. The normal foot requires a straight last shoe and the shoe of today doesn't fit anyone. The clothes don't fit. The shoulders are boxed in so that if you raise the arms the collar lifts up to the top of your head; the top button has dropped to the belt line, and the average coat looks like a man's vest on a ten-year-old boy; neckties of a thousand colors; peg-top pants with cuffs on—to take them off you have to unscrew your feet; heels three inches high, with rubber lifts on and a prehensile toe to fit a monkey.

Another thing is the universal use of the tremolo or shake of the voice in singing, that vulgar defiance of the laws of harmony.

These things are significant and all go together. You hear this billy-goat, nanny-goat affectation everywhere, from the vaudeville theaters to the choir of a church.

When people stand up in front of me and make a noise like a cross between a billy goat's bleat, a yowl and a yodel, I feel like throwing a book at them. I feel lonesome, though.

About the only protest I find against this freak is in a dictionary of music. The language is almost as strong as mine would be if I dared to write it.

Objection to Doctors With Beards

By HORATIO S. BREWER, Chicago

An eminent physician objects to doctors wearing beards, as he holds that they are refuges for all sorts of germs, microbes and so forth. He says nothing about woolen clothes. Now, is it not a fact that all men who die suddenly of apoplexy and so-called heart failure are close shaven, and is it not a matter of history that the oldest men, those who passed the "span of life" and lived to great age, were hirsutely adorned?

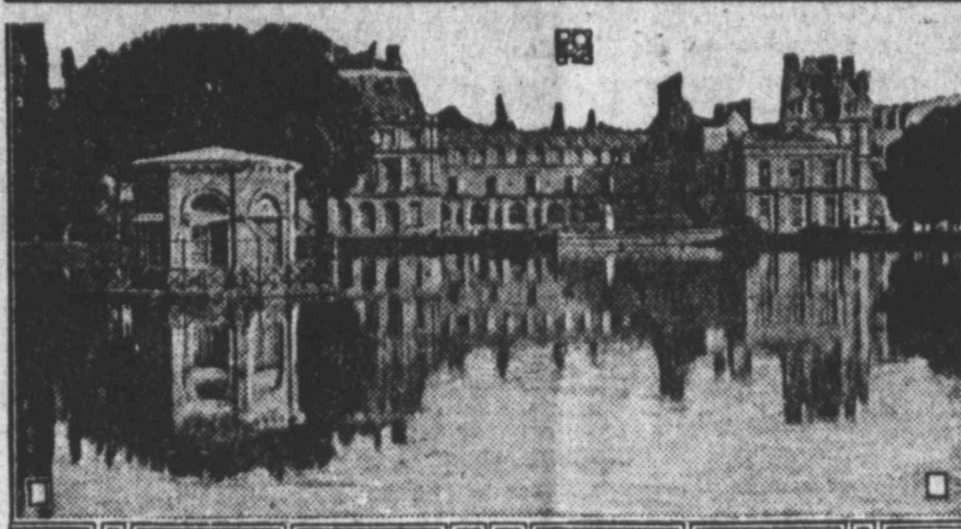
As a physician of nearly fifty years' experience I will agree to eat all the microbes and germs that those princes of surgeons, Drs. Murphy and Evans, acquire, and to call for more.

Have we not enough scares and frights to endure? Shall we finally have to go unclad, and in this climate, for fear some frisky microbe will get our goat?

Why not get rid of some of this nightmare about germs and microbes? Fear and apprehension give us a lot of trouble.

It seems to me God knew what he was doing when he created man with a beard. But I am an old fogey.

The Palace of Fontainebleau



ONE VIEW OF PALACE

The traveler in France Fontainebleau has at least two qualifications which make it worthy of consideration: its forest and its castle. It was under the reign of Saint-Louis that the chateau first became important, although it was not until the time of Francois I. that it acquired a definite place in the history of France. From that time on nearly all the kings of France paid frequent visits to Fontainebleau. It was Henry II. and his mistress, Diane de Poitiers, who continued the work of embellishment commenced by Francois I. Then there was Henry IV., who, with Francois I., did more for Fontainebleau than any crowned head. It was in honor of the famous Gabrielle d'Estrees that the Galerie de Diane was built. Later came Louis XIII., Louis XIV. and Louis XV., who had a theater erected in the palace for Mme. de Pompadour. Marie Antoinette made several interior alterations, but during the period of the Revolution the palace was almost deserted.

Home of Emperors. In 1804 appeared the greatest figure of all: Napoleon Bonaparte. The emperor had the palace completely restored and much new furniture placed in it for the visit of Pope Pius VII., who came to France to crown him. On April 5, 1814, he abdicated. On April 20, after his pathetic and historic adieu to his "Old Guard" assembled in the "Court du Cheval Blanc" (which since has been called "Cour des Adieux") he withdrew to the island of Elba. Louis XVIII., Charles X. and Louis Philippe came to Fontainebleau. Also the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugenie, who was very fond of the palace and forest. In more recent years President Carnot paid several visits, but the presidential apartments have not been occupied by any chief of the state since the death of Felix Faure.

The forest, said to be the most beautiful of all French forests, covers an area of 16,800 hectares and abounds in lovely scenery. Largely through the efforts of Messrs. Denecourt and Colinet, one may at the present day admire an endless number of sites, beautiful trees and admirable points of views which, without them, might have remained undiscovered, perhaps, for centuries.

Fontainebleau has always been what may be termed a hunting country. There are several packs of hounds in the district. During autumn and win-



Bedroom of Marie Antoinette.

ter, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, the hunting equipage of Mr. Paul Lebaudy may be seen.

Fine Resort. Fontainebleau, by virtue of the tonic and sedative action of its forest, is a first-class resort at the very door of Paris. However, until late years it never enjoyed the success it deserved because of its restricted facilities for caring for visitors. This was remedied in 1898 by the construction of the Hotel Savoy, which has about a hundred rooms with baths as well as complete suites with all modern conveniences.

Visitors at the Savoy find the golf links one of the prime attractions of Fontainebleau. Not only toll and care but intelligence have been bestowed here and from out of the famous forest, where kings and emperors were wont to disport themselves with the

chase, has been wrought a wonderful golfing ground. English visitors praise the links and compare them to the Norfolk scenery around Sandringham. From the terrace of the club one can nearly see the whole links and the golfers. The course is of 18 holes and is sporting enough for the best of golfers. With commendable foresight, the club has made an arrangement with the state, who own the land, whereby the links may be extended at any time. But this is not pressing at the moment other projects are on hand. A new building for housing the club members has also just been erected. Various prizes are offered during the fall months, including the "Prix du President" and the "International Challenge Cup." During these competitions the links assume a particularly cosmopolitan appearance and one may see golfers of many different nationalities fraternizing with the comaraderie which fondness for the same sport always inspires.

Barbizon, situated on the western extremity of the Forest of Fontainebleau, has occupied a prominent place in the work and also in the life of many artists and of many men and women of letters: Corot, Daubigny, Millet, Troyon, Courbet and others. Henri Taine and Ed. J. de Goncourt made frequent sojourns here and at Fontainebleau. Alfred de Musset, the great poet, has sung the beauties of the forest. With his mistress, George Sand, the celebrated romancer, he spent more than one autumn in the villages surrounding the forest. Other villages of interest in the forest are Bois-le-Rois, Bourron, Marlotte, Montigny-sur-Loing, Moret, Samois and Thormery.

DOES CHILDREN MUCH GOOD

Open-Air Study, and Scientific Care, Have Been Productive of Remarkable Results.

The open-air school, started last year in one of the centrally located school buildings in Louisville, Ky., for the accommodation of anemic children, has shown remarkable results. The children are from eight to thirteen years old and are taken only from the second and third grades.

Studying in the open air, however, is only part of the care and routine which resulted in an average gain in weight of two and one-half pounds when the school had been running but five weeks. The children arrive at school at eight o'clock and are given a cold shower bath and a brisk rub. Breakfast, consisting of a cereal and milk, or graham crackers and milk, is served in a cozy dining-room at nine o'clock. After breakfast the school suits are donned, and the pupils are ready for work in the open-air school-room. Like Eskimo children, the boys and girls dress exactly alike, in suits consisting of a belted coat with cow and long trousers, which are tucked into felt boots. The morning is divided into two work periods, with a 20-minute recess between. At twelve o'clock the heavy meal of the day is served, consisting of soup, two vegetables, bread, butter, milk and a dessert; or meat or eggs, two vegetables, bread, butter and milk. The dinner is followed by a half hour of play, after which the children go to their cots to rest and sleep until three o'clock, when they go back to the school-room for a short period, followed by the afternoon lunch of milk and crackers. They leave for home at 3:45 o'clock.

The nurse, who watches the temperature, weight and the physical condition of the children, gives the baths, sees that the children brush their teeth properly and relieves the teacher through the rest period, is furnished by one of the philanthropic associations of the city.

His One Great Passion. "Old bach is dead." "Yep; he never married." "No, I suppose there was some love in his youth to whom he was true to his dying day." "I know there was." "Oh, tell me! Did she marry another, or did she die?" "It wasn't a she, it was himself."

Why Not to Tend the Cells? Warden (to new prisoner)—What work can you do? What was your occupation? Prisoner—I was a cellist in an orchestra. Warden—Well, then, we'll set you to work sawing wood.

SAVED BY CHANCE

By GEORGE MUNSON.

Stevens, the assistant teller, relieved Waterbury between the hours of one and two. On Saturdays Waterbury went home at twelve, when the bank closed, and Stevens remained behind to clean up the work. This occupied about an hour and a half, or longer.

Stevens was getting thirty dollars a week, and his wife was in the hospital. The delicate and difficult operation had been successful, but Stevens owed nearly five hundred dollars. The sharks were pressing him, too. They had threatened to come down to the bank; that would mean the loss of his position, of course.

He had thought over his problem. In his desperation the moral aspect of the projected crime amounted to nothing. He knew that he could walk out of the bank, just before closing time, with four or five thousand dollars in his pockets, in the shape of hundred dollar bills. Old Wrigley, who superintended the depositing of the money in the safe, was as blind as a bat. The exploit would not call for any remarkable exhibition of "nerve."

His wife, a weak-willed little woman, would, of course, be horrified. But Stevens knew that she was the kind to stick to a man through thick and thin. Some day, some time there would be an opportunity for rejoining her, and meanwhile he could at least arrange to send her a thousand dollars, through friends. They would not let her starve in order to recompense the bank, which expected a man to live after his marriage on thirty dollars.

The problem was simply whether he could "get away with" his plunder. Stevens had made all his plans. He knew just where he was going to hide. He would rent a room in the furnished room quarter of the city and lie low for a month or two. The mistake most bank thieves made was in confiding in some woman. Stevens would confide



Fate Had Dealt Him the Worst.

in no one. He wore a mustache; with that gone, and spectacles, he believed he would be safe from detection.

"What's the matter, Stevens? Why are you looking at me like that?" demanded Waterbury irritably.

"I beg your pardon," stammered Stevens. Waterbury had been very trying of late; he seemed bent on picking a quarrel, and on the flimsiest of pretexts. Well, that was another reason for Stevens' plan. His position was insecure; and it would be just like Harrison, the president, to turn him adrift when Mary was ill.

Waterbury was pacing the floor of his cage when Stevens relieved him at twelve o'clock that Saturday morning. "I thought you were never coming," he growled. He nodded curtly and, without another word, opened the door of the cage, passed out and let it slide to behind him. Stevens watched him with a rather grim smile as he disappeared.

The bank was closed to the public. Stevens remained alone in the teller's cage. One by one the clerks and assistants went out. Presently nobody was left in the bank except the watchman, Wrigley, the cashier, and himself. Then Stevens hastily transferred five packages of ten hundred dollar bills apiece to his coat pocket, finished his work and took the money to the safe.

Wrigley joined him. Stevens' pretense of counting it was not elaborate. Wrigley had taken off his glasses and was thinking of his home. Presently the safe door slammed and, with a courteous "good-by," Stevens found himself in the street.

He jumped aboard a car and descended half a mile away, at the furnished room house in which his new home was to be. He had already transferred his baggage to the railroad station by cab, and had had it expressed thence a few days later. He had left no clue behind him.

That evening for the first time in months he had dinner at a restaurant. He smoked a cigar, strolled about town and finally went home and to bed. Not until next morning did he open the packages of bills.

When he did so he saw to his horror that they were valueless. Every one except the top bill in each package was a Confederate greenback. Instead of the five thousand dollars which he had imagined was in his possession,

he had just five hundred—barely enough to pay the doctor's expenses.

Stevens was paralyzed with dismay. His coup was useless, and he had spent about twenty dollars moving and on the dinner of the preceding evening. There was only one course now—to go back and smuggle the money into the drawer again, this time not under the listless watching of Wrigley, but under the eagle glances of Waterbury.

A wave of disgust and utter self-contempt passed over Stevens. Fate had dealt him the worst, because the most unsuspected, blow. Well, he would go back on the following morning; he could somehow contrive to replace the money; at the worst suspicion need not fall upon him, and when the money was found the matter would cease to be of pressing interest.

Stevens spent a miserable night. Remorse, disgust, self-loathing, and a vast pity for his helplessness to make Mary's life happy struggled within him. When at last he reached the bank it was to find the officers gathered together in groups, eagerly discussing something.

"You've heard the news, Stevens?" inquired Wrigley.

"No," answered Stevens. "Waterbury's dead."

The room seemed to swim round Stevens. He heard the old man's voice continuing, as if far away. "Yes, he was killed in the wreck on the Southern & Eastern this morning. He was then four hundred miles from New York, and—his clothes were stuffed with bills aggregating twelve thousand dollars. We've searched the safe and find he had filled it with Confederate bills, with a single good one on top of each package. They're counting up the loss now."

Stevens staggered into his cage. "Mr. Harrison wants to see you," announced a boy presently.

Stevens went into the president's office as if he were drunk.

"Ah, Mr. Stevens, this is a very unfortunate occurrence," said the president. "You have heard of it, of course. Unfortunately there seems to be no room for doubt as to Mr. Waterbury's purpose, and, more happily, I don't think we shall be the losers, as we should have been but for that unfortunate wreck. Well, Mr. Stevens, we are going to ask you to act in Mr. Waterbury's place for the present, and later, possibly, we shall make the position permanent. The salary, you may know, is two thousand five hundred dollars. Good-morning."

Stevens' first act was to slip the packages away where their presence might be discovered later. His second was to pray with all his heart to be made worthy of his fortune.

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NEW PARADISE FOR HUNTER

East Africa Has Probably the Last Virgin Field Remaining in the World.

A new hunting field of vast area, still untouched by the rifle of the white sportsman, has been found in East Africa by Stewart Edward White, the American author. In a letter written to a friend in Berlin Mr. White calls this territory "probably the very last big virgin hunting country in the world."

Mr. White, accompanied by his wife, first went to Africa shortly after Col. Theodore Roosevelt visited the country four years ago. He was so delighted with his experiences that he returned recently with a new expedition to travel into more remote regions. He obtained permission from the German government to hunt in the German territories, and here found the country he describes.

After being out of touch with civilization for many weeks, Mr. White sent a messenger with letters to Victoria Nyanza. He writes that the new field, where the sound of a rifle never has been heard, is as big as the hunting grounds of British East Africa, and that there are in it thousands upon thousands of head of game of all sorts. Wildebeests, which are found in big herds, stand at a hundred yards' distance to watch the party pass, and other animals, many of them of rare species, are so tame that the hunter can walk up to them in plain sight. The country is composed of low hills reaching down to the open plain; the climate is good and Mr. White suspects that the region lay so long unvisited because of the difficulties of getting in.

Everybody in the party was well at the time of the writing and Mr. White expected to finish his trip about December 1, coming out via Lake Victoria Nyanza.

Men of Heavy Brain.

In a letter to the New York Times Dr. Edward Anthony Spitzka, professor of the American Anthropometric society, says the record shows 15 heavier brains than the late Prince Katsura's in 198 weighed. "The Japanese," he adds, "are a people of small stature, because short legged, and this fact lends interest to the question of relative brain weight. On the whole, the brain weight of the Japanese compares favorably with that of Europeans of similar stature, and it may be shown to be superior in this respect to other races of the same general stature. These facts are of not a little significance in relation to the learning, industry and aptitudes of this progressive race."

Can Grub Along.

Father—You must know, sir, that my daughter will get nothing from me until my death. Sutor—Oh, that's all right, that's all right! I have enough to live on for two or three years.—Fuch.

FAMILY AVOIDS SERIOUS SICKNESS

By Being Constantly Supplied With Theford's Black-Draught.

McDuff, Va.—"I suffered for several years," says Mrs. J. B. Whitaker, of his place, "with sick headache, and stomach trouble.

Ten years ago a friend told me to try Theford's Black-Draught, which I did, and I found it to be the best family medicine for young and old.

I keep Black-Draught on hand all the time now, and when my children feel a little bad, they ask me for a dose, and it does them more good than any medicine they ever tried.

We never have a long spell of sickness in our family, since we commenced using Black-Draught."

Theford's Black-Draught is purely vegetable, and has been found to regulate weak stomachs, aid digestion, relieve indigestion, colic, wind, nausea, headache, sick stomach, and similar symptoms.

It has been in constant use for more than 70 years, and has benefited more than a million people.

Your druggist sells and recommends Black-Draught. Price only 25c. Get a package 10-day. N. C. 124

Happy Items.

Mr. Raymond of Canyon was a business caller in our midst Friday.

Aug Rahlfs was in Tolia Wednesday.

The young people had another one of their good times at the Bauer home Saturday night.

C. R. Strong and wife and C. E. Zoeller and family were guests at the McNaughton home Friday night.

Martin Studenroth went to Chicago Monday to be gone a month.

T. Holland was seen on our streets Saturday.

Mesdames L. S. Carter and Monroe of Canyon helped install officers for O. E. S. Chapter Wednesday night. After installation an oyster supper was served.

The roads have dried up since our recent snows, making travel more convenient.

Mrs. M. McManigal spent Saturday at the Anderson home.

Umberger Notes.

R. D. Pickens drove to Canyon on business Saturday.

Chas. Slaughter returned home Sunday from Missouri where he has been transacting business.

Dunlap and Brodie were invoicing last week. Mr. Dunlap of Herford was assisting with the work.

Our home merchants are paying 40c for eggs and 30c for butter.

Wm. Rose of Mo. arrived Sunday for a visit with old friends and neighbors.

R. D. Pickens went to Kress Wednesday to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Williams and Mrs. Clint Abbott drove to Canyon Wednesday.

S. S. was re organized in the M. E. church last week.

Several of our neighbors took advantage of the mild weather last week to sow more winter wheat. Among them were Clint Hamilton, Fred Friemel, Joe Beckman and J. F. Caldwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hall of Amarillo have been visiting their cattle camps the past week near Umberger.

Wayside Items.

Quite a number of the farmers in these parts are improving the "shining hours" by working in the canyon cutting wood and posts.

Jim Sluder left Monday a. m. for Claude with wolf scalps to present to Commissioners court.

Miss Edith Franklin left Wednesday for Canyon where she will spend some time.

A party was given at the Wilson place Tuesday, honoring Misses Edith Franklin and Ola Whittle.

A New Year dinner was given at J. T. McGehee's. A party at night celebrated the birthdays Misses Macie McGehee and Birdie Lane.

Oscar Smith left Wednesday for Temple on a three days business trip.

Mesdames W. L. Hamric and N. H. Baldwin went to Amarillo Wednesday to spend a few days with friends.

Sheriff's Sale.

The state of Texas, county of Randall. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a certain execution issued out of the honorable District court of Randall county, on the 31st day of November 1913, by M. P. Garner, Clerk of said District court for the sum of Seven Hundred sixty-two and 20/100 dollars and costs of suit, under an execution, in favor of The Leader, a corporation, in a certain cause in said court, No. 73 and styled The Leader a corporation, vs. J. H. Hall and G. L. Abbott and, placed in my hands for service, I, Worth A. Jennings as Sheriff of Randall county, Texas, did, on the 16th day of December 1913, levy on certain Real Estate, situated in Canyon City, Randall county, Texas, described as follows, to-wit: All that certain lot or parcel of land situated in Canyon City in Randall county, Texas known and described as follows:

Being part of the Southeast quarter of Block Number 6, Victoria Addition to Canyon City, Texas, and described by metes and bounds as follows: Beginning at the South-west corner of the Southeast quarter of said Block Number 6, Victoria Addition; Thence East 70 feet; Thence North 160 feet; Thence West 70 feet to North-west corner of said Southeast quarter of said Block 6; Thence south 140 feet to place of beginning.

This Levy does not include the improvements on said land and levied upon as the property of J. H. Hall and that on the first Tuesday in February 1914, the same being the 3rd day of said month, at the court house door, of Randall county, in the town of Canyon, Texas, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., by virtue of said levy and said execution I will sell said above described Real Estate at public vendue, for cash, to the highest bidder, as the property of said J. H. Hall.

And in compliance with law, I give this notice by publication, in the English language, once a week for three consecutive weeks immediately preceding said day of sale, in the Randall County News, a paper published in Randall county.

Witness my hand, this 16th day of December 1913

Worth A. Jennings,
Sheriff Randall County, Texas.

4215

The Advertised Article

Is one in which the merchant himself has implicit faith—else he would not advertise it. You are safe in patronizing the merchants whose ads appear in this paper because their goods are 100% first-class and never shoddy.

Weak Kidneys Often The Result of Overwork

On several occasions I have been unable to work and suffered severe pains in the back, due to my kidneys. I called on a doctor of Ripon, Wis., but received no relief.

I tried Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root which gave me instant relief. I was then able to resume work. Swamp-Root is the only relief I can get from kidney disease which I am subject to in the spring of the year. I am writing this testimonial through my own free will that sufferers of kidney and bladder disease will know of the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root. I recommend Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root whenever I can and always have a bottle of Swamp-Root in my home.

I purchased Swamp-Root of Mr. C. J. Burnside, Druggist, of 202 Main Street, Ripon, Wis.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS J. LYNCH.

525 Newbury Street, Ripon, Wis. I have read the above statement that Thomas J. Lynch bought Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root at my store and made oath that above statement is true in substance and fact.

E. J. Burnside.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of November, 1911.

F. A. Preston.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will do for You.

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Canyon Weekly Randall County News. Regular fifty cent and one dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

(Advertisement)

Is Your Skin Clear as a Baby's?



Don't be disfigured with Pimples, Itches, Freckles, Black Heads or be afflicted with those HESSLETT'S OINTMENT. Erythema, Tetter, Itching Piles and all the rest. We can cure you. Send for sample box of Ointment and book "Health and Beauty." Register the life a box at Druggists everywhere. HESSLETT, 1720 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia



The constant aims of the Officers and Employes of this bank, are:
To Promote the interests of our Customers, just as they endeavor to promote those of the bank.
To Do All We Can to make the dealings of our depositors agreeable and profitable to them.
To Contribute to their enterprises the conservative co-operation, foresight and counsel, which a conservative institution can bestow.
To Repay Their Confidence In Us By Confiding In Them.

The First State Bank

A GROWING BANK

JEWELRY

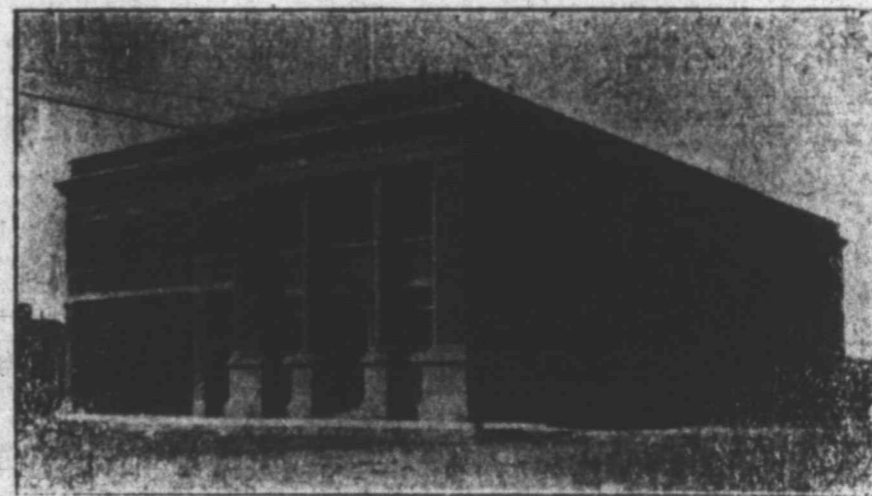
If it is jewelry you are looking for, just call at our store. We have the swellest line ever offered in Canyon and the prices are right. We can serve you with anything in the jewelry line.

Holland Drug Company

"The Living and Leading Druggists"

Phone 90

Phone 90



IN BECOMING A DEPOSITOR

with this old reliable institution you do not only avail yourself of the advantages of our prompt services, careful business methods and other banking facilities, but you also profit by our more than fifteen years of experience in the banking world. Your account, large or small, checking or saving, is welcome, and we assure you of the best treatment possible.

The First National Bank of Canyon

Capital : : \$100,000
Surplus and Profits : : \$ 10,000