

NORMAL ANNUAL CELEBRATION HELD

FACULTY AND STUDENT RECEPTION GIVEN MONDAY NIGHT.

Program Tuesday Morning Celebrated the Breaking of Ground for the Normal Building.

The fourth anniversary of the West Texas State Normal college was fittingly celebrated Tuesday morning at the auditorium in a very interesting and instructive program. Each of the classes and the faculty were presented on the program. The day was a holiday for the entire school.

The training school pupils were much in evidence during the morning with some splendid yells.

Monday night the students and faculty entertained the citizenship of Canyon in a splendid reception. The faculty members and their wives composed the receiving line. Jesse's orchestra of Amarillo played near while the guests arrived and later moved into the auditorium where they furnished music during the evening. Mr. Jesse favored the guests with a number of violin solos. Punch was served.

Among the out-of-town guests present were Mesdames Meadow and Curtis of Amarillo, Miss Zollie Garrison of Hereford, and W. D. McGehee of Wayside.

Ceta Items.

The farmers are pretty slow about their oats sowing, on account of the cold weather.

A nice crowd attended the literary and valentine box Saturday night.

Rev. Sharp preached a good sermon at Fairview Sunday.

There will be a pie supper at Wayside the 20th and also a program is being arranged in honor of Washington's birthday.

Jim and Mark Wesley were in Tulia Saturday.

Mrs. G. E. Wesley has gone home to stay a few weeks on account of ill health.

Perry Walters returned home last week who has been working for J. McGehee.

Happy Items.

H. Baggarly of Plainview visited home folks in the city over Sunday.

Mesdames Neff and Innes entertained their S. S. classes at a Valentine party at the Neff home Saturday night.

Miss Estis went to Plainview Friday to visit with friends.

G. A. Stratton and Mrs. Will White and children left Sunday for east Texas on a few weeks visit.

C. F. Zoellers returned Thursday from Nebr., where he had been called by the death of his mother.

Mrs. H. Baggerly went to Plainview Monday. She will also visit Lubbock before returning.

Mrs. W. W. Stephenson of Tulia visited in Happy Monday.

Rev. Parson and family moved to Amarillo Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Walker arrived in Happy Sunday to make their home on a farm east of town.

Normal Girls Defeat Plainview.

In one of the best games ever played in the city, the Normal girls defeated the Plainview high school team Saturday night by a score of 26 to 14. The game at Plainview recently resulted in a tie score of 3 to 3, but Saturday night the local team clearly showed their superiority.

Workers Meeting Held.

The meeting at the Methodist church Saturday of the workers from the south end of the Amarillo district was not largely attended but the interest was good and the meetings highly profitable. The program was carried out as published last week.

Presiding Elder J. T. Hicks preached two splendid sermons Sunday and Saturday afternoon held the second quarterly conference.

Ball Gets Delegation.

In the prohibition elimination convention Saturday, the 32 votes of Randall county was voted to go to Hon. Tom Ball in the Ft. Worth state convention next Saturday. Judge C. E. Coss is the delegate and will cast the entire vote.

COUNTY TREASURER'S QUARTERLY REPORT

In the matter of the Quarterly report of W. T. Garrett, Treasurer, Randall county, Texas, in the Commissioners court, Randall county, Texas, February term, 1914.

On this 11 day of February A. D. 1914, in Regular Quarterly Session of the Commissioners' court of Randall county, Texas, came on for examination the Quarterly Report of W. T. Garrett, Treasurer of Randall county, Texas, for the Quarter beginning on the 1st day of November A. D. 1913, and ending on the 31st day of January A. D. 1914, filed herein on the 3rd day of February A. D. 1914 and the same having been compared and examined by the Court, and found to be correct, It is Therefore Ordered by the Court that the same be and is hereby approved; and it appearing to the Court that during said time and the said County Treasurer had received for account and credit of, and paid out of each of the several County funds, the amounts set forth, and leaving balance to each of said funds as follows, to wit:

JURY FUND	
Amount balance to credit of the Jury Fund as per last report	\$4,736.60
Amount received during quarter	745.22
Total "Cr." as shown by current report	5,481.82
Amount paid out and disbursed during the quarter	181.86
Leaving and showing to credit of Jury Fund on Jan. 31, 1914, a balance of	\$5,299.96
ROAD AND BRIDGE FUND	
Amount balance to credit of the Road and Bridge Fund as per last report	\$5,713.90
Amount received during the quarter	1,209.69
Total "Cr." as shown by current report	6,923.59
Amount paid out and disbursed during the quarter	972.54
Leaving and showing to credit of said R. and B. Fund, on Jan. 31, 1914, a balance of	5,951.05
GENERAL FUND	
Amount balance to credit of the General Fund as per last report	\$4,611.89
Amount received during the quarter	1,875.44
Total "Cr." as shown by current report	6,487.33
Amount paid out and disbursed during the quarter	1,341.16
Leaving and showing to credit of said General Fund, on Jan. 31, 1914, a balance of	5,146.17
COURT HOUSE AND JAIL FUND	
Amount balance to credit of the C. H. & J. Fund as per last report	\$2,847.45
Amount received during the quarter	523.74
Total "Cr." as shown by current report	3,371.19
Amount paid out and disbursed during the quarter	459.23
Leaving and showing to credit of said C. H. & J. Fund on Jan. 31, 1914, a balance of	2,911.96
SINKING FUND	
Amount balance to credit of the Sinking Fund as per last report	\$8,478.56
Amount received during the quarter	1,330.20
Total "Cr." as shown by current report	9,808.76
Amount paid out and disbursed during the quarter	97.86
Leaving and showing to credit of said Sinking Fund on Jan. 31, 1914, a balance of	9,710.90
ESTRAY FUND	
Amount balance to credit of the Estray Fund as per last report	\$156.72
Amount received during the quarter	000.00
Total "Cr." as shown by current report	156.72
Amount paid out and disbursed during the quarter	000.00
Leaving and showing to credit of said Estray Fund on Jan. 31, 1914, a balance of	156.72
CEMETERY FUND	
Amount balance to credit of the Cemetery Fund as per last report	\$5.75
Amount received during the quarter	0.00
Total "Cr." as shown by current report	5.75
Amount paid out and disbursed during the quarter	0.00
Leaving and showing to credit of said Cemetery Fund on Jan. 31, 1914, a balance of	5.75

And that said amounts were received and paid out of each of the respective funds since the filing of the preceding Quarterly Report of said County Treasurer, and during the period above stated, and that the said separate amounts as herein shown are correct. It is Therefore, Further Ordered by the Court, that the said detailed report be, and the same is hereby, in all things approved, and the Clerk of this Court is hereby ordered to enter the said report, together with this order, upon the Minutes of the Commissioners' Court of Randall county, Texas, and that the proper credits be made in the accounts of the said County Treasurer in accordance with this order.

Witness our hands, this 12 day of Feb. A. D. 1914.

- C. E. Coss, County Judge.
- H. T. Shelnut, Commissioner Prec't No. 1.
- E. W. Neece, Commissioner Prec't No. 2.
- R. H. Caler, Commissioner Prec't No. 3.
- M. S. Park, Commissioner Prec't No. 4.

J. L. Moore of Carthage, Mo., was a business caller in the city yesterday. Mr. Moore is a great booster for the Panhandle and believes that the country has a great future. He says that he reads the News religiously every week.

Mrs. D. A. Shirley went to visit friends.

I. N. Trimble of McAllen is a business caller in the city this week. He is returning from a trip to Iowa to visit his old home. He was a former resident of this county.

H. E. Chapman was in Clovis Wednesday, where he met his mother who was passing through.

Umbarger Notes.

R. E. Picken was in Canyon Tuesday.

Charles Moore purchased a fine pair of mules last week.

Tom Meyers rode to Amarillo Saturday and brought back a small herd of cattle.

A girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Smith Tuesday. He is section foreman at this place.

A dancing party was given at the Gordon-Cummings home Saturday evening. Several of our young people attended.

All day meeting was held at the school house Sunday with dinner on the ground. Rev. Traverse of Amarillo who is the newly appointed minister at this place conducted services at 11 a. m. After dinner Presiding Elder Hicks addressed the congregation. Rev. Graham has resigned his charge and will move to Colo.

A donation box was made up Saturday by the members of the church and sent to Rev. Graham in appreciation of the splendid services rendered his people at this place. We are very sorry to lose Rev. Graham.

The young people of this vicinity gathered at the Rehker building Saturday evening and spent a very pleasant evening dancing. Refreshments were served at midnight of sandwiches, coffee and cake.

Misses Maggie Simms, Minnie Otto, Agnes Meyers and Eva Bader drove over from Happy Friday evening and were Sunday visitors at the Bader home. Jack Meyers rode over from Happy Saturday night to enjoy the dance.

Pete Meyers of Happy was in our neighborhood Monday over-seeing C. O. Keiser's cattle that are being wintered in this vicinity.

Petition For Oil Well.

A petition is being circulated this week to raise funds to assist on the Miller prospecting oil well northwest of the city. The well is 2,000 feet deep and Mr. Miller says that unless the people of Amarillo and Canyon will assist, work must be abandoned on the well. There is some oil in the hole and those interested believe that a good well can be procured within five hundred feet.

King in Summer Faculty.

Supt. E. F. King of the Canyon schools will be a member of the summer Normal faculty in addition to the list of members recently published in the News. He will teach English and Geography.

Debaters Chosen.

Tuesday night was the try out for the Normal debaters who will meet Huntsville and San Marcos in debate in April. A. L. Tarlton, Cleveland Baker, H. T. Reynolds and Will Ward were chosen to compose the two teams.

Buford Steen bought the barber shop on the east side of T. V. Reeves. Mr. Steen was formerly a resident of Canyon and says he has lived in many towns extending from the coast to S. D., but likes Canyon the best of all.

The Womans Missionary Society of the Methodist church will meet Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 24th with Mrs. I. C. Jenkins for the monthly social meeting. All members are requested to come and bring their needle work.

DISTRICT COURT BEGINS MONDAY

CATTLE THEFT CASE FROM ARMSTRONG TRANSFERRED HERE.

Docket Has Large Number of New Cases—Grand Jury Begins Work Monday Morning.

The spring term of the district court will begin Monday at the court house. The docket is quite full but a large per cent of the cases are of minor importance.

The case which will attract most attention is the state of Texas vs. Enoch Wilson, on the charge of cattle theft. The case was tried in Claude last August and resulted in a mistrial. A large number of witnesses were called by both the state and defense. This case will be called on March 2.

The grand jury will be empaneled Monday morning and begin their deliberations.

Y. M. C. A. Meetings.

The young men of the Normal wish to most cordially invite the men of Canyon to attend the Y. M. C. A. meetings at the Normal building on Sunday afternoons at 2 o'clock. Good leaders always have charge of the meetings and very interesting subjects are discussed.

Mr. Morgan, secretary of the southern division of the Y. M. C. A. spent two days in the city this week, addressing the members of the Baptist Baraca class Sunday morning, the members of the society at the college in the afternoon and the young people of the Baptist church Sunday night.

Frank Locke and Mr. Woodruff will leave for Waxahachie this week to attend the state convention.

Election Judges Selected.

The following election officers were chosen by the commissioners court Friday to serve for the next two years:

- Precinct One — S. B. Lofton, presiding judge, F. P. Luke, John Knight, W. T. Moreland, associates.
- Two — C. P. Hileman, judge, I. W. Scott, associate.
- Three — R. W. Bruce, judge, C. R. Strong, associate.
- Four — H. E. Wesley, judge, J. A. Currie, associate.
- Five — John Boulware, judge, W. E. Bennett, associate.
- Six — Andy Costley, judge, W. F. Thurman, associate.
- Seven — Will Cage, judge, Jesse Pierce, associate.
- Eight — A. P. Baird, judge, Henry Beckman, associate.

Agricultural Professor Chosen.

Henry William Geller has been chosen for a position to the Normal faculty by Pres. R. B. Cousins and will arrive in the city this week to begin his work here. Mr. Geller is a Wisconsin man and comes very highly recommended. Mr. Cousins has spent several months investigating the records of men and finally chose Mr. Geller as the best qualified to meet the conditions of the school.

Rev. Caughran Here Sunday.

Rev. W. I. Caughran of Amarillo will preach Sunday at the Methodist church during the absence of Rev. F. M. Neal.



Normal Auditorium, Sat., Feb. 21



AVE you ever known fear, the stark fear of a slow, lingering, painful, abominable death?" remarked James E. Smith, Fishery-Guardian at Lower Shag Harbor, Shelburne County, Nova Scotia. "I have, imprisoned in a capsize vessel, gnawed by hunger, tortured by thirst, steeped in a horror of helplessness, racked by a black, blind, bootless rage of resentment against fate, I knew fear, the fear that makes the hair bristle, the saliva in the mouth turn salt and bitter, the perspiration come out in clammy beads on the forehead, the heart almost stop beating." Then Mr. Smith told this tale:

On Wednesday, May 9, 1877, the schooner Cod-Seeker, bound from Halifax to Barrington, was running before an easterly gale. Her master was Philip Brown; her crew, numbered fourteen hands all told.

A while before nine o'clock the lookout reported breakers ahead. Capt. Brown claimed that the white spaces seen were only the reflections of the Cape Light upon the waves; and he kept her going, though some of the older men criticized him sharply for doing so. I didn't like the look of things, but I was little more than a boy then.

The schooner stormed along, growing wilder in her motions, but as nothing happened I soon went down into the fore-castle for a drink.

Before I could raise the dipper to my lips the schooner gave a wild lurch and flung over on her beam-ends, and I went sliding to leeward.

The schooner lay on her side, with her spars flat on the sea, and the water roared like her through hatchways and companions. Getting to my feet I hauled myself up toward the companion, and tried to get out. I might as well have tried to crawl through a sluice-gate. The rush of the water splayed my fingers apart. Soon the bows plunged downward, and the water wheeling in with greater force swept me out of the companion.

I fell down on a heap of wreckage on the side of the ship, struck my head against something and was stunned for a space. When I got my wits I was standing up with my feet in the mouth of a berth and against the ship's side, and the water up to my armpits and a raft of floating wreckage about me.

In a few seconds more I was struggling in a whirlpool of icy waters, beating my hands against the fotsam of the fore-castle, unable to see anything or to get a footing. As the ship moved, the flood in the fore-castle, rising rapidly, surged back and forth, and once I became entangled in some half floating blankets and nearly succeeded in drowning myself. Like all fishing vessels she had a large fore-castle down in the bows of her, in the utter darkness I could not tell my whereabouts.

Imprisoned in Capsize Schooner. For a time I was too frantic with fright to think of getting hold of anything. I only thought of keeping my head above water.

But presently the ship seemed to grow quiet for a little, and I thought of getting a grip on something. Striking out I ran against a wall with an under-slope, felt around, realized that it was the deck and, as there was nothing to hold there, I turned about and swam to the other side.

I paddled about for quite a time. But at last, stretching my hands out of the water, I managed to catch hold of the edge of a board—the face-board of one of the weather bunks. As I held on, taking breath, the water rose and lifted my head and shoulders into the mouth of the berth. I hastily scrambled on to the inner side, then the top side, of the face-board.

While I waited appalled, for I knew not what I became aware of a moaning sound, and cried out, "Who's that?"

It was Sam Atwood, a young fellow about my own age. He was lying on his stomach on the inner or top side of the face-board of what had been a lower bunk. When the schooner was hove down he had been asleep in his bunk, but somehow he had managed to cling to the face-board, though the mattress and bottom boards had been rolled out into the fore-castle. A man can face death better with a friend near him. I grew composed and began to take stock of the situation.

The schooner had settled as the water got in her and, happily for us, the bows were the highest part of her. We learned afterward that she had drowned two men in the after cabin.

The way she lay, the round of the star-board-bow was the highest part of her, and we were in the after tier of bunks, built against the bulge of the bow. But our position was precarious enough, and neither dry nor comfortable.

Sluggishly she rose and fell to the heave of the swell, and we were afraid she would sink or turn turtle altogether.

After a time she seemed to bring up against something with a violent jerk, and her head was dragged downward, while the water in the fore-castle surged aftward.

Mightily alarmed we sat a-straddle on the face-boards, and pressed our noses against the skin of the ship in the angle made by the supporting knee of the deck beam. We found a little air imprisoned there after our shoulders and the backs of our heads were under water. But her bows continued to swoop downward and soon the water was over our faces. I thought it would soon be the end of us. I felt as if my head would burst with the intolerable pressure.

THE WRECK OF THE COD-SEEKER

By COLIN M'KAY

But before either of us lost consciousness something snapped—I thought it was something giving way in my brain. The schooner's head rose swiftly, the water receded and we found ourselves able to breathe again. Oh, but the air was good! Trembling, dizzy, exhausted, we stretched ourselves along the face-boards and rested.

What had happened was this: When the schooner was hove on her side the anchor chain, stowed in a box on deck, went overboard, and presently, as she swept along with the tide, the end fouled the bottom and dragged her head under water. Then a miracle occurred; the big link in the shackle of the other end near the widlass broke and allowed her head to come up again.

The schooner wallowed on her side. She rose and fell to the heave of the swell, in a heavy, sickening way, but she did not roll much. Often we were ducked under; and the noises were frightful; roaring, snarling sounds of surf; blood-thirsty gurglings, the dull booming sound of things beating against the skin of the hold.

I was numb with cold, and awfully weary and before long, in spite of the noises, the fear of slipping off my perch, the horror of it all, I dropped off into a doze. And as I dozed I dreamed the schooner was hove down while I was on deck; dreamed that I saw my chum Will Kenney washed overboard and dived after him.

Thirst, Cold and Horror. Then I woke up to find myself struggling under water. It was as still pitch-dark and for a moment or so I had no idea where I was. As my head came above the water I struck something hard, and down I went again before I could get my lungs full of air. Half stunned I struggled up again, and rammed my head through a small opening, so small that I could not get my shoulders through. My mouth was just above water. When I tried to struggle through the opening, the thing resting upon my shoulders would lift a little and then press me down till I could not breathe. I struggled frantically, and the harder I strove to keep my mouth above water the more I seemed to be forced down.

I could not imagine what kind of a trap I had got into, and my imagination was mighty active; just as they say of a drowning man. A moving picture of my whole life seemed to flash before me. Every deed of a sinful nature I had ever done seemed to rise up against me, crowding out all hope of salvation.

At the same time my mind was wildly searching for an explanation of my plight, and at last, when I was nearly done for, it struck me that the thing that was drowning me was the step-ladder of the fore-castle-gangway. That was it; the ladder was floating, and I had got my head between the steps. I knew what to do then, but it was not easy to draw my head down and out, for the bevel of the steps held my head as in a trap.

But at last I managed it, and hooked my arms over the floating ladder till I got my wind.

I yelled for Sam, but got no answer. Of course I could not tell what part of the fore-castle I was in, but I paddled around and finally, as a sea lifted me, I got hold of the bunk side-board and hauled myself up inside the bunk. Atwood was still sleeping. I touched him, but he did not wake. I got hold of some pieces of boards floating just below me, and propped them across the mouth of the berth so I would not fall through, and soon I guess I went to sleep again.

The Yankee Captain Volunteers. When the schooner was flung on her beam-ends, one dory took the water right side up and somehow Capt. Brown, Nat Knowles the cook and John Smith managed to get into it. Whether they tried to row back and pick off any of the other men left clinging to the weather rail I don't know; probably it would have been madness to have tried it in the sea then running. Anyway, they drove before the gale for several hours, and then, after passing through a quarter of a mile of surf, landed on the southern side of Cape Island. How they managed to live through the surf has always been a mystery; but they did and were soon at the house of Pelick Nickerson telling their tale.

Nickerson soon carried the news to Clark's Harbor, and the hardy fishermen of that place were roused from their slumbers to consider means of rescue. The American fishing schooner Matchless, Capt. Job Crowell, was lying in the harbor, where she had come for shelter from the gale, and when told of the disaster her skipper was quite as ready to go to the rescue as the men of the port.

His crew was scattered, but there were plenty of men ready to volunteer. So, by the first streak of dawn, the Matchless with a picked crew aboard was standing out to sea under double reefs, bound on a mission of mercy. Into the teeth of the gale, putting her bows under to the fore-mast every plunge, they drove her out to where they expected to find the wreck, and then for long hours they tacked back and forth, straining their eyes into the gloom of the flying mist.

When the Cod-Seeker was hove down, the line of men who had been on deck were left clinging on under the rail. They held on there for a

while. But when she listed farther over they feared she would turn turtle. They got up on the side, and rove a lifeline between the fore and main chain plates to hold on by. In this position they were exposed to the scourge of the wind and spray, and now and then a heavier sea, making a clean breach of bulk, would stamp right over them. But they held on, and you may imagine that after daylight they searched the howling seas with eager eyes for sign of a sail.

As the morning wore on the buffeting of the seas, the numbing cold, began to tell on their strength, and along about noon a towering comber bursting over them swept one poor fellow, Crowell Nickerson by name, from the lifelines, and he was drowned before the eyes of his mates, powerless to help him. His body became entangled in some cordage, and hung to leeward.

Naturally this tragedy affected the spirits of the survivors. They watched the towering surges rushing down upon them with a new fear in their hearts, each man thinking that perhaps the next big sea would sweep him to his death. But soon they learned the calmness and the courage of despair. Will Kenney, as a requiem to the dead man to leeward, began to sing:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."
All the men joined in the good old song.

And then, just as they finished the last verse, Will Kenney cried: "Look! Look! A sail!"

The schooner sank into a trough. The men waited, their hearts in their mouths. And when she rose again all saw the sails of a schooner swinging out of the mist hardly half a mile to leeward.

Knew Nothing of Rescue. It was the Matchless, and the men on her had already sighted the wreck. Tack by tack she beat up to windward and then her big seine-boat was manned. It dropped under the lee of the wreck, and the men were picked off by being hauled through the sea with a line about their waists.

The Matchless picked up her boat without mishap, and then, because it was blowing a gale of wind with a heavy driving mist making it impossible to see any distance, she was hove to for the night.

Next morning, the weather having moderated, she made sail and at three o'clock in the afternoon stood into Clark's Harbor with the Stars and Stripes flying at her masthead as a sign to those on shore that she had accomplished her mission.

Meantime Atwood and I, inside the hulk, knew nothing of this rescue, and nobody suspected that we were alive.

As Thursday dragged along we began to feel the pangs of hunger and thirst, and our flesh began to feel benumbed, the result of our frequent cold baths. But we dared not move from our perches. In spite of it all I would fall asleep and dream of the disaster, or of home and loved ones—and then awoken with a start to a keener fear and horror of our plight.

The time dragged along and, as the thirst took a fiercer grip on us, we ceased to feel the pangs of hunger. Our tongues swelled and burned; gripping pains took us by the throat; our muscles ached as if pricked with hot pins. Having swallowed so much salt water, I suffered more than Atwood, and that afternoon I grew so wild I cut the ends of my fingers and sucked the blood. But that did me no good.

When Saturday morning came we were half stupefied with suffering. Several times we talked of dropping into the water and drowning ourselves. And always the temptation to drink the salt water was strong upon us. But we kept our heads; we hoped against hope that we would be rescued, and determined to hold out as long as we could.

That afternoon, the long swell began to subside. The schooner grew quieter, and ceased to duck us, and the fever of our bodies dried our clothes. The fact that the swell was going down brought us face to face with a new cause of fear—the fear that soon there would not be sufficient trough to the sea to cause the main hatch to blow, and give us fresh air.

But we did not worry greatly over the prospect of being stifled for lack of oxygen; we had about exhausted our capacity for fear; we were too sick and miserable generally to be much troubled by the appearance of a new peril.

After Saturday noon it was just suffering and endurance. We seldom talked; our parched throats and swollen tongues made speech painful and our voices sounded weird and unnatural. Nor did we think much. Most of the time we lay as in a stupor. Now and then we dreamed of beautiful ships all around us, all coming to our rescue, and would awake with a start to wonder if we were going mad. We lived as in a nightmare, lost count of time, felt as if we had suffered through eternity. We were growing light-headed.

The Spook of the Devillet. On Sunday afternoon the schooner, Ohio of Gloucester, Capt. Edward O'Dor, was standing up for the Cape Shore when she sighted something black floating upon the waves. Some of her crew took it for a dead whale; others said it was a wreck; and a heated argument ensued. To settle it, the captain hauled up to investi-

gate. Seeing that it was a vessel bottom-up he sent a boat to try to find out her name, and see if they could salvage anything.

So presently I thought I heard some unusual noises, and roused myself from my lethargy to listen. In a few minutes I heard a sound like the clang of iron on iron; a man cutting at the lanyards of the fore-rigging with an ax had hit the iron strap of the dead-eye.

"There is somebody outside," I said, shaking Sam.

But he showed no interest. "It's only something washing about the hold," he answered.

"Let's shout, anyway," I said, and yelled as hard as I could: "Help! Help! Help!"

Over my head there was an answering yell of startled fright, then footsteps pounding aft and a voice crying:

"She's haunted. Get into the boat, for—sake!"

And that chap so frightened the others that they piled into the boat and started to pull away. But, after recovering from their fright and astonishment, they grew ashamed of themselves and came back.

Meantime I had got hold of a stick and was rapping against the side. Soon I heard raps on the outside. I gave three raps and there were three raps in answer. We kept that up for a few minutes. Then we heard a man walking forward on the outside, and soon a voice called:

"In the name of God, are you ghosts, living men or the devil?"

We shouted that we were living men, and asked them to get us out, or we would not be living men very long. The voice asked no questions for a few minutes as if incredulous, and then some of them got to work with axes over our heads, while the boat went back to the Ohio for more men and axes.

They worked like Trojans, and cut right through a frame bolt to make a hole to get at us. When they broke through, the eruption of imprisoned air acted like a whirlwind, and the water leaped through the hole in a solid stream fifty feet into the air. Small sticks which had been floating in the fore-castle whizzed by our heads. One man was knocked over as if by an explosion. They told us afterward that the released air gave off a sickening stench.

The schooner settled two or three feet, lurching as if she would turn turtle completely, and the men chopped away with redoubled energy. They soon had a hole about nine inches by eleven inches.

Rescue at Last. Atwood, being slim, was pulled through without trouble, but when I got my head and one shoulder through, I stuck. Four men got hold of me and pulled, and at last when I thought I would be pulled apart I came through, minus my vest and several strips of skin.

The schooner which four days before had been taut and trim was now almost bottom-up, lying with her keel six feet above the water and her weather rail nearly a wash. Her mainmast was broken off and, far below the surface, I could see a faint shadow of canvas. We thought then we were the only survivors.

Was it any wonder I thanked God for my deliverance?

Capt. O'Dor said, "Come, my boy, let me help you to the boat," and took me by the arm. I thought I could walk, took a step and went tumbling. If it hadn't been for the captain I would have slid into the sea.

Aboard the Ohio they had made ready for us. The cabin table was loaded with everything to eat. But we weren't interested in food; we wanted water by the bucketful. They gave us a teaspoonful, and that only put an agonizing edge on our thirst. We pleaded wildly for more.

But they had realized our condition, and kept us waiting for about fifteen minutes, and then only gave us another spoonful. After what seemed ages of raging agony they began to give us a spoonful every five minutes.

Needless to say, when I was carried home my parents were beside themselves with joy. As they expressed it, I was as one risen from the dead. The news of our rescue spread up and down the shore, and was generally received with unbelief. Many people would not believe we had managed to live so long in the capsize vessel, and hundreds came long distances to see us.

After I reached home I developed a high fever and my feet began to pain me. I had no desire for food; in fact I scarcely touched food for two days. But I was still raging with thirst. I wanted water all the time—milk or tea was no good. I was allowed a glass of water every half hour; but it was four days from the time we were rescued before I got over that awful thirst.

But my sufferings were not over then. My feet pained me terribly, and I couldn't sleep without a narcotic, and then only for a short time. Dr. Clark who attended me said ten drops of the narcotic would kill the devil, but I was so crazy with pain and lack of sleep that I used to cry for a big dose every few hours.

And one afternoon, when mother was out and the spasms of pain were wracking me, I crawled on my hands and knees, got up on a chair, took the bottle of narcotic from the shelf and drank half the contents. Then I navigated my way back to the lounge, crawled half-way up on it and went to sleep. That was the deepest, the best, most blessed sleep I ever had. The doctor and everybody thought I had gone to sleep for good and all, but I came round in twenty-six hours, feeling fresh and fine. But I continued to suffer great pain in my feet for two weeks, and it was a month before I could walk.

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

We have some 10, 15 and 20-watt Mazda Lamps. These lamps are for 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.

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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
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Subscribe for The News

Making Tomorrow's World

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

THE ORIGIN OF ADULTS



Amsterdam. — Holland, full of fascination always to students of history and life, has last year had more than its usual fascination because of its international congresses and its local celebrations of the centenary of the freedom of the Netherlands. Perhaps no celebration was more attractive than that at Amsterdam where, among other exhibitions, was held, under the direction of a group of enterprising Dutch women, a special display, on the banks of the Amstel, to show the evolution of the social and intellectual position of woman since 1813. Features of the exhibition were contrasting middle class houses of 1813 and of 1913, each with its kitchen, dining room, bed rooms and furnishing complete. Other departments showed the change in the kind of product of woman's work in the one hundred years, as nurse, housekeeper, teacher, in business and professional life.

Europe Awake on Baby Question.
Inspecting the exhibition, under the guidance of the honorary secretary, Mrs. J. E. Van Buuren-Huys, no more significant section was seen than that devoted to child-life. In this was set forth, by charts, maps, official reports, and wax figures, the changed thought of the world, particularly of continental Europe, regarding babies. Appropriately was the exhibition held in Holland, where the beloved Queen Wilhelmina and her baby rule.

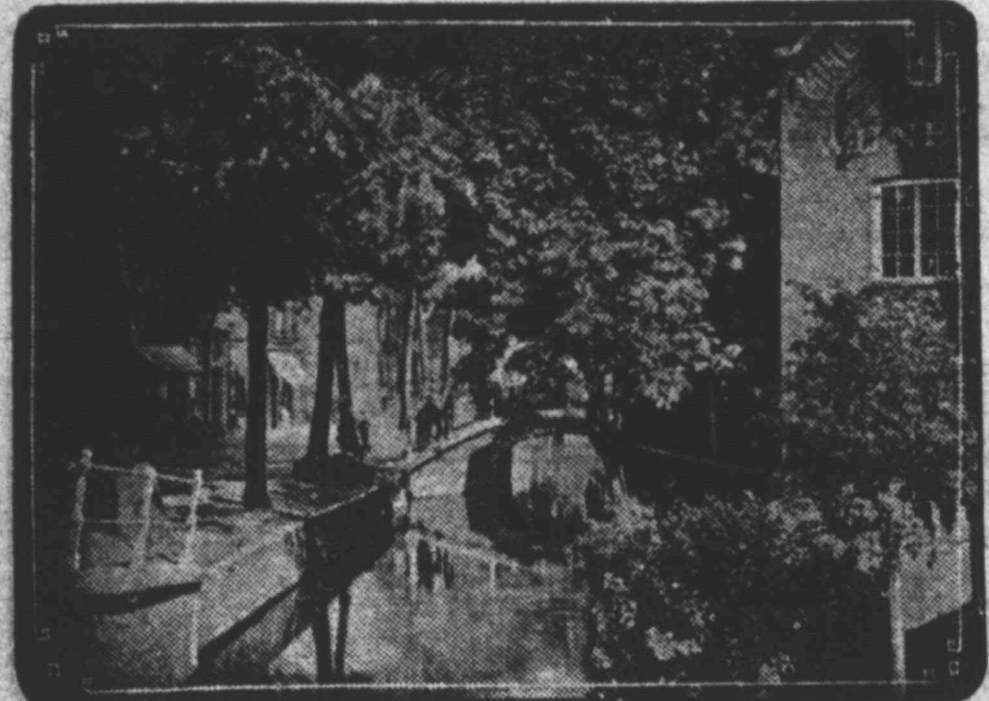
The baby has just now been officially discovered in Europe. As the real maker of tomorrow's world the infant is being studied by the state. The fact is that you can not have a farmer or a merchant or even a journalist without first saving a baby. Except Adam and Eve, and Minerva, the goddess-professor, it seems clear enough now that the origin of adults must be traced back to babies. If

Burns' figures are duplicated from practically every other country.

Save Babies and Make Soldiers.
Continental Europe and, more latterly and more leisurely, Great Britain are establishing medical inspection of children at school and, to a less degree, at home, to reduce the infant mortality. They seek thus to have the doctor do for other children what he has been able to do for his own.

Medical inspection came in Great Britain as a sort of by-product of the Boer war. A London Journalist, in relating the discovery of babies in the United Kingdom, said that during and after the war many would-be recruits suffered from physical defects and an official inquiry was set on foot to inquire into physical training in Scotland. The report was unsatisfactory as regarded the conditions found. By a bold hypothesis, certain observers, however, were led to inquire whether these spoilt adolescents had not once been younger and Dr. Leslie Mackenzie verified this induction by a visit to the North Canongate slum of Edinburgh, where certain small creatures were found, who might be regarded as lachrymose specimens of the spoilt soldier already encountered. Having examined the children at school then—the first official medical inspection in Great Britain—he came to certain conclusions which led to a general inquiry in England also. It seemed probable that no known type of dumb-bell, Indian club, or strangulation apparatus for strapping one's self to one's bedroom door, would have the effect of straightening knees bent by rickets or replacing teeth lost ten or fifteen years before. Then came medical inspection of schools in Great Britain as it had come in Germany, France and other nations earlier.

Government Care for Mothers.
Beyond care of the child at school by medical inspection and the successful effort to reduce infant mortality—it has been diminished 30 per cent in ten years, though the general death rate has been diminished only 13 per cent and the ravages of tuberculosis—that great "captain of the men of the death"—to borrow Bunyan's phrase, only 18 per cent—there has come consideration of the mother. If in-



Street and Canal in Holland.

tomorrow's world is to be what we all hope it to be, the babies must be continuously cared for. And one of the newer and more far-reaching questions in the old world is the baby question. The child-section in the woman's exhibition in this quaint Holland capital shows progress in its study and solution.

Congested City Life Slaughters Infants.
The reports of European congresses and of the more recent English-speaking Conferences were displayed in popular form. The effect of the crowded conditions of city life upon infants was suggested by chart and picture. Figures furnished by John Burns, British Minister of Health, were shown. Mr. Burns' figures contrasted the percentages of infant mortality in congested and open districts, in districts where mothers worked and neglected their children, with others more favored. In Hampstead, London, the rate of infant mortality was 71 per thousand; in Shoreditch, at the other end and more crowded end of London, the infant mortality was 145 per thousand. In Lancashire, where women worked in factories and where many children were therefore uncared for, the infant mortality was exceedingly high, three or four times the rate in districts where women of the same class did not work. With such facts European governments are studying plans whereby mothers should be mothers and not machines.

Doctors are more successful at saving their own babies to become adults. Mr. Burns found that doctors' babies died at the rate of only 40 per thousand, while in the case of the upper and middle classes of Great Britain the rate was 77, in the case of artisans 100 to 130, in the case of miners 150, in the case of unskilled laborers 180 to 250, and in the case of farm workmen, despite their brutally low wages, only 97 per thousand. The

fantas are to be saved alive to furnish a proper supply of adults, the mothers must be protected. Thus the logic of the more or less paternalistic governments of Europe and the Amsterdam charts show the mother as the civilized state's care.

The French, in whose country the baby is held in higher regard, perhaps, than anywhere else in the world, seem to be pioneers. First, they supplied babies with milk. Then they fed the mothers who nursed them, for it is a curious paradox in France that, in a country where babies are supreme, so many babies are nursed by foster-mothers. Next the French began to feed the expectant mother and found the result highly successful. At the Conference in London on infant mortality a most valuable and significant discussion dealt with ante-natal hygiene. The chief cause of infant mortality, it was conclusively shown, is a defective condition of development at birth—and this depends upon the facts of ante-natal life. Mothers are Nature's original device for the prevention of infant mortality. Hence the care of them by the state.

Besides the charts on infant mortality, indeed supplementary to them, other charts showed the effect of alcoholism and disease in the parent upon the life of the infant.

While the state's growing concern in the care of children, from their birth and before, is mainly brought about by the state's desire for physically strong soldiers in its army, it has had a good effect in many ways. Schools for mothers have been established, better housing conditions provided, parks opened, and many measures—some fanciful, and all well-meant—have been encouraged. "And a little child shall lead them."

Regulations to Safeguard Children.
Scotland, under a new Act of Parliament, provides for the actual (not

merely on paper) medical inspection of children and for the care (including the supply of food and clothing) of neglected children and children in isolated districts. Another recent Parliamentary Act, applicable to all the United Kingdom, provides inspection of all charitable institutions and "homes." One thousand little children are burned to death in Great Britain annually. The new act compels parents or house-owners to have guards on their grates and take other precautions against fires. Juvenile courts, with plenary powers, are established. Parents are required to attend this court and, if they have not properly looked after their children, must take the punishment or pay the fine which would otherwise be assessed against the child. Jail imprisonment for children and the death sentence for them are abolished. Children under fourteen years of age are not allowed in any part of a public house used as a drinking bar. Alcohol may not be given to children anywhere under the age of five years, except in the case of illness. Cigarettes or cigarette papers may not be sold to children under sixteen years old nor other tobacco believed to be for the children's own use. Policemen and parkmen may take away the tobacco from boys whom they find smoking. Local authorities are empowered to establish Choice of Employment offices to assist the young in determining upon employment.

Bonuses to Large Families.
Great Britain has changed the maternity benefit of its national insurance law granted by the state to become the absolute property of the mother. France is trying an experiment toward checking the decline of the birth rate and promoting child welfare by grants of bonuses to large families. Under a law passed by the French Senate and the Chamber of Deputies just adjourned, needy French parents with more than three children below the age of thirteen years will receive an annual grant of \$12 to \$16 for each child beyond that number. It is estimated that about \$10,000,000 will be expended annually. The cost will be shared by the nation, the departments and the municipalities.

Neglect of Babies Breeds Crime.
If the child is saved to become an adult, does the lack of care in infancy affect his moral character? A corollary to the Amsterdam charts is a report of a statistical study of the English convict by Dr. Goring, of Parkhurst Prison. The conclusions of Dr. Goring are that convicts, as a class, are markedly inferior to the general population in physique and general capacity, though there is no "criminal type." The forehead, ears, jaw, of which we have heard so much, are the merest moonshine. The condition most closely related to petty crime, the most fruitful source of nearly all that is meant by crime, is mental defectiveness. This defectiveness is a result, in an overwhelming number of cases, of the lack of care of the child at some period of its infant life.

"Every step in the direction of making and keeping the children healthy," runs the prominently displayed quotation from the Chief Medical Officer of the London Board of Education, "is a step towards diminishing the prevalence and lightening the burden of disease for the adult and a relatively small rise in the standard of child health may represent a proportionately large gain in the physical health, capacity and energy of the people as a whole. As a general proposition it may be said that a state can not effectively insure itself against disease unless it begins with its children."

State Now Hears Infant's Cry.
The baby in Europe has been found out. Always heard at home, he is now taken into account in the making of laws, the cleansing of slums, the planning of towns. This new knowledge may mean more rapid change, for the infant's cry is ever more potent against cruel social conditions than even "the curses of the strong man in his wealth." The baby, the chief asset of the civilized state, is having more intelligently and continuously that state's chief care. And babies are the stuff out of which adults are made.

Yet, upon returning from the beautiful and inspiring exhibition of the Dutch women, we found two nine-year-old boys, tipped towards pauperism by American visitors, running night and day the elevator in the Amsterdam hotel, while outside the hotel door, in the gathering darkness, in the crowded, narrow, thread-like Kalver Straat two wan-faced and ragged girls, scarce older, begged alms.

(Copyright, 1914, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Pragmatism.
But while the pragmatic solution seemed to many a deliverance from worse evil, and a most useful method of exploring for truth, it was generally felt to be unsatisfying, rather tentative than final, writes William Ernest Hocking in the Yale Review. Pragmatism taken alone leaves belief too much to the accidents of volition and to main force, too much to the vote and hence exposed to the veto. Its God can offer support and comfort to men only on the condition of being first upheld by them. Just in proportion as necessity drops out of moral truth and option takes its place, the moral atmosphere is rarefied, and effort to maintain belief results in swifter fatigue. Men are willing to respond to the pragmatic incentive, to be active in the making of truth, wherever reality is seen to be unfinished and plastic, but in all such activity there is needed something to stand upon, something which was neither made nor have made, something independently real and certain. There must be something behind pragmatism.

TWO LOYAL LOVERS

By MILDRED CAROLINE GOODRIDGE.

It was a festive eve everywhere. The ground was covered with snow and the thick flakes still falling. A biting wind blew John Lane before it, but his heart was warm and he smiled as he buffeted the tempest, bearing a goodly stored market basket.

Still a bachelor at 28, John Lane was pursuing a brief journey that had a rare tinge of romance to it. He had come to Brookville, a near suburban town, upon the invitation of some old friends, the Ward family. John had known these worthy people for a long while—Miss Muriel Ward particularly. She was two years younger than himself, still she classified in the group of "spinsters."

"I don't know that I am doing a wise thing," mused John, as he strode along. "It's opening up the lost past—lost, because I have never been able to put enough aside to offer Muriel the home she should have. Ah, me!" he sighed resignedly, "the little savings I put by are small, indeed. Now they have asked me to spend a holiday with them. I shall see Muriel. Her sunny face will make life the sweeter, but when I go back to my humdrum work again the regret will be the keener."

John had brought a genuine holiday offering with him—a noble turkey, a parcel of toothsome fruit, several boxes of bonbons, some toys for the children. It cheered his sterling soul to be thus generous, even amid his necessities. He knew the old Ward home at Brookville, but they had moved, and he was trying to locate them from their written directions.

"I declare," he said, halting and puffing from his undue exertions, "I'm quite at sea. This can't be Magnolia terrace. I believe I'll inquire."

John started towards a little isolated house where he observed a light in its rear rooms. He rested his heavy basket on the stoop and knocked at the door several times. No one responded, and leaving the basket where he had placed it, John started around the house to pursue his inquiries at the kitchen door.

"The mischief!" exclaimed John, as he passed near a frozen water spout.



"I Don't Know That I Am Doing a Wise Thing."

His feet gave way, he was conscious of a heavy fall, and then lost sensibility.

He must have soon aroused, but in a dazed condition. It was at a new spot to which he had wandered, that he came to himself. His arm hung helpless at his side, he had forgotten all about the basket, he was seated on a street curb and a village watchman was shaking him.

"Rouse-up, my man," urged this latter individual. "You'll freeze to death here. What's the trouble?"

"I have had a fall and lost my senses, I guess," responded John weakly. "I was bound for the Ward home."

"I'll help you there," and in desperate faintness and pain John was welcomed with concerned faces by the family ten minutes later.

Old Mr. Ward said at once that there was something serious the matter with John's right arm. They made him comfortable, Muriel hovering about him like a veritable ministering angel. They sent for a doctor.

"You will not be able to use that arm for a full three weeks," was the dictum of the physician.

"But my work in the city!"

"Friend John," said Mr. Ward quietly, "you are going to be patient and happy among us until you are all well. We are going to give you the vacation and rest you have needed for ten years."

So John Lane settled down into the fair groove in which circumstances had placed him. Muriel, his solicitous nurse, sitting about him with her sweet womanly ways, and deeper and deeper grew his love for her.

Meanwhile the festive basket which had been left by John on the doorstep of a house he could not now locate had performed a glorious mission.

In that humble cottage lived a Mrs. Bernard and her three little children. For over a year her husband had been lost, missing—dead, she now feared. He had gone to a remote part of Australia to look up the estate of a dead brother. The months passed by, and no word was received from him.

With the family on the verge of pe-

lative destitution and ill, discouraged, nearly heartbroken, when John Lane knocked at the door of the house that stormy night the mother lay very near to the point of dissolution and the children huddled over a smoldering fire in the kitchen stove. They had not heard the summons at the front door, but the next morning when the eldest boy went out to seek for some dry branches to burn he discovered the basket.

What magic of joy it proved to them! Mrs. Bernard never doubted that some kind person had thought of them, and secretly provided for their necessities. What a royal feast they had! The nourishing food, the good will of kind hearts implied roused the woman to new hope and courage and saved her life.

And then two nights later there burst in upon them the husband and father, returned. He had been lost, delayed amid great danger, but had come back to the happy home fold a rich man.

The evening after that John and Muriel were seated conversing in the cozy parlor of the Ward home.

"I am asking so much of you, dear," John was saying lovingly. "After waiting so long, we must be patient for another year or two."

"What is that to a woman who truly loves?" murmured Muriel.

There was a ring at the door bell. Muriel answered the summons. A stranger confronted her.

"Is there a Mr. Lane here?" she was asked, and the caller was led into the parlor, where he grasped John's hand warmly.

"You are the gentleman who left a basket at my home a few nights since?" he said.

"Unintentionally," replied John, "but if it made anybody happy—"

"It saved my wife's life, and I have come to thank you," said Mr. Bernard earnestly. "I found your name on one of the packages. It gave your city address, and from there I traced you here. I must know you better."

He got to know sterling, honest John Lane so well that he started him in business for himself.

And the fullness of joy and happiness complete came at last to the two loyal lovers.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

"HOMING" INSTINCT OF BEES

Their Remarkable Powers Demonstrated by Most Thorough Series of Experiments.

Henri Fabre, the naturalist, tells in the Fortnightly Review a characteristic story about Charles Darwin and himself. Darwin wanted to explain the "homing" instinct of bees, and induced Fabre to begin a series of experiments with that purpose in view. A regular plan of campaign was drawn up.

Marked bees were placed in a dark box and carried away from the hive, in the opposite direction from that in which they were finally liberated. The box was repeatedly turned about, so that the inmates would lose all sense of direction. Every possible means was taken to render useless any known or conceivable method of obtaining one's bearings. The bees were even placed within an induction coil in the effort to confuse them.

The result of a long and elaborate series of tests was nil so far as any explanation of the homing power was concerned. In every case from 30 to 40 per cent of them found their way home without apparent trouble, no matter how confusing the trip away from home had been made.

The story is characteristic, because it illustrates the thorough way in which the author of the "Origin of Species" attacked all his problems. He was not one to merely "opine prettily and probably," and let it go at that. He put everything to the test of experiment, and when the answer came out wrong, or didn't come out at all, he "scrapped" the hypothesis as a matter of course instead of trying to explain away its failure.

Women Parasites?

Francis W. Crowninshield, of the editorial staff of the Century Magazine, says:

"Of course I do not see the married women in this country as 'helpless, parasitical dependents.' That parasite idea is nonsense. There are more weak-kneed, dependent husbands than there are parasitical wives.

"It isn't the fault of the American women that she is marrying less frequently and unmarried more frequently. It's the fault of the American man. Once a rich man supposed himself to have the privileges of a Red Rover. He believed that all he had to do was to throw his handkerchief at a woman, or slap her on the cheek and she would humbly and thankfully become his wife. Now that sort of man merely bores a woman. And she's not going to pretend that she doesn't.

"The modern wife wants a husband who has read Brieux and Arthur Schnitzler. She wants him to know the paintings of Matisse. She looks for a cultivated taste in music, an interest in chamber concerts. For the woman of today is caught in all the cultural currents, all the new social movements. I believe, indeed, that she is more responsive to them than the men."

Going Down.
"The last time I saw you you were all lit up over the fact that you had been let in on the ground floor on a big proposition."
"Well?"
"And now you are looking all broken up. What's the matter?"
"The elevator has already come up and I stepped into the elevator shaft."

GERMANY'S ARCADIA

Mediaeval Rothenburg is an ideal Teutonic City.

A Place Where All Men Are Rich, All Women Virtuous and All Children Happy—Europe's Oldest and Newest Town.

Berlin. — Mediaeval Rothenburg, perched high above the deep blue Tauben, in Germany's Arcadia. It is the place where all men are (relatively) rich, all women virtuous, all children happy. It is at once Europe's oldest and newest town. Other towns with hoary pasts, narrow streets, picturesque gabled houses, gray fortress walls and damp dungeons compensate for their picturesque beauty by being socially backward; and when you ask them why the houses smell and the children are ragged, they say: "You can't expect everything." But Rothenburg is an exception. It is as old and as picturesque as Venice, and as tidy and progressive as brand new Berlin. No town equals it for antique loveliness, and no town has such good municipal institutions, such excellent drainage, such fat balances in the savings banks.

Rothenburg is a town of more than 8,000 inhabitants, some fifty miles southwest of famous Nuremberg. It is situated on a high plateau 200 feet above the river. The blue Tauben runs placidly beneath, and so beautiful is the view that the town's eight thousand contented inhabitants waste many precious hours gazing over the panorama. There are sixteenth century fortress walls; mediaeval, yellow streets and miraculously soft colors; a wonderful double Rathaus, part in thirteenth century Gothic, part in sixteenth century Renaissance. The Rathaus alone is a marvel. It has a torture chamber and dungeons where seven hundred years ago a mayor was done to death for treason. There are some innocuous industries; and the



Picturesque Rothenburg.

municipality owns the neighboring Wildbad iron and sulphur spa.

Once Rothenburg was a great city with an independent position as "Reichstadt" in the Holy Roman empire. It was captured by Tilly in 1631 and was saved from being sacked by a cup of wine presented to the conqueror by the burgo-master. Now every Whit Monday, in the great hall—the "Kaisersaal"—of the wonderful town hall there is enacted by the inhabitants a folk play called "Der Meistertrunk"—the Master Drink—which commemorates this historical event.

Under the name of Rotinbure the place is first mentioned in history. That was early in the ninth century and it was then the residence of the Duke of Franconia. It became a town in 942 and in 1172 a free imperial city. The height of its prosperity was reached under its most famous burgo-master, Heinrich Toppler, whose tomb is pointed out to every visitor to Rothenburg.

BABY COOS AS MOTHER DIES.

Engaged in Ironing, Woman, 27, Stagers and Collapses on Red-Hot Fireplace.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Mrs. Hattie Balcher, twenty-seven years old, was burned to death while her sixteen months old baby lay in its coach and gurgled with glee at the flames when a fat caused the woman to fall prostrate upon a red-hot stove.

The tragedy occurred in one of three rooms occupied by the Balchers in the basement of a dwelling at 113 North Florida avenue. The mother had cleared away the dinner dishes and resumed her ironing, when she staggered and collapsed, striking the stove and sending a shower of red-hot coals upon herself. Neighbors, who saw the smoke pouring from the basement windows, saved the laughing infant and summoned the firemen, who had to fight their way into the room where the charred body of the mother lay in a huddle on the floor.

Policemen picked her up tenderly, but the last spark of life died as she was placed in a patrol wagon for a thrilling dash to the city hospital.

Neighbors said Mrs. Balcher had not been in good health for some time. She was devoted to the infant, which laughed while she died.

Balcher, who is a coal cart driver, reached his stricken home after the police had left for the hospital. He whipped up his horses and drove at the best speed he could muster to the institution, only to be told that his wife was dead.



The Baking Powder Question Solved

—solved once for all by Calumet. For daily use in millions of kitchens has proved that Calumet is highest not only in quality but in leavening power as well—unfailing in results—pure to the extreme—and wonderfully economical in use. Ask your grocer. And try Calumet next bake day.



Santa Fe EXCURSIONS

Panhandle and Southwestern Stockmen's convention, Oklahoma City, March 3-5. Tickets on sale March 1-2-3, limit March 16, fare \$11.70 round trip.

Sixth National Corn Exposition, Dallas, February 5-24. Fare and one-fifth for round trip. Tickets on sale Feb. 9-23, limit Feb. 26.

Annual State Convention Y. M. C. A., Waxahachie, Feb. 20-22. Fare and one-third for round trip. Tickets on sale Feb. 18-19, limit Feb. 24.

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

Don't You Believe It.
Some say that chronic constipation cannot be cured. Don't you believe it Chamberlain's Tablets have cured others—why not you? Give them a trial. They cost only a quarter. For sale by all dealers.

The Best Cough Medicine.
"I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy ever since I have been keeping house," says L. C. Hames, of Marbury, Ala. "I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used. My children have all taken it and it works like a charm. For colds and whooping cough it is excellent." For sale by all dealers.

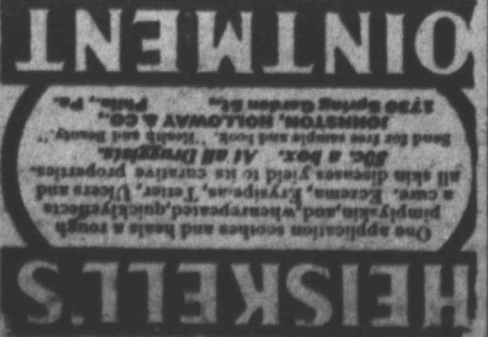
The Baptist Church.
Sunday school 10 a. m., W. P. Evans Supt., Sermon by the pastor at 11 a. m., Sanbeam band at 2:30 p. m., Miss Klittie Bea Burnett leader, Young People's Union at 6:30 p. m., May Horne Pres., Preaching by the pastor at 7:15 p. m., Prayer meeting at 7:30 Wednesday evening. Sermon Subject Sunday morning, "All Things in Christ's Hands", Evening, "The Soleum Cautions." You are cordially invited to attend all of these services and worship with us.
T. G. Netherton, Pastor.

Wayside Items.
After conducting the burial services of F. Lowery's two children last week, Rev. Sharp visited around Wayside the remainder of the week filling his appointments at Beula and Fairview Sunday.
An interesting program at Fairview Literary Saturday night.
Mrs. M. B. Wilson left Monday for her home near Newport. W. J. Sluder returned home Friday after a 10 days visit in Floydada.
W. R. Franklin and family moved to J. M. McGehees Friday.
The pupils of Wayside school had a most delightful time Friday when their valentine box was opened.
Claude Hamblen and wife have moved to the John Wallace place.

Methodist Minister Recommends Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.
Rev. James A. Lewis, Milaca, Minn., writes: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been a needed and welcome guest in our home for a number of years. I highly recommend it to my fellows as being a medicine worthy of trial in cases of colds, coughs and croup." Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a trial and we are confident you will find it very effectual and continue to use it as occasion requires for years to come, as many others have done. For sale by all dealers.

Citation by Publication.
The state of Texas, to the Sheriff or any Constable of Randall county, greeting:
You are hereby commanded to summon W. E. Lair by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your county, to appear at the next regular term of the Justice's court of precinct No. one Randall county, on the 2nd day of March A. D. 1914; then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 20th day of January A. D. 1914, in a suit numbered on the docket of said court No. 497, wherein Jno. T. Wiley is Plaintiff, and W. E. Lair is Defendant, and said petition alleging that W. E. Lair owed Jno. T. Wiley \$199.60 for rent of store house in Canyon, Texas, and that W. E. Lair is about to remove from said store house and praying for a distress warrant.
Herein fail not, but have you before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.
Witness, H. T. Shelnut, Justice of the Peace for precinct No. one, Randall county.
Given under my official signature, at office in Canyon, Texas, this 20th day of February A. D. 1914.
H. T. Shelnut, Justice of the Peace, Precinct No. 1, Randall County, Texas. 464
A true copy, I certify.
Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff Randall County, Texas.

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



A CONFESSION

Hopes Her Statement, Made Public, will Help Other Women.

Hines, Ala.—"I must confess," says Mrs. Eula Mae Reid, of this place, "that Cardui, the woman's tonic, has done me a great deal of good.
Before I commenced using Cardui, I would spit up everything I ate. I had a tired, sleepy feeling all the time, and was irregular. I could hardly drag around, and would have severe headaches continuously.
Since taking Cardui, I have entirely quit spitting up what I eat. Everything seems to digest all right, and I have gained 10 pounds in weight.
If you are a victim of any of the numerous ills so common to your sex, it is wrong to suffer.
For half a century, Cardui has been relieving just such ills, as is proved by the thousands of letters, similar to the above, which pour into our office, year by year.
Cardui is successful because it is composed of ingredients which act specifically on the womanly constitution, and helps build the weakened organs back to health and strength.
Cardui has helped others, and will help you, too. Get a bottle today. You won't regret it. Your druggist sells it.
Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for 25-cent instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, NC 120

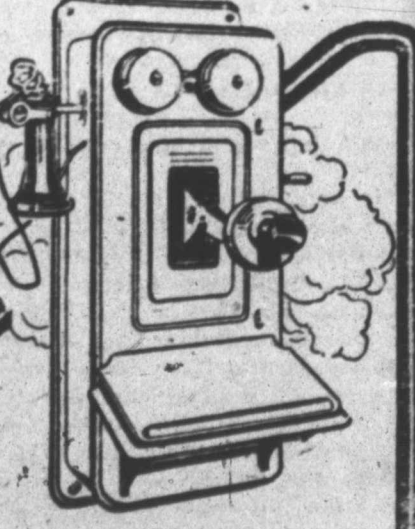
8% Money
On Improved Farms. No Commission Charged For Placing Loans
C. P. Hutchings
AMARILLO, TEXAS

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

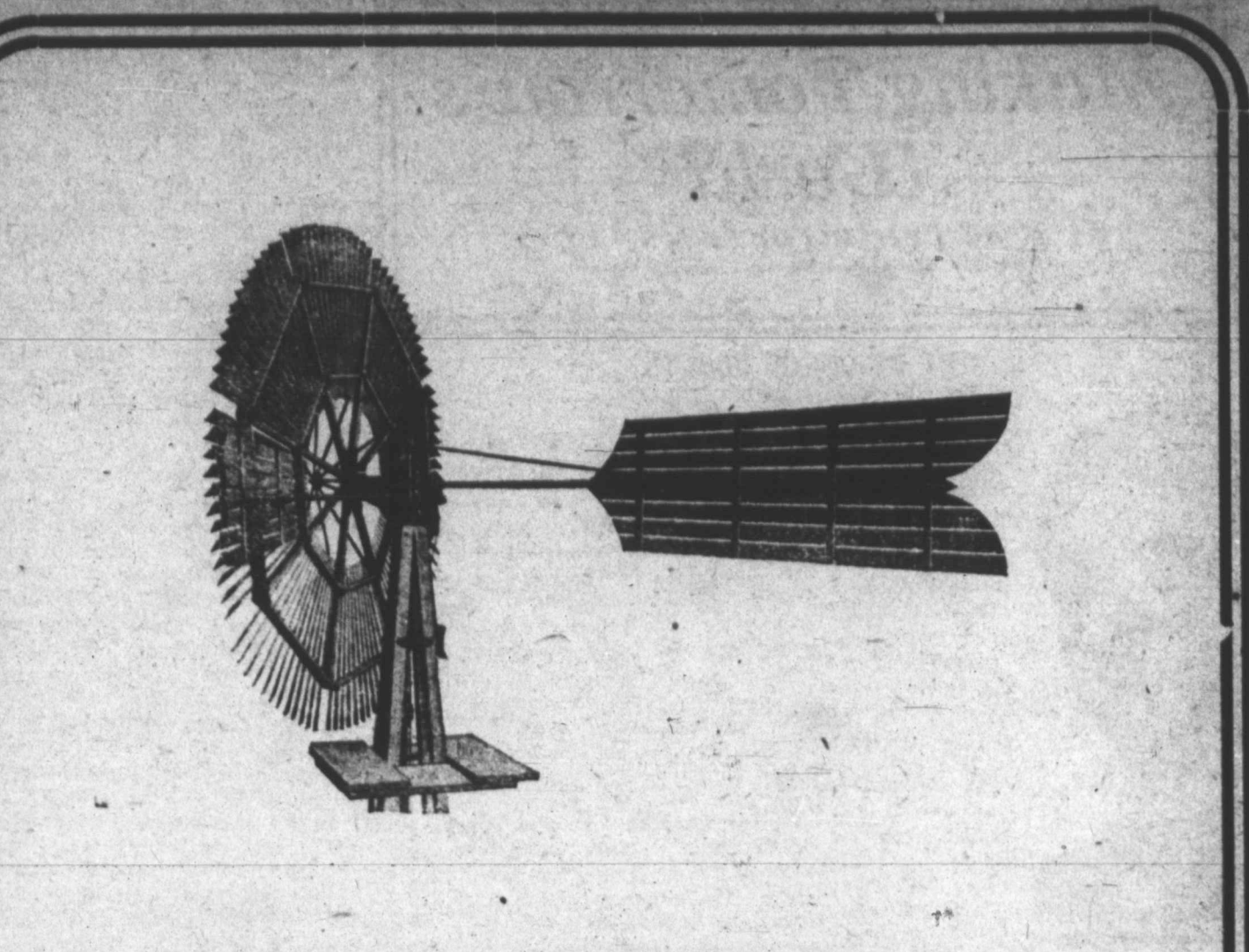
It is easy to clean furniture of dust with V-AVA.

TWO HOME WOMEN TALKED ABOUT HAIR

Two women met in our store the other day, when one of them said:
"My, how pretty your hair looks! What have you been doing to it?"
"Why, I have been using Harmony Hair Beautifier for the past two weeks," was the reply.
"Why, indeed!" replied the first woman, "that is just what I am using. Isn't it great, and don't you think my hair shows a lot of improvement?"
Harmony Hair Beautifier is becoming all the rage among both men and women who are particular in the care of their hair. It is just what it is named—a hair beautifier. It seems to polish and burnish the hair, making it glossy, silky-soft, and more easy to put up in graceful, wavy folds that "stay put." Contains no oil, and will not change color of hair or darken it. Simply sprinkle a little on your hair each time before brushing it.
To keep your hair and scalp dandruff-free and clean, use Harmony Shampoo. This liquid shampoo gives an instantaneous rich, foaming lather that immediately penetrates to every part of the hair and scalp, insuring a quick and thorough cleansing. It is washed off just as quickly, the entire operation taking only a few moments. Harmony Hair Beautifier, \$1.00. Harmony Shampoo, 50c. Both guaranteed to satisfy you in every way, or your money back. Sold only at the more than 7,000 Rexall Stores, and in this town only by us.
—City Pharmacy, Canyon, Tex.



THE MODERN WEATHER PROPHECY
Recollect last spring when that late frost struck your orchards and produce? You'd have given a mint to have had fair warning.
A Rural Bell Telephone will summon help when frosts threaten, besides being profitable in countless other ways. Our nearest Manager will cheerfully furnish information or write to:
THE Southwestern Telegraph and Telephone Co.
DALLAS, TEXAS



Eclipse Windmill
THE OLD RELIABLE STANDBY

which has long been tested and always can be depended on and is well known to be the longest lived and most substantial windmill on the market. Carried in stock, sizes 8 1-2 to 16 feet. Our stock of Pipe, Casing, Cylinders, Pump rods and all kinds of water supplies is complete.

Thompson Hardware Company

Farmers' Business

We give particular attention to the business of farmers.
A checking account with a bank is a convenience no farmer should be without.
Our savings department is another excellent feature, affording, as it does, the privilege of withdrawals, together with the advantage of interest on your funds.
Our commodious offices always at the disposal of our customers.
We cordially invite the farmers to make this their Banking Home.

The First National Bank of Canyon

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

DR. PRICES' CREAM Baking Powder

Is a protection and guarantee against alum which is found in the low priced baking powders.

To be on the safe side when buying baking powder, examine the label and take only a brand shown to be made from Cream of Tartar.

Miss Sallie Hill was in Amarillo Sunday.

Miss Luna Hichcock of Amarillo is visiting her sister Mrs. Chapman this week.

C. R. McAfee left Sunday for Dallas on a 10 days business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Henderson of Amarillo are visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Chapman this week.

O'Cedar mops, \$1.00 and \$1.50. O'Cedar polish and O'Cedar dust cloths. Thompson Hardware Company. It

Miss Lucile Cummings left Tuesday for Amarillo where she will visit her mother.

Rev. M. E. Hawkins of Canadian was in the city Tuesday.

Mrs. W. A. Bennett and daughter of Amarillo were in the city Tuesday.

Mrs. C. Copeland and her daughter visited at the Mrs. M. S. Gatewood home Sunday and Monday.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid will give a bake sale Sat. 21 at the old Furniture Bldg. It

Mrs. T. E. Durham of Mobeetie visited from Saturday until Wednesday at the Rev. Haynes home.

Mr. and Mrs. Welton Winn left Tuesday for Okla., where she will take treatment.

CONSTIPATION MAY CAUSE APPENDICITIS

It Pays to Be Watchful and Careful.

Dodson's Liver Tone is Recommended and Guaranteed.

In a number of cases it has seemed that appendicitis has resulted from chronic constipation. Hence it is well to be careful and keep the system in as good working order as possible, for if you never suffer from constipation you are likely to lessen your liability to other complications and troubles.

But that does not mean that it is wise for you to use calomel, a poison that stays in the system and often leaves bad effects behind it, even after you may have appeared to be benefited temporarily. As a matter of fact, calomel is exceedingly dangerous to many people, perhaps to you. So it is just as well not to take chances.

For constipation, biliousness, liver complaint, sick headache, etc., Dodson's Liver Tone is guaranteed by Holland Drug Co., who will cheerfully refund purchase price (50c.) instantly to you in the event that it fails to give complete satisfaction.

Dodson's Liver Tone is a vegetable liquid, perfectly harmless, easy to take and highly effective without pain, ache or gripe and leaving no bad after-effects. It assists nature and builds you up instead of weakening you. So many people have been immensely benefited by this good remedy that it's worth your looking into at once. Make no mistake—ask for Dodson's Liver Tone.

(Advertisement)

G. W. Yates was an Amarillo caller Monday.

J. A. Wilson was in Amarillo Monday on business.

I have the agency for the California Perfume Co. Phone your orders, No. 216. Mrs. C. I. Wiggins. It

Come to Canyon to live.

SOMETIMES NEED ISOLATION

Best of Human Qualities Frequently Come to the Front Under Such Circumstances.

Many great human qualities come to their best in a life of comparative isolation. A big tree, an oak or an elm, standing out in an open field has a toughness of fiber, a spread-of boughs and roundness of shape that are never seen in a tree that stands in the woods. So people get individually by being much alone. They become self-reliant, more relying on themselves. They gain clear opinions by thinking things over, and thinking them out to their necessary conclusion. They acquire inflexibility of purpose by facing obstacles and conquering them. The pioneers of our country and the fathers of the republic were such men. The projects of great undertakings carried through triumphantly have acquired their power in this way. The country is the natural nursery of such qualities. People are wanted on the farms to raise corn and grow stock for the markets; but they are wanted there far more for the training of manhood and womanhood in moral worth, in religious sensibility, in all the traits of a strong, upright personality. In the future as never heretofore, our cities, with their multiplying wealth and lavish luxury, are likely to need the country for that steady renewal of their better life which shall keep them from relaxing into sensuality and sinking into decay.

RELIC OF PREHISTORIC AGE

Discovery in Germany Has Aroused Antiquarians in All Parts of the World.

The bones of a monster believed to be 20,000 years old were recently discovered in the garden of a mansion at Perivale, near Ealing, Germany. This recent find has led to the belief that a skull of curious formation, unearthed twelve years ago, is that of a rhinoceros of the Pleistocene period, and probably about 20,000 years old. Authorities have pronounced the head to be that of a prehistoric monster. When the excavations were made there were also discovered parts of a Roman wall, several human skulls, coins and spears. The rhinoceros' skull was found underneath a shed which has been standing for 300 years, and the foundations of which consisted of concrete to a considerable depth. It was in the course of removing this concrete and digging some yards below that the discovery was made. As little importance was attached to it, the skull was given to the gardener, who handed it over to his children as a plaything. The lower jaw, teeth, and legs of the animal have now been found. The skull itself is about 36 inches in length, and seems to be water worn. The leg bones are short and thick, and this goes to support the theory that the animal was a rhinoceros.

For Sale—Six Polled (natural muley) Hereford bulls, 7 to 10 months old. Horns are a nuisance and must go. Present and future demand is for hornless cattle. Polled Herefords are the ideal beef breed. Better see these bulls or write me for prices. Welton Winn, Canyon, Texas. It

Come to Canyon to live.

Wakefield-Walker Wedding.

A quiet wedding was solemnized at the Baptist parsonage in Canyon on Feb. 14, at 7:30 p. m. when Miss Annie Wakefield was married to G. D. Walker of Happy. The bride was becomingly gowned in light blue, silk with hat to match, while the groom wore the conventional black. The bride is one of Canyon's popular young ladies and brings to her husband's happy home those rare womanly graces which will insure a happy home.

The groom came to the Happy neighborhood five years ago from Mo., and has made many friends.

After the ceremony the bridal party went to the bride's home where an elegant supper was served to the special friends of the young couple.

The couple were dined at Tulia the next day at the W. W. Stephenson home, returning to a 6 o'clock dinner at the J. M. Evans home. On Monday night their friends gathered at their home and gave them a reception, serving cake, fruit salad, cream, chocolate and grape juice. Many costly presents of silver and other useful articles, attest the high regard in which the young couple are held in the community. Their many friends unite in wishing them a happy voyage on life's sea.

A Friend.

Peculiar After Effects of Grip This Year

Leaves Kidneys in Weakened Condition.

Doctors in all parts of the country have been kept busy with the epidemic of grip which has visited so many homes. The symptoms of grip this year are often very distressing and leave the system in a run down condition, particularly the kidneys which seem to suffer most, as almost every victim complains of lame back and urinary troubles which should not be neglected, as these danger signals often lead to dangerous kidney troubles. Druggists report a large sale on Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root which so many people say soon heals and strengthens the kidneys after an attack of grip. Swamp-Root is a kidney, liver and bladder remedy, and being an herbal compound, has a gentle healing effect on the kidneys, which is almost immediately noticed in most cases by those who try it. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., offer to send a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root, on receipt of ten cents, to every sufferer who requests it. A trial will convince any one who may be in need of it. Regular size bottles 50cts. and \$1.00. For sale by all druggists. Be sure to mention this paper.

(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.

For Sale—Black German millet seed \$1.00 per bushel. W. H. Russell, Canyon. 48p5

For Sale—Five healthy Poland China shoats, six months old. W. E. Bates. It

For Sale—Mules. T. C. Jennings. 48p2

For Sale or Trade—Have a 50 horse power, 7 passenger car, used, condition of motor and entire car good. E. A. Caldwell, Amarillo. 47t2

Trees—Black Locust, 7 to 8 feet and straight. \$25.00 per 100. See J. W. Turner, Umbarger, Texas. 46t4

Lost—About January 23. A Parker fountain pen, barrel incased in pearl with gold bands, cap tipped with pearl stopper. \$2.00 reward. Jesse T. Smyth. 26p8

A good heavy two horse buggy and harness for sale. J. B. Younger. It

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

V-AVA at the News office.

Miss Winnie Reid spent from Saturday until Tuesday in Hereford.

Judge J. N. Haney was in Amarillo on business Friday.

Brent Taylor was in Amarillo Friday on business.

Mesdames Harry Howell and Bob Pipkin were Amarillo callers Saturday.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid will give a bake sale Sat. 21, at the old Furniture Bldg. It

Mrs. Edith Howell of Canadian is visiting her sister, Mrs. D. A. Park.

Miss Ruby Adams of Amarillo visited this week with Mrs. T. V. Reeves.

Oscar Gamble returned Saturday from St. Louis where he spent two weeks at market.

Let C. P. Shelnett plow your garden. 48t4

Mrs. S. L. Ingham was called to Iowa Monday by the illness of her father.

Joe Foster left Saturday for St. Louis to buy goods for the Leader.

S. L. Downing was in Amarillo Monday.

N. Schee left Monday for Des Moines, Iowa, on account of his wife's illness.

Rev. J. R. Sharp of Tulia spent Wednesday night with Rev. Haynes.

W. W. Trimble returned last week to Lubbock.

GIVE THAT PUNY CHILD THIS GUARANTEED REMEDY

If your child is under-weight, listless, ailing, liable to get sick easily, it needs a medicine to build its weight and strength. For this purpose there is nothing else we know of that we can so strongly endorse as Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion. The remarkable success of this splendid medicine is due to the fact that it contains ingredients that tone the nerves, enrich the blood and furnish to the entire system the strength, weight and health-building substances it needs. And, it does all this without injuring the stomach. In fact, Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion is not only pleasant to take, but even the most sensitive stomach is benefited by it, and the digestion improved. On the other hand, it contains no alcohol or habit-forming drugs, which most parents object to giving their children. It does its good work by taking hold of the weakness and builds the body up to its natural strength, at the same time making it strong to resist disease.

If Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion doesn't build your child up, feed the stunted, puny muscles, and make the little one lively, strong, well, and full of the animal spirits children are meant by nature to have, come back and tell us and get your money back. We don't want you to lose a cent. We think this is no more than fair, and it leaves you no cause to hesitate. For old people also—for convalescents—for all who are nervous, tired-out, run-down, no matter what the cause—we offer Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion with the same guarantee of entire satisfaction or money back. Sold only at the 7,000 Rexall Stores, and in this town only by us. \$1.00.

—City Pharmacy, Canyon, Tex.

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.

JNO. W. VEALE.
JAMES N. BROWNING.

For District Attorney.

HENRY S. BISHOP.
A. S. ROLLINS.

For County Judge.

C. E. COSS.

For Sheriff and Tax Collector.

WORTH A. JENNINGS.

For County Clerk.

C. N. HARRISON.
T. V. (Vince) REEVES.
JOHN W. BATES.

For Assessor.

J. C. BLACK.
G. G. FOSTER.
J. A. TATE.

For Treasurer.

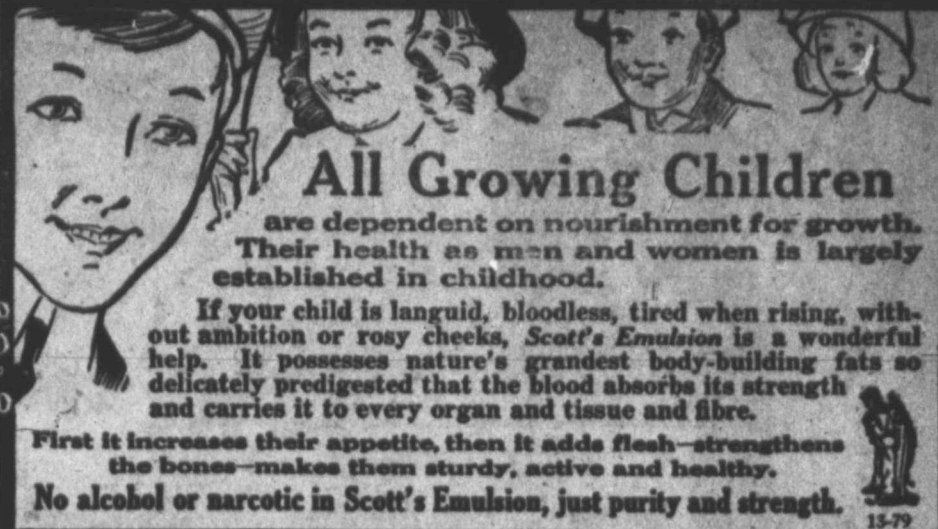
W. T. GARRETT.

All Growing Children
are dependent on nourishment for growth. Their health as men and women is largely established in childhood.

If your child is languid, bloodless, tired when rising, without ambition or rosy cheeks, Scott's Emulsion is a wonderful help. It possesses nature's grandest body-building fats so delicately predigested that the blood absorbs its strength and carries it to every organ and tissue and fibre.

First it increases their appetite, then it adds flesh—strengthens the bones—makes them sturdy, active and healthy.

No alcohol or narcotic in Scott's Emulsion, just purity and strength.



Better Highway Talk.

By Homer D. Wade, Stamford, Secretary, Texas Good Roads Association

Bad roads are ear-marks of indolence, carelessness and cussedness.

The farmer's son gets his first lesson in profanity on the bad road.

Good roads are of equal importance to the producer, consumer and transporter.

Civilization follows the flag, but prosperity and education follow improved highways.

The question of better roads is one that affects both the fireside and the counting house.

The good roads problem is not only an economic one, but a moral and educational one as well.

Good roads are not competitors of railroads and interurbans, they make business better for both.

Utilize Spare Moments in Beautifying The Home

By Mrs. E. P. Turner, Chairman Homes and schools, Texas Farm Life Commission.

In idle moments when work is slack and time hangs heavily, the whole family should devote its efforts to beautifying the yard and cleaning up the premises.

Lots of times it gets too hot to work all day in the fields and the shade of the house beneath some tree affords a cool spot where spare time can be utilized in planting flowers and vines. Nothing adds to the beauty of a home as much as attractive gardens and shady walks, and these environments can be secured

with little effort or expense. A creeping vine alongside the house or on the veranda will not only prove attractive, but will keep the air cool within the house as well. A gravel walk from the house to the barn and to the front gate will add both looks and value to your property.

Mrs. John Elkins of Amarillo visited her sister Mrs. P. M. Wilson Friday and Saturday. Miss Bertren Wilson returned with her and visited until Tuesday.

T. C. Thompson was in Plainview from Thursday until Saturday on business.

Mesdames Hughes and Harbison were Amarillo callers Saturday.

Miss Dale Evans of Happy came in Friday and is visiting at the Wakefield home.

The housekeeper's best friend—V-AVA.

Miss Pearl Easlie left Friday for Shamrock where she will teach school.

Mr. and Mrs. Woods and family were in Amarillo Friday.

Ben Winkelman and Herb Miller were in Hereford Sunday.

C. E. Lockridge of Amarillo was in the city on business Saturday.

Mrs. W. S. Meyers was an Amarillo caller Saturday.

Miss Hazel Hawkins of Canadian is visiting at the D. A. Park home.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Keiser and daughter returned Thursday from California.

Grace Winder spent Sunday in Plainview.

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 Pa's, 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 Strengthening. No family should be without it. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50c

The Peerless Schubert Lady Quartette



The phenomenal range of voice used in their selections.

Normal Auditorium, February 21

FRAN

BY JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

(COPYRIGHT 1912 BOBBY-MERRILL CO.)

SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton, Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds his assistant conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs (thither) in search of him, laughs during the service and is asked to leave. Abbott Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work, and pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while talking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran tells Gregory she wants a home with him. Grace Noir, Gregory's private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory in agitation asks Grace to leave the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college and then deserted her. Fran is the child of that marriage. Gregory had married his present wife three years before the death of Fran's mother. Fran takes a liking to Mrs. Gregory. Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend who is dead. Fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her room. It is decided that Fran must go to school. Grace shows persistent interest in Gregory's story of his dead friend and hints that Fran may be an impostor. Fran declares that the secretary must go. Grace begins nagging tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory home, but Mrs. Gregory remains staunch in her friendship. Fran is ordered before Superintendent Ashton to be punished for insubordination in school. Chairman Clinton is present. The affair ends in Fran leaving the school in company of the two men to the amusement of the scandal-mongers of the town. Abbott, while taking a walk alone at midnight, finds Fran on a bridge telling her fortune by cards. She tells Abbott that she is the famous circus tamer, Fran Nonpareil. She tired of circus life and sought a home. Grace tells of seeing Fran come home after midnight with a man. She guesses part of the story and surprises the rest from Abbott.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"Oh," Grace exclaimed, disagreeably surprised. "I did not know that you play cards, Professor Ashton. Do you also attend the dances? Surely you haven't been dancing and playing cards very long?"

"Not for a great while," responded Abbott, with the obstinacy of a good conscience wrongfully accused.

"Only since Fran came, I am sure," she said, feeling him escaping. She looked at him with something like scorn, inspired by righteous indignation that such as he could be influenced by Fran. That look wrought havoc with the halo he had so long blazed at, as it swung above her head.

"Does that mean," he inquired, with a steady look, "that you imagine Fran has led me into bad habits?"

"I trust the habits are not fixed," rather contemptuously. "I hardly think you mean to desert the church, and lose your position at school, for the sake of—of that Fran."

"I hardly think so, either," returned Abbott. "And now I'd better go to my school work."

"Fran is imprudent," said Mrs. Gregory, in distress, "but her heart is pure gold. I don't know what all this means, but when I have had a talk with her—"

"Don't go, Professor Ashton," interposed Grace, as he started up, "until you advise me. Shall I tell Mr. Gregory? Or shall I conceal it on the assurances that it will never happen again?"

Abbott seated himself with sudden persuasiveness. "Conceal it, Miss Grace, conceal it!" he urged.

"If you will frankly explain what happened—here before Mrs. Gregory, so she can have the real truth, we will never betray the secret. But if you cannot tell everything, I shall feel it

unjust light. She isn't to be judged like other people."

"Oh," murmured Grace, "then you think there is more than one standard of right? I don't. There's one God and one right. No, I cannot consent; what might satisfy Mrs. Gregory might not seem best to me. No, professor, if you feel that you cannot explain what I saw, last night, I shall feel obliged to tell Mr. Gregory as soon as the choir practice ends."

"Didn't Fran refuse to tell?" Abbott temporized.

"Yes," was the skilful response; "but her reticence must have been to save you, for the girl never seems ashamed of anything she does. I imagine she hated to get you into trouble."

"Miss Grace, you have heard Mrs. Gregory say that she trusts me—and she is Fran's guardian. I ask you to do the same."

"I must consider my conscience," but her reticence must have been to save you, for the girl never seems ashamed of anything she does. I imagine she hated to get you into trouble."

"That answer closed all argument. You had better tell her," said Mrs. Gregory, "for she is determined to know."

"I was taking a walk to rest my mind," Abbott said slowly, proceeding as if he would have liked to fight his ground inch by inch, "and it was rather late. I was strolling about Littleburg. At last I found myself at the new bridge that leads to the camp-meeting grounds, when ahead of me, there was—I saw Fran. I was much surprised to find her out there, alone."

"I can understand that," said Grace quietly, "for I should have been surprised myself."

Mrs. Gregory turned upon Grace. "Let him go on!" she said with a flash that petrified the secretary.

"When I came up to the bridge, she was sitting there, with some cards—all alone. She had some superstition about trying fortunes on a new bridge at midnight, and that explains the lateness of the hour. So I persuaded her to come home, and that is all."

Mrs. Gregory breathed with relief. "What an odd little darling!" she murmured, smiling.

"What kind of fortune was she telling?" Grace asked.

"Whatever kind the new bridge would give her."

"Oh, then the cards stood for people, didn't they! And the card you dropped in the yard was your card, of course."

"Of course."

"And did Fran have a card to represent herself, perhaps?"

"I have told you the story," said Abbott, rising.

"That means she did. Then she wanted to know if you and she would—"

Mrs. Gregory, I have always felt that Fran has deceived us about her age! She is older than she pretends to be!"

"I believe this concludes our bargain," said Abbott, rising.

Mrs. Gregory was calm. "Miss Grace, Fran told me long ago that she is eighteen years old; she came as a little girl, because she thought we would take her in more readily, if we believed her a mere child."

"Does Mr. Gregory know that?"

"I haven't told him; I don't know whether Fran has or not."

"You haven't told him!" Grace was speechless. "You knew it, and haven't told him? What ought I to do?"

"You ought to keep your promise," Abbott retorted hotly.

"Sitting on that bridge at midnight, alone, telling people's fortunes by cards. . . . Professor Ashton—Mrs. Gregory!" Grace exclaimed, with one of those flashes of inspiration peculiar to her sex, "that Fran is a show-girl!"

Mrs. Gregory rose, and spoke through her mother's ear-trumpet. "Shall we go home, now?"

"That Fran," repeated Grace, "is a show-girl! She is eighteen or nineteen years old, and she is a show-girl!"

"Wouldn't it be best for you to ask her?"

"Ask her? Her? No, I ask you!"

"Let me push the chair," said Abbott, stepping to Mrs. Gregory's side. He read in the troubled face that she had known this secret, also.

The secretary gazed at him with a far-away look, hardly conscious that he was heating retreat, so absorbed was she in this revelation. It would be necessary for some one to go to Springfield to make investigations. Grace had for ever alienated Abbott Ashton, but there was always Robert Clinton. He would obey her every wish; Robert Clinton should go. And when Robert had returned with a full history of Hamilton Gregory's school-days at Springfield, and those of Gregory's intimate friends, Fran, with the proofs of her conspiracy spread before her, should be driven forth, never again to darken the home of the philanthropist.

CHAPTER XIII.

Alliance With Abbott.

For the most part, that was a silent walk to Hamilton Gregory's. Abbott Ashton pushed the wheel-chair, and it was only Mrs. Jefferson, ignorant of what had taken place, who commented on the bright moon, and the relief of rose-scented breezes after the musty auditorium of Walnut Street church.

"They were bent and determined on Fran going to choir practice," the old lady told Abbott, "so Lucy and I went along to encourage her, for they say she has a fine voice, and they want all the good singing they can have at Uncle Tobe Fuller's funeral. I despise big dolings at funerals, but I expect to go, and as I can't hear the solos, nor the preacher working up feelings, all I'll have to do will be to sit and look at the coffin."

"Mother," said Mrs. Gregory, "you are not cheerful tonight."

"No," the other responded, "I think it's from sitting so long by the Whited Sepulcher."

Mrs. Gregory spoke into the tram-



Fran Set Her Back Against the Fence and Looked at Him Darkly.

pet, with real distress—"Mother, mother! Abbott won't understand you; he doesn't know you are using a figure of speech."

"Yes," said the old lady, "number thirteen, if there's anything unlucky in figures."

Abbott effected diversion. "Mrs. Gregory, I'm glad Miss Noir agreed to say nothing about her discoveries, for the only harm in them is what people might imagine. I was pretty uneasy, at first, of course I knew that if she felt she ought to tell it, she would. I never knew anybody so conscientious."

There was a pause, then Mrs. Gregory responded, "She will not tell."

Abbott had seen them safely into the house, and had reached the gate on his departure, when Fran came running up. In pleased surprise he opened the gate for her, but she stopped in the outside shadow, and he paused within the yard.

"Fran!" he exclaimed with pleasure. "Is the practice ended?"

She made no response.

"Fran, what's the matter?"

Silence.

Abbott was both perplexed and hurt. "Remember what we said on the new bridge," he urged; "we're friends while we're together and after we part!"

"Somebody ought to burn that new bridge," said Fran, in a muffled tone; "it's no good making wishes come true."

"Why do you say that? Aren't we the best of friends?"

Fran collected herself, and spoke with cool distinctness: "I have a pretty hard fight, Mr. Ashton, and it's necessary to know who's on my side, and who isn't. I may not come out ahead; but I'm not going to lose out from taking a foe for a friend."

"Which you will kindly explain?"

"You are Grace Noir's friend—that explains it."

"I am your friend, too, Fran."

"My friend; too!" she echoed bitterly. "Oh, thanks—also!"

Abbott came through the gate, and tried to read her face. "Does the fact that I am her friend condemn me?"

"No—just classifies you. You couldn't be her friend if you were not a mirror in which she sees herself; her conscience is so sure, that she hasn't use for anything but a faithful reflector of her opinions."

"Her friends are mere puppets, it appears," Abbott said, smiling. "But that's rather to her credit, isn't it?"

Would you mind to explain your imagination of her character?"

His jesting tone made her impatient. "I don't think her character has ever had a chance to develop; she's too fixed on thinking herself what she isn't. Her opinion of what she ought to be is so sure, that she has never discovered what she really is. And you can't possibly hold a secret from her, if you're her friend; she takes it from you as one snatches a toy from a little child."

"Abbott was still amused. "Has she emptied me of all she wants?"

"Yes. You have given her strong weapons against me, and you may be sure she'll use them to her advantage."

"Fran, step back into the light—let me see your face; are you in earnest? Your eyes are smoldering—Oh, Fran, those eyes! What weapons have I given her?"

Fran set her back against the fence, and looked at him darkly. "The secret of my age, and the secret of my past."

"I told her neither."

"As soon as you and Mrs. Gregory wheeled away Mrs. Jefferson," said Fran, "I went right down from the choir loft, and straight over to her. I looked her in the eye, and I asked what you had been telling about me. Why, you told her everything, even that I was trying to find out whether you and I would ever get married! I might as well say it, it came out enough from her—and you told! Nobody else knew. And you dropped your King of Hearts over the fence—you told her that! And when we were standing there at the gate, you even tried—but no, I'll leave you and Miss Grace to discuss such subjects. Here we are at the same gate, but I guess there's not much danger, now!"

"Fran!" cried Abbott, with burning cheeks, "I didn't tell her, upon my honor I didn't. I had to admit dropping the card, to keep her from thinking you out here at midnight with a stranger. She saw us in the shadow, and guessed—that other. I didn't tell her anything about your age. I didn't mention the carnival company."

Fran's concentrated tones grew milder. "But Mrs. Gregory has known about the show all this time. She would die before she'd tell on me."

"I never told, Fran. I'm not going to say that again; but you shall believe me."

"Of course, Abbott. But it just proves what I said, about her emptying her friends, about taking their secrets from them even without their knowing she's doing it. I said to her, sharp and quick, 'What have you been saying about me, Miss Noir?' She said—I understand from Professor Ashton that you are not a young girl at all, but a masquerader of at least eighteen years." I answered—"Being a masquerader of at least thirty-five, you should have found that out, yourself. I hardly think she's thirty-five; it wasn't a fair blow, but you have to fight Indians in the brush. Then your friend said, 'Professor Ashton informs me that you are a circus-girl. Don't you think you've strayed too far from the tent?' she asked. I said—"Oh, I brought the show with me; Professor Ashton is my advance advertising agent." Then she said that if I'd leave, Mr. Gregory need never know

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QUICK WIT PREVENTS PANIC

Natural Aptitude to Grasp a Situation Turned to Good Account on Stage.

Natural aptitude to grasp a situation has been turned to account more than once on the stage, and, in one case, if the veracity of a favorite comedian goes for anything, it saved a panic and possible loss of life.

"We were playing one-night stands," said he, "in Kansas during the terrible period of cyclones, and found ourselves in a large, dilapidated building, called, by courtesy, a theater."

The low comedian was on the stage in the part of a drunken husband receiving a vigorous lecture from his wife. "Madam," he had just observed, "if you keep on you'll talk the roof off," when there was a roar heard, followed by a tremendous crash, the building swaying like a tree in a storm. Everybody jumped to their feet, for they saw the roof about to be carried away. They were about to turn and make one dash for the exits, when the comedian, coming

down to the footlights, looked up into the air, and, quick as a flash, turned to the lady, and said: "There, what did I tell you?"

"The audience howled with laughter, and the quick-witted comedian was undoubtedly the means of preventing a serious calamity."

St. Kildan Parliament.

One feature of St. Kildan life would have appeared strongly to Doctor Johnson if he had carried out his intention of spending a winter on the island. The men of St. Kilda, writes John Sands, "are in the habit of congregating in front of one of the houses almost every morning for the discussion of business. I called this assembly the parliament, and, with a laugh, they adopted the name. When the subject is exciting they talk with loud voices and all at one time, but when the question is one settled they work together in perfect harmony. Shall we go to catch solan-gasses, or ling, or mend the boat today? Such are some examples of the questions that occupy the house. Sometimes disputes are settled by drawing lots."

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SPEED DUE TO KISSING GIRL

"Ah, Those Beautiful Lips!" He Exclaims Before Judge, and Companion Calls Policeman "Horrid."

New York.—Armond Schmoil, a handsome youth, was assessed \$25 by Magistrate Corrigan for the city's benefit for kissing a young person he described as his "best girl" while driving a motor car at 40 miles an hour.

Policeman Haggerty ran Schmoil down on Broadway.

"Ah," said the young man, who said he was a citizen of France, "if I was going too fast I am all regret. I did not know."

"But why did you go so fast?" asked the policeman.

"There was an opportunity to kiss my best girl, who was beside me," said Schmoil. "My attention was on those most beautiful lips and I could not set my soul upon them with my eye on the indicator of speed."

The young woman said she thought less of Policeman Haggerty than of any other person or object in the world. She went so far as to call him a "horrid thing."

Was Too Late to Vote.

Watertown, N. Y.—One month after election day, a farmer appeared at the polling place in Watertown and inquired where he should vote. He was bewildered when informed he was thirty days late.

THE LIGHT CHINESE PLOW

Made Entirely of Wood Except for Peculiar Shaped "Share" Which is Iron.

London.—Here is a snapshot of a village scene in South China. The village is near the coast, and consequently most of the men find employment in fishing, while the women cultivate the land, the crops grown consisting chiefly of rice and sweet potatoes. The woman in the foreground of the photograph is carrying on her shoulder a plough of the kind universally used in the district. It is made entirely of wood except for the peculiar-shaped "share," which is of iron.



Chinese Women With a Light Plow.

and it is usually transported from place to place in the manner shown. In use it is drawn by one of the native cattle or by a water-buffalo. The other woman holds in her hand a hook of the kind used for cutting the long, coarse grass on the uncultivated hill-sides (there is much of this done), and across her shoulder she has a carrying pole. The head-dresses of both women are quaint and characteristic. What appears to be a rough crushing-mill is partly shown in a corner of the photograph. It consists merely of a circular slab of granite resting on another larger slab, which has a channel cut round its outer edge with a lipped outlet. A hole in the side of the upper slab is apparently intended for the insertion of a bar or hand-spike, by which it could be turned, while another hole, through its center, provides a means of ingress for the article to be crushed.

\$80,000 FOR STAMP ALBUMS

Late Earl of Crawford's British Collection Sold in London Includes Rarest of Specimens.

London.—The late earl of Crawford's collection of British stamps was sold for \$80,000. The purchasers are Edward Healey & Co. of London. The sale of the British stamps from this philatelic collection leaves in the possession of the Crawford family only the American stamps collected by the late earl. All his other stamps were sold in 1912. They included some of the rarest specimens extant and filled 60 volumes. The price paid for them was not made public.

The late earl of Crawford, who died in February last, was elected president of the Philatelic Society of England on the accession to the throne of King George, who is an enthusiastic philatelist and was president of the society for many years. It was announced at the time that the earl of Crawford's collection was second only to that of the king, who has been collecting since his boyhood.

Among the rare stamps of this country in the collection which apparently has not yet been disposed of are the provisional issues by postmasters between the years 1845 and 1847, prior to the earliest general issues by the American government. One of the stamps is the very rare 20-cent St. Louis specimen, with a picture of two bears. This stamp is valued at \$1,500. Another rarity is the Annapolis five-cent envelope stamp of 1846, the value of which is estimated also at \$1,500.



Sitting on That Bridge at Midnight Alone, Telling People's Fortunes.

my duty—I don't know how Mrs. Gregory feels about it—but I must tell Mr. Gregory."

"I would rather wait," said Mrs. Gregory, "and talk to Fran. She will promise me anything. I trust you, Abbott; I know you would never lead my little girl into wrong-doing. Leave it all to me. I will have a good talk with Fran."

"And," said Abbott eagerly, "if we both solemnly promise—"

Grace bit her lip. His "we" condemned him.

"I don't ask you to hide the affair on my account," he said, holding up his hand. "I don't want Fran put in an

ROSE MONARCH CONQUERED BY GREATER KING

God of Love Leads Herman Sielcken in Silken Chains to the Altar of Hymen.

QUICK, IMPETUOUS WOOING
SURPRISED HIS FRIENDS

Man of Many Millions Has Won the Heart and Hand of the Beautiful Widow, Clara Windroth, Daughter and Heiress of the Late Paul Isenberg, One of the Sugar Magnates of the Hawaiian Islands.

NEW YORK.—The Coffee King has found a consort. He has allied himself to the royal house of sugar. Almost you might say it is a marriage of commodities—some one hints at a trust—a new and subtle way of evading Uncle Sam's Sherman law. Perish the thought—the commodity phrase of the alliance is a poor coincidence. The coffee king—his name is Herman Sielcken—has felt Uncle Sam's teeth over that coffee valorization scheme of his. It is not so long ago that he was accused of the high crime of advancing the cost of the breakfast coffee of the American people one-quarter of a cent a cup. All to his own and Arbuckle's and Morgan's, and a lot of Brazilians' advantages. No more of it for him.

Besides, marriage and business are two different propositions—at least they are to a quite romantic person like Coffee King Sielcken, who only thinks of coffee and railways and high finance about eight months a year. The other third of his time he is a connoisseur of roses. A collector of rare blossoms, he has at Baden-Baden one of the loveliest of all rose gardens. And when he is not superintending the skillful art of his many gardeners he is being godfather and foster-father in general to the picturesque little German spa in which he spends his summers.

Well Called the Rose King. What interest could a princess of sugar—royal in her own right—have in a mere coffee king? There are so many commodity monarchs in America—monarchs of ice, of zinc, or salt, or coke, or of caramels. And all that most of them have is—just money. The princess has so many millions of her own that money is almost a vulgarity to her. But in Baden-Baden Herman Sielcken is a real rose-king, a gentleman bountiful, and he lords it in a palatial villa surrounded by delightful gardens. Why, then, drag in coffee?

Undoubtedly it was the romantic lover of roses, the Grand Seigneur of Baden-Baden, who attracted the beautiful Mrs. Clara Windroth, daughter and heiress to the late Paul Isenberg,



Herman Sielcken.

one of the sugar magnates of the Hawaiian Islands. She had come from Bremen, her home, to visit relatives at the Spa, and inevitably she was brought to visit Mariahalden, the villa of the roses. Perhaps nothing was more remote from her own ideas about her future than that she, a charming and graceful young widow—for she is just around the time of life at which Balzac says women are most fascinating—would then meet her fate in the person of a man nearly twice her own age.

Had Inside Track of Rivals. Yet that is exactly what happened. Herman Sielcken is actually sixty-five years of age, but he is remembered that one is only as old as one's arteries. The coffee king, or, more properly, the rose connoisseur, in feeling, in intensity, in vigor, in imagination is far younger than most men of forty. What chance then, had a widow (for Mrs. Windroth had been married and has two children, however courted and petted, and even pestered as she has been by all the young eligible of Bremen and even of Berlin and Munich, against a brilliant, fasci-



MRS. HERMAN SIELCKEN.

inating fellow of forty with all the acuteness and experience and will power of a man of sixty-five—magnificent, withal, and having the loveliest of all rose gardens to court her in?

Again one says: What chance? Of the wooing there is no record available—but what matters? Here is the triumphant Herman Sielcken back in New York with his bride, to whose eminent desirableness all eyes do homage, not so many months previously he had left his home at the Waldorf-Astoria, the suite he had singly and alone tenanted for so many long years, confirmed in his widowhood, he and his friends believed. And it may be that Mrs. Windroth was equally assured of a determination to devote her life to her children. What, then, could have altered conclusions so profound?

Paradise of Roses. Surely it was the enchantment of the rose garden. Let us look at it. It is framed by sub-alpine pastures, by the pine giants of the lower Black Forest. It looks down on the city of springs. Literally it is a sea of color. There are 20,000 rose bushes in 168 different varieties. There are high hedges and gergolas hung with roses. In the center is a bower on which they cluster in magnificent profusion. Can't you imagine the exquisite essence that all those blossoms exhale when the month of June and that good old gardener, the sun, has saturated the air with his nourishing warmth?

It is but a step from the rose garden to the lovely lake that spreads like a mirror under its frame of trees and all afloat with water lilies, or to the great conservatories to whose enrichment Brazil—where the owner of the rose garden has so many good friends—had contributed the rarest orchids.

Roses and orchids and a tree-embowered lake on which there are swans and water-lilies and an atmosphere vibrant with exquisite perfumes. It was a place for miracles, for romance, for the rekindling of love in bosoms whose fires they thought long dead.

One More to His List of Successes. Do you wonder now? Now will you be surprised that it was a quick, a vivid and impetuous wooing that no friend of Herman Sielcken—none of those who had seen his shrewd, keen, patient, calculating mind at work on problems of finance—would have dreamed him capable of? Such, however, is the influence of roses, when indeed all their color and fragrance are focused by the sly god to make a nimbus for some lovely lady. When the queen had succumbed to his ardor and had named the day, the shrewd Sielcken became his wary, humorous self again. One cannot, when one is grand seigneur of Baden-Baden, keep one's name out of the paper—but as little as possible about the wedding. Here was a chance to surprise certain New Yorkers who, having no imagination, thought the coffee king wedded to their own old fool game of money grubbing. With what his daring and resources had already won—why that coffee valorization affair was one of the biggest coups ever pulled off—two prodigious crops of coffee from the plantations of Brazil, threatening to swamp the world's markets and send the prices below cost to the ruin of the planters, and Sielcken to the rescue, had engaged seventy-five millions from the New York, London and German bankers, bought it all up and doled it out at prices higher than ever. Why, a man who could do that could do anything. And had he not crossed swords with the omnipotent E. H. Harriman in his prime and wrested from him control of the Kansas City South-

ern railway, which the magnate had commandeered as part of his Union Pacific system? And had he not made himself its president? Hadn't he come to America a mere German immigrant boy without a cent—why, he might be as great as Morgan if—well, if he'd go on. Of course he'd go on.

It was to get a rise out of these dodderers, his contemporaries, that young Sielcken kept down the news of his marriage to the barest announcement, and stole back to the Waldorf-Astoria and inscribed the register: "Herman Sielcken and wife."

Then he descended to his office on Wall street and invaded the coffee exchange, his throne room. Some one greeted him with:

"I never thought it of you, Sielcken, to marry."

"Well, I was lonely," replied the coffee king.—Magazine of the New York Sunday World.

WILL AGAIN STAND ERECT

According to Report, the "Ingenu Slouch" is Soon to Become a Thing of the Past.

Vague hints and whispers have come from Paris that the ingenu slouch, by whatever name it goes—the drooping figure—is doomed to pass the way of all the fashionable figures of the past. So the girl who has let her fine, straight back get curved and her broad, full chest get flat, must set about holding herself up again. You might as well be in the vanguard of the upright figure, even if you have just learned to carry off the fashionable slouch gracefully without suffocating yourself by contracting your chest.

At the time that the drooping figure first became fashionable some theatrical man dubbed it the "Ingenu slouch." It is said. It was adopted by all the chorus girls of Broadway and he had good opportunity to study it at first hand.

Doubtless some equally observant theatrical manager will find some good name for the upright figure, if it really does become fashionable. There is no telling what that name may be. But it will be descriptive, if it lives to be popular.

The only way to get any sort of figure, drooping or upright, is to practice holding your body in the required position. Most of us are born straight fortunately, and if we practice deep breathing we can expand our chests and force our lungs into their rightful grooves without much difficulty.

Activities of Women.

Wishing to encourage independence, Turkish women are now taking up aeroplaning.

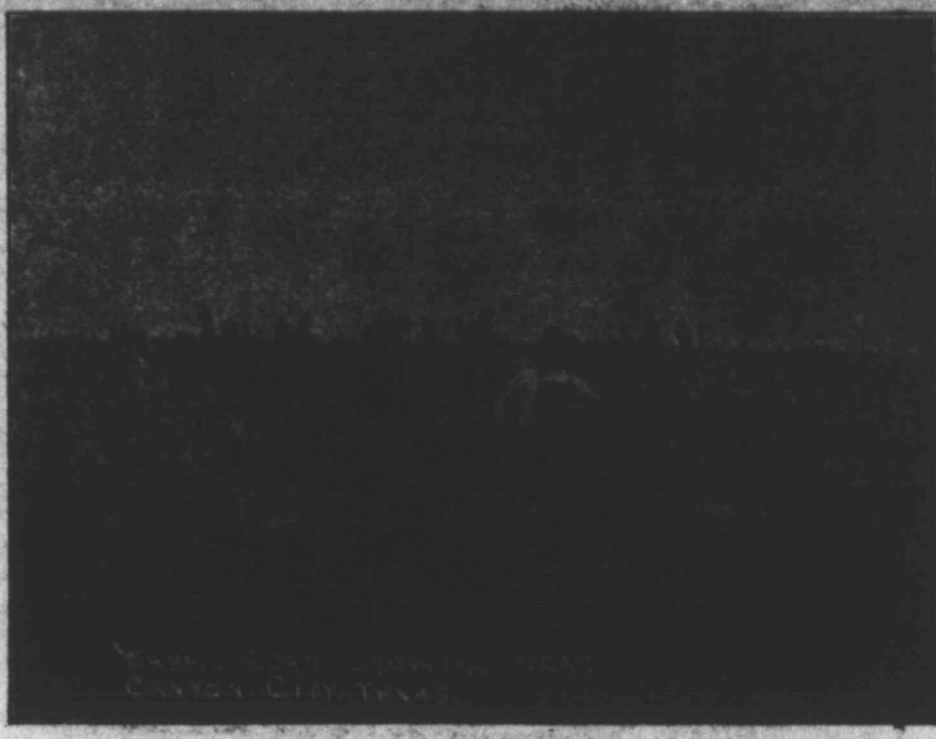
England has over 100,000 women and girls working in their own homes for wages.

Of the several thousands of women who work in New York city, 25,000 are married.

Japan has a Smith College club formed by graduates living in that country.

The wives of men who work for the New York Railways company will have passes now, having received them as a Thanksgiving present from Theodore Shonts, president of the company.

Miss Elizabeth Dinwiddie of New York manages 346 small dwellings owned by Trinity church in that city. She spends all of her time attending to the repairs of these houses, which shelter 1,800 families.



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.

One Heaping Teaspoonful

of Health Club Baking Powder will do all that you could expect any baking powder to do—no matter what its price.

For Pies, Biscuits, Cakes, Waffles or Muffins—for any kind of home baking in fact—you'll find Health Club to be the strongest, purest and most economical Baking Powder obtainable at any price.

Order a trial can today for tomorrow's baking—then judge.

Sold in 10c, 15c & 25c Cans
By all Good Grocers

Only One Cent A Can Out

City Building Notes.

By L. M. Ward, Sherman, President, Texas Commercial Executives' Association.

An empty jail is a valuable asset.

It must be either progressive or retrogressive, there is no middle ground of inactivity.

There are those who enjoy to occupy a front seat on the band wagon while their comrades lift the wheels out of the ruts.

If sanitation, housing and recreative conditions are made right, half the difficulty of securing industries is removed.

A farmer who drives six miles to town is as much a citizen of the community as the man who walks six blocks to his office.

If you desire to know whether your commercial organization is accomplishing results, ask the man in the adjoining town, he can tell you.

If you pay taxes in your community you are a member of a great corporation, the board of directors of which is your commercial organization.

Health is a most vital factor in community development, therefore activities looking to the improvement of sanitary conditions are of vital importance.

Back-shooting is a serious malady and has caused the downfall of many a city building organization. Concentration is the first law of successful accomplishment.

The man who is not an active member of the constructive organization of his community is doing himself and his community a great injustice and is unmindful of his opportunity.

Good Printing At Home

There is a false impression in the minds of a great many people that everything good is away off from where they eat their biscuits. They think if they were in California or Arkansas or somewhere else that the water would taste better; that they would be much happier.

We want to put a crimp in the idea that the business man has to go out of town to get good printing. We are ready at any time to make a close comparison with any printing, regardless of where it is printed, as to quality and workmanship.

If we can do the work as good and as cheap as the fellow that don't spend his cash in Canyon, then we are entitled to the work.—Randall County News.

There was a small fire at the Pipkin Grocery store Monday, caused by a defective fuel. Little damage was done by the fire, but the water caused some damage.

PERFECT CONFIDENCE

Canyon People Have Good Reason For Complete Reliance.

Do you know how—
To find relief from backache;
To correct distressing urinary ills;
To assist weak kidneys?
Your neighbors know the way—

Have used Doan's Kidney Pills;
Have proved their worth in many tests.

Here's Canyon testimony.

George Reynolds, grocer, Canyon, Texas, says: "For a long time I had pains in my back and sides and my kidneys became weak. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and was soon cured. Another of my family had still worse trouble and Doan's kidney Pills quickly cured that case. I consider Doan's Kidney Pills the best remedy for kidney complaint on the market." Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Reynolds had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

NEW GOODS

Our new spring goods are arriving daily and by the first of next week our stock will be almost complete.

We are especially proud of our line of SPING DRESS GOODS in CREPES VOILES, RATINES, and SILKS, in all the new shades.

Ask to see them.

New dresses, skirts, coats and suits will be in next week.

All we want is a chance to show you.



The Best

of everything is none too good for our store and our customers. Don't buy cheap goods that will disappoint you, but trade with us and get the best.

Holland Drug Company

"The Living and Leading Druggists"
Phone 90 Phone 90

Public Sale

On Saturday, February 28, 1914, I will sell at the L. C. Lair farm between the hours of 12 M. and 4 p. m. to the highest bidder for cash, the following property belonging to the L. C. Lair estate.

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| One team work mules 4 and 6 years old. | One farm truck |
| One 3 year old mule | One disc cultivator |
| Three mule colts | One shovel cultivator |
| Five good mares | One 3 disc gang plow |
| One bay horse 8 years old | One mouldboard gang plow |
| One milk cow and calf | One McCormick broadcast binder |
| One Eagle haypress | One buck rake |
| One McCormick mower and rake | One 4 section harrow |
| One farm wagon | Harness, Alfalfa seed, etc. |

S. B. LOFTON

Temporary Adm. L. C. Lair Estate

How is Your Boiler?

It has been stated that a man's stomach is his boiler, his body is his engine and his mouth the fire box. Is your boiler (stomach) in good working order or is it so weak that it will not stand a full load and not able to supply the needed energy to your engine (body)? If you have any trouble with your stomach Chamberlain's Tablets will do you good. They strengthen and invigorate the stomach and enable it to do its work naturally. Many very remarkable cures of stomach trouble have been effected by them. For sale by all dealers.

G. W. Falkenhagen and family left Monday for N. M., where they will make their home.

Misses Winnie Brown and Tommie Foster visited friends in Amarillo from Saturday until Tuesday.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, Etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Rev. F. M. Neal went to Winters Monday where he will assist his brother, Rev. J. M. Neal in a revival meeting.

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. 25c (Advertisement)

Dr. and Mrs. Price of Hereford was in the city Monday to attend the reception at the Normal.

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 sure Appetizer. For adults and children. 50c. (Advertisement)

Mrs. Albert Foster left Tuesday for Amarillo where she will join her husband. They will make this their home.

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)



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