





# WHAT FLAG DAY REALLY MEANS

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IT IS now 138 years since the United States of America was composed of 13 states, the greater number of which had a population of little more than that of the average city of today. Those 13 states have grown and multiplied until there are now 48 states, with a population of nearly 100,000,000 of the most virile and strongest race of men on earth. It has been demonstrated many times in the past century that the struggles of the patriots of 1776 were not in vain. The words "United States of America" are an inspiration and a help to the oppressed of all lands. The Union gleams out through the world as a gigantic monument of freedom, and the lowly and persecuted of all nations have their eyes turned toward America with the hope that some day they may reach the promised land.

The American flag is the oldest flag among the nations of today. It antedates even the present emblems of the ancient empires of China and Japan. The Star-Spangled Banner has a history unlike the flag of any other people. It is older than the present flag of Great Britain, which dates from 1801; it is older than the German empire standard of 1870; older than that of France—1794—or that of Spain—1785.

The first legislative action of which there is any record concerning the design and adoption of a national flag was taken in a resolution of congress at Philadelphia on June 14, 1775, but it was not until October or November of that year that a committee of three—Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Roger Sherman—met in the old city of Cambridge and entered upon their duties. After long deliberation, this committee adopted a design consisting of the king's colors—the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew—with 13 parallel horizontal stripes, alternate red and white. A most strange and unfortunate selection it would seem.

The flag was unfurled for the first time over the camp of the Continental army at Cambridge, on the 2nd day of January, 1776. When the ensign was first displayed at Cambridge, the British regulars assumed it was intended as an indication of submission by the 13 states to the king, whose speech had just been sent to the Americans. The comment of the British Register of 1776 on the new standard is interesting: "The rebels burned the king's speech and changed the flag from a plain banner to one bearing 13 stripes, as a symbol of the number and union of colonies."

Isabelle Worrell Ball is the woman who made the American flag her life's study. She is the daughter of a veteran of the Revolutionary war and the founder of Flag day, which is now observed all over the country. Her father was Capt. James P. Worrell, who served through the Civil war, and she numbers among her relatives many of the heroes of both wars. Many years ago Mrs. Ball became convinced that the real history of our flag was unknown. She determined to unravel the tangled skein, and give to posterity the true history and evolution of the American flag.

"It was suggested by early writers that George Washington's coat of arms was the model for our flag of today," said Mrs. Ball. "These statements are supported only by tradition and legend, as all my search has proved that Washington was not egotistical enough to present his coat of arms to the nation as a model for its flag. I have delved into history as far as it is possible to go. I have examined many manuscripts, and have separated tradition and legend from facts, and it is my belief that Washington never thought of his coat of arms as a model for the flag. In fact, there is grave doubt that Washington had anything to do with the designing of the flag at all."

"A sentence from one of Washington's own letters seems to me to clinch this statement. Sir Isaac Heard, an eminent writer of the early days, wrote to Washington concerning his coat of arms, which appears upon the doorway and mantels of the old Washington manor house in England. To this inquiry Washington replied on May 2, 1792:

"This is a subject to which I confess I have paid very little attention. The arms inclosed in your letter are the same that are used by the family here. As will be seen, this was a letter written a decade after the close of the Revolutionary war, and nearly two decades after the adoption of the Stars and Stripes by the congress of the United States. If Washington, at that late date, had paid little attention to his coat of arms, he certainly paid less in his younger days, and especially at a time when he was surrounded by enemies, malignantly persecuted by them, and was naturally deeply engrossed in the army and the preservation of the new-born nation. I do not find in all of Washington's writings a single allusion by him of any of his contemporaries that his coat of arms was used as a model for the flag."

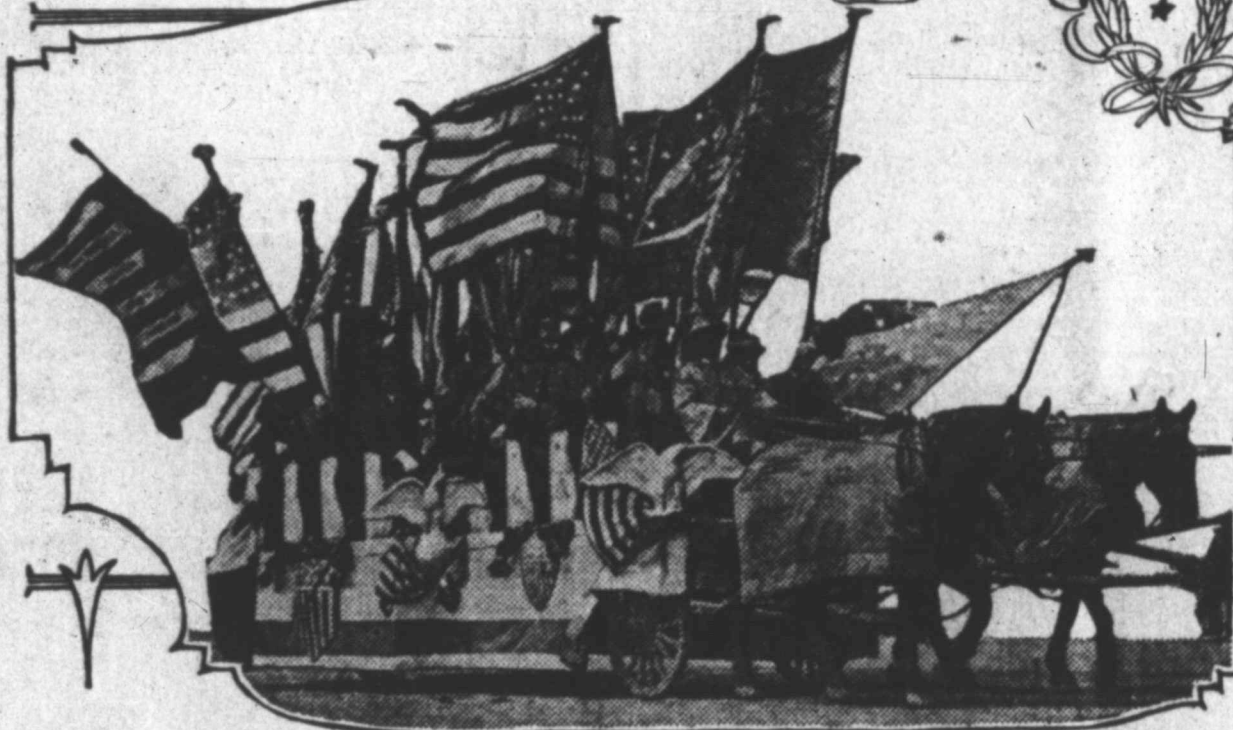
"The evolution of the flag was gradual and undoubtedly grew out of the desire of the people who had come to this country to get away from the tyranny of Old World monarchs. Of course, the first flag in this country was the red and yellow flag of old Spain, brought over by Columbus. The Cabots, with other discoverers of England, planted the cross of St. George up around Newfoundland. Pedro Reinal, for the Portuguese, planted the five-spotted blue flag of that then great maritime nation. Henry Hudson, coming here for the Dutch, brought the yellow, white and blue flag, under which he sailed up the Hudson river. This flag was the flag of the Dutch East India company. These may be considered the four discovery flags."

"England dominated the country, and the English colors were really the last as well as among the first to dominate the destinies of the evolving nation. The cross of St. George, with the added



CELEBRATING FLAG DAY

GLORY'S BANNER, FREEDOM'S PRECIOUS FLOWER



BATTLE SCARRED FLAGS

cross of St. Andrew, and later on with the cross of St. Patrick, was the very last flag to be supplanted by the Stars and Stripes.

"The people of America, with growing contempt for Old World flags, fabricated many of their own. Some of these were very odd, and without exception, all of them were very ugly. This was true until 1620, when the Mayflower carried the St. George's cross, but those stern old Puritans protested against the use of the cross upon the flag, believing it to be sacrilegious, and in every way they could, used other devices and designs, only to bring down upon themselves the wrath of the king's officers in the colonies. The first evidence of this was when a Mr. Endicott, mutinying against the cross, concluded to cut off one end of it. Roger Williams, for some reason, probably just to get a whack at one whom he disliked, complained of this. The king's officers took it up, and after a long discussion, decided that Mr. Endicott had been guilty of lese majeste, although that term was not known in those days. He was deposed from office and a penalty imposed that he should not hold office again for one year, thus putting an end to the flying of any flag other than that bearing the St. George cross."

"For a long time a plain red flag was carried by an organization called the Sons of Liberty. Following this was a blue flag with three crescents, another with two, and still another with one. Washington himself in 1775 suggested a white flag with a pine tree, and this is only another proof that the story of Washington's coat of arms was false: About 1775 a striped green and yellow flag was carried by one of the militia companies. In January, 1775, the first red and white-striped flag was adopted. This was known as the Cambridge flag, and consisted of 13 alternate red and white stripes, with the king's colors then consisting of St. Andrew's and St. George's crosses on a blue field."

"Later a Colonel Gadsden proposed to congress our first naval flag. This was a great big yellow flag, with a snake coiled up in the center. It hung over the head of the speaker for some years and then went out of existence. Following this came flags of red and blue stripes, and red and white stripes, each without a field, and each with snakes in them. There were pine tree flags galore. There were flags with badgers, flags with anchors; in fact, any old thing except a St. George's cross seemed acceptable to the colonists struggling for light in the darkness. In 1776 the Rhode Island colony adopted a flag of 12 white stars on a blue field. This is the very first time stars appeared in the flag."

"From the date of the Declaration of Independence and for a year or more afterward the colonies used almost everything that flies in the heavens or swims in the water or grows on land as a symbol for their flag. Finally, one bright day in June, with no father and no mother, Old Glory was born. There is not a word or record of any kind to show who designed the flag, who presented the resolution, or how it ever got into

the congress of the United States. The fact is simply recorded as follows:

"Resolved, That the flag of the 13 United States be 13 stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be 13 stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

"So far as the vote is recorded in congress it was unanimous, and that is how the flag was born."

"About this time the great seal of the United States came into existence. On July 4, 1776, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were appointed a committee to prepare devices for a great seal of the nation. This committee reported on August 10 of the same year and recommended a design to consist of a rose of red and white for England, a thistle for Scotland, a heart for Ireland, a fleur-de-lis for France, an imperial eagle in black for Germany, and a Belgian lion for Holland, the idea being to commemorate the countries from which the states had been peopled. In addition, it was intended to have three escutcheons linked together by a chain, and each of these chains was to bear the initial of each of the 13 independent states. Then there was to be a Goddess of Liberty in corselet and armor, with spear and cap and a shield of the states, with a goddess of justice bearing a sword in her right hand and in her left a balance. In the corner provision was made for the eagle of Providence in a triangle, with the motto, 'E Pluribus Unum.' On the other side of this unique seal was Pharaoh in an open chariot, with a cross and sword, passing through the divided waters of the Red sea in pursuit of the Israelites. Moses was there, and the pillar of fire, with the motto, 'Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.' This design was not adopted."

"In March, 1779, another committee was appointed, and the report they made for a great seal was worse than the first. On June 13, 1782, however, a William Barty of Philadelphia proposed practically the present coat of arms, which was finally adopted after being modified by another committee."

The story of John Paul Jones is intimately associated with the story of our first flag. The same congress that created the first flag appointed John Paul Jones to command the Continental ship of war Ranger at the same time. When the flag was prepared and the Ranger was about to go forth on her lonely adventure the naval committee made the commander the first official present of the flag of the United States."

The achievements of the Ranger are a matter of the most stirring events of our history. All the world knows how, in 1777, Jones made such gallant use of the Ranger and kept the shores of England and Scotland in constant terror. The first military incident connected with the new flag occurred on August 3, 1777, when Lieutenants Bird and Grant invested Fort Mifflin. The garrison was without a flag when the enemy appeared, but the patriots soon supplied one very much on the pattern just adopted by the Continental congress. Shirts were cut up to form white stripes, bits of scarlet cloth were joined for the red, and the blue ground for the stars was composed of a cloth cloak belonging to Capt. Abraham Swartout, who was then in the fort. Before sunset this curious mosaic standard, as precious to the beleaguered garrison as the most beautiful wrought flag of silk and needlework, was floating over one of the bastions. The siege was raised on August 23, but it is not known what became of the improvised flag."

In his statement to Governor Trumbull, August 21, 1777, of the occurrences at Fort Mifflin, Colonel Willett mentions as one of the results of his sally from the fort that he captured and brought off five of the enemy's colors, the whole of which, on his return to the fort, were displayed on the flagstaff under the improvised Continental flag."

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# HOGAN THE HERO

By HAROLD CARTER.

Hogan had "squealed."  
There could be no greater crime in the policeman's decalogue. And nobody had thought it possible of Hogan. Only six months on the police force, he had already begun to attract attention as a clean, spruce, dressed, smart patrolman. He was just the kind of man who would occupy a sergeant's desk some day. And now he had "squealed."

It was at the inquiry about Pat Grady, who had been given the "third degree" in the station house. The other policemen had denied all knowledge of it, but Hogan had corroborated Grady's testimony word for word, though the man was a miserable sneak thief, without a friend in the world.

"What did you do it for, Hogan?" they asked him afterward. And Hogan answered that he had never told a lie and was not going to begin.

That was the beginning of the boycott. But there were worse things than that. Hogan could never be sure, when he went to his cot in the station house, that he would not wake to find himself on the floor, with the bed legs sawed through. Or that his locker would not have been broken into. Or that his uniform would not be a mass of tattered rags. Or his white helmet painted green. Or his gloves fingerless. Or something worse.

He meant to stick it out for Nora's sake. Nora was to arrive from Ireland the following month, and they were to be married at once. If he gave up—he did not know what sort of job he would be able to get. It would mean, not only the postponement of their marriage, but a career spoiled.

Hogan was thinking all that over as he went on duty. James, who patrolled to his corner on the avenue,



Another Bullet Spun Past His Shoulder.

had been a good friend to him in the first days of his duty, when he was a green patrolman, but there were no more friendly chats on the street corner when the men met on their patrol. James passed him as though he did not see him. James was going to speak to Hogan, except on matters of duty? Who would be seen talking to a "squealer?"

Hogan resumed his solitary beat. He was walking with squared shoulders and trying to look his future in the face. He knew that it would take him years to live down his reputation, if he ever did. If it were not for Nora he would get off the force.

Tap-tap-tap!  
It was the sound of James' nightstick upon the sidewalk. There is no mistaking that sound, and the signal is never given except in desperate emergency.

Hogan spun round and began running along the avenue toward his fellow patrolman. At the further end was a gathering mob of men. Hogan reached the outskirts of the crowd and began to force his way through.

"What is it?" he bellowed.  
"Man murdered his wife! Crazed with dope!" he heard somebody say, and pushed to the open door of the house.

Upon the bottom step James lay. There was a bullet wound somewhere in his body, and he was drenched with blood. And at the top stood the drug-crazed madman, brandishing his revolver and shouting defiance to all who dared try to take him.

Hogan did not pause "just an instant." He did not pause at all. That is not the way of the police. Up the stairs he ran, three at a time, and as he reached the middle of the flight he felt an odd twinge in his leg and heard the crack of the revolver. Another bullet spun past his shoulder. A third struck the wall, and again Hogan felt that sudden twinge—in his right arm this time. The nightstick dropped from his hand—and he caught it in his left.

Another bound and he was upon the madman, who was fighting like a fury. He swung the empty revolver down upon Hogan's head with a thud that felled the patrolman to the floor. Then, with a yell, the maniac had started up the stairs.

Hogan looked down. He saw the frightened mob around the door. He tried to rise, but his limbs failed him, and he lay there, wondering whether he was paralyzed and why he couldn't get on his feet.

A yell broke from a thousand throats below. "He's fired the house!"

A thin wisp of smoke crept down the stairs. Then a fiery tongue began to lick the wall above him, and Hogan could hear the madman yelling as he watched the conflagration. Below him he saw James huddled up at the foot of the stairs.

The sight of him seemed to give Hogan new vigor. He got on his feet and began ascending the stairs. As he went up he found that he had unconsciously picked up his nightstick.

He never knew how he reached the upper floor. But when he got there the madman was too busy to notice him, for he was standing over a woman's body and chuckling as he watched the spreading flames. With his last reserve of strength Hogan leaped at the man and brought the nightstick down upon his head. He fell like a stricken ox.

Hogan picked up the body of the woman and staggered down the stairs with her. He saw that she was still living. The bullet had only pierced her arm, but she was as unconscious as though the blow which Hogan dealt had fallen on her own head.

A roar of cheering greeted him as he carried the woman out into the street. Men flocked around him and tried to grasp his hand. But Hogan turned and made his way slowly back into the burning building. They tried to stop him. He pushed them away.

Up, up he went, through drifting clouds of smoke and scorching fire. Now he was on the upper floor again and had picked up the body of the drug-crazed man. He swung him in his arms, but the weight was too heavy and Hogan pulled him down the stairs after him, wrapped in his own tunic.

The smoke filled his nostrils and Hogan dared not breathe, because as all fire-fighters know, an inhalation of flames consumes the body within and kills more swiftly than a bullet in the brain. He held his breath and he pulled the madman through that Gehenna of fire.

Down, down—and the breath came from his lungs, and Hogan drew in one gasp of fresh, life-giving air. He laid the body on the sidewalk just as an ambulance came hurrying up. A surgeon leaped from the vehicle.

"Will he live?" asked Hogan.  
"He's dead," the surgeon answered, giving the body a cursory survey.

Hogan almost swore—only he remembered that he was a policeman.  
"Not him," he said, and pointed to the body of his friend.

"Oh, I beg pardon," said the surgeon. "Yes, it's only a flesh wound. He's coming to now. Why, what's this on your coat?"

"Never mind me," gasped Hogan and fell into the surgeon's arms.  
And it was odd, but the first thought that came into his mind after that was the fear that somebody had sawed through the legs of his bed.

The man at his bedside must have understood, for he stretched out his hand and took Hogan's in his.  
"Glory be, my lad, you're coming to," he said. "No, there won't be any more bed-sawing, Hogan. Say, lad, you've got to get well as quick as you can, because the boys are waiting to give you another sort of reception at the station house."  
(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

## SEEK TO OUTDO YESTERDAY

Competing with Yourself is Declared the Real Secret of Success.  
We've often heard that competition is the life of trade, and now we hear a lot about its harmfulness and that co-operation is the real thing. But the other day I heard a woman who is manager of a large apartment house, and who draws a large salary for it, talking over the factors that she thought made success. She made this statement, which struck me as effective and true:

"I've always competed with myself, and I think that's what helped me get ahead. There's an element of selfishness in competing with friends or business associates, but you can compete with yourself and get only solid good."

It makes one think of a game of solitaire, doesn't it? Never mind, solitaire is a mighty good game, and teaches a heap of quick observation, patience and other things worth developing. Competing with yourself in the job you are on will also develop things worth having. It will keep you right up to the mark, for one thing. You'll have a constant eye on yourself, see where you fall down and how you can do better.

You'll never be content to do only as well one day as you did the day preceding. Yesterday's self is the self against whom you compete today, and you'll be determined to go it one better.

You want to think of yourself as a growing plant, not as a brick or a stone that is to remain just what it is till it disintegrates. Don't stunt yourself. Don't be content with yourself.  
"I would rather win my own approbation than that of my king's," said an old French philosopher a good many years ago. But you need to make that approbation mighty difficult to win!  
Compete with yourself.—Kansas City Star.

## Finding Markets for Obsolete Firearms

By C. P. STEWART, London, Eng.

Huge profits and a spice of danger are the chief attractions of gun running. A market for the arms and ammunition that important countries discard as obsolete can be found in partly civilized districts and amongst rebel societies. Russian terrorist committees, Indian hill tribes and Arabs are the chief buyers of old guns.

A few years ago a London firm was offering for sale a million single-shot rifles which one of the smaller European states had discarded. In order to get them right out of their country and thus away from revolutionaries, the state had sacrificed them for a mere song. The London company bought them, and was ready to dispose of them at a slight profit.

Pathans on the Indian slopes would dearly have loved to get hold of some of these rifles, for a hill native will risk his life creeping into the British frontier posts by night in order to steal Tommy's firearms.

Immense profit is to be made, therefore, by smuggling guns into forbidden territory, and sea captains and other hardy adventurers are to be found ready to stand their chance of either making a fortune, being blown sky high or languishing in prison for life.

Six years ago a tragedy occurred that shows the desperate character of the men engaged in these enterprises. A three-masted brig hovered off Tunis and began to unload its cargo into a small native boat. The operations were seen through a telescope by some French revenue officers, who, certain that something illegal was taking place, dispatched a number of armed vessels to the spot, instructing the crews to wait until daylight before boarding the brig. Suddenly a terrible explosion happened, and the spot where the brig had rested at anchor was clouded by smoke. When it cleared away, not a vestige of the brig remained. It is conjectured that rather than be captured and imprisoned the captain had applied a light to the huge quantities of dynamite on board, and blown his boat, his crew and himself to atoms.

Often, instead of exciting suspicion by running into port, a gun smuggler will place his armaments in air-tight tin cases, which are next concealed in wooden chests. A long piece of rope is then attached, and at the end fastened a buoy. The chests are then heaved overboard near the coast, and the buoys floating on the water denote where they can be found. At night the rebels go out in boats and tow them ashore.

## Providing Fresh Air in School Rooms

By M. J. LEVERIDGE, Chicago

In the rigorous American climate the problem of proper ventilation cannot always be solved satisfactorily by wide-open windows. The problem of providing a sufficient quantity of fresh air in an inclosed room to make it healthful and at the same time avoid dangerous drafts was recently solved for a modern sixteen-room school with a registration of 750 pupils by equipping the windows with wooden screens, which were covered with a medium grade of unbleached cotton cloth. With these screens in place the windows were kept open in all kinds of weather throughout school hours.

The building was equipped with a fan which forced hot air into the room, and there were also steam-heated pipes running along the outside walls under the windows. Before school opened in the morning the janitor closed the windows and heated the room to 70 degrees by hot air from the fan.

When school opened the windows were raised and the hot air inlet closed. There were no cold drafts, as the velocity of the hot air rising from the radiator pipes was greater than that of the cold air which was being slowly diffused through the cloth screens. The resulting direction of the air current was upward.

The experiment proved entirely successful. Stiffness and odor disappeared from the schoolroom and the coughing and colds of the children ceased.

The pupils did much better work and cases of fainting and complaints of headaches ceased.

The cloth windows made possible all the advantages of the fresh-air room without its disadvantages of cold and draft.

## Cost of Living in Munich and Paris

By MRS. S. E. MARSHALL, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In reply an inquiry relative to living abroad, I would say that I have lived in both Munich and Paris. In the former I lived in pensions (boarding houses) and hotels and in Paris had a furnished apartment for a year and was in a pension for several months.

In all continental cities in order to obtain an apartment one must lease for at least a year; must pay the equivalent of \$5 for an inventory of the furniture; must pay for all breakage and unusual marring, according to prices quoted in the inventory; usually furnish the silver and cutlery; always the bed, table and kitchen linen, and, on giving up the apartment at the expiration of the lease must pay \$10 for cleaning and renovating the apartment. These terms are obligatory. A small furnished apartment can be had—up several flights—for as low as \$40 a month.

Prices for meats are cheaper than here; vegetables are cheaper and apples about the same.

One may live in a pension in the artists' section of Munich or the Latin quarter of Paris for about \$1.25 a day, if she does not mind climbing several flights of winding stairs; or by paying from 20 cents to 25 cents more a day, according to the city, one may have automatic elevator service. Lights and fires are always extra.

## Several Good Rules for Handling Husbands

By MRS. MARY M. DWYER, New York

Happiness in marriage is a question of understanding concessions—a give and take. If you haven't any children of your own, adopt some. I am sorry I didn't adopt more than two.

Let a husband have his own way, or think he is having it. If you have to use blind bridles, a curb bit and spurs; you can make him used to them so they come natural. He needs petting and coaxing, too, and occasional lumps of sugar.

Everybody knows the main thing to make a man fond of his home is good cooking, neatness and comfort, and to know his wife isn't gadding about.

It is the real Christian that counts. Religion does not. A wife should avoid gossiping women, who make most of the trouble in life.

I never took much interest in the suffrage, but if other women want the vote, let them have it. The wise ones will side with their husbands in politics, anyhow.

Yes, most men are good. Some, of course, are rather like mules, but if a wife has patience and takes pains, she can train them right.



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Entered as postoffice at Canyon, Texas, as  
second class matter. Office of publication  
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It is not the policy of the News to boost a man for public office simply because he happens to be of our craft, but there is one newspaper man in Texas we would like to see elected. That is Editor James H. Lowry, "Buttermilk Jim", as he is familiarly called, who is a candidate for congressman-at-large.

When you cast your vote in the primary election July 25, do not forget to vote for submission. The News is very sorry that the prohibition question bobs up in every political question in Texas, but since it does the only way to remove this question is to kill the liquor business in the state.

The Plainview Herald tossed a bouquet at Canyon, which we print elsewhere in this issue. It is now up to Canyon to live up to the reputation we made last year.

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The Southwestern Telegraph & Telephone Co.

R. H. Cocke Hers.

R. H. Cocke Jr., of Wellington, was in the city Tuesday and made an announcement of his candidacy for the state senate before the speech of Judge Brooks. Mr. Cocke states that he is "a democrat without prefix or suffix" and is running for this office on his own merits. He states that he has heard in Canyon that Senator Johnson had charged him with going off with the "other crowd" which he emphatically denied, and stated that the endorsement of Lewis and Radford of his candidacy had been made by them under his protest and that he in no wise was running under their flag. He met quite a number of the voters and made a good impression.

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Umbarger News.

Canyon will play Umbarger, Saturday, July the 4th.

J. A. Wilson is running five headers, some with binder attachments.

Walter Johnson has finished harvesting his wheat.

Fred Beckman was in Canyon Saturday consulting a physician. These scorching, hot days are hard on our harvesters.

This week will see a large share of the harvesting done in this vicinity.

Clark Dowlen is helping with the alfalfa crop on Mrs. John Hutson's farm on the north creek.

R. G. Bader and Caroline were Canyon visitors Monday morning.

The Canyon ball boys came down Sunday and were defeated by our team. This was the first game this season with "the pick ups" from Canyon. The game the 4th will be a good one. Better come and see it.

You will have a good time if you come to Umbarger to celebrate. The farmer's wives and daughters are too busy cooking for harvesters to provide dinner on the grounds, but the Erdman Hotel and General Supply Store and Dunlap & Brodie will see that you want for nothing.

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

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1925. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, Etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Never Turn Your Back on a Good Thing.

McCroskey's Tonic cures Indigestion, Kidney Disease, Rheumatism, Chills and Fever, Old Sores, Boils, Eczema and all Blood Diseases. For children with summer complaint it cannot be excelled; it cures milk keg and old sore leg of every description and female diseases.

This medicine is sold under a positive guarantee by Holland Drug Co., who will give you back your money if it fails to do just as advertised. Get a bottle for your rheumatism today and give it a thorough trial. Testimonials will appear in this paper next week regarding this medicine.

Best Diarrhoea Remedy.

If you have ever used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy you know that it is a success. Sam F. Gwin, Whatley, Ala., writes, "I had the measles and got caught out in the rain, and it settled in my stomach and bowels. I had an awful time, and had it not been for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy I could not possibly have lived but a few hours longer, but thanks to this remedy, I am now well and strong." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

ECCENTRIC STEVENSON.

Anecdotes That Show Him in Some of His Many Queer Moods.

Throughout his life Robert Louis Stevenson was often unreasonably, but this very unreason seems always to have had a quality and a charm of its own, which only endeared Stevenson the more to those who suffered under its caprice. Two anecdotes may serve to show:

A young Church of England parson, who knew him but slightly, was roused one morning about 6 o'clock by a message that Stevenson wanted to see him immediately. Knowing how ill his friend was, he threw on his clothes and rushed into Stevenson's room, only to see a haggard face gazing at him from the bedclothes and to hear an agonized voice say, "For heaven's sake—have you got a Horace?"

Another friend received from Italy a present of some Christmas roses, to which particular associations gave a personal sentiment and value. Stevenson was seeking high and low for some flowers—the occasion, I think, was the birthday of a girl who could never live to see another. He heard of the arrival of these. He came, he stated the paramount necessity of depriving his friend, and he bore the flowers away. The two stories might end here and show Stevenson in rather an unamiable light—their point is that neither of his friends ever dreamed of resenting his conduct or regarding it with other than affectionate amusement.

Often in the evening he would turn into the billiard room, and there his talk might be heard at its best. A fellow visitor has given a spirited and sympathetic description of him in those days and adds: "Once only do I remember seeing him play a game of billiards, and a truly remarkable performance it was. He played with all the fire and dramatic intensity he was apt to put into things. The balls flew wildly about, on or off the table as the case might be, but seldom threatened a pocket or got within hand's breadth of a cannon. 'What a fine thing a game of billiards is,' he remarked to the astonished onlookers, 'once a year or so.'" From Graham Balfour's "Life of R. L. Stevenson."

Untying the Knots.

There is a marriage custom among the Santals, a tribe in India, by which, after an agreement has been reached between the parents, who usually do the bargaining, the youth's friends, after a short interval, visit the girl and give her a piece of cloth as a sign of betrothal. The money is then paid—this is called "the binding down of the thatch"—and a date for the wedding is fixed. The next step is for each party to tie a knot in a string for each day that is to intervene before the wedding day. Then the parties separate. Day by day a knot is untied, and when the end of the string is reached the real knot is tied that makes the couple one.

Soldiers in Battle.

Those who have taken part in a battle have confessed that were it not for the shouting and the noise they would lose their nerves and run away. There is always an interval of cowardice in the soldier, but it is quickly overcome, and he fights grimly, unmindful of impending death. Bands were, of course, invented to raise the spirits of soldiers. Martial music, whether from the drum or the bugle, has done a great deal in saving campaigns. Nobody can fight in a cold blooded manner, and in the excitement of a general engagement the most nervous of fighters recover wonderfully.—Exchange.

Outreasoning Reason.

Little Raymond's mother had told him that she should put him to bed if he disobeyed her command in a certain matter. Temptation overcame him, and when his mother proceeded to fulfill her duty sob of anguish filled the room. "But, Raymond," said the mother gently, "I told you I should punish you in this way if you disobeyed, and mother must keep her word, you know."

Between muffled sobs Raymond managed to say, "You needn't break your word, mamma, but couldn't you change your mind?"

Insect Notes.

The slow flapping of a butterfly's wing produces no sound. When the movements are rapid a noise is produced which increases with the number of vibrations. Thus the housefly, which produces the sound of P, vibrates its wings 21,120 times a minute, or 335 times a second, and the bee, which makes a sound of A, as many as 26,400 times, or 440 times a second. A tired bee hums on E and therefore, according to theory, vibrates only 330 times a second.

Thousands Freed Of Constipation

Suffering Banished Safely and Pleasantly Now Without Taking Dangerous Calomel.

It is remarkable how many people have proved to their satisfaction that Dodson's Liver Tone takes the place of calomel and is safe and reliable when troubled with constipation and sluggish liver. Everyone nowadays knows calomel to be a poison that remains in the system, usually causes bad after effects and is often dangerous.

Dodson's Liver Tone is made and guaranteed to take the place of calomel. It is a pleasant-tasting, easy-acting vegetable liquid, with no bad effects and causing no pain nor gripe nor interference with your regular duties, habits or diet. If you are not entirely satisfied with Dodson's Liver Tone, go back to the store where you bought it and get your money back. That's just what Dodson wants you to do.

Holland Drug Co., sell and recommend Dodson's Liver Tone and they will cheerfully refund purchase price (50c) instantly without question if the remedy fails to please you in any way. (Advertisement)

Invigorating to the Pale and Sickly. The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROWER'S TONIC, cures all forms of weakness, restores the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 50c.

Notice to Fishermen.

In as much as an impression has gone out that the public has a right to fish on private grounds where the stream or lake exceeds thirty feet in width, this is to notify and warn all persons fishing and trespassing on the grounds of the Palo Duro Club in Randall County Texas is in violation of the Criminal Statutes of the State of Texas, said premises being duly and legally posted and that trespassers will be vigorously prosecuted.

1444 Palo Duro Club.

A. C. ELLIOTT

Hereford Candidate for the Legislature for the 123rd District.

Platform—A Business Legislature for the Business of Texas. Settlement of the prohibition question as quickly as possible.

Relief of all State educational and eleemosynary institutions.

Investment of State school funds in first mortgage farm liens.

An A. & M. College for the Plains and West Texas, and all measures looking to the betterment of our public schools.

A business manager under a competent commission for the penitentiary system.

Immediate re-districting of the State into Senatorial and Congressional districts.

A general road law for the entire State with county option features.

Adequate irrigation laws and some that are applicable to the Plains.

Revision of the present tax laws so that taxes will be less burdensome and justly distributed.

Correction of errors and conflicts in the election laws and their meaning made clear.

Personal History—I was born in the "Old Kentucky Home," 45 years ago, lived in Bell County, Texas, from 1871 to manhood, attended the common schools and graduated from the college at Thorp Springs; taught school 13 years, have been in business 9 years, have lived on the Plains 8 years. I have been a life-long prohibitionist both in practice and preaching, and I am a Democrat.

If you like my platform and think that my services in the Legislature will be in keeping with Democratic principles, vote for me in the July Primaries.

Respectfully, A. C. ELLIOTT.

Cured of Indigestion. Mrs. Sadie P. Clawson, Indiana, Pa., was bothered with indigestion. "My stomach pained me night and day," she writes. "I would feel bloated and have headache and belching after eating. I also suffered from constipation. My daughter had used Chamberlain's Tablets and they did her so much good that she gave me a few doses of them and insisted upon my trying them. They helped me as nothing else has done." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

NOTABLES IN THE LIMELIGHT

Arthur Woods, Police Commissioner of New York.



Photo by American Press Association.

New York's new police head, Arthur Woods, is no novice in the business, having previously served as deputy commissioner of the department. Shortly after Mayor Mitchell took office he appointed Mr. Woods to be his secretary, and when it became apparent that Colonel Goethals of Panama canal fame would not accept the police commissionership of New York city Mr. Woods was named for the position.

Arthur Woods, the new police commissioner of New York city, is forty-three years old and is a graduate of Harvard of the class of 1892. In politics he is a Progressive. Before removing to New York he was a master at the Groton school in Massachusetts, where Colonel Roosevelt's sons received their preparatory education. In the summer of 1905 he went to the Philippines as a member of the party headed by ex-President Taft, who was then secretary of war in the Roosevelt cabinet.

In 1907 Mr. Woods went abroad to study police systems in England and on his return was appointed fourth deputy commissioner under General Theodore A. Bingham. In that capacity he had supervision of the detective bureau, the bureau of repairs and supplies and the school of recruits. After the removal of General Bingham by Mayor McClellan, Mr. Woods went to Mexico, where for a time he was the superintendent of a mining camp in the Pacific coast state of Colima.

Last fall he was one of the managers of the fusion campaign.

An Alabama Statesman. When Representative Oscar W. Underwood assumes the senatorial toga he won in the recent state primaries in Alabama he will have completed twenty years of service in the lower house of congress. For many of those years he has been a power in framing legislation and since Champ Clark's accession to the speakership has been the leader of the majority on the floor of the house. Mr. Underwood's opponent for the long term in the United States senate was Richmond P. Hobson, known to fame as the hero of the sinking of the freighter Merrimac in Santiago bay during the Spanish war.

While Mr. Underwood won in the primaries the actual election will take place next November at the general election. This will be merely a ratification of the primaries. A native of Kentucky, Mr. Underwood's boyhood days were spent in Minnesota, whither his parents removed at the outbreak of the civil war. Later he returned to Louisville, where he was prepared for college. In 1882, at the age of twenty, he entered the Law school of the University of Virginia and after his graduation went to Birmingham, Ala., to practice his profession. Ten years later he was elected to the Fifty-fourth congress and has since been regularly returned to represent the Ninth Alabama district. Mr. Underwood's paternal grandfather, John W. Underwood, sat in the United States senate as the representative of Kentucky and the colleague of Henry Clay. At the Democratic national convention at Baltimore in 1915 Mr. Underwood was a candidate for the presidential nomination.



© 1915, by American Press Association. OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD.

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FAMILY AVOIDS SERIOUS SICKNESS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Your druggist sells and recommends Black-Draught. Price only 25c. Get a package to-day. N. C. 122

CLASSIFIED ADS

For Sale—Modern six room house within one block of campus. W. J. Thomas. 15p4

Wanted—A lady 45 years old wants a position in hotel as housekeeper. Her daughter, 19, wants position as table waiter. Has \$8000 to buy a home, but wants to live in the west awhile before buying. Mrs. Victoria Lynch, 419 W. Tennessee St., Sherman, Texas. 14t4

To Trade—160 acres of land, for land or property near the Normal. Write Box 68, Claude, Texas. 13p3

For Sale—One scraper, cultivator, gang plow with sod attachments, corn sheller, feed mill, walking plow. S. B. McClure. 1t

For Sale—Nearly new Majestic range and Fireless Cooker. Mrs. M. A. Locke. 13t3

For Sale—good young horse broke single and double. I. L. VanSant. 12t1

For Sale—Good Milk cow. E. F. King. 1t

For Sale—Good piano. Call News Office. 1t

For Sale—Seven room brick house, basement, half block land, good outbuildings at sacrifice, three blocks from depot. John Begrin. 1t

For Rent—Five room house, good barn and windmill, three blocks south of square. J. B. Kleinschmidt. 1t

Dust Proof Windows—The one and only practical flexible metal weather strip. Never binds, rattles or rusts. J. W. Turner, Agent, Umbarger. 1t

Wanted—Girl for general house work. P. D. Hanna, Canyon. 1t

For Sale—Fresh milk cow. T. C. Jennings. 13p2

Headache and Nervousness Cured. "Chamberlain's Tablets are entitled to all the praise I can give them," writes Mrs. Richard Oip, Spencerport, N. Y. They have cured me of headache and nervousness and restored me to my normal health." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

Santa Fe EXCURSIONS

Texas Bar association, Dallas, July 7-9. Fare and one-third for round trip. Tickets on sale July 5-6, limit July 11.

Fourth of July celebrations. Fare and one-third to all points in Texas, also to New Mexico on Santa Fe lines. Tickets on sale July 3-4, limit July 7.

Ancient Order of Pilgrims, Austin, July 6-11. Fare and one-fifth for round trip. Tickets on sale July 4-5, limit July 14.

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



**A MISTAKEN IDEA**

There are some people who still resort to drugged pills or alcoholic syrups to overcome colds, nervousness or general debility, and who know that the pure, unadulterated nourishment in Scott's Emulsion is eminently better, but refrain from taking it because they fear it may lead to excessive fat or obesity.

This is a mistaken idea, because Scott's Emulsion first strengthens the body before making flesh. Its blood-forming properties aid nature to throw off sickness by building health from its very source, and flesh is formed only by its continued use. Avoid alcoholic substitutes for SCOTT'S.

Mrs. H. E. Muldrow has returned from Phoenix, Ariz., where she spent the winter. She is very much improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Groendycke and children of Amarillo visited in the city Sunday.

We have on hand set up ready for use one 8 foot Deering Binder with tongue trucks. Thompson Hardware Co. It

Miss Bertha Gruner of Amarillo visited Sunday at the Henson home.

Leo McDade was considerably bruised up Tuesday by having part of his well drill fall on him. No bones were broken and he will soon recover.

Visit D. N. Redburn's cream station. A good way to get the cash. Will pay real money for all the cream offered. Old Leader building, southeast corner of square. It

Dr. A. W. Thompson left Monday on a business trip to Denver Colo.

Mrs. A. W. Thompson went to Amarillo today to meet her friend Mrs. S. E. Stafford of Mineral Wells, who will be her guest for several weeks.

Do like others do. Come to Gro. & Novelty store and get the best seal flour \$3.15 per hundred. It

Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Hicks of Clarendon were visiting at the W. H. Hicks home Tuesday.

Mrs. Hagar of Dallas arrived Tuesday to visit at the parental Lester home.

If you can find any reason for economizing, save a few dollars each month by getting closer to our goods and system of doing business, you will be pleased. D. N. Redburn. It

Miss Lamb of the Normal faculty is on a vacation trip to Brighton, Colo.

Mrs. H. C. McNeil arrived Saturday morning from Illinois where she has been visiting at her old home.

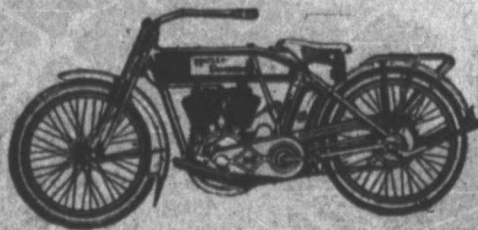
Spraying Conkey's Fly Knockers in your barns and on your horses and cows, settles the fly problem. For sale by S. A. Shotwell. It

Thrashing machine books at the News office. It

**Only One "BROMO QUININE"**

To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of S. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. Stops cough and headache, and works off cold. 25c.

**Harley-Davidson**



It is the Motorcycle With Automobile Control.

The brake, the clutch and the step-starter can all be operated by the feet, leaving only the spark and throttle for hand operation, making the control the same as that of the highest priced automobile. Then there is the Free-Wheel Control, Folding Foot Boards, and nearly forty other refinements which help to make the Harley-Davidson the greatest motorcycle value ever offered. Call or telephone for demonstration.

**Bowen Brothers**

Mrs. Willie J. Eakman returned Friday from several days spent with friends in Amarillo.

Brightening up time! Get your paint, glass and wall paper of S. V. Wirt. Best line in the city.

Miss Ruth Montier has returned from Dallas where she taught in Buckners Orphans Home this year.

Thresherman! Get a machine book at the News office. Keep a complete account of the work you are doing. It

L. G. Conner has let the contract for a two inch water main to run to the Conner addition in the east end.

L. G. Conner has sold his old home place southwest from where he now lives, to David Thomas, consideration \$1500.

Mrs. Glen Bowen returned home Wednesday from a two months visit in Kansas City.

7 bars Fairbanks laundry soap at the Gro. & Novelty store for 25c. It

Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Gober and Mr. and Mrs. Glen Bowen were in Plainview Friday.

Miss Cora M. Wheaton has returned from Kgasas City and will make her home with her mother, Mrs. Henson.

C. R. Burrow was in Hereford and Friona last week assisting with invoicing the lumber yards.

You know it pays to keep flies off stock. Try Conkey's Fly Knockers 15 days. For sale by S. A. Shotwell. It

Mrs. P. O. Kite and Mrs. Willie Wilson of Claude, Mrs. DeWit and son of Amarillo and Geo. Baker of Claude visited Wednesday at the W. H. Younger home.

R. B. Cousins went to Dalhart Wednesday on matters of business.

Miss Sarah Miller of Lockney is visiting at the Hicks home.

D. N. Redburn will buy your produce for cash. It

D. N. Redburn has moved from the south side of the square to the old Leader building and is increasing his stock of goods.

James Hanna arrived Friday from Galveston and will spend the summer at the home of his brother, P. D. Hanna.

We wish to call the attention of the public to the further discussion of several planks of the platform by Mr. Y. W. Holmes, candidate for the Democratic nomination for the legislature from this district, in this week's issue. It

Roscoe Dison, son of Chas. Dison, fell last week and received a broken arm.

Among the owners of new autoes in Canyon are J. T. Holland and Dr. F. M. Wilson.

Good cigars and pure sugar stick candies at the Gro. & Novelty store. Come and try them. It

Mrs. M. L. Kelly and daughter, Miss Irene, of Sherman are visiting at the home of F. E. Chamberlain.

Mrs. Brown of Plainview is visiting at the home of her grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Pipkin.

T. Pryse Metcalfe of Amarillo was in the city Monday and Tuesday. He is with the U. S. department of agriculture, agent in feeding demonstration, and is looking for men interested in feeding this fall and winter. Mr. Metcalfe is also greatly interested in the building of silos and wishes to communicate with any farmers who wish any information about feeding or silo building.

**How To Give Quinine To Children.**  
FEBRILINE is the trade-mark name given to an improved Quinine. It is a Tasteless Syrup, pleasant to take, and does not disturb the stomach. Children take it and never know it is Quinine. Also especially adapted to adults who cannot take ordinary Quinine. Does not cause nervousness nor ringing in the head. Try it the next time you need Quinine for any purpose. Ask for genuine original packaging. The name FEBRILINE is blown in bottle. 25 cents.

**Card of Thanks.**

We the undersigned desire to thank our many friends who so faithfully assisted us during the long illness and death of our father and brother.

- Ada Redfearn
- Columbia Redfearn
- Rieh Redfearn
- Stephen Redfearn
- Quinton Redfearn
- R. B. Redfearn

**After Hotel Building.**

G. W. Willingham has bought the northwest quarter of block 9 in the Conner addition, consideration \$500 and went to Happy Saturday with his house moving outfit to move the big hotel to Canyon where it will be located on these lots and converted into a rooming house.

**CANDIDATES PESTER THE FARMERS**

To the Voters of Randall County: Two years ago I was a candidate for the Legislature and received a good vote and a substantial endorsement in your county. I am again a candidate, but find it impossible and impracticable to make a thorough canvass of the district. I shall not attempt to do so. First, because the people are too busy with their crops and the harvest to be pestered with candidates; second, the expenditure of a large sum of money to get this office smacks too much of professional politics.

Believing that the people fairly well understand my position on the main issues, I shall trust the results of the election to them, I am a Democrat. If my platform should be put into one sentence, it would read:

A business Legislature for the business of Texas.

A. C. ELLIOTT of Hereford, Candidate for the Legislature for the 123rd District.

Miss Lownes of Amarillo visited this week with Miss Mary Jones.

Miss Holmes is here for her vacation to visit her mother, Mrs. W. C. Turner.

Mrs. Tucker left yesterday for Hereford to spend a two weeks vacation.

Phone No. 8, Gro. & Novelty store for groceries, queensware and cheap enameled ware. 5c bargains. It

The members of the Presbyterian and Christian church will hold a social on the church lawn next Monday evening to which the pastor urges all the members and students of the Normal affiliated with both churches to attend.

The News man is no mind reader—he can't tell by looking at you whether or not you just got home from a trip, or whether you are going, or whether you had a party, or whether you have company, or anything of the other dozens of things that take to make a good newspaper. So PLEASE, PLEASE tell us the news. Phone it in, or tell us on the street, or write it up and hand it in. At any rate, GIVE US THE NEWS.

**Keep a Little Ahead**



Of the game if you expect to win. You can do that by patronizing us when you need printing.

We do all kinds. Our prices are right too.

**Wayside Rems.**

S. S. at Beula has changed literature from Union to Demonstration. For six months the Baptist literature will be used, after which the Methodist will be taken up for same length of time. New officers were elected Sunday. D. L. Adams Supt., M. S. McGehee Asst., Mrs. W. C. McGehee organist, Miss Macie McGee Secy-Treas.

Great demand for harvest hands. A few have come in, still more are needed. Row crops are needing work bad.

Ellis Payne and wife of N. M. came in Saturday to make an extended visit at the Payne home.

Mrs. I. H. Hollabaugh and Bee of Canyon visited her children the past week near Fairview.

Mrs. Emma Franklin and Ada left Saturday for their home near Lockney.

Mrs. M. B. Wilson went to Canyon Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Smith of Plainview visited Saturday at the Anthony home.

Miss Teresa Donnelly of Norman, Okla, visited a few days this week at the J. E. Rogers home.

J. B. Graves of Ben Franklin is in the city to stay for a few months to regain his health, having undergone an operation.

**MORE AGRICULTURE TEACHING NEEDED**

**President Mezes of the University of Texas Gives Views.**

There is no more important educational work in Texas today than the training of young men to become farmers, and the increase and distribution of information about farming. Three-fourths of the population of our State is rural; three million of its people live under rural conditions, and there are now at work on its farms 350,000 white farmers. Courses in agriculture and experiment work are carried on by the Agricultural and Mechanical College. Each of the four State Normals and the College of Industrial Arts is giving instruction to students who are preparing to teach agriculture. The State University also, as is required by the Constitution, is preparing some of its students to teach agriculture. In the agricultural courses of the A. & M. College 514 students are enrolled; in the four State Normals, the College of Industrial Arts, and the University, 1,020 students are enrolled in agricultural classes. Is this an adequate provision? Does it compare favorably in amount with the work of the eighteen literary colleges of the State? When we bear in mind the 3,000,000 of our rural population as compared with the 1,000,000 of our urban, is the type of education especially adapted to the needs of the 3,000,000 being given sufficient emphasis?

Texas needs more agricultural training rather than less, and more institutions giving such training rather than fewer such institutions. And when they are established, and all the present State institutions have adequately met the needs of their students for agricultural training, rural schools will grow up more rapidly, and enlightened, skillful, and contented farmers will multiply, and an intelligent appreciation of the possibilities and value of the fundamental calling of the people will become widespread over the state.

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.

Come to Canyon to live:

**HEISKELL'S**  
Ointment  
One application soothes and heals a rough, pimply, irritated, or itchy skin. A cure. Eczema, Erysipelas, Tetter, Ulcers and all skin diseases yield to its curative properties. 25c. 50c. At all Druggists.  
Send for free sample and book, "Health and Beauty."  
HEISKELL, HOLLOWAY & CO.,  
3720 Spring Street, St. Louis, Mo.

*Everybody*

Drinks  
**Coca-Cola**

—it answers every beverage requirement—vim, vigor, refreshment, wholesomeness.

*It will satisfy you.*

Demand the genuine by full name—  
Nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY  
ATLANTA, GA.

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.

**The Grain Crop is Only Half Made**

The job isn't finished until the golden grain is in the barn out of harm's way. Wealth is only half counted when earned. Place it in our bank and the job is complete.

**Your Clouds Will Have a Silver Lining**

If your money is in our bank, where you stand only to win—never to lose.

**The First State Bank**  
THE GUARANTY FUND BANK

--the electric iron

is such a comfort that you ought to have one.

Try it 10 days free.

**Canyon Power Company**



# The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

By HALLIE ERMINE RIVES  
ILLUSTRATIONS by LAUREN STOUT

COPYRIGHT BY BOBBO-MERRILL COMPANY

### SYNOPSIS.

John Vallant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Vallant corporation, which his father founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, has failed. He voluntarily turns over his private fortune to the receiver for the corporation. His entire remaining possessions consist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and Damory court, a neglected estate in Virginia. On the way to Damory court he meets Shirley Dandridge, an aburn-haired beauty, and decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely. Shirley's mother, Mrs. Dandridge, and Major Bristow exchange reminiscences during which it is revealed that the major, Vallant's father, and a man named Saxon were rivals for the hand of Mrs. Dandridge in her youth. Saxon and Vallant fought a duel on her account in which the former was killed. Vallant ends Damory court overgrown with weeds and creepers and the buildings in a very much neglected condition. He decides to rehabilitate the place and make the land produce a living for him. Vallant saves Shirley from the bite of a snake, which bites him. Knowing the deadliness of the bite, Shirley sucks the poison from the wound and saves his life. Shirley tells her mother of the incident and the latter is strangely moved at hearing that Vallant is again living at Damory court.

### CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

The major nodded. "Ah, yes," he said. "The Continental prison-camp." "And just over this rise there I can see an old court-house, and the Virginia Assembly building under the golden tongue-lashing of lean rawboned Patrick Henry. I see a messenger gallop up and see the members scramble to their saddles—and then, Tarleton and his red-coats streaming up, too late."

"Well," commented the doctor deliberately, "all I have to say is, don't materialize too much to Mrs. Poly Gifford when you meet her. She'll have you lecturing to the Ladies' Church Guild before you know it."

"I hope you ride, Mr. Vallant?" the latter asked genially. "I'm fond of it," said Vallant, "but I have no horse as yet."

"I was thinking," pursued the major, "of the coming tournament." "Tournament?" "The doctor cut in. "A ridiculous cock-a-doodle-do which gives the young bucks a chance to rig out in silly togery and prance their coats before a lot of petticoats!"

"It's an annual affair," explained the major; "a kind of spectacle. For many years, by the way, it has been held on a part of this estate—perhaps you will have no objection to its use this season?—and at night there is a dance at the Country Club. By the way, you must let me introduce you there—tomorrow I've taken the liberty already of putting your name up."

"Good lord!" growled the doctor, aside. "He counts himself young! If I'd reached your age, Bristow—"

"You have," said the major, nettled. "Four years ago!—As I was saying, Mr. Vallant, they ride for a prize. It's a very ancient thing—I've seen reference to it in a colonial manuscript in the Byrd Library at Westover. No doubt it's come down directly from the old jousts."

"You don't mean to say," cried his hearer in genuine astonishment, "that Virginia has a lineal descendant of the tourney?"

The major nodded. "Yes. Certain sections of Kentucky used to have it, too, but it has died out there. It exists now only in this state. It's a curious thing that the old knightly meetings of the middle ages should survive today only on American soil and in a corner of Virginia."

Doctor Southall, meanwhile, had set his gaze on the litter of pamphlets. He turned with an appreciative eye. "You're beginning in earnest. The Agricultural Department. And the Congressional frank."

"I'm afraid I'm a sad sketch as a scientist," laughed Vallant. "My point of view has to be a somewhat practical one. I must be self-supporting. Damory Court is a big estate. It has grain lands and forest as well. If my ancestors lived from it, I can. It's not only that, he went on more slowly. "I want to make the most of the place for its own sake, too. Not only of its possibilities for earning, but of its natural beauties. I lack the resources I once had, but I can give it thought and work, and if they can bring Damory Court back to anything even remotely resembling what it once was, I'll not spare either."

do it!" exclaimed the former. "And let me say, sah, that the neighborhood is not unaware of the splendid generosity which is responsible for the present lack of which you speak." Vallant put out his hand with a little gesture of deprecation, but the other disregarded it. "Confound it, sah, it was to be expected of a Vallant. Your ancestors wrote their names in capital letters over this country. They were an up and down lot, but good or bad (and, as Southall says, I reckon—he nodded toward the great portrait above the couch—"they weren't all little woolly lambs) they did big things in a big way."

Vallant leaned forward eagerly, a question on his lips. But at the moment a diversion occurred in the shape of Uncle Jefferson, who re-entered, bearing a tray on which set sundry jugs and clinking glasses, glowing with white and green and gold.

"You old humbug," said the doctor, "don't you know the major's that poisoned with mint-juleps already that he can't get up before eight in the morning?"

"Well, sah," tittered Uncle Jefferson, "Ah done foun' er mint-bald down below de kitchens dis mawnin'. Yo' all gemmun' 'bout de bigges' expuhts in dis yeah county, en Ah reck'n Mars' Vallant sho' 'sist on yo' samp'lin' et."

"Sah," said the major feelingly, turning to his host, "I'm proud to drink your health in the typical beverage of Virginia!" He touched glasses with Vallant and glared at the doctor, who was sipping his own thoughtfully. "Poems have been written on the julep, sah."

"They make good epitaphs, too," observed the doctor. "I noticed your glass isn't going begging," the major retorted. "Unc' Jefferson, that's as good mint as get in the garden of Eden. See that those lazy niggers of yours don't grub the patch out by mistake."

"Yas, sah," said Uncle Jefferson, as he retired with the tray. "Ah gwine-ter put er fence aroun' dat ar bald 'fo' sundown."

The question that had sprung to Vallant's lips now found utterance. "I saw you look at the portrait there," he said to the major. "Which of my ancestors is it?"

The other got up and stood before the mantel-piece in a Napoleonic attitude. "That," he said, fixing his eyes on the portrait, "is your great-grandfather, Devil-John Vallant."

"Devil-John!" echoed his host. "Yes, I've heard the name."

The doctor guffawed. "He earned it, I reckon. I never realized what a sinister expression that missing optic gives the old ruffian. There was a skirmish during the war on the hill-side yonder and a bullet cut it out. When we were boys we used to call him 'Old One-Eye.'"

"It interests me enormously," John Vallant spoke explosively. "The stories of Devil-John would fill a mighty big book," said the major. "By all accounts he ought to have lived in the middle ages." Crossing the library, he looked into the dining-room. "I thought I remembered. The portrait over the console there is his wife, your great-grandmother. They say he bet that when he brought his bride home, she should walk into Damory Court between rows of candlesticks worth twenty-thousand dollars. He made the wager good, too, for when she came up those steps out there, there was a row of ten candles burning on either side of the doorway, each held by a young-slave worth a thousand dollars in the market."

"Some say he grew jealous of his wife's beauty. There were any number of stories told of his cruelties to her that aren't worth repeating. She died early—poor lady—and your grandfather was the only issue. Devil-John himself lived to be past seventy, and at that age, when most men were stacking their sins and groaning with the gout, he was dicing and fox-hunting with the youngest of them. He always swore he would die with his boots on, and they say when the doctor told him he had only a few hours leeway, he made his slaves dress him completely and prop him on his horse. They galloped out so, a negro on either side of him. It was a stormy night, black as the Earl of Hell's riding-boots, with wind and lightning, and he rode cursing at both. There's an old black-gum tree a mile from here that they still call Devil-John's tree. They were just passing under it when the lightning struck it. Lightning has no effect on the black-gum, you know. The bolt glanced from the tree and struck him between the two slaves without harming either of them. It killed his horse, too. That's the story. To be sure at this date nobody can separate fact from fiction. Possibly he wasn't so much worse than the rest of his neighbors—not excepting the persons. Other times, other manners."

"They weren't any worse than the present generation," said the doctor malevolently. "Your four bottle men then knew only claret; now they punish whiskey-straight."

the first time I ever heard you admit that much good of your ancestors." "Good!" said the doctor belligerently. "Me? I don't! I said people now were no better. As for the men of that time, they were a cheap swaggering lot of bullies and swash-bucklers. When I read history I'm ashamed to be descended from them."

"I desire to inform you, sah," said the major, stung, "that I too am a descendant of those bullies and swash-bucklers, as you call them. And I wish from my heart I thought we, nowadays, could hold a tailow-dip to them."

"You refer, no doubt," said the doctor with sarcasm, "to our friend Devil-John and his ideal treatment of his wife!"

"No, sah," replied the major warmly. "I'm not referring to Devil-John. There were exceptions, no doubt, but for the most part they treated their women folk as I believe their Maker made them to be treated! The man



What He Had Drawn From the Shelf Was the Morocco Case That Held the Rusted Dueling-Plistol!

who fell in his courtesy there, sah, was called to account for it. He was mighty apt to find himself standing in the cool dawn at the butt-end of—" He broke off and coughed. There was an awkward pause in which he set down his glass noisily and rose and stood before the open bookcase. "I envy you this, sah," he said with somewhat of haste. "A fine old collection. Bless my soul, what a curious volume!"

As he spoke, his hand jerked out a heavy-looking leather-back. Vallant, who had risen and stood beside him, saw instantly that what he had drawn from the shelf was the morocco case that held the rusted dueling-pestil!

In the major's hands the broken box opened. A sudden startled look darted across his leonine face. With another exclamation he thrust it back between the books and closed the glass door.

Vallant had paled. His previous finding of the weapon had escaped his mind. Now he read, as clearly as if it had been printed in black-letter across the sunny wall, the significance of the major's confusion. That weapon had been in his father's hand when he faced his opponent in that fatal duel! It flashed across his mind as the doctor lunged for his hat and stick and got to his feet.

"Come, Bristow," said the latter irritably. "Your feet will grow fast to the floor presently. We mustn't talk a new neighbor to death. I've got to see a patient at six."

### CHAPTER XVII.

John Vallant Asks a Question. Vallant went with them to the outer door. A painful thought was flooding his mind. It hampered his speech and it was only by a violent effort that he found voice: "One moment! There is a question I would like to ask."

Both gentlemen had turned upon the steps and as they faced him he thought a swift glance, passed between them. They waited courteously, the doctor with his habitual frown, the major's hand fumbling for the black ribbon on his waistcoat. "Since I came here, I have heard" his tone was uneven—"of a duel in which my father was a principal. There was such a meeting?"

"There was," said the doctor after the slightest pause of surprise. "Had you known nothing of it?" "Absolutely nothing."

The major cleared his throat. "It was something he might naturally not have had a record of," he said. "The two had been friends, and it—it was a fatal encounter for the other. The doctor and I were your father's seconds."

in that single exclamation the major seemed to have exhausted his vocabulary. He was looking at the ground. It was the doctor who spoke at last, in a silence that to the man in the doorway weighed like a hundred atmospheres.

"No!" he said bluntly. "Certainly not. What put that into your head?" When he was alone in the library Vallant opened the glass door and took from the shelf the morocco case. The old shiver of repugnance ran over him at the very touch of the leather. In the farthest corner was a low commode. He set the case on this and moved the big tapestry screen across the angle, hiding it from view.

In the great hall at Damory Court the candles in their brass wall-scones blinked back from the polished parquet and the shining fire-dogs, filling the rather solemn gloom with an air of warmth and creature-comfort. Leaning against the newel-post, Vallant gazed about him. How different it all looked from the night of his coming!

He began to walk up and down the floor, teasing pricks of restlessness urging him. He opened the door and passed into the unlighted dining-room. On the sideboard set a silver loving-cup that had arrived the day before in a huge box with his books and knick-knacks. He had won it at polo. He lifted it, fingering its carved handles. He remembered that when that particular score had been made, Katharine Fargo had sat in one of the drags at the side-line.

But the memory evoked no thrill. Instead, the thought of her pale, cold, passionless beauty called up another mobile thoroughbred face instinct with quick flashings of mirth and hauteur. Again he felt the fierce clutch of small fingers, as they fought with his in that struggle for his life. Each line of that face stood before him—the arching brows, the cameo-delicacy of profile, the magnolia skin and hair like a brown-gold cloud across the sun.

He stepped down to the gravelled drive and followed it to the gate, then, bareheaded, took the Red Road. Along this highway he had rattled in Uncle Jefferson's crazy hack—with her red rose in his hand. The musky scent of the pressed leaves in the book in his pocket seemed to be all about him.

The odor of living roses, in fact, was in the air. It came on the scarce-felt breeze, a heavy calling perfume. He walked on, keeping the road by the misty infiltrating shimmer of the stars, with a sensation rather of gliding than of walking. It occurred to him that if, as scientists say, colors emit sound-tones, scents also should possess a music of their own: the honeysuckle fragrance, maybe—soft mellow fluting as of diminutive wind-instruments; the far-faint sticky odor of lilies—the upper register of faery violins; this spicy breath of roses—blending, throbbing chords like elfin echoes of an Italian harp. The fancy pleased him; he could imagine the perfume no in the air carried with it an under-music, like a ghostly harping.

It came to him at the same instant that this was no mere fancy. Somewhere in the languorous night a harp was being played. He paused and listened intently, then went on toward the sound. The rose scent had grown stronger; it was almost in that heavy air, as if he were breathing an ethereal sea of attar. He felt as if he were

treading on a path of rose-leaves, down which the increasing melody flowed crimsonly to him, calling, calling.

He stopped stock-still. He had been skirting a close-cropped hedge of box. This had ended abruptly and he was looking straight up a bar of green-yellow radiance from a double doorway. The latter opened on a porch and the light, flung across this, drenched an arbor of climbing roses, making it stand out a mass of woven rubies set in emerald.

He drew a long sigh of more than delight, for framed in the doorway he saw a figure in misty white, leaning to the gilded upright of a harp. He knew at once that it was Shirley. Holding his breath, he came closer, his feet muffled in the thick grass. He stood in the dense obscurity, one hand gripping the gnarled limb of a catalpa, his eyes following the shapely arms from wrist to shoulder, the fingers straying across the strings, the bending cheek caressing the carved wood. She was playing the melody of Shelley's "Indian Serenade"—touching the chords softly and tenderly—and his lips moved, molding themselves soundlessly to the words.

The serenade died in a single long note. As if in answer to it there rose a flood of bird-music from beyond the arbor—jets of song that swelled and rippled to a soaring melody. She heard it, too, for the graceful fingers fell from the strings. She listened a moment, with head held to one side, then sprang up and came through the door and down the steps.

He hesitated a moment, then a single stride took him from the shadow

### CHAPTER XVIII.

Beyond the Box-Hedge. As he greeted her, his gaze plunged deep into hers. She had recoiled a step, startled, to recognize him almost instantly. He noted the shrinking and thought it due to a stabbing memory of that forest-horror. His first words were prosaic enough: "I'm an unconscionable trespasser," he said. "It must seem awfully prosy, but I didn't realize I was on private property till I passed the hedge there."

As her hand lay in his, a strange fancy stirred in him: in that wood-meeting she had seemed something witch-like, the wilful spirit of the passionate spring herself, mixed of her aerial essences and jungle wildernesses; in this scented lim-lit close she was grave-eyed, subdued, a paler pensive woman of under-half-guessed sadnesses and haunting moods. With her answer, however, this gravity seemed to slip from her like a garment. She laughed lightly.

"I love to prow! myself. I think sometimes I like the night better than the day. I believe in one of my incarnations I must have been a panther."

"They both laughed. "I'm growing superstitious about flowers," he said. "You know a rose figured in our first meeting. And in our last—" She shrank momentarily. "The cape jessamines! I shall always think of that when I see them!"

"Ah, forgive me!" he begged. "But when I remember what you did—for me! Oh, I know! But for you, I must have died."

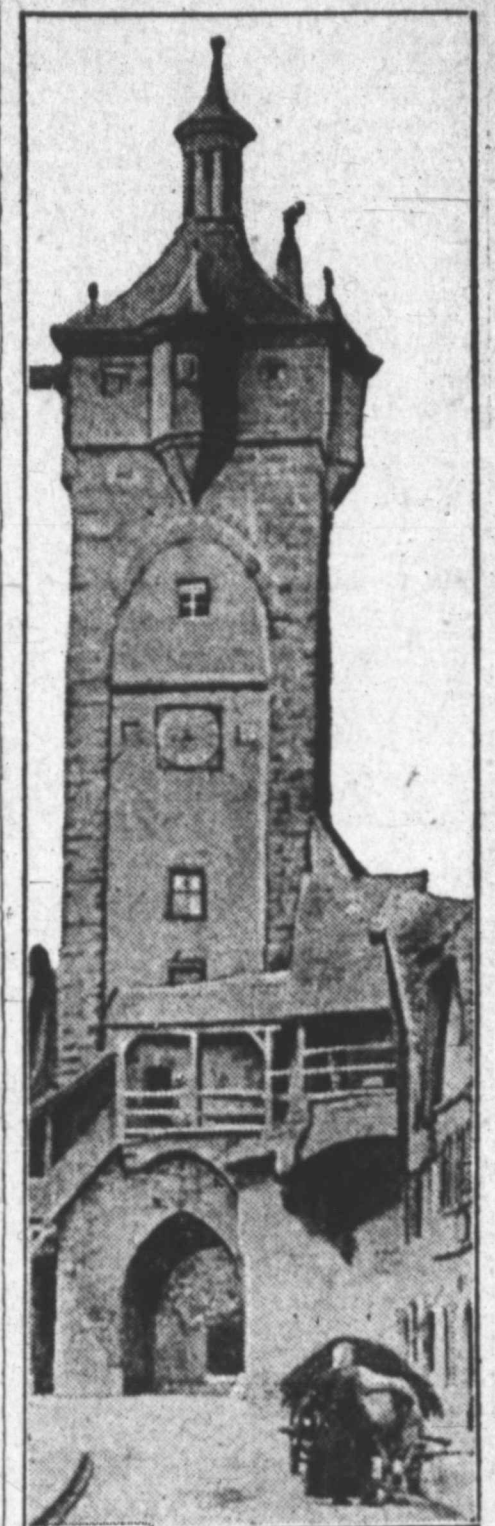
"But for me you wouldn't have been bitten. But don't let's talk of it. She shivered suddenly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### ROTHENBURG ON THE TAUBER

Every Street in City Offers Unlimited Possibilities to the Artist and Camera Man.

Berlin.—Every street in Rothenberg offers unlimited possibilities to the artist and the camera man. Noble churches rich in Gothic work, sternly simple in character, beautiful in craftsmanship, richly endowed with wood carving; massy walls, still battlemented; towers of all shapes and sizes, some round and tall, others squat and fat, with evil-looking slits in their walls from whence many an arrow has sped on its death-dealing mission; others, again, fantastically peaked, soaring high into the sky and seeming to touch the rolling masses of cloud that go flying by; Renaissance buildings of the greatest beauty, seamed and stained with the inexorable hand of time, many gabled and with row upon row of quaint dormers



The Kligen Thor (Tower).

peeping from a steep roof of glowing prismatic color. Autumn is the time for picturesque figures. Then is heard the clacking of the flail in many an old barn; primitive bullock wagons laden with the treasures of mother earth slowly come through the fortified barbicans of the town gates; and figures bearing scythe or reaping hook pass on to the fields and woods. Stay a while and peep inside one of the great old barns, whose huge beams and timbers are dimly revealed in the deep, dark recesses. A cloud of fine dust fills the air, and a flood of sunshine pouring in from the open door turns this into a quivering, golden, transparent screen, through which the picturesquely clad figures are seen flinging their flails in rhythmic time, the grain meanwhile dancing a merry measure on the rough oaken floor.

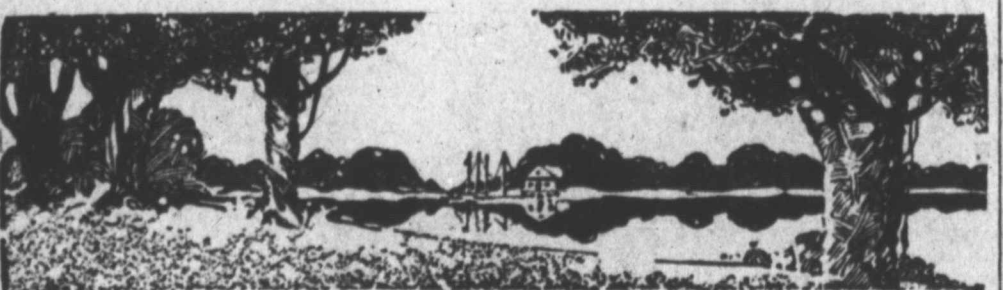
Wisely enough, the inhabitants of Rothenberg built their railway station far enough away, where it could not spoil the beauty of the ancient town. The visitor may feel a little disappointed at first, as, on leaving the station, he traverses a commonplace buildings; but once through the Roder gate and a street is entered whose houses and towers would satisfy the rampant imagination of the most extravagant scenic artist. A great joy and content fills the traveler's heart, for surely now he is back in the middle ages. On either side of the wide, spacious street are great, gabled houses lavishly painted in various colors, and with many humorous inscriptions and verses upon them. Listen to this above a Rothenberg Figaro's house:

Many a man must lose his hair Whom't pleaseeth not the same to spare; Yet never a man that I have shorn But well't hath pleased him, I'll be sworn For each as best it suiteth him, And every man I lather down, Whether he's wise or but a clown.

Bailed Out by Complainant. Little Ferry, N. Y.—Mayor Frank Herma, charged with assaulting Christian Ullman, a political opponent, surrendered to the police and was bailed out by the complainant.

Hesitate Over Tempting Offer. Boston.—A genuine one-dollar bill marked down to 90 cents remained in a store window for 24 hours before it was purchased. Hundreds hesitated to accept the bargain offer.

12,000 Contemplating Suicide. Chicago.—Coroner Hoffman in his biennial report estimates that 12,000 persons in Chicago at the present time are contemplating suicide.



### DROVE THE CAT TO SUICIDE

Representative Probably Did a Little Thinking After He Had Heard Policeman's Story.

"Alfalfa Bill" Murray, representative from Oklahoma, made a tour of Washington a short time ago with a party of friends. In due time they reached the Washington monument, and the Oklahoma statesman told at length of the beauties of the shaft.

At the close of his peroration, Alfalfa Bill mopped his brow and turned genially to a minion of the law nearby. "How about it," asked he; "isn't that some little talk on this ancient pile of masonry?"

"You forgot about the cat," replied that official, imperturbably. "What cat?"

"The brindled cat of 1898." "Well, what about him?" queried Representative Murray. "Oh, nothing," replied the guard, evasively. "See here," said Mr. Murray, sternly, "I demand to know about this cat."

noticed that cat acting queerly every time a party came along and was told about the beauties of this vast pile of masonry," as you was saying. "Then one day along came a gent with some friends and talked for three-quarters of an hour along this line, when blamed if that there cat didn't run all the way up 500 odd feet of steps and commit suicide by jumping off the top of the monument." Washington Post.

Some Mushroom. Epicures in the United States, who love mushrooms will long for a time in the Austrian Tyrol, where real mushrooms grow. A traveler writing of the region says: "Bordering the road that led up the mountain were Italian chestnut trees, so large that it took from three to five of us to span the trunks of most of them. Under one of these one evening I saw crouching what I took to be a small, dark gray kitten. Stooping, I found that it was not a kitten, but a mushroom. Our good peasant neighbor, hurrying toward me, begged that I would not disturb it, saying that she depended on this every year. After a few days of rain, what had seemed a kitten now looked a stately cat, and when it reached the weight of six pounds it was gathered and eaten."



## Fundamental Principles of Health

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M. D.

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### EUGENICS.

Lester Ward declares that aversion in the relations between man and woman means that their union will result in some defect or imperfection in the offspring. And our knowledge of the laws of heredity and of environment prove this must be true.

Environment counts for fully 90 per cent in the development of the individual, and a family distraught by bickering, misunderstanding, and the lack of mutual consideration and forbearance, cannot well be considered favorable environment in which to develop normal children.

Sex selection and the survival of the fittest appears to have been responsible for the course of human evolution up to the time of the ancient Greeks, and if the fragments of that early civilization indicate anything, obviously they indicate a plane of pure and logical thought we have yet to attain.

Sex selection means the choice of superior mates, and therefore the production of superior qualities—in posterity. Free, natural selection has been the uplifting power that has developed and conserved the race. The primitive selection inspired by natural instinct and maintained by strong arms and a stone club undoubtedly bred men and women relatively superior to many of today, and vastly superior to those certain to result from a like number of generations with choice largely governed by the power of property accumulated through more or less devious methods.

What is there in all recorded history that we can point to in evidence of our ability to improve on the forces that brought us from the primal cell to Thales, Anaximander, Hippocrates and Euclid, intellects that still actuate the minds of men after more than twenty centuries?

Granting that beings vary among themselves generation after generation, granting only the fit survive, granting the survivors tend to transmit their qualities, then it follows that evolution is now going on and that we are either ascending or descending. We know it to be within our power to go in either direction, and therefore that we can develop a vastly superior and a happier race in a few generations if we will to do so. But what rational steps are being taken to this end? We laugh at the childish efforts to stay natural forces by imperial or legislative edict recorded in earlier ages; but are recent legislative enactments in the name of eugenics any more logical or do they promise to be any more effective than Emperor Caligula's command that the tide cease to rise?

The simple and disagreeable truth is that modern business has destroyed the fundamental principle of natural selection. Making women economically dependent on men eliminates the lifting power of woman's choice—and there can be no choice without freedom and no freedom except it be grounded in economic independence.

Because of woman's dependence and humanity's mental, sympathetic and social refinements, the fundamental principles of natural selection and the "survival of the fittest" through the struggle for existence have been forced into the background, creating an artificial condition certain to be corrected by self-destruction. Hence this cry for eugenics.

Eugenics cannot become a vital power in any nation until a sufficient body of the people become imbued with the true principles, and this is a condition impossible to attain through legislation, and is only to be achieved by individual effort and mental and physical development. No sane parents will knowingly deliberately condemn their children or their children's children to poverty, the insane asylum or worse; and the means of prevention lie in knowledge.

If every child were given a practical working knowledge of physics, chemistry and biology, studies that furnish material for true thought and fundamental understanding, the present unhealthy condition would automatically correct itself, and there would be no more talk of eugenics.

### HEREDITY.

Irving Fisher in United States senate document No. 419, "National Vitality, Its Wastes and Conservation," says: "Human vitality depends upon two primary conditions: heredity and hygiene, or conditions during life." And Metchnikoff points out that part of the supposed inheritance of longevity may not be inheritance, but similarity of environment.

Nature's movements are on so vast a scale and contain so many complex and never to be understood forces that balance and counteract each other, that it now seems incredible that the world for so long should have accepted the authority of the past in a matter as vital to human happiness as the old idea of heredity. Fortunately we have finally evolved into the un-

derstanding that the final court of appeal is observation and experiment, and not authority, however eminent it may have been in its day and generation. The old axiom, "Like produces like," is now known to be incorrect. No two things can be produced exactly alike, and we know that ability to change is the evidence of life.

A farmer selects as a fine ear of seed corn one in which each kernel conforms in general type to a desirable ancestor, and from this ear he takes the seed for a new crop. Three factors enter into the results from the planting of this seed—heredity, climate, soil. Granting the first two factors to be ideal, there are ten elements required in the soil to produce a development equal in type and vitality to the parent seed. Oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, phosphorus, calcium, sulphur, potassium, iron and magnesium are the necessary elements, and the absence of one of these ten chemicals in necessary amount will determine whether there shall be a partial or even a total crop failure. Corn can be fed and bred up or starved and run down. One community will average ten bushels per acre and another will average 100 bushels per acre. By the intelligent adjustment of all the factors, 239 bushels per acre have been produced.

The same principles and factors apply to the animal kingdom, including man. Heredity determines the type, but environment governs what the individual shall be. In common with the corn of the field and with all other forms of life mankind reacts to the universal laws of change and modification; and this is the hope of humanity. There being no spontaneous generation of the human species, it follows that all are of equally ancient lineage, and investigation will show only a little way back a material taint in the line of the best, judged by present day standards. This is proof that in all life there is an inherent tendency to adapt and advance.

The fundamental problem of man is to stay here on earth—"We don't know where we are going, but we're on the way," and we might as well be comfortable about it. An intelligent application of the laws of heredity as laid down by Mendel, coupled with a rational adjustment of the individual to environment, could make a new race in two generations. We may be ascendent or decadent just as we see fit.

Type is a matter of heredity and counts for about 5 per cent of the individual—environment covers the remaining 95 per cent. A phonograph record disk may be large or small, depending on the type of mold selected to make it. Its capacity is determined by the mold, but whether it shall receive and give out a meaningless jangle of discord, a masterpiece of harmony, or a soul stirring call to human achievement, depends on the impression received after its creation. Whether it be used with intelligent purpose or marred, cracked and scratched by indifferent handling depends on unknown factors. And man, too, is the product of the sum of the impressions received in his experience.

Like the corn plant, man too is the product of three factors covered by the term anthropological, telluric, social, and granting the first two to be ideal, the third involves a complex mass easily accounting for most break-downs. The human body is made up of 14 elements—oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, phosphorus, calcium, sulphur, chlorine, sodium, iron, potassium, magnesium, silica and fluorine, and to attain perfect development must be supplied with all these elements in suitable quantity.

The now prevailing standard of food values which measures the heat units produced from food and completely ignores all other elements and factors, is not only woefully inadequate in the light of modern science, but constitutes a grave menace to the health, to the morals, to the sanity, and to the life of any people.

### English Lord Bars Labor Union.

Some months ago a branch of the Agricultural Laborers' and Rural Workers' union was formed on the Lillford estate, Northants, and a large number of laborers became members.

Recently a circular was issued by the agent of Lord Lillford stating that no members of the union would be employed on the estate. It is understood that about sixty men are affected and that they have been given a stated time to "consider their position."

Well attended and orderly meetings, under the auspices of the union, held in the villages on the estate have passed a resolution emphatically protesting against the action of the lord of the manor (Lord Lillford) and the farmers of the estate.—London Chronicle.

### Dainty Dish.

She was a young missionary to China, not yet quite proficient in the language of the country, and was giving a little dinner to some friends. During the course of the meal, she asked the servant to bring in some fruit—at least she thought she did.

He objected; she insisted; he refused; she grew angry. At last he left the room.

Presently he returned, carrying a large platter, which he placed before her with an air of supreme contempt. On it, carefully arranged, were her husband's every-day trousers!—Youth's Companion.

Few people are so disagreeable that they can't keep on good terms with themselves.

An objection to paying taxes seems to be more certain than the taxes.

## FAMOUS OLD INNS

Historic Events Cluster About Ancient Hostleries of England.

Many of Them Have Passed Out of Existence But Those That Remain Have a Charm That Is Very Appealing.

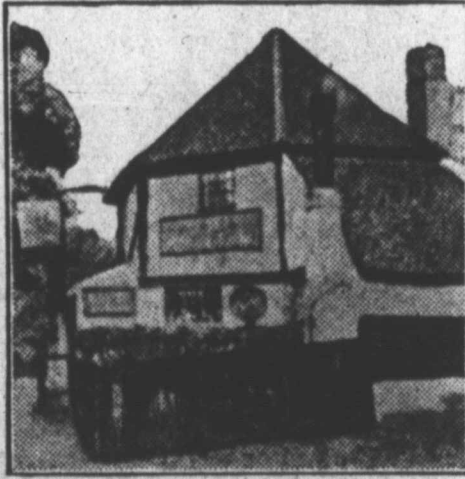
London.—The word "inn" signifying a chamber or place of residence) is of purely Saxon origin. It is just possible that the inns which flourished before the Conquest had some remote connection with the "guest-houses" which existed at various points of the great Roman roads, but it is quite certain that the great majority of the medieval inns, like the New Inn at Gloucester, the George at Glastonbury, the ancient hostelry at Norton St. Phillip having the same sign, had a purely ecclesiastic origin. The inns of Southwark were famous long before Shakespeare's time, and an old engraving shows the Borough to have been at one time a street of inns. One after another they have disappeared, but the George has survived the wholesale demolition of its contemporaries and, in the second decade of the twentieth century, retains the picturesque features which inspired the architects of our earliest playhouses. The Kemyles—Sarah Siddons with the rest of them—frequently played in an inn yard, with the rustic audience packed into the wooden galleries which ran around it and led to the bedchambers of the Star, the Green Dragon, the Red Lion or whatever house it happened to be. This state of things came to an end about 1770, when the organization of fast mails gave the coaching inns half a century of activity and prosperity. If the railway put an end to these halcyon days for well nigh seventy years, the motor car bids fair to make ample amends in the case of the venerable hostleries which have survived the crisis, which, with relentless hand, swept away the Tabard or Talbot (the most famous of all Southwark inns), the White Hart, the King's Head, the Katherine Wheel and the Queen's Head, all of which up to comparatively recent times possessed galleried courtyards similar to that now described.

The remains of the George derive additional interest from the fact that this inn stood close to the Tabard. In connection with which it is mentioned as early as 1554.

Very few English inns can lay claim either to the antiquity, the quaint architectural features, or the eventful history of the New Inn at Gloucester, which may almost be described as a city of inns and inn-holders. It is in the murder of King Edward II that we discover the genesis of this delightful old hostelry. When Bristol, Malmesbury and other places declined the honor of affording sepulture to the dead monarch, "Abbot Thokery did not wait to be allowed, but went bodily, demanded and conveyed the royal corpse in his own carriage to the Abbey of St. Peter, at Gloucester, where it was received by the brethren of the Monastery in procession and buried on the north side of the choir, near the high altar in September, 1327." In course of time the tomb of Edward became a popular shrine.

The George at Glastonbury is another example of a medieval pilgrims' inn, but little of the original work remains except the striking perpendicular panelled facade. It was built in the latter half of the fifteenth century by Abbot Selwood for the better accommodation of visitors to the abbey and its shrines. Above the gateway are the arms of Edward IV and those of the abbey.

The Feathers at Ludlow has long been regarded as one of the princ-



The Fighting Cocks, St. Albans.

pal sights and attractions of the ancient twin capital of the Marches, and a fine specimen of the houses described as black and white or "magpie," although very much "over-restored." The Feathers is reminiscent, both as regards the exterior and interior, of Tudor times; but it is to its neighbor, the Bull, you must go to see the oak paneling covered with heraldic devices which adorned Ludlow Castle in the days when Milton's "Comus" was first performed there.

It is probable that the Fighting Cocks Inn at St. Albans is far older than the Feathers at Ludlow.

"Birth Pangs of a New Democracy." Chicago.—"The cries that come to us from Colorado and from other scenes of strife—cries for vengeance and for blood—are not the death knell of this republic, but are the birth pangs of a new Democracy," said James A. MacDonald, managing editor of the Toronto Globe, in a speech here

# COME TO THE PANHANDLE THIS YEAR

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

## The Panhandle is Ready for the Farmer

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

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

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

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

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

**C. O. KEISER**  
Canyon, Texas Keota, Iowa



ROUND THE WORLD

There are 11,000,000 chickens in Minnesota.

In Burma women smoke cigars the same as men.

Valencia, Spain, yearly produces 200,000 tons of rice.

For a thousand unhusked coconuts \$25 is considered in the Philippines a very high price.

A plant to extract nitrogen from the air for fertilization purposes is being built in Iceland.

Twenty-five hundred Guernsey cows tested show an average milk yield of 8,465 pounds a year.

In Great Britain the percentage of insanity is increasing faster than the growth of population.

New York state consumes 370,550,000 feet of lumber annually in making packing boxes and crates.

Dwellers on the seacoast of one part of France claim to prevent seasickness by filling their ears with vaseline.

Women are employed in road building in Singapore, breaking up much of the material with small hammers.

Eggs shipped to the United States from Hamburg are not German eggs, but come from Galicia and Hungary.

In the course of one year more than 6,000 persons were identified by their finger prints in the London police court.

The United States' bill for diamonds the last decade has been just about enough to buy and build the Panama canal.

The washing of the towels and dust-ers used in the London public schools requires an annual expenditure of \$19,000.

San Pedro harbor, California, is to be improved by dynamiting out of existence the obstruction known as "Dead Man's Island."

There is said to be one rat to every acre of ground in England and Wales, causing a loss to farmers estimated at \$75,000,000 annually.

There is an Indian tribe in Bolivia which shuns the whites and lives as in the stone age, making tools and weapons out of stone, bone or wood.

Chinese jade is so successfully imitated by German manufacturers that experts of the far east frequently mistake the artificial for the genuine.

It is proposed to introduce the use of Esperanto into the Edinburgh police force, and pamphlets in regard to it have been distributed among the men.

There are fewer than 26,000 reindeer left in Lapland, and it has been pointed out that unless special measures are taken the animals will become extinct.

A native of Hertsam, Surrey, England, who is fifty-six years of age has not once crossed the Thames, which is only a mile and a half away from his home.

So much greater is the demand for edible snails in France than the supply that artificial snails have been invented, the only genuine portions of which are the shells.

Göteborg, Sweden, now has some-what wheeled taxicabs for special passenger traffic. The fares are 25 per cent less than those of the regular four wheeled taxis.

In order to become a physician in Turkey one must be able to pass the required oral examination in either the French or Turkish language. The requirements are strict.

Every twenty-four hours there are poured into the Harlem river 99,000,000 gallons, into the North river 132,000,000 gallons and into the East river 264,000,000 gallons of New York sewage.

Notwithstanding two decrees by the local Italian government in Tripoli ordering the Arabs to return and cultivate the gardens in the oasis about Tripoli, only a few have responded.

Italian farmhouses need improving, according to the opinion of the government, which has offered \$7,585 in premiums to be awarded for encouraging the construction of model farm buildings.

More than 100,000 members of the Salvation Army from forty-six countries will assemble in San Francisco between Aug. 15 and 22, 1915, for the convention of the International Salvation Army.

Quite recently a Parisian company made use of a lion in one of its films, the animal proving so tractable that it had the run of the studio and was stroked like a dog. The next day it killed its trainer.

The seven sons in the Burkheiser family of Detroit, Mich., weigh 1,000 pounds. They are all between the ages of twenty-two and thirty-eight, are all married, and their average weight is nearly 230 pounds.

Tree planting on national forests is done at comparatively short intervals in spring and fall. In spring it starts when the snow melts and stops with the drying out of the ground. In the fall it begins between the fall rains and first snowfall.

British India, a writer in the Outlook for the blind says, leads all eastern countries in the number of its blind people, containing about 600,000. In China there are, it is estimated, 500,000, in Japan 100,000 and in Egypt 150,000 of these unfortunates.

The tonnage of the merchant vessels launched throughout the world in 1913 showed a large increase over the preceding year, and, in fact, over any previous year, being estimated at 3,332,000 tons, as against 2,901,000 tons for the vessels launched in 1912.

The British Road Improvement association has offered a prize of \$500 for an improved horseshoe which will afford the animal a sound footing on the modern smooth pavements and at the same time minimize the amount of noise done to the roadway by the rattling types of shoes.

NATIVE INNS IN JAPAN.

Where You Shed Your Shoes Before Going to Your Room.

The entrance to native inns in Japan is most always a roofed vestibule with a well trodden earthen floor backed by a raised platform about twenty inches high, forming at once a seat and the outer extension of the first floor.

A scattered line of shoes, sandals and geta, belonging to the guests usually lie along it, and at one side is a cupboard where umbrellas and footgear are deposited. A big drop octagon clock on the wall, a low desk, a hibachi and a pile of cushions generally complete the office equipment.

The traveler's jinrikī customarily deposits him in the vestibule, at the edge of the platform, beneath the overhang of the roof. Shouts of "O Kyaku san" (honorable visitor) apprise the master and the maids that a guest is arriving and all hurry forward to receive him, uttering cries of welcome and bowing glossy black heads to the floor.

As the traveler sits on the platform a servant removes his shoes and others divest him of his wraps. Shoes are seldom cleaned, and if they be wet or muddy they are left untouched. Habitual frequenters of inns often provide themselves with foot coverings to slip over shoes and thus be able to wear them to the apartment. Without them one must don the beardless slippers furnished or go to one's room unshod.—Kansas City Times.

TWO HUSBANDS.

A Humorous View of the English and American Business Brands.

In the American Magazine James Montgomery Flagg writes humorously about husbands. Following is an extract from what he has to say about the American business husband:

"This animal is very popular and justly so. He comes in a variety of colors, white, tan, deep red, mottled, brown, and sometimes green. The white variety is generally desired. There is no animal known that will take the amount of abuse and neglect that this one does, and still be devoted and affectionate. Hence his popularity. They are limited in intelligence, their one thought being the collecting of money. They will thrive on almost anything—scraps at the table, a few hot words or anything lying around the room that comes handy."

Of the English husband he says:

"The march of the centuries has made no change in this sturdy animal. Their love of hunting and killing is perhaps their most endearing quality. They will never distress you by coming home bleeding or mangled as they do not attack animals of their own size. They will eat anything except real food properly cooked. This is technically known as patriotism. Fan- ciers in England claim preposterous human qualities for them, but this may be laid down to native enthusiasm."

"Applications of arnica are excellent for bruises."

A Cup of Coffee.

As a matter of fact, the secret of good after dinner coffee is merely strength—say a tablespoonful to each cup. The true test of coffee making is not after dinner coffee, but the matutinal pot. The French, as a rule, make execrable cafe au lait, not to mention their perverted taste for the bitterness imparted by chicory. The best coffee I've found (and I make it every morning myself) is in Germany. Austria, the United States and the South American republics. The secret of it lies neither in boiling nor percolation (which is the better method never can be settled), but in using lots of coffee. The average English cook expects a tablespoonful of ground coffee to produce as much liquid as the same quantity of tea.—Brazilian in London Opinion.

"Full Many a Flower."

Aunt Lindy had brought around her three grandchildren for her mistress to see. The three little darlings, in call-co smocks, stood squirming in line while Lindy proudly surveyed them.

"What are their names, Lindy?" her mistress asked.

"Dey's name after flowers, ma'am. Ah name 'em. De bigges' one's name Gladola. De nex' one, she name Heliotrope."

"Those are very pretty," her mistress said. "What is the littlest one named?"

"She name Arthufical, ma'am."—New York Post.

And to Spare.

"Mrs. Alden has five children. If there were seven more, how many children would Mrs. Alden have?" Several hands were raised.

"Anna may tell us," said teacher.

"How many children would she have, Anna?"

"Enough."—New York Post.

Another Surprise.

Cholly—And was my present a surprise to your sister? Willie—You bet! Sis said she never thought you'd send her anything so cheap.—Boston Transcript.

Didn't Get It.

"So you demanded an apology. Well, and what happened?"

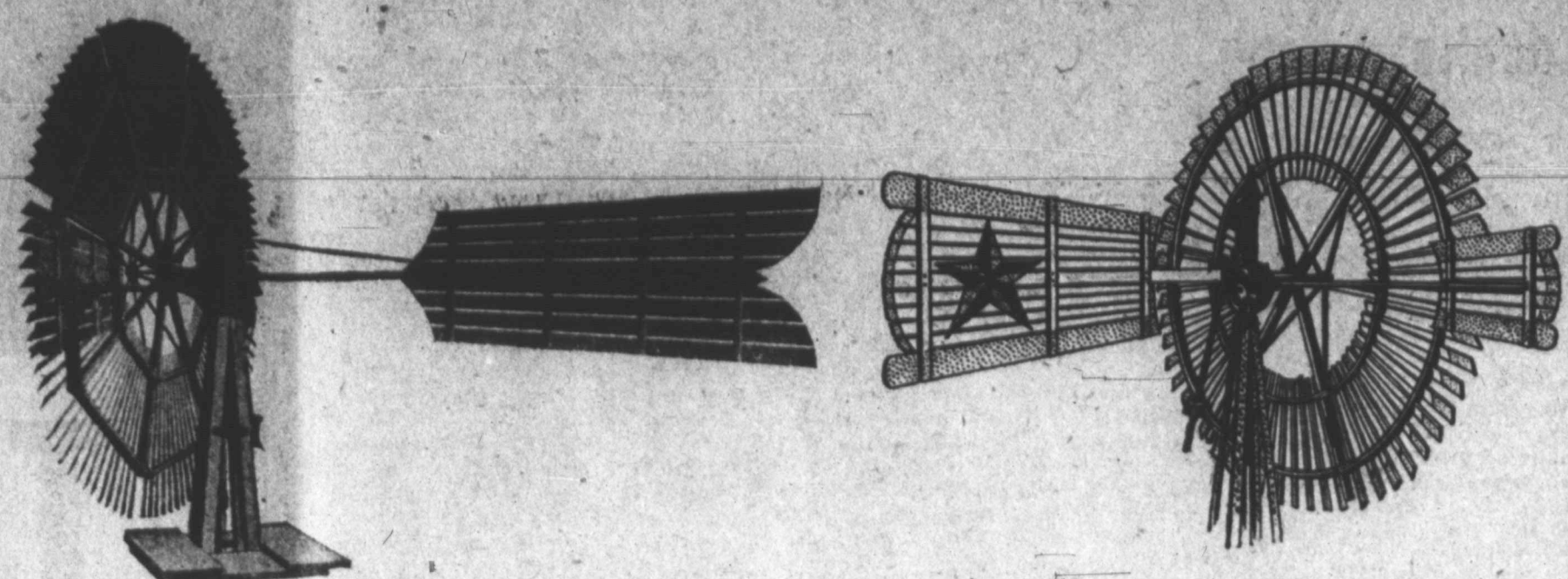
"The supply wasn't equal to the demand."—Boston Transcript.

The Last Word.

"I wouldn't mind my wife's having the last word," said Mr. Henpeck. "If she would only hurry up and get to it!"—Lippincott's.

Manners carry the world for a moment, character for all time.

# The Eclipse and Star Windmills



## THE OLD RELIABLE STANDBYS

which have long been tested and always can be depended on, and are well known to be longest lived and most substantial windmills on the market. Carried in stock, size 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



Y. W. HOLMES

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

Live in Plainview, native Texas, on farm, till 26 years old, academic graduate Univ. of Texas, lawyer since 1898, served in Legislature in 1905; lived in Conzales 9 years, in Amarillo 3, and in Hale Co. 4—investigate me, and if it shows good and you like my platform, WONT YOU VOTE FOR ME?

Cannot see you personally, but will make speeches, and will discuss briefly in this column part of the following propositions every two weeks. Watch for them.

1. Favor statewide prohibition, most strict regulation till statewide is secured, and full protection of dry territory against liquor traffic.
2. Favor ample provision for buildings, equipment, maintenance and protection of all State educational institutions, particularly the Canyon Normal.
3. Favor compulsory attendance of every scholastic under 14 years for four months each year; favor free text books; an 8 months school year divided into two separate sessions, and better pay for teachers.

The limit to which county schools may vote taxes on themselves should be removed; so they may run the same time as town schools. Limitation of tax rate for Gov't support is well enough; but where money is to be spent locally, by the local people, and for schools, there is no reason why the amount they see fit to vote on themselves should be limited.

Farmers must have the help of their children during certain

periods; therefore the school year should be divided into at least two separate sessions of three months; so that in cases where the child cannot attend the entire year, he can begin with any session and take up the work exactly where he left it off.

4. Opposed to children under 14 working at any indoor occupation except to assist in business of their parents.

It is a crime against childhood, its health, happiness and morals, to keep it out of school and open air, and put it to labor in cotton mills and other factories, and such ought to be absolutely prohibited. There is no need to limit working in open air, for there is no existing abuse of that kind to correct. Besides open air work or play has seldom been known to injure health, morals or mind.

5. Opposed to women working over 8 hours per day in any factory, and over ten hours at any other indoor occupation.

Women are the mothers, home makers and moral stay of our country. Overwork, particularly in factories, breaks down health, interferes with home making and undermines refinement and morality. Ought a stenographer to be kept at the typewriter, or a saleswoman behind the counter, for more than ten hours in any one day, and often till long after dark?

6. A mother with children, without support, unable to maintain a home, should be assisted by the State to enable her to maintain a home for them.

It is a crime against child, mother and the public society to permit the home and family to be broken up, if it can be avoided. In any case in which the mother is mentally and morally worthy, where withholding State aid will cause mother or child to go to the poor house, or the child into the orphanage, or cause them to be separated, or the child to be given into the hands of strangers, or the home to be broken up, each and every one of such calamities ought to be prevented by State aid. Experience in thirteen states has shown such method to be cheaper than maintaining poor houses and orphanages.

7. Favor laws providing for a complete and accurate gathering and disseminating of informa-

tion on growing, harvesting and marketing agricultural products; and providing for a marketing and warehouse system.

Not only should there be public warehouses in which producers may store their products till there is a fair market; but these warehouse keeper should have the duty to find a market, particularly for perishable products. Then, instead of such products being pushed into a market already glutted, it would be sent to where there is a demand for it.

A full and accurate report of methods, costs, conditions, etc., of the growing, harvesting and marketing of many different crops by many different farmers, and the distribution of such reports among farmers, ought to be invaluable to them. This could be done by the public warehouseman.

8. Favor a pure seed law to protect agriculture against bad and impure seeds.

Frequently land is poisoned and crops fail by reason of shipping in of impure seeds, which the farmer cannot guard against. Because of shipping in of win-fall apples, and other insect infected fruit, farmers can no longer raise fruit on the Plains without spraying. When the shipping in of such stuff is stopped, farmers can kill out the insects in their orchards, and not before. We should have a law to stop this.

9. To encourage the purchase and improvement of small farms, I favor laws to promote rural credit associations; and also the necessary laws to give Texas the benefit of the National Rural Banking Act to be passed—but homestead exemptions must be preserved.

10. Encourage railroad building by amending stock and bond law to allow bonds to be sold before road is built, the proceeds to be spent under supervision of Ry Commission.

11. Reform Court proceedings so cases will be determined right and with due dispatch, eliminating unnecessary technicalities.

There are other matters of importance, which I hope to touch upon in my speeches.

(Advertisement 11)  
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Political Announcements.

For State Senator.

W. A. JOHNSON

For Representative 123rd District.

T. J. TILSON.

Y. W. HOLMES

A. C. ELLIOTT

For District Judge.

JNO. W. VEALE.

JAMES N. BROWNING.

HUGH L. UMPHRES

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.

For County Attorney.

W. J. FLESHER.

RECTOR LESTER.

For Hide and Animal Inspector.

J. V. YOUNG.

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Take Grove's  
The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless  
chill Tonic is equally valuable as a  
General Tonic because it contains the  
well known tonic properties of QUININE  
and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives  
out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and  
Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

Severe Attack of Colic Cured.  
E. E. Cross, who travels in Virginia  
and other Southern States, was taken  
suddenly and severely ill with colic. At  
the first store he came to the merchant  
recommended Chamberlain's Colic,  
Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Two  
doses of it cured him. No one should  
leave home on a journey without a bottle  
of this preparation. For sale by all dealers.  
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