

ARCHITECT ENDRESS HERE THIS WEEK

Architect George A. Endress was in the city Tuesday, accompanied by State Inspector of Masonry Fisher. Mr. Endress was here for the purpose of looking after the work on the Normal in general but more especially was he and Mr. Fisher interested in studying the sands and gravels near the city. They have decided that these will not do to go into the new building, consequently all of this material will be shipped in.

The work of clearing away the ruins and of digging the pits for the foundation continues rapidly with a continuation of the fine weather.

The question of building a spur from the railroad is still unsettled as the company has not received permission from the only person whose vacant lot it would cross.

Material is expected within a short time to begin building the concrete piers. A house for the cement was constructed this week. A load of cement is on the way.

The skilled workmen held a meeting Saturday and will organize a union in the city. They appointed committees to draft the rules and to apply for their charter. They expect to have the union organized by the time the work of construction begins.

Anniversary Program.

Feb. 17th is the sixth anniversary of beginning work on the old Normal building. This date was set aside as a legal holiday in the school when faculty and students joined in an anniversary program, celebrating the birthday of the institution. The program for this year is now being planned by a committee and will be along the same lines as in the past.

Will Lecture in Dallas.

Prof. H. W. Morelock will lecture in Dallas about the first of April at the annual meeting of the Pierian Club, one of the oldest literary clubs in Dallas. His subject will be "The Art and Artistry of Robt. Browning". The secretary notifies Mr. Morelock that there will be several hundred women present.

Fifth Sunday Meeting.

The Tierra Blanca Baptist association will hold a Fifth Sunday meeting in the local Baptist church beginning tonight and closing Sunday night. The Woman's association will have a very interesting program in connection. There is expected a large attendance from the various towns comprising the association.

In this issue of the News is found the announcement of B. T. Johnson for the office of City Marshal. Mr. Johnson is well known in the city, having lived here for a number of years. He is a splendid man and has affiliated himself with all of the progressive movements for the up-building of the town both materially and spiritually.

Grain prices advancing, better buy those seed oats from The Leader. t1

The ladies of the missionary society of the Methodist church planned and successfully executed a pounding for the Methodist pastor and wife, Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Mayne, Thursday afternoon.



Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cullum entertained the Cosmos Club Thursday night. The evening was spent at 500. Refreshments were served of perfection salad, coffee, pickles, sandwiches and olives. The guests of the club were Mr. and Mrs. Travis Shaw and Jack Figh.

Mrs. R. McGee entertained at a six o'clock turkey dinner Saturday night in honor of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cass of Tullia. After the dinner music was furnished by Miss Thelma McGee. The guests of the evening were Messrs. and Mesdames B. T. Johnson, G. W. Avant and A. B. Cage.

The Thimble Club met with Mrs. Archambeau Wednesday afternoon, all members being present and several new ones. An enjoyable time was spent at fancy work and conversation. A Member

Monday was the first wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Reeves and in honor of the occasion they entertained Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cullum and Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Wallace at a six o'clock dinner.

Jurors Drawn.

The following is the list of grand jurors chosen for the February term of the district court which opens Feb. 22:

- J. T. Service
- J. M. Black
- S. M. Downing
- Wm. Willard
- I. W. Scott
- R. W. Bruce
- A. J. Garrison
- J. A. Currie
- H. E. Wesley
- E. E. Adams
- J. W. Blair
- C. A. Elder
- G. E. Mason
- R. E. Baird
- J. A. Wilson
- G. M. Peet

The following is the list of petit jurors chosen for the first week:

- L. L. Monroe
- H. N. Vaughn
- J. E. Winkelman
- J. M. Johnson
- Gustav Angel
- Wm. Schmitz
- J. D. Weller
- Geo. Schaffer
- L. L. VanSant
- J. H. Waller
- C. F. Zoeller
- H. A. Schroeder
- E. M. Cornwall
- A. E. Rubbert
- F. C. Gruner
- T. S. Trowbridge
- J. W. Bandy
- J. N. Duff
- J. C. Loring
- Jesse Pierce
- Mose Wesley
- S. V. Wirt
- J. A. Tate
- R. G. Oldham
- R. L. Wagner
- W. H. Sides
- J. M. Allred
- T. E. Simms
- S. C. Moon
- Ben Jones
- Peter Myer
- A. L. Roles

The following is the list of petit jurors selected for the second week of the district court:

- Oliver Tunbleson
- L. M. Scoggins
- C. H. Roberts
- Henry Beckman
- A. Ray Wiseman
- Wm. McClain
- C. R. Strong
- J. O. Turner
- Chas. Sutton
- A. L. Earl
- Frank Adkinson
- W. T. Jamerson
- C. E. Collins
- J. H. Stephenson
- W. H. Belles
- H. G. Breckenridge
- A. M. Smith
- Henry Burtz
- B. F. Merry
- Roy Lindsay
- R. H. Wright
- W. G. Word
- E. A. Upfold
- E. A. Oberst
- W. S. Myers
- H. R. Riggs
- J. P. Glover
- A. W. Currie
- E. E. Myers
- J. E. Miller
- H. F. Miller
- Owen Terpin

Political Announcements.

For City Marshal—

- D. THOMAS
- B. T. JOHNSON

MAUD POWELL RECITAL AT CANYON FEB. 17.



SEATS NOW ON SALE
SEATS MAY BE SECURED FROM
C. W. YARYICK MISS KLINE.

FROM THE TOWN CLOCK

Editor News:

High up in the air, overlooking the town from the top of the court house tower, I stay day and night. With my hands and my face out in the sunshine and wind, rain and snow, I constantly point out the time as best I know how. But I do not have a single brain cell in my head, therefore I cannot get correct time as it is flashed over the wire every morning from Washington.

Last Monday morning a head with some brain cells in it and connected to a human body, name unknown to me, ruthlessly shoved its fist in my face and pushed my delicate hands backward nine minutes. My hearing is not very good, but it seemed to say, "You blinkety blink, blinkety blink old clock can't you run for six months without gaining or losing a minute." It made me feel so badly because when he is eating good food, and reading the daily newspaper by a warm stove, and sleeping in a nice bed all night, I stay out here in the cold doing my best.

A few thousand years ago it would not have mattered so much, when the honorable citizen was down on the creek with his spear and bow hunting for daily food. And as he glanced over his shoulder at the sun he said, "reckon its about time I commenced to wonder homeward because just about now wife is putting the rabbit, I killed yesterday, on to stew." As there was no school for the children to attend, he found them in the yard playing with the bull puppy. Wife came out and said, "hurry to dinner hubby, and you needn't go hunting after dinner because we can make hash for supper of what is left of the rabbit. I want you to stay with the children this afternoon, I must attend the ladies literary society and I don't want to be late, as our subject for this afternoon is, "How many spans should Nellie receive for hitting little brother a whack on top of the head with a wooden mush spoon".

You may expect me back by early candle light."

But its different now, as I look down and see you citizens passing around the square, and see hundreds of young ladies and young men and children going to the Normal College and to the High School, I feel so sure that you owe it to them when they look up here at me to know the exact time to the minute when their classes will take up. It should be that when the railroad engineer as he drives one of the splendid trains on the Santa Fe, looks up at the clock and compares his time with it and finds there is a difference of half a minute, he ought to report to headquarters that there is something wrong with the R. R. time.

Judge of Randall Co., Commissioners of Randall Co., Business men of Canyon, citizens of Canyon and Randall county, help, help! Will someone help me, someone who has enough brain cells in their head to have some conception of the importance of having correct time. Either do that please, or pull me down out of my place and throw me on the scrap pile, I would a thousand times rather be torn and mangled down with the rubbish rusting my life away than to be up here constantly pointing out false time every day to hundreds of people.

Now when I strike the hours on the bell for everyone to hear the time I will send a secret message with every stroke of the bell to my partner in this time keeping business, saying, my partner am I striking right on the minute? Oh partner, partner do you hear me calling, calling to you?

Truly,
The Court House Clock.

Don't overlook our shirt sale next Saturday and Monday. Supply Co. t1

I do all kinds of light hauling hauling on quick notice. J. A. Harbison, phone 101. t1

Highest prices paid for country produce at The Leader. t1



POWELL SEAT SALE OPENS ON TUESDAY

Last Sunday the Y. W. C. A. elected delegates to the Southwestern conference at Dallas, beginning next Friday and extending over Sunday. The delegates are Mrs. T. V. Reeves and Misses Edna Key, Floy Brown, Margaret Locke.

Jack Pierson of Amarillo enrolled in school Friday.

Six volumes of National Education reports and nineteen volumes on Psychology were recently donated to the library by Mr. Cousins.

The young men's literary societies have arranged for a series of inter-society debates during the spring quarter. The debaters are being selected by means of a series of trial debates in the different societies. The Guenthers have elected Messrs. Archambeau, Sparks, Foote and Bolton.

In the language of one of the visiting girls, the entertainment given Saturday night was "a howling success."

Y. M. C. A.

Program for next Sunday
Subject—Get Together
Opening songs—Association
Scripture reading—Ed Trevy
Prayer—Pres. Cousins
How to get together—John Mathews.
How to stay together—Lloyd Black
How to get and stay together—Earl Sparks.
Business
Bible study

Hereford Girls Defeat Normal.

The Normal girls basketball team went to Hereford Monday and were defeated by the high school team by a score of 19 to 13. The Hereford team has an older organization and put up a mighty fast game. The teams will play in Canyon Saturday or Monday night.

THIEFT.

Theft does not mean a pinchy miserliness or the hardship of great self-denial. It means a lessening of extravagance, the cutting off of useless expenditures, the cultivation of the saving habit and preparation in time of prosperity for the inevitable hour of need.

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Bear In Mind



That you can always depend on us when you need printing in a hurry.

We'll do it right at prices that are right.

Those who have signed up for tickets for the Maud Powell recital on Feb. 17 may receive their seats next Tuesday morning by coming to the News office. The board will be opened that morning ONLY to those who have signed previously to this date. On Wednesday morning those who have not signed up will have a chance at the board and will have their choice at any seats not taken by the signers.

The board will be at the News office until the recital. The reserved seats are \$1.50.

The seat sale has been so great among the students of the Normal that the entire north wing of the church and the west section of the south wing has been reserved for their use.

The doors will be open the night of the recital promptly at 7:15 and the recital will begin promptly at 8 o'clock. The doors will be closed during all of the numbers played and the late comers must stand on the outside in order to cause no disturbance.

Poll Tax Payment.

The following were the number of poll tax receipts issued up to yesterday:

Poll Tax	Exemption
1 - 164	10
2 - 7	0
3 - 22	0
4 - 20	1
5 - 15	0
6 - 6	0
7 - 6	0
8 - 20	0
Total	161

Thomas Announces for Marshal.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of City Marshal subject to the April election. I have served the city as councilman for three terms and if you appreciate my earnest efforts to please the people and to look after the welfare of the city I shall appreciate your vote. This is the first office of emolument to which I have ever aspired. I know I can service you to the best of advantage of all the people and I most kindly solicit your support and vote.

D. Thomas.

Moving Here From Idaho.

Three families will arrive here this week to make their homes in the McNeil neighborhood southeast of the city where they own land. They are J. A. Stinson and his two sons, J. A. Jr., and F. L. Mrs. Stinson arrived here last week preparing for the others to come. They expect to rent places this year and to improve their own land in order to move to it next year.

Shirt Sale next Saturday and Monday

We are over stocked on shirts and next Saturday and Monday we will sell 100 - \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 shirts at 60c each. Supply Co. t1

In this issue of the News will be found the announcement of David Thomas, candidate for the office of city marshal. Mr. Thomas is well known in the city. He has lived here a number of years and for the past six years has been an efficient member of the city council. He has been street commissioner during that time and has done much work for the city with no expectation of ever receiving pay for the same.

ELECTRIC FARMING

Robert H. Moulton



SHOWING THE DIFFERENCE IN GROWTH BETWEEN PLANTS ON ELECTRIFIED AND UNELECTRIFIED SOIL

Now that scientists have discovered that high frequency electrical currents are powerful stimulants both of plant and animal life, the farm hand of the future may have to be a duly qualified electrical engineer before he can get a job.

It will not be enough for him to know how to manipulate the motors and transmission gear by which the farm machinery will be run. He will have to be up on the chemistry of electricity. He will have not only to know the use of violet rays in purifying the drinking water, but will also have to know whether ground wires are better for beets, ruby lights for radishes, mercury vapor for tobacco and electric sprinkling for something else.

He will have to be something of a plant neurologist, too. When the corn in the south forty is getting "nerves," or when the oats in the new ground is becoming too somnolent, he will have to make correct diagnoses and prescribe the proper treatment.

Electrification for plant growth has arrived. And when the canny American farmer learns that he can double or even treble the output of his fields by the use of electricity, somebody will have to find a way for him to use electricity and make a good profit out of his crops.

A few weeks ago there was a convention of practical electricians in Philadelphia. Among the addresses one virtually escaped the attention of the corps of reporters. Yet of all the addresses, none was more pregnant of great possibilities.

It was really part of the report of the convention's committee of progress and was read by the committee chairman, T. C. Martin of New York, an authority on things electrical. He gave facts and figures to show that plants electrically treated grew much more rapidly than those growing under normal conditions. Why this was so, he did not assume to say. He simply gave the results of experiments.

The work was started on Moraine farm in the fertile Miami river valley, four miles south of Dayton, Ohio. Dr. Herbert G. Dorsey, an expert, had charge of the experiments, which were fostered by the efforts of F. M. Tait, a former president of the National Electric Light association.

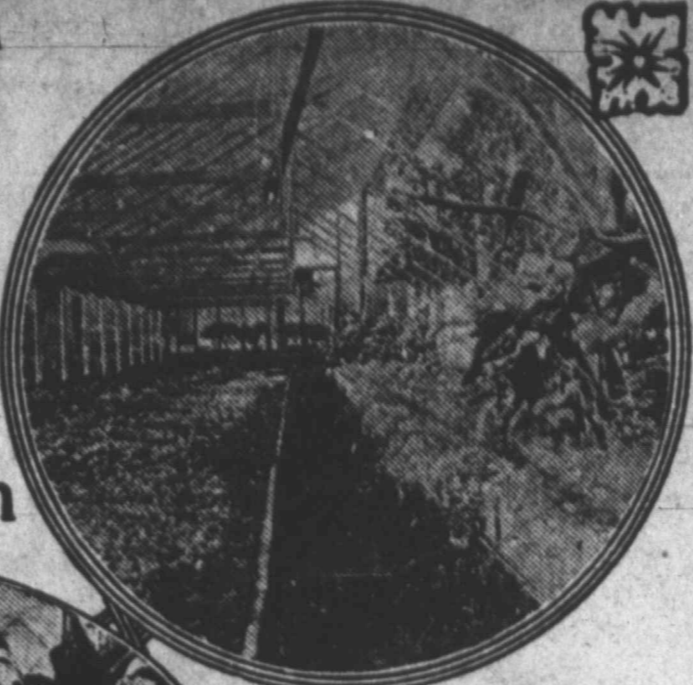
In preliminary tests, according to Martin's report, small plots were marked off for exposure to different kinds of electrification. To insure that the soil of one plot was not better than that of another, top earth was collected, mixed and sifted and then was laid to the uniform depth of seven inches over the entire area.

In the soil of plot No. 1 was buried a wire screen. Over the plot was a network of wire, stretched about fifteen inches from the ground. Connecting the network above the ground and the screen below were several wire antennae. The screen was connected to one terminal of a Tesla coil and the network to the other. A transformer stepped a 110-volt alternating current up to 5,000 volts, charging a condenser of tinfoil and glass plates, which discharged through a primary of the coil. About one hundred and thirty watts were operated for an hour each morning and evening.

Plot No. 2 was illuminated by a 100-watt tungsten lamp with a ruby bulb. The light was burned on for three hours daily, beginning at sundown. Plot No. 3 was illuminated the same way, except that a mercury vapor lamp was used. No. 4 had no artificial stimulation of any kind, being intended as a comparison between electrically excited plant growth and that of natural conditions.



CORN ON THE ELECTRICAL FARM SEVERAL WEEKS AHEAD OF THAT ON OTHER FARMS



ELECTRICAL TREATMENT APPLIED TO CROP

tract seven copper wires were stretched north and south, each being 200 feet long and an interval of 15 feet separating them. The wires were elevated sufficiently for the soil to be plowed with horses. The ends of the wires were attached to insulators on top of gas pipes set in concrete.

At the eastern edge of the house the experimenters built a small transformer house and installed machinery which would yield 10,000 volts. A choke coil and a Tesla coil were used. The whole thing was connected up so that by means of antennae current from the wire network was sent to the network of sprinkling pipes, which, of course, furnished proper connection with the ground.

By the latter part of last July the system was in readiness and the currents were tested. At that time a pressure of 50,000 volts was obtained and the frequency of the oscillatory currents was estimated to be about thirty thousand cycles a second. Birds alighting on the wires were stunned and thrown to the ground, but none was killed.

The ground was planted to radishes, lettuce, beets, cabbages, cucumbers, turnips, muskmelons, watermelons, tomatoes, parsnips, beans, peas, corn and tobacco. All were planted in rows running east and west, so that one-half of each row was electrified and the other half was not.

As a result it was found that practically all the plants in the electrified area grew much more rapidly than those out of it. In almost every case the electrified vegetables were ripe two weeks earlier than those outside the zone.

The electrified end of the tobacco crop was cut and it was found that each plant weighed 1,687 grams. It was two weeks before the untreated tobacco could be cut and then it weighed only 1,632 grams to the plant. Taking into consideration that the most rapid growth of the tobacco plant is in its last two weeks before ripening, the experimenters estimated that the actual increase in weight of the plants in the electrified zone was 20 per cent greater than that in the unelectrified zone. If this could be followed out on a grand scale, it is apparent that the effect of electrification on the annual tobacco output of the nation in a single season would be tremendous.

In his formal report to the association, Martin said that many questions had yet to be answered before the use of electricity for the general stimulation of plant life could be considered economically possible. He declared, however, that many of these questions are being worked out in greenhouses over the country.

Just as these American experimenters proved the importance of electrification to plant life, a group of English experimenters proved its importance to animal life. They took two large brooders, filled with newly hatched chickens of the same breeds. One of them was subjected to the influence of high-frequency currents and the other was not. Those in the former were found to grow much more rapidly than those in the other.

Following is a tabulation of the results of electrical stimulation of vegetables. It will be observed that in every particular the plants in the first plot, where the high-frequency current and Tesla coil were used, excelled those in plot No. 4, where natural conditions prevailed:

	Plot 1-Normal	Plot 2-Mercury Vapor	Plot 3-Ruby Light	Plot 4-Tesla Coil
Radishes (ten plants selected at random):				
Total plant weight, grams	265.70	137.90	109.50	180.00
Edible portion, grams	139.50	67.40	40.90	79.40
Edible portion, per cent	51.15	48.85	37.34	44.11
Tops and leaves, grams	126.20	70.50	68.60	100.60
Tops and leaves, per cent	47.05	50.95	62.66	56.50
Roots, grams	139.20	70.50	40.90	79.40
Roots, per cent	51.15	50.95	37.34	44.11
Lettuce (ten plants selected at random):				
Total plant weight, grams	67.00	52.80	55.50	41.10
Edible portion, grams	50.70	47.30	50.20	41.80
Edible portion, per cent	75.66	89.58	90.45	101.70
Roots, grams	16.30	5.50	5.30	4.30
Roots, per cent	24.33	10.42	9.55	10.47
Edible portion, per cent	90.19	89.92	88.85	90.67

THEIR DESCENT.

Hampton—Dinwiddow told me his family is a very old one. They were one of the first to come across.

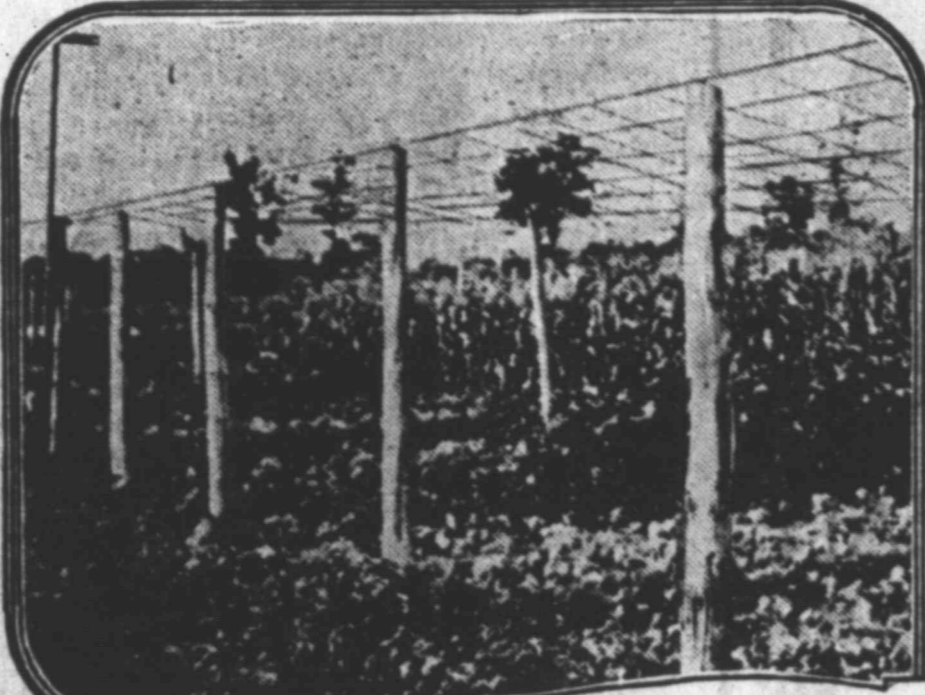
Rhodes—The grocer told me yesterday that now they are the last to come across.—Judge.

SUITS HERSELF.

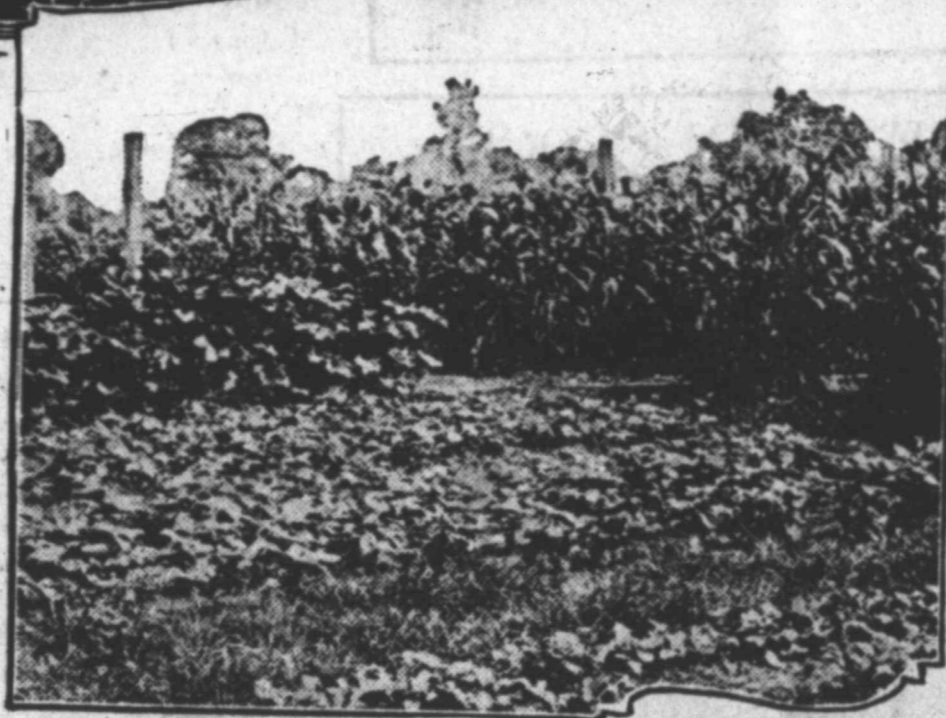
"My wife is always asking me what I would like to eat."

"That's kind of her."

"Oh, I don't know. When I tell her she says 'The ideal' and orders something else."



THE ELECTRICAL FARM



SHOWING FLOURISHING CONDITION OF THE CROPS ON THE ELECTRICAL FARM

In plot No. 5 was buried a wire network connected to the terminal of a 110-volt direct current. The positive terminal was attached to a small sprinkling can with a carbon electrode in its center. The can being filled, the water was subjected to electrolysis for several minutes. The plot was then sprinkled from the can, the theory being that the current might flow from the can, through the streams of water to the soil.

Plots Nos. 6 and 7 were subdivided into four individual boxes, two feet square, separated by porcelain insulators and arranged with carbon electrodes at each end. To these electrodes were applied both direct and alternating currents.

After radish and lettuce seed had been planted and germination had begun, the various methods of electrification were tried with extreme care. The result of the experiments showed that the plants in plot No. 1 grew in every instance far more rapidly than those in the other beds and more than double the normal growth as shown in the unelectrified bed.

From this the experimenters became convinced that electrification of the ground by high-frequency currents stimulated plant life to an extent that warranted a more complete investigation. So they selected two acres of flat, rich ground.

First a network of sprinkling pipes was built 15 feet above ground. The pipes ran east and west a distance of 200 feet and were spaced at 50-foot intervals. In the northeast corner of the

CAMERA MEN IN DANGER

Amateur photographers at the seaside or even in London and other big cities must be more careful than ever how they take snapshots during wartime, for a thoughtless use of their cameras may easily cause them to find themselves in prison for a few days, to say the least, Pearson's Weekly remarks.

In the early days of the war, for instance, a perfectly innocent Hull ship chandler, on a holiday in London, with his wife, was arrested by the police for taking photographs of Battersea bridge. After being detained the best part of the day, during which inquiries were made, the authorities were satisfied that he was merely a harmless snapshotter, but nevertheless they warned him to keep his camera out of use until the war is over!

There are probably many thousands of amateur photographers who, wishing to snap scenes in the neighborhood of barracks, or other military or naval places, find themselves arrested as if they were spies. If they must take photographs in these war days let them resort to the woods and country lanes, as far from military

scenes as they can get.

At the outset of the war the military authorities issued an order that no aeroplanes or airships must be photographed at a distance of less than forty yards, or of an air station at all, without the permission of the authorities.

Germany has always been the most dangerous country for the amateur photographer, and more than one tourist has found himself roughly handled by the German police for innocently taking photographs. A special bill was passed a few years ago threatening tourists with a fine of £50 or two months' imprisonment who took photographs without permission.

The French officials in the towns on the Franco-German frontier have always objected to anyone taking snapshots, and, indeed, many a tourist has had his camera temporarily confiscated, to find afterward that his plates have all been rendered useless.

Italy not only bars people taking photographs near fortifications, but forbids the use of a camera in most of the picture galleries and museums.

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RANDALL COUNTY NEWS

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Once you've tried V-AVA you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. Order a trial can today and your only regret will be that you did not know about it sooner.

For Sale Exclusively by
Randall County News

SC
SCARLET PLAGUE
JL
JACK LONDON
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SYNOPSIS.

In a California valley an old man, one of the few survivors of a world-wide plague that has destroyed civilization, tells the story of the Scarlet Plague to his grandsons.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

The boys were overwhelmed with delight at sight of the tears of gentle disappointment that dribbled down the old man's cheeks. Then, unnoticed, Hoo-Hoo replaced the empty shell with a fresh cooked crab. Already dismembered from the cracked legs the white meat sent forth a small cloud of savory steam. This attracted the old man's nostrils, and he looked down in amazement. The change of his mood to one of joy was immediate. He sniffed and muttered and mumbled, making almost a creak of delight, as he began to eat. Of this the boys took little notice, for it was an accustomed spectacle. Nor did they notice his occasional exclamations and utterances of phrases which meant nothing to them, as, for instance, when he smacked his lips and champed his gums while muttering: "Mayonnaise! Just think—mayonnaise! And it's sixty years since the last was ever made! Two generations and never a smell of it! Why, in those days it was served in every restaurant with crab."

When he could eat no more, the old man sighed, wiped his hands on his naked legs, and gazed out over the sea. With the content of a full stomach, he waxed reminiscent.

"To think of it! I've seen this beach alive with men, women and children on a pleasant Sunday. And there weren't any bears to eat them up, either. And right up there on the cliff was a big restaurant where you could get anything you wanted to eat. Four million people lived in San Francisco then. And now, in the whole city and county there aren't forty left. And out there on the sea were ships and ships always to be seen, going in for the Golden Gate or coming out. And airships in the air—dirigibles and flying machines. They could travel two hundred miles an hour. Mail contracts with the New York and San Francisco Limited demanded that for the minimum. There was a chap, a Frenchman, I forget his name, who succeeded in making three hundred; but the thing was too risky for conservative persons. But he was on the right clue, and he would have managed it if it hadn't been for the great plague. When I was a boy there were men who remembered the coming of the first aeroplanes, and now I have lived to see the last of them, and that sixty years ago."

"But there weren't many crabs in those days," the old man wandered on. "They were fished out, and they were great delicacies. The open season was only a month long, too. And now crabs are accessible the whole year around. Think of it—catching all the crabs you want, any time you want, in the surf of the Cliff house beach!"

A sudden commotion among the goats brought the boys to their feet. The dogs about the fire rushed to join their snarling fellow who guarded the goats, while the goats themselves stampeded in the direction of their human protectors. A half dozen forms, lean and gray, glided about on the sand hillocks or faced the bristling dogs. Edwin arched an arrow that fell short. But Hare-Lip, with a sling, such as David carried into battle against Goliath, hurled a stone through the air that whistled from the speed of its flight. It fell squarely among the wolves and caused them to slink away toward the dark depths of the eucalyptus forest.

The boys laughed and lay down again in the sand, while Granser sighed ponderously. He had eaten too much, and with hands clasped on his paunch, the fingers interlaced, he resumed his manderings.

"The fleeting systems lapse like foam," he mumbled what was evidently a quotation. "That's it—foam, and fleeting. All man's toil upon the planet was just so much foam. He domesticated the serviceable animals, destroyed the hostile ones, and cleared the land of its wild vegetation. And then he passed, the flood of primordial life rolled back again, sweeping his handiwork away—the woods and the forest inundated his fields, the beasts of prey swooped over his flocks, and now there are wolves on the Cliff house beach." He was appalled by the thought. "Where four million people deported themselves, the wild wolves roam today, and the savage progeny of our loins, with prehistoric weapons, defend themselves against the fanged despoilers. Think of it! And all because of the Scarlet Death—"

The adjective had caught Hare-Lip's ear.

"He's always saying that," he said to Edwin. "What is scarlet?"

"The scarlet of the maples can shake me like the cry of bugles going by," the old man quoted.

"It's red," Edwin answered the question. "And you don't know it because you come from the Chauffeurs tribe. They never did know nothing,

none of them. Scarlet is red—I know that."

"Red is red, ain't it?" Hare-Lip grumbled. "Then what's the good of gettin' cocky and calling it scarlet?"

"Red is not the right word," was the reply. "The plague was scarlet. The whole face and body turned scarlet in an hour's time. Don't I know? Didn't I see enough of it? And I'm telling you it was scarlet because—well, because it was scarlet. There is no other word for it."

"Red is good enough for me," Hare-Lip muttered obstinately. "My dad calls red re', and he ought to know. He says everybody died of the Red Death."

"Your dad is a common fellow, descended from a common fellow," Granser retorted heatedly. "Don't I know the beginnings of the Chauffeurs? Your granddaddy was a chauffeur, a servant, and without education. He worked for other persons. But your grandmother was of good stock, only the children did not take after her. Don't I remember when I first met them, catching fish at Lake Temescal?"

"What is education?" Edwin asked.

"Calling red scarlet," Hare-Lip sneered, then returned to the attack on Granser. "My dad told me, an' he got it from his dad afore he croaked, that your wife was a Santa Rosan, an' that she was sure no account. He said she was a hash-slinger afore the Red Death, though I don't know what a hash-slinger is. You can tell me, Edwin."

But Edwin shook his head in token of ignorance.

"It is true, she was a waitress," Granser acknowledged. "But she was a good woman, and your mother was her daughter. Women were very scarce in the days after the Plague. She was the only wife I could find, even if she was a hash-slinger, as your father calls it. But it is not nice to talk about our progenitors that way."

"Dad says that the wife of the first chauffeur was a lady—"

"What's a lady?" Hoo-Hoo demanded.

"A lady's a chauffeur squaw," was the quick reply of Hare-Lip.

The first chauffeur was Bill, a common fellow, as I said before," the old man expounded; "but his wife was a lady, a great lady. Before the



Hare-Lip With a Sling Hurling a Stone Through the Air That Whistled From the Speed of Its Flight.

Scarlet Death she was the wife of Van Warden. He was president of the board of industrial magnates, and was one of the dozen men who ruled America. He was worth one billion, eight hundred millions of dollars—coins like you have there in your pouch, Edwin. And then came the Scarlet Death, and his wife became the wife of Bill, the first chauffeur. He used to beat her, too. I have seen it myself."

Hoo-Hoo, lying on his stomach and idly digging his toes in the sand, cried out and investigated, first, his toenail, and next, the small hole he had dug. The other two boys joined him, excavating the sand rapidly with their hands till there lay three skeletons exposed. Two were adults, the third being that of a part-grown child.

The old man nudged along on the ground and peered at the find.

"Plague victims," he announced. "That's the way they died everywhere in the last days. This must have been a family, running away from the contagion and perishing here on the Cliff house beach. They—what are you doing, Edwin?"

This question was asked in sudden dismay, as Edwin, using the back of his hunting knife, began to knock out the teeth from the jaws of one of the skulls.

"Going to string 'em," was the response.

The three boys were no longer hard at it; and quite a knocking and hammering arose, in which Granser babbled on unnoticed.

"You are true savages. Already has begun the custom of wearing human teeth. In another generation you will be perforating your noses and ears and wearing ornaments of bone and shell. I know. The human race is doomed to sink back—farther and farther into the primitive night ere again it begins its bloody climb upward to civilization. When we increase and feel the lack of room, we shall proceed to kill one another. And then I suppose, you will wear human scalp locks at your waist, as well—as you, Edwin, who are the gentlest of my grandsons, have already begun with that vile pigtail. Throw it away, Edwin, boy; throw it away."

"What a gabble the old geezer makes," Hare-Lip remarked, when, the teeth all extracted, they began an attempt at equal division.

They were very quick and abrupt in their actions, and their speech, in moments of hot discussion over the allotment of the choicer teeth, was truly a gabble. They spoke in monosyllables and short, jerky sentences that were more a gibberish than a language. And yet, through it ran hints of grammatical construction, and appeared vestiges of the conjugation of some superior culture. Even the speech of Granser was so corrupt that were it put down literally it would be almost so much nonsense to the reader. This, however, was when he talked with the boys. When he got into the full swing of babbling to himself, it slowly purged itself into pure English. The sentences grew longer and were enunciated with a rhythm and ease that were reminiscent of the lecture platform.

"Tell us about the Red Death, Granser," Hare-Lip demanded, when the teeth affair had been satisfactorily concluded.

"The Scarlet Death," Edwin corrected.

"An' don't work all that funny lingo on us," Hare-Lip went on. "Talk sensible, Granser, like a Santa Rosan ought to talk. Other Santa Rosans don't talk like you."

The old man showed pleasure in being thus called upon. He cleared his throat and began:

"Twenty or thirty years ago my story was in great demand. But in these days nobody seems interested—"

"There you go!" Hare-Lip cried hotly. "Cut out the funny stuff and talk sensible. What's interested? You talk like a baby that don't know how."

"Let him alone," Edwin urged. "or he'll get mad and won't talk at all. Skip the funny places. We'll catch on to some of what he tells us."

"Let her go, Granser," Hoo-Hoo encouraged; for the old man was already maundering about the disrespect for elders and the reversion to cruelty of all humans that fell from high culture to primitive conditions.

CHAPTER II.

The Beginning of the End.

The tale began.

"There were very many people in the world in those days. San Francisco alone held four millions—"

"What is millions?" Edwin interrupted.

Granser looked at him kindly.

"I know you cannot count beyond ten, so I will tell you. Hold up your two hands. On both of them you have altogether ten fingers and thumbs. Very well. I now take this grain of sand—you hold it, Hoo-Hoo." He dropped the grain of sand into the lad's palm and went on: "Now that grain of sand stands for the ten fingers of Edwin. I add another grain. That's ten more fingers. And I add another, another, and another, until I have added as many grains as Edwin has fingers and thumbs. That makes what I call one hundred. Remember that word—one hundred. Now I put this pebble in Hare-Lip's hand. It stands for ten grains of sand, of ten tens of fingers, or one hundred fingers. I put this pebble in Hare-Lip's hand. It stands for ten grains. Take a mussel shell, and it stands for ten pebbles, or one hundred grains of sand, or one thousand fingers."

And so on, laboriously, and with much reiteration, he strove to build up in their minds a crude conception of numbers. As the quantities increased, he had the boys holding different magnitudes in each of their hands. For still higher sums, he laid the symbols on the log of driftwood; and for symbols he was hard put, being compelled to use the teeth from the skull for millions, and the crab shells for billions. It was here that he stopped, for the boys were showing signs of becoming tired.

"There were four million people in San Francisco—four teeth."

The boys' eyes ranged along from the teeth and from hand to hand, down through the pebbles and sand grains to Edwin's fingers. And back again they ranged along the ascending series in the effort to grasp such inconceivable numbers.

"That was a lot of folks, Granser," Edwin at last hazarded.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A romance begins with a man trying to capture a woman. It ends with a woman trying to recapture a man.

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

Bronchial Coughs

The prostrating cough tears down your strength.

The clogged air-tubes directly affect your lungs and speedily lead to pleurisy, pneumonia, consumption.

SCOTT'S EMULSION overcomes bronchitis in an easy, natural way. Its curative OIL-FOOD soothes the inflamed membranes, relieves the cold that causes the trouble, and every drop helps to strengthen your lungs.

14-44
All Druggists Have It
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

The Randall County News.
Incorporated under the laws of Texas
C. W. Warwick, Managing Editor.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One year, in county	\$1.50
Six months	.75
Three months	.50
Two months	.40
One month	.35

The city officials neglected a very fine opportunity to improve the square when they did not have the brick from the Normal ruins hauled to these streets. It was an opportunity to have the square as well as paved and without cost to the city, but instead they have placed the bricks on a street which is half in and half out of the incorporated limited and which is traveled very seldom.

Capt. T. J. Tilson of this representative district has written the Plainview News that he considers this an extravagant legislature since so many porters, pages and stenographers are employed. The thirty one senators require thirty seven stenographers.

Monday afternoon a test was made over the Bell telephone system whereby persons in New York and San Francisco talked and President Wilson talked with San Francisco from Wash-

ington. A few years ago such a feat was thought impossible.

Still the new farmers are moving to Randall county. They know a good thing when they see it.

From an Old Farmer.

The new year opens up with brighter prospects and greater possibilities for the farmer and stockman than has any year in our memory. The unfortunate conditions in the old world caused by the terrors of the fearful war however much we may regret it, brings to us an opportunity, even a duty that we should consider and plan to meet.

That all grain crops will sell at a high price by next harvest is a fore gone conclusion. We should plan to make this a banner year in the production of all grain crops and meat animals. Every idle acre should be made to produce a maximum yield consistent with the seasons. Good early preparation of the soil seed bed will help wonderfully in overcoming the difficulties experienced by lack of moisture later in the season. The time is now past, for sowing wheat and rye, but oats and spring barley may be sown and a large acreage of these should be planted as soon as the land can be put in proper condition.

It is well here to note that it is not best to get in too great a rush to sow and neglect the proper preparation of the land. Our land should be thoroughly disced or plowed shallow and well harrowed before planting. In fact good preparation applies to all crops and with equal force.

The next consideration is good seed. One cannot hope for a good yield with poor or common seed. It costs a little more to secure the best seed and often the yield is doubled.

Everything seems to indicate we have come to a turn in the lane of seasons and we expect a series of better years than the

SHOES SHOES

For the Little Folks

We find since our inventory that our shoe stock is not just what we want it to be. Finding that our stock of children's shoes is entirely too large for this season of the year and notwithstanding the fact that practically all of our shoes were purchased before the great advance in shoes, we are going to sell same until Feb. 15 at a discount of

33 1-3 per cent

Don't put the little fellow off any longer for that new pair of shoes but come and buy while you can save money.

Yours to please,

THE LEADER

last five years before 1914. The sure way to bring prosperity and better times to this section is by larger and better efforts of production. We should produce more and then sell to the best advantage.

Let us all join in for better efforts, better crops and more prosperity for Randall county and all the Panhandle for 1915.

Old Farmer.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days
Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. The first application gives Ease and Rest. 50c.

Notice, for Bids for County Depository.

Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners' Court of Randall County, Texas, will on the first day of the February term of 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m. the same being the 9th day of Feb. 1915, open bids from any Banking incorporation, Banking firm or individual Banker of said county for the County Depository for the ensuing two years.

Sealed bids stating the amount of interest such banking institution offers to pay on such funds of the county for the term between such time and the next regular term for the selection of such depository, accompanied by a certified check conditional as required by law shall be filed with me a county judge on or before the first day of said term.

C. E. Coss, County Judge, Randall County, Texas. 444

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHERNEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 25 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Burns Old Sores, Other Remedies Don't Cure
The worst cases, no matter of how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Foster's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves Pain and Heals at the same time. 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

Trustee's Sale.

The State of Texas, county of Randall.

Whereas, by virtue of the authority vested in me, as trustee, named and appointed as substitute, the original trustee having refused to act, in a certain deed of trust, recorded in Volume 5, page 23-27 records of mortgages of Randall county, Texas, executed and delivered to G. H. Boech, on the 10th day of May, 1912, by F. O. Tyrell, Sadie Tyrell, W. A. Tyrell and Flora B. Tyrell for better securing of the payment of one certain promissory note for the sum of \$5,000, fully described in said deed of trust, to which references is here made, executed by W. A. Tyrell, Flora B. Tyrell, F. O. Tyrell and Sadie Tyrell, payable to the order of Wm. K. Schimmel, of St. Louis, Mo., dated May 1st, 1912, and due May 1st, 1914, bearing 8 per cent interest from date until paid and further providing that in case said note be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection an additional amount of 10 per cent of principal and interest shall be added as collection fees.

And, whereas, the said Wm. K. Schimmel is the holder and owner of said note, and the said W. A. Tyrell, Flora B. Tyrell, F. O. Tyrell and Sadie Tyrell have made default in the payment of said note, interest and attorney's fees, and the same is now wholly past due and unpaid, principal, interest and attorney's fees, and

Whereas, I have been requested in writing by the said Wm. K. Schimmel to enforce said trust, I will offer for sale, between the legal hours thereof, to-wit, between the hours of ten a. m. and four p. m., at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, on the first Tuesday in February, A. D., 1915 the same being the 2nd day of said month, at the court house door in the town of Canyon, Texas, the following described property, to-wit:

All of the west one-half (W 1-2) section No. 56, in Block No. 2, A. B. & M., Certificate No. 954, situated in Randall County, Texas.

The proceeds of said sale to be applied to the payment of principal, interest, trustee's fees and attorney's fees.

Chas. A. Fisk 4313
Dated 7th day of January, A. D., 1915.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's 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, Purifies the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

See the News Printery

FOR THE SUPERIOR KIND OF

Commercial Job Printing

EVERYTHING IN
HARDWARE
FROM
A
MOUSETRAP
UP



NOT ONLY DO WE CARRY EVERYTHING YOU MAY WANT IN THE HARDWARE LINE BUT WHAT WE SELL IS RELIABLE.

WE DO NOT PUT OUT "CATCH" BARGAINS AND CHARGE YOU A LONG PRICE ON SOMETHING YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT. WE HAVE BUILT UP OUR BUSINESS BY DOING A FAIR AND SQUARE BUSINESS AND BY KEEPING PRICES DOWN.

Thompson Hardware Company

Everyone is Interested



UNQUESTIONABLY YOU'RE INTERESTED

In making money. Everyone wants to succeed in life and rise both socially and financially. It's a duty we owe ourselves and our family.

THERE IS NO BETTER WAY

Than to begin now and make a resolution that you will save so much this year. Don't wait until January 1st to begin. Commence today. We will help you save.

The First State Bank

THE GUARANTY FUND BANK

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

Genuine Merit Required to Win the People's Confidence.

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy that I know of has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder diseases, correct urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcels Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention the Canyon Weekly Randall County News.

(Advertisement)

W. D. Howren

ENGINEER

Reinforced concrete watering tubs, tanks and siles. Cheaper than wood because they never wear out.

Room 26 First National Bank Bldg Box 505. Phone No. 1. Canyon, Texas.

You can buy \$1.00 shirts next Saturday and Monday at the Supply Co. for 60c. tl

President Cousins was in Amarillo Tuesday to speak before the Mothers Club.

"M. S." - "More Speed".
W. J. Flesher returned Monday from a business trip over in Oklahoma.

Seed oats, seed oats. Produced better than 50 bushels to the acre last year. C The Leader.

Rev. Atticus Webb of the Anti Saloon League was in the city yesterday.

Lay in a supply of shirts Saturday, while you can get them at the Supply Co. for 60c. tl

Carl Coffee is having his house raised and a foundation built.

Mrs. H. W. Geller arrived Saturday from Duluth, Minn., to join her husband, who is a member of the Normal faculty.

Wanted - Will pay highest market price for chickens, turkeys and all other poultry delivered at Canyon Feb. 8 and 9. No sick or crippled wanted. D. N. Redburn. 45t2

J. F. Hughes have moved here from Hunt county and will be associated with his brother C. C. Hughes in the transfer business.

See Harbison for moving van, draying, baggage and house moving. Prompt and reliable service. tf

A. F. Ward of Perry, Mo., visited a few days this week at the R. A. Campbell home.

HELPLESS AS BABY

Down in Mind Unable to Work, and What Helped Her.

Summit Point, W. Va.—Mrs. Anna Belle Emey, of this place, says: "I suffered for 15 years with an awful pain in my right side, caused from womanly trouble, and doctored lots for it, but without success. I suffered so very much, that I became down in mind, and as helpless as a baby. I was in the worst kind of shape. Was unable to do any work."

I began taking Cardui, the woman's tonic, and got relief from the very first dose. By the time I had taken 12 bottles, my health was completely restored. I am now 48 years years old, but feel as good as I did when only 16.

Cardui certainly saved me from losing my mind, and I feel it my duty to speak in its favor. I wish I had some power over poor, suffering women, and could make them know the good it would do them."

If you suffer from any of the ailments peculiar to women, it will certainly be worth your while to give Cardui a trial. It has been helping weak women for more than 50 years, and will help you, too.

Try Cardui. Your druggist sells it.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," in plain wrapper. N.C. 121

Joe Poster has bought the Hume house that stands just south of the Melroy place and will move it out to his place to fix up as a temporary residence.

If you want some fat home dressed beef and some good home made mince meat and veal loaf, call Vetesk Market. tf

How To Give Quinine To Children.

FERRILINE 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 nauseate nor cause nervousness nor ringing in the head. Try it the next time you need Quinine for any purpose. Ask for Ferriline original package. The name FERRILINE is blown in bottle. 25 cents.



Talking by Telephone from New York to San Francisco Is Now an Accomplished Fact.

THE latest and greatest triumph in the art of telephony is a transcontinental telephone service, the equal of which is not even approached in all the other nations of the world. Within a short time it will be open for public use.

This splendid scientific achievement is the product of American brains, American initiative and American scientific and technical skill. The human voice has been made to travel as fast as light over a distance of 3,000 miles and is reproduced perfectly and instantly across the continent.

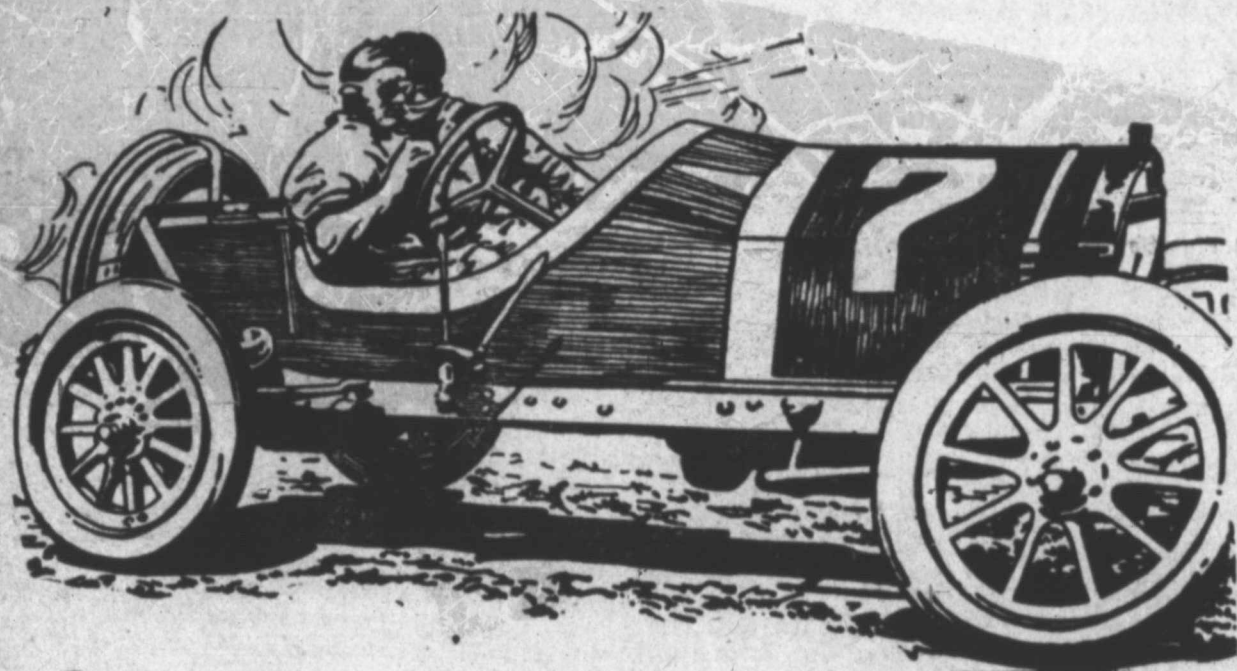
This work was planned and completed by the Experimental and Research Department of the Bell System which consists of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and Associated and Connecting Companies, giving universal service to 100,000,000 people.

With no traditions to follow and no experience to guide, this department which is now directed by a staff of over 350 engineers and scientists, including former professors, post graduate students, scientific investigators—the graduates of 140 universities—has created an entirely new art—the art of telephony, and has given to the people of this country a telephone service that has no equal anywhere in the world.

It has required vast expenditures of money and immense concentration of effort, but these have been justified by results of immeasurable benefit to the public. The transcontinental telephone line, 3,400 miles long, joining the Atlantic and Pacific, is part of the Bell System of 21,000,000 miles of wire connecting 9,000,000 telephone stations located everywhere throughout the United States.



The Southwestern Telegraph and Telephone Company



Winning the Race

Louis Disbrow, who has secured every world's record for automobile racing up to fifty miles on dirt tracks, demands of the products which he uses quality and service capable of withstanding the most severe treatment.

Disbrow says himself that the class of racing he does is particularly hard on the motor, owing to the dust which comes in through the carburetor and gets into the cylinders.

For THREE YEARS Disbrow has used

**TEXACO MOTOR OIL
and
TEXACO GASOLINE**

with the exception of two months when he didn't have them.

In nearly three years he had not ground a valve, taken up a bearing or removed carbon from the motor.

In the two months he was using other oils he did these things twice.

TEXACO MOTOR OIL AND GASOLINE

saved him (in his own words) 20 per cent gasoline and 30 per cent oil.

Here is a product made in Texas by The Texas Company, expressing fully the quality and service which have made the Lone Star Emblem world famous in the oil business.

All Texaco products are made with the same care and give equal service.

Buy the Red-Star-Green-T Oils.

**The Texas Company
General Offices, Houston, Texas**



Wm. Mathews of Bowdle, S. D. was in the city this week looking after some property his son owns.

We have selected one hundred shirts from our stock of \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 grade that we will sell next Saturday and Monday for 60c. Supply Co. tl

Rev. H. M. Bandy will preach at the Christian church Sunday in the interest of the T. C. U. Mr. Bandy was pastor in this city when the Christian church was first organized.

Come in and take a look at all those new goods arriving daily at The Leader. tl

E. E. Cates left Thursday for Memphis to visit his uncle. He has been sick since coming here to take charge of the jewelry department at Holland Drug Co., and may not return.

Hastings improved seed oats for sale quick at 75c per bushel at The Leader. tl

Mr. and Mrs. Cass of Tullia visited this week at the home of their daughter, Mrs. McGee.

Call BOB'S Transfer, phone 78 for bus to trains or any part of the city. tf

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kleinschmidt of Chicago are visiting at the home of his brother, J. Barney Kleinschmidt.

Milk from Hollabaugh's Dairy is pure and sanitary. That's why our trade is growing so rapidly. tf

Lee Burgess has rented the Joe Foster residence and will move his family here from Muscatine, Iowa. Mr. Burgess came here in November and is assisting C. O. Keiser in managing his cattle business.

The house R. A. Campbell recently bought in the west end is being moved to the lots east of the service home. As recently stated in the News Mr. Campbell will build a cottage on the lots in the west end next spring and will fix up the large house he is moving for a boarding house.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect The Head Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE PROMIO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of R. W. GROVE, Inc.

Everything advancing. You can make no mistake by giving The Leader your order. They are prepared to protect you in every way. tl

D. Steen is having a porch built on the front of the house he recently purchased. Mr. Steen plans to make considerable improvements during the spring.

NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS

Please be advised that all taxes not paid before February 1st will take 10 per cent penalty, this will only take care of them for two months, if not paid by April 1st they will go on the Delinquent tax record which will make an additional cost of \$2.50 for each assessment.

Come early so you won't have to wait.

**WORTH A. JENNINGS
Tax Collector,
Randall County**

The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

(Copyright, 1924, by W. J. Wain & Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

On Misery creek, at the foot of a rock from which he has fallen, Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious, and after reviving him, goes for assistance. Samson South and Sally, taking Lescott to Samson's home, are met by Spicer South, head of the family, who tells them that Jesse Purry has been shot and that Samson is suspected of the crime. Samson denies it. The shooting of Jesse Purry breaks the truce in the Hollman-South feud. Samson reproves Tamarack Spicer for telling Sally that Jim Hollman is on the trail with bloodhounds hunting the man who shot Purry. The bloodhounds lose the trail at Spicer South's door. Lescott discovers artistic ability in Samson.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

The two men had lost an hour huddled under a canopy beneath the cannonading of a sudden storm. They had silently watched titanic battalions of thunder clouds riding the skies in gusty puffs of gale and raking the earth with lightning and hail and water.

"My God!" exclaimed the mountain boy abruptly. "I'd give anything if I could paint that."

Lescott rose smilingly from his seat before the easel and surrendered his palette and sheaf of brushes.

"Try it," he invited.

For a moment Samson stood hesitant and overcome with diffidence; then, with set lips, he took his place and experimentally fitted his fingers about the brush, as he had seen Lescott do. He asked no advice. He merely gazed for a while, and then, dipping a brush and experimenting for his color, went to sweeping in his primary tones. Samson, even though he was hopelessly daubing, and knew it, was sincere, and the painter at his elbow caught his breath and looked on with the absorption of a prophet, who, listening to childish prattle, yet recognizes the gift of prophecy.

"That's the way hit looks ter me," the boy said, simply.

"That's the way it is," commended his critic.

For a while more Samson worked at the nearer hills, then he rose.

"I'm done," he said. "hain't a-goin' ter fool with them that trees an' things. I don't know nothing erbout that. I can't paint leaves an' twigs an' birdsnests. What I like is mountings an' skies an' sech-like things."

Lescott looked at the daub before him. A less trained eye would have seen only the daub, just as a poor judge of horseflesh might see only awkward joints and long legs in a weanling colt, though it be bred in the purple.

"Samson," he said, earnestly, "that's all there is to art. It's the power to feel the poetry of color. The rest can be taught. The genius must work, of course—work, work, work, and still work, but the gift is the power of seeing true—and, by God, boy, you have it. You've got what many men have struggled a lifetime for, and failed. I'd like to have you study with me. I'd like to be your discoverer. Look here."

The painter sat down, and speedily went to work. He painted out nothing. He simply toned, and, with precisely the right touch here and there, softened the crudeness, laid stress on the contrast, melted the harshness, and, when he rose, he had built, upon the rough cornerstone of Samson's laying, a picture.

"That proves it," he said. "I had only to finish. I didn't have much to undo. Boy, you're wasting yourself. Come with me, and let me make you. We all pretend there is no such thing in these days, as sheer genius; but, deep down, we know that, unless there is, there can be no such thing as true art. There is genius and you have it." Enthusiasm was again sweeping him into an unintended outburst.

The boy stood silent. Across his countenance swept a conflict of emotions. He looked away, as if taking counsel with the hills.

"It's what I'm a-havin' fer," he admitted at last. "Hit's what I'd give half my life fer. . . . I mout sell my land, an' raise the money. . . . I reckon hit would take passels of money, wouldn't hit?" He paused, and his eyes fell on the rifle leaning against the tree. His lips tightened in sudden remembrance. He went over and picked up the gun, and, as he did so, he shook his head.

"No," he steadily declared; "every man to his own tools. This here's mine."

Yet, when they were again out sketching, the temptation to play with brushes once more seized him, and he took his place before the easel. Neither he nor Lescott noticed a man who crept down through the timber, and for a time watched them. The man's face wore a sly, contemptuous grin, and shortly it withdrew.

But, an hour later, while the boy was still working industriously and the artist was lying on his back, with a pipe between his teeth, and his half-closed eyes gazing up contentedly through the green of overhead branches, their peace was broken by a guffaw of derisive laughter. They looked up, to find at their backs a semi-

circle of scoffing humanity. Lescott's impulse was to laugh, for only the comedy of the situation at the moment struck him. A stage director, setting a comedy scene with that most ancient of jests, the gawking of boobs at some new sight, could hardly have improved on this tableau. At the front stood Tamarack Spicer, the returned wanderer. His lean wrist was stretched out of a ragged sleeve all too short, and his tattered "jimmy" was shoved back over a face all a-grin. His eyes were blood-shot with recent drinking, but his manner was in exaggerated and cumbersome imitation of a rural master of ceremonies. At his back were the raw-boned men and women and children of the hills, to the number of a dozen.

"Ladies and gentle-men," announced Tamarack Spicer, in a blacoughing voice, "swing yo' partners an' sashay forward. See the only son of the late Henry South engaged in his marvellous an' heretofore undiscovered occupation of doin' fancy work. Ladies and gentle-men, after this here show is concluded, keep your seats for the concert in the main tent. This here fa-



"Ye're a Truce-Bustin', Murderin' Bully."

mous performer will favor ye with a little exhibition of plain an' fancy sock-darlin'."

After the first surprise, Samson had turned his back on the group. He was mixing paint at the time and he proceeded to experiment with a fleeting codd effect, which would not outlast the moment. He finished that, and, reaching for the palette-knife, scraped his fingers and wiped them on his trousers' legs. Then, he deliberately rose.

Without a word he turned. Tamarack had begun his harangue afresh. The boy tossed back the long lock from his forehead, and then, with an unexpectedly swift movement, crouched and leaped. His right fist shot forward to Tamarack Spicer's chattering lips, and they abruptly ceased to chatter as the teeth were driven into their flesh. Spicer's head snapped back, and he staggered against the onlookers, where he stood rocking on his unsteady legs. His hand swept instinctively to the shirt-concealed holster, but, before it had connected, both of Samson's fists were playing a terrific tattoo on his face. The inglorious master of the show dropped, and lay groggily trying to rise.

The laughter died as suddenly as Tamarack's speech. Samson stepped back again, and searched the faces of the group for any lingering sign of mirth or criticism. There was none. Every countenance was sober and expressionless, but the boy felt a weight of unuttered disapproval, and he glared defiance. One of the older onlookers spoke up reproachfully.

"Samson, ye hadn't hardly ought ter a-done that. He was jest a funnin' with ye."

"Git him up on his feet. I've got somethin' ter say ter him." The boy's voice was dangerously quiet. It was his first word. They lifted the fallen cousin, whose entertainment had gone astray, and led him forward grumbling, threatening and sputtering, but evincing no immediate desire to renew hostilities.

"Whar hev ye been?" demanded Samson.

"That's my business," came the familiar mountain phrase.

"Why wasn't yer hyar when them dawgs come by? Why was ye the only South thet runned away, when they was smellin' round fer Jesse Purry's assassin?"

"I didn't run away." Tamarack's blood-shot eyes flared wickedly. "I knowed thet ef I stayed 'round hyar with them damned Hollmans stickin' their noses inter our business, I'd hurt somebody. So, I went over inter the next county fer a spell. You fellers mout be able to take things offen the Hollmans, but I hain't."

"That's a damned lie," said Samson, quietly. "Ye runned away, an' ye runned in the water so them dawgs couldn't trail ye—ye done hit because ye shot them shoots at Jesse Purry on the laurel—because ye're a truce-bustin', murderin' bully thet shoots off his face, an' is skeered to fight." Samson paused for breath, and went on with regained calmness. "I've knowed all along ye was the man, an' I've kept quiet because ye're my kin. If ye're got anything else ter say, say hit. But, ef I ever keiches yer talkin' about me, or talkin' ter Sally, I'm a-goin' ter take ye by the scroff of the neck, an' drag ye plumb into Hixon, an' stick ye in the jailhouse. An' I'm a-goin' ter tell the high sheriff that the Souths spits ye outen their mouths. Take him away." The crowd turned and left

the place. When they were gone, Samson seated himself at his easel again, and picked up his palette.

CHAPTER VI.

Lescott had come to the mountains anticipating a visit of two weeks. His accident had resolved him to shorten it to the nearest day upon which he felt capable of making the trip out to the railroad. Yet June had ended; July had burned the slopes from emerald to russet-green; August had brought purple tops to the ironwood, and still he found himself lingering. And this was true although he recognized a growing sentiment of disapproval for himself. In Samson he thought he recognized twin gifts; a spark of a genius too rare to be allowed to flicker out, and a potentiality for constructive work among his own people, which needed for its perfecting only education and experience.

"Samson," he suggested one day when they were alone, "I want you to come East. You say that gun is your tool, and that each man must stick to his own. You are 'in part right, in part wrong. A man uses any tool better for understanding other tools. You have the right to use your brains and talents to the full."

The boy's face was somber in the intensity of his mental struggle, and his answer had that sullen ring which was not really sullenness at all, but self-repression.

"I reckon a feller's biggest right is to stand by his kintfols. Unc' Spicer's gittin' old. He's done been good ter me. He needs me here."

"I appreciate that. He will be older later. You can go now, and come back to him when he needs you more. If what I urged meant disloyalty to your people, I could cut out my tongue before I argued for it. You must believe me in that. I want you to be in the fullest sense your people's leader. I want you to be not only their Samson—but their Moses."

The boy looked up and nodded.

"I reckon ye aims ter be friendly, all right," was his conservative response.

The painter went on earnestly: "I realize that I am urging things of which your people disapprove, but it is only because they misunderstand that they do disapprove. They are too close, Samson, to see the purple that mountains have when they are far away. I want you to go, where you can see the purple. If you are the sort of man I think, you won't be beguiled. You won't lose your loyalty. You won't be ashamed of your people."

"I reckon I wouldn't be ashamed," said the youth. "I reckon there hain't no better folks nowhar."

"I'm sure of it. There are going to be sweeping changes in these mountains. Conditions here have stood as immutably changeless as the hills themselves for a hundred years. That day is at its twilight. I tell you, I know what I'm talking about. The state of Kentucky is looking this way. The state must develop, and it is here alone that it can develop. Here are virgin forests and almost inexhaustible coal veins. Capital is turning from an orange squeezed dry, and casting about for fresher food. Capital has seen your hills. Capital is inevitable, relentless, omnipotent. Where it comes, it makes its laws. Conditions that have existed undisturbed will vanish. The law of the feud, which militia and courts have not been able to abate, will vanish before capital's breath like the mists when the sun strikes them. Unless you learn to ride the waves which will presently sweep over your country, you and your people will go under. You may not realize it, but that is true. It is written."

The boy had listened intently, but at the end he smiled, and in his expression was something of the soldier who scents battle, not without welcome.

"I reckon if these here fellers air a-comin' up here ter run things, an' drowned out my folks, hit's a right good reason fer me ter stay here—an' help my folks."

"By stayin' here, you can't help them. It won't be work for guns, but for brains. By going away and coming back armed with knowledge, you can save them. You will know how to play the game."

"I reckon they won't git our land, ner our timber, ner our coal, without we wants ter sell hit. I reckon ef they tries thet, guns will come in handy. Things has stood here like they is now, fer a hundred years. I reckon we kin keep 'em that-away fer a spell longer." But it was evident that Samson was arguing against his own belief; that he was trying to bolster up his resolution and impeached loyalty, and that at heart he was sick to be up and going to a world which did not despise "education." After a little, he waved his hand vaguely toward "down below."

"Ef I went down thar," he questioned suddenly and irrelevantly, "would I hev' ter cut my hair?"

"My dear boy," laughed Lescott, "I can introduce you in New York studios to many distinguished gentlemen who would feel that their heads had been shorn if they let their locks get as short as yours. In New York, you might stroll along Broadway garbed in turban and a burnouse without greatly exciting anybody. I think my owa hair is as long as yours."

"Because," doggedly declared the mountaineer, "I wouldn't allow nobody ter make me cut my hair."

"Why?" questioned Lescott, amused at the stubborn inflection.

"I don't hardly know why—ef I paused, then admitted with a glare as though defying criticism: "Sally likes hit that-away—an' I won't let nobody dictate ter me, that's all."

The leaven was working, and one night Samson announced to his uncle from the doorway that he was "study-

in' erbout goin' away fer a spell, an' seein' the world."

The old man laid down his pipe. He cast a reproachful glance at the painter, which said clearly, though without words:

"I have opened my home to you and offered you what I had, yet in my old age you take away my mainstay."

"I 'lowed you was a-studyin' erbout thet, Samson," he said, at last. "I've done ther best fer ye I knowed. I kinder 'lowed thet from now on ye'd do the same fer me. I'm gittin' along in years right smart. . . ."

"Uncle Spicer," interrupted the boy, "I reckon ye knows that any time ye needed me I'd come back."

The old man's face hardened. "Ef ye goes," he said, almost sharply, "I won't never send fer ye. Any time ye ever wants ter come back, ye knows ther way. Thar'll be room an' victuals fer ye hyar."

"I reckon I mout be a heap more useful ef I knowed more."

"I've heerd fellers say that afore. Hit hain't never turned out thet way with them what has left the mountings. Mebby they gets more useful, but they don't git useful ter us. Either they don't come back at all, or mebby they comes back full of newfangled notions—an' ashamed of their kintfols. Thet's the way, I've noticed, hit gen'ally turns out."

Samson scorned to deny that such might be the case with him, and was silent. After a time, the old man went on again in a weary voice, as he bent down to loosen his brogane and kick them noisily off on to the floor:

"The Souths hev done looked to ye a good deal, Samson. They 'lowed they could depend on ye. Ye hain't quite twenty-one yet, an' I reckon I could refuse ter let ye sell yer prop'ity. But thar hain't no use tryin' ter hold a feller when he wants ter quit. Ye don't 'low ter go right away, do ye?"

"I hain't plumb made up my mind ter go at all," said the boy, shamefacedly. "But, ef I does go, I hain't a-goin' yit. I hain't spoke ter nobody but you about hit yit."

Lescott felt reluctant to meet his host's eyes at breakfast the next morning, dreading their reproach, but, if Spicer South harbored resentment, he meant to conceal it, after the stoic's code. There was no hint of constraint in his cordiality. Lescott felt, however, that in Samson's mind was working the leaven of that unspoken accusation of disloyalty. He resolved to make a final play, and seek to enlist Sally in his cause. If Sally's hero-worship could be made to take the form of ambition for Samson, she might be brought to relinquish him for a time, and urge his going that he might return strengthened. He went down to the creek at the hour when he knew Sally would be making her way thither with her milk pail, and intercepted her coming.

As she approached, she was singing, and the man watched her from the distance. He was a landscape painter and not a master of genre or portrait. Yet, he wished that he might, before going, paint Sally.

"Miss Sally," he began, "I've discovered something about Samson."

Her blue eyes flashed ominously. "Ye can't tell me nothin' 'bout Samson," she declared, "withouten hit's somethin' nice."

"It's something very nice," the man reassured her.

"Then, ye needn't tell me, because I already knows hit," came her prompt and confident announcement.

Lescott shook his head, dubiously. "Samson is a genius," he said.

"What's that?"

"He has great gifts—great abilities to become a figure in the world."

She nodded her head, in prompt and full corroboration.

"I reckon Samson'll be the biggest man in the mountings some day."

"He ought to be more than that."

Suspicion at once cast a cloud across the violet serenity of her eyes.

"What does ye mean?" she demanded.

"I mean"—the painter paused a moment, and then said bluntly—"I mean

that I want to take him back with me to New York."

The girl sprang to her feet with her chin defiantly high and her brown hands clenched into tight little fists. Her bosom heaved convulsively, and her eyes blazed through tears of anger. Her face was pale.

"Ye hain't!" she cried, in a paroxysm of fear and wrath. "Ye hain't a-goin' ter do no sich—no sich of a dame thing!" She stamped her foot, and her whole girlish body, drawn into rigid uprightness, was a quiver with the incarnate spirit of the woman defending her home and institutions. For a moment after that, she could not speak, but her determined eyes blazed

at a declaration of war. It was as though he had posed her as the Spirit of the Cumberlands.

He waited until she should be calmer.

"You don't understand me, Miss Sally. I'm not trying to take Samson away from you. If a man should lose a girl like you, he couldn't gain enough in the world to make up for it. All I want is that he shall have the chance to make the best of his life."

"I reckon Samson don't need no fetched-on help ter make folks acknowledge him."

"Every man needs his chance. He can be a great painter—but that's the least part of it. He can come back equipped for anything that life offers. Here, he is wasted."

"Ye mean"—she put the question with a hurt quaver in her voice—"ye mean we all hain't good enough for Samson?"

"No, I only mean that Samson wants to grow—and he needs space and new scenes in which to grow. I want to take him where he can see more of the world—not only a little section of the world. Surely, you are not distrustful of Samson's loyalty? I want him to go with me for a while, and see life."

"Don't ye say hit!" The defiance in her voice was being pathetically tangled up with the tears. She was speaking in a transport of grief. "Don't ye say hit. Take anybody else—take 'em all down thar, but leave us Samson. We needs him hyar. We've jest got ter have Samson hyar."

She faced him still with quivering lips, but in another moment, with a sudden sob, she dropped to the rock, and buried her face in her crossed arms. He went over and softly laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Miss Sally," he began.

She suddenly turned on him a tear-stained, infuriated face, stormy with blazing eyes and wet cheeks and trembling lips.

"Don't touch me," she cried; "don't ye dare ter touch me! I hain't nothin' but a gal—but I reckon I could 'most tear ye ter pieces. Ye're jest a pizen snake, anyhow!" Then, she pointed a tremulous finger off up the road. "Git away from hyar," she commanded. "I don't never want ter see ye again. Ye're tryin' ter steal everything I loves. Git away, I tells ye!—git away—begone!"

"Think it over," urged Lescott, quietly. "See if your heart doesn't say I am Samson's friend—and yours." He turned, and began making his way over the rocks; but, before he had gone far, he sat down to reflect upon the situation. Certainly, he was not augmenting his popularity. A half-hour later, he heard a rustle, and, turning, saw Sally standing not far off. She was hesitating at the edge of the underbrush, and Lescott read in her eyes the effort it was costing her to come forward and apologize.

"I reckon—I reckon I've got ter ask yore pardon," she said, slowly and with labored utterance. He looked up to see her standing with her head drooping and her fingers nervously pulling a flower to pieces.

"I reckon I hain't a plumb fool. I knows that Samson's got a right ter education. Anyhow, I knows he wants ter."

"Education," said the man, "isn't goin' to change Samson, except to make him finer than he is—and more capable."

She shook her head. "I hain't got no education," she answered. "Hit's a-goin' ter make him too good fer me. I reckon hit's a-goin' ter jest about kill me. . . . Her lips twisted themselves into a pathetic smile again, and her chin came stiffly up. "But," she added, determinedly, "thet don't make no difference, nohow."

Yet, when Samson that evening gave his whippoorwill call at the Widow Miller's cabin, he found a dejected and miserable girl sitting on the stile, with her chin propped in her two hands and her eyes full of somberness and foreboding.

"What's the matter, Sally?" questioned he, anxiously. "Hes that low-down Tamarack Spicer been round here tellin' ye some more stories ter pester ye?"

She shook her head in silence. Usually, she bore the brunt of their conversations, Samson merely agreeing with, or overruling, her in lordly brevities. The boy climbed up and sat beside her.

"(TO BE CONTINUED.)"

Wisdom From Thomas.

The thoughtful look on young Thomas' face betrayed that he had a few questions to ask. As soon as Mrs. Boardman had gone, he asked them.

"Mother," said he, "do you like to kiss Mrs. Boardman?"

"No, dear."

"Do you think Mrs. Boardman likes to kiss you?"

"I don't think she does."

"Then why do you and she always kiss when you meet?"

"I don't know, dear."

"Don't you think Mrs. Boardman would rather you didn't kiss her?"

"I have no doubt of it."

"Wouldn't you rather Mrs. Boardman didn't kiss you?"

"Oh, very much rather."

"Then," said young Thomas, conclusively, "that must be why."

Ancient Servants.

Francis Grierson, the English musician and author, writes of the French composer Auber in the Century for October that "if I were asked to name the most typical Frenchman I ever met I should not hesitate to name Auber."

The composer at the time spoken of was eighty-five, and among his idiosyncrasies was his preference for servants of equally advanced years.

He had five domestics, "the youngest, whom he called the baby, being the coachman, who was seventy-five."

Benefits of Wide Tires.

On the common earth roads and in the fields horses can on an average pull 50 per cent more load on a wide-tired wagon than one with narrow tires. In other words, two horses can pull as much load on the wide tires as three can on a narrow-tired wagon. The wide tires help pack the road, the narrow tires cut ruts.

Good Road Building.

One of the secrets of good road building is the perfectly rounded and well drained crown.

FOR BETTER ROADS

BENEFIT OF GOOD HIGHWAYS

Main Market Roads Reach Majority of Producing Areas and When Improved Land Values Increase.

The road-building specialists of the United States department of agriculture—in bulletin No. 136, entitled "Highway Bonds," have the following to say about the benefit of a well-constructed highway to property owners whose property is not directly on the road to be improved:

In planning the highway system or the main market roads it will be found necessary to omit many roads the improvement of which is greatly desired by abutting landowners. The fact that such property holders must pay a tax for the bond issue is only an apparent injustice, for if the highway system is well planned the entire county will feel the benefits of the improvement. As a rule, main market roads reach the majority of producing areas, and when they are improved all land values tend to increase.

The fact that cities and larger towns are frequently taxed for bond issues to build highways outside of their own limits is sometimes made a



Improved Road in the Woods.

point of debate in bond elections. It is argued that because a large part of the county wealth is within the corporate limit of such cities and towns highway bond money should also be used to construct their streets. It is even urged that the expenditure should be made proportionate to the assessed valuation within the city limits. If the proceeds of highway bond issues were distributed in this way, their purpose in many cases would be defeated. The primary object of the county highway bond issue is to build county market roads and not to improve city streets, although a high percentage of the assessed valuation may be city property. It is known that the expenditure of city taxes on county roads is a sound principle and that it is one of the best features of state aid for highways. In Massachusetts the city of Boston pays possibly 40 per cent of the total state highway fund, but not a mile of state-aid highway has been built within its limits. New York city also pays about 60 per cent of the cost of the state highway bonds. Some state laws prohibit the expenditure of proceeds of state highway bonds within corporate limits of cities or towns.

The improvement of market roads results in improved marketing conditions, which benefit the city. Most cities are essentially dependent upon the surrounding country for their prosperity and development. The development of suburban property for residence purposes is also dependent upon highway conditions, and it is becoming evident yearly that whatever makes for an increase in rural population must be encouraged. Since the introduction of motor traffic country highways are used to an increasing extent by city residents. In fact, the cost of maintaining many country highways has been greatly increased by the presence of city-owned motor vehicles. The general advance in facilities for doing country business from town headquarters when roads are improved is no inconsiderable factor in the commercial life of the community.

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Educating the Boys in Feminine Pursuits

By C. G. ENTZMINGER, Baltimore, Md.

To educate schoolboys in the feminine pursuits is nothing short of ridiculous, unless his ambition in life is to become a seamstress, or, more correctly speaking, a "seamster," or perhaps to pursue the vocation of "professor" of "mendology" in a "first aid to bachelors" home.

No one will deny that the accomplishment of properly plying needle and thread is to be desired by both sexes, but the necessary instruction could be just as well taught at home.

Possibly there may be some connection between the woman suffrage movement and this "industrial art" innovation. It would be unjust to accuse the suffragists of any selfish motive in educating our boys in feminine pursuits, yet anyone possessed of ordinary foresight can readily understand that with husbands trained in domestic pursuits the wife would have more time to devote to the duties which would be developed in the event of universal suffrage.

Allowing our "industrial arts" defenders the benefit of the doubt, we will add that possibly they are prompted by some philanthropic motive in teaching our boys to construct the many feminine accessories and adornments of which we have seen samples.

When Johnny has become sufficiently proficient in the manipulation of the crochet needle it will no longer become necessary for him to betake himself to the fancy goods department for a Christmas gift for his lady fair. All that he need do is to purchase the necessary material and ply his trade, and, lo! on Christmas morning my lady beholds a man-made sweater coat protruding from her suspended hose! Wonderful foresight on the part of our twentieth-century educators, indeed!

Despite the publicity given the "industrial arts" plan and the rapidity with which the scheme is progressing, we have failed to notice any concern on the part of the manufacturers of bachelor buttons, shingle nails and safety pins, upon which men have always relied in emergencies during the absence of feminine assistance.

Chicago Has Disease Called "Rubberneckitis"

By WILLIAM E. MOONEY, Chicago

Curiosity seems to be an important characteristic of Chicagoans. It is peculiar that the people of the city that is noted for its hustle should be noted for their inquisitiveness. A person cannot very well travel a block in the busy section of Chicago without seeing a crowd of typical natives. What wonderful things are they looking at? Some one is selling perfumed toothpicks, a driver may be having trouble with a horse, or a policeman may be giving some information to a visitor. In most cases there is no good reason for the crowd.

Chicago develops the biggest crowd of "rubbernecks" in the world. Stand on any corner and take your watch out and gaze up abstractly at some indefinite point. In about three minutes there will be about a hundred gaping sightseers grouped neatly about, and if you don't move on about that time you will either be arrested for blocking traffic or the crowd will mob you.

It is said the farmer is a rubberneck, but the true Chicagoan has the farmer beaten in endurance contests at low and lofty gaping and in ability to lose his thoughts and gaze nonsensically at nothing.

The farmer will gaze to learn, not because there is a crowd; but the average Chicagoan will stand before a window with a mechanical toy in it and actually push the small boy from a place of vantage.

This curiosity is not a desire for information. It is but a disease called "rubberneckitis," and it may or may not be caused by the hookworm.

Can the Chicagoan laugh at the interested farmer without having his laugh become a boomerang? It does not seem so.

Character Building Is of Importance

By ALLEN STEVENS, St. Louis, Mo.

Is there not a reflection cast upon an educational institution when one of its graduates goes wrong or becomes identified with fraudulent schemes of different kinds? From the college from which I graduated not one who has obtained a degree has turned out to be a criminal. I can truthfully say that young men who were given up as hopeless cases even by their parents were sent, as a last resort, to this small college, where they were given good moral characters as well as degrees.

Should not character building be as important a part of the curriculum as the degree itself? Educated rascals are the greatest menace to society, therefore why don't our good institutions of learning revoke diplomas and degrees when graduates, later in life, prove their unworthiness.

How are we to expect children to look up to our educational institutions when college heads set a poor example for them by refusing to revoke diplomas of criminals? Must the stamp of approval remain with rascals by the silence of college faculties when churches have their trials and throw out their undesirables, when lodges and societies expel members who are guilty of crimes?

It seems to me that college faculties or trustees owe something more to them than merely granting diplomas.

Telephone Nuisance Should be Abated

By N. McGOORTY, St. Louis, Mo.

There is one nuisance in this and other large cities which has become well-nigh intolerable, and something should be done to end it. I am referring to the "telephone hog," the person who will hold long-extended conversations on a party line, thus preventing others who really have occasion to use the line from doing so.

I had an experience of this sort a day or so ago. I desired to communicate with my wife on a matter of considerable moment. I tried to get my home phone for over twenty-five minutes. I appealed to the "central manager" of the telephone exchange. I kept ringing my number at intervals of a minute or two, all without avail.

I do not know the people who are on our line—it is a "two-story" line—but I do know that they are addicted to long conversations which, judging from such scraps as I hear when I pick up our receiver at home in an attempt to get the line, are of such absorbing moment as the discussion of a new waist, the latest scandal in their set, the charms of their male friends and matters of similar import.

I believe there is some rule of the company to prevent this hogging of party lines, but this rule appears more honored in the breach than in the observance. It is high time that something was done to abate the nuisance.

Fundamental Principles of Health

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M. D.

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THE FOUNDATION OF HEALTH.

All life is dependent alike for its awakening and for its maintenance upon the influence of certain chemical factors, among which heat and moisture may be regarded as paramount. The organisms now living on this earth are known as plants and animals and without exception one and all are subject to the same laws. This makes for a close correspondence among all life and thus it is possible for us to unravel and expose the tangled sources of our physical ills with comparative ease. The study of plants is called botany and that of the animals is known as zoology, while the study of living things in general, including both animals and plants, is known as biology. Humanity owes a vast debt to biology and that debt is increasing every day.

Biology teaches us that there is no room for chance in nature and that unrestricted growth never results in discord. Discord is always artificial. Wherever there is any "unnatural" condition we know there must have been some interference to account for it. And the present drift in the medical world is to locate this interference.

Research work conducted along these lines with fish, chickens and the like has recently exposed many interesting and extremely illuminating facts with relation to the subject of the disease known as cancer, and makes it very clear that we easily might solve most of our physical troubles in much the same way if we would only learn to heed the lessons acquired in the handling of the lower organisms.

Incubation is a word in common use; it is derived from the Latin words meaning to brood, or to lie on, and specifically it means the action of the hen in sitting on her eggs to hatch them; the word is also used in pathology as expressing the development within the human body of the germs of disease, and it is especially associated with the artificial means of hatching eggs with incubators or for any analogous purposes of an artificial foster-mother nature. Artificial incubation was known to the Egyptians and to the Chinese almost from time immemorial, but it is of comparatively recent use in this country.

An incubator consists of a closed chamber provided with suitable devices for supplying and regulating definite degrees of heat and moisture. This degree must be within the limits of the particular species of life to be hatched, because while all organisms are plastic and can tune themselves to a greater or less degree of variation in their physical environment there is a certain range differing for each species which must be maintained if artificial incubation is to be successfully conducted.

If 100 ordinary fertile hens' eggs are placed in an incubator equipped with a suitable device for regulating the amount of heat, air and moisture admitted, and it be regulated to maintain a temperature of approximately 103 degrees Fahrenheit, very marked changes may be noted in the interior of the egg from day to day as the result of the absorption of the heat.

Assuming the temperature and moisture in the interior of the incubator to have been normal, candling the 100 eggs on about the fifth day of incubation will reveal remarkable changes taking place in them; the developing germ, with blood vessels radiating from it like a spider web, will be distinctly visible. Candling again about the tenth day will show a further advance, and at this time usually not a few of the developing chicks will be found to have died. The percentage dying at this stage is determined by the general vitality of the flock laying the eggs. If for any reason the flock is not in normal condition there will not be sufficient vitality in the germs to carry them further and they die. Again on the fourteenth day it is customary to candle or test for the dead ones, for again there will be some with only sufficient energy to get this far. Between the tenth and fifteenth days the chick becomes relatively large and bulky; the temporary respiratory apparatus, together with its veins, increases greatly in size and extent and the life processes proceed with greater activity. On the nineteenth day it is the rule again to search for the dead ones and then the machine is usually not touched again until the hatch is completed.

If the temperature and moisture have been maintained approximately normal, the chicks will break through their shells on the twenty-first day. Chicks resulting from a normal hatch are active and alert. They begin to pick about and feed as soon as dry and under ordinary care easily reach maturity. But chicks from either a premature or a delayed hatch are inactive from the start, not alert and easily contract all manner of bowel diseases.

Under the most favorable conditions

incubator chicks are never equal in general vitality to the normal hen hatched chick. They are less resistant and more subject to disease. We have not yet mastered nature's secrets either with the lower organisms or with our own species, and for this reason we can well afford to draw lessons from the experience acquired in the various hatcheries. The foundation of good health is good air and good food. Food to the nursing mother bears the same relation as lamp heat to the incubator, and if there is a deficiency in any degree in either case the developing life is certain to pay the penalty in lowered vitality; while if we take an excess of deficient foodstuffs we must likewise pay a penalty.

ARTIFICIAL FEEDING.

Inasmuch as health is the natural and normal state of mankind, it should not be difficult to preserve one's health. And it is not. But because health is inherent in us, and because we are elastic and therefore tend persistently to revert to the normal, whatever the provocation, with very few exceptions we obstinately and fatuously cling to habits and practices certain to impair our physical inheritance, until some sharp and severe experience lashes us into a consciousness of corporal limitations and compels the recognition of natural laws.

Without exception ill health, physical debility, sickness and suffering in general come through repeated violations, either on one's own part or on the part of others, of the laws of this universe, of which we are a constituent part.

It is said, "Every man is either a fool or a physician at forty," meaning, of course, that every intelligent person should develop sufficient powers of observation and judgment in 40 years' experience to enable him to live sanely, and therefore healthfully. But the appalling increase in deaths from the degenerative diseases occurring among those aged forty years and upward, directly the result of personal habits and indiscretions, raises a question as to the soundness of the old axiom and of the wisdom of depending solely on one's ordinary personal experience as a guide.

Too often irreparable damage is done to vital organs before we become conscious of the breakdown, and then it is too late to do anything worth while.

As a matter of fact the problem of life itself can be solved only by the study of what takes place in the minute portion of the cell, for it is in the "centrosome"—a roundish body alongside the nucleus of a cell that is undergoing division—that the new formation of an individual begins. Remember that cells increase by division; there is no corpse; each cell splits into two, indefinitely. We cannot all become cytologists—cell experts—but we can easily acquire a personal working knowledge from observation of any one of the lower organisms—such as the chicken, for instance—sufficient for all practical purposes as a safe guide to better things if we will but open our minds to the truth.

To begin with, we do not know here in this country, how many children are born annually, because only a few states require birth registration, and we are therefore unable even to approximate the percentage of infants stillborn as the result of conditions identical in principle with those that cause the death of the chick in the shell. But we do know from statistics returned on approximately 60 per cent of our population of 100,000,000 that at least twenty-five per cent of all infants born die before they reach one year of age. In contrast with this condition we know that if a sitting hen is given eggs from the same pens from which the incubators are supplied and from which an 80 per cent hatch is considered highly satisfactory, the hen will with but few exceptions, produce hatches approximating 100 per cent.

The mortality in the incubator is insignificant compared to that which takes place among chicks under artificial brooding and feeding conditions, that is to say, during that period of life before the chick is sufficiently mature to be able to look after its own needs.

If the death of forty to sixty or more per cent of a given flock of chicken-ended the matter we might content ourselves with the idea that inasmuch as each species tends to increase inordinately, the check known always to be in action, even though we are unable to perceive it, which is simply nature's method of preserving a balance, must result in an improvement of the breed. But unfortunately, this is found not to be true; for invariably those survivors of conditions which produce these very heavy mortalities are themselves so shattered physically that under the same conditions only a few generations suffice seriously to deteriorate a fine strain and, if persistently followed, quickly lead to total extermination of the line.

On every hand we find these conditions closely paralleled in the human species. Deficient food supply to the pregnant woman gives the same results following lack of heat in any other incubator, and an excess produces about the same effect as too much heat in the machine; both inevitably lead to deterioration in the child; while artificial feeding is known to be fully as disastrous to the child as it is so clearly proved to be to the chick and its descendants.

The solution is comparatively simple and consists in nothing more than training women to have a fit appreciation of the obligations of motherhood and seriously and conscientiously to prepare to meet the natural demands

Hints to Farmers

Now is the time that you realize on your season's work.

As you sell your grain, stock or produce, place your money on open account with a reliable Bank.

Pay your bills by check which makes the best kind of a receipt, and avoid the worry and danger attending the carrying of large sums of money.

Our offices are always at the disposal of our customers and friends.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CANYON

CAPITAL, \$50,000. SURPLUS \$10,000.

SEE THE NEWS PRINTERY

For the superior kind of

COMMERCIAL JOB PRINTING

Randall County News

S. A. Shotwell & Co.

Wholesale and Retail

Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds

Best Grades of Nigger Head and Maitland Coal

TERMS CASH

Plainview Nursery

Has the largest stock of home grown trees that they have ever had. Varieties well adapted to this climate, hardy and absolutely free from disease. All kinds of garden plants.

Agents Wanted to Sell on Commission

Plainview Nursery

PLAINVIEW - - - TEXAS

Belgium Helpless Anyway Till Spring, Says Commission

Need of Relief Still Very Urgent, According to Latest Reports From Stricken Land--How Americans Can Send Their Mite

By WILL IRWIN



BELGIAN REFUGEES IN THE RUINS OF TERMONDE

ACCORDING to the Commission For Relief In Belgium, the American people will probably have to feed the Belgian people all this winter. "We have taken pains to investigate," said one of the commissioners last week, "and the best informed Europeans tell us that there will be no change in the military situation this winter. It means that we must keep up the work until spring breaks or longer."

It has been a race with hunger, this business of feeding 6,500,000 people with supplies gathered a half a world away. All Belgium depends on American food. Half of Belgium is never more than a week ahead of starvation. Often it has come closer than that. Once the province of Limbourg, remote and hilly, was starving. In some communities the people had not eaten for two days, when one of our United States consuls managed to borrow from the Germans enough bread to keep the people alive until an American shipment arrived to repay the loan. Once Captain Lacey, the shipping agent in Holland, had to borrow 10,000 tons of wheat from the Dutch government. Liege and Hamme and historic Ghent were crying for bread, and it was still several days before the next American ship was due at Rotterdam. This was a noble thing for Holland to do since the Dutch themselves are short on food. Yes, it is a race with hunger, and America, now that she has faced the starter, must win! This is America's great and glorious part in the world war of 1914-15.

That every American may have a personal chance to help some Belgian the Commission For Relief In Belgium has arranged its "parcel post plan." Any one who wants to send a package containing between twenty and fifty pounds of nonperishable food need only put a tag on the package, address the tag to the nearest collection depot of the commission, stamp it in the regular way and drop it in the mail chute. If the giver puts on the package tag his name and address, TOGETHER WITH THE LETTER "R," the money he has spent for stamps will be refunded.

Packages mailed from TEXAS should be addressed to TEXAS WAREHOUSE COMPANY, INC., HOUSTON; SCOREY FIREPROOF STORAGE COMPANY, SAN ANTONIO; ROBERT FRAZIER, WACO; FORT WORTH WAREHOUSE AND TRANSFER COMPANY, FORT WORTH; WESTERN TRANSFER AND STORAGE COMPANY, EL PASO; DALLAS TRANSFER COMPANY, DALLAS; who are collecting agents for this district.

Wayside Items.

Friday and Saturday nights light snows fell.

Mrs. Ennace Cates of Canyon visited her brother D. H. Hamblen Monday.

W. R. Franklin, wife and Roy with Grace Sluder left ten days ago to visit relatives in Floyd county.

J. M. McGehee made a business trip to Canyon the 24th for calf which he bought of I. C. Jenkins.

A good crowd at H. James' sale Saturday. Stock sold at a fair price. Two fillies, 1 less than a year old brought \$308.00.

EXPULSED—every poison and impurity of your blood, by Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Then there's a clear skin and a clean system. Tetter, Salt-rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Enlarged Glands, Tumors and Swellings, and all Blood, Skin, and Scalp Diseases, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst scrofula, are perfectly and permanently cured by it.

In building up needed flesh and strength of pale, puny, scrofulous children, nothing out-qual it. In liquid or tablet form. Mrs. May Bryant, of No. 223 Loving Avenue, Fort Worth, Texas, says: "I have used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Favorite Prescription and they did me good. I gave the 'Golden Medical Discovery' to one of my children whose blood was all out of fix—was broken out all over with sores, but after taking the 'Discovery' for a short while was entirely well. I think everybody ought to use Dr. Pierce's medicines."

Dr. Pierce's Pills regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

The Curtis Publishing Co.

Send in today that subscription to

The Ladies Home Journal
The Country Gentleman
The Saturday Evening Post

W. D. Howren
Canyon Agent

Box 505 Telephone 1

bought by D. H. Hamblen. Several of Mrs. Ida Sluders relatives celebrated her 57th birthday with her Sunday.

Miss Alta Beasley spent the week with home folks.

E. M. Beasley spent nearly 8 weeks with relatives in Kansas.

The Knecker's Prayer.

Lord, please don't let this town grow. I've been here for twelve years and during that time I have fought every public improvement. I've knocked everything and every body, no firm or individual has established a business here without my doing all I could to put them out of business. I've lied about them and would have stolen from them if I had the courage. I have done all I could to keep the town from growing and never have spoken a good word for it. I've knocked hard and often. I've put ashes on the children's slide and I've made the marshal stop the boys from playing ball on my vacant lot. Whenever I saw anyone prospering or enjoying themselves I've started a reform to kill the business or spoil the fun. I don't want the young folks to stay in this town and I will do all I can by law, rule and ordinance to drive them away. It pains me, O Lord, to see that in spite of my knocking it is beginning to grow. Some day I fear I will be called to put down sidewalks in front of my property and who knows but what I may have to help keep up the streets that run by my premises? This Lord would be more than I could bear. It would cost me money though all I have was made right here in this town. Then, too more people might come if the town begins to grow, which would cause me to lose some of my pull. I ask therefore, to keep this town at a standstill, that I may continue to be the chief. Amen.



MAUD POWELL COMING.

Post Cards Free.

There are one thousand Maud Powell post cards at the News office for free distribution. Get some of them today and send to your friends in the neighboring towns. Help advertise the recital.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy—The Mothers' Favorite.

"I give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to my children when they have colds or coughs," writes Mrs. Verne Shaffer, Vandergrift, Pa. "It always helps them and is far superior to any other cough medicine I have used. I advise anyone in need of such a medicine to give it a trial." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

L. W. Prvor has sold his bakery to W. F. King and he and his wife left Monday for Oklahoma where they will make their home. Mr. King has a baker employed to run the business.

Try some rye, graham or some Mother's bread from The Leader.

The case of Joe Zrutzky vs. Geo. Reynolds was tried in the county court last Thursday and the jury decided in favor of the plaintiff to the sum of \$608.45. There has been no other business this week.

If you trade with the Leader you are insured of getting the best.

Going away? Well phone the News office and tell us about it.

Mrs. McClain's Experience With Croup.

"When my boy, Ray, was small he was subject to croup, and I was always alarmed at such times. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy proved far better than any other for this trouble. It always relieved him quickly. I am never without it in the house for I know it is a positive cure for croup." writes Mrs. W. R. McClain, Blairsville, Pa. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

We're Opposed to Mail Order Concerns Because—

They have never contributed a cent to furthering the interests of our town—

Every cent received by them from this community is a direct loss to our merchants—

In almost every case their prices can be met right here, without delay in receiving goods and the possibility of mistakes in filling orders.

But—

The natural human trait is to buy where goods are cheapest. Local pride is usually secondary in the game of life as played today.

Therefore

Mr. Merchant and Business Men, meet your competition with their own weapons—advertising.

Advertise!

The local field is yours. All you need do is to avail yourself of the opportunities offered. An advertisement in this paper will carry your message into hundreds of homes in this community. It is the surest medium of killing your greatest competitor. A space this size won't cost much. Come in and see us about it.

WELL DESERVED

The Praise That Comes From Thankful Canyon People.

One kidney remedy has known merit.

Canyon people rely upon it.

That remedy is Doan's Kidney Pills.

Canyon testimony proves it reliable.

George Reynolds, grocer, Canyon, Texas, says: "I had pains in my back and sides and my kidneys became weak. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and was soon cured. Another of my family had still worse trouble and Doan's Kidney Pills quickly cured that case."

Price 50c, at all dealers.

Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Reynolds had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

(Advertisement)

Santa Fe Advertising Beef

"Quick profits raising beef" is the heading of the advertisement which the Santa Fe Ry. is carrying in a dozen leading farm and stock journals in the middle west, having a combined circulation of over a million and reaching a class of farmers that grow and feed stock. The advertisement tells a Panhandle feeding story, condensed from the "Baby Beef" folder recently issued from the Amarillo office. It says, "To mature beef for market in 16 months from birth and have them weigh as much as ordinary cattle of twice that age, is the Texas Panhandle cattle-men's way of getting rich quick."

"Mr. Charles Keiser of Canyon, Randall county, Texas, marketed a herd of 131 head at Kansas City. They were the product of native Panhandle cows and registered Hereford bulls. He got top prices for all. The best 26 animals averaged 965 pounds a piece, the rest 877 pounds.

"In the seven months from weaning to selling the 26 averaged a gain of 565 pounds. Where these Panhandle cattle raisers make their profit is in raising all their own feed at remarkably low cost. Mr. Keiser's cost averaged \$24.00 per head. The Texas Panhandle is more than a "cattle range." Stockmen there do the finish-feeding at home.

"The heavy yielding feed crops and the wonderful silo are making Texas Panhandle cattle raising an immensely profitable business. Let me send you the details of Mr. Keiser's performance telling of cheap lands and great opportunities. It is worth money to you. Write today. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Col. Agent, Chicago."

Short crisp articles about the Panhandle will also be printed in these journals from time to time, this being in line with the development campaign that J. Brinker, the general freight and passenger agent, is making for this district.

Sick Two Years With Indigestion.

"Two years ago I was greatly benefited through using two or three bottles of Chamberlain's Tablets," writes Mrs. S. A. Keller, Elida, Ohio. "Before taking them I was sick for two years with indigestion." Sold by all dealers.—Advertisement.

You can get bread that is bread at The Leader. By far the best.

Notice

Will the parties who borrowed (in my absence) my post hole digger, shovels and spades and other tools please return same at once as I have decided to go to work and have no tools to work with. Joe Foster.

Signers for reserved seats now for the Powell recital will get first choice of seats.

Electric Wiring

If your house is in need of electric repairing, have it done now. We are unusually busy with this class of work at this time and have an extra stock of supplies on hand.

No charge for estimate

Telephone 14

Canyon Power Company

CLASSIFIED ADS

For Sale—50 pounds of alfalfa seed. Phone 57. tf

Wanted—To rent a good Jersey milk cow. Apply News office. tf

For Sale—Some alfalfa seed. A. Ernest Brown, postoffice box 484. tf

For Sale—1000 pounds Sudan grass seed, 25c pound. Government inspected. Will trade for good hogs. Rector Lester. 43tf

For Sale—Section No. 5 ten miles south of Canyon. Will sell for reasonable price if taken in six months. All enclosed. 2 room house, barn, 100 acres in cultivation. Canyon, Texas. 43p3

For Sale—Second hand cream separator. Mrs. H. Schramm. 43p3

Hastings Improved 100 Bushel oats is the best thing in oats I have ever found. Close, bunchy heads, uniform height, etc. Made 42 1-2 to 65 bushels per acre last year. See me for prices. Will trade for few tons of threshed maize or heads. Welton Winn. tf

Mixed cotton seed meal and hulls in hundred lb. sacks, the best feed for milk cows ever produced. Easy to handle and keep clean. Mixed in scientific proportions for best results. Only limited amount. See me for prices. Welton Winn. tf

For Sale—160 A. 7 miles south and 2 miles west of Canyon, no improvements. For further particulars write Henry F. Grothe, Wisner, Nebr. 45p2

Wanted—Maize heads delivered at the creek pasture. C. O. Keiser. tf

For Sale—Small tract of land adjoining Normal campus. W. H. Lewis. 42p3

Invigorating to the Pale and Sickly
The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out Malaria, enriches the blood and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. See

Notice.

All persons between the age of 21 and 45 years are liable to street duty, except ministers of the gospel in the active discharge of their ministerial duties, invalids, and members of the voluntary fire company. All persons liable to work on the streets can secure exemption therefrom for the year 1915 by paying to the city tax collector before the first day of February the sum of three dollars, after February 1st you must pay \$5.00. I am now ready to collect and receive for such tax. 42t4 J. H. JOWELL, City Tax Collector.

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

SINGER SEWING MACHINE

Standard of the world. Sold for \$2.00 down and \$2.00 per month, or \$10.00 down and the balance in three yearly payments. Write or phone

L. G. RUNYON, Singer Salesman

111 E. Fourth St.

Amarillo, Texas

EATS! EATS!

Cooked right; Priced right WHERE?

At the AMERICAN RESTAURANT

New management; South side of square. Board by day or week.

Mrs. H. C. Brown

Go to BROWN'S Repair Shop

For fine boot and shoe repairing. A trial is all I ask. Call in and get acquainted.

South side of square.

H. C. Brown, Prop.

Attention Investors.

In order to close up an estate I have the following lands for sale in Randall county 166 1-3 acres being the N. W. 1-4 of Sec. No. 63, 1-2 mile south of the public school in Canyon Texas, consisting of 20 acres of up land and 146 acres of valley land. 130 acres of which are now in alfalfa. This would make an ideal location for any one wanting a good farm close to town, and one that will pay a good return on the money invested each year. Price \$80.00 per acre. Also the south half of Sec. No. 74, Block B 5. This land is about 2 miles southeast of the town of Umbarger. Price \$8.00 per acre, bonus. This is a bargain for some man. For further information write, J. E. BELL, Waynesville, Ill.

Call the Leader B-4 buying.

Sick Headache.

Sick headache is nearly always caused by disorders of the stomach. Correct them and the periodic attacks of sick headache will disappear. Mrs. John Bishop of Roseville, Ohio, writes: "About a year ago I was troubled with indigestion and had sick headache that lasted for two or three days at a time. I doctored and tried a number of remedies but nothing helped me until during one of those sick spells a friend advised me to take Chamberlain's Tablets. This medicine relieved me in a short time." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.