

# THE RANDALL COUNTY NEWS

Vol. XVIII.

CANYON, RANDALL COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1915.

No. 46

## MARTIN ELECTED TO BOARD OF REGENTS

Hon. A. B. Martin of Plainview has been appointed to the Board of Regents for Normal schools to succeed Hon. W. H. Fuqua of Amarillo. Gov. Ferguson announced the appointment Friday.

Mr. Fuqua was appointed by Gov. Colquitt and has served the state faithfully. He has been working hard during the past few months to get the new building started and has ever been alert to obtain the best building for the local school.

Mr. Martin recently lived at Tulla but during the past month he formed a new law firm of Martin, Kinder, Russell & Zimmerman with offices at Plainview and Tulla. He has been interested in the normal schools during the past years. He will not only look after the interests of the West Texas State Normal but will constantly keep in mind the welfare of the educational institutions over which the regents have control.

Hon. J. S. Kendall of Dallas was re-appointed by Gov. Ferguson. He has done great work on the board and is a very capable man.

Will A. Miller Jr. of Amarillo was chosen as one of the directors of the A. & M. college.

### Farmers Take Notice.

Macaroni spring wheat is selling now at a premium of 15c to 25c per bushel over the price of the highest grade of Winter or Northern spring wheat. Every farmer should sow from 20 to 100 acres. We have this seed, come before its all gone. 46p4  
Neff Grain Co., Happy, Texas.

Prof. E. F. Myers, Miss Eggleston and Miss Marsh will give a free program at the Baptist church Saturday night.

### New Train Service Sunday.

The new train service for the Santa Fe will be inaugurated next Sunday. It will be well for Canyon people to cut out the following schedule and paste it in their hats until they get acquainted with the new system:

#### MAIN LINE

North bound trains—  
No. 22 at 11:30 a. m.  
No. 114 at 6:53 p. m.

West bound trains—  
No. 21 at 5:48 a. m.  
No. 117 at 11:20 p. m.

#### BRANCH TRAINS

From Sweetwater—  
No. 902 at 11:20 a. m.  
To Sweetwater—  
No. 901 at 7:20 a. m.

#### Jewell for Marshal.

I hereby announce for re-election to the office of City Marshal and Tax Collector for the city of Canyon, and if re-elected I promise to discharge the duties of the office to the best of my ability. Soliciting the support of the people and thanking them for the past favors. I beg to remain,

J. H. Jewell.

#### Orchestra and Band Will Play.

The Canyon Band and Orchestra will give a program at the Opera House Monday night, Feb. 15 for the benefit of the latter organization. The Passion Play will be presented in motion pictures. Both organizations have been hard at work the past few weeks and their program will be highly interesting.

#### Laughery-Caldwell Marriage.

Miss Bernice Caldwell and Carl Laughery were married week ago Sunday afternoon at the Rev. Mayne home. Both are splendid young people of Canyon and well known. Their marriage was kept a secret for several days.

## PRESIDENT COUSINS TO AUSTIN MONDAY

President R. B. Cousins went to Austin Saturday for the purpose of appearing before the finance committee of the legislature and explaining the needs of the Normal. The legislature has decided to make no visits to state institutions this year, so the visit of Mr. Cousins to Austin is of the very greatest importance. He will be required to tell the committee of the needs of the institution rather than have them come and see.

Mr. Cousins feels that with the splendid showing the school has made since its establishment the legislature will be responsive to the needs of the institution and pass the appropriation in full for which he is asking. The board of regents has placed its approval upon all items in the budget for the local school and several of the members will make personal visits to Austin if they deem necessary to tell the legislature about the school.

#### Fifth Sunday Meeting.

The Tierra Blanca Association of the Baptist church held its meeting with the local church the past week. Missionary J. T. Burnett had charge of the program. The ladies program Friday afternoon was well rendered and attended. One pastor stated that the women were better organized than the men. Friday night Rev. Airhart of Tulla delivered a matchless sermon on the social evils of today. If the boys and girls could have heard this, the skating rink would go out of business. Sunday the laymen movement was organized in this association. Tulla, Hereford, Summerfield, Dimmitt and Amarillo were represented at the association.

Contributed.

#### Back to Randall County.

F. N. Henderson and family arrived this week from Fairfield, Iowa, and will again make their home on their land southeast of the city. They left here four years ago but after trying Iowa they decided that Randall county was best after all and are returning to make this their permanent home.

The movement of former residents and of new people to Randall county is starting strong and within a very few months this county will have doubled in population. People are just beginning to realize the wonderful possibilities of the Plains country.

#### New Ball Park.

Managers D. A. Shirley of the Normal and F. P. Luke of the town team have been forced to procure a new baseball park for this season as the spur from the railroad to the new Normal building will run across the Normal athletic field. Through the kindness of L. T. Lester the teams will play on block 2, which is north of the Service home. The grounds will be laid out for the field within a short time and benches built for the spectators. The ground will be used until the tracks are removed from the athletic field.

The Leader has the most up to date stock to be found in town.

The case of Joe Zrutzky vs. B. Hollendsworth was tried in Justice Shelnutt's court Monday a verdict of \$73.35 being given in favor of the plaintiff.

## DR. G. C. RANKIN DIES SUDDENLY

Dr. George C. Rankin, for many years a leader in Methodism in the Southwest, died suddenly at noon Tuesday of heart trouble. He was 66 years old, and at the time of his death was editor of the Texas Christian Advocate.

Dr. Rankin was born near Dandridge, Tenn., where he received a slight education before going to college. His college days were spent in Hiwassee College, and he was prepared for the ministry, having been converted to religious belief when a boy after his father's death.

After deciding to enter the ministry he was afforded opportunity for further study, and attended other schools after leaving Hiwassee. He spent the time until he was past 40 years old preaching in Tennessee, the Carolinas and Georgia.

He came to Texas 23 years ago. He accredits part of the reason for his coming to Texas, in his autobiography, to the fact that he had been reading the Texas Christian Advocate, the paper of which he afterward became editor.

His first pastorate was Shearn church, one of the oldest in the state at Houston. Since that time when he preached his first sermon in Texas there 23 years ago, he has been up and down the state preaching the gospel of Methodism for nearly a quarter of a century, and has been one of the most conspicuous church workers in Texas.

## 467 POLL TAXES IN THE COUNTY

The poll tax rolls were closed Saturday night, 467 being paid in the county. This is an exceptionally good number of payments owing to the fact that there is likely to be no large elections held during the year. The number is only 24 below the number issued last year, while in many of the cities and counties of Texas the decrease this year over last has amounted to 25 per cent.

The following is the number by precincts:

Precinct	Poll Tax	Exemption
1	272	15
2	11	0
3	38	1
4	27	1
5	40	0
6	13	0
7	10	0
8	39	0
Total	450	17

#### Wayside Items.

Sunday was a very disagreeable day and only a few ventured out to Sunday school, after which Rev. Butterfield gave a very interesting lecture on Education.

A large crowd, dressed to suit the occasion, attended the "Tacky Party" at W. T. Helms Friday night. Cake and coffee were served.

After visiting relatives Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Franklin and son and Miss Grace Sluder returned Saturday. Miss Edith Franklin accompanied them and will make an extended visit.

E. Gleason cut the leaders in one of his fingers last week while helping to butcher some hogs.

Frank Harris and wife came in Monday.

### Musical Program Saturday Night.

Faculty recital of the Amarillo College of Music at the Canyon Baptist church, Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8 o'clock.

Piano—Sonata-Con Brio Movement Beethoven

Miss Eggleston.

Voice—Border Ballad Cowen

Mr. Myers.

Violin—(a) Adagio Reis

(b) Adoration Borowsky

Miss Marsh.

Piano—(a) To Spring Grieg

(b) Sprites of the Glen Dennee

Miss Eggleston.

Voice—(a) My Little Woman

Osgood

(b) The Benedict's Pett

(c) The Floral Dance Moss

Mr. Myers.

Violin—(a) Air on the G

String Pryor

(b) Liebesfreud Kreisler

Miss Marsh.

Piano—Autumn Chaminade

Miss Eggleston.

Voice—Blow Blow, Thou Winter

Wind Sargeant

Mr. Myers.

Lila Austin Myers—Accompanist.

#### Methodist Work Day.

There was another work day at the Methodist church Tuesday when a walk was completed along the south side of the church and new hitching racks constructed on the north and west sides. The church now has good walks on the south and east sides, along the entire property front.

Quality first at The Leader—if goods are not as represented we want you to bring them back.

C. W. Warwick was in Amarillo Saturday in the interest of the Maud Powell recital. Nearly one hundred people from Amarillo have bought tickets for the recital.

## POWELL TICKETS ARE SELLING FAST

Tuesday morning the reserved tickets for the Maud Powell recital were placed on sale at the News office. There was indeed a grand rush for the first few hours. The seat sale shows that there will be very few if any reserved seats unoccupied when Miss Powell steps on the stage at the Methodist church on the night of February 17.

The Amarillo sale of tickets has been great, reaching nearly one hundred. D. A. Shirley and F. P. Guenther were in Hereford Monday and nearly fifty from that town will come to the recital.

There are yet many good seats for sale, but the Canyon people who wish them must wake up to their opportunity or the surrounding towns will take up those remaining. A large delegation is coming from Tulla and Plainview, while a party from Lubbock is being made up to come to the recital.

The doors of the church will be opened promptly at 7:15 and will close during each number so there will be no disturbance.

Unless the tickets which have been reserved for people phoning in orders are taken before next Monday, they will be sold again as the committee will not assume the responsibility of any person's ability to go to the recital.

#### Building Spur to Normal.

The Santa Fe is building a spur to the new Normal building to accommodate the Gross Construction Co. in the handling of the building materials. Work is progressing nicely with the new structure.



DO NOT BUY POOR IMPLEMENTS AND WASTE TIME AND MONEY GOING TO THE BLACKSMITH SHOP RIGHT WHEN YOU ARE BUSIEST.

COME TO US AND BUY GOOD IMPLEMENTS WHICH WILL STAND HARD WEAR.

# Thompson Hardware Company

## Everyone is 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 Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

(Copyright, 1923, by W. J. West & Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

On Misery creek Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious, and, after reviving him, goes for assistance. Spicer South, head of the family, tells Samson South and Sally that Jesse Purvy has been shot and that Samson is suspected of the crime. Samson denies it. The shooting of Jesse Purvy breaks the truce in the Hollman-South feud. Samson reproves Tamarack Spicer for telling Sally that Jim Hollman is hunting with bloodhounds the man who shot Purvy. The bloodhounds lose the trail at Spicer South's door. Lescott discovers artistic ability in Samson. While sketching with Lescott on the mountain, Tamarack discovers Samson to a jeering crowd of mountaineers. Samson thrashes him and denounces him as the "truce-buster" who shot Purvy. Lescott tries to persuade Samson to go to New York with him and develop his talent. Sally, loyal but heartbroken, furthers Lescott's efforts.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"Thar's a-geoin' ter be a dancin' party over ter Wile McCager's mill come Saturday," he insinuatedly suggested. "I reckon ye'll go over thar with me, won't ye, Sally?"

He waited for her usual delighted assent, but Sally only told him absently and without enthusiasm that she would "study about it." At last, however, her restraint broke, and, looking up, she abruptly demanded:

"Air ye a-geoin' away, Samson?"

"Who's been a-talkin' ter ye?" demanded the boy, angrily.

For a moment, the girl sat silent. Finally, she spoke in a grave voice:

"Hit hain't nothin' ter git mad about, Samson. The artist man 'lowed as how ye had a right ter go down thar, an' git an eddication." She made a weary gesture toward the great beyond.

"He hain't ought to o' told ye, Sally. If I'd been plumb sartin in my mind, I'd a-told ye myself—not but what I knows," he hastily amended, "thet he meant hit friendly."

"Air ye a-geoin'?"

"I'm studyin' about hit."

He awaited objection, but none came. Then, with a piquing of his masculine vanity, he demanded:

"Hain't ye a-keerin', Sally, whether I goes, or not?"

The girl grew rigid. Her fingers on the crumbling plank of the stile's top tightened and gripped hard. Her face did not betray her, nor her voice, though she had to gulp down a rising lump in her throat before she could answer calmly.

"I think ye had ought to go, Samson."

The boy was astonished. He had avoided the subject for fear of her opposition—and tears.

Then, slowly, she went on:

"Ther hain't nothin' in these here hills fer ye, Samson. Down thar, ye'll see lots of things that's new—an' civilized an' beautiful! Ye'll see lots of gals thet kin read an' write, gals dressed up in all kinds of fancy fixins." Her glib words ran out and ended in a sort of inward gasp.

Compliment came hard and awkwardly to Samson's lips. He reached for the girl's hand, and whispered:

"I reckon I won't see no gals that's as purty as you be, Sally. I reckon ye knows, whether I goes or stays, we're a-geoin' ter git married."

She drew her hand away, and laughed, a little bitterly. In the last day, she had ceased to be a child, and become a woman with all the soul-aching possibilities of a woman's intuitions.

"Samson," she said, "I hain't askin' ye ter make me no promises. When ye sees them other gals—gals thet kin read an' write—I reckon mebbe ye'll think different. I can't hardly spell out printin' in the fust reader."

Her lover's voice was scornful of the imagined dangers, as a recruit may be of the battle terrors—before he has been under fire. He slipped his arm about her and drew her over to him.

"Honey," he said, "ye needn't fret about that. Readin' an' writin' can't make no difference fer a woman. Hit's mighty important fer a man, but you're a gal."

"You're a-geoin' ter think different atter awhile," she insisted. "When ye goes, I hain't a-geoin' ter be expectin' ye ter come back." But—the resolution in her voice—for a moment quavered as she added—"but God knows I'm a-geoin' ter be hopin'!"

"Sally!" the boy roared, and paced up and down in the road. "Air ye a-geoin' ter be ag'inst me, too? Don't ye see that I wants ter have a chanst? Can't ye trust me? I'm jest a-tryin' to amount to something. I'm plumb tired of bein' ornery an' no 'count."

She nodded.

"I've done told ye," she said, wearily, "thet I thinks ye ought ter do hit."

Lescott and Samson discussed the matter frequently. At times the boy was obstinate in his determination to remain; at other times he gave way to the yearnings for change and opportunity.

The dance on Saturday was to be something more portentous than a mere frolic. It would be a clan gathering to which the Souths adherents would come rising up as the wretched and its tributaries from "high

abouts" and "over you." From forenoon until after midnight, shuffle, jig and fiddling would hold high, if rough, carnival. But, while the younger folk abandoned themselves to these diversions, the grayer heads would gather in a more serious conclave. Jesse Purvy had once more been beaten back death, and his mind had probably been devising, during those bed-ridden days and nights, plans of reprisal. According to current report, Purvy had announced that his would-be assassin dwelt on Misery, and was "marked down." So, there were obvious exigencies which the Souths must prepare to meet. In particular, the clan must thrash out to definite understanding the demoralizing report that Samson South, their logical leader, meant to abandon them, at a crisis when war-clouds were thickening.

The painter had finally resolved to cut the Gordian knot, and leave the mountains. He had trained on Samson to the last piece all his artillery of argument. The case was now submitted with the suggestion that the boy take three months to consider, and that, if he decided affirmatively, he should notify Lescott in advance of his coming. He proposed sending Samson

to the Gordan knot, and leave the mountains. He had trained on Samson to the last piece all his artillery of argument. The case was now submitted with the suggestion that the boy take three months to consider, and that, if he decided affirmatively, he should notify Lescott in advance of his coming. He proposed sending Samson



"I Reckon Hit's A-geoin' Ter Jest About Kill Me."

a small library of carefully picked books, which the mountaineer eagerly agreed to devour in the interval.

Lescott consented, however, to remain over Saturday, and go to the dance, since he was curious to observe what pressure was brought to bear on the boy, and to have himself a final word of argument after kinsmen had spoken.

Saturday morning came after a night of torrential rain, which had left the mountains steaming under a reek of fog and pitching clouds.

But, as the morning wore on, the sun fought its way to view in a scrap of overhead blue. From log cabins and plank houses up and down Misery and its tributaries, men and women began their heira toward the mill. Lescott rode in the wake of Samson, who had Sally on a pillow at his back. They came before noon to the mouth of Dry-hole creek, and the house of Wile McCager. Already, the picket fence was lined with tethered horses and mules.

From the interior of the house came the sounds of fiddling, though these strains of "Turkey in the Straw" were only by way of prelude. Lescott felt, though he could not say just what concrete thing told him, that under the shallow note of merry-making brooded the major theme of a troublesome problem. The seriousness was below the surface, but insistently depressing. He saw, too, that he himself was mixed up with it in a fashion, which might become dangerous, when a few jugs of white liquor had been emptied.

While the young persons danced and "sparked" within, and the more truculent lads escaped to the road to pass the jug, and forecast with youthful war-fever "cleanin' out the Hollmans," the elders were deep in ways and means. If the truce could be preserved for its unexpired period of three years, it was, of course, best. In that event, crops could be cultivated, and lives saved. But, if Jesse Purvy chose to regard his shooting as a breach of terms, and struck, he would strike hard, and, in that event, best defense lay in striking first. Samson would soon be twenty-one. That he would take his place as head of the clan had until now never been questioned—and he was talking of desertion. For that, a pink-skinned foreigner, who wore a woman's bow of ribbon at his collar, was to blame. The question of loyalty must be squarely put up to Samson, and it must be done today. His answer must be definite and unequivocal. As a guest of Spicer South, Lescott was entitled to that consideration which is accorded ambassadors.

None the less, the vital affair of the clan could not be balked by consideration for a stranger, who, in the opinion of the majority, should be driven from the country as an insidious mis-

chief-maker. Ostensibly, the truce still held, but at no time since its signing had matters been so freighted with the menace of a gathering storm. The attitude of each faction was that of several men standing quiet with guns trained on one another's breasts. Each hesitated to fire, knowing that to pull the trigger meant to die himself, yet fearing that another trigger might at any moment be drawn. Purvy dared not have Samson shot out of hand, because he feared that the Souths would claim his life in return, yet he feared to let Samson live. On the other hand, if Purvy fell, no South could balance his death, except Spicer or Samson. Any situation that might put conditions to a moment of issue would either prove that the truce was being observed, or open the war—and yet each faction was guarding against such an event as too fraught with danger. One thing was certain. By persuasion or force, Lescott must leave, and Samson must show himself to be the youth he had been thought, or the confessed and repudiated renegade. Those questions, today must answer. It was a difficult situation, and promised an eventful entertainment. Whichever conclusion was reached as to the artist's future, he was, with the verdict came in, a visitor, and, unless liquor inflamed some reckless trouble-bunter, that fact would not be forgotten. Possibly, it was as well that Tamarack Spicer had not arrived.

Lescott himself realized the situation in part, as he stood at the door of the house watching the scene inside.

"Ther was, of course, no round dancing—only the shuffle and jig—with champions contending for the honor of their sections.

In the group about the door, Lescott passed a youth with tow-white hair and very pink cheeks. The boy was the earliest to succumb to the temptation of the moonshine jug, a temptation which would later claim others. He was reeling crazily, and his albino eyes were now red and inflamed.

"Thet's ther damned furrier thet's done turned Samson inter a gal," proclaimed the youth, in a thick voice.

The painter paused, and looked back. The boy was reaching under his coat with hands that had become clumsy and unresponsive.

"Let me git at him," he shouted, with a wild whoop and a dash toward the painter.

Lescott said nothing, but Sally had heard, and stepped swiftly between.

"You've got ter git past me fust, Buddy," she said, sweetly. "I reckon ye'd better run on some, an' git yore mummy ter put ye ter bed."

CHAPTER VII.

Several soberer men closed around the boy, and after disarming him, led him away grumbling and muttering, while Wile McCager made apologies to the guest.

"Jimmy's jest a peevish child," he explained. "A drop or two of licker makes him skittish. I hopes ye'll look over hit."

Jimmy's outbreak was interesting to Lescott chiefly as an indication of what might follow. Unwilling to introduce discord by his presence, and involve Samson in quarrels on his account, he suggested riding back to Misery, but the boy's face clouded at the suggestion.

"Ef they kaint be civil ter my friends," he said, shortly, "they've got ter account ter me. You stay right hyar, an' I'll stay close to you. I done come hyar today ter tell 'em that they musn't meddle in my business."

A short while later, Wile McCager invited Samson to come out to the mill, and the boy nodded to Lescott an invitation to accompany him.

The mill, dating back to pioneer days, sat by its race with its shaft now idle. It looked to Lescott, as he approached, like a scrap of landscape torn from some medieval picture, and the men about its door seemed medieval, too; bearded and gaunt, hard-thewed and sullen.

All of them who stood waiting were men of middle age, or beyond. A number were gray-haired, but they were all of cadet branches. Many of them, like Wile McCager himself, did not bear the name of South, and Samson was the eldest son of the eldest son.

"Samson," began old Wile McCager, clearing his throat and taking up his duty as spokesman, "we're all your kinfolks here, an' we aimed ter ask ye about this here report thet yer 'lowin' ter leave the mountings?"

"What of hit?" countered the boy.

"Hit looks mighty like the war's a-geoin' ter be on ag'in pretty soon. Air ye a-geoin' ter quit, or air ye a-geoin' ter stick? Thet's what we wants ter know."

"I didn't make this here truce, an' I hain't a-geoin' ter bust hit," said the boy, quietly. "When the war commences, I'll be hyar. Ef I hain't hyar in the meantime, hit hain't no body's business. I hain't accountable ter no man but pap, an' I reckon, whar he is, he knows whether I'm a-geoin' ter keep my word."

There was a moment's silence, then Wile McCager put another question.

"Ef ye're plumb sot on gettin' larin' why don't ye git hit right hyar in these mountings?"

Samson laughed derisively.

"Who'll I git hit from?" he caustically inquired. "Ef the mountain won't come ter Mohamet, Mohamet's got ter go ter the mountain, I reckon."

Caleb Wiley rose unsteadily to his feet, his shaggy beard trembling with wrath and his voice quavering with sense indignation.

"Hev ye done got too damned good ter yore kinfolks, Samson South?" he shrilly demanded. "Hev ye done been foolerin' after this here puny witch-doctor tell ye can't keep a civil tongue in yer head fer yore elders? I'm in favor of ruslin' this here jus-

riner outen the country with tar an' feathers on him. Furthermore, I'm in favor of cleanin' out the Hollmans. I was jest a-sayin' ter Bill—"

"Never mind what ye war jest a-sayin'," interrupted the boy, flushing redly to his cheekbones, but controlling his voice. "Ye've done said enough a-ready. Ye're a right old man, Caleb, an' I reckon thet gves ye some license ter shoot off yore face, but ef any of them no-'count, shifless boys of yores wants ter back up what ye says, I'm ready ter go out thar an' make 'em eat hit. I hain't a-geoin' ter answer no more questions."

There was a commotion of argument, until "Black Dave" Jasper, a saturnine giant, whose hair was no blacker than his expression, rose, and a semblance of quiet greeted him as he spoke.

"Mebby, Samson, ye've got a right ter take the studs this way, an' ter refuse ter answer our questions, but we've got a right ter say who kin stay in this hyar country. Ef ye 'lows ter quit us, I reckon we kin quit you—and, if we quits ye, ye hain't nothin' more ter us then no other boy thet's gettin' too big fer his breeches. This furrier is a visitor here today, an' we don't 'low ter hurt him—but he's got ter go. We don't want him round hyar no longer." He turned to Lescott. "We're a-givin' ye fair warnin', stranger. Ye hain't our breed. After this, ye stays on Misery at yore own risk—an' hit's a-geoin' ter be plumb risky. Thar thar's final!"

"This man," blazed the boy, before Lescott could speak, "is a-visitin' me an' Unc' Spicer. When ye wants him ye kin come up thar an' git him. Every damned man of ye kin come. I hain't a-sayin' how many of ye'll go back. He was 'lowin' that he'd leave hyar ter-morrer mornin', but atter this I'm a-tellin' ye he hain't a-geoin' ter do hit. He's a-geoin' ter stay as long as he likes, an' nobody hain't a-geoin' ter run him off." Samson took his stand before the painter, and swept the group with his eyes. "An' what's more," he added, "I'll tell ye another thing. I hain't plumb made up my mind ter leave the mountings, but ye've done settled hit fer me. I'm a-geoin'."

There was a low murmur of anger, and a voice cried out from the rear:

"Let him go. We hain't got no use fer damn cowards."

"Whoever said thet's a liar!" shouted the boy. Lescott, standing at his side, felt that the situation was more than parous. But, before the storm could break, some one rushed in, and whispered to Wile McCager a message that caused him to raise both hands above his head, and thunder for attention.

"Men," he roared, "listen ter me! This here hain't no time fer squabbin' amongst ourselves. We're all Souths. Tamarack South has done gone ter Hixon, an' got inter trouble. He's locked up in the jailhouse."

"We're all hyar," screamed old Caleb's high, broken voice. "Let's go an' take him out."

Samson's anger had died. He turned, and held a whispered conversation with McCager, and, at its end, the host of the day announced briefly:

"Samson's got somethin' ter say 'r ye. So long as he's willin' ter stand by us, I reckon we're willin' ter listen ter Henry South's boy."

"I hain't got no use fer Tam'rack Spicer," said the boy, succinctly, "but I don't 'low ter let him lay in no jailhouse, unless he's got a right ter be thar. What's he charged with?"

But no one knew that. A man supposedly close to the Hollmans, but in reality an informer for the Souths, had seen him led into the jailyard by a posse of a half-dozen men, and had seen the iron-barred doors close on him. That was all, except that the Hollman forces were gathering in Hixon, and, if the Souths went there en masse, a pitched battle must be the inevitable result. The first step was



"This Hain't No Time for Squabbin' Amongst Ourselves."

to gain accurate information and an answer to one vital question. Was Tamarack held as a feud victim, or was his arrest legitimate? How to learn that was the problem. To send a body of men was to invite bloodshed. To send a single inquirer was to deliver him over to the enemy.

"Air you men willin' ter take my word about Tamarack?" inquired Samson. There was a clamorous assent, and the boy turned to Lescott.

"Ye wants yer take Sally home with ye. Ye'd better start right away, afore she hears any of this talk. Hit would fret her. Tell her I've had ter go 'cross the country a piece, ter see a sick man. Don't tell her whar I'm a-geoin'."

He turned to the others. "I reckon I've got yore promises thet Mr. Lescott hain't a-geoin' ter be bothered afore I gets back."

Wile McCager promptly gave the assurance.

"I gves ye my hand on hit."

"I seed Jim Asberry loadin' round jest beyond ther ridge, as I rid over hyar," volunteered the man who had brought the message.

"Go slow now, Samson. Don't be no blame fool," dissuaded Wile McCager. "Hixon's plumb full of them Hollmans, an' they're likely ter be full of licker—hit's Saturday. Hit's apt ter be shore death fer ye ter try ter ride through Main street—ef ye gits thet far. Ye dassent do hit."

"I dast do anything!" asserted the boy, with a flash of sudden anger. "Some liar 'lowed awhile ago thet I was a coward. All right, mebbe I be. Unc' Wile, keep the boys hyar till ye hears from me—an' keep 'em sober." He turned and made his way to the fence where his mule stood hitched.

When Samson crossed the ridge and entered the Hollman country, Jim Asberry, watching from a hilltop point of vantage, rose and mounted the horse that stood hitched behind a nearby screen of rhododendron bushes and young cedars. Sometimes, he rode just one bend of the road in Samson's rear. Sometimes, he took short cuts, and watched his enemy pass. But always he held him under a vigilant eye. Finally, he reached a wayside store where a local telephone gave communication with Hollman's Mammoth Department store.

"Jedge," he informed, "Samson South's done left the party at ther mill, an' he's a-ridin' towards town. Shall I git him?"

"Is he comin' by hisself?" inquired the storekeeper.

"Yes."

"Well, jest let him come on. We can tend ter him hyar, ef necessary." So Jim withheld his hand, and merely shadowed, sending bulletins, from time to time.

It was about three o'clock when Samson started. It was near six when he reached the ribbon of road that loops down into town over the mountain. His mule was in a lather of sweat. He knew that he was being spied upon, and that word of his coming was traveling ahead of him. What he did not know was whether or not it suited Jesse Purvy's purpose that he should slide from his mule, dead, before he turned homeward. If Tamarack had been seized as a declaration of war, the chief South would certainly not be allowed to return. If the arrest had not been for feud reasons, he might escape. That was the question which would be answered with his life or death.

The "jailhouse" was a small building of home-made brick, squatting at the rear of the courthouse yard. As Samson drew near, he saw that some ten or twelve men, armed with rifles, separated from groups and disposed themselves behind the tree trunks and the stone coping of the well. None of them spoke, and Samson pretended that he had not seen them. He rode his mule at a walk, knowing that he was rifle-covered from a half-dozen windows. At the hitching rack directly beneath the county building, he swung his reins over a post, and, swinging his rifle at his side, passed cautiously along the brick walk to the jail. The men behind the trees edged around their covers as he went, keeping themselves protected, as squirrels creep around a trunk when a hunter is lurking below. Samson halted at the jail wall, and called the prisoner's name. A tousled head and surly face appeared at the barred window, and the boy went over and held converse from the outside.

"How in hell did ye git into town?" demanded the prisoner.

"I rid in," was the short reply.

"How'd ye git in the jailhouse?"

The captive was shamefaced.

"I got a leetle too much lickin', an' I was shootin' out the lights last night," he confessed.

"What business did ye have hyar in Hixon?"

"I jest slipped in ter see a gal."

Samson leaned closer, and lowered his voice.

"Does they know that ye shot them shoots at Jesse Purvy?"

Tamarack turned pale.

"No," he stammered, "they believe you done hit."

Samson laughed. He was thinking of the rifles trained on him from a dozen invisible rests.

"How long air they a-geoin' ter keep ye hyar?" he demanded.

"I kin git out to-morrer ef I pays the fine. Hit's ten dollars."

"And ef ye don't pay the fine?"

"Hit's a dollar a day."

"I reckon ye don't 'low ter pay hit, do ye?"

"I 'lowed mebbe ye mout pay hit fer me, Samson."

"Ye done 'lowed plumb wrong. I come hyar ter see ef ye needed help, but hit 'pears ter me they're lettin' ye off easy."

He turned on his heel, and went back to his mule. The men behind the trees began circling again. Samson mounted, and, with his chin well up, trotted back along the main street. It was over. The question was answered. The Hollmans regarded the truce as still effective. The fact that they were permitting him to ride out alive was a wordless assurance of that. Incidentally, he stood vindicated in the eyes of his own people.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



PRODUCE HARD-SHELLED EGG

Strong, Heavy Shell is Not Near, So Likely to Be Broken by Rough Handling as Weak One.

(By EUGENIA ST. MARTIN, Bloomington, Minn.)

The feeding of hens for the production of hard-shelled eggs, not easily breakable in handling, is possible and demands attention. Shells vary greatly in strength. A strong, heavy shell is not nearly so likely to be broken by the jars, jolts and rough handling incident to ordinary shipment as a weak one.

Chemical analysis shows that the shell of the egg is largely carbonate of lime, but that it also contains carbonate of magnesium, mineral phosphate and some organic matter. If strong shells are to be produced, the mineral elements must not be lacking. Grains that are ordinarily fed do not contain these mineral elements in sufficient proportions, and an additional and separate supply is necessary. Fortunately, these mineral elements are available in much cheaper forms than in grains. Lime is the principal ingredient of oyster shells, which may be procured for about twelve dollars a ton. Iron, magnesia and often phosphorus in many kinds of artificial grit may be procured for about the same price, while these elements in grain would cost at least double these figures.

Bone meal contains phosphorus in appreciable amounts, besides lime, magnesia, etc., and while expensive, it is effective in giving the shell an evenness and fineness of texture which adds much to its strength. It is, therefore, often used as an ingredient for dry mashers for laying flocks, usually in amount varying from three to five per cent.

Eggs that won't break give the poultrymen greater profits than eggs that will. Make your hens lay the nonbreakable kind.

GETTING MOST FROM TURKEY

Do Not Encourage Fowls to Come to Kitchen Door for Tit-Bits—Exercise is of Importance.

Turkeys should not be encouraged to come about the kitchen door for tit-bits. The health of this fowl requires that it exercise. Far better have a flock of turkeys that come up only at roosting time than a flock hanging around the kitchen door. Feed

regularly twice a day when the range food is gone, and give all the sour milk that can be spared. See that they have no lice, and that their roosts are free from mites. They should be sheltered in an open shed, but better roost in the trees than in the chicken house unless conditions are unusually favorable and ventilation good. Turkeys are very susceptible to bad air and poor ventilation. They will come down with roup if allowed to roost over damp droppings in a dirty house.

Do not try to fatten in confinement. If they are to be marketed, let them eat corn with the pigs, and see that they have all they can eat for the three or four weeks just before Thanksgiving. A dose of epsom salts given once a month is good for the flock. Give a teaspoonful to every two birds in the mash. Provide plenty of grit and charcoal and all the onions available—tops and bulbs as well.



Bronze Turkey.

Difficult as is the lesson, it is nevertheless true that profit in raising broilers or first-class roasters comes only to him who uses pure-bred males, broad, deep, full-breasted birds; yellow in skin and legs. The scraggy little barnyard hen, with mongrel male as the sire of her chicks, is incapable of producing a chick that will reach three pounds weight long before it is matured, at which period of its existence it ceases to be a broiler. It is the use of good breeds that gives success and profit.

Poor Stuff Goes Begging.

It is a fact that in market plump chickens, neatly dressed, free from pinfeathers, with unsoiled skin, and with perfectly clean legs, will find a ready sale, while poor stuff goes begging.

Riches From Gift Bestowed.

When you give away happiness you all do time gits richer; an' richer in it.—Atlanta Constitution.

## Fundamental Principles of Health

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M. D.

(Copyright, 1914, by A. S. Gray)

### FOOD INSTINCTS.

If all men and women had sufficient work, mental and physical, to give them healthy appetites and the means to gratify them with simple foods, the greatest happiness of the greater number would be established on a thoroughly sound basis. We only expect pleasure and comfort to be experienced where ancestral habit through long ages of use has established a sensory track to a center and where that sensory center is permitted to function freely within the scale of its development. Happiness consists essentially in the free and normal use of our functions and any restraint in the normal use of those functions must inevitably lead to unhappiness and ill health.

If a flock of hens is confined in perfectly sanitary quarters of limited area and fed what we believe to be a perfectly scientific balanced ration, there will still be a deterioration in the general physical stamina of the group. They will appear dejected and unhappy, and will mope around and grow fat and indolent; also there will be a material drop in egg production with a clearly defined tendency to an abnormal mortality during incubation. The individual metabolism of the flock is thrown out of adjustment by the unnatural restraint and the lack of work. If, however, means are adopted to compel the hens to work for their food, definite signs of deterioration are postponed for a great many generations.

Life itself is very tenacious and resistant and if the changes are not too abrupt, any given species will quite easily adapt itself to practically any condition. Under insanitary conditions, of course, the deterioration of a strain is marked and quite abrupt; but even under the worst states imaginable, normal incubation being permitted, chickens will survive, the line quickly and simply adapting to the environment. This is true of the human species. It is stated that the last annual report of Doctor Thomas, health officer of the Finsbury district, London, England, just published, shows that in Finsbury district, the most congested of the London boroughs, where 6,000 families live and sleep in 6,000 rooms, babies are immune to the fifth disease.

"Some of these babies," says the report, "as soon as, or even before, they are able to crawl, are placed on the sidewalks early in the day, to be watched or nursed by a girl of four or five years of age. They are true gutter children. Sometimes the immature nurse falls asleep wearied by her task, and the baby crawls to the other side of the road, heedless of traffic. Both are filthy and gutter stained. But they seem to live. In fact, the stock from which they have sprung rises superior to the ordinary diseases of childhood." The problem of humanity in general is largely a matter of quality rather than of quantity and to secure this requires thought on all sides. Expert breeders of chickens and of other lower organisms, both animal and vegetable, appear to have learned a solution, at least, they make practical application of principles productive of highly desirable results, while humanity at large ineffectually seeks a life solution by means of "eugenics," or some other equally vague method.

We have noted that wheat begins to germinate at 41 degrees Fahrenheit, and that each stage in the development of the plant coincides with a definite heat absorption, the plant going forward to complete maturity under a mean temperature of about 60 degrees. Chickens require a mean temperature of 103 degrees for 21 days and man a temperature of 98.6 degrees for about forty weeks. The more complex the species the greater the amount of heat or energy required to be absorbed to develop it, the more complex the food or fuel required to maintain the organism in efficient condition, and the more serious any disturbance in the life cycle is certain to be.

A properly fed organism is always an efficient organism. If chickens, dogs, horses, cows or men are properly fed they are efficient machines and if they are not properly fed nothing else can make them efficient. With chickens the ration and work determine the quantity and the vitality of the eggs, and once hatched or born, as with all other organisms, individual success becomes a matter of food—building material. A deficient diet with chickens produces many peculiar results.

Of course, the hen does not know, as we do—or as we can and should—what carbonic acid, water, ammonia and salts from the inorganic world are manufactured into complicated proteins, starches, gums, fats, salines and water combinations suitable for animal consumption. Neither, probably, does she know that the animal world, including herself, takes in these proteins, amorphous matters, fats,

salts and water of vegetable construction, and, extracting the energy from these particular combinations for individual use, converts them back into carbonic acid, water, ammonia and salts all readily available for plant food again.

The hen does not know these things as we do, but the writer knows from personal observation that the average hen will make a vastly harder struggle to correct a deficient diet than will the average human being.

The hen doesn't bother about the color of food, but if she feels badly she seems to know instinctively that something is missing and hunts it up. Deficiency in our prepared foods is at the bottom of the greater part of our troubles.

### BABY FOODS.

Of all the species that inhabit this earth the human appears to be the only one not able completely to meet the obligations and fulfill all the functions of parenthood. It is a notorious and regrettable fact that a very large and constantly increasing percentage of infants have to be artificially fed solely because of the functional inability of mothers to deliver milk either in sufficient quality or quantity to supply the nutritive needs of the child.

Women of hardy country stock and women of savage tribes are rarely if ever troubled by inability properly to nourish their babies at their breasts, but in our towns and cities the trouble grows apace and has come to constitute the chief peril of infancy. How great this peril actually is may perhaps best be comprehended by noting certain evidence obtainable from the published statistics of the city of Berlin, where all foodstuffs and, in fact, everything pertaining to the physical welfare of the people are objects of rigid scrutiny and are subjected to the most comprehensive and thorough modern scientific supervision, by the duly constituted authorities. According to the Berlin official death returns for a given year, this evidence shows that, while the mortality among breast fed infants was 7.6 per cent, it rose to 48.1 per cent among the bottle fed babies.

Germany leads the world in chemistry, in science and in scientific methods in general, and inasmuch as the government is more or less paternal and because it considers every healthy child a national and military asset, it is very reasonable to assume that the prepared foods, modified cow's milk and any and all other substitutes for the human milk were undoubtedly as pure and wholesome as it would be possible for human agency to make them. Hence the difference between 7.6 per cent and 48.1 per cent represents an approximate minimum death forfeit incident to artificial feeding—what may reasonably be considered an irreducible minimum penalty levied as nature's protest against human stupidity.

The medical profession is practically a unit on the proposition that every woman should nurse her own child through the period of infancy; but unfortunately no concerted action toward attaining this highly desirable and absolute necessary end is possible, so long as the profession individually considers it good business to bid for popularity.

Cow's milk is the basis of practically all human milk substitutes. That it is a woefully defective basis is proved by the fact that man is adjusted to a scale requiring a doubling of the body weight within approximately five months or 150 days after birth, while the cow doubles its body weight within 47 days after birth. In view of what we know about the absolute correspondence among things everywhere throughout the universe the following statements by Bunge are highly significant in this connection: "In one woman during the first month after birth the milk contained 15 per mille proteid, whereas in the tenth month the amount had dropped to nine mille, the proportions of ash having likewise decreased." The diminution of proteid in the milk as lactation proceeds has also been observed and tabulated by other authors for man and animals.

If not even a wet nurse can completely replace the mother unless her infant has been born on the same day as her foster child," is it reasonable to expect that a cow may be a fit substitute? Obviously it is futile to hope that any chemist will ever evolve a formula for the successful modification of cow's milk to the human baby needs. And the baby dependent on the cow and a bottle will ever be handicapped to the same extent as is the chick having a kerosene lamp for a foster mother—approximately 40 per cent, plus.

In the broad sense of the term the secret of healthy plants and abundant crops is known to depend on adequate nutrition, and the key to healthy animal life is the same. Funk's recent demonstration of the vitamins, those complex proteins, minute quantities of which are absolutely necessary to life, throws quite a new light on the food question and makes a logical consideration of tabloid meals forever impossible. The logical line of progress is in devising substitutes, but in building up the natural supply.

Less time given to wrangling over the respective merits of pasteurized, sterilized or raw cow's milk, of patent baby foods and refrigeration, and more thought given to the mother at the right time, is the solution of the problem. An adequate supply of natural mother's milk gives the best heritage any baby can have.

## Corner for the Juniors

### CORN-CLUB WORK OF VALUE

Increasing Interest and Enthusiasm in This Labor of Boys and Girls Which Does Much Good.

(By O. H. BENSON.)

It is a well-established fact that both play and contest interests perform a very important part in the processes of education and have much to do in creating efficiency for man in the equation of social and industrial life.

The corn-club work is a very important factor in the economy of the farm in directing boys who live in rural districts in the business as a profitable and notable profession. The way in which the club work takes hold of a boy is quite remarkable, and from the enthusiasm created by the club work and contests, greater interest in farm life is sure to develop.

We need the boys for the present efficiency of the farm, and we must have their work, their leadership, and their influence for the future if American agricultural and rural interests are to endure and contribute as they should to human comfort and prosperity.

Boys' corn-club work should be constructive and permanent, and in order that it may be so the following lines of contest work are suggested to the club membership. These contests should offer some relaxation from the main line of work and should be practical and recreative as well as instructive. The following are a few of the objects of corn-club contests:

1. To increase members' interest in corn in all of its important phases.
2. To secure better seed corn and consequently better yields (All seed should be returned to the exhibitors.)
3. To give industrial activity and practice to club members for the entire year.
4. To give members greater interest in club work through combined play and contest methods.
5. To furnish profitable diversion to the boys during the otherwise idle hours of play time and vacation periods. "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure."

6. To stimulate interest in the contests the following premiums would be most suitable:
  1. Free trips and expenses paid to district and state fairs, educational institutions and chautauquas, etc.
  2. Top buggy, saddle, gold watch, automobile, etc.
  3. Clear title to one or more acres of land (to encourage land ownership.)
  4. Farm implements, tool equipments, etc.
  5. Thoroughbred pigs, cattle, horses, mules, pens of chickens.
  6. Club emblems, banners and pennants.
  7. Manual training workbench, set of tools, camera, trunk, leather hand bag, writing desk, etc.
  8. Poultry equipment, such as incubators, watering and feed troughs, brooders, fences and gates.
  9. Free tuition to short courses in agricultural and mechanical colleges and regular courses in colleges.
  10. Canvas tent, camp outfit, canoe, hunting equipment, baseball suit, suits of clothes.
  11. Dictionary, encyclopedia, set of



Two Corn-Club Boys Discussing Merits of Ears of Seed Corn.

agricultural books, special club library, series of books of standard literature.

12. Subscriptions to farm journals, magazines for special periodicals for boys.

Every premium offered for contests and club work should have for its main object the promotion and encouragement of the work. The premiums should represent the greatest need and interest of the corn-club membership; it must teach the broad viewpoint of the club work and encourage both members and leaders to be progressive and constructive in their work, and it should serve to increase the club members' interest and respect for farm life.

She Was Not to Blame.  
Mrs. A.—So your son is home from college?  
Mrs. H.—Yes, and he has the strangest ideas. He says he's descended from a monkey, but I'm sure I don't see how that can be—unless, of course, it's his father's side.—California Pelican.

Lure of the Towns.  
The improvement in schools, churches, roads, telephone service, libraries, social life and industrial convenience of the rural sections means that the boys and girls of the farms will soon cease to feel the lure of the towns.

### PLAY FOOTBALL ON A TABLE

Regular Rules Govern Game and Score is Also Kept—Old and Young Enjoy Pastime.

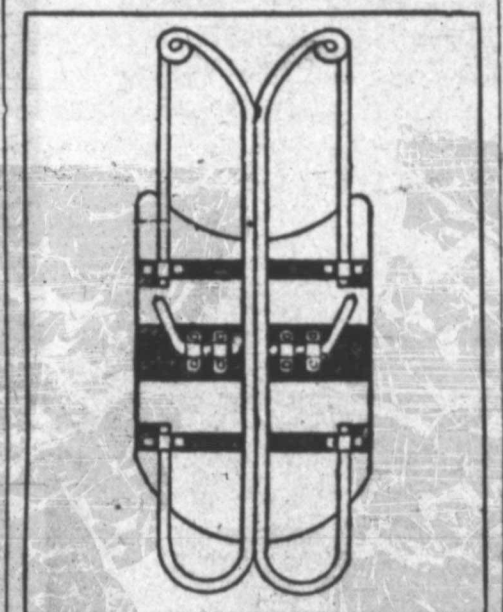
One of the funniest and most amusing games imaginable is that of playing football with an eggshell. Imagine it! But trail as the new kind of football is, it is rarely broken if the rules of the game are adhered to. This is most surprising, too, because the rules of the game are pretty much the same as those used on the real grid-iron. There is a difference in numbers, however, for the players are limited to as many as can get about the table, no more and no less, and not even taking into consideration the size of the table. A rule which will delight the feminine side of the house is that which admits girls as well as boys to the game.

Make the football by making a tiny hole in each end of the shell and blowing out the contents, and then mark boundaries on the table field with tape or chalk, having two ends of the table for goals. Each side elects a captain and then the fun begins. At a given signal both sides or teams begin to blow upon the eggshell that has been placed in the center of the field. Each side tries, of course, to blow the egg toward his goal. No player must leave his place and it is a most rigid rule never to move the ball by any other way than blowing. For so doing a player is sent from the field as in the actual game. Regular football rules are used, and the score is kept as in the real game. Each of the two teams should have a name, either ridiculous or after some of the colleges or schools. This always adds interest to the contest. Old and young equally enjoy the game, especially if they understand football tactics and rules.

### WINTER NOVELTY FOR BOYS

Folding Sled, Just Introduced, is Strong, Simple in Construction and Light in Weight.

Doting parents looking for Christmas novelties and one which will interest those having boys to take care of will be pleased with the new folding sled which is just being introduced. It is strong, simple in construction and light in weight. The runners, made of 1/4-inch Bessemer spring steel, are 33 inches in length and are securely attached with corrugated clips bolted to the wood top with nickel-plated bolts. The top is of dry hardwood, 24 inches long, 11 1/2 inches wide and 7-16 inches thick.



Sled Which Folds Flat.

Ohio Boy Makes Toys Armed With Glass to Destroy Enemies—Material is Carefully Selected.

In a little attic workshop in Cleveland a twelve-year-old boy spends his spare hours turning out big, ferocious-looking "war" kites, which he sells to his playmates, says an exchange.

The boy is Stuart Jenney, a seventh grade pupil. Stuart caught the war spirit almost from the day he read that the European powers had declared hostilities.

For several years he has been the most skillful kite maker of his district and had sold many kites to his playmates, but he has abandoned the conventional types for the fighting kind.

Stuart's "flyers" soar skyward in flocks after school hours, pirates of the air, their long tails armed with jagged bits of glass designed to cut the cords of rival kites that are not maneuvered cleverly enough to dodge their foes.

For overparticular strategists Stuart designs and makes special warriors, collecting, of course, special prizes for these models. He carefully selects the wood, linen and paper that go into their construction, and will not let a kite leave his "factory" until he has personally tested it.

Kite battles mean more orders, for once a cord is severed while the kite is sailing high, that particular pirate reaches the earth a mass of broken sticks and torn paper, beyond repair.

Real end ideal.  
An ideal serves us in proportion as there is reality in it. Many a young girl selects her ideal out of some romance, some heroine who has nothing in common with normal, healthy womanhood, and the result of such a choice is manifestly unfortunate. The best ideal for a girl to cherish is not some maiden who is principally moonshine, with nothing warmer than violet ink in her veins, but a girl of flesh and blood, strong to resist temptation, and brave to meet trouble.—Girl's Companion.

## INSURANCE

Fire, Tornado, Hail, Automobile, Burglar, Plate Glass, Bonds, Life, Health, Accident.

None but the best companies, represented.

### J. E. Winkelman

## WE PRINT EVERYTHING BUT

Greenbacks and postage stamps

SEE US ABOUT THAT NEXT ORDER

### RANDALL COUNTY NEWS

## V-AVA

### V-AVA cleans anything but a guilty conscience

V-AVA will not injure the finest most delicate piano or mahogany finish, and is equally practical for cleaning mission, oak and painted surfaces.

V-AVA will thoroughly clean and polish woodwork, furniture, marble, metal, etc., and will not gum or veneer but will remove the dirt and grime, leaving a high grade polish.

V-AVA is an excellent cleaner for leather and burlap, and will not collect dust as readily as other preparations applied with a cloth.

V-AVA is a thorough deodorizer, disinfectant and a bug and germ exterminator.

## "BRIGHTEN UP YOUR HOME"

### A LITTLE V-AVA ON YOUR DUSTING CLOTH WORKS WONDERS

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## OUR GUARATNEE

### Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Your Money Back

#### COULD WE MAKE IT STRONGER

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

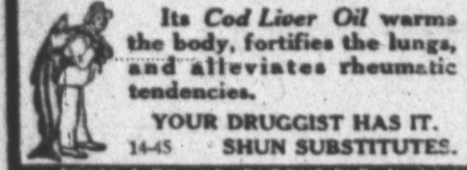
**IS YOUR BLOOD RICH?**

**Poor Blood** is the indirect cause of much winter sickness—it allows chills, invites colds and sickness.

Nourishment alone makes blood—not drugs or liquors—and the nourishing food in *Scott's Emulsion* charges summer blood with winter richness and increases the red corpuscles.

Its *Cod Liver Oil* warms the body, fortifies the lungs, and alleviates rheumatic tendencies.

**YOUR DRUGGIST HAS IT.**  
14-45 SHUN 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

Senator Johnson has introduced a bill in the legislature to cut off the Panhandle and west Texas into a new state. The senator is very much of a grandstand player and this is his biggest stunt. Of course, this section has not been treated right by the other part, politically, and the establishment of this new state of Jefferson would open up a whole bunch of nice fat offices, (the senator being slated for U. S. senator when the bill passes) but the west is not ready for such a thing and we do not believe there would be a ten percent favorable vote in the Panhandle. Establishing a new state would mean increasing taxes four or five fold and we haven't seen anybody around this town who is howling because taxes are now too low, or who would be willing to stand such a tremendous increase of taxes just for the purpose of having some of his friends or neighbors governor of the state of Jefferson, or U. S. senator from the new state, or congressman or hold some other office under the new state government. The time may come when the division would be acceptable to our people, but not now.

A. C. Elliott has sold the Herford Brand to B. F. Guthrie of Milan, Mo., who took charge the first. Mr. Elliott will sell Deaf Smith county dirt from now on. The publishers of the Panhandle are sorry to lose Mr. Elliott from the fraternity.

**Effect of Great Kidney Remedy is Soon Realized**

I feel it my duty to let you know what Swamp-Root did for me. I was bothered with my back for over twenty years and at times I could hardly get out of bed. I read your advertisement and decided to try Swamp-Root. I used five bottles, and it has been five years since I used it, and I have never been bothered a day since I took the last bottle of it. I am thoroughly convinced that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cured me and would recommend it to others suffering as I did.

My husband was troubled with kidney and bladder troubles and he took your Swamp-Root and it cured him. This was about five years ago.

You may publish this letter if you choose.

Very truly yours,  
MRS. MATTIE CAMFIELD,  
R.F.D. No. 3, Gobelville, Mich.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th of July, 1909.  
ARVIN W. MYERS,  
Notary Public.

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

O. B. Colquitt is in the race for the U. S. senate. Colquitt has been a very successful politician and landed in every place he has desired. He may win this time, but we hardly think so.

**Genuine Theatrical Treat.**

Canyon is to be treated to a genuine theatrical production Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week. The Wood-Ray Theatre Co., one of the best of stock companies on the road, touring in their own private cars will play a varied program during the last half of this week with a different production each night. Among the plays to be put on are "Lena Rivers", "The King of Tramps" and "A Henpecked Husband". A concert band and orchestra will add to the charm of the plays.

**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 2-ounce original package. The name FERRILINE is blown in bottle. 25 cents.

**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. 4414

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

**Stratton-Jones Wedding.**

Miss Myrtle Jones and Charles Stratton were married Sunday at the home of the bride's parents at Whitesboro. Miss Jones was a student in the Normal two years ago and is well known in the city. She is an excellent young lady and will receive a hearty welcome along the citizens of Canyon. Mr. Stratton has lived here a number of years. He has been connected with a number of business firms but at present is devoting his time to the commission business. They will soon be at home to their friends in this city.

The bridal couple was to pass through the city yesterday morning, on their way to Umbarger to go out to the Bob Stratton home. A bunch of Charley's friends met the train and took him off, riding him over town on a dray wagon. He was taken by auto on out to Umbarger.

**Rain Saturday Afternoon.**

A good rain fell Saturday afternoon. The weather last week was especially warm but with the coming of the rain there was colder weather for a few days. It looked queer to see rain falling in January. The winter has been very pleasant and greatly enjoyed by the people of the Panhandle.

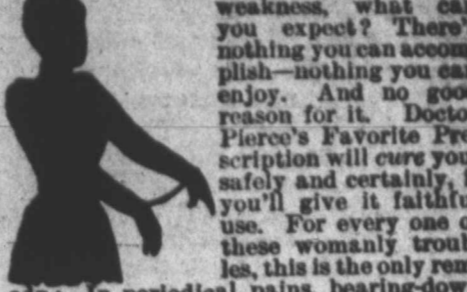
**Insurance Inspector Here.**

Ben F. Smith of Lockney, the new Panhandle insurance inspector, is in the city today, making an inspection of the buildings and pointing out ways for fire prevention.

**WITH YOUR HANDS TIED** by some chronic "female complaint" or weakness, what can you expect? There's nothing you can accomplish—nothing you can enjoy. And no good reason for it. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure you, safely and certainly, if you'll give it faithful use. For every one of these womanly troubles, this is the only remedy: In periodical pains, bearing-down sensations, organic displacements, and every kindred ailment, and in all the nervous disorders caused by functional derangements.

Mrs. FANNIE HAZARD, 202 South Hill Avenue, Dallas, Texas, says: "This is to certify that I have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and I know it is good for it sure did straighten me out. I was where I could not do my work. I lay around all the time. It was recommended to me by a friend. Will say to those who are suffering in any way from female trouble to take the 'Prescription' and it will straighten them out."

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



**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**

**Political Announcements.**

**For City Marshal—**

- D. THOMAS
- B. T. JOHNSON
- J. H. JOWELL

**THEFT.**

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.

**BUILD YOU A HOME.**  
Canyon Lumber Co.

Rev. A. B. Haynes will preach Sunday morning at the Presbyterian church.

Buford Steen returned Friday from Gainesville where he spent a week on business. He says that the people of Canyon do not realize what a good town this is until they get out and see the hard conditions in other sections. He comes back boosting harder than ever for Canyon.

Phone 101 for moving van, baggage and house moving. Prompt and reliable service. tf



**MAUD POWELL COMING.**

**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.

**Go to BROWN'S Repair Shop**

For fine boot and shoe repairing. A trial is all I ask. Call in and get acquainted. I have a good line of shoe laces.

South side of square.

**H. C. Brown, Prop.**

**NORMAL NOTES**



The Palo Duro and Cousins literary societies have chosen the following debaters.

Palo Duro: Frank Locke, A. D. Payne. Cousins: Easton Allen, Claud Dowlen, Amos Griffith, C. R. Teague.

At the regular session of the Sesame society Saturday afternoon, Miss Cofer gave a lecture on "The Early Expansion of Germany". They are planning on a valentine sale Feb. 8.

Misses Margaret Locke, Floy Brown, Edna Key and Mrs. T. V. Reeves have just returned from the Y.W.C.A. convention at Dallas. Miss Locke will address the local association next Sunday.

Last Thursday afternoon the German students met and organized. The following officers were elected: Pres., Miss Arnes Zihlman; vice pres., Mr. Brown; Secy., Miss Erna Guenther.

Last week Mr. Stilwell gave a series of lectures in Chapel on "War Poetry". This week Miss Rambo is entertaining the students during the chapel hour.

**\$100 Reward, \$100**

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one remedy for that disease which has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Hall's Catarrh Cure. It is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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

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

**SEE THE CROWD?**



You could not spare the time to talk to each of them personally, but you can talk to as many or more by using our advertising columns. And you can address each of them confidentially and at a time that he will listen attentively to what you say.

We are using this space now to tell all these people that we do

**ALL SORTS OF PRINTING**

at prices that are right.

**BUY EDISON MAZDA LAMPS**

To get the most light,  
**USE EDISON MAZDA LAMPS**

Full stock now on hand.

**Canyon Power Company**

**Why A Silo?**

Here are 10 reasons why every farmer who keeps livestock should have a silo. They were formulated by Professor J. H. Skinner of Purdue University.

1. The silo preserves the palatability and succulence of the green corn plant for winter feeding.
2. It helps to make use of the entire corn plant.
3. The silo increases the livestock capacity of the farm.
4. Silage is a good summer feed when pastures are short.
5. Because of the small amount of ground space required by the silo it is an economical means of storing forage.
6. The silo prevents waste of corn stalks, leaves and husks, which contain about two-fifths of the feeding value of the corn plant.
7. The silo located near the feed manger is an assurance of having feed near at hand in stormy as well as in fair weather.
8. The silo assists in reducing the cost of grains in fattening cattle and sheep.
9. Silage greatly increases the milk flow during the winter season and decreases the cost of production.
10. There are no stalks to bother in the manure when corn is put into silos.

All should understand that silage is not a complete or balanced ration. It is succulent food and should be supplemented with some balancing dry feed.

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Mayne entertained the stewards of the Methodist church Thursday night. After the regular business session refreshments were served of sandwiches, salad, olives and coffee.

**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)

**CLASSIFIED ADS**

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

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

Horse Wanted—Must be under 20 years old and gentle. Will trade good buggy, new Remington Shot gun, Six shooter, good Saddle, Kitchen range, Office desk, Oil stove, Many other things too sorry to mention. For further information, Phone 79 or see Bob Foster, the Bus and Cab man. tf

For Sale—A nice home, three blocks east of court house, easy terms. Box 464. 46p4

1000 Agents wanted to sell a self heating sad iron. Labor and fuel saver. Pay salary or commission. Agents make \$10.00 to \$15.00 per day. Ladies make good representatives! Imperial Sad Iron Co. Ft. Worth, Texas. Box 285. 46p4

**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.

C. R. McAfee left Friday for Corsicana on matters of business.

Hughes Transfer handles all kinds of heavy draying. 46p4

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

**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.

**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



Better cookies, cake and biscuits, too. All as light, fluffy, tender and delicious as mother used to bake. And just as wholesome. For purer Baking Powder than Calumet cannot be had at any price. Ask your grocer.

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

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

**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.**

**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 can never without it in the house for I know it is a positive cure for croup," writes Mrs. W. E. McClain, Hildesville, Pa. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

Wm. Willard returned Tuesday from a business trip to Kansas.

Wanted some nice hens at The Leader. Best prices paid.

Rev. G. S. Battenfield will preach at the Christian church next Sunday morning and evening.

Call BOB'S Transfer, phone 79 for bus to trains or any part of the city. tf

In this issue of the News J. H. Jowell announces his candidacy for the office of City Marshal and Tax Collector. Mr. Jowell is now serving in this capacity and his friends believe he has looked after the interest in such a manner that the people will again elect him.

If it is dry goods or groceries you want, remember The Leader stands ahead in quality and in line on prices.

H. W. Morelock traded Friday his business property on the south side of the square with Sam Heizer for the residence south of the Brandon home, and moved to the new home Saturday.

Men's dress shirts that are shirts, the \$1.50 kind going at \$1.25 at The Leader.

The many friends of Rev. Hutchinson who was formerly pastor of the local Christian church will be pleased to know of his marriage in Colorado yesterday.

Light and heavy hauling. Hughes Transfer. Phone 88. 46p4

N. S. West of Hagaman and B. P. Hatcher of Shamrock were in the city this week on business. Mr. West lived here eight years ago and marveled at the great improvements made since then.

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

M. J. Holloway has bought the Rowan house in which A. M. Smith is living and will move the same to his place seven miles west of the city.

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

The house which E. A. Campbell is having moved was placed in position Tuesday and the foundation is being built.

Nice line of gingham, percale and calicoe just received at The Leader. tl

Carl Coffee is building a front porch on his house and will paint the building.

Grain prices advancing daily. You may pay more by waiting. Let us have your order for seed oats. The Leader.

Albert Foster was in the city this week visiting his home. He leaves today for Ft. Worth.

If you want some fat home dressed beef and some good home made mince meat and veal loaf, call Vetesk Market. tf Phone 12.

A letter to the News from Mrs. Jessie E. Stoddard of Meadville, Mo., states that she will be in Canyon during the next few months to locate her son who will move to Randall county. She states that farm rents are so high that several of her neighbors have moved to the Panhandle and others are coming.

Don't forget about your seed oats as we have a limited amount unsold. The Leader. tl

C. R. Burrow has sold to J. A. Harbison the house south of the depot.

Call 88 for prompt deliver. Hughes Transfer. 46p4

Invigorating to the Pale and Sickly  
The Old Standard Ointment  
GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC drives out Malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 50c.

**WISHED SHE  
COULD DIE**

**And Be Free From Her Troubles,  
but Finds Better Way.**

Columbia, Tenn.—"Many a time," says Mrs. Jessie Sharp, of this place, "I wished I would die and be relieved of my suffering, from womanly troubles. I could not get up, without pulling at something to help me, and stayed in bed most of the time. I could not do my housework."

The least amount of work tired me out. My head would swim, and I would tremble for an hour or more. Finally, I took Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I am not bothered with pains any more, and I don't have to go to bed. In fact, I am sound and well of all my troubles."

Cardui goes to all the weak spots and helps to make them strong. It acts with nature—not against her. It is for the tired, nervous, irritable women, who feel as if everything were wrong, and need something to quiet their nerves and strengthen the worn-out system.

If you are a woman, suffering from any of the numerous symptoms of womanly trouble, take Cardui. It will help you. At all druggists.

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. 188



The 1916 Needle Club met yesterday with Mrs. Guy Baker at the McIntire home. A very pleasant afternoon was spent by the members. Refreshments were served by the hostess. The club will meet with Mrs. Guthrie and Mrs. Craig at the latter's home on the 18th.

Miss Fannie Locke entertained a few friends at turkey a dinner Monday. Those present were Messrs. Howard, Glass, Mr. and Mrs. McIntire and Imogene, Miss Ritchie.

A number of neighbors met Monday night at the Dr. Griffin home. The evening was spent at forty-two. Refreshments were served of turkey salad, cranberry frappe, olives, pickles, coffee and sandwiches.

Mrs. R. S. Pipkin entertained the Merry Maids and Matron club Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Park. The color scheme of pink and white was used. The afternoon was spent at the usual game of 42. Refreshments were served of ham salad, sandwiches, olives, marsh-mallow pudding and cake. The guests of the club were Mesdames Hanna, Tucker and Sydney, Misses Cofer and Harrison.

Miss Doris Winkelman entertained the Normal basket ball girls and their friends Monday night. Forty-two was played. Refreshments were served of cocoa, cake, sandwiches, and fruit salad. The guests were Misses Erline Sadler, Bess Wilson, Mable Haney, Irene Redfearn, Ada Terrill, Lillie Ligenburg, Line Cowan, Irene Angel and Messrs. Shotwell, Harder, Standley, McLaughlin, Blake, Holt, Ingham, Stone.

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

**Brotherhood Meeting.**

The Brotherhood will meet next Sunday afternoon at the Methodist church with J. H. Archambeau as leader. The Brotherhood has been having an excellent attendance and enthusiastic meetings. An effort will now be made to materially increase the membership until all of the men of the town are enrolled.

**Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's**

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

**The Fastest Boat in America**

Up at Lake George last summer, on July 31, the motor boat "Baby Speed Demon" broke the world's record for speed, covering the thirty miles at the rate of 50 59-100 miles per hour. At Buffalo the "Baby Speed Demon," driven by Robert Edgren, sporting editor of the New York World, got two firsts and one second. In all, this little marvel won six firsts in nine free-for-all races during the season.

Baby Speed Demon was supplied with

**TEXACO MOTOR OIL  
and  
TEXACO GASOLINE**

and in a letter Robert Edgren says, "Texaco is good enough for me in the future—a tankful of your oil lasts twice as long as any other I have tried."

Other famous winners, such as the "Jay Dee Ess" won with Texaco motor products.

Quality and service are responsible for these results. Quality of product which made the results possible, prompt and efficient service in delivery.

The same quality and service are at your hand. Texaco products manufactured in Port Arthur, Texas, are known to be equal to the most severe requirement in any part of the world. They are superior in value for your requirement. Buy them.

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

No. 15

J. A. Harbison is moving the house Joe Foster bought last week out to his farm.

Try the Leader on your next produce. tl

Miss Kline was in Amarillo yesterday.

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

Dr. J. M. Black went to Cor-dell Saturday on matters of business.

Try some bread that is bread at The Leader. tl

J. P. Anderson was in Amarillo Saturday.

The officials of the Christian church are having cinder walks put in along the north side of their church. tf

Mrs. H. C. Hawthorne of Hereford visited in the city Monday. She is planning on moving back to Canyon soon.

J. H. Stephenson is in Amarillo closing out the Alfalfa Lumber Company's business.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect The Head  
Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO 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 E. W. GROVE. 25c.

**Opera House Announcement**

**Wood-Ray Theatre Co.**

with  
**Band and Orchestra**

**Thursday, Feb. 4 "Lena Rivers"**  
**Friday, Feb. 5 "A King of Tramps"**  
**Saturday, Feb. 6, "A Henpecked Husband."**

**CURTAIN 8:15**  
**Prices 25c, 35c and 50c**

# The PSYCHOLOGY of MASS FORMATION

BY NIKOLA TESLA

**W**HEN I was a boy and chance or an unavoidable predicament made it necessary for me to walk past a graveyard after dusk of an evening, I began whistling as I approached and continued until my lips were swollen—or walked a mile out of my way to get well around it.

But even with all my whistling in a boyish attempt to prod a recalcitrant courage, my legs nevertheless were pretty wabby and my knee action was not of the show-ring class. My heart, too, ungallantly huddled up in a corner and went on strike, so that there wasn't much blood in circulation to keep me warm, and quite as a matter of course I got "cold feet."

In the nervous tension my scalp contracted so that my hair felt as if it was so many pricking needles, goose flesh writhed in creepy lines over my body, while my spine seemed like nothing so much as an animated icicle and my nerves were rasped by the demon of fear, for, mind you, every one of those dim-limned gravestones was a potential ghost that might at any instant raise its uncanny arms and sweep awesomely out and claim me for its own.

Did you ever pass a graveyard at night when alone? And didn't you feel just about that way when you did?

Much as I might wish to be a boy again, I should not ever care to have to pass a graveyard at night—alone.

There has been so much said and written pro and con in discussing the tactics of the Germans in sending their forces at the enemy in what is known as the "mass formation" that it seems as if little could be added to the argument.

But there is a human side to this policy that so far has not been presented; not to my knowledge, at least.

It is a simple phase of the question that has to do with the element of human nature; the mental process of the mass, as disclosed by the individual as its unit.

Why is it that the man who quakes with fear at the approach of an impending battle quite often, as the records show, is the one who goes in at the charge with apparently the daredevil recklessness and disregard for danger that distinguished him among his comrades as the man unafraid or as being "crazy with the heat"—of battle?

However, before he attains to this degree of courage and comes eventually to be stricken with battle fever he must have been divorced from his sense of fear by some process or association aside from his conscious control. Fear and the concrete evidence of bravery are seldom if ever combined in any hazardous undertaking, and especially in the case where the individual faces the enemy in battle or other mortal danger—unsupported and alone.

And that brings us again to the weird and fearsome specters that take form in the dreadful dark, along the silent and deserted road at the edge of the ghost-haunted graveyard.

It is interesting, and not a little amusing, now that I (and we are all pretty much alike in that respect) look back over the years and coldly analyze the mental attitude in which under the curtain of night I hesitatingly approached, tremblingly passed and thankfully left behind those harmless and sacred villages of the dead at the time I was an impressionable lad.

For, you see, when fortune favored me with companions on the infrequent occasions of my nocturnal journeys past the old graveyards, even if it were only a small boy not yet old enough to recognize the possibilities of a ghost in a dusk-shrouded tombstone, my courage always retained enough stamina to carry me through the otherwise nerve-shredding ordeal—without having to resort to the expedient of whistling myself out of breath, at any rate.

There might be prowling ghosts over there in the lowering dark of the somber aisles running through the shrubs and the weeping willows—but what fellow should be afraid of ghosts with a faithful comrade touching elbows at his side?

However, on occasions when there was a company of us, four or six or more boys, that walked together along the graveyard road, why, there just simply were no ghosts at all.

But if one of us had by some fortuity become separated from the main body and suddenly realized that he was stark alone among the momentous possibilities of his ominous surroundings, his false keyed bravado would instantly have lost its grip and hit bottom with a plunk.

The chances are, as a matter of fact, that he would have been "scared stiff"—too stiff to get out of his tracks—for the moment, at least. And, quite unblushingly, I am assuming that that boy must have been myself.

And, as for any of us to have ventured in the circumstance to go in there alone—quite unthinkable, I assure you.

But what you are asking, has all this to do with the question of the German general staff's tactics when storming a fortress or charging the battle line in sending their troops at the enemy in close order or "mass formation"?

Well, the man is the boy and the boy is the man, and the mental attitude of the soldier in relation to battle is precisely that of the boy and the night-velled graveyard.

With this difference, all boys, unless it be the occasional exception that proves the rule, are



EVERY ONE OF THOSE DIM-LIMBED GRAVE STONES WAS A POTENTIAL GHOST

naturally obsessed with childish fear of ghosts and graveyard phantoms created in their fertile imagination. Most men outgrow such baseless fears, and some, I cannot undertake to say what per cent, have by natural development, will power or self-control outgrown the sense of fear to such an extent that it does not manifest itself when in the face of danger.

But there are those of us in whom fear quickly and prominently develops or recurs when our life is placed in imminent peril. And such men are in the majority, very probably. The world calls them "cowards." Possibly that is an appropriate generalized term, though it should be gingerly applied in the case of the man who strives but is unable to overcome a natural feeling of fear. There should, too, be qualifying distinctions, as, for instance, the moral coward, as distinguished from the "physical" coward; the coward of conscience and the coward of principle.

The moral coward may not ever have experienced the sense of fear, or vice versa.

It is the rare exception, however, when a man will voluntarily admit fear of physical danger before the enemy. And it would needs be a graceless coward indeed who should confess that he would be afraid to enlist under the colors if called upon for the defense of his country.

Certainly an overwhelming majority of us, whether or not we are sufficiently candid to admit it, experience the sense of fear in a greater or

less degree when we mentally place ourselves within range of the enemy's flesh-mangling shrapnel, parrying the vicious thrust of a bowel-ripping bayonet or dodging the decapitating swing of a cavalryman's saber.

And there are many of us who, if we were about to be placed in such a position, would—flinch, to say the least. And then there are those, no one will ever know what proportion of the whole, who when ordered into action would drop out, flop over and play "possum" or just plain "beat it," providing he could do so without attracting the attention of his more loyal comrades or being detected by his officers, which last, eventually he knows would result in a quick death penalty of death.

Even if so disposed, such a getaway could, of course, be effected only in a thin line of troops advancing in open or extended order, where the chances of or opportunities for detection would be minimized, and where, too, such action would be likely to occur, because the individual is deprived of the moral support and psychological encouragement of elbow-touching comrades to spur him on.

It is in the cognizance of this element in human nature, which is concrete rather than abstract, that the German commanders show their fine understanding of this phenomenon of temperamental idiosyncrasy, the mental attitude, if you please, of the soldier facing the enemy, for, after all, the soldier is only the average citizen in uniform.

And this particular attitude of the soldier is the story, all over again, of the boy and the dark and the graveyard road. Alone and unsupported, he is the victim of fear. Touching elbows with fellow patriots, the sense of fear either is momentarily allayed, or shame prevents an open display of it. Almost any man would accept the challenge of the risk in such environment rather than be called a coward by his comrades—or to be shot as such by a watchful officer.

It is the understanding of this fact, for it is a fact, not a theory, that justifies and possibly compensates the Germans in their tactics of charging the enemy en masse.

And then, too, the military experts, and even the layman, has learned that with the great advances made both in offensive and defensive means in modern warfare, the battles are won by masses rather than by the individual as the unit. When a certain objective is aimed at the commanders, having millions of men in hand and more in reserve, coldly calculates the sacrifice of many men to reach it, and to do so hurt men in solid masses at the enemy with the purpose of breaking him by sheer weight of numbers.

The battle value of the individual as developed in wars of the past, when musket, bayonet and saber were prominent factors, is largely lost in the face of ultra-modern machinery devised for wholesale killing, which demands the co-operation of masses rather than the distinguishing activities of the individual. Such machinery makes for barbarism and brutal slaughter rather than civilized warfare, if war can be considered a civilized institution, but in this day of a blood-red continent it is a part of the game, and we must perform accept it.—New York Press.

## INDIAN TROOPS IN ACTION

Although mainly Mohammedan, the Indian native army embraces men of the most varying religions, sects and races. Its normal strength in round figures is 160,000 men, but this does not include (about) 22,000 imperial service troops, 35,000 reservists and 39,000 volunteers.

The officers, of course, are British, but every regiment has its native officers, known respectively as risaldars, subahdars and jemidars. A risaldar is the native commander of a troop of cavalry, while the subahdar and jemidar rank respectively as captain and lieutenant—among themselves, that is, for in no circumstance does a native captain exercise any command over a British lieutenant. The Indian soldiers whose names are most familiar to the British public are the Sikh, the Rajput, the Gurkha and the Pathan.

It was the Sikh, of course, who put up such a tremendous fight against England years ago, but who, once conquered, has ever since proved the loyalist of the loyal. Originally of Hindu origin, the Sikhs as a religious sect were founded by Nanak Shah in the sixteenth century, and reached the zenith of their military and political power under the famous Ranjit Singh (1780-1839). The Sikh is not born a Sikh, but is admitted or initiated as one when he reaches early manhood,

from which date he never cuts his hair, and always wears an iron bangle on his wrist. By their religion, the Sikhs are forbidden to use tobacco in any shape or form. Equally at home in the saddle or on foot, the Sikh is a magnificent fighting man, and an awe-inspiring figure with his big beard, and great mustache curled up behind his ears.

"Rajput" means literally, "son of a king," and the Rajputs are an intensely proud, reserved and silent race. They are the world's finest horsemen, bar none, though they do not disdain to serve in infantry regiments. They are very tall, upstanding men of magnificent "presence" and haughty demeanor, for they never forget or allow the spectator to forget that they are of royal blood. Inside his turban the Rajput carries a steel circlet with sharp edges, and this he can hurl or throw with such deadly accuracy and force as to decapitate an enemy at many yards distance.

Kipling has made us familiar with the Gurkha, who is "blood-brother" to the Highlanders, and the most cheerfully bloodthirsty little "devil" going. The Mongol descent shows itself in his broad, flat features and squat frame, and the contrast between him and the lordly Sikh or Rajput is comical in the extreme.

## 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

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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

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PLAINVIEW TEXAS

# THE SCARLET PLAGUE

JACK LONDON

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 II—Continued.

"Like sand on the beach here, like sand on the beach, each grain of sand a man, or woman, or child. Yes, my boy, all those people lived right here in San Francisco. And at one time or another all those people came out on this very beach—more people than there are grains of sand. More—more—more. And San Francisco was a noble city. And across the bay—where we camped last year, even more people lived, clear from Point Richmond, on the level ground and on the hills, all the way around to San Leandro—one great city of seven million people. Seven teeth . . . there, that's it, seven millions."

Again the boys' eyes ranged up and down from Edwin's fingers to the teeth on the log.

"The world was full of people. The census of 2010 gave eight billion for the whole world—eight crab shells yes, eight billions. It was not like today. Mankind knew a great deal more about getting food. And the more food there was, the more people there were. In the year 1800, there were of sand, Hoo-Hoo—one hundred and seventy millions in Europe alone. One hundred years later—a grain of sand, Hoo-Hoo—one hundred years later, in 1900, there were five hundred millions in Europe—five grains of sand, Hoo-Hoo, and this one tooth. This shows how easy was the getting of food, and how men increased. And in the year 2000, there were fifteen hundred millions in Europe. And it was the same all over the rest of the world. Eight crab shells there, yes, eight billion people were alive on the earth when the Scarlet Death began.

"I was a young man when the Plague came—twenty-seven years old; and I lived on the other side of San Francisco bay, in Berkeley. You remember those stone houses, Edwin, when we came down the hills from Contra Costa? That was where I lived, in those stone houses. I was a professor of English literature."

Much of this was over the heads of the boys, but they strove to comprehend dimly this tale of the past.

"What was them stone houses for?" Hare-Lip queried.

"You remember when your dad taught you to swim?" The boy nodded. "Well, in the University of California—that is the name we had for the houses—we taught young men and women how to think, just as I have taught you now, by sand and pebbles and shells, to know how many people lived in those days. There was very much to teach. The young men and women we taught were called students. We had large rooms in which we taught. I talked to them, forty or fifty at a time, just as I am talking to you now. I told them about the books other men had written before their time, and even, sometimes, in their time."

"Was that all you did?—just talk, talk, talk?" Hoo-Hoo demanded. "Who hunted your meat for you, and milked the goats, and caught the fish?"

"A sensible question, Hoo-Hoo, a sensible question. As I have told you, in those days food-getting was very easy. We were very wise. A few men got the food for many men. The other men did other things. As you say, I talked. I talked all the time, and for this food was given me—much food, fine food, beautiful food, food that I have not tasted in sixty years, and shall never taste again. I sometimes think the most wonderful achievement of our tremendous civilization was food—its inconceivable abundance, its infinite variety, its marvelous delicacy."

This was beyond the boys, and they let it slip by, words and thoughts, as a mere, senile wandering in the narrative.

"Our food-getters were called free-men. This was a joke. We of the ruling classes owned all the land, all the machines, everything. These food-getters were our slaves. We took almost all the food they got, and left them a little so that they might eat, and work, and get us more food."

"I'd have gone into the forest and got food for myself," Hare-Lip announced; "and if any man tried to take it away from me I'd have killed him."

The old man laughed.

"Did I not tell you that we of the ruling class owned all the land, all the forest, everything? Any food-getter who would not get food for us, him we punished or compelled to starve to death. And very few did that. They preferred to get food for us, and make clothes for us, and prepare and administer to us a thousand—a mussel shell, Hoo-Hoo—a thousand satisfactions and delights. And I was Professor Smith in those days—Prof. James Howard Smith."

"And I was very happy, and I had beautiful things to eat, and my hands

were soft, because I did not work with them, and my body was clean all over and dressed in the softest garments—" He surveyed his mangy goatskin with disgust. "We did not wear such things in those days. Even the slaves had better garments. And we were most clean. We washed our faces and hands often every day. You boys never wash unless you fall into the water or go in swimming."

"Neither do you, Granser," Hoo-Hoo retorted.

"I know, I know. I am a filthy old man. But times have changed. Nobody washes these days, and there are no conveniences. It is sixty years since I have seen a piece of soap. You do not know what soap is, and I shall not tell you, for I am telling the story of the Scarlet Death. You know what sickness is. We called it a disease. Very many of the diseases came from what we called germs. Remember that word—germs. A germ is a very small thing. It is like a woodtick, such as you find on the dogs in the spring of the year when they run in the forest. Only the germ is very small. It is so small that you cannot see it—"

Hoo-Hoo began to laugh.

"You're a queer un, Granser, talking about things you can't see. If you can't see 'em, how do you know they are? That's what I want to know. How do you know anything you can't see?"

"A good question, a very good question, Hoo-Hoo. But we did see—some of them. We had what we called microscopes and ultramicroscopes, and we put them to our eyes and looked through them, so that we saw things larger than they really were, and many things we could not see without the microscopes at all. Our best vltra-



"That's What I Want to Know. How Do You Know Anything You Can't See?"

microscopes could make a germ look forty thousand times larger. A mussel shell is a thousand times larger. A mussel shell is a thousand fingers like Edwin's. Take forty mussel shells, and by as many times larger was the germ when we looked at it through a microscope. And after that, we had other ways, by using what we called moving pictures, of making the forty-thousand-times germ many, many thousand times larger still. And thus we saw all these things which our eyes of themselves could not see. Take a grain of sand. Break it into ten pieces. Break one of those pieces into ten, and one of those into ten, and one of those into ten, and do it all day, and maybe, by sunset, you will have a piece as small as one of the germs."

The boys were openly incredulous. Hare-Lip snickered and sneered and Hoo-Hoo snickered, until Edwin nudged them to be silent.

"The woodtick sucks the blood of the dog, but the germ, being so very small, goes right into the blood of the body, and there it has many children. In those days there would be as many as a billion—a crab shell, please—as many as that crab shell in one man's body. We called germs micro-organisms. When a few million, or a billion, of them were in a man, in all the blood of a man, he was sick. These germs were a disease. There were many different kinds of them—more different kinds than there are grains of sand on this beach. We knew only a few of the kinds. The micro-organic world was an invisible world, a world we could not see, and we knew very little about it. Yet, we did know

something. There was the bacillus anthracis; there was the micrococcus; there was the bacterium termo, and the bacterium lactis—that's what turns the goat milk sour even to this day, Hare-Lip; and there were schizomycetes without end. And there were many others.

"But the Scarlet Death, Granser," Edwin at last suggested.

"Yes, yes, Edwin; I had forgotten. Sometimes the memory of the past is very strong upon me, and I forget that I am a dirty old man, clad in goatskin, wandering with my savage grandsons who are goatherds in the primeval wilderness. The fleeting systems lapse like foam, and so lapsed our glorious, colossal civilization. I am Granser, a tired old man. I belong to the tribe of Santa Rosans. I married into that tribe. My sons and daughters married into the Chauffeurs, the Sacramentos, and the Palo-Altos. You, Hare-Lip, are of the Chauffeurs. You, Edwin, are of the Sacramentos. And you, Hoo-Hoo, are of the Palo-Altos. Your tribe takes its name from a town that was near the seat of another great institution of learning. It was called Stanford university. Yes, I remember now. It is perfectly clear. I was telling you of the Scarlet Death. Where was I in my story?"

"You was telling about germs, the things you can't see, but which make men sick," Edwin prompted.

"Yes, that's where I was. A man did not notice at first when only a few of these germs got into his body. But each germ broke in half and became two germs, and they kept doing this very rapidly so that in a short time there were many millions of them in the body. Then the man was sick. He had a disease, and the disease was named after the kind of a germ that was in him. It might be measles, it might be influenza. It might be yellow fever; it might be any of thousands and thousands of kinds of disease."

"Now, this is the strange thing about these germs. There were always new ones coming to live in men's bodies. Long and long ago, when there were only a few men in the world, there were few diseases. But as men increased and lived closely together in great cities and civilizations, new diseases arose, new kinds of germs entered their bodies. Thus were countless millions and billions of human beings killed. And the more thickly men packed together, the more terrible were the new diseases that came to be. Long before my time, in the middle ages, there was the black plague that swept across Europe. It swept across Europe many times. There was tuberculosis, that entered into men wherever they were thickly packed. A hundred years before my time there was the bubonic plague. And in Africa was the sleeping sickness. The bacteriologists fought all these sicknesses and destroyed them, just as you boys fight the wolves away from your goats, or squash the mosquitoes that light on you. The bacteriologists—"

"But, Granser, what is a what-you-call-it?" Edwin interrupted.

"You, Edwin, are a goatherd. Your task is to watch the goats. You know a great deal about goats. A bacteriologist watches germs. That's his task, and he knows a great deal about them. So as I was saying, the bacteriologists fought with the germs and destroyed them—sometimes. There was leprosy, a horrible disease. A hundred years before I was born, the bacteriologists discovered the germ of leprosy. They knew all about it. They made pictures of it. I have seen those pictures. But they never found a way to kill it. But in 1984, there was the pantoblast plague, a disease that broke out in a country called Brazil and that killed millions of people. But the bacteriologists found it out, and found the way to kill it, so that the pantoblast plague went no farther. They made what they called a serum, which they put into a man's body and which killed the pantoblast germs without killing the man. And in 1910, there was pellagra, and also the hookworm. These were easily killed by the bacteriologists. But in 1947 there arose a new disease that had never been seen before. It got into the bodies of babies of only ten months old or less, and it made them unable to move their hands and feet, or to eat, or anything; and the bacteriologists were eleven years in discovering how to kill that particular germ and save the babies.

"In spite of all these diseases, and of all the new ones that continued to arise, there were more and more men in the world. This was because it was easy to get food. The easier it was to get food the more men there were; the more men there were, the more thickly they were packed together on the earth; and the more thickly they were packed, the more new kinds of germs became diseases. There were warnings. Seldervetsky, as early as 1929, told the bacteriologists that they had no guaranty against some new disease, a thousand times more deadly than any they knew, arising and killing by the hundreds of millions and even by the billion."

It was at this point that Hare-Lip rose to his feet, an expression of huge contempt on his face.

"Granser," he announced, "you make me sick with your gabble. Why don't you tell about the Red Death? If you ain't going to, say so, an' we'll start back for camp."

The old man looked at him and silently began to cry. The weak tears of age rolled down his cheeks, and all the feebleness of his eighty-seven years showed in his grief-stricken countenance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# COME TO THE PANHANDLE THIS YEAR

**M**AN 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

# Panama-Pacific International Exposition, Greatest and Most Marvelous of All Celebrations, Opens Completed In Every Detail on Feb. 20, 1915

Forty of the World's Great Nations to Join With America In Celebrating the Opening of the Panama Canal In a Conclave Unsurpassed In History.

## Wonderful Exhibits From All Lands Show the World's Best Progress

From Beginning to End Magnificent Panama-Pacific International Exposition Will Abound With Superb Educational and Entertainment Features.

By HAMILTON WRIGHT.  
THE construction of the vast Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco was 95 per cent completed three months before the opening day, on Feb. 20, 1915. The early installation of thousands of tons of rare and costly exhibits from all parts of the globe and the participation of forty of the world's great countries have assured a celebration that will be unrivaled in its splendor, magnitude, interest and comprehensiveness.

From its opening until its close, on Dec. 4, 1915, the Exposition will abound with original features collected at an expenditure of many millions of dollars. It will present a cross section of human achievement. The Pan-

ama canal in a single day, and, far in advance of its opening, the Exposition had created an unprecedented interest throughout the world, and its opening was eagerly awaited.

In keen competitive exhibits there will be presented more than 80,000 single exhibits and groups of related exhibits portraying the results of the world's best efforts in recent years.

This wonderful Exposition, presented at an outlay of more than \$60,000,000, celebrates a contemporaneous achievement, the building of the Panama canal, and all exhibits that are entered for competitive award will be those that have been originated or produced since the great Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis ten years ago. The possible exception to this rule will be where earlier exhibits are

shown. The foreign participation will be notable. The nations are not attempting to show everything that they produce, but will lay especial emphasis upon those products in which they excel. In the Danish display, for example, will be shown products of the Royal Danish porcelain factory at Copenhagen. Japan in her exhaustive exhibit will display priceless works of art, loaned by direction of the imperial household and many of which could not be duplicated. From Italy will be shown historic paintings of the old masters, hitherto never exhibited in America in the original. From China there have reached San Francisco selections of exhibits collected under the supervision of the governors of the Chinese provinces. Rare silks and satins, carvings, inlay work in the precious metals, exhibits of the transportation methods employed in the old China and the modern methods used in the awakening republic will be shown.

The great war in no way has diminished the prospect of attendance at the Exposition, and thousands of Americans will for the first time enjoy the educative trip across their native land. After the outbreak of the conflict the number of conventions deciding to meet in San Francisco proportionately increased. One of the most important of the assemblages will be the international engineering



Photograph courtesy San Francisco Examiner.  
**THE MOTHER OF LINCOLN BEACHEY, FROM THE TOWER OF JEWELS, 435 FEET ABOVE THE EARTH, AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, WATCHES HER SON LOOP HIS ONE THOUSANDTH LOOP.**

When Lincoln Beachey, a son of San Francisco, on the occasion of his homecoming after breaking all world records as a daredevil loop, performed two entirely new and death defying stunts over the completed palaces of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition it was his aged mother who for the first time waved him on to fresh achievements. Mrs. Beachey held a place of honor, 435 feet up in the air, on the tip of the wonderful Tower of Jewels. From this aerial she was able to watch every erratic move of her daredevil son. She cried out only once. That was when he wrote the figures "1000" against the clouds, high above the two miles of completed exhibit palaces, significant of the looping of his one thousandth loop.

ama canal is today open and doing business on a far vaster scale than was predicted for it, and the Exposition, which celebrates the opening of the canal, is today revealed as the greatest manifestation of national achievement in American history. Here will be a neutral ground where even nations engaged in warfare will display on a scale never before equaled their progress in the arts, industries and sciences of peace.

Within three months before the opening of the Exposition as many as 2,000 tons of consignments had reached San

shown to illustrate the evolution of the processes of manufacture—as, for example, a display of a model of the first cotton gin in connection with the marvelous equipment into which it has evolved.

Many of the displays will be especially adapted to study by the delegates to great national and international congresses and conventions, of which more than 300, embracing almost every phase of human activity, have voted to meet in San Francisco in 1915. Delegates to the congresses interested in social progress and wel-

congress, at which its distinguished chairman, Colonel George W. Goethals, will preside.

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New Zealand will make a marvelous exhibit of its rare woods, of its flocks, of its superb scenic charms. A large number of rare giant tree ferns from New Zealand will be found growing on the Exposition grounds.

The Argentine Republic early set aside a larger sum than any ever appropriated by a foreign nation for representation in an American exposition. The modern cities of Argentina, the schools, churches, libraries, the great live stock and agricultural interests will be extensively portrayed, and the mutual interests of South America and North America will be emphasized in almost every conceivable manner. From South Africa will be shown diamond exhibits and methods of extraction. The magnificent Canadian displays will review not only the widely known agricultural wealth, but will illustrate the scenic charms of the great Dominion, of snow clad mountain peaks, of far-reaching forest, of inland lakes in chains of silver and rushing mountain streams.



**"THE END OF THE TRAIL," PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO, 1915.**

This photograph shows James Earle Fraser's superb piece of statuary, "The End of the Trail," at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. More than 300 beautiful sculptures are shown at the Exposition, the works of famous sculptors of the day. In addition to the sculptures shown out of doors, thousands of beautiful works of art are presented in the great Palace of Fine Arts.

## Big International Exposition's Amusements Novel and Wonderful

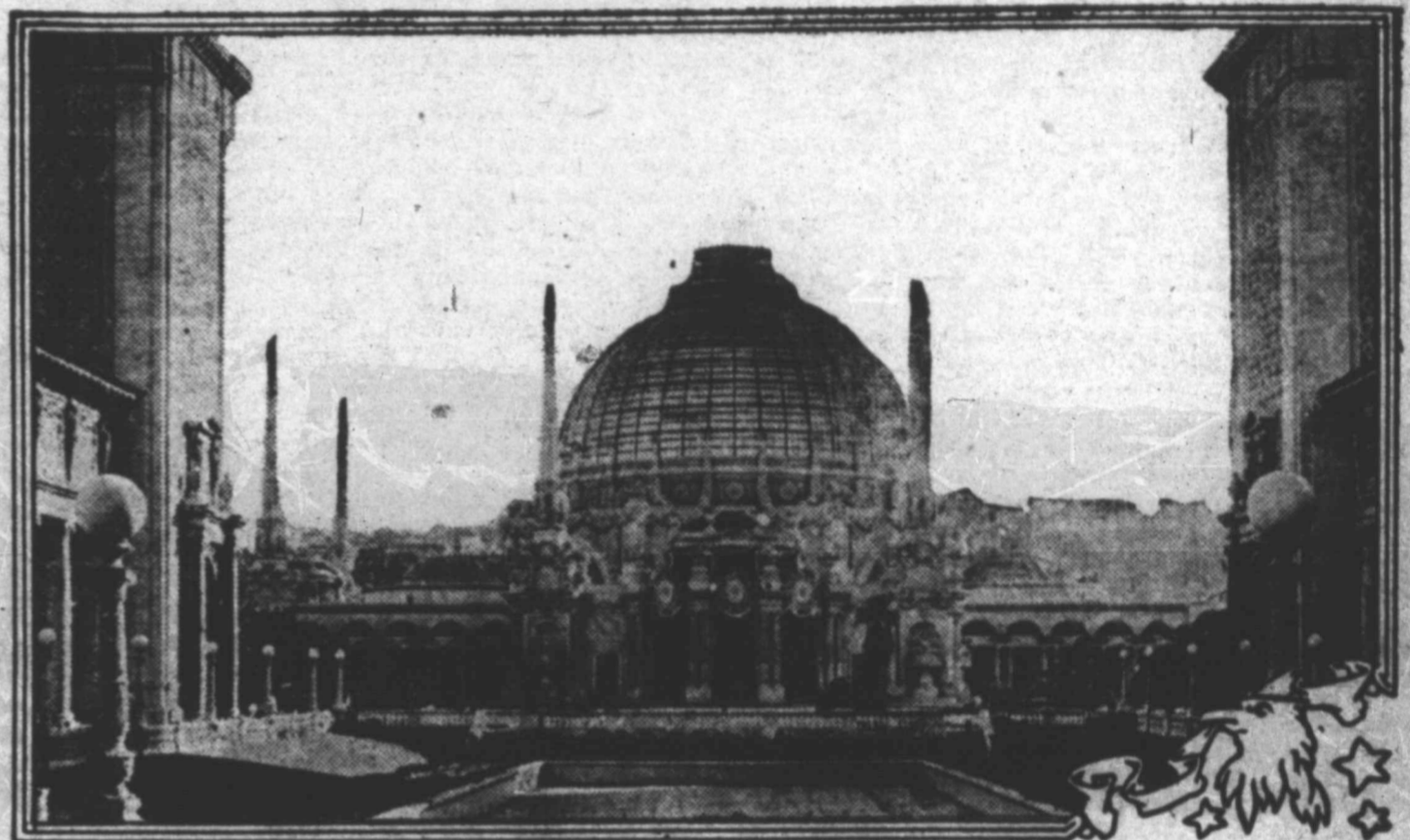
President Wilson Will Visit Panama-Pacific Display of Nations via Panama Canal—Vanderbilt Cup Race and Grand Prix Will Be Held In San Francisco.

By HAMILTON WRIGHT.  
**W**ONDERFUL and novel amusements, parades and pageants of the oriental countries, auto and yacht races and athletic contests will be observed upon a scale of unexampled magnitude and grandeur at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The extensive participation of China, Japan, Siam and Indo and Cochín China, when taken in connection with the plans already made and with the interesting oriental population of San Francisco, assures such spectacles as have never before been seen in the occident. Pageants of miles in length set off by wonderful floats and marvelous pyrotechnics will wind through the streets of San Francisco. There will be held throughout the

entire period of the Exposition, which opens Feb. 20, 1915, a series of great events, including sports and athletic contests of many kinds conducted upon a scale of great magnitude. The Vanderbilt Automobile Cup Race and the Grand Prix, the two supreme events of the automobile year, will be held upon a four mile course, embracing a circuit of the Exposition palaces, a spectacular background far exceeding in beauty and grandeur any which ancient Rome beheld during its historic chariot races. The Vanderbilt Cup Race will take place on Feb. 22 and the Grand Prix on Feb. 27, 1915. Great motorboats of the deep sea cruiser type will race for a \$10,000 prize from New York through the Panama canal to the Golden Gate. A series of international yacht races in the twenty-one meter class will be held in San Francisco bay. President Woodrow Wilson, Emperor William of Germany and King George of England have each offered trophies in these events. Swimming, water polo, fly casting, canoeing, football, baseball and long distance foot racing are included in a series of more than 200 different kinds of contests. President Wilson himself will attend the Exposition, and it is probable the members of congress will attend in an especially chartered steamer.

Of international interest will be the greatest live stock show in the world's history. More than \$500,000 will be awarded in prizes in a continuous live stock exhibit. Rare and valuable breeds of all kinds of live stock from distant countries of the globe will be shown. Specimens of the famous Chillingham wild white cattle will be exhibited for the first time. With the exception of two specimens at the London zoo, this breed has never been shown outside of Chillingham park, England. These cattle are pure white, with black noses, black tips to the ears and black horns. An international sheep shearing contest will be one of the unique exhibitions.

Imagine, for the purposes of illustration, the interest, action and novelty of ten great circuses like Barnum & Bailey's combined into a single "greatest show on earth" and presented at ten times the cost of the single production and an idea is gained of the originality of this section. A total of more than eleven millions of dollars has been expended in its establishment. The concessions, as these less serious features of the Exposition are known, include a great open air panoramic reproduction of the Yellowstone National park and a similar representation of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, presented by two of the transcon-



**WONDERFUL GLASS DOME OF THE PALACE OF HORTICULTURE, PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO, 1915.**

Palace of Horticulture, looking through the Court of Palma. This beautiful structure has a glass dome 135 feet high and 152 feet in diameter. Crowning the dome is a huge basket. The general style of the architecture is the French renaissance, with Saracenic modification. The extreme length of the palace is 672 feet and breadth 320 feet.

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For the musical events there has been built by the Exposition the magnificent Festival Palace upon the grounds. This is equipped with a wonderful pipe organ, upon which Mr. Edwin Lemare, world famous organist, among other celebrities, will give a series of recitals. The International Eisteddfod will at San Francisco compete for \$25,000 in cash prizes. More than 20,000 singers will participate in

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**VAST TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THE WORLD'S GREATEST EXPOSITION, THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO, 1915.**

Arch of the Setting Sun in the west entrance to the Court of the Universe at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Surmounting the arch is a group of statuary representing "The Nations of the West." In the middle of the group is an emigrant wagon drawn by oxen. Riding in this is the figure of a woman, "The Mother of Tomorrow," and by her side are two children, "The Hopes of Tomorrow." Other figures represent an American Indian, a Mexican, an Alaskan and other American types.

Imagine, for the purposes of illustration, the interest, action and novelty of ten great circuses like Barnum & Bailey's combined into a single "greatest show on earth" and presented at ten times the cost of the single production and an idea is gained of the originality of this section. A total of more than eleven millions of dollars has been expended in its establishment. The concessions, as these less serious features of the Exposition are known, include a great open air panoramic reproduction of the Yellowstone National park and a similar representation of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, presented by two of the transcon-

entire period of the Exposition, which opens Feb. 20, 1915, a series of great events, including sports and athletic contests of many kinds conducted upon a scale of great magnitude. The Vanderbilt Automobile Cup Race and the Grand Prix, the two supreme events of the automobile year, will be held upon a four mile course, embracing a circuit of the Exposition palaces, a spectacular background far exceeding in beauty and grandeur any which ancient Rome beheld during its historic chariot races. The Vanderbilt Cup Race will take place on Feb. 22 and the Grand Prix on Feb. 27, 1915. Great motorboats of the deep sea cruiser type will race for a \$10,000 prize from New York through the Panama canal to the Golden Gate. A series of international yacht races in the twenty-one meter class will be held in San Francisco bay. President Woodrow Wilson, Emperor William of Germany and King George of England have each offered trophies in these events. Swimming, water polo, fly casting, canoeing, football, baseball and long distance foot racing are included in a series of more than 200 different kinds of contests. President Wilson himself will attend the Exposition, and it is probable the members of congress will attend in an especially chartered steamer.

Of international interest will be the greatest live stock show in the world's history. More than \$500,000 will be awarded in prizes in a continuous live stock exhibit. Rare and valuable breeds of all kinds of live stock from distant countries of the globe will be shown. Specimens of the famous Chillingham wild white cattle will be exhibited for the first time. With the exception of two specimens at the London zoo, this breed has never been shown outside of Chillingham park, England. These cattle are pure white, with black noses, black tips to the ears and black horns. An international sheep shearing contest will be one of the unique exhibitions.

**VAST TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THE WORLD'S GREATEST EXPOSITION, THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO, 1915.**

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