

## PRES. COUSINS RETURNS FROM AUSTIN TUESDAY

President R. B. Cousins returned Tuesday from Austin well pleased with the sentiment he finds in the legislature. He chartered Gov. Ferguson as a very business like man who is anxious to learn the needs of the state school and who stands ready to assist the school in every way possible. He reports a very pleasant conference with the governor. He believes that the appropriation for which the West Texas State Normal College is asking will be passed by the legislature and approved by the governor.

Mr. Cousins states that he never saw a legislature working more harmonious. There was no friction between the houses nor between the governor and the houses. All seem anxious to do the very best possible for the interest of the state. Mr. Cousins highly praises Gov. Ferguson's attitude toward the schools and believes he will give all of the schools their necessary appropriation.

Together with the presidents of the other three normals he spent two mornings with the house finance committee and visited the governor.

Mr. Cousins stated that Judge Cradington has decided it will not be necessary to introduce a bill asking for the establishment of the additional work in the agricultural department, but will ask for appropriation to cover the expense of enlarging this department as outlined in the News recently. Mr. Cradington is working on the appropriation separately from the regular Normal appropriation.

## FARMERS MEET ON FEB. 20 IN CITY

Saturday, Feb. 20, will be farmers day in Canyon. All of the farmers in this trade territory are urgently requested to be in the city on that date.

H. M. Bainer of the Santa Fe will be here with all of his co-laborers of the agricultural department and they will tell the farmers something of the plans for this years work.

The program will continue all day and every farmer should be here to enjoy the talks and to get the new ideas that may be advanced by these men. The Santa Fe is spending large sums of money to perfect its agricultural department and every farmer should take advantage of the suggestions made.

The gentlemen will speak in Happy Friday afternoon.

## O. E. Cannon Elected Bank President.

O. E. Cannon has been elected president of the First State Bank of Rio Grande City, Texas. Mr. Cannon was formerly a resident of this city and assistant cashier of the First National Bank. He went to Rio Grande City to become president of the First State Bank. His election is good news to his many Canyon friends who wish him and his bank a long period of prosperity.

## LOST.

Lost between Canyon and Amarillo, a package containing valuable Court papers. Finder please return to District Clerk's Office, Canyon, Texas or to W. J. Fisher and receive reward.

## CANYON VISITED BY INSURANCE INSPECTOR

Ben F. Smith of Lockney, special inspector for the State Insurance Commission, paid Canyon an official visit last Thursday, and in company with local agents, gave our city a thorough inspection as to fire hazards. Mr. Smith was a visitor to the News office in the afternoon, and stated that he found the mercantile risks of the town in pretty fair shape, and a splendid disposition on the part of the business men of the town to cooperate with him in reducing fire risks.

Mr. Smith stated, among things, that his Department is carrying on a campaign of Education in Texas as to fire prevention. The people make their own rates to a large extent. The State Insurance Commission makes a key rate for each town based on the actual risks. When these risks are eliminated, the key rate is lower. For instance, a 5 per cent reduction is given when fire Marshals are appointed and maintained by City Councils, from 3 to 15 per cent for good fire record, etc. The maximum rate of any town is \$100, regardless of conditions. A reduction of 50 per cent is allowed for standard water works; reduction is also given for every piece of self-propelled fire apparatus.

Mr. Smith is interested in securing the adoption by city councils ordinances along the line of fire precaution. He has an ordinance for burning trash in receptacles, one for inspection of chimneys and flues, an ordinance to regulate construction and operating motion pictures. All these regulative ordinances, he says, "will reduce the fire hazards and give our towns and cities good fire records."

As a result of the new inspector's work here Thursday, Mr. Leverton owner of the picture show, has begun the construction of a new fire-proof booth, to rewire his theatre building, bringing the same up to the state's requirements. The booth and wiring on the stage that has been in use is unsafe and an extra fire hazard.

## New Library Opened.

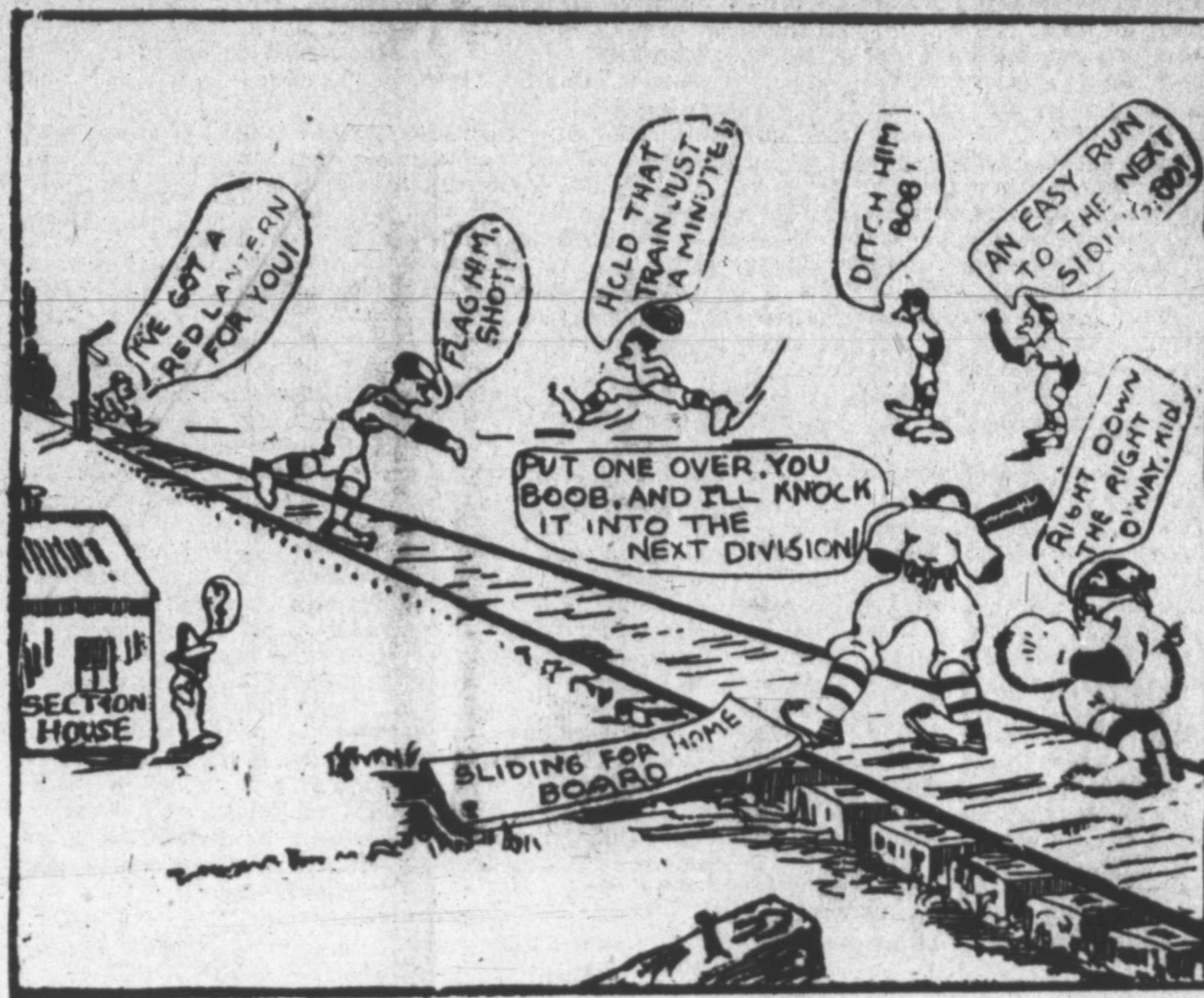
The Christian Science library and reading room opened this week in room 23 over the First National Bank. The room has been nicely furnished and equipped and will contain all of the latest Christian Science literature together with a choice selection of books. A circulating library will be one of the features. Miss Dixie Harrison has charge of the library and it will be opened from 2:30 until 5 o'clock every afternoon.

## Printing 5000 Normal Catalogues.

The News office is in the midst of printing 5000 summer bulletins for the West Texas State Normal college. Letters have been sent out to the city and county school superintendents to procure the names of teachers. Arrangements are being made for a very large and interesting summer school.

## Miss Lena Wade Married.

Miss Lena Wade was married last Wednesday at the home of her parents at Rockwall to G. W. Wharton of Ft. Worth. Miss Wade is well known here, having clerked for four years with different Canyon stores.



Baseball this Summer on the Normal Grounds.

## STEEL FOR NORMAL COMING THIS WEEK

About twenty cars of steel for the Normal building are expected this week. Seven cars of gravel were received and unloaded Monday. A sub contract has been let to Rau & Archer of Galveston to put up the steel. They are expected here next week with the bunch of men to begin the work. The concrete mixer was set on the north side of the building Tuesday and work will be started putting in the footings for the steel columns within a few days. Mr. Gross stated Tuesday that it would take about two weeks to set all of the steel plates on the footings before any of the structural steel will be erected.

## Methodist Services.

Rev. J. W. Mayne went to Seymour Monday to attend the meeting of the missionary board of which he is a member. He will likely not return in time for next Sunday's services. Pres. R. B. Cousins of the Normal will preach in the morning and Rev. John A. Wallace will preach in the evening on Christian Stewardship.

## Hereford Beats Normal.

The Hereford high school defeated the Normal girls in basketball Saturday afternoon by a score of 36 to 20. The visitors easily outclassed the locals, showing superior knowledge of the game and that they had put in more hours of practice.

Come to Canyon to live.

## O. E. S. ENTERTAIN FRIENDS THURSDAY

The Eastern Star lodge entertained a large number of friends Thursday night at the Masonic hall. The following program was given:

Piano solo—Ruth Knight.  
Violin solo—George Ingham.  
Reading—Jessie DeGraftenreid.  
Piano solo—Imogene McIntire.  
Piano solo—Phyllis Keiser.  
Reading—Nannie Johnson.  
Vocal solo—Mrs. W. G. Word.  
Reading—Dorothy Burrow.  
Piano solo—Lottie Lofton.  
Reading—Nannie Johnson.  
Trombone solo—Charles Lofton.  
Vocal solo with violin obligato—Mrs. W. G. Word.  
Violin solo—Dr. Ingham.

After the program a very delightful social hour was engaged. Refreshments were served of cake and cocoa.

## Young Women's Missionary Society.

The young women of the Methodist church were called together Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. W. Mayne. After a social hour, the subject of a Young Woman's Missionary society was presented. The suggestion was met with approval.

The organization was effected with fifteen members.

The following officers were elected: Mrs. G. W. Baker, president; Estelle Ellis, recording sec'y., Francis Buie, correspondent sec'y., Allie Ellis treas., Minnie Brooks press supt.

It was decided that the society would meet with the members on the second Monday in each month at four o'clock. The next meeting will be held at the Cas Brooks home on March 8.

Press Superintendent.

## LISTEN.

The things that lie deep in your life are built around your home. Have you not wished to own your own? To enjoy pleasures that are wholesome and real and that inspire the human qualities which make leaders of men? BUILD YOU A HOME. Canyon Lumber Co.

A. S. Rollins of Amarillo was in the city Tuesday. Mr. Rollins is boosting hard for the establishment of a new state in west Texas and believes it is necessary for the proper development of this section.

## MAUD POWELL ON NEXT WEDNESDAY

Next Wednesday is Maud Powell day in Canyon. It will be the biggest day, musically speaking, the Panhandle has ever had. It will be the first time in the history of the country that so great a musician has appeared in this section of the state. A large per cent of Canyon's population will hear this noted woman. Some may not go, but in years to come will always regret having missed this great opportunity of hearing a world famed star at so small a price. It will be a proud day for Canyon and her citizenship, and shall long cherish the memory that this little town has accomplished a feat hither to unheard of—that is, bringing a world's star to so small a town.

The doors will open at 7:15 and will be closed during every number. Late comers must wait outside during a number. The program begins at 8 o'clock.

The program for Wednesday night is published elsewhere in this issue. It will be noted that the last number is made up of request numbers. Any who have favorite pieces they would like to hear, please see Miss Kline who will make up the request list and present it to Madam Powell.

## PANHANDLE PRESS MEETS IN PLAINVIEW

The following program has been announced for the Panhandle Press association at Plainview in April:

Address of Welcome—Judge L. S. Kinder, of Plainview.  
Response—F. R. Jamison, of Canadian Record.  
"The Texas School of Journalism"—B. O. Brown, of Austin.  
"Depreciation: How and Why Figured in the Average Shop?"—C. C. Cockrell, of Amarillo.

"Fire Risks and Insurance Rates; A Discussion from a Newspaperman's Point of View"—Ben F. Smith of the Lockney Beacon.

"Meeting the Train"—J. W. Burton, of Crosbyton Review.

"Bridging the Dull Months"—Fred Haskett, Childress Index.

"The Panhandle and the South Plains Today and a Year Ago"—J. L. Pope of Amarillo.

"Historical Sketch of Early-Day Journalism in the Panhandle"—Mrs. Morgan, of Amarillo.

"One Year of the Cost System"—H. S. Hilburn, Herald, Plainview.

"Plains Journalism as Compared with the Journalism of the North"—B. N. Timmons, Daily Panhandle, Amarillo.

"The Independent News paper"—Harry Koch, Tribune-Chief, Qunnah.

"My Impressions of the Editor as an Office Seeker"—Lee Satterwhite, Enterprise, Tulia.

"Compulsory Education"—Edward Haney, Wichita Falls.

"How I Get Advertising"—J. F. Turner, Avalanche, Lubbock.

"The Ideal Make-up"—J. W. Ray, Record, Vernon.

"The Query-Box"—Conducted by C. W. Warwick, Canyon News.

Ample discussion after each paper.

Leo Stocker of Umbarger was in the city Tuesday. He has just moved from Shamrock back to Umbarger which used to be his home. He is going to put in a blacksmith shop there soon.

## VIOLIN RECITAL

By MAUD POWELL

Assisted By Francis Moore, pianist

## PROGRAM

- WIENIAWSKI ..... Concerto, D minor, Op. 22  
In three movements, namely:  
I. Allegro moderato  
II. Romance  
III. Finale: a la Zingara
- BEETHOVEN ..... Sonata, G major, Op. 30  
Second and third movements, namely: (Duo for piano and violin)  
I. Tempo Di Minuetto  
II. Allegro vivace (Madam Powell and Mr. Moore)
- TENAGLIA (1600?) ..... (a) Air: "Have Pity, Sweet Eyes"  
MOZART ..... (b) Minuet  
BRAHMS-JOACHIM ..... (c) Hungarian Dance, A major  
CHOPIN-POWELL ..... (d) "Minute" Waltz  
KREISLER ..... (e) Liebesleid
- Piano Solos:  
PADEREWSKI ..... (a) Nocturne  
GILBERT ..... (b) Valse Brilliant
- Request Numbers ..... (a)  
HUBAY ..... (b) Hejre Kati

Tours Personally Supervised by H. Godfrey Turner of New York. STEINWAY PIANO USED.

## W. D. Howren, Contracting Engineer

CONCRETE, PLAIN and REINFORCED  
Call on or write to me regarding that watering tub, tank, silo, dam or anything else you wish to build.

NO TROUBLE TO ANSWER QUESTIONS  
Room 26, First National Bank Building Phone 1  
P. O. Box 505 Canyon, Texas

# The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations  
from Photographs of Scenes  
in the Play

(Copyright, 1913, by W. J. Watt & Co.)

## SYNOPSIS.

On Misery creek Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious. 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. At Willie McCager's dance Samson tells the South clan that he is going to leave the mountains.

## CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Lescott stayed on a week after that simply in deference to Samson's insistence. To leave at once might savor of flight under fire, but when the week was out the painter turned his horse's head toward town, and his train swept him back to the Bluegrass and the East.

A quiet of unbroken and deadly routine settled down on Misery. The conduct of the Souths in keeping hands off, and acknowledging the justice of Tamarack Spicer's jail sentence, had been their answer to the declaration of the Hollmans in letting Samson ride into and out of Hixon. The truce was established. When, a short time later, Tamarack left the country to become a railroad brakeman, Jesse Purvy passed the word that his men must, until further orders, desist from violence. The word had crept about that Samson, too, was going away, and, if this were true, Jesse felt that his future would be more secure than his past. Purvy believed Samson guilty, despite the exoneration of the hounds.

Lescott had sent a box of books, and Samson had taken a team over to Hixon, and brought them back.

He devoured them all from title page to final line, and many of them he went back to, and digested again.

He wrestled long and gently with his uncle, struggling to win the old man's consent to his departure. But Spicer South's brain was no longer plastic. What had been good enough for the past was good enough for the future. Nevertheless, he arranged affairs so that his nephew should be able to meet financial needs, and to go where he chose in a fashion befitting a South.

November came in bleakly, with a raw and devastating breath of fatality. The smile died from horizon to horizon, and for days cold rains beat and lashed the forests. And, toward the end of the month, came the day which Samson had set for his departure.

At the threshold, with the saddlebags over his left forearm and the rifle in his hand, he paused. His uncle stood at his elbow and the boy put out his hand.

"Good-by, Unc' Spicer," was all he said. The old man, who had been his second father, shook hands. His face, too, was expressionless, but he felt that he was saying farewell to a soldier of genius who was abandoning the field. And he loved the boy with all the centered power of an isolated heart.

A half-mile along the road, Samson halted and dismounted. There, in a small cove, surrounded by a tangle of briars and blackberry bushes, stood a small and dilapidated "meeting house" and churchyard, which he must visit. He made his way through the rough undergrowth to the unkempt half-acre, and halted before the leaning headstones which marked two graves. With a sudden emotion, he swept the back of his hand across his eyes. He did not remove his hat, but he stood in the drizzle of cold rain for a moment of silence, and then he said:

"Pap, I hain't fergot. I don't want ye ter think that I've fergot."

Before he arrived at the Widow Miller's, the rain had stopped and the clouds had broken.

Sally opened the door, and smiled. She had spent the day nursing herself for this farewell, and at least until the moment of leave-taking she would be safe from tears. The Widow Miller and her son soon left them alone, and the boy and girl sat before the blazing logs.

For a time, an awkward silence fell between them. At last, the boy rose, and went over to the corner where he had placed his gun. He took it up and laid it on the hearth between them.

"Sally," he said, "I want ter tell ye some things that I hain't never said ter nobody else. In the first place, I want ye ter keep this hyar gun fer me."

The girl's eyes widened with surprise.

"Hain't ye a-goin' ter take hit with ye, Samson?"

"He shook his head.

"I hain't a-goin' ter need hit down below. Nobody don't use 'em down

thar. I've got my pistol, an' I reckon that will be enough."

"I'll take good keer of hit," she promised.

The boy took out of his pockets a box of cartridges and a small package tied in a greasy rag.

"Hit's loaded, Sally, an' hit's cleaned an' hit's greased. Hit's ready fer use."

Again, she nodded in silent assent, and the boy began speaking in a slow, careful voice, which gradually mounted into tense emotion.

"Sally, thet thar gun was my pap's. When he lay a-dyin', he gave hit ter me, an' he gave me a job ter do with hit. When I was a little feller, I used ter set up 'most all day, pollahin' thet gun an' gittin' hit ready. I used ter go out in the woods, an' practice shootin' hit at things, tell I learned how ter handle hit. I reckon thar hain't many fellers round here thet kin beat me now." He paused, and the girl hastened to corroborate.

"Thar hain't none, Samson."

"There hain't nothin' in the world, Sally, thet I prizes like I does thet gun. Hit's got a job ter do. . . . Thar hain't but one person in the world I'd trust hit with. Thet's you. . . . I want ye ter keep hit fer me, an' ter keep hit ready. . . . They thinks round hyar I'm quittin', but I hain't. I'm comin' back, an', when I come, I'll need this hyar thing—an' I'll need hit bad." He took up the rifle, and ran his hand caressingly along its lock and barrel.

"I don't know when I'm a-comin'," he said, slowly, "but, when I calls fer this, I'm shore a-goin' ter need hit quick. I want hit ter be ready fer me, day er night. Maybe, nobody won't know I'm hyar. . . . Maybe, I won't want nobody ter know. . . . But, whea I whistles out thar like a whippoorwill, I want ye ter slip out—an' fetch me thet gun!"

He stopped, and bent forward. His face was tense, and his eyes were glinting with purpose. His lips were tight set and fanatical.

"Samson," said the girl, reaching out and taking the weapon from his hands, "ef I'm alive when ye comes, I'll do hit. I promise ye. An'," she added, "ef I hain't alive, hit'll be standin' thar in thet corner. I'll grease hit, an' keep hit loaded, an' when ye calls, I'll fetch hit out thar to ye."

The youth nodded. "I mout come any time, but likely as not I'll hev ter come a-fightin' when I comes."

Next, he produced an envelope.

"This here is a letter I've done writ ter myself," he explained. He drew out the sheet, and read:

"Samson, come back." Then he handed the missive to the girl. "Thet there is addressed ter me, in care of Mr. Lescott. . . . Ef anything happens—ef Unc' Spicer needs me—

I'll look fer him. I loves hit better than anything—take keer of hit."

Again, she caught at his shoulders. "Does ye love hit better'n ye do me, Samson?" she demanded.

He hesitated.

"I reckon ye knows how much I loves ye, Sally," he said, slowly, "but I've done made a promise, an' thet gun's a-goin' ter keep hit fer me."

They went together out to the stilt, he still carrying his rifle, as though loath to let it go, and she crossed with him to the road.

As he untied his reins, she threw her arms about his neck, and for a long while they stood there under the clouds and stars, as he held her close. There was no eloquence of leave-taking, no professions of undying love, for these two hearts were inarticulate and dizzy clinging to a wilderness code of self-repression—and they had reached a point where speech would have swept them both away to a breakdown.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The boy from Misery rode slowly toward Hixon. At times the moon struggled out and made the shadows black along the way. At other times it was like riding in a huge caldron of pitch. When he passed into that stretch of country at whose heart Jesse Purvy dwelt he raised his voice in song. His singing was very bad, and the ballad lacked tune, but it served its purpose of saving him from the suspicion of furtiveness. Though the front of the house was black, behind its heavy shutters he knew that his coming might be noted, and night-riding at this particular spot might be misconstrued in the absence of frank warning.

The correctness of his inference brought a brief smile to his lips when he crossed the creek that skirted the orchard and heard a stable door creak softly behind him. He was to be followed again—and watched, but he did not look back or pause to listen for the hoofbeats of his unsolicited escort. On the soft mud of the road he would hardly have heard them had he bent his ear and drawn rein. He rode at a walk, for his train would not leave until five o'clock in the morning. There was time in plenty.

It was cold and depressing as he trudged the empty streets from the livery stable to the railroad station, carrying his saddlebags over his arm. At last he heard the whistle and saw the blazing headlight, and a minute later he had pushed his way into the smoking car and dropped his saddlebags on the seat beside him. Then, for the first time, he saw and recognized his watchers. Purvy meant to have Samson shadowed as far as Lexington, and his movements from that point definitely reported. Jim Asberry and Aaron Hollis were the chosen spies. He did not speak to the two enemies who took seats across the car, but his face hardened, and his brows came together in a black scowl.

"When I gits back," he promised himself, "you'll be one of the fust folks I'll look fer, Jim Asberry, damn ye! All I hopes is that nobody else don't git ye fust. Ye b'longs ter me."

The sleeping car to which he was assigned after leaving Lexington was almost empty, but he felt upon him the interested gaze of those few eyes that were turned toward his entrance. He engaged every pair with a pair very clear and steady and undrooping, until somehow each lip that had started to twist in amusement straightened, and the twinkle that rose at first glance sobered at second. Yet, for all his specious seeming of unconcern, Samson was winking to the fact that he was a scarecrow, and his sensitive pride made him cut his meals short in the dining car, where he was kept busy beating down inquisitive eyes with his defiant gaze. He resolved after some thought upon a definite policy. It was a very old policy, but to him new—and a discovery. He would change nothing in himself that involved a surrender of code or conviction. But, wherever it could be done with honor, he would concede to custom.

It was late in the second afternoon when he stepped from the train at Jersey City, to be engulfed in an unimaginable roar and congestion. Here it was impossible to hold his own against the unconcealed laughter of the many, and he stood for an instant glaring about like a caged tiger, while three currents of humanity separated and flowed toward the three ferry exits. Then he saw the smiling face of Lescott, and Lescott's extended hand. Even Lescott, immaculately garbed and fur-coated, seemed almost a stranger, and the boy's feeling of intimacy froze to inward constraint and diffidence. But Lescott knew nothing of that. The stole in Samson held true, making his emotions.

"So you came," said the New Yorker, heartily, grasping the boy's hand. "Where's your luggage? We'll just pick that up and make a dash for the ferry."

"Hyar hit is," replied Samson, who still carried his saddlebags. The painter's eyes twinkled, but the mirth was so frank and friendly that the boy, instead of glaring in defiance, grinned responsively.

"Right, oh!" laughed Lescott. "I thought maybe you'd bring a trunk, but it's the wise man who travels light."

He followed Lescott out to the foot of Twenty-third street, and stepped with him into the tonneau of the painter's waiting car. Lescott lived with his family uptown, for it happened that, had his canvases possessed no value whatever, he would still have been in a position to drive his motor and follow his impulses about the world. If he did not take the boy to his home, it was because

he understood that a life which must be not only full of early embarrassment, but positively revolutionary, should be approached by easy stages. Consequently the car turned down Fifth avenue, passed under the arch and drew up before a door just off Washington square, where the landscape painter had a studio suit. There were sleeping rooms and such accessories as seemed to the boy unheeded of luxury, though Lescott regarded the place as a makeshift annex to his home establishment.

"You'd better take your time in selecting permanent quarters," was his careless fashion of explaining to Samson. "It's just as well not to hurry. You are to stay here with me, as long as you will."

"I'm obliged ter ye," replied the boy, to whose training in open-grooved hospitality the invitation seemed only natural. The evening meal was brought in from a neighboring hotel, and the two men dined before an open fire, Samson eating in mountain silence, while his host chatted and asked questions.

"Samson," suggested the painter, when the dinner things had been carried out and they were alone, "you are here for two purposes: First, to study painting; second, to educate and equip yourself for coming conditions. It's going to take work, more work, and then some more work."

"I hain't skeered of work."

"I believe that. Also, you must keep out of trouble. You've got to ride your fighting instinct with a strong curb."

"I don't 'low to let nobody run over me." The statement was not argumentative; only an announcement of a principle which was not subject to modification.

"All right, but-until you learn the ropes let me advise you."

The boy gazed into the fire for a few moments of silence.

"I gives ye my hand on thet," he promised.

At eleven o'clock the painter, having shown his guest over the premises, said good-night and went uptown to his own house. Samson lay a long while awake, with many disquieting reflections.

Meanwhile Lescott, letting himself into a house overlooking the park, was hailed by a chorus of voices from the dining room. He turned and went in to join a gay group just back from the opera. As he thoughtfully mixed himself a highball, they bombarded him with questions.

"Why didn't you bring your barbarian with you?" demanded a dark-eyed girl, who looked very much as Lescott himself might have looked had he been a girl—and very young and lovely. Now she flashed on him an affectionate smile, and added: "We have been waiting to see him. Must we go to bed disappointed?"

George stood looking down on them, and tinkled the ice in his glass.

"He wasn't brought on for purposes of exhibition, Drennie," he smiled. "I was afraid if he came in here in the fashion of his arrival—carrying his saddlebags—our ultracivilized folk might have laughed."

A roar of laughter at the picture vindicated Lescott's assumption.

"No! Now, actually with saddlebags?" echoed a young fellow with a likable face which was for the moment incredulously amused. "That goes Dick Whittington one better. You do make some rare discoveries, George. We celebrate you."

"Thanks, Horton," commented the painter, dryly. "When you New Yorkers have learned what these barbarians already know, the control of your oversensitized risibles and a courtesy deeper than your shirt-fronts—maybe I'll let you have a look. Meantime I'm much too fond of all of you to risk letting you laugh at my barbarian."

Several months were spent laboring with charcoal and paper over plaster casts in Lescott's studio, and Lescott himself played instructor. When the skylight darkened with the coming of evening, the boy whose mountain nature cried out for exercise went for long tramps that carried him over many miles of city pavements, and after that, when the gas was lit, he turned, still insatiably hungry, to volumes of history, and algebra, and facts.

A sloop-rigged boat with a crew of two was dancing before a brisk breeze through blue Bermuda water. Off to the right Hamilton rose sheer and colorful from the bay. At the tiller sat the white-clad figure of Adrienne Lescott. Puffs of wind that whipped the tautly billowing sheets lashed her dark hair about her face. Her lips, vividly red like poppy petals, were just now curved into an amused smile, which made them even more than ordinarily kissable and tantalizing. Her companion was neglecting his nominal duty of tending the sheet to watch her.

"Wilfred," she teased, "your contrast is quite startling—and, in a way, effective. From head to foot you are spotless white—but your scowl is absolutely 'the blackest black' that our eyes endure." And, she added, in an injured voice, "I'm sure I've been very nice to you."

"I have not yet begun to scowl," he assured her, and proceeded to show what superlatives of saturnine expression he held in reserve. "See here, Drennie, I know perfectly well that I'm a sheer imbecile to reveal the fact that you've made me mad. It pleases you too perfectly. It makes you happier than is good for you, but—"

"It's a terrible thing to make me happy, isn't it?" she inquired, sweetly.

"Drennie, you have held me off since we were children. I believe I first announced my intention of marrying you

when you were twelve. That intention remains unaltered. More: it is unalterable and inevitable. My reasons for wanting to needn't be rehearsed. It would take too long. I regard you as possessed of an alert and remarkable mind—one worthy of companionship with my own." Despite the frivolous badinage of his words and the humorous smile of his lips, his eyes hinted at an underlying intensity.

"With no desire to flatter or spoil you, I find your personal aspect pleasing enough to satisfy me. And then, while a man should avoid emotionalism, I am in love with you." He moved over to a place in the sternsheets, and his face became intensely earnest. He dropped his hand over hers as it lay on the tiller shaft. "God knows, dear," he exclaimed, "how much I love you!"

Her eyes, after holding his for a moment, fell to the hand which still imprisoned her own. She shook her head, not in anger, but with a manner of gentle denial, until he released her fingers and stepped back.

"You are a dear, Wilfred," she comforted, "and I couldn't manage to get on without you, but you aren't marriageable—at least, not yet."

"Why not?" he asked.

"In the first place, you are one of those men whose fortunes are listed in the top schedule—the swollen fortunes. Socialists would put you in the predatory class."

"Drennie," he groaned, "it's not my fault that I'm rich. It was washed on me. If you are serious, I'm willing to become poor as Job's turkey. Show me the way to strip myself, and I'll stand shortly before you begging alms."

"To what end?" she questioned.

"Poverty would be quite inconvenient. I shouldn't care for it. But hasn't it ever occurred to you that the man who wears the strongest and brightest mail, and who by his own confession is possessed of an alert brain, ought occasionally to be seen in the lists?"

"In short, your charge is that I am a shirker—and, since it's the same thing, a coward?"

Adrienne did not at once answer him, but she straightened out for an uninterrupted run before the wind, and by the tiny moss-green flecks, which moments of great seriousness



"You Are a Dear, Wilfred?"

brought to the depths of her eyes, he knew that she meant to speak the unvelled truth.

"Besides your own holdings in a lot of railways and things, you handle your mother's and sisters' property, don't you?"

He nodded.

"In a fashion, I do. I sigh the necessary papers when the lawyers call me up and ask me to come downtown."

"You are a director in the Metropole Trust company?"

"Gully."

"In the Consolidated Seacoast?"

"I believe so."

"With your friends, who are also shareholders, you could assume control of the Morning Intelligence, couldn't you?"

"I guess I could assume control, but what would I do with it?"

"Do you know the reputation of that newspaper?"

"I guess it's all right. It's conservative and newsy. I read it every morning when I'm in town. It fits in very nicely between the grapefruit and the bacon and eggs."

"It is, also, powerful," she added, "and is said to be absolutely servile to corporate interests."

"Drennie, you talk like an anarchist. You are rich yourself, you know."

"And against each of those other concerns various charges have been made."

"Well, what do want me to do?"

"It's not what I want you to do," she informed me; "it's what I'd like to see you want to do."

"Name it! I'll want to do it forthwith."

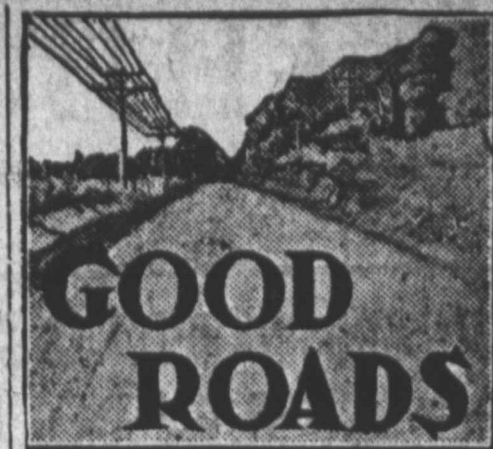
"I think when you are one of a handful of the richest men in New York; when, for instance, you could dictate the policy of a great newspaper, yet know it only as the course that follows your grapefruit, you are a shirker and a drone, and are not playing the tiller."

Her hand tightened on the tiller. "I think if I were a man riding on to the polo field I'd either try like the devil to drive the ball down between the posts, or I'd come inside and take off my boots and colors. I wouldn't hover in a ladylike futility around the edge of the scrimmage."

She knew that to Horton, who played polo like a fiend incarnate, the figure would be effective, and she whipped out her words with something very close to scorn.

"There's my hand on it, Drennie," he said. "We start back to New York tomorrow, don't we? Well, when I get there I put on overalls and go to work. When I propose next I'll have something to show."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## CONCRETE CULVERT IS BEST

Flat-Top Style Being Built in Kansas  
Is Shown in Illustration—Good  
Roads Save Money.

Had we begun not more than fifteen years ago to build concrete culverts and bridges in this township, and continued at the rate we have been building them the last three years, we would now have no place to put another one. Besides our expenses would not have been much more than they have been in building the wooden ones, writes J. T. King, trustee of Lincoln township, Lebo, Kan., in Farmers' Mail and Breeze. We began with the full-arch style of concrete culverts. That was before we knew the good of the flat-top kind. We now use the full arch only where there are high banks on both sides, so we can grade up to the top of the arch and make the road level. For all other places we prefer the flat top. We build them from 2 by 16 feet, to 20 by 16 feet.

All concrete work must be well reinforced with iron wire. We use any kind of bar iron in the tops, laid hit and miss lengthwise with the road. Heavy woven hog wire is laid crosswise of the top and in the wings, intermingled, so as to unite the whole culvert into one piece. The tops have



Flat-Top Style of Culvert an Approved Type.

a crowning of eight inches and are made 8 to 16 inches thick in the center, the thickness varying with the width. The forms are placed so the tops and abutments are all in one piece. The bars or rods must be shaped so as to be partly embedded in the abutment walls.

We have just finished four culverts 12 by 16 feet, made after the plan of the illustration, at a cost of \$150. This may seem to be quite a price, yet if they last as we expect them to, they will be cheap in the long run. We use a lot of iron, any length, in these tops. We get them cheap from junk dealers.

This good roads move is a money saver to the people. More has been done to improve our highways in the last five years than in any 15 years before.

## TEACH GOOD ROAD BUILDING

One Sentence in Discussion of Concrete Construction Worthy of Being Printed in Big Type.

(By E. B. HOUSE, Colorado Agricultural College.)

In the engineering record of recent issue is an interesting article concerning a meeting for the purpose of instruction to road builders, by experts in that line of work.

Speaking of the meeting the Record comments as follows: "One sentence in the discussion of concrete road building would have been worth putting in black type. It is this: 'You cannot design a concrete pavement four miles long and assume that you can use the same cross-section throughout; you will have to design it the same as foundations for a building, depending on the bearing power of the soil, etc.'"

This is undoubtedly true, and yet it states a fact that is almost universally disregarded.

## ROAD DRAG IS INEXPENSIVE

Constant Attention is Price of Good Roads—Objection That Too Much Money is Spent on Grader.

(By C. SCHULTZ.)

I have watched the use of the road drag and the grader past my house this summer. The drag leaves the road in better shape—the grader piling roughage in the middle while the drag smooths it off nicely. But the greatest objection is that the drag is not used often enough. Constant attention is the price of good roads, and the use of the drag is so inexpensive that good roads by its use are obtainable, or would be if the money were not spent in using the grader with four teams and five men. That's the way the money goes.

Permanency of Bridges. Concrete bridges for roads are the kind that spell permanency. Between thrashing outfits and heavy motor cars the county with shaky bridges is in for trouble.

Keep Water Away. Run furrows along hills that may conduct water to a road and keep the water away from road and ditch.

Operating a Drag. Ride the drag. You can control the cut by shifting your weight.

## Fundamental Principles of Health

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M. D.

Copyright, 1914, by A. S. Gray

### MOTHER'S MILK.

It is universally conceded that the most carefully bottle-fed infant has a smaller chance of escaping trouble and achieving health and life than a breast-fed baby of the most ignorant and slovenly mother.

Of course, when the child's artificial food is prepared and given by an intelligent person under competent advice, the baby may get through with a minimum of discomfort and danger from digestive disorders arising from bacterial contamination of its food from unclean cans, bottles, spoons, nipples, tubes and other utensils, devices and attachments intervening between the cow or the factory and its mouth; but granting that all sources of bacterial contamination are overcome, there still will remain the absence of an automatically adjusting physiological food supply, which no other than the human animal can furnish.

In composition milk is highly complex and variable. The important constituents are the fats, held in emulsion as minute oil droplets; casein, a nucleo-albumen which clots under the influence of rennin; milk albumen or lactalbumen; a proteid resembling serum albumen; lactoglobulin; lactose or milk sugar; lecithin, cholesterol, phosphoric acid, urea, citric acid, enzymes and mineral salts. The mineral contents of milk comprise appreciable quantities of sodium, calcium, magnesium, iron, phosphorus and chlorine, besides probably minute quantities of other elements not yet determined.

By reason of the fact that casein and milk sugar do not exist in the blood it is held that they are formed by the secretory metabolism of the gland cell under the action of a hormone (stimulating property). And the composition of the milk fat and the histological appearance of the gland cells during secretion leads to the view that the fat is also constructed within the gland itself. Bunge has called attention to the fact that the inorganic salts of milk differ quantitatively from those in the blood plasma and resemble closely the proportions found in the body of the young animal, thus indicating an adaptive secretion. The casein of human milk is smaller in amount, curdles in looser flocks than cow's milk and seems to dissolve more easily and completely in gastric juice. Human milk also contains relatively more lecithin and less ash, while cow's milk, on the other hand, contains less sugar and fat. Human milk, in short, is a complex compound no factory can even approximate to any appreciable degree.

Experience by poultry raisers proves artificial brooding to be lamentably inefficient; the best kerosene lamp, assisted by the most earnest human effort, making but a pitiable showing compared with the average results achieved by a sturdy old hen—and bottle fed babies are about at par with brooder chicks.

The absence of normal building material while the foundations of life are being laid insures a handicap the organism must carry all through life; hence every mother should recognize the ethical and racial obligations she is under to keep up a supply of milk through the period of normal lactation.

This brings up the question of how a poor or deficient supply of mother's milk may be increased or bettered and how it may be maintained through the period of lactation. Generally the physician is not consulted about the matter until a short time before the baby is expected, and then the best he can do is to recommend a nourishing diet. It is highly suggestive in this connection to note that practically every such recommendation includes some form of malt extract, and that practically without exception all proprietary compounds claiming to be good for nursing mothers are founded on malt. Experience proves that nothing appears more quickly to promote the secretion of milk than good malt extracts and many brands possessing various degrees of merit and grades of nutritive value are to be found in the market.

The experience of dairymen proves that it makes little difference what food is given a cow; the quality of the milk, so far as the fat content is concerned, will remain the same. Quality is inherent and essentially a matter of type and of breeding, but quantity can be developed. A cow will be born to give milk containing, for example, four per cent butter fat, and she will continue to give four per cent milk under all conditions, be the quantity much or little. An abundance of food and water coupled with kind treatment may increase the quantity of milk given, but it will not influence the quality; that will remain steadfastly at four per cent fat.

The cow is generally believed to be the most placid, calm and docile of animals; nevertheless she is highly sensitive to handling and under identical conditions of food and stabling one milker may be able to secure nearly double the quantity of milk from the same cow that another milker will pro-

duce, the difference in the results depending on the bond of sympathy established between the animal and the milker. Good food and equanimity then, are essential factors to an abundant milk supply. Inasmuch as all animal life is subject to the same laws it is reasonable to assume that, as the human being is more intellectual than the cow, mental irritation and anxiety may exert proportionately even a greater influence on the human milk secretion. But however that may be, obviously the full action of these two factors will not be attained by telephone conversations or by means of a written order on a drug store; on the contrary results can be expected only from a careful, comprehensive preparation and training on the part of the mother.

The absence of this training in the individual home constitutes one of the fundamental weaknesses in our civilization and is, to no small degree, responsible for our weaklings and the serious problems of intemperance and social unrest now confronting us.

### MALT AND MILK.

It is perfectly obvious that the ultimate source of milk in all mammals must rest on the food intake. Consequently, wherever a mother suffering from a deficient milk supply seeks, from those qualified to advise, information as to how she may correct the unfortunate condition, she is invariably recommended to use a more nutritious diet. In other words, she is informed indirectly that the food she has habitually used is deficient in some important particular.

Almost without exception, the diet recommended to a mother includes some form of malt.

The word malt is believed to be derived from a Sanscrit word meaning soft, and having a reference to the fact that malt is raw grain made soft or tender by a process in which germination has been caused to proceed to a certain stage and is then controlled and checked by the gradual removal of the water and finally completely arrested by drying through the application of heat in kilns.

During this limited germination enzymes are developed and the constituents of the grain are so modified that the finished malt differs from the original raw grain in that the greater portion is split into simpler compounds that more easily dissolve. An enzyme is a complex organic substance, or an unorganized or chemical ferment, capable of effecting by catalytic action the transformation, splitting up or digestion of other compounds.

The changes effected by the partial germination and subsequent treatment of the grain are chiefly the conversion of the nitrogenous substances into the starch into grape sugar by the action of the diastase, the imparting of color and flavor to the malt in the kiln. Diastase is an enzyme of great physiological importance in that it is capable of converting starch and glycogen into sugar (principally maltose) and dextrins. It occurs in germinating seeds, in the leaves and in other parts of plants and also in various animal secretions, such as the saliva and the pancreatic juice.

A very common medical preparation in the form of a sirup of about the consistency of a heavy molasses is made by digesting sprouting malt in water, expressing the solution, precipitating it with alcohol and drying the precipitate.

Two new words have recently been added to our vocabulary—"hormones," by Starling, in 1906, and "vitamines," by Funk, in 1912. Investigations conducted since 1889 have fully demonstrated that some of our ductless glands play a role of vast importance in general nutrition, and this knowledge has proved very useful in widening our conception of the nutritional relations in the body. The conception that certain glandular organs may give rise to chemical products which on entering the circulation influence the activity of one or more other organs is finding application in the study of the digestive secretions.

The gastric and pancreatic "secretions" are regarded as examples of internal secretions. Chemical products of this kind which stimulate the activity of special organs are what Starling designates hormones.

Following a long series of investigations into the causes of beriberi and similar diseases, Funk in 1912 isolated some highly complex nitrogenous bodies from the grindings from rice, from seeds, whole grains, raw milk, fresh meat, yeast, fresh fruit juices, the yolk of egg and the like. Because these compounds were nitrogenous and proved to be absolutely essential to organic life—the absence of them is demonstrated to be the cause of death from polyneuritis—Funk named them "vitamines."

The vitamins are soluble in water and are destroyed by exposure for ten to twenty minutes to a temperature of 248 to 260 degrees Fahrenheit and by extreme dryness. So far as is known, animals are incapable of making vitamins; normally they are found in plants, and especially in their seeds, and in animals that eat fresh vegetable matter containing vitamins. Funk regards vitamins as the mother substance of ferments and the hormones, and of vital importance to the thyroid and other ductless glands; consequently, they are fundamentally the regulators of the general co-ordination of our bodies.

Obviously this all points to a reason for the effectiveness of malt on milk secretion and opens wide the question of nutrition in general.

Panama is considering the establishment of a national school of telegraphy.

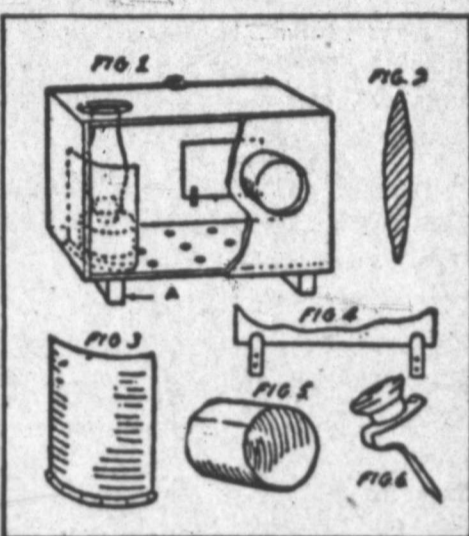
## NEWS for the YOUNG PEOPLE

### CARD REFLECTOR IS AMUSING

Machine Has Advantage Over Magic Lantern in That Objects May Be Shown Without Buying Slides.

There is nothing complicated about this amusing machine, so it is quite possible for anyone who can use tools at all to make one of them. The postcard reflector has an advantage over the common magic lantern in that with it you can throw on the screen postcards, photographs, insects, pierced flowers, etc., in their natural colors, without going to the expense of buying slides.

In Fig. 1 is shown the "insides" of a postcard reflector that is within the



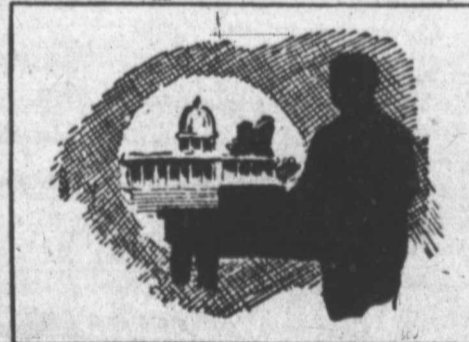
Details of Reflector.

ability of anyone to make. The main part is a box about eight by twelve by fourteen inches. The exact size does not matter, for each person may have different materials with which to work. The box should be light-tight and a lid should be provided for it. The inside is stained a dead black with ink, or a mixture of turpentine and lampblack. Be sure to get all portions of the inside well blacked, as a good deal depends on this in the successful working of the machine.

Now, with the lid off, and the box lying on its side, place a curved reflector in one corner, and fasten it firmly to the bottom by the tabs left for the purpose. The shape of this reflector is shown in Fig. 3. Next set a lamp up close to the reflector and cut a hole directly above to allow the chimney to go on. The reflector should be made of very bright tin. Now light the lamp and put the cover on the box, noting where the reflection thrown on it is brightest, and directly opposite this point put a double convex lens. The size may range from two to three or even five inches in diameter, but the hole cut must be, of course, similar to the size of the lens you use. The tube can be made from sheet iron or anything that happens to be the right diameter and three or four inches long. Fig. 5 shows its general shape.

When this is done, fasten a couple of metal clamps, cut from tin or spring brass, so that they will hold a card firmly against the back or the lid of the box right where the reflected light is brightest. Fig. 4 shows how they work and the shape to which they are bent. Another pair may be put a little lower for holding cards on which the view is lengthwise.

Now hinge the cover to the bottom board and at the top fasten a friction clip, as shown in Fig. 6, for holding the back shut while the card is in position. Fig. 2, explains what is



A Postcard Reflected.

meant by a double convex lens. These lenses are the kind used in reading glasses and the two-inch size is listed by one dealer for 40 cents each. But of course, each individual will find different conditions under which to work. Persons who have the advantage of electric lights may obtain better results by placing a reflector and an incandescent lamp in each corner so that the reflection is thrown to the center of the back, and placing the lens accordingly.

Study carefully the drawings, and you will find no difficulty in understanding them. A word might be said in regard to getting the adjustments right. If it refuses to throw a clear cut image slip the tube back and forth in the hole until this is obtained. If you cannot get a clear image, then it shows that the clip tube is too short, and a longer one will remedy the difficulty. If an oil lamp is used, the machine should have small blocks nailed to the bottom, as in Fig. 1 (A) and holes bored in the bottom to admit air to the lamp.—J. L. D.

Where Dignity Interferes. Some high school boys are successful athletes and are proud of their muscles, but their dignity interferes with their splitting the wood and carrying out the ashes.

### MANY LANGUAGES OF PEOPLE

More Than 4,000 Spoken by Mankind. Besides Innumerable Dialects—Improvement is Seen.

How many men, if asked how many languages there are in the world, could give anything like an accurate answer? The average man's knowledge or ability to speak languages rarely exceeds two besides his native tongue, yet we find that the Emperor Francis Joseph, when visiting a Red Cross hospital, recently spoke with the patients in their own languages, which shows the aged emperor to be master of six.

It may appear strange, but it is nevertheless true, that there are over 4,000 languages spoken by mankind, while the number of dialects exceeds this, remarks a writer in London Answers. There are more than sixty vocabularies in Brazil, and in Mexico the Nahuia is broken up into some 700 dialects. There are hundreds in Borneo, while in Australia there is no classifying the complexities. Let us assume that fifty dialects on an average belong to each language, and we have the colossal total of 250,000 linguistic abilities.

A century hence the probability is that there will only be four languages of importance in the world. Central Europe may produce a newer and more straightforward German language, imperial English may reign alone over the North American continent, while more businesslike Spanish will be used in South American states, while Russia may take on some more rich Slavonic dialect, which will blend the races of eastern Europe and central Asia into a harmonious federation. So that in future these four languages will enter into what may be a never ending competition.

### RUBBER-BAND-CHANGE TRICK

Little Strips Transferred From One Finger to Another Without Detection, if Done Quickly.

The trick of changing a rubber band from the first and second finger to the third and fourth, if done quickly, can be performed without detection by any one, writes E. K. Marshall of Oak Park, Ill., in Popular Mechanics. The band on the first two fingers is shown to the spectator as in Fig. 1, with the back of the hand up. The hand is then turned over and the band drawn out quickly, as shown in Fig.



Rubber Band Trick.

2, in a manner as to give the impression that the band is whole and on the two fingers. While doing this, quickly fold all the fingers so that their ends enter the band, and turn the hand over and let go the band, then show the back with the fingers doubled up. In reality the fingers will be in the band, as in Fig. 3, and the back will still show the band on the first two fingers. Quickly straighten out all the fingers, and the band will snap over the last two fingers, as shown in Fig. 4.

### FACTS ABOUT EYEGLASSES

Ancients Knew Nothing of Aids of Vision—Spectacles First Used at End of Thirteenth Century.

It is hard to realize what our ancestors did without the help of spectacles. The first mention of them seems to be towards the end of the thirteenth century, when convex spectacles were invented—it is supposed—by Roger Bacon. Concave glasses were introduced soon afterward, but the Spectacle Makers' company of London was not incorporated until 1630. It seems that the ancients knew nothing of these aids of vision; and it is more than likely that Homer and even Milton might have been spared their blindness, had they understood the use of powerful lenses. Eyeglasses came in much later, when the spectacles were considered too cumbersome for fashionable wear; and lorgnettes came even later, when great ladies wished an ornamental case for their eyeglasses. The eyeglasses of today fit on the nose with a spring—formerly they were held simply by the hand.

To What Haven? The girl who grumbles because she never goes anywhere and nothing ever changes, is in reality a ceaseless traveler, and nothing in her life is ever the same, for two minutes together. The irresistible current of the stream we call time is hurrying us on, and however attractive some spot on the bank may be, we can only admire it as we pass by. There is no such thing as mooring our little craft and letting the river leave us behind. Each one of us is a traveler and the thing of chief moment is to know to what haven we are bound.—Girl's Companion.

Transmitting Words. You may send words by mail, or you can express them.

# 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

# OUR GUARANTEE

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

**Strength for Motherhood**

MOTHERHOOD is not a time for experiment, but for proven qualities, and nothing exceeds the value of good cheer, needful exercise and SCOTT'S EMULSION.

SCOTT'S EMULSION charges the blood with life-sustaining richness, suppresses nervous conditions, aids the quality and quantity of milk and insures sufficient fat.

Its COD LIVER OIL feeds the very life cells. Its LIME and SODA help build tissues and make teaching easy.

14-0 Avoid Substitutes. No Alcohol

**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

Gov. Ferguson has made it plain to committees who have visited him regarding the establishment of two new normals in the state, that until he is thoroughly convinced that the existing normals can no longer take care of the students he will approve no more schools. Gov. Ferguson is a business man and does not believe in hiring six men to do the work four is accomplishing.

L. Bader brought to the News office this week a copy of the Manchester, England, Dispatch. The English newspaper is considerably different from the American. It has the entire front page filled with ads—mostly of want ads. It told of the German Zeppelins raid on England, and this news is given on the fifth page. There are few display ads in the paper.

**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.

**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)

**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.

**SAFETY NOTES**

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Park entertained a number of the music lovers of the city Monday night at a five course progressive dinner, the occasion being their fourth wedding anniversary. Mrs. R. S. Pipkin assisted in the serving. The guests were given hand painted menu cards which assigned them to their partners and tables. Changes were made in tables and partners between each course. The violet and white color scheme was effectively used. During the dinner a record program was played on the victrola and following was a Maud Powell program. Favors were given of violets and white carnations and crochet baskets. The following were the guests for the evening: Messrs. and Mesdames Ing-ham, Keiser, Shirley, Warwick, Griffin, Guenther, Mesdames Mayne, Pipkin, Tucker, Misses Kline, Harrison.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Park will entertain today Messrs. and Mesdames Winkelman, Harrison and Garner at a dinner followed by forty two.

The Berean and Fidelis classes of the Baptist church met at the B. T. Johnson home Monday night. At a business session the following officers were elected:

- Floy Brown, president.
- Ruth Wakefield, vice pres.
- Emma Key, second vice pres.
- Vera Johnson, secy.
- Pearl White, treas.

One of the events of the evening was a talk by Mr. Hunter, state secretary of college Y. M. C. A. During the evening the classes presented Chas. Stratton, who was recently married, with a number of useful presents. Refreshments were served of cocoa, cake, salad and pickles.

Mrs. A. B. Haynes gave a surprise birthday dinner in honor of Rev. Haynes at their home south of the city Tuesday night. The guests were Rev. Sharp of Tulia, Messrs. and Mesdames T. C. Thompson, H. W. Morelock and Miss Frankie Gober.

**Mrs. Edith Howell Married.**

It was quite a surprise to many when the announcement was made that Mrs. Edith Howell, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. M. E. Hawkins, and Dr. J. E. Sewell of Midlothian, Texas, were married at the Methodist parsonage Tuesday at 8:30. The ceremony was performed by the brides father in the presence of the immediate members of the family. The bridal couple left immediately on the southbound train for Austin on their bridal tour. Dr. Sewell is a druggist and one of the leading business men of Midlothian. Mrs. Howell is the oldest daughter of Rev. and Mrs. M. E. Hawkins and is an accomplished young lady and has made many friends in her short residence in Memphis. After their honeymoon trip they will be at home to their friends at Midlothian their future home. The best wishes of everyone goes with them for a happy married life.—Memphis Democrat.

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

**The Scrap Book**

**A Hotel Joke.**  
Simon Ford, who accomplished the extraordinary feat of running the Grand Union hotel and being a humorist of nation wide reputation at the same time, was asked what he considered the best joke.

"I never tell stories," said he, "nor can I remember them." That looked discouraging. But presently Mr. Ford brightened up amazingly and finished his comment in this way:  
Here is a bit of humor, however, and a true hotel happening.  
Our steward had printed on the bills of fare the following notice:  
"Articles brought into the hotel and used at the tables will be charged for as though furnished by the house."  
Some one mailed me one of these bills and under the notice he had written:  
"Does this apply to false teeth?"  
—New York Times.

**The Happiest Heart.**  
Who drives the horses of the sun  
Shall lord it but a day.  
Better the lowly deed were done  
And kept the humble way.  
The rust will find the sword of fame:  
The dust will hide the crown.  
Aye, none shall nail so high his name  
Times will not tear it down.  
The happiest heart that ever beat  
Was in some quiet breast  
That found the common daylight sweet  
And left to heaven the rest.  
—John Vance Cheney.

**Regretted Her Rash Wish.**  
Once when Strickland Gillilan was lecturing at the home of "Tama Jim" Wilson (Tama, Ia.), the afternoon was dark in the big Chautauqua pavilion and the speaker was in almost total eclipse.  
"Taffy" Sears, a fellow lecturer, standing near the back of the building, heard a lady whisper:  
"My, I wish they'd turn on the footlights so we could see his face!"  
Pretty soon the lights flashed up. She caught a good look at the homely and expressionless mug of him, and she exclaimed far more fervently:  
"My, I wish they'd turn out those footlights!"—Judge.

**Amended the Sign.**  
A locally famous sign painter, now deceased, was asked to paint a sign—"The Union Five Cents Savings Bank."  
As this was a new bank in town, he was instructed to turn out something rather unusual, and he promised faithfully to do his best. When the sign was finished it was brought for the inspection of the trustees, who were somewhat disquieted when they saw that the sign read as follows: "The Union Five-Cent Savings Bank."  
Considerable discussion ensued when they requested him to add an "r" which he had omitted and he retorted that no "r" was necessary, but as they insisted he took it back to the shop, very much disgusted with the evident lack of the first principles of education.  
When he brought it back it read as follows: "The Union Five-Cent Savings Bank."  
"That," he said, "is gorry! Be you satisfied now?"—New York Times.

**For Good Cause.**  
A man allowed himself to get very much excited about a letter he had written to the editor of a newspaper. He told a friend that he intended to lick the editor.  
"Why?"  
"Well, the other day I sent him a letter on public affairs, which I signed 'Honestas.'"  
"Didn't he print it?"  
"Sure he printed it. But what did he do but add an 's' to the signature!"

**Fooled Him.**  
"When I was young in the profession," said a dentist, "I was working in a country place for a few weeks to help a friend. One day a farmer came in—a big, muscular chap, full of blooded bone of the sort whose teeth come like the roots of oak trees.  
"As he sat in the chair he asked, 'Will it hurt?'  
"Feeling in a rather jocular mood, I answered, 'Well, if it doesn't it shan't cost you anything.' Then I fell to work.  
"The tooth came even harder than I expected, so as the man got up from the chair and pulled himself together—he had not uttered a sound—I said, 'Well, did it hurt?'  
"Not a bit," answered the countryman, and strode out of the office, leaving me minus a fee, completely nonplussed and the laughing stock of my friend and the two or three patrons who sat about the office.  
"I have never tried to be funny professionally since," said he meditatively.

**A Use For His Voice.**  
On one occasion while crossing the ocean David Bispham, the famous opera singer, in addition to his contribution to the usual concert program given for the benefit of the sailors' widows and children fund offered to auction a program which had been autographed by all the distinguished people on board. He actually secured \$800 for the program, which was added to the receipts from tickets. After it was all over a gentleman approached Mr. Bispham and said, with all due admiration and enthusiasm: "Say, I'm a New York auctioneer, and I want to tell you that was great work you did tonight. Here is my card, and whenever you want to give up singing you just come down to me, and I'll give you \$10,000 a year to sell our stock."—Advertisement.

**FAIR AND CLEAR**—that's the way your skin will be, if you'll take Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Pimples, blotches, eruptions, and humors are utterly banished by this medicine. It takes away, more thoroughly and certainly than anything else, the blood poisons or impurities that cause them.  
For every Skin, Scalp, and Scrofulous affection, no matter how it came, the "Discovery" cleanses, builds up, strengthens, and invigorates every part of the system. Eczema, Erysipelas, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Boils, Carbuncles, Enlarged Glands, and the worst Scrofulous Sores and Swellings are completely and permanently cured by it.  
Mrs. W. L. Yarnon, of 402 S. Tennessee Street, McKinney, Texas, says:  
"I have used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and found it a wonderful medicine. Was greatly benefited by its use. I think it is a fine blood tonic—good for children. Hope it will do for others what it has done for me."

**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—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  
Wanted to Buy—A 3 or 4 room home without lot, also small barn and windmill. Apply to M. Hollenstein, Umbarger, Texas. 47p2  
Found—Two new dark blue bonnets after last Wednesday's wind storm. Same may be had by paying for this ad and calling Mrs. C. N. Harrison.

Attention farmers—How about those work teams, isn't it better to have one horse or mule extra than to be one short, in most promising season in last ten years for both crop and good prices. I have for sale one pair geldings 6 and 8 years old both No. 1 farm horses, Wgt. about 1400 lbs. each, price \$300. One span mules coming 4 years old, extra good mules, are broke, wgt. about 2200 lbs., price \$325. One pair mules 3 years old, wgt. about 1800 lbs. are gentle, partly broke, price \$235. One gelding coming 3 years old, gentle, wgt. about 1000 lbs., price \$135. One gelding coming 3 years old, partly broke, price \$125. R. G. Bader, Canyon, Texas. 47p3  
For Sale—Bred sows. Paul Flugel, 5 miles northeast of Canyon. 47p3  
Wanted to rent—Quarter or half section farm. See Paul Flugel. 47p3  
For sale or trade for Umbarger property—Quarter section near Shamrock, Wheeler county, Texas. Apply Leo Stoker, Umbarger, Texas. 47p2  
Wanted—Boys and girls to distribute samples. Make 50c to \$1 after school. Everything post paid. Wichita Fall Speciality Co., Wichita Falls, Texas, Box 527. p1  
All of Survey No. 104 Certificate No. 998 Block M. 8. for sale. Price \$9000.00, one-half cash, balance 5 years at 6 per cent interest. Inquire of J. M. Bricker, Nevada, Iowa. 47p6

**Everyone is Interested**

**UNQUESTIONABLY YOU'RE INTERESTED**

In making money. Everyone wants to succeed in life and rise both socially and financially. Its 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

**Normal Anniversary Next Wednesday.**  
Next Wednesday is the sixth anniversary of the laying of the corner stone of the old Normal building and the event will be celebrated by an appropriate program in the morning. J. W. Reid is master of ceremony. There will be no school work that day and all of the classes will take part in the program.  
Mrs. C. H. Coolman of Los Angeles, California is visiting at the parental E. F. Miller home.  
Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Keiser left this morning for a visit with Mrs. Keiser's sisters in Florida.  
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  
Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days  
Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. The first application gives Ease and Rest. 50c.

**Santa Fe Time Table.**

**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.

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.

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.

**The current is on in the mornings from 5:15 until 8**

Why not use an **ELECTRIC TOASTER** at the breakfast table?

Make the toast as needed and eat it piping hot from the grill.

The "El Tosto" at \$3.50 is the best toaster we know of. You can see it at our store. Come in.

**Canyon Power Company**

**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

**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.

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

**Prove What Swamp-Root Will do for You**

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

(Advertisement)

**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**  
**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.**

Next Sunday evening at 8 o'clock there will be a free Christian Science lecture in the Mission Theatre at Amarillo. Many will go from Canyon.

The orchestra plays at the opera house Monday night, 10 and 15 cents admission. tf

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Park were in Amarillo Friday.

Otto Raifs, Will Foster and A. Forsythe of Happy were in the city Tuesday.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Groves'

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

Mrs. Myrtle Hoff was in Amarillo yesterday.

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

Rev. J. M. Harder of Plainview was in the city yesterday.

Miss Billings of Amarillo is visiting Miss Virgie Thomson.

The orchestra assisted by the band will give a concert at the opera house Monday night. Four reel feature motion picture "Ivanhoe". t

Mrs. Grace Reid of Graham will arrive tonight to visit at the parental W. T. Moreland home.

The Commissioners Court is in session this week. So far they have taken up only the routine work of the court.

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

Miss Sara Johnson of Farwell is visiting at the Reeves home.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Jarrett were in Hereford Sunday.

I expect a full line of garden seeds this week. D. N. Redburn. t1

Mrs. Lee Burgess and daughter arrived Sunday from Iowa.

Joe Foster is having the house remodeled that he moved out from town and will move to it Saturday.

Hear the orchestra at the opera house Monday night. t

Mrs. Ingham and Mrs. Joe Gamble were in Amarillo Friday.

G. W. Willingham and family of Amarillo visited at the J. A. Harbison home Sunday.

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

J. W. Rattikin loaded out his household goods Monday to move to his new farm in Jones county.

H. W. Morelock is building a garage at his new home.

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

Mrs. Fannie Eaton, Miss Maud Wheaton, J. Sidney Hundley and C. F. Concannon were in Amarillo Monday.

Mrs. V. Edna Henson was in Plainview last Wednesday.

Call 88 for prompt deliver. Hughes Transfer. 46p4

Elder J. F. Copeland of Lockney will preach next Sunday morning and at 4 p. m. at the old Ewell Brown residence south and east of the Presbyterian church.

Mrs. Ed Pipkin of Amarillo visited this week in the city.

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

John A. Wilson was in the News office yesterday and shot his subscription date up two years. He says that the sentiment expressed in the News last week against the division of Texas suited him exactly. Mr. Wilson is the biggest wheat grower in Randall county and has in 1000 acres this year.

C. R. McAfee returned Tuesday night from a business trip to Corsicana.

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

Mrs. Albert Foster went to Silverton Sunday to visit her parents before joining Albert in Ft. Worth.

The dam at the Canyon Club grounds was completed last week.

Mrs. Estelle Tucker visited in Hereford over Sunday.

Invigorating to the Pale and Sickly

**FAMILY AVOIDS SERIOUS SICKNESS**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Ordinance No. 29.**

An ordinance Supplementing and Amending Ordinance No. 22: Be it Ordained by the City Council of Canyon City, Texas, Section No. 1. The Minimum Monthly water rate is due on the 1st day of each month, in advance, and the Meter reading over and above the Minimum is due on the 1st day of the succeeding month.

Section No. 2. All rent charges must be paid by the 10th day of the succeeding month for which service was rendered.

Section No. 3. The City Collector is hereby authorized and instructed to send a list of the names of all persons who have failed to comply with section No. 2 above on the 11th day of each month to the Superintendent of the City Water Plant, and it shall be his duty when so notified by the city water collector to cut off and discontinue the supply of water from the City mains.

Section No. 4. Persons failing to pay said water rents and are cut off as is provided in Section No. 3 of this Ordinance, may have the water turned on and service resumed, by paying all rents due at the time the service was discontinued and paying a fee of one dollar for having the water turned on.

Section No. 5. This Ordinance shall take effect from and after the date of its passage, approval, and publication.

Passed and approved this the 2nd day of Feb. A. D. 1915.

F. M. Wilson, Mayor.  
 Attest: C. R. Flesher, City Secretary.

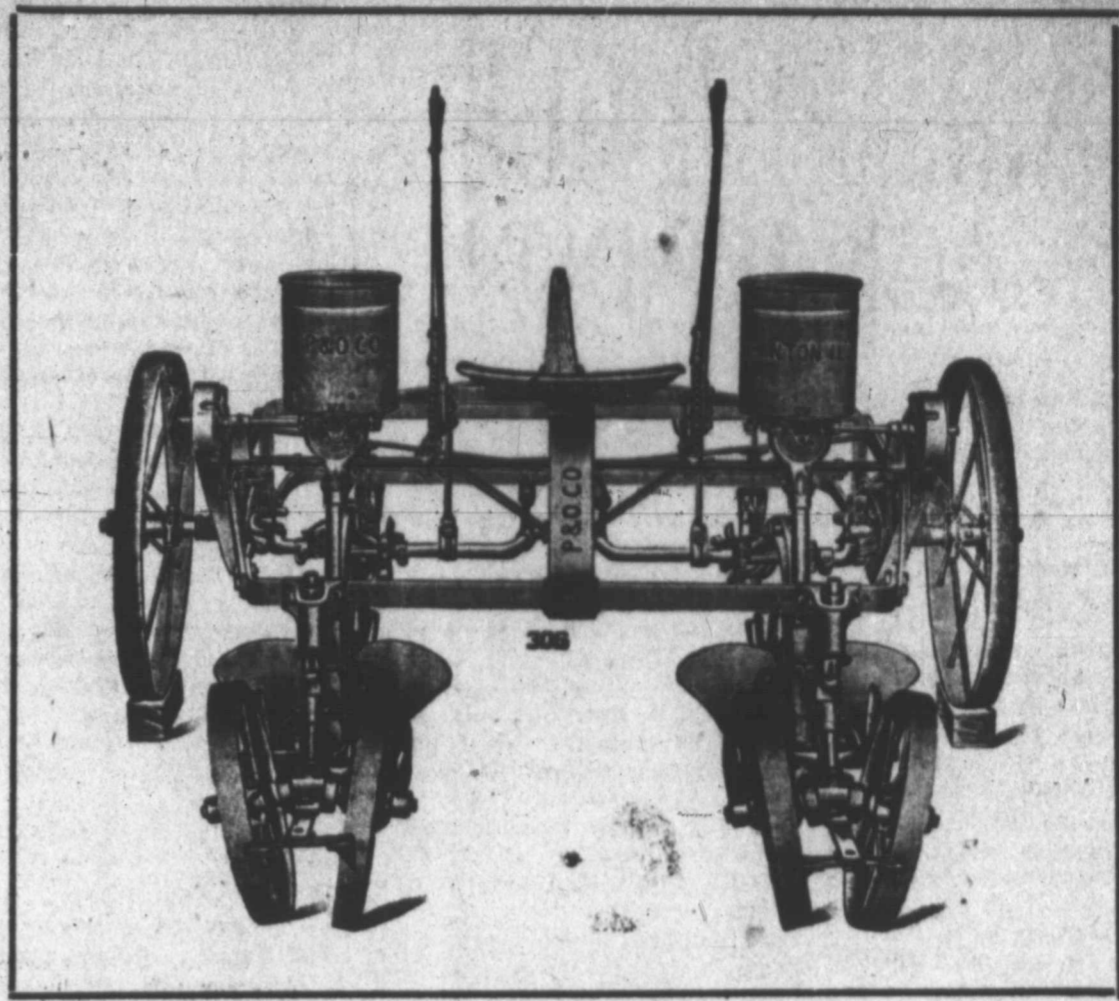
**The Quinine That Does Not Affect The Head**  
 Because of its tonic and laxative effect. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of R. W. GROVES, 25c.

E. F. Miller is the earliest gardner in Randall county. He set out a large number of cabbage plants last Saturday. Sunday morning there was considerable ice but the plants are alive and growing fine. Mr. Miller has received much literature concerning this cabbage plant—called the frost proof, and in order to introduce them into this country the raiser sent Mr. Miller a number for experimental purposes. He claims they will stand early freezes. Mr. Miller recently talked with an Oklahoma man who had tried the plants and says they have proven successful in his country so that no other variety is used. The experiment will be watch with interest by Canyon people.

Miss Fay Garrison of Plainview was the guest of Mrs. Jeff Wallace Monday and Tuesday.

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



**P. & O. and JOHN DEERE**  
**ONE AND TWO ROW LISTERS**

That will work perfectly in all kinds of land to list and re-list. Easy to handle and will do perfect work. One man can do the work of two with a two row lister. Equipped with either shovel or disc covers. Can adjust rows any width. See these listers before you buy.

**Thompson Hardware Co.**



**The Light of the House**

When The Texas Company first introduced its illuminating oil into the Northern States and other parts of the country, the value of this high quality oil was unknown.

Today the distributing facilities of The Texas Company and its agents are carrying this light into the homes of the people of many lands, and all over the world the quality is known and the service appreciated.

It is, in fact, preeminently "the light of the home," burning with a clear, white light which is easy to read or work by. Burning just as brightly with the last drop as the first.

TEXACO ILLUMINATING OIL is one of the products manufactured in Texas which has carried the Red-Star-Green-T trade-mark in its remarkable growth; a growth made possible by unvarying QUALITY AND SERVICE policy.

This product is sold in your town with the other Texaco products which are of particular value to you. Ask for it.

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

"Sit down," Edwin counseled soothingly. "Granser's all right. He's just gettin' to the Scarlet Death, ain't you, Granser? He's just goin' to tell us about it right now. Sit down, Hare-Lip. Go ahead, Granser."

The old man wiped the tears away on his grimy knuckles and took up the tale in a tremulous, piping voice that soon strengthened as he got the swing of the narrative.

"It was in the summer of 1913 that the plague came. I was twenty-seven years old, and well do I remember it. Wireless dispatches—"

Hare-Lip spat loudly his disgust, and Granser hastened to make amends.

"We talked through the air in those days, thousands and thousands of miles. And the word came of a strange disease that had broken out in New York. There were seventeen millions of people living then in that noblest city of America. Nobody thought anything about the news. It was only a small thing. There had been only a few deaths. It seemed, though, that they had died very quickly, and that one of the first signs of the disease was the turning red of the face and all the body. Within twenty-four hours came the report of the first case in Chicago. And on the same day, it was made public that London, the greatest city in the world next to Chicago, had been secretly fighting the plague for two weeks and censoring the news dispatches—that is, not permitting the word to go forth to the rest of the world that London had the plague.

"It looked serious, but we in California, like everywhere else, were not alarmed. We were sure that the bacteriologists would find a way to overcome this new germ just as they had overcome other germs in the past. But the trouble was the astonishing quickness with which this germ destroyed human beings, and the fact that it inevitably killed any human body it entered. No one ever recovered. There was the old Asiatic cholera, when you might eat dinner with a well man in the evening, and the next morning, if you got up early enough, you would see him being hauled by your window in the death cart. But this new plague was quicker than that—much quicker. From the moment of the first signs of it, a man would be dead in an hour. Some lasted for several hours. Many died within ten or fifteen minutes of the appearance of the first signs.

"The heart began to beat faster and the heat of the body to increase. Then came the scarlet rash, spreading like wildfire over the face and body. Most persons never noticed the increase in heat and heart-beat, and the first they knew was when the scarlet rash came out. Usually, they had convulsions at the time of the appearance of the rash. But these convulsions did not last long and were not very severe. If one lived through them, he became perfectly quiet, and only did he feel a numbness swiftly creeping up his body from the feet. The heels became numb first, then the legs, and hips, and when the numbness reached as high as his heart he died. They did not rave or sleep. Their minds always remained cool and calm up to the moment their hearts numbed and stopped. And another strange thing was the rapidity of decomposition. No sooner was a person dead than the body seemed to fall to pieces, to fly apart, to melt away even as you looked at it. That was one of the reasons the plague spread so rapidly. All the billions of germs in a corpse were so immediately released.

"And it was because of all this that the bacteriologists had so little chance in fighting the germs. They were killed in their laboratories even as they studied the germs of the Scarlet Death. They were heroes. As fast as they perished, others stepped forth and took their places. It was in London that they first isolated it. The news was telegraphed everywhere. Trask was the name of the man who succeeded in this, but within thirty hours he was dead. Then came the struggle in all the laboratories to find something that would kill the plague germs. All drugs failed. You see, the problem was to get a drug, or serum, that would kill the germ in the body and not kill the body. They tried to fight it with other germs, to put into the body of a sick man germs that were the enemies of the plague germs—"

"And you can't see these germ things, Granser," Hare-Lip objected, "and here you gabble, gabble, gabble about them as if they was anything, when they're nothing at all. Anything you can't see ain't—that's what. Fighting things that ain't with things that ain't! They must have been all fools in them days. That's why they

croaked. I ain't goin' to believe in such rot. I tell you that."

Granser promptly began to weep, while Edwin hotly took up his defense.

"Look here, Hare-Lip, you believe in lots of things you can't see."

Hare-Lip shook his head.

"You believe in dead men walking about. You never seen one dead man walk about."

"I tell you I see 'em, last winter, when I was wolf hunting with dad."

"Well, you always spit when you cross running water," Edwin challenged.

"That's to keep off bad luck," was Hare-Lip's defense.

"You believe in bad luck?"

"Sure."

"Ain't you ain't never seen bad luck," Edwin concluded triumphantly. "You're just as bad as Granser and his germs. You believe in what you don't see. Go on, Granser."

Hare-Lip, crushed by this metaphysical defeat, remained silent, and the old man went on. Often and often, though this narrative must not be clogged by the details, was Granser's tale interrupted while the boys squabbled among themselves. Also, among themselves they kept up a constant, low-voiced explanation and conjecture, as they strove to follow the old man into his unknown and vanished world.

"The Scarlet Death broke out in San Francisco. The first death came on a Monday morning. By Thursday they were dying like flies in Oakland and San Francisco. They died everywhere—in their beds, at their work, walking along the street. It was on Tuesday that I saw my first death—Miss Collbran, one of my students, sitting right there before my eyes, in my lecture room. I noticed her face while I was talking. It had suddenly turned scarlet. I ceased speaking and could only look at her, for the first fear of the plague was already on all of us and we knew that it had come. The young women screamed and ran out of the room. So did the young men run out, all but two. Miss Collbran's convulsions were very mild and lasted less than a minute. One of the young men fetched her a glass of water. She drank only a little of it, and cried out:

"My feet! All sensation has left them."

"After a minute she said, 'I have no feet. I am unaware that I have any feet. And my knees are cold. I can scarcely feel that I have knees.'"

"She lay on the floor, a bundle of notebooks under her head. And we could do nothing. The coldness and the numbness crept up past her hips to her heart, and when it reached her heart she was dead. In fifteen minutes, by the clock—I timed it—she was dead, there, in my own classroom, dead. And she was a very beautiful, strong, healthy young woman. And from the first sign of the plague to her death only fifteen minutes elapsed. That will show you how swift was the Scarlet Death.

"Yet in those few minutes I remained with the dying woman in my classroom, the alarm had spread over the university; and the students, by thousands, all of them, had deserted the lecture rooms and laboratories. When I emerged, on my way to make report to the president of the faculty, I found the university deserted. Across the campus were several stragglers hurrying for their homes. Two of them were running.

"President Hoag I found in his office, alone, looking very old and very gray, with a multitude of wrinkles in his face that I had never seen before. At the sight of me, he pulled himself to his feet and tottered away to the inner office, banging the door after him and locking it. You see, he knew I had been exposed, and he was afraid. He shouted to me through the door to go away. I shall never forget my feelings as I walked down the silent corridors and out across that deserted campus. I was not afraid, I had been exposed, and I looked upon myself as already dead. It was not that, but a feeling of awful depression that impressed me. Everything had stopped. It was like the end of the world to me—my world. I had been born with in sight and sound of the university. It had been my predestined career. My father had been a professor there before me, and his father before him. For a century and a half had this university, like a splendid machine, been running steadily on. And now, in an instant, it had stopped. It was like seeing the sacred flame die down on some thrice sacred altar. I was shocked, unutterably shocked.

"When I arrived home, my housekeeper screamed as I entered and fled away. And when I rang, I found the housemaid had likewise fled. I investigated. In the kitchen I found the cook on the point of departure. But she screamed, too, and in her haste dropped a suitcase of her personal belongings and ran out of the house and across the grounds, still screaming. I can hear her scream to this day. You see, we did not act in this way when ordinary diseases smote us. We were always calm over such things, and

sent for the doctors and nurses, who knew just what to do. But this was different. It struck so suddenly, and killed so swiftly, and never missed a stroke. When the scarlet rash appeared on a person's face, that person was marked by death. There was never a known case of a recovery.

"I was alone in my big house. As I have told you often before, in those days we could talk with one another over the wires or through the air. The telephone bell rang, and I found my brother talking to me. He told me that he was not coming home for fear of catching the plague from me, and that he had taken out two sisters to stop at Professor Bacon's home. He advised me to remain where I was, and wait to find out whether or not I had caught the plague.

"To all of this I agreed, staying in my house and for the first time in my life attempting to cook. And the plague did not come out on me. By means of the telephone I could talk with whomsoever I pleased and get the news. Also, there were the warehouses. Murder and robbery and drunkenness were at every door, so that I could know what was happening with the rest of the world."

CHAPTER III.

The Survival of the Fittest.

"New York city and Chicago were in chaos. And what happened with them was happening in all large cities. A third of the New York police were dead. Their chief was also dead, likewise the mayor. All law and order had ceased. The bodies were lying in the streets unburied. All railroads and vessels carrying food and such things into the great city had ceased running, and mobs of the hungry poor were pillaging the stores and warehouses. Murder and robbery and drunkenness were everywhere. Already the people had fled from the city by millions—at first the rich, in their private motor cars and dirigibles, and then the great mass of the population, on foot, carrying the plague with them, themselves starving and pillaging the farmers and all the towns on the way.

"The man who sent this news, the wireless operator, was alone with his instruments on the top of a lofty building. The people remaining in the city—he estimated them at several hundred thousand—had gone mad from fear and drink, and on all sides of him great fires were raging. He was a hero, that man who staid by his post—an obscure newspaper man, most likely.

"For twenty-four hours, he said, no transatlantic airships had arrived, and no more messages were coming from England. He did state, though, that a message from Berlin—that's in Germany—announced that Hoffmeyer, a bacteriologist of the Metchnikoff school, had discovered the serum for the plague. That was the last word, to this day, that we of America ever received from Europe. If Hoffmeyer discovered the serum, it was too late, or, otherwise, long ere this, explorers from Europe would have come looking for us. We can only conclude that what happened in America happened in Europe, and that, at the best, some several score may have survived the Scarlet Death on that whole continent.

"For one day longer the dispatches continued to come from New York. Then they, too, ceased. The man who had sent them, perched in his lofty building, had either died of the plague or been consumed in the great conflagration he had described as raging around him. And what had occurred in New York had been duplicated in all the other cities. It was the same in San Francisco, and Oakland, and Berkeley. By Thursday the people were dying so rapidly that their corpses could not be handled, and dead bodies lay everywhere. Thursday night the panic outrush for the country began. Imagine, my grandsons, people, thicker than the salmon-run you have seen on the Sacramento river, pouring out of the cities by millions, madly over the country, in vain attempt to escape the ubiquitous death. You see, they carried the germs with them. Even the airships of the rich, fleeing for mountain and desert fastnesses, carried the germs.

"I was telling about the airships of the rich. They carried the plague with them, and no matter where they fled, they died. I never encountered but one survivor of any of them—Mungerson. He was afterward at Santa Rosa, and he married my eldest daughter. He came into the tribe eight years after the plague. He was then nineteen years old, and he was compelled to wait twelve years more before he could marry. You see, there were no unmarried women, and some of the older daughters of the Santa Rosans were already bespoken. So he was forced to wait until my Mary had grown to sixteen years. It was his son, Gimp-Leg, who was killed last year by the mountain lion.

"Mungerson was eleven years old at the time of the plague. His father was one of the Industrial Magnates, a very wealthy, powerful man. It was on his airship the Condor, that they were fleeing, with all the family, for the wilds of British Columbia, which is far to the north of here. But there was some accident, and they were wrecked near Mt. Shasta. You have heard of that mountain. It is far to the north. The plague broke out among them, and this boy of eleven was the only survivor. For eight years he was alone, wandering over a deserted land and looking vainly for his own kind. And at last, traveling south, he picked up with us, the Santa Rosans.

(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

# WAR MAY FREE RELICS SACRED TO CHRISTIANITY

**O**NE of the most desirable results of the present world war will be the elimination of Turkey as a power and the liberation of the territories under her yoke, including the Holy Land, with all the sites of Biblical history and the Savior's life, for so many years in Moslem hands. Then, at last, we shall see an end of the outrageous conditions that allow the barbarous Turks to control the holy city of Jerusalem, with the sepulcher of the Savior, the temple of Solomon and its other almost innumerable sacred sites.

Christian civilization has gained some rights in Jerusalem, but in other sacred places of the Holy Land Christians are entirely shut out by the Turks or must venture there at the risk of their lives.

In Jerusalem the American tourist could, before the war, visit such sites as the garden of Gethsemane, with the olive tree where the Savior was betrayed by Judas and the garden tomb of Jesus, near Mount Calvary.

Many of the most interesting parts of Jerusalem have, however, not been open to the visitor or the explorer. Chief among these is the site of the temple of Solomon, which cannot be touched by a Christian or a Hebrew because it is occupied by a Mohammedan mosque.

Excavations in the temple area may still reveal the altar of sacrifice, the brazen altar, the table of shew bread, molten sea and various other sacred objects mentioned in the Bible.

The palace of Solomon, where he received the queen of Sheba, is a building concerning which great interest is naturally felt. It was "built of the cedars of Lebanon." When the stories of Herod's palace are unearthed it is not improbable that beneath these may be found the cedars of Solomon's building, for in those times they had a habit of building on the ruins of their predecessors.

A notable instance of a Biblical site of extraordinary interest from which investigators are entirely excluded is the tomb of Abraham and the Hebrew patriarchs at Hebron in Palestine. It was here that Abraham, the forefather of all the Israelites, dwelt with his family, as the book of Genesis tells us.

Before he died Abraham bought the cave of Machpelah from Ephron the Hittite as a burial place for himself and his family (Genesis 17). The site of the cave of Hebron has been known from time immemorial. It was known in early Christian times, and in the days of the Savior. No confusion has ever arisen as to its position, such as has occurred in the case of other Bible sites.

The cave of Machpelah is situated within an inclosure called the Haram, formed by a gigantic Herodian wall. Above the cave stands a church built by the crusaders in 1187, but since converted into a mosque and for many centuries in the possession of the Turks.

In the cave were buried Abraham, his wife, Sarah; his son, Isaac; the latter's wife, Rebekah; Jacob, son of Isaac; Leah, wife of Jacob, and Joseph, son of Jacob and Rachel. In the mosque above the cave are monuments in the form of tombs to Sarah, Isaac, Rebekah, Jacob, Leah and Joseph, but they do not inclose the actual bones. These are presumably in the cave below. The Mohammedans venerate the Hebrew patriarchs, although they oppress their descendants.

Ordinarily Christians and Hebrews are not even allowed to enter the Haram surrounding the mosque. Occasionally Christians of great influence, such as the king of England's heir, have been permitted to enter the mosque.

Recently photographs were taken for the first time of the six cenotaphs or memorial tombs of the patriarchs within the mosque. These are reproduced in a recent report of the Palestine exploration fund, which gives some very interesting information about the building.

"In the church pavement," says the Rev. A. B. Grimaldi in this article, "are three movable slabs which give access by ladder or rope to the cave. But two are fastened up, and not even Moslems are allowed to enter by the third. It is used to throw down written petitions to Abraham; and, looking down, the floor is seen to be covered as with snowflakes."

"When King George V (then prince of Wales) visited the mosque a light was let down, and the rocky sides were seen and a doorway entering out of this antechamber into the tomb cave itself.

With the granting of freedom to the inhabitants of Palestine the representatives of religion and science will be able to enter this mysterious cave and disclose its contents to the world.

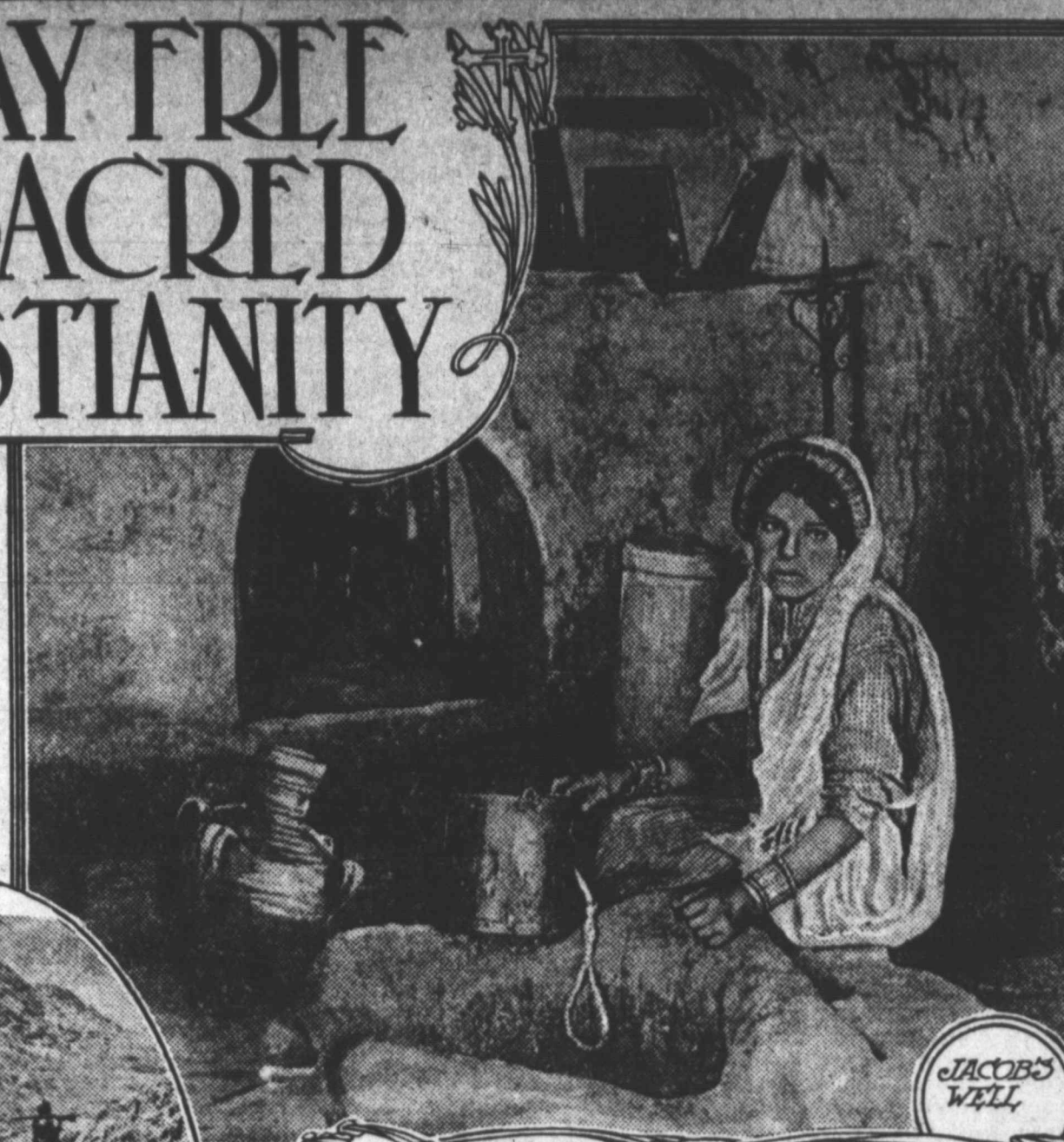
Around Hebron center all the interesting events of the patriarchal age recorded in the Bible. Here Abraham prepared to sacrifice his own son, Isaac, in obedience to the will of God, Jacob labored seven years for Rachel, and Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. From here Joseph started on his fateful journey to Egypt.

A remarkably interesting relic affected by the war is the monastery of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai, shown in one of the accompanying photographs. This occupies the traditional spot where the Lord delivered the ten commandments to Moses.

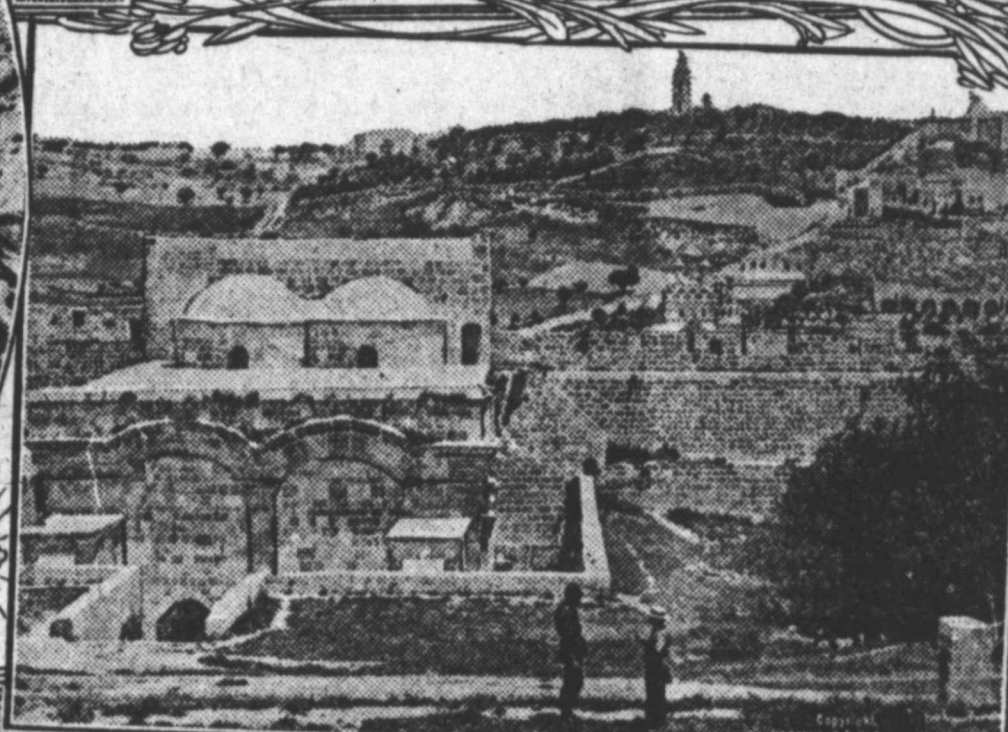
In its library of this monastery was recently



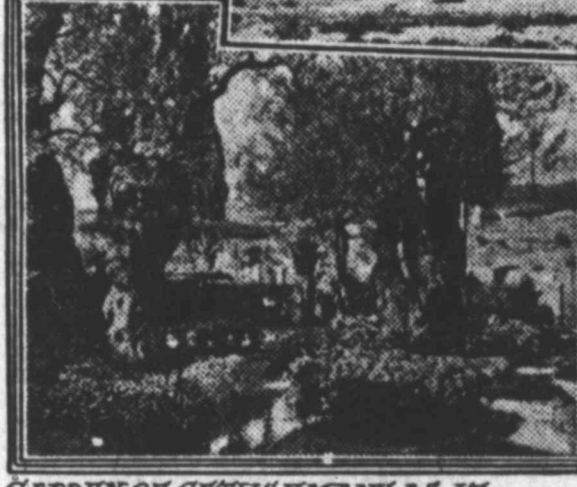
WHERE MOSES DELIVERED THE COMMANDMENTS



JACOB'S WELL



GATE WHERE CHRIST MADE HIS ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM



GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE AS IT APPEARS TODAY

found the oldest known manuscript of the Bible.

The monks have occupied this ancient monastery for about 1,800 years, since the foundation of the Christian religion. This monastery lies along the route by which the Turks were reported to be advancing to attack the British defenders of Egypt. It is possible that the peaceful inmates of this very ancient sacred building may be driven out by war.

At the foot of the mountain lies "the plain of assembly," where the Israelites waited for Moses to bring down the laws to them.

Persons who have read about certain modern enterprises in Jerusalem and other parts of the Holy Land may have gained an idea that the Turk has become more amiable in recent years. This is a mistake. You can only get anything from the Turk by paying him exorbitantly, and this is not always possible.

"Until recently," writes the Rev. Lewis B. Paton, professor of Old Testament history in Hartford Theological seminary, "no permits for excavation were given by the government, and when, under European pressure, firms were at last granted, these were hedged around with so many restrictions that they were of little practical value. According to the present Turkish law of antiquities, the consent of the local authorities must first be secured before a permit will be issued in Constantinople. To obtain this a lavish expenditure of money is necessary in order to overcome the fanaticism and prejudice of the provincial authorities."

"The site desired for exploration must be purchased at a price estimated by the owners. After local permission is secured endless delay and bakshish are necessary before an edict can be secured from the central government. When at last it is obtained a Turkish commissioner, whose expenses are paid by the excavator, must be constantly in attendance to decide what may and what may not be done, and all antiquities discovered must be turned over to the Imperial Ottoman museum. These conditions stand in disagreeable contrast to the liberal provisions in Egypt, where any competent person is allowed to excavate, and is required only to divide his finds with the Cairo museum."

"At the beginning the exploration of Palestine was confined to the study of places and objects that remained above ground. Edward Robinson, the distinguished American archaeologist and professor in Union Theological seminary, New York, in a series of journeys carried on during the years following 1838, and the French scholar, Guerin, ascertained the modern names of many localities, and succeeded in identifying them with places mentioned in the Bible. The Palestine exploration fund, founded in England in 1865, and largely supported by American contributors, conducted an elaborate survey of Palestine, whose results were embodied in their 'Great Way of Palestine,' which is still the standard."

"Other explorations were carried on at Jeru-

salem since 1867, and a little digging was done outside the present city limits to determine the lines of the ancient walls. In the course of the superficial study of the land a number of important monuments were discovered still standing upon the surface. In 1868 the German missionary, Klein, discovered an inscription of Mesha, king of Moab, who is mentioned in II Kings 3. In 1880 some boys, playing in the conduit which leads to the pool of Siloam, discovered an inscription in ancient Hebrew characters dating from the time of King Hezekiah. In 1891 Schumacher discovered a monument of Rameses II (1292 B. C.), who was probably the Pharaoh who oppressed the children of Israel in Egypt, and in 1901 Prof. George Adam Smith discovered a beautiful stele of Seti I, the father of Rameses II."

The Harvard expedition at Samaria in 1909-1910 discovered remains of the palace of the Hebrew kings Omri and Ahab, and in one of its chambers potsherd were found containing business accounts written in a character similar to that of the Siloam inscription.

These discoveries are only a beginning of the exploration of Palestine. The sites excavated, except that of Samaria, are relatively unimportant towns. The great religious centers of antiquity, such as Hebron, Jerusalem, Bethel and Dan, remain unexplored. Hundreds of large mounds exist all over the country, within which the records of ancient times are deposited one above the other in chronological order. It is not unreasonable to expect that, if these mounds could be explored thoroughly many more Babylonian tablets such as those found at Tanach would be discovered.

Perhaps even a whole library might be unearthed in such a place as Kirjath-Sepher, whose name means "Book Town." Since Hebrew inscriptions have been found already there is no reason why more might not be found, or why even manuscripts might not be discovered sealed up in earthen jars, which, as we know from Jeremiah 32:14, was the custom of the Hebrews. Think how the world would be startled if some of the lost books mentioned in the Old Testament were rediscovered, or ancient manuscripts of some of the canonical books!

Not only the sacred places of the Holy Land but the most famous sites of the ancient and classical world, barring those of Greece and Rome, lie under the clutches of the unspeakable Turk. Among them are Constantinople, Troy, Babylon, Nineveh, Damascus, Tyre, Sidon, Arbel and many others.

Before the war French archeologists had just begun some very interesting researches at Constantinople. They have now partially laid bare the ruins of the palace of Constantine, which, of course, is of great interest as the residence of the emperor who gave his name to the city. This amazing building covered a space of many acres, including quarters, baths and every luxury for the one thousand persons who composed the imperial household and the guards of the palace.

It surpasses incomparably both in extent and splendor the palace of the Caesars at Rome, and yet it is probably equaled in interest by many of the other ruins in the city.

Few Americans realize the extraordinary interest of Constantinople and the strange manner in which the wealth of the ages has been locked up in it. Constantinople has a longer continuous history than any other great city in the world.

Everybody hopes that one of the first results of the war will be to free this ancient center of culture and Christianity, as well as the Holy Land, from the horrible, barbarous Turks.

## 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

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

SEE THE

## NEWS PRINTERY

For the superior kind of

## COMMERCIAL JOB PRINTING

Randall County News

## S. A. Shotwell & Co.

Wholesale and Retail

Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds

Best Grades of Nigger  
Head and Maitland Coal

TERMS CASH

## Plainview Nursery

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

Agents Wanted to Sell on Commission

## Plainview Nursery

PLAINVIEW TEXAS

A Message From Marjorie

It Was Speedily Answered

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

Farrington turned from the bookcase with a little gesture of annoyance. His Shakespeare, of all volumes! How stupid of Thomas to have let out his books without his knowledge or consent!

But this was a little too much, especially in view of the fact that "Hamlet" was playing that night and there were a couple of passages he felt he must run over.

He crossed the room impatiently and pushed the call bell. It was answered at once by the redoubtable valet.

"It seems still more of my books are missing, Thomas. I am afraid you have been careless. I can't locate that red calf edition of Shakespeare anywhere."

"You left orders, sir—begging your pardon—to accommodate any of the young gentlemen?"

"When I rushed off to Europe, eh? A whimsical smile made its transient passage across Farrington's scowling face. "Very well. I presume you are right. I was a bit upset, I remember you may go."

But as the man started toward the door he called him back.

"By the way, are there any book stores hereabout?"

"No first class ones, sir."

"Any—er—first class neighbors?"

"A few, sir."

"Good! Scrimmage around and find me a Shakespeare before night and I'll—"

But Thomas had already disappeared.

Marjorie Hayward was just coming out of the front door when Farrington's man stepped up on the veranda. His request surprised her a little, but she was very glad, indeed, to be able to accommodate him.

She had a copy of Shakespeare somewhere, she said, an old, battered one, but his "master" was welcome to the use of it, certainly. And with this information she went back into the library to search for it.

What sort of people were they anyhow, the new neighbors who had just moved in the day before and were already beginning to borrow people's books? she wondered good naturedly.

At last she came across the rusty little volume, stuffed to overflowing with old letters, clippings and scraps of memoranda.

She held it up and shook them out in a shower, a swarm of memories suddenly aroused by the long buried sight of certain familiar bits of writing pressed flowers crumbling to atoms, yet vaguely redolent still of a dead dead past.

With a smothered sigh she caught herself back sharply from her foolish reflections and returned to the door with the book. Thomas thanked her elaborately and hastened away. Marjorie waited till he had passed upon the short stone walk of the house next door. Then she buttoned up her coat and walked down the gravel path to the gate.

Farrington took the volume eagerly, turning the yellowed leaves with deft fingers till he should come to "Hamlet." But suddenly he paused, his eyes narrowed curiously and his heart gave a startled jump. A brief extract from "The Merry Wives of Windsor" caught his attention. "Ask me no reason why I love you, for, though love use reason for its precision, he admits him not for his counselor."

The passage was heavily underscored, and below it were scribbled in corroboration the initials "M. H."—"W. F." They were hers—and his!

Marjorie Hayward! The name sent his thoughts tumbling tumultuously back over the past; sent the blood tingling even to his eyelids. How many years—nearly ten—since he had called that name! Yet how many days, indeed, had it been absent from his heart?

The minutes flew by as he sat there wrapped in meditation. At last he began again to slip the leaves absently through his fingers, when abruptly they came in contact with something alien.

He glanced closer, almost indifferently, and started again as his gaze rested stupidly upon an envelope stuck to one of the pages and addressed in full to himself—addressed in Marjorie Hayward's clear, resolute characters half a score of years ago, when they had both lived in the same little western town.

Without a second thought as to whether he should or should not open it Farrington deliberately tore the letter from its inclosure and read:

Dear Walter—I have been thinking things over, and after all, you must be right. I made the mistake, and I am willing to acknowledge it. We love each other too much, do we not, to let a silly quarrel separate us for life? Come to me tonight. I shall be waiting for you. As ever, MARJORIE

For an indeterminate space Walter Farrington sat half stunned. What had happened? What could it mean? Had she changed her mind about sending the letter, or had there been some

oversight, some carelessness, in the posting?

And Marjorie herself, where was she now? Could it be that she was less than a block away at this minute? Perhaps she was married! Had fate chosen this ironic opportunity to thrust an added misery into his bitter memories?

Farrington was not a man to hem and haw. He thought quickly, and acted with proportionate dispatch. He took out his watch. It was almost 8 in fifteen minutes he was ringing the doorbell next door.

But he was destined to disappointment. Miss Hayward had gone to "Hamlet." Farrington hurried down the avenue that led to the playhouse. Luckily his ticket was to be called for at the box office. It was a good seat and commanded a sweeping view of the audience.

After the first act their eyes met—locked—across the sea of faces in the orchestra. The girl paled, flushed and paled again. Then her eyes fell away from the deep, ardent gaze riveted upon her.

After the play Farrington stationed himself at the door, but Marjorie left by a box entrance, and he went home with a sinking heart to a dream haunted pillow.

The rain washed the sky was blushing pink when he opened his shutters at 6 the next morning. The flowers made a rainbow of color in the garden below, and the air was vocal with the maternal chirping of birds.

Suddenly the door of the house across the way swung open, and a young woman in a trim brown traveling dress, suit case in hand, emerged upon the porch.

Farrington caught a desperate breath. The northbound train left in twelve minutes, and he was still in his bathrobe and slippers.

After Providence had thus delectably tossed them together again she was running away from him.

Seven minutes later, decidedly ill-groomed, he whizzed up to the platform of the G. and G., jumped out and sent Thomas speeding on his way in the rumbleout.

Miss Hayward was just turning from the ticket window as he came up, and again their eyes met, hers exultingly, his with the old compelling power she had never known how to resist.

"Marjorie!" The name escaped her unconsciously.

"I just received your message, dear," he said, "and that is why I am here." He displayed to her bewildered gaze the faded writing on the yellowed page.

"Why," she breathed wonderingly—"why, I don't understand. I wrote you that letter over nine years ago and—" "For some reason which is not presently apparent it was never mailed. See, the stamp is un-anceled. I found it in the little old Shakespeare we used to read so often together."

"And which I have never opened since you went away," she interposed in a little tremulous whisper.

The engine bell rang. With a little exclamation Marjorie started toward the train. Farrington took her suit case from her.

"Where are you going?" he asked. "To Pittsburgh. And you?" "Wherever you are—always." And they stepped aboard the moving train.

Oil In Greece. The famous petroleum springs of Greece, described by a historian four centuries before Christ, are to be exploited by local capitalists after being regarded merely as curiosities for more than 2,300 years.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Obesity. We are all better off for a proper amount of fat. Adipose tissue is a poor conductor of heat and so prevents the bodily heat from passing off too rapidly. Moreover, in case of illness it gives the patient some reserve to draw upon. But when a person begins to suffer from his fat, when he grows breathless and disinclined to move about, he is certainly beyond the line of safety. When a very stout person stops exercising the muscles begin to atrophy. The weaker they get the sooner they sag under the weight they have to carry. In that way a vicious circle is established—first heavy weight and shirking muscles, then, as a result of that, still heavier weight, and finally almost useless muscles. Although fat people are not always great eaters and many thin people eat a surprising quantity of food, it is nevertheless, in general true that those who eat more than they need are likely to grow stout, especially if they eat a good deal of the sugars, starches and fat foods. On the other hand, the nitrogenous foods lead to tissue waste. That is why physicians sometimes treat cases of extreme obesity by a meat diet. Anything that increases oxidation tends to lessen fat, and therefore stout people should practice deep breathing in order that the body may burn up its waste materials rapidly. If ordinary exercise, even walking, has grown intolerable, you can breathe deeply while you are sitting still. The treatment of corpulence with medicines should always be directed by a physician, for there is danger in experimenting.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Nosebleed. A physician gives the following instructions for checking nose bleed: Grasp the nostrils with the thumb and index finger. Apply the pressure as close to the bony part of the nose as possible. Drop the head gently forward. Breathe through the mouth. The pressure may reach the bleeding vessel. If not, the nose will fill with blood, which will clot in a few minutes. After the clot has had time to form (ten to fifteen minutes) gradually release the pressure. Leave the clot undisturbed for an hour or more.

HIS BADGE OF COURAGE.

Why the Soldier Was Rather Pleased With His Face Wound.

Writing of his experiences in the war zone in Europe a New York Sun correspondent says that one of the strange things he noted was the attitude of soldiers toward wounds. They are quite happy to have bad wounds about the face and head, much preferring disfiguring face wounds to lesser wounds in body or legs.

A train of wounded was on its way to southern France. When it halted at Boulogne those of the wounded who were able got out to walk up and down the platform. Among these was one whose face could hardly be called by that name. One eye was gone and the other was badly swollen until he could hardly see. Bandages covered all but discolored parts of his face.

"Your poor dear," sympathized an Englishwoman who approached him timidly. "You poor, poor boy!"

"Madame," replied the soldier with as much pride and clearness as the bandages would permit, "don't pity me. Pity my friends in the train there who got it where it won't show." The Englishwoman couldn't understand.

"Why—why—why," she stammered. "I thought you wouldn't like to be disfigured!" the soldier replied. "I'm not disfigured. I'm decorated!"

GERMANY'S GIANT GUNS.

They Have Been the Big Surprise of the Present War.

Almost every important war has brought forward some new weapon of offense that has proved a deciding factor. Reports from both German and Belgian sources indicate that the surprise of the present war has been the tremendous siege guns which the Germans have put into the field.

These guns are a recent product of the Krupps and have a caliber of 42 centimeters—about 16 inches. They are reported to have an effective range of six miles. It was probably because of these tremendous weapons that the supposedly impregnable forts at Liege, Namur and Maubeuge fell so unexpectedly.

Located beyond the range of the smaller guns of the defenders, these new Krupps cast shells that pierced ten feet of solid concrete and exploded with a violence that destroyed whole forts. Guns of this size have heretofore been used only on great battle-ships and for coast defense.

The Germans have mounted them on carriages that are described as filling a street from curb to curb when they are transported through cities.—American Boy.

Locating Vacant Seats.

Box office diagrams have been devised to show at any moment just what seats in the theater are vacant, so that the ticket seller of a continuous performance moving picture or vaudeville theater can indicate to patrons where they will find vacant seats. The seating plan in the box office is illuminated from beneath by tiny lights, one for each seat in the house. When a seat is turned down the light for that seat, under the plan, goes out, and when a seat is turned up the light comes on again. A more elaborate arrangement would make it unnecessary in working a diagram of this kind to depend on the turning of the seat for the weight of a person in it would control the switch. Of course wires run from each seat to the box office.

Farmers and Co-operation.

In an address at Minneapolis St. Horace Plunkett said: "When I began preaching co-operation to our farmers in Ireland many years ago it was only after the fifty-first address to farmers' gatherings that the first co-operative organization was formed. Now we have 950 co-operative farmers' organizations, with several hundred thousand farmers, and they did a business the last year in excess of \$17,000,000."

Lonely Herschel Island.

Herschel island, in an inaccessible arctic region, comes into contact with the rest of the world only once a year. The schooner Ruby left Vancouver for that Hudson bay's station last July, carrying besides provisions and supplies newspapers and magazines covering a whole year. It is customary there to read these papers in turn, one every day, beginning with the earliest.

Silk Skirts.

Manufacturers of silk claim that if women would line their skirt hems the many complaints received about the bad wearing qualities of silk would be alleviated. No fabric can well stand the continual rubbing against the shoe tops caused by the tightness of the hems.—Dry Goods.

POOR BUSINESS.

The Chap Who Turned the Trick Didn't Get a Square Deal.

At a political meeting in the east side of London C. T. Ritchie, then a cabinet minister, delivered an address, but after it was over it was found that Mr. Ritchie's overcoat had been stolen. In order to save Mr. Ritchie any annoyance Sir Thomas Dewar, the chairman of the meeting sent the sum of 10 shillings to a certain quarter of the constituency well known as a thieves' haunt. Very shortly three overcoats were brought around to the hall: Mr. Ritchie picked out his coat from among them, the other two were honorably returned to the thieves, and everybody felt relieved that the incident had terminated so satisfactorily.

A few days afterward when Sir Thomas Dewar was on his rounds canvassing a man tapped him on the shoulder and asked if he could have a word or two with him.

"Certainly," answered the candidate. "How much did you send for the coat?" he was asked.

"Ten shillings," was the reply. "Well, gu'nor, do you call that fair? Do you call that business? I only got a shilling out of it, and I was the bloke who pinched it!"—London Standard.

To Maymie Knott.

[Not a rondeau.] Oh, Maymie, not for all the land Nor all the treasures in the sea Would I resign my hope to be The lucky winner of your hand! I pine for you to beat the band, Oh, Maymie Knott! With shafts of scorn from those dear eyes Would not this heart that suppliant lies With Cupid's darts that tantalize, Oh, naim us not! —New York Mail.

He Was Really Out.

"This is the fiftieth time you've told me 'The editor is out,'" said the man with the bill. "Now, I don't want to call you a—"

"You'd better not," warned the office boy. "I've told you true. He's out."

"Well," the man growled, "I notice that he's bought an automobile, and—" "That's just it," the boy interrupted. "He's \$1,500 out."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Proverb Trite.

"Man is a worm," the preacher saith, As often we have heard. Ah, yes, and he might also add, "Woman's the early bird!" —New York Sun.

"Man is a worm," he speaketh true. He gets it from the book. And that is why poor mortal man So often gets the book. —Spokane Spokesman-Review.

A Sting In His Compliment.

"My dear," said Mr. Hawkins to his better half the other evening, "do you know that you have one of the best voices in the world?"

"Indeed?" replied the delighted Mrs. H., with a flush of pride at the compliment. "Do you really think so?" "I certainly do," continued the heartless husband; "otherwise it would have been worn out long ago."—Kansas City Star.

No Doubt.



The Boss—The last boy we had was worth twice as much as you are. Office Boy—Did he get it?—Boston Globe.

Foxy.

"I do not wish for cash," said he. "An heiress has no charms for me."

He married wisely, I aver— His wife's ma is a milliner.

Her father, on the other hand, Makes ladies' clothes to beat the band. —Milwaukee Free Press.

Taking a Chance.

He—Will you marry me? She—Not to save your life. He—Good. You have saved my life by refusing. Thompson bet me a hat you would marry any man who asked you, and I won. If you had accepted I would have lost both ways.—Richmond Dispatch.

He Didn't.

To assuage an extravagant pain He severed his jugular vein. Said his wife, with a scream: "Tis a measure extreme! I trust you won't do that again!" —New York Evening Sun.

Could Be Bought.

Housekeeper—Well, sir, what do you want? Tramp—Please, mum, I feel a fit comin' on, and I'll go somewhere else and have it fer the small sum of a dime.—New York Weekly.

Mercy!

If, when you guess a woman's age, You add some to her years You'll know she's boiling o'er, with rage When she sheds scalding tears. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wisdom.

Ethel—Oh, Jack, be careful tonight. Papa's brought home a bulldog. Jack—That's all right. The dog used to belong to me, and I got the denial to sell him to your father.—Buffalo Express.

Shoe Salesmanship.

How clever are the shoemaker's tricks! He knows exactly what to do. He never sells a "big" a "big." But tell the lady it's a "two." —Detroit Free Press.

Political Announcements.

For City Marshal— D. THOMAS B. T. JOHNSON J. H. JOWELL

Wayside Items.

Protracted services will begin Friday night before 1st of March. Rev. Airheart of Tulia will assist.

Farmers are preparing to sow oats. The price rose from \$1.70 per bu. to \$2.

Mrs. Wm. Payne is home again improved in health and well.

E. M. Beasley and wife made a trip to Tulia Tuesday.

W. J. Lane and family and W. D. McGehee and wife were in Canyon Friday.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Cash at J. M. McGehees.

For Sale—Half dozen pure blood Cornish Indian Game cockrels from prize winners in three states. P. O. box 133 Phone 57. tf

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.

Ralph News.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Wells are spending the week with the latter's brother, D. L. Hiccox.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Hiccox and Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Shroeder spent Sunday at the E. C. Prichard home it being the 56th birthday anniversary of Mrs. H. B. Wells.

Joe Gamble shipped a few fat cows Thursday.

Houston Prichard returned home to Buie, Texas, Tuesday after spending the past three months here with his brother.

Two new families arrived this week from Oklahoma and will make their homes in Canyon.

Mrs. U. S. Gober, Miss Frankie, Arthur and Ben Winkelman spent Sunday in Tulia.



J. L. Hunter of Dallas, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., spent last Monday and Tuesday with the boys in our organization. He addressed the boys on the Cabinet Monday and spoke to all the boys in the Auditorium Tuesday.

At the regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. next Sunday, Miss Floy Brown will continue the report of work at the convention in Dallas recently.

The Camp-Fire Girls have planned for an outing on Palo Duro Creek next Saturday afternoon.

The Juniors will give a valentine party at the auditorium Monday night.

The following is the Y. M. C. A. entertainment program Saturday night:

Music—Misses Danner and Ellis

Story—Beryl Dale Music—Dr. and Mrs. Ingham Tumbling exercise—Y.M.C.A. boys

Solo—Mrs. Sydow

The father of his country and his country today—Mr. Hill Quartette

Why I am an American—Russian Jew; Swedish Girl; Italian Ft. V.; Dutch Girl; Hindu.

Duett—The Misses Guenther

The Y. W. C. A. girls will sell candy before and after the program. Admission 5 and 10c.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure 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. Beware of cheap imitations.

Phone 401 for moving van, baggage and house moving. Prompt and reliable service. tf

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.

At Picture Show

Thurs., Friday, Sat., this week



European Novelty Artists in Vaudeville Acts

Singing, Dancing, Contortion Impersonations of Brass Band and Musical Instruments

Admission 10 and 20c