

THE RANDALL COUNTY NEWS

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CANYON, RANDALL COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1915.

No. 49

CATTLE EXHIBIT

PANHANDLE FAIR

The American Hereford Cattle Breeders Association has appropriated \$1000 for premiums to be offered to exhibitors of Herefords at the Panhandle State Fair this year.

The letter from the Hereford Association had hardly been read, when another was opened by Sec. McGregor announcing that the Aberdeen Angus Association, with headquarters in Chicago, had also set aside an appropriation of \$100 for disbursement at the local fair this year.

The Hereford appropriation of \$1000 will in all probability be more than duplicated locally, and with cash premiums aggregating over \$2000 in the Hereford division alone, it may easily be imagined that Hereford breeders from far and near will be attracted to the coming Panhandle State Fair.

The fact that two of the prominent cattle breeders' associations of the country have decided to offer premiums in our Panhandle exhibition is of far reaching significance. Heretofore the Dallas State Fair has been the only show in which these organizations have offered premiums in Texas. That the Panhandle State Fair should be second in the state which is deemed of sufficient importance to the National Hereford and Angus associations to set aside liberal premiums for it, is certainly most gratifying to all who are interested in the success of our annual Panhandle exhibition.

In fact this action is proof that breeders and stock-farmers in distant sections of the country have already come to look upon the Panhandle State Fair as one of the foremost annual expositions of the country, and that they foresee in it a permanent institution which is destined to grow in size and importance from year to year.

Among other advances to be fostered in this year's fair will be an extensive showing of range cattle. Arrangements are under way for liberal premiums in this department and there is every hope of strong and keen competition in this division at the coming show.

This early announcement is made in order that intending exhibitors may be induced to make proper and timely preparations for their exhibits. The 1915 Panhandle State Fair faces the most favorable conditions in its history. If efforts, energy and means can do it, the fair this year will far eclipse all former attempts.

A Southern Cinderella.

The Rebeckah Lodge staged "A Southern Cinderella" last Saturday evening at the opera house. Although the weather was very stormy, they had a good crowd. The play from start to finish was exciting and laughable. They have been urged to repeat this play and have kindly consented to do so on Saturday night, March 6. They expect to donate a part of the proceeds from that night to the Cemetery Association, the balance to beautify the I. O. O. F. Hall. If you were not fortunate enough to see this play, don't miss your last opportunity.

L. T. Lester and W. D. Morrel attended the bankers convention at Wichita Falls Monday. They report a very pleasant and profitable meeting.

BAPTIST BUILDING

NEW S.S. HOUSE

A temporary Sunday School building is being erected by the Baptist congregation southwest of the church in order to accommodate the increasing numbers in the school. The building is 36x40 and will have four rooms for the young people's classes.

The building will be one story and finished up similar to the Normal shacks—rough finish on the inside and covered with building paper on the outside. The Baptist congregation hope to build a new church within a short time, but the extra rooms were needed for the Sunday school at once.



Mrs. Orton entertained a few young people Monday night from eight until eleven. Refreshments were served of fruit salad with whipped cream and cake. The guests of the evening were Misses Reynolds, Craig, Foster, Crowley, Wakefield, Shotwell, DeGraffenreid and Messrs. Thompson, Campbell, Kleinschmidt, Prichard, Gano, Crowley, Kirkpatrick, Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Grady Holland entertained the Cosmos club Thursday night from eight until eleven. The evening was spent at the usual game of five hundred. Refreshments were served of pink ice cream and angel food cake. Shrub sherry was served during the evening. The guests of the club were Mr. and Mrs. Terrill.

Miss Sadie Winkelman entertained a few friends Monday evening at forty-two. Refreshments were served of marshmallow salad, sandwiches, cake and cocoa. The following were the guests: Misses Rogers, Cleveland, Dale, Wakefield, Messrs. Archambeau, Stanley, Younger, Lock, Sharp.

Choral Club to Amarillo.

The Choral Club is planning to make a trip to Amarillo next Monday night to practice with the Amarillo club for the Messiah which will be sung in May. The Canyon club has made excellent progress under the direction of Miss Kline and will be well prepared when time for the final rehearsals. Next Sunday afternoon at four o'clock a rehearsal will be held at the Presbyterian church. The regular Tuesday night rehearsals will continue.

Christian Church.

Bible school 10 o'clock, opens with orchestra. Communion sermon, 11 o'clock, subject "Israel".

Evening service, 7:30 orchestra and song service. Sermon 8 o'clock, subject "If Christ should come to Canyon".

Prayer meeting, 7:30 Wednesday night.

A meeting is called for Monday a. m. 9:30 at the Methodist parsonage to organize a ministerial association. All ministers of the county are invited.

Build that home on a CONCRETE foundation.

COUNTY TREASURER'S QUARTERLY REPORT

In the matter of the Quarterly report of W. T. Garrett, Treasurer, Randall county, Texas, in the Commissioners court, Randall county, Texas, February term, 1915.

On this 13 day of February A. D. 1915, in Regular Quarterly Session of the Commissioners' court of Randall county, Texas, came on for examination the Quarterly Report of W. T. Garrett, Treasurer of Randall county, Texas, for the Quarter beginning on the 1st day of Nov. A. D. 1914, and ending on the 31st day of Jan. A. D. 1915, filed herein on the 12th day of February A. D. 1915 and the same having been compared and examined by the Court, and found to be correct, It Is Therefore Ordered by the Court that the same be and is hereby approved; and it appearing to the Court that during said time and the said County Treasurer had received for account, and credit of, and paid out of each of the several County funds, the amounts set forth, and leaving balance to each of said funds as follows, to wit:

JURY FUND	
Amount balance to credit of the Jury Fund as per last report	\$5,569.62
Amount received during quarter	481.46
Total "Cr." as shown by current report	6,051.08
Amount paid out and disbursed during the quarter	114.53
Leaving and showing to credit of said Jury Fund on Jan. 31, 1915, a balance of	\$5,936.55

ROAD AND BRIDGE FUND	
Amount balance to credit of the Road and Bridge Fund as per last report	\$5,373.22
Amount received during quarter	603.51
Total "Cr." as shown by current report	5,976.73
Amount paid out and disbursed during the quarter	957.97
Leaving and showing to credit of said R. and B. Fund, on Jan. 31, 1915, a balance of	\$5,018.76

GENERAL FUND	
Amount balance to credit of the General Fund as per last report	\$2,614.81
Amount received during quarter	775.24
Total "Cr." as shown by current report	3,390.05
Amount paid out and disbursed during the quarter	1,411.31
Leaving and showing to credit of said General Fund, on Jan. 31, 1915, a balance of	\$1,978.74

COURT HOUSE AND JAIL FUND	
Amount balance to credit of the C. H. & J. Fund as per last report	\$3,022.02
Amount received during quarter	191.03
Total "Cr." as shown by current report	3,213.05
Amount paid out and disbursed during the quarter	194.33
Leaving and showing to credit of said C. H. & J. Fund on Jan. 31, 1915, a balance of	\$3,018.72

SINKING FUND	
Amount balance to credit of the Sinking Fund as per last report	\$9,140.38
Amount received during quarter	749.76
Total "Cr." as shown by current report	9,890.14
Amount paid out and disbursed during the quarter	18.74
Leaving and showing to credit of said Sinking Fund on Jan. 31, 1915, a balance of	\$9,871.40

ESTRAY FUND	
Amount balance to credit of the Estray Fund as per last report	\$193.57
Amount received during quarter	193.57
Total "Cr." as shown by current report	193.57
Amount paid out and disbursed during the quarter	—
Leaving and showing to credit of said Estray Fund on Jan. 31, 1915, a balance of	\$193.57

CEMETERY FUND	
Amount balance to credit of the Cemetery Fund as per last report	\$42.09
Amount received during quarter	42.09
Total "Cr." as shown by current report	42.09
Amount paid out and disbursed during the quarter	—
Leaving and showing to credit of said Cemetery Fund on Jan. 31, 1915, a balance of	\$42.09

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

Witness our hands, this 13th day of February A. D. 1915.

C. E. Coss, County Judge.
W. C. Baird, Commissioner Prec't No. 1.
E. W. Neece, Commissioner Prec't No. 2.
R. H. Caler, Commissioner Prec't No. 3.

W. G. Baker has been transferred by the Western Union from here to Pampa. H. Chapman takes the Canyon station.

R. H. Wright was in the city Monday from Tulsa.

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

Mesdames L. T. Lester and B. T. Johnson were in Amarillo shopping Tuesday.

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

Miss Maggie Avent who is teaching in Hereford, spent Saturday and Sunday at the parental home.

SNOW AND RAIN

FALLS THIS WEEK

Saturday morning snow was falling briskly. It continued throughout the greater part of the day. Sunday night a good rain fell which melted a greater part of the snow. The snow was the wettest of the season. The total moisture for the week was nearly one inch.

The weather was cool the first of the week but has moderated since. The roads are very muddy.

The farmers are well pleased over the first moisture and are making plans for a large crop again this year.

Owing to the lateness of planting wheat this crop has not developed so well as it was at this time last year, but many of the farmers believe that while it does not show so much above the ground the roots are better developed and will make a greater growth when warm weather sets in.



The Tennis Club has organized for work during the spring quarter. The following officers were elected: Earl Standlee, Pres., W. E. Turner, vice pres., Ada Terrill, Sec., L. G. Allen, Treas.

Messrs. Clevenger and Bently, delegates to the Y.M.C.A. convention at College Station, returned Tuesday.

A number of new students have enrolled this quarter.

Miss Nynva Glass who was a member of the student body last year has returned for work during the spring quarter.

Sunday afternoon in the auditorium, Mr. Cousins spoke to the Y.M.C.A. The Y.W.C.A. were guests on this occasion.

Misses Flora Meadows and Josie Goode of Plainview visited our school last Thursday.

The spring quarter opened Tuesday.

Wayside Items

No services at Beula Sunday on account of inclemency of the weather.

Farmers are much encouraged over the snow and rain just preceding for the benefit to the wheat crop.

Planting oats and speltz are engaging the attention of the farmers at present.

No school at Fairview the 22nd Washington's birthday was fittingly observed by a program. Trees and flowers were planted in the school yard. Several patrons of the school attended a nice dinner was spread and enjoyed the day despite the threatened bad weather.

Miss Edith Franklin spent the week end at J. T. McGehees, now visiting with Miss Lena Helms.

Miss Aleta Beasley is at home her school at Beverly closing a week ago.

The baby boy of Elmer and Ola Knight is dangerously sick with pneumonia, much sympathy is expressed for the fond parents and all trust that the babe may be spared.

Pug Cavet arrived Sunday to visit friends and will leave today for Gulf Port, Miss., where he will join the Detroit league. His friends in Canyon followed with interest his successful season last year and trust that he will start off well this year.

DISTRICT COURT

OPENED MONDAY

Judge Hugh L. Umphries of Amarillo opened district court Monday by empanelling and instructing the grand jury. The following men will serve in this capacity: J. A. Wilson, foreman, J. T. Service, S. M. Downing, I. W. Scott, R. W. Bruce, J. A. Currie, J. W. Blair, C. A. Elder, R. E. Baird, G. M. Peet, J. A. Grundy, Jim Coffee. The following bailiffs will wait on the grand jury: C. H. Stratton, J. H. Jowell, A. W. Hancock and Clyde Baird.

Judge Umphries made it plain to the jurors, court officers and attorneys that he expected each man to be in his place on time at the opening of court sessions. It costs 35 cents per minute to run the court and the Judge does not wish any time wasted.

The following business has been transacted in the court:

L. T. Lester vs. Mrs. Kathryn Hutson continued.

Lula Tension et al vs. Mrs. Mrs. L. L. Parmer continued.

A. D. Smith vs. P. & N. T. Ry. Co. continued.

Joseph E. Gundlock vs. F. N. Henderson et al continued.

L. T. Lester vs. W. W. Gatewood, continued.

C. P. Bryan vs. J. S. Pool et al was settled in vacation.

Gustav Neuman vs. T. H. Pletsch et al was continued.

J. A. Wilson vs. Avery Co. was transferred to Potter county.

Two criminal cases have been transferred from Armstrong county and will be tried this term. One is the State of Texas vs. H. W. Bunker for cattle theft and the other against the same man for perjury.

Dave Wallace vs. M. F. Slover the plaintiff was given judgment for the sum of \$745.80.

A. S. Rollins vs. S. B. Chenoweth, judgement for the plaintiff.

Two young men were sent to jail Tuesday for contempt of court, having refused to testify before the grand jury.

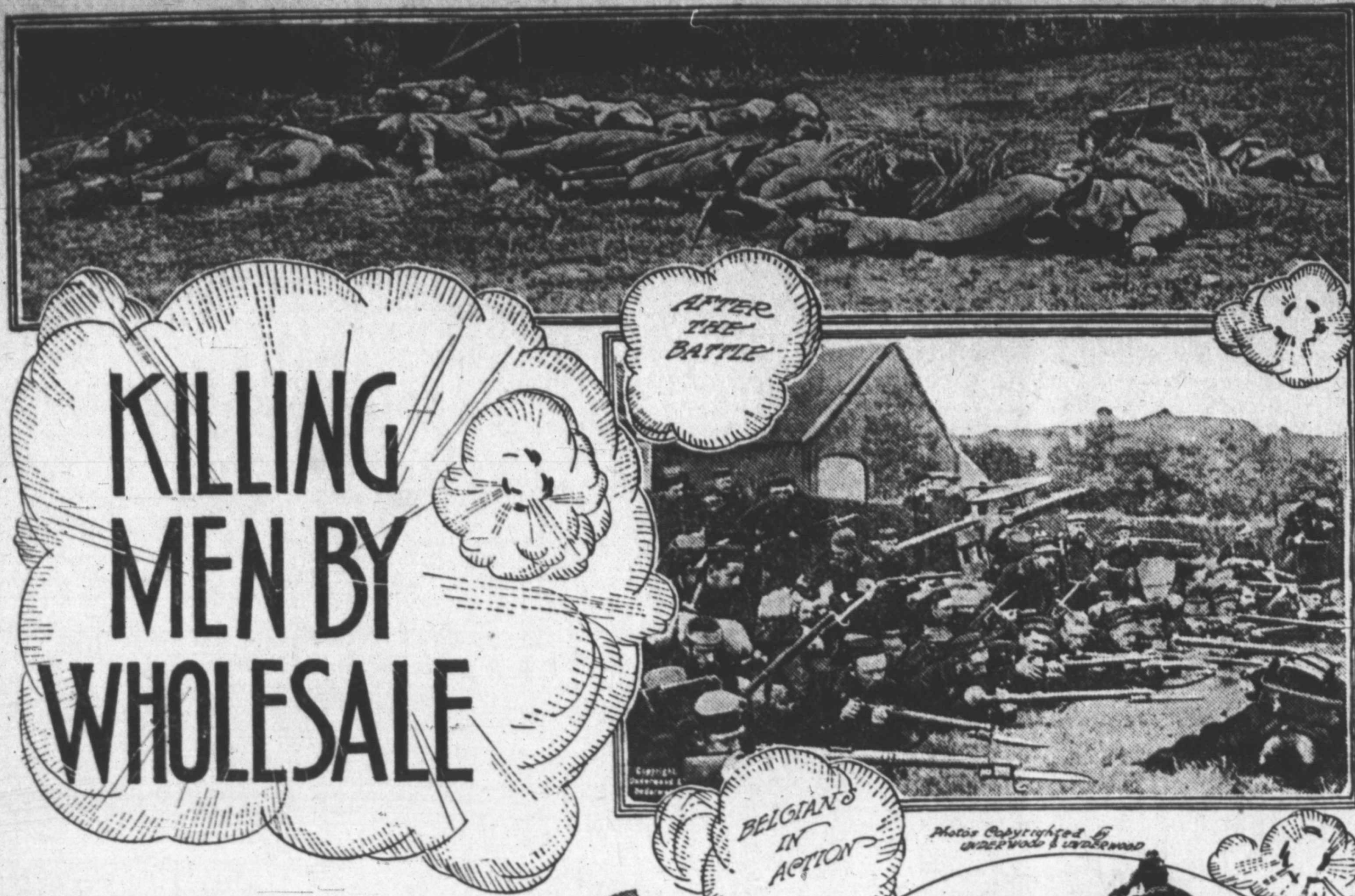
Government Recipe For Whitewash.

Half a bushel of unslaked lime; slake with warm water; cover during the process to keep in the steam; strain the liquid through a sieve or strainer; add a peck of salt, previously well dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste and stir in boiling hot, half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting and a pound of glue which has been previously dissolved over a slow fire, and add five gallons of hot water to the mixture; stir well and let it stand for a few days, keeping covered to exclude dirt. It should be put on hot. One pint of the mixture properly applied will cover a square yard. Small brushes are best. There is nothing that can compare with it for outside or inside work, and it retains its brilliancy for many years. Coloring matter may be put in and made of any shade—Spanish brown, yellow ochre, or common clay.

(Reference: Farmers' Bulletin No. 474, entitled "Use of Paints on the Farm".)

Harmon Benton, Demonstration Agent.

The Baptist Missionary society have divided into two circles east and west. The purpose is to enroll every lady member in the church. Tuesday both circles met together to render program, subject "At our own door" topic "Service".



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.



ALTHOUGH it is only recently and with reluctance that England, for the protection of her shores and ships, has (in imitation of the Germans) resorted to the expedient of sowing the Straits of Dover and the North sea with contact mines, all the harbors of the British isles have been planted with submarine explosive contrivances ever since the beginning of the war. And the same may

be said of the harbors of Germany.

But these contrivances for harbor defense, while much more formidable and dangerous to an enemy, are harmless to friendly ships. They are what are known as "observation mines," and, being connected by wire with the shore, are set off by the sending of an electric spark at a moment when a hostile vessel may happen to be within range of their tremendous explosive activities.

All the navigable channels of the harbor of Portsmouth, for example, are at this moment guarded by an elaborate system of "mine fields," which are protected by rapid-fire guns on shore. At night they are under constant watch, as well as by day, being swept by huge searchlights.

Such mines are hollow spheres of galvanized iron three feet in diameter, each containing 500 pounds of gun cotton, which is lighter than water, so that they can float. They are anchored a few feet below the surface in a series of lines across a channel, about eighty feet apart in each line. If an enemy's ship were to succeed by good luck in getting through one line, without being blown up, she could hardly pass another.

The area of water surface covered by a mine field is laid off (by careful survey) in a checkerboard of imaginary squares. This checkerboard is reproduced on a small scale on a table in an underground casemate on shore, which is part of a fort. Suppose a hostile vessel to approach. Two telescopes are aimed at her from points on shore some hundreds of yards apart, their lines of sight crossing, of course, at the spot where she floats. The telescopes are electrically connected with two pointers that move on the table. Moving with the telescopes, the ends of the pointers meet on the square corresponding to the one where (over the mine field) the vessel actually is. A button marked with the number of that square is touched, and bang!—she is blown sky-high.

Small steamers especially equipped for the purpose are used in the business of planting these mines, and the work being of such great importance, the men who undertake it are highly trained. There is a branch of the coast artillery which does its fighting literally under water, and, apart from the mechanical details of their employment, they must have a fairly expert acquaintance with electricity and the chemistry of explosives.

A part of the preliminary work of establishing a mine field consists in making soundings. The depths all over the surveyed area having been ascertained, wire ropes are measured off into corresponding lengths, a heavy leaden sinker (or anchor) being attached to one end of each, and a mine to the other end. By this simple means the sphere of galvanized iron is made to float just as many feet below the surface as may be desired. Recently, however, an ingenious "automatic anchor" has been contrived, by which, no matter what the depth, exactly the required submergedness for each submarine may be obtained offhand.

As yet experience in actual warfare has not afforded practical demonstration of the usefulness of such observation mines. But of their destructive power there can be no question. Many experiments have been made with them in the blowing up of old hulks, and on this side of the water, not long ago, a miniature ship of war was scattered in smithereens at Fort Totten, N. Y., by a mine of corresponding size ignited by an electric spark from a distance of a mile and a quarter.

From such trials the conclusion has been drawn that the explosion of a mine containing 500 pounds of gun cotton would at least disable the stoutest battleship within a radius of 60 feet, if it did not sink her. In a "field" defending a harbor channel, each row of galvanized iron spheres is strung along one electric cable, which is attached to the sinkers (or anchors) and runs along the bottom. The rows are connected together by a main electric cable, to which each mine is joined by a branch cable that meets it just above the anchor. Thus every mine in the "field" is under direct control by the apparatus in the casemate on shore.

The casemate is an underground room, lined with concrete, and containing all the mechanism for controlling the mine system. It is connected by telephone, and otherwise electrically, with the two observing stations, in which are mounted the telescopes already mentioned, for watching hostile ships.

Sometimes, for the protection of harbors, what are called "electro-contact" mines are used. They are much smaller in size, and are commonly arranged in groups of five or six, which are con-



nected with each other and with the shore by one main cable. It is only when a current of electricity is turned on that they become dangerous; under other circumstances they are "dead" and harmless. But when they are "alive," if a ship hits them, a circuit is automatically closed and the water is quickly strewn with her remains. Various ingenious means have been devised for bringing about this closing of the circuit, one of them being a little cup partly filled with mercury, which, if tilted by a shock, causes the mercury to reach a metal bar. This does the business, and bang goes the mine.

It is interesting just now to consider the fact that the very first employment of a floating mine was at the siege of Antwerp by the Spaniards in 1585. The besiegers, being able to make little or no headway in their attacks upon the stout walls of the city, resorted to a novel and unheard-of stratagem. Loading a ship with a great quantity of gunpowder, they set her adrift at a time when the wind and tide would surely bring her up against the sea wall; and, when she was tolerably close, two men on board of her ignited a previously arranged fuse.

The idea worked out, however, in a way not at all in accordance with the plan contemplated. For the sturdy burghers of Antwerp repaired the damage done to the wall by the explosion before the besiegers could take advantage of it, and, adopting the suggestion offered them by the enemy, sent out a similar gunpowder boat under full sail against the Spanish fleet and blew up one of their biggest ships.

In recent news dispatches a good deal has been said about the use of mines on land, for the opportunity blowing up of bridges or approaches to fortifications while the enemy was passing over them. By such means whole regiments are said to have been annihilated. The expedient is by no means new, but the methods adopted are of up-to-date and superior ingenuity.

Suppose, for example, that a piece of road is to be mined. The infernal machine is concealed from view by spreading over it a few inches of earth. It consists in part of a small electric battery, provided with two wires, one of which communicates with a receptacle containing a large quantity of high explosive, while the other runs to an arrangement called a "springboard." When a man or horse steps on the springboard, a piece of metal beneath the latter is brought into contact with a projecting pin, thereby completing a circuit which ignites a fuse.

The same idea is easily applied to a bridge. In the case of a fort, a system of more scientifically constructed mines may render every approach a waiting volcano, a switchboard inside the defenses enabling the besieged to explode them at the moment when they are likely to kill the greatest number of men.

In modern warfare wholesale killing takes the place of the old-fashioned military murder by retail. Doubtless, as time goes on, "improvements" in this direction will steadily progress. The British and Germans have both been experimenting with means whereby (it is hoped) submarine mines may be set off by wireless apparatus. They are also trying to contrive a submarine "fish torpedo" (resembling the Whitehead) which can be steered from shore to attack a hostile ship perhaps miles from land.

The Whitehead is an Englishman's invention, and is the only kind of fish torpedo used in the British navy. Oddly enough, the similar devil's

contrivance used by the Germans is called (after its originator) the Schwartzkopf—meaning Black-head. They differ only in minor details, being shaped in imitation of the porpoise, and fired from tubes by charges of compressed air.

The typical up-to-date torpedo of this description is really a submarine boat in miniature. It is a steel cylinder, 15 feet long, with a conical attachable nose called a "war-head," which contains 200 pounds of high explosive. The main body is a chamber holding air at a pressure of 2,000 pounds to the square inch. This air pressure runs the machinery in the rear part of the cylinder, which actuates a pair of propellers.

The steel fish travels through the water at a speed of 40 miles an hour. It can be discharged at a target with as much accuracy as a bullet fired from a gun. Pursuing its course at a depth of 15 feet below the surface, so as to strike beneath the armor of a warship, it is kept automatically at that depth by an ingenious little rudder which turns up if the nose of the torpedo attempts to point downward, or vice versa. Inside the cylinder is a gyroscope, which is started spinning and pointed at the target before the submarine projectile is discharged. Thus, if it tends to turn either to right or left, it is promptly brought back into line.

Until within the last few weeks very little was known through practical experience of the effectiveness of the submarine torpedo as a weapon of war. It has even surpassed expectations. The cost of one of these terrible projectiles is about \$1,500; but, inasmuch as one of them is easily capable of destroying a battleship valued at \$10,000,000, they may be said to be well worth the money.

THE NEW JOKER.

"Well, I see the war is all over," announced a fellow who was trying to be a contributor.
"What do you mean, all over?" replied the fellow he brought along with him as a feeder.
"All over Europe!" cried the original comedian, with a shriek of laughter.

THE CAUSE.

"Cholly has a swelled head."
"There is one thing only which with reason could give that idiot a swelled head."
"And what might that be?"
"A good punching."

HEARD IN A BARBER SHOP.

Barber (shaving customer)—Do you know that when the edge of a razor is examined under a microscope it has teeth like those of a saw?
Tortured Victim—I don't need a microscope to know that.

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

Fundamental Principles of Health

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M. D.

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

In a general way what may be said of any single ductless gland may be said of them all. Their functions are mainly two. First, by reason of either individual or co-operative secretions they govern the metabolism in the body. Second, these same secretions build up and maintain the body's resistance to disease by cleansing the blood of the different poisons which it accumulates in its current from time to time. It is believed that the internal gland secretions whet the appetite of the white blood corpuscles, or leucocytes, the body's germ destroyer, as a step in this protective plan.

The biochemic salts involved in the breaking down (katabolic) and the building up (anabolic) processes of the body; the 16, and perhaps more, mineral elements existing in organic or living form in the universe and required to maintain the metabolism of all the cells of the human body, are governed, regulated and controlled by the ductless glands. This, of course, is a reciprocal reaction, because obviously there must be something to govern if the glands are to function, and it is equally obvious that the glands cannot function in the absence of these elements or minerals. There being no ducts leading into these glands, it is very clear that nothing can get either into or out of them except by means of the blood stream. Hence, the profound physical and mental disturbance following any disarrangement in the natural or physiological food supply.

The largest of the ductless glands is the thyroid, situated in the fore part of the neck, midway between the "Adam's apple" (thyroid cartilage) and the top of the breastbone (sternum), a point just behind where the average man wears his collar button. The gland comprises two sections, or lobes, one lying on either side of the windpipe (larynx), connected by a neck, or isthmus, the whole forming a flat, oval body about three inches long.

Because the general shape suggests a long, oval, shield, the name "thyroid" was taken from the Greek language—it means, literally, shieldlike.

The thyroid gland is reddish-brown in color and has a vesicular structure—that is to say, the interior is honey-combed with minute sacs like the interior of an orange, each tiny bladder of which under normal conditions is filled with a yellow gelatinous compound known as "colloid," a substance diffusing not at all, or very slowly, through animal membranes. Accessory thyroids, varying in size and number, may be found along the lower windpipe (trachea) from the larynx as far down as the heart. These accessories possess the same vesicular structure and are supposed to have a function similar to that of the thyroid body.

There are several highly significant facts in connection with the general structure and composition of the thyroid body that it is advisable to keep constantly in mind while considering this subject. Throughout the whole range of animal and vegetable life the catalytic enzymes, or ferments, are constantly busy. They are vitally and fundamentally concerned with life in all its phases, so much so that physiology is rapidly resolving itself into a branch of catalysis.

No other gland, large or small, receives proportionally so great and direct a supply of blood as the thyroid. All these facts considered together are sufficient to warrant us in accepting the thyroid as a most important organ and should also prepare us to expect very grave physical results from any disturbance of its functions. Snugly tucked away behind the thyroid, two of them on either side of the larynx and often actually imbedded in the tissue of that gland, are four small bodies known as the "parathyroids."

The adrenal glands take their name from the kidney; "ad" meaning addition, or proximity to, and "renal" being another name for kidney. These two additional kidney glands are flat, lima bean shaped bodies, each about one and one-half inches long, and they lie in intimate relation with and at the top of each kidney. It is believed both the inner (medullary) and the outer (cortical) parts of the adrenal glands make contributions to the blood stream. The absence of this medullary secretion produces a fall in blood pressure which is fatal.

Suspended by a short stalk from the under surface of the brain hangs another of these pealike bodies, or baby glands. The early students of physiology believed this gland prepared phlegm or mucus for the moistening of the membrane of the nose, and they therefore called it "pituitary," which means the phlegm former. The pituitary body (hypophysis) consists of two parts, a large anterior lobe of distinct glandular tissue and a much smaller posterior lobe of nerve-

ous origin composed chiefly of nerve cells and fibers. Resting in a little bony depression in the base of one's skull, this tiny body prepares and sends out secretions and nerve impulses profoundly influencing us for good or evil.

Among all this complicated maze of action and re-action we are perhaps best familiar with the action of the thyroid gland, and no adequate explanation has yet been furnished of the influence exercised by the thyroid on the nutrition of the body. We have indisputable proof that disturbance in thyroid function induces characteristic symptoms covering practically the entire range of human affliction, and that these disturbances in glandular functions are gravely influenced by our choice of food matter. It is perfectly obvious that this must be so in view of the facts above set forth, and equally clear that Funk's statement that the vitamins, those vital nitrogenous principles in combination with the organic minerals, are the mother substance of the ductless gland internal secretions on which our development, life and health depend, and of which we are largely deprived through the stupid commercial spirit of the age.

INTERNAL SECRETIONS.

We find running all through the history of the development of the theory of combating disease a slowly evolving chain of ideas revolving around the primitive belief of the savage that eating the heart of his victim imparted to him the courage and vitality of his enemy.

This idea has given rise from time to time to various methods of organotherapy, all of which have failed to be effective, but which have been valuable because they have served as steps toward a conception of the idea that certain glandular organs give rise to chemical products which on entering the circulation influence the activity of one or more other organs. The term "internal secretions" is used to designate these products.

Claude Bernard appears to have been the first to employ this term to distinguish between the ordinary or external secretions and these internal secretions. The belief that the secretory products were given off in this way had long been held in reference to the ductless glands, and this belief was perfectly logical because the absence of any duct naturally suggested such a possibility; but there was practically no interest in the matter of the internal secretions until reports of the work of Brown-Sequard upon testicular extracts were published prior to 1890. This investigator assumed that all tissues give off something to the blood which is characteristic and is of importance in general nutrition. The idea was taken up widely and it led to a strong revival of the old notions regarding the treatment of diseases of the different organs by extracts of the corresponding tissues, but no extract was found to be of any advantage in treating the troubles of the organs from which they were made.

Obviously, vital elements can be expected to flow only from live—that is to say, from functioning—organisms. It is not reasonable to expect more than temporary results from the non-living. However, while Brown-Sequard's idea was not found to be justified by subsequent work, it led to investigation and the development of the methods necessary to demonstrate that not only the ductless glands but some of the typical glands provided with ducts for external secretions give rise also to internal secretions, the pancreas and the liver being examples in point.

We have in our bodies ten or a dozen ductless glands which, as investigations have demonstrated, play a part of enormous importance in our general nutrition.

The principal ductless glands are the thyroid, parathyroid, suprarenal, thymus, pituitary, pineal, carotid and coxycal. In some of these the existence or the non-existence of an internal secretion is still an open question, but it is quite safe to assume that, inasmuch as nothing can come into being without a reason and that nothing can continue to exist without a reason, a broader and deeper knowledge of the process of digestion and of our metabolism in general will demonstrate these supposedly useless organs to be endowed with some very important function. The promiscuous removal of "useless" organs is less general than it was and must become less and less as knowledge increases.

Outside the ductless glands the idea of internal secretions has recently found fruitful application in the study of the digestive secretions, and it has been clearly demonstrated that the gastric and the pancreatic "secretions," and perhaps other secretions from lower down in the digestive tract, must be regarded as examples of internal secretions, and that they must be reckoned with in our efforts to secure an understanding of the rapidly increasing mortality resulting from those diseases due to deranged metabolism.

Chemical products of this kind which stimulate the activity of special organs Sterling has designated as hormones, from the Greek word which means "I excite," and he suggests that these chemical products may be regarded as the original or primitive means for co-ordinating the functioning of the various parts of a complex organism. In other words, we are controlled by what may be called liquid nerves acting through our blood circulation as well as by the better known co-ordination secured through the medium of the later developed and wonderfully complex nervous system which we are able to dissect out and follow to its point of origin.

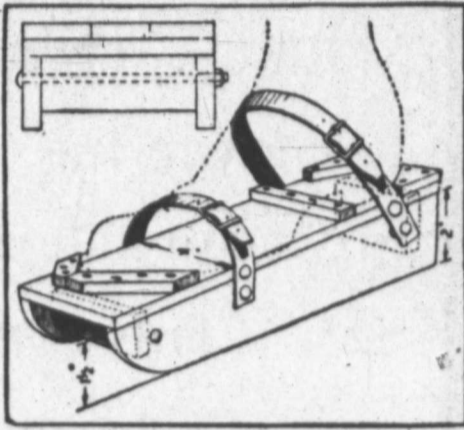
THE CHILDREN

SKATES ARE MADE OF WOOD

Excellent Substitute for Usual Steel-Runner Kind and Will Prevent Spraining of Person's Ankle.

Skates that will take the place of the usual steel-runner kind and which will prevent spraining of the ankles, can be made of a few pieces of one-half-inch hardwood boards, writes F. E. Kenna of Hennessey, Okla., in Popular Mechanics.

Four runners are cut out, two inches wide at the back and one and one-half



Wooden Skate.

inches wide at the front, the length to be two inches longer than the shoe. The two edges of a pair of runners are then nailed to the under side of a board four inches wide, at its edges.

A piece of board, or block, two inches wide is fastened between the runners at the rear, and one one-inch wide in front. Two bolts are run through holes bored in the runners, one just back of the front board, or block, and the other in front of the rear one.

Four triangular pieces are fastened, one on each corner, so that the heel and toe of the shoe will fit between them, and, if desired, a crosspiece can be nailed in front of the heel. Straps are attached to the sides for attaching the skate to the shoe. Both skates are made alike.

UNIQUE BAZAAR ON WHEELS

Novel Entertainment Furnished by "Pushcart Fair"—Carts May Be Rented for Occasion.

A pushcart fair is an amusing outdoor entertainment that will be novel to most. You can hire the carts for a small sum, and you get rid of the work of trimming booths. Those who have charge of the carts should wear the costumes of different peoples—Italians, Germans, Jews, negroes, Greeks, or any others that fancy may select.

Articles for sale are arranged on the carts and sold from them as from ordinary booths. There are pushcarts for fancy articles, others for household things, still others for candy, for toys, and for lemonade and cake, ice cream, or tea. If you can get a band and have pretzels and "sausages" sold from the German cart so much the better. The "sausages" are for the grab bag—small articles rolled in long folds of brown crepe paper, tied with fine string at each end.

A pushcart supper will furnish much amusement. Cups and saucers, plates, etc., are bargained for at the first cart, and the supper itself is gathered piecemeal from the display on the various carts.—Youth's Companion.

OPPORTUNITY FOR POOR BOY

Career of Thomas Burt Calls Attention to the Fact That Others May Rise to Prominence.

The retirement of Thomas Burt, member of parliament and privy councillor, at the age of seventy-seven, calls attention to the fact that it is not alone in the United States poor boys may rise to positions of public prominence and distinction.

Burt was the son of an English miner and at ten years of age went to work in a Durham colliery for 20 cents a day. He had a passion for study and spent all his spare moments in reading. At twenty-five he became an official of his miners' union and at thirty-seven was elected to parliament as a Liberal.

In 1892 he was made a member of the ministry, as undersecretary for the home office, and in 1906 was honored by appointment as privy councillor.

Interest in Farming.

Everywhere people are doing their best to stimulate an interest in agriculture on the part of young boys and girls. The courses that are offered by public schools, the attitude of the rural teachers toward farming and the work of the agricultural colleges are all attracting considerable attention.

Reading for Boys and Girls.

Do your boys and girls like to read history? There could be no finer subject for them to be interested in. Get some good books in this line. And read them yourself, as well as encourage the young folks to do it.

Why Farm is Deserted.

Boys and girls leave the farm for two reasons: because they are not permitted to shoulder responsibility and because they have no financial interest in the business.

SOAP BUBBLES ARE AMUSING

Plenty of Fun for the Little Folks as Well as Old Ones—Many Games May Be Played.

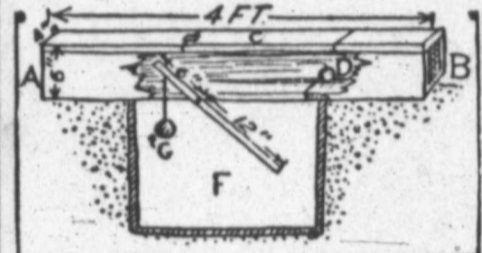
Bubbles make lots of fun, not only for the very little boys and girls, but for the more grownup ones, too, as really good games can be played with them. But provide plenty of pipes, one for each, the white clay kind, you know. Then make some soap jelly by boiling white soap in water and letting it cool. This may be kept in a jar ready for use. A couple of teaspoonfuls of the jelly in a cup or bowl of warm water will furnish countless bubbles.

Many games may be played with the bubbles. An ironing-board leaning against a heavy table or the window seat and firmly braced makes a well-padded path to roll the bubbles down. A large, light hoop suspended well above people's heads, is all that is needed for a fine game. Sides are chosen, which take up their places on opposite sides of the hoop, and at equal distances from it. Each player has a pipe and each side a bowl of soapuds. The sides play alternately. At each turn a player steps up to a given line, blows a bubble, tosses it high in the air, and then tries by blowing it gently to get it through the hoop. If he fails he must go to the other side. The game is finished when all the players are on one side. A string stretched across the room about six feet from the floor makes a good substitute for the hoop.

NOT HARD TO CATCH RABBIT

Trap Shown in Illustration Will Accommodate at Least a Dozen Animals—Is Always Set.

My rabbit trap is always set, sets itself automatically and can catch from one to a dozen rabbits before they need to be taken out, writes H. L. Winston of Kittitas county, Wash., in Missouri Valley Farmer. The trap should be four or five feet long, four inches wide and six inches high. One end B, is closed with woven wire.



Rabbit Trap Always Set.

The trap door is in the bottom of the trap over a pit, barrel or box. A door is put in the top over the trap door. Fasten a weight to the short end of the trap door, just heavy enough to bring the door back up level after the rabbit has fallen into the pit.

PLAN FOR EDUCATING GIRLS

Scheme of Chicago Board of Education Means Much to Mothers and Young Women Themselves.

The following proposed plan of the Chicago board of education of training girls in the public schools will be of interest to mothers. It will also mean much to the girls themselves when they land in a home of their own, as most girls eventually do:

- How to arrange and care for a kitchen.
- How to select, use and care for kitchen utensils.
- What kind of fuel to use in cooking.
- What kind of foods to cook and how to cook them.
- The effect of the different foods on digestion.
- What foods are fat producing and what foods are heat producing.
- How to buy foods with the greatest possible economy.
- How to write bills of fare that shall be attractive as well as furnish the right proportion of different foods.
- How to keep their homes sanitary.
- How to care for the plumbing.
- How to darn socks.
- How to patch trousers.
- How to make their own dresses.

A Good Trick.

One of the best tricks a person can see in years of watching is based on a physiological fact. The magician leaves the room, after directing someone in the room to hold one of his hands high above his head while he counts twenty slowly, then to lower it and ask the magician to return to the room. The other hand is to remain in an ordinary position. When the magician returns, he walks up, compares the two hands and without hesitation tells which hand has been held up. It is queer that so simple a trick should prove so puzzling. The hand that has been held high becomes white during the time its owner is counting twenty. The other hand, especially if it has dangled at the side, is red.

Pointers for Youth.

Don't get your ideas of married life altogether from the comic weeklies, young man. Mothers-in-law are often affable. Sometimes they leave you money. A bride frequently knows how to make biscuit. And if she doesn't, it is not absolutely impossible to secure a cook. Don't believe all you read in the funny magazines.

Correct.

Aunt—You've counted up to eight nicely, dear. But don't you know what comes after eight?
Elsie—Bedtime.

INSURANCE

Fire, Tornado, Hall, 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 wood-work, 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 GUARANTNEE

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

RHEUMATISM IS SLOW POISONING

because the entire system becomes permeated with injurious acids.

To relieve rheumatism Scott's Emulsion is a double help; it is rich in blood-food; it imparts strength to the functions and supplies the very oil-food that rheumatic conditions always need.

Scott's Emulsion has helped countless thousands when other remedies failed. No Alcohol. Refuse Substitutes.



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

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One year, in county	\$1.50
Six months	.75
Three months	.50
Two months	.40
One month	.25

Why not the commission form of government for Canyon? Hereford has tried this form for one year and has made a great success. It is reasonable to expect more efficient work from one man who is elected to manage the affairs of the city with salary sufficient to devote all his time to the work than can be expected of a city council of six men who are paid practically nothing for their labor and who are not primarily interested in the work. Canyon has a splendid man as mayor and has a good city council, but the News knows the affairs of the city placed in the hands of a city manager under the commission form of government would be more satisfactory. Let Canyon get into the progressive column this spring by establishing the commission form of government.

The Tulia Enterprise has been consolidated with the Herald under the management of J. C. O'Bryan. The fact has again been demonstrated that no town under 5000 can support two papers, but fools will rush in where angels fear to tread and thus it is in the newspaper game.

Iowa will be dry Jan. 1st. The legislature has passed a prohibitory law and Gov. Clarke will sign it. The pro-temperance sentiment is growing in all parts of the nation.

Dunlap Lester arrived Tuesday from Lubbock to take a position in the First National Bank. Mr. Lester has been cashier of the First National Bank at Lubbock, which bank was consolidated last week with the First State. Mr. Lester was offered the cashiership of the consolidated bank but chose to join his father in the local institution.

DON'T LEAVE CANYON

No Need To Seek Afar. The Evidence is at Your Door.

No need to leave Canyon to hunt up proof, because you have it here at home. The straightforward statement of a resident like that below given, bears an interest for every man, woman or child here in Canyon.

T. A. Ridgeway, farmer, Canyon, Texas, says: "I suffered from too frequent passages of the kidney secretions. Since using Doan's Kidney Pills, I have much better control over the kidney action. I can recommend this remedy highly for weak kidneys."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy, get Doan's Kidney Pills—the name that Mr. Ridgeway had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

(Advertisement)

Umbarger News.

Mr. and Mrs. Ash moved in the Pickens home a few weeks ago.

The twelve year old son of Mr. and Mrs. George Frank has the inflammatory rheumatism. They have taken him to the hospital at Amarillo.

Frank Simms has moved to Canyon which will give their children excellent school advantages.

Mr. Stoker is building a black smith shop near his residence. This will be a great advantage to the farmers living near our little town.

Minrad Hollenstein bought a fine new house at Canyon and moved it on his place north of Umbarger.

A letter from Miss Edna O'Bryan states that she has the excellent position as supervision of music and drawing of the five ward schools at Narrensburg, Mo.

Other items of interest were that Mr. and Mrs. Will Rose are the proud parents of a baby boy.

Mrs. Addie McKelroy of Happy is visiting at the parental C. P. Money home.

For Sale—Cherry and plum trees from 5c to 10c. J. R. Harter.

HE WAS TELLING HIM.

And He Kept on Telling Him Until There Was Almost a Row.

During one of the visits of the British royal family to Balmoral the then Prince of Wales (now King George), dressed very simply, was crossing one of the Scotch lakes in a steamer, and, curious to note everything relating to the management of the vessel, he entered the galley where a brawny highlander, was attending to the culinary matters and was met by the savory odors of a compound known by Scotchmen as hodgepodge, which the highlander was preparing.

"What is that?" asked the prince, who was not known to the cook.

"Hodgepodge, sir," was the reply.

"How is it made?" was the next question.

"Why, there's mutton intil't and turnips intil't, and carrots intil't—and—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the prince.



"WASN'T I TELLIN' YE?"

who had not learned that "intil't" meant "in it," "but what is 'intil't'?"

"Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and carrots intil't, and—"

"Yes, I see; but what is 'intil't'?"

The man looked up, and seeing that the prince was asking the question in good faith, he replied, a trifle nettled.

"Wasn't I tellin' ye? There's mutton intil't, and—"

"Yes, certainly, I heard you, but what is 'intil't'—intil't'?"

"Ye daft gowk!" yelled the highlander, brandishing his big spoon. "am I no' tellin' ye what's intil't? There's mutton intil't!"

Here the interview was brought to a close by one of the prince's suit who was fortunately passing and stepped in to save his royal highness from being rapped over the head with a big spoon.

Leadership.

We must truly serve those whom we appear to command. We must bear with their imperfections, correct them with gentleness and patience and lead them in the way to heaven.—Fenelon.

Would Have Been Inside.

Walter Scott and Morrill were once in Galgate, Bernard castle, where was situated the inn the Burns' Head, which had a portrait of the bard as a sign. Morrill showed this to Scott and asked if it was like the poet.

"How long has it been there?" asked Scott.

"Two or three years," was the answer.

"Then it's not like Robbie," said Scott. "Robbie would never have stayed so long outside a public house."

—Dundee Advertiser.

SAVES DAUGHTER

Advice of Mother no Doubt Prevents Daughter's Untimely End.

Ready, Ky.—"I was not able to do anything for nearly six months," writes Mrs. Laura Bratcher, of this place, "and was down in bed for three months."

I cannot tell you how I suffered with my head, and with nervousness and womanly troubles.

Our family doctor told my husband he could not do me any good, and he had to give it up. We tried another doctor, but he did not help me.

At last, my mother advised me to take Cardui, the woman's tonic. I thought it was no use for I was nearly dead and nothing seemed to do me any good. But I took eleven bottles, and now I am able to do all of my work and my own washing.

I think Cardui is the best medicine in the world. My weight has increased, and I look the picture of health."

If you suffer from any of the ailments peculiar to women, get a bottle of Cardui today. Delay is dangerous. We know it will help you, for it has helped so many thousands of other weak women in the past 50 years.

At all druggists.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Best Treatment for Women," in plain wrapper. R. G. 138

CLASSIFIED ADS

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

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

For Sale—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

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

All of Survey No. 104 Certificate No. 898 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

For Sale—Half dozen pure blood Cormish Indian Game cockrels from prize winners in three states. P. O. box 138 Phone 57. tf

LOST—Small square watch fob locket with two photographs. Return to S. B. McClure —48p2

FOR SALE.—Incubator. Call News office. —tf

FOR SALE—Three iron safes. Canyon Lumber Co. —tf

Reward—\$5 for locating light roan horse, 15 1-2 hands high, weight about 1100. No brand but color marks. Left Dan A. Inghram's place north of Washburn, Jan. 30. J. B. Knox, Happy, Tex. 49p2

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 and ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. 25c.

Suits Tailored

TWO FOR A QUARTER

With an overstock of woollens, my tailoring house has given me the rare privilege of putting on a great suit sale of two guaranteed all wool suits for \$25. This is the biggest tailored suit value the men of Canyon have ever been offered.

They are hand tailored by Harry R. Clancey, Wholesale Specialty Tailors, of Chicago.

Come and see my line. It costs you nothing to look. Also a line which sells two for \$33.

SALE NOW ON--BUY A SUIT TODAY

Canyon Tailor Shop

J. W. BATES, Prop.

Opposite Post Office

Notice of Loss

The public is hereby notified that fire insurance policy of the St. Paul Fire & Marine Insurance Co., of St. Paul, Minn., Nos. 35301 to 25325 have been either lost or stolen from the office of A. H. Page, Umbarger, Texas, and no liability for loss under above numbered policies will be recognized by the Saint Paul Fire & Marine Insurance Co.

Cravens & Cage, Managers, 48x3 Houston, Texas.

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.

Political Announcements.

For City Marshal—

D. THOMAS

B. T. JOHNSON

J. H. JOWELL

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

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

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

Notice—The old reliable W. J. Hal is here ready to do your wind mill and well work. p1

Phone 104 for moving van, baggage and house moving. Prompt and reliable service. tf

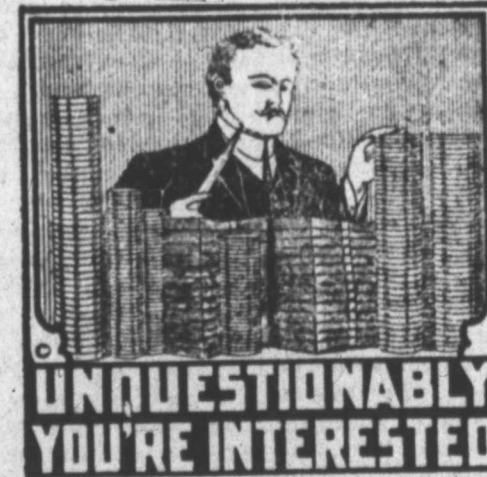
Plowing—I want to do your plowing with my steam outfit. Also want to rent 500 or 600 acres to put in sod crop. J. A. Harbison. tf

Rev. J. A. Campbell of Hereford was in the city Sunday to hold Catholic services.

My business is moving. Moving is my business. J. A. Harbison. —tf

The ADVERTISER is the LIVE Merchant--Trade only with HIM

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

LOCALS

ASK the Engineer about IT.
The banks and postoffice observed Washington's birthday Monday.

See our new P. & O. lists, Thompson Hardware Co. It Tom Lowry from Okla. was in the city Sunday.

WHY WORRY about that problem of how to build, see W. D. Howren, the ENGINEER, he knows. tf

A. B. Ellis left Monday for Lubbock where he has accepted a position with the First State Bank. He has been assistant cashier in the First National of Canyon until recently. His family will move to Lubbock when the Normal closes. The citizens of Canyon are very sorry to lose this estimable family.

See Mrs. Hunt at the Leader for plain and fancy sewing. Satisfaction guaranteed; prices reasonable. —48-p4

T. H. Taylor of Cleburne was here this week looking after the Palace Hotel for which he traded last week. He reports that he will soon move to Sweetwater where he has a ranch. He does not intend to move here. He will probably lease the hotel before leaving here.

See us for new rubber and cotton hose. Thompson Hardware Co. tf

Dr. Newt Long of Sweetwater, brother-in-law of Welton Winn, was called in special consultation with local doctors concerning the illness of Mrs. Winn. He arrived Monday and returned home Tuesday. Mrs. Winn is reported as improving, which will be good news to her many friends.

Make it of CONCRETE and defy TIME and WEATHER conditions. tf

The revenue stamps on the two deeds filed by Messrs. Webb and Taylor on the Palace Hotel trade amounted to \$80. This is the largest stamp sale yet made in the city.

TO BUILD UP both the flesh and strength of pale, puny, scrofulous children, for young or old people, get Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's the best thing known for a wasted body and a weakened system. It thoroughly purifies the blood, enriches it and makes effective every natural means of cleansing, repairing, and nourishing the system. In recovering from fevers, pneumonia, or other debilitating diseases, nothing can equal it as an appetizing, restorative tonic to bring back health and vigor. Cures nervous and general debility. Sold in Tablet or Liquid form. Purify and rid your blood of the taints and poisons that make it easy for disease to fasten its hold.

As an all round tonic and builder Mrs. MAE HAYS, of No. 1602 Nettie Street, Dallas, Texas, says: "My mother was in bad health for some time. She took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which was very helpful to her. I will gladly recommend the 'Discovery' to friends."

Santa Fe EXCURSIONS

Panhandle and S. W. Stockmen convention, El Paso, Texas, March 2 to 4. Tickets on sale Feb. 28, March 1-2-3. Limit March 15. Round trip \$20.35.

Round trip special excursion fares to points in Calif. and to destination in northwest. Tickets on sale March 1 to Nov. 30. Limit 90 days. Call on agent for rates.

R. McGee, Agt.
P. S. F. Ry. Co.

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.

Mrs. A. B. Haynes went home with her brother at Quanah where she will visit for a week.

Hughes Transfer handles all kinds of heavy draying. 46p4

S. F. Spencer of Anson visited this week at the home of his sister, Mrs. Welton Winn.

Call 88 for prompt deliver. Hughes Transfer 46p4

Several pieces of jewelry was lost at the Maud Powell recital last week. Finders please bring them to the News office.

Come and see our New Safety Hatch incubators. Thompson Hardware Co. tf

M. Hollenstein bought the Vetsok house in the west end and last week J. A. Harbison moved it to the Hollenstein place north of Umbarger.

DO IT NOW, phone No. 1. tf

Prosperity is at hand. Every indication assures it. Take advantage of the situation, and the next period of depression will not affect you. Remember, we all grow old, and few of us have pensions. Let it not be said of you. "He waited too long".

BUILD YOU A HOME.
Canyon Lumber Co.

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

The Advertisers.

Vernon Record: The very best way to make any town a good, heavy trading point is for the local merchants to spend a liberal amount in advertising. This one thing has contributed more toward making and keeping Vernon the best trading center in West Texas than any other one influence. When a merchant advertises he not only helps his own business, but he helps every other business in the town.

State Press in Dallas News. —Yes indeed. The live merchant is in himself an advertisement for his town. Cast your eyes over the non-advertisers of your own or any other community with which you are acquainted. Ask yourself what sort of town it would be if the non-advertising type were the paramount type. You know without looking. A picture of Slabtown looms in your mind—Slabtown on the Slouch. State Press knows more than one small city in Texas where two or three really energetic merchants keep the whole community from going to sleep and permitting competing towns to take practically all the trade of the neutral territories. And he knows more than one town where the business men are so slow that not even one live one remains to defend the gates. The result is that torpor has settled down upon those communities like a fog, and the people thereof are sere and yellow leaves. Strangers do not settle among them because one look at the population indicates the tone of the town—backwardness is personified in the people. If a town is worth saving it is worth advertising. And where there is no advertising, where there are only sloth and decay, always there are factions and feuds, and in such places even the few men who own all the wealth lead sorry lives and their families yearn to move away.

Boys, The Leader has something nifty in the Tie Line. Drop in and look them over.

A big shipment of Rubbers and Overshoes can be seen at the Leader.

That good kind of bread is the kind that The Leader sells.

West Side Happenings

The Leader is in receipt of a letter from Miss Frankie Gober asking that her friends and customers wait till her new goods get in before buying those New Glad Clothes for this spring. Miss Gober has been in the St. Louis market for the past ten days or two weeks buying Spring Goods for The Leader.

The Leader reports their trade increasing in a very satisfactory manner, all of which they are very grateful to their patrons. Service, Quality and Price are bound to win.

Mr. Jeff Wallace wishes to advise the Hard-to-Please Kind to try The Leader with their next order and see the treatment that will be meted out to them.

A big line of Steadfast and Biltrite Oxfords for men are being shown by The Leader this season. If you haven't looked them over better get in and see them.

Yes, Mrs. Hunt is sewing at the Leader. You can pick out your dress and trimmings and walk back and have it made in a short time.

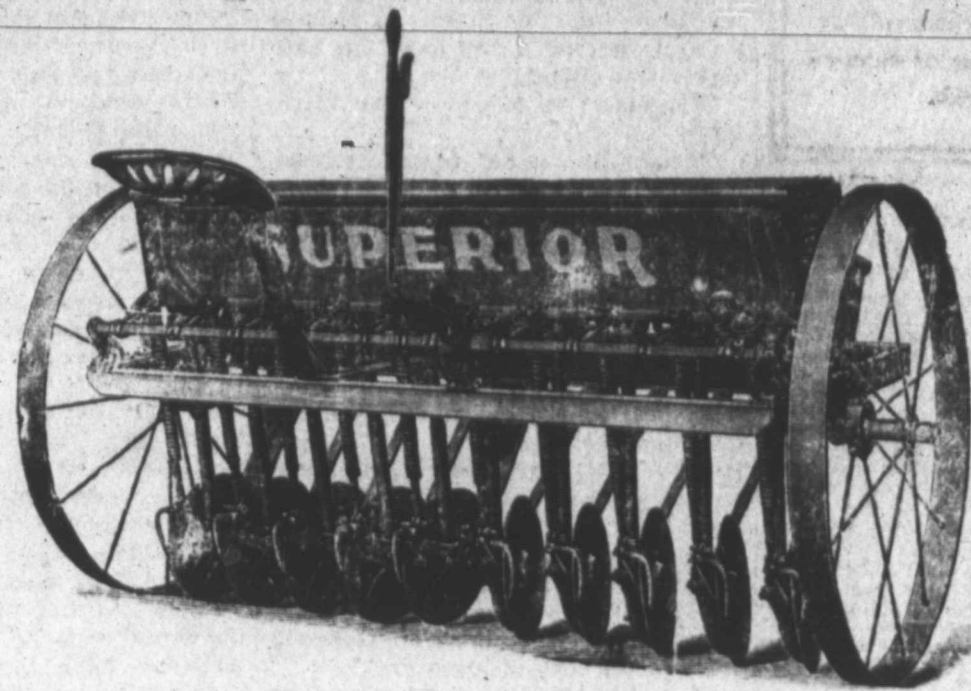
Boys, The Leader has something nifty in the Tie Line. Drop in and look them over.

A big shipment of Rubbers and Overshoes can be seen at the Leader.

That good kind of bread is the kind that The Leader sells.

The new goods to be shown at The Leader this season will sure enough be new—not old goods brushed up and carried over for several seasons.

TIME TO SOW OATS



With the good season we now have in the ground, there has never been a time when the prospects for a good oats crop has been better than it is now. Plant them with a SUPERIOR DRILL which is the most modern and up-to-date drill made. The better the planting the better the stand. With the season which we now have, we can expect a good harvest. The Superior Drill can be used with or without press wheels and we keep repairs for them in stock. Let us show them to you.

Thompson Hardware Co.

The regular meeting of the Book Club was held yesterday with Mesdames Jenkins and Lofton leading.

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

G. W. Avent has purchased the Garrison windmill fixtures to help improve his farm near Ceta.



What Rigid Inspection Means

Maintaining the quality of a number of products with a large business and varying buyer's requirements is not always a simple matter. It can only be accomplished where the most careful inspection of all products is frequently made.

At Port Arthur, Texas, laboratories are maintained to permit of the continuous inspection of Texaco Products manufactured there, so that quality, for which they are famous, will be kept up.

These laboratories have further matters to consider, for they are the places where new ideas, methods and possibilities are thoroughly tried out and investigated with the object of providing the best possible means of manufacture and the most practical value.

Port Arthur laboratories are a part of Texaco Quality and Service by which these products made in Texas have been foremost in oil manufactures.

Quality and Service are available for you in your own town. Consult our agent. He can tell you what you need.

The product will please you.

No. 21
The Texas Company
General Offices, Houston, Texas



The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations from Photographs of Scenes in the Play

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

SYNOPSIS.

On Misery creek Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious. Jesse Purvy of the Holliman clan has been shot and Samson is suspected of the crime. Samson denies it. The shooting breaks the truce in the Holliman-South feud. Jim Holliman hunts 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, Tamara rack discovers Samson to a jeering crowd of mountaineers. Samson thrashes him and denounces him as the "truce-buster" who shot Purvy. At Willie McCaeger's dance Samson tells the South clan that he is going to leave the mountains. Lescott goes home to New York. Samson bids Spicer and Sally farewell and follows. In New York Samson studies art and learns much of city ways. Drennie Lescott persuades Wilfred Horton, her dilettante lover, to do a man's work in the world. Prompted by her love, Sally teaches herself to write. Horton throws himself into the business world and becomes well hated by predatory financiers and politicians. At a Bohemian resort Samson meets William Farbish, sporty social parasite, and Horton's enemy.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

Adrienne Lescott nodded. Her eyes were sweetly sympathetic.

"It's the hardship of the conditions," she said, softly. "Those conditions will change."

A man had come out onto the veranda from the inside, and was approaching the table. He was immaculately groomed, and came forward with the deference of approaching a throne, yet as one accustomed to approaching thrones. His smile was that of pleased surprise.

The mountaineer recognized Farbish, and with a quick hardening of the face, he recalled their last meeting. If Farbish should presume to renew the acquaintanceship under these circumstances, Samson meant to rise from his chair, and strike him in the face. George Lescott's sister could not be subjected to such meetings. Yet, it was a tribute to his advancement in good manners that he dreaded making a scene in her presence, and, as a warning, he met Farbish's pleasant smile with a look of blank and studied lack of recognition. The circumstances out of which Farbish might weave unpleasant gossip did not occur to Samson. That they were together late in the evening, unchaperoned, at a road house whose reputation was socially dubious, was a thing he did not realize. But Farbish was keenly alive to the possibilities of the situation. He chose to construe the Kentuckian's blank expression as annoyance at being discovered, a sentiment he could readily understand. Adrienne Lescott, following her companion's eyes, looked up, and to the boy's astonishment nodded to the newcomer, and called him by name.

"Mr. Farbish," she laughed, with mock confusion and total innocence of the fact that her words might have meaning, "don't tell on us."

"I never tell things, my dear lady," said the newcomer. "I have dwelt too long in conservatories to toss pebbles. I'm afraid, Mr. South, you have forgotten me. I'm Farbish, and I had the pleasure of meeting you—he paused a moment, then with a pointed glance added—"at the Manhattan club, was it not?"

"It was not," said Samson, promptly. Farbish looked his surprise, but was resolved to see no offense, and, after a few moments of affable and, it must be acknowledged, witty conversation, withdrew to his own table.

"Where did you meet that man?" demanded Samson, fiercely, when he and the girl were alone again.

"Oh, at any number of dinners and dances. His sort is tolerated, for some reason." She paused, then, looking very directly at the Kentuckian, inquired, "And where did you meet him?"

"Didn't you hear him say the Manhattan club?"

"Yes, and I knew that he was lying."

"Yes, he was!" Samson spoke, contemptuously. "Never mind where it was. It was a place I got out of when I found out who were there."

The chauffeur came to announce that the car was ready, and they went out. Farbish watched them with a smile that had in it a trace of the sardonic.

The career of Farbish had been an interesting one in its own peculiar and unadmirable fashion. With no advantages of upbringing, he had nevertheless cultivated the niceties of social usage that his one flaw was a too great perfection. He was letter-perfect where one to the manor born might have slurred some detail.

He was witty, handsome in his saturnine way, and had powerful friends in the world of fashion and finance. That he rendered services to his plutocratic patrons, other than the repartee of his dinner talk, was a thing vaguely hinted in club gossip, and that these services were not in his credit had more than once been con-

When Horton had begun his crusade against various abuses, he had cast a suspicious eye on all matters through which he could trace the trail of William Farbish, and now, when Farbish saw Horton, he eyed him with an enigmatical expression, half-quizzical and half-malevolent.

After Adrienne and Samson had disappeared, he rejoined his companion, a stout, middle-aged gentleman of florid complexion, whose cheviot cut-away and reposeful waistcoat covered a liberal embonpoint. Farbish took his cigar from his lips, and studied its ascending smoke through lids half-closed and thoughtful.

"Singular," he mused; "very singular!"

"What's singular?" impatiently demanded his companion. "Finish, or don't start."

"That mountaineer came up here as George Lescott's protegee," went on Farbish, reflectively. "He came fresh from the feud belt, and landed promptly in the police court. Now, in less than a year, he's pairing off with Adrienne Lescott—who, every one supposed, meant to marry Wilfred Horton. This little party tonight is, to put it quite mildly, a bit unconventional."

The stout gentleman said nothing, and the other questioned, musingly:

"By the way, Bradburn, has the Kenmore Shooting club requested Wilfred Horton's resignation yet?"

"Not yet. We are going to. He's not congenial, since his hand is raised against every man who owns more than two dollars." The speaker owned several million times that sum. This meeting at an out-of-the-way place had been arranged for the purpose of discussing ways and means of curbing Wilfred's crusades.

"Well, don't do it."

"Why the devil shouldn't we? We don't want anarchists in the Kenmore."

After a while, they sat silent, Farbish smiling over the plot he had just devised, and the other man puffing with a puzzled expression at his cigar.

"That's all there is to it," summarized Mr. Farbish, succinctly. "If we can get these two men, South and Horton, together down there at the shooting lodge, under the proper conditions, they'll do the rest themselves, I think. I'll take care of South. Now, it's up to you to have Horton there at the same time."

"How do you know these men have not already met—and amicably?" demanded Mr. Bradburn.

"I happen to know it, quite by chance. It is my business to know things—quite by chance!"

Indian summer came again to Misery, flaunting woodland banners of crimson and scarlet orange, but to Sally the season brought only heartachy remembrances of last autumn, when Samson had softened his stolidism as the haze had softened the horizon. He had sent her a few brief letters—not written, but plainly printed. He selected short words—as much like the primer as possible, for no other messages could she read. There were times in plenty when he wished to pour out to her torrents of feeling, and it was such feeling as would have carried comfort to her lonely little heart. He wished to tell frankly of what a good friend he had made, and how this friendship made him more able to realize that other feeling—his love for Sally. There was in his mind no suspicion—as yet—that these two girls might ever stand in conflict as to the right of way. But the letters he wished to write were not the sort he dared to have read to the girl by the evangelist-doctor or the district-school teacher, and alone she could have made nothing of them. However, "I love you" are easy words—and those he always included.

The Widow Miller had been ailing for months, and, though the local physician diagnosed the condition as being "right poretly," he knew that the specter of tuberculosis which stalks through these badly lighted and ventilated houses was stretching out its fingers to touch her shrunken chest. This had meant that Sally had to forego the evening hours to study, because of the weariness that followed the day of nursing and household drudgery. Autumn seemed to bring to her mother a slight improvement, and Sally could again sometimes steal away with her slate and book, to sit alone on the big owl, and study.

She would not be able to write that Christmas letter. There had been too many interruptions in the self-imposed education, but some day she would write. There would probably be time enough. It would take even Samson a long while to become an artist.

One day, as she was walking homeward from her lonely trysting place, she met the battered-looking man who carried medicines in his satchels and the Scriptures in his pocket, and who practiced both forms of healing through the hills. The old man drew down his nag, and threw one leg over the post-rail.

"Evenin', Sally," he greeted.

"Evenin', Brother Spencer. How air ye?"

"Tol'able, thank ye, Sally." The body-and-soul mender studied the girl awhile in silence, and then said bluntly:

"Ye've done broke right smart, in the last year. Anything the matter with ye?"

She shook her head, and laughed. It was an effort to laugh merrily, but the ghost of the old instinctive blitheness rippled into it.

"I've jest come from old Spicer South's," volunteered the doctor. "He's aillin' pretty considerable, these days."

"What's the matter with Unc Spi-

cer?" demanded the girl, in genuine anxiety. Every one along Misery called the old man Unc Spicer.

"I can't jest make out." Her informant spoke slowly, and his brow corrugated into something like sullenness. "He ain't jest to say sick. That is, his organs seems all right, but he don't 'pear to have no heart for nothin', and his victuals don't tempt him none. He's jest puny, that's all."

"I'll go over thar, an' see him," announced the girl. "I'll cook a chicken the'll tempt him."

The girl spent much time after that at the house of old Spicer South, and her coming seemed to waken him into a fitful return of spirits.

"I reckon, Unc Spicer," suggested the girl, on one of her first visits, "I'd better send for Samson. Mebbe hit would do ye good ter see him."

The old man was weakly leaning back on his chair, and his eyes were vacantly listless; but, at the suggestion, he straightened, and the ancient fire came again to his face.

"Don't ye do hit," he exclaimed, almost fiercely. "I knows ye mean hit kindly, Sally, but don't ye meddle in my business."

"—I didn't 'low ter meddle," faltered the girl.

"No, little gal." His voice softened at once into gentleness. "I knows ye didn't. I didn't mean ter be short-answered with ye either, but thar's jest one thing I won't low nobody ter do—an' tnet's ter send for Samson. He knows the road home, an', when he wants ter come, he'll find the door open, but we hain't a-goin' ter send after him."

Wilfred Horton found himself that fall in the position of a man whose course lies through rapids, and for the first time in his life his pleasures were giving precedence to business.

Horton was the most-hated and most-admired man in New York, but the men who hated and snubbed him were his own sort, and the men who admired him were those whom he would never meet, and who knew him only through the columns of penny papers. Powerful enemies had ceased to laugh, and begun to conspire. He must be silenced! How, was a mooted question. But, in some fashion, he must be silenced. Society had not cast him out, but society had shown him in many subtle ways that he was no longer her favorite. He had taken a plebeian stand with the masses. Meanwhile, from various sources, Horton had received warnings of actual personal danger. But at these he had laughed, and no hint of them had reached Adrienne's ears.

One evening, when business had forced the postponement of a dinner engagement with Miss Lescott, he begged her over the telephone to ride with him the following morning.

"I know you are usually asleep when I'm out and galloping," he laughed, "but you pitched me neck and crop into this hurly-burly, and I shouldn't have to lose everything. Don't have your horse brought. I want you to try out a new one of mine."

"I think," she answered, "that early morning is the best time to ride. I'll meet you at seven at the Plaza entrance."

They had turned the upper end of the reservoir before Horton drew his mount to a walk, and allowed the reins to hang. They had been galloping hard, and conversation had been impracticable.

"I suppose experience should have taught me," began Horton, slowly, "that the most asinine thing in the world is to try to lecture you, Drennie. But there are times when one must even risk your delight at one's discomfiture."

"I'm not going to tease you this morning," she answered, docilely. "I like the horse too well—and, to be frank, I like you too well!"

"Thank you," smiled Horton. "As usual, you disarm me on the verge of combat. I had nerved myself for ridicule."

"What have I done now?" inquired the girl, with an innocence which further disarmed him.

"The queen can do no wrong. But even the queen, perhaps more particularly the queen, must give thought to what people are saying."

"What are people saying?"

"The usual unjust things that are said about women in society. You are being constantly seen with an uncouth freak who is scarcely a gentleman, however much he may be a man. And malicious tongues are wagging."

The girl stiffened.

"I won't spar with you. I know that

you are alluding to Samson South, though the description is a slander. I never thought it would be necessary to say such a thing to you, Wilfred, but you are talking like a cad."

The young man flushed.

"I laid myself open to that," he said, slowly, "and I suppose I should have expected it. God knows I hate cads and snobs. Mr. South is simply, as yet, uncivilized. Otherwise, he would hardly take you, unchaperoned, to—well, let us say to ultra-bohemian resorts, where you are seen by such gossip-mongers as William Farbish."

"So, that's the specific charge, is it?"

"Yes, that's the specific charge. Mr. South may be a man of unusual talent and strength. But—he has done what no other man has done—with you. He has caused club gossip, which may easily be twisted and misconstrued."

"Do you fancy that Samson Smith could have taken me to the Wigwam road-house if I had not cared to go with him?"

The man shook his head.

"Certainly not! But the fact that you did care to go with him indicates an influence over you which is new. You have not sought the bohemian and unconventional phases of life with your other friends. There is no price under heaven I would not pay for your regard. None the less, I repeat that, at the present moment, I can see only two definitions for this mountaineer. Either he is a bounder, or else he is so densely ignorant and churlish that he is unfit to associate with you."

"I make no apologies for Mr. South," she said, "because none are needed. He is a stranger in New York, who knows nothing, and cares nothing about the conventionalities. If I chose to waive them, I think it was my right and my responsibility."

Horton said nothing, and, in a moment Adrienne Lescott's manner changed. She spoke more gently:

"Wilfred, I'm sorry you choose to take this prejudice against the boy. You could have done a great deal to help him. I wanted you to be friends."

"Thank you!" His manner was stiff. "I hardly think we'd hit it off together."

"I believe you are jealous!" she announced.

"Of course, I'm jealous," he replied, without evasion. "Possibly, I might have saved time in the first place by avowing my jealousy. I hasten now to make amends. I'm green-eyed."

She laid her gloved fingers lightly on his bride hand.

"Don't be," she advised; "I'm not in love with him. If I were, it wouldn't matter. He has—"

"A neater, sweeter maiden."

"In a greener, cleaner land."

He's told me all about her."

Horton shook his head, dubiously.

"I wish to the good Lord, he'd go back to her," he said.

CHAPTER XI.

One afternoon, swinging along Fifth avenue in his down-town walk, Samson met Mr. Farbish, who fell into step with him, and began to make conversation.

"By the way, South," he suggested after the commonplaces had been disposed of, "you'll pardon my little pre-arrangement the other evening about having met you at the Manhattan club?"

"Why was it necessary?" inquired Samson, with a glance of disquieting directness.

"Possibly, it was not necessary, merely politic. Of course," he laughed, "every man knows two kinds of women. It's just as well not to discuss the nectarines with the nectarines, or the orchids with the nectarines."

Samson made no response. But Farbish, meeting his eyes, felt as though he had been contemptuously rebuked. His own eyes clouded with an impulse of resentment. But it passed, as he remembered that his plans involved the necessity of winning this boy's confidence.

At the steps of a Fifth avenue club, Farbish halted.

"Won't you turn in here," he suggested, "and assuage your thirst?"

Samson declined, and walked on. But when a day or two later, he dropped into the same club with George Lescott, Farbish joined them in the grill—without invitation.

"By the way, Lescott," said the interloper, with an easy assurance upon which the coolness of his reception had no seeming effect, "it won't be long now until ducks are flying south. Will you get off for your customary shooting?"

"I'm afraid not," Lescott's voice became more cordial, as a man's will, whose hobby has been touched. "There are several canvases to be finished for approaching exhibitions. I wish I could go. When the first cold winds begin to sweep down, I get the fever. The prospects are good, too, I understand."

"The best in years! Protection in the Canadian breeding fields is bearing fruit. Do you shoot ducks, Mr. South?" The speaker included Samson as though merely out of deference to his physical presence.

Samson shook his head. But he was listening eagerly. He too, knew that note of the migratory "honk" from high overhead.

"Samson," said Lescott slowly, as he caught the gleam in his friend's eyes, "you've been working too hard. You'll have to take a week off, and try your hand. After you've changed your method from rifle to shotgun, you'll bag your share, and you'll come back fitter for work. I must arrange it."

"As to that," suggested Farbish, in the manner of one regarding the civilities, "Mr. South can run down

to the Kenmore. I'll have a car made out for him."

"Don't trouble," demurred Lescott, coolly. "I can fix that up."

"It would be a pleasure," smiled the other. "I sincerely wish I could be there at the same time, but I'm afraid that, like you, Lescott, I shall have to give business the right of way. However, when I hear that the flights are beginning, I'll call Mr. South up, and pass the news to him."

Samson had thought it rather singular that he had never met Horton at the Lescott house, though Adrienne spoke of him almost as of a member of the family. However, Samson's visits were usually in his intervals between relays of work and Horton was probably at such times in Wall street. It did not occur to the mountaineer that the other was intentionally avoiding him. He knew of Wilfred only through Adrienne's eulogistic descriptions, and, from hearsay, liked him.

The months of close application to easel and books had begun to tell on the outdoor man in a softening of muscles and a slight, though noticeable, pallor. The enthusiasm with which he attacked his daily schedule carried him far, and made his progress phenomenal, but he was spending capital of nerve and health, and George Lescott began to fear a break-down for his protegee. He discussed the



"I Will Arrange So That You Will Not Run Up on Wilfred Horton."

matter with Adrienne, and the girl began to promote in the boy an interest in the duck-shooting trip—an interest which had already awakened, despite the rifleman's inherent contempt for shotguns.

"I reckon I'd like it, all right," he said, "and I'll bring back some ducks, if I'm lucky."

So, Lescott arranged the outfit, and Samson awaited the news of the coming flights.

That same evening, Farbish dropped into the studio, explaining that he had been buying a picture at Collasso's, and had taken the opportunity to stop by and hand Samson a visitor's card to the Kenmore club. He found the ground of interest flab, and artfully sowed it with well-chosen anecdotes calculated to stimulate enthusiasm.

On leaving the studio, he paused to say:

"I'll let you know when conditions are just right." Then, he added, as though in afterthought: "And I'll arrange so that you won't run up on Wilfred Horton."

"What's the matter with Wilfred Horton?" demanded Samson, a shade curiously.

"Nothing at all," replied Farbish, with entire gravity. "Personally, I like Horton immensely. I simply thought you might find things more congenial when he wasn't among those present."

Samson was puzzled, but he did not fancy hearing from this man's lips criticisms upon friends of his friends.

"Well, I reckon," he said, coolly, "I'd like him, too."

"I beg your pardon," said the other, "I suppose you knew, or I shouldn't have mentioned the subject. I seem to have said too much."

"See here, Mr. Farbish," Samson spoke quietly, but imperatively; "if you know any reason why I shouldn't meet Mr. Wilfred Horton, I want you to tell me what it is. He is a friend of my friends. You say you've said too much. I reckon you've either said too much, or too little."

Then, very indulously and artistically, seeming all the while reluctant and apologetic, the visitor proceeded to expiate in Samson's mind an exaggerated and untrue picture of Horton's contempt for him and of Horton's resentment at the favor shown him by the Lescotts.

Samson heard him out with a face enigmatically set, and his voice was soft, as he said simply at the end:

"I'm obliged to you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Good Road Bordered With Lombardy Poplars to Serve as a Windbreak.

repairs needed in order to keep roads good, and that is not done without expense. In fact, the maintenance and depreciation charges are usually greater for good roads than for ordinary roads, but good roads are worth the extra expense, and they are, therefore, good business.

Many people speak of the surface of a good road as though it were an arch which must support the weight of traffic, but the chief concern in properly constructed good roads is the wear on the road surface material, caused by the grinding action of wheels and the suction action of rapidly moving automobile tires, which remove the fine dust and binding materials, exposing the coarser and more compact material.

Macadam, one of the most famous road builders, laid down three rules for making a good road: (1) Good Drainage, (2) Better Drainage, (3) Still Better Drainage; or, in other words, "A good road has a tight roof and a dry cellar." Proper drainage to prevent water from getting into the road from beneath and a good surface to cause the rainfall to run off before entering the foundation, will insure a good road, because a well-packed earth foundation will sustain the weight of ordinary country traffic without breaking through. If the surface is not preserved, the foundation of the road will be damaged, and this applies to dirt as well as rock roads, for in many cases we find that earth roads are the most advisable kind of good roads and all that the traffic wants.

It is necessary to keep the roof tight. Do not allow holes to remain in the road surface, for if they are not repaired the water will collect in them and run through into the foundation, causing "cluck holes."

Duty of Every Farmer.

No man who farms should begrudge the time he spends in grading, dragging and ditching the highways. He must use them 12 months in the year. Every day's work makes them a little better if the work is done intelligently.

In many localities the merchants have aided in the work of road betterment, and it seems ridiculous that their efforts should be distrusted by the farmers.

Importance of Movement.

Of the 2,000 miles of public roads in the United States only about 200,000 miles have been given a hard surface.

Good Roads Mean Much.

Good roads mean as much to moral and intellectual welfare as to economical distribution.

True Civilization.

Voting for good roads at every opportunity is a mark of true civilization.



ROADS AND ROAD MATERIALS

Highway Should Be No More Expensive Than Traffic Warrants, and Materials Suited to Traffic.

(By V. M. CONE, Colorado Agricultural College.)

Roads and road materials are the subject of much discussion all over the country. Most of our roads are still being patched up, or, which is still worse, being turned upside down periodically with plow and scraper, and a soft road is the certain result.

However, some good roads are being built each year. Roads are a business. If they are good roads they are a good business, if they are bad roads they are a bad business. A road should be no more expensive than the traffic warrants, and the materials of which the road is constructed must be suited to the traffic.

Cobble stones are good roads for heavy drayage and asphaltum pavements are excellent for pleasure vehicles, but they are certainly not interchangeable in usage. It would be as foolish in many cases to have an asphaltum pavement on a country road, as a dirt street in the busy traffic district of a city.

Too often people lose sight of the



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In many localities the merchants have aided in the work of road betterment, and it seems ridiculous that their efforts should be distrusted by the farmers.

Importance of Movement.

Of the 2,000 miles of public roads in the United States only about 200,000 miles have been given a hard surface.

Good Roads Mean Much.

Good roads mean as much to moral and intellectual welfare as to economical distribution.

True Civilization.

Voting for good roads at every opportunity is a mark of true civilization.



"Don't You Do Hit."

of combat. I had nerved myself for ridicule."

"What have I done now?" inquired the girl, with an innocence which further disarmed him.

"The queen can do no wrong. But even the queen, perhaps more particularly the queen, must give thought to what people are saying."

"What are people saying?"

"The usual unjust things that are said about women in society. You are being constantly seen with an uncouth freak who is scarcely a gentleman, however much he may be a man. And malicious tongues are wagging."

The girl stiffened.

"I won't spar with you. I know that

SCARLET PLAGUE
 BY JACK LONDON

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"An hour later, at a window on the ground floor, I heard pandemonium break out in the camps of the prowlers. There were cries and screams, and shots from many pistols. As we afterward conjectured, this fight had been precipitated by an attempt on the part of those that were well to drive out those that were sick. At any rate, a number of the plague-stricken prowlers escaped across the campus and drifted against our doors. We warned them back, but they cursed us and discharged a fusillade from their pistols. Professor Merryweather, at one of the windows, was instantly killed, the bullet striking him squarely between the eyes. We opened fire in turn, and all the prowlers fled away with the exception of three. One was a woman. The plague was on them and they were reckless. Like foul fiends, there in the red glare from the skies, with faces blazing, they continued to curse us and fire at us. One of the men I shot with my own hand. After that the other man and the woman, still cursing us, lay down under our windows, where we were compelled to watch them die of the plague.

"The situation was critical. The explosions of the powder magazines had broken all the windows of the Chemistry building, so that we were exposed to the germs from the corpses. The sanitary committee was called upon to act, and it responded nobly. Two men were required to go out and remove the corpses, and this meant the probable sacrifice of their own lives, for, having performed the task, they were not to be permitted to re-enter the building. One of the professors, who was a bachelor, and one of the under-graduates volunteered. They bade good-by to us and went forth. They were heroes. They gave up their lives that four hundred others might live. After they had performed their work, they stood for a moment, at a distance, looking at us wistfully. They waved their hands in farewell and went away slowly across the campus toward the burning city.

"And yet it was all useless. The next morning the first one of us was smitten with the plague—a little nurse girl in the family of Professor Stout. It was no time for weak-kneed, sentimental policies. On the chance that she might be the only one, we thrust her forth from the building and commanded her to be gone. She went away slowly across the campus wringing her hands and crying pitifully. We felt like brutes, but what were we to do? There were four hundred of us, and individuals had to be sacrificed.

"In one of the laboratories three families had domiciled themselves, and that afternoon we found among them no less than four corpses and seven cases of the plague in all its different stages.

"Then it was that the horror began. Leaving the dead lie, we forced the living ones to segregate themselves in another room. The plague began to break out among the rest of us, and as fast as the symptoms appeared, we sent the stricken ones to these segregated rooms. We compelled them to walk there by themselves, so as to avoid laying hands on them. It was heartrending. But still the plague raged among us, and room after room was filled with the dead and dying. And so we who were yet clean retreated to the next floor, and to the next, before this sea of the dead, that, room by room and floor by floor, inundated the building.

"The place became a charnel house, and in the middle of the night the survivors fled forth, taking nothing with them except arms and ammunition and a heavy store of tinned foods. We camped on the opposite side of the campus from the prowlers, and, while some stood guard, others of us volunteered to scout into the city in quest of horses, motor cars, carts and wagons, or anything that would carry out provisions and enable us to emulate the banded workmen I had seen fighting their way out to the open country.

"I was one of these scouts, and Doctor Hoyle, remembering that his motor car had been left behind in his home garage, told me to look for it. We scouted in pairs, and Dombey, a young undergraduate, accompanied me. We had to cross half a mile of the residence portion of the city to get to Doctor Hoyle's home. Here the buildings stood apart, in the midst of trees and grassy lawns, and here the fires had played freaks, burning whole blocks, skipping blocks, and often skipping a single house in a block. And here, too, the prowlers were still at their work. We carried our automatic pistols openly in our hands, and looked desperate enough, forsooth, to keep them from attacking us. But at Doctor Hoyle's house the thing happened. Untouched by fire, even as we came to it the smoke and flames burst forth.

"The miscreant who had set fire to

it staggered down the steps and out along the driveway. Sticking out of his coat pockets were bottles of whiskey, and he was very drunk. My first impulse was to shoot him, and I have never ceased regretting that I did not. Staggering and maundering to himself, with bloodshot eyes and a raw and bleeding slash down one side of his bewhiskered face, he was altogether the most nauseating specimen of degradation and filth I had ever encountered. I did not shoot him, and he leaned against a tree on the lawn to let us go by. It was the most absolute, wanton act. Just as we were opposite him, he suddenly drew a pistol and shot Dombey through the head. The next instant I shot him. But it was too late. Dombey expired without a groan, immediately. I doubt if he ever knew what had happened to him.

"Leaving the two corpses, I hurried on past the burning house to the garage, and there found Doctor Hoyle's motor car. The tanks were filled with gasoline, and it was ready for use. And it was in this car that I threaded the streets of the ruined city and came back to the survivors on the campus. The other scouts returned, but none had been so fortunate. Professor Fairmead had found a Shetland pony, but the poor creature, tied in a stable and abandoned for days, was so weak from want of food and water that it could carry no burden at all. Some of the men were for turning it loose, but I insisted that we should lead it along with us, so that, if we got out of food, we would have it to eat.

"There were forty-seven of us when we started, many being women and children. The president of the faculty, an old man to begin with, and now hopelessly broken by the awful happenings of the past week, rode in the motor car with several young children and the aged mother of Profes-



The Miscreant Who Had Set Fire to It Staggered Down the Steps.

sor Fairmead. Wathope, a young professor of English, who had a grievous bullet wound in his leg, drove the car. The rest of us walked, Professor Fairmead leading the pony.

"Our progress was painfully slow. The women and children could not walk fast. They did not dream of walking, my grandsons, in the way all people walk today. In truth, none of us knew how to walk. It was not until after the plague that I learned really to walk. So it was that the pace of the slowest was the pace of all, for we dared not separate on account of the prowlers. There were not so many now of these human beasts of prey. The plague had already well diminished their numbers, but enough still lived to be a constant menace to us. Many of the beautiful residences were untouched by fire, yet smoking ruins were everywhere. The prowlers, too, seemed to have got over their insensate desire to burn, and it was more rarely that we saw houses freshly on fire.

"Several of us scouted among the private garages in search of motor cars and gasoline. But in this we were unsuccessful. The first great flights from the cities had swept all such utilities away. Calgan, a fine young man, was lost in this work. He was shot by prowlers while crossing a lawn. Yet this was our only casualty, though once a drunken brute deliberately opened fire on all of us. Luckily, he fired wildly, and we shot him before he had done any hurt.

"At Fruitvale, still in the heart of the magnificent residence section of

the city, the plague again smote us. Professor Fairmead was the victim. Making signs to us that his mother was not to know, he turned aside into the grounds of a beautiful mansion. He sat down forlornly on the steps of the front veranda, and I, having lingered, waved him a last farewell. That night, several miles beyond Fruitvale and still in the city, we made camp. And that night we shifted camp twice to get away from our dead. In the morning there were thirty of us. I shall never forget the president of the faculty. During the morning's march his wife, who was walking, betrayed the fatal symptoms, and when she drew aside to let us go on he insisted on leaving the motor car and remaining with her. There was quite a discussion about this, but in the end we gave in. It was just as well, for we knew not which ones of us, if any, might ultimately escape.

"That night, the second of our march, we encamped beyond Hayward's in the first stretches of country. And in the morning there were eleven of us that lived. Also, during the night, Wathope, the professor with the wounded leg, deserted us in the motor car. He took with him his sister and his mother and most of our tinned provisions. It was that day, in the afternoon, while resting by the wayside, that I saw the last airship I shall ever see. The smoke was much thinner here in the country, and I first sighted the ship drifting and veering helplessly at an elevation of two thousand feet. What had happened I could not conjecture, but even as we looked we saw her bow dip down lower and lower. Then the bulkheads of the various gas chambers must have burst, for, quite perpendicular, she fell like a plummet to the earth. And from that day to this I have not seen another airship. Often and often, during the next few years, I scanned the sky for them, hoping against hope that somewhere in the world civilization had survived. But it was not to be. What happened with us in California must have happened with everybody everywhere.

"Another day, and at Niles there were three of us. Beyond Niles, in the middle of the highway, we found Wathope. The motor car had broken down, and there, on the rugs which they had spread on the ground, lay the bodies of his sister, his mother and himself.

"Wearied by the unusual exercise of continual walking, that night I slept heavily. Canfield and Parsons, my last companions, were dead of the plague. Of the four hundred that sought shelter in the Chemistry building, and of the forty-seven that began the march, I alone remained—I and the Shetland pony. Why this should be so there is no explaining. I did not catch the plague, that is all. I was immune. I was merely the one lucky man in a million—just as every survivor was one in a million, or, rather, in several millions, for the proportion was at least that.

"For two days I sheltered in a pleasant grove where there had been no deaths. In those days, while badly depressed and believing that my turn would come at any moment, nevertheless I rested and recuperated. So did the pony. And on the third day, putting what small store of tinned provisions I possessed on the pony's back, I started on across a very lonely land. Not a live man, woman or child did I encounter, though the dead were everywhere. Food, however, was abundant. The land then was not as it is now. It was all cleared of trees and brush, and it was cultivated. The food for millions of mouths was growing, ripening and going to waste. From the fields and orchards I gathered vegetables, fruits and berries. Around the deserted farmhouses I got eggs and caught chickens. And frequently I found supplies of tinned provisions in the storerooms.

"A strange thing was what was taking place with all the domestic animals. The chickens and ducks were the first to be destroyed, while the pigs were the first to go wild, followed by the cats. Nor were the dogs long in adapting themselves to the changed conditions. There was a veritable plague of dogs. They devoured the corpses, barked and howled during the nights, and in the daytime slunk about in the distance. As the time went by I noticed a change in their behavior. At first they were apart from one another, very suspicious and very prone to fight, but after a not very long while they began to come together and run in packs. The dog, you see, always was a social animal, and this was true before ever he came to be domesticated by man. In the last days of the world, before the plague, there were many, many very different kinds of dogs—dogs without hair and dogs with warm fur, dogs so small that they would make scarcely a mouthful for other dogs that were as large as mountain lions. Well, all the small dogs, and the weak types, were killed by their fellows. Also, the very large ones were not adapted for the wild life and bred out. As a result the many different kinds of dogs disappeared, and there remained only, running in packs, the medium-sized wolfish dogs that you know today.

"The horses also went wild and all the fine breeds we had degenerated into the small mustang you know today. The cows likewise went wild, as did the pigeons and the sheep. And that a few of the chickens survived you know yourself. But the wild chicken of today is quite a different thing from the chickens we had in those days."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Washington Healthy State. The state of Washington shows the smallest death rate of any of the United States.

COME TO THE PANHANDLE THIS YEAR

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

The Panhandle is Ready for the Farmer

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

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

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

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

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

C. O. KEISER

Canyon, Texas

Keota, Iowa

**RALPH COUSINS
WRITES OF WAR**

The following is a letter from Ralph Cousins to his mother. Mr. Cousins is a student in the West Point U. S. Military Academy and has heard some interesting discussions of the present European war.

United States Military Academy
West Point, New York.
Sunday night, Feb. 14, 1915.
Dear Mother:

I'm crammed full of facts tonight and could write pages of interesting things. Last night for the grand sum of a quarter I heard, or saw an illustrated lecture given by a war correspondent, who just came home on the Rotterdam a week ago, on the war.

He has been all over the whole scene of action, has been with the Austrian and German officers ever since the beginning of operations, and showed about 500 colored slides and four reels of moving pictures. He and Richard Harding Davis, represent the same syndicate of newspapers and he is on the staff of "Scribner's" magazine. The

**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 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 CAMEFIELD,
R.F.D. No. 3, Goshen, Mich.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th of July, 1915.
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.

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.**

How To Give Quinine To Children.

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

whole thing took about four hours and was very interesting and instructive and was stuff that you can believe, and not newspaper stuff.

Here are one or two things that will give you an idea of the enormity of the thing. You can get in the trenches at the English Channel and go all the way to Switzerland without getting out. The Germans have two more of these lines between the one they now occupy and their frontier.

The forts at Liege have been repaired and are manned by German armaments.

There is a telephone every one hundred meters along the entire trench on the German side.

The Germans have between six and seven hundred thousand Russian prisoners alone, to say nothing of the enormous numbers of French and English.

As of course you know the Germans have the "conscript" system in their armies. Every year there are about three hundred thousand recruits go in, and of course an equal number going out. The system employed is roughly this: (I learned this out of a text book and not at the lecture).

At the age of 18 all men, physically fit are placed in what is known as the "Landstrum". They stay in this class for 3 years. At 21 they go into the "standing" army. They serve 3 years with the "colors", on actual duty, if in the mounted service, and 2 years in the Infantry. They then go into the reserve for either 4 or 5 years, making their service in this branch 7 years. They then go in to the "Landwehr" for 16 years and the Landstrum for 7, finishing their military service at 45.

Well there are about seven million of the Landstrum and Landwehr in Germany and not nearly one percent have heard a gun fire in this war, and are available for good strong active service.

So when you know that England is going to put a million more men in the field in the spring and France is going to do the same, you can see that the war isn't over. But enough of that.

Tonight I heard a lecture given by my friend Sam Blake who has made the torpedo submarine what it is.

He talked about 2 hours, he had slides and showed the development of the thing and what it could accomplish.

They go about 15 knots on the surface and ten, submerged, can stay down for 54 hours without the slightest inconvenience, can go to any depth, and by means of wheels travel on the bottom. They can carry about 15 torpedo which go, after being shot, at the rate of 4 miles a minute and will go straight for ten miles, and there has never been a ship made that can withstand their explosion.

I won't propound further facts. This is a good lesson as it is. I wouldn't take fifty dollars apiece for those two talks, and are very glad to have heard them.

Time for taps.
Lots of love,
Ralph.

The Crown Prince of Germany is 32 years old, and is commanding an army of 2 hundred thousand men!

Mrs. McClain's Experience With Croup.

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



CLOTHING

We have the most beautiful showing of Hart Schaffner & Marx and Benjamin suits this season that has ever been our pleasure to offer our customers.

We are especially proud of our Gents Furnishings department this season.

We have a line of suits at \$12.50 and \$15.00 that are beauties and guaranteed all wool.

Hart Schaffner & Marx suits \$20.00 to \$35.00 that are guaranteed to give satisfaction.

We can sell you suits out of stock for at least 25 per cent under the price you will have to pay for a made to measure suit. We guarantee a fit. Save \$5.00 to \$10.00 by buying that new spring suit from us.

We have a wide range of patterns in all prices. Let us show you.

The Canyon City Supply Co.
DRY-GOODS, CLOTHING & GROCERIES
CANYON, TEXAS

Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Old Camden On The Moor.

Old Camden is a village now.
A town on the moor.
Inhabited by country swains
And foot-shrimmers both.
And yet it is a lovely place.
To me at least, I find:
The wealth it holds of beauty quaint
Keeps running in my mind.
When sunset lights the rolling hills
That flank it to the west,
And paints with gold the purple heath
Upon each rounded crest:
The artist's eyes grow warm with love
And scintillate desire,
Which rouses in his yearning soul
The sweet creative fire.

The setting of this heath-clad scene
Takes on a glowing faint:
A timid, modest maiden blush
That Titian could not paint:
While just above it meets the blue
And mingled with sky,
In coalescing sunset blend
That charms the painter's eye.

The tinkle of the bell is heard
From far across the hills,
And chiming echoes calling back
The chord of being thrills:
While vesper notes of thrush and wren
About the hedge and cot,
Turn this, at first a common place,
Into a sacred spot.

The village church with steeple tall,
A porch of ancient build,
And windows high with peaked arch,
Disclose a priestly guild:
And tell that doughty knights in mail
And squires of brawny mould,
Came here to barter gold for grace,
When grace was being sold.

All these are rare, and good to see,
And yet the rarest sight
In all this stretch of hill and heath,
And lovely green and white:
Is verdure tint and snowy flock
Far on the sky-line merge—
And shepherdess who tends the sheep,
And holds my heart in charge!

\$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, O. Sold by all Druggists, etc.
This Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Notice of Loss

The public is hereby notified that fire insurance policies of the American Central Insurance Co., of St. Louis, Mo., Nos. 934291 to 934295 have been either lost or stolen from the office of A. H. Page, Umbarger, Texas, and no liability for loss under above numbered policies will be recognized by the American Central Insurance Co.

Cravens & Cage, Managers,
48x3 Houston, Texas

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

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

Notice of Loss.

The public is hereby notified that the following numbered fire insurance policies of the Detroit Fire and Marine Insurance Co., of Detroit, Michigan, Nos. 43551 to 43600 have been either lost or stolen from the office of A. H. Page, Umbarger, Texas, and the Detroit Fire & Marine Insurance Co., will not recognize any liability for loss under above numbered policies.

Cravens & Cage, Managers,
48x3 Houston, Texas.

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

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.

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

**Macaroni Spring
Wheat Seed**

This wheat once rejected as being unfit for bread is now bringing a premium over the highest grades of winter or spring varieties. Every farmer should sow from 20 to 100 acres. We have good seed and are selling just about cost to us.

Neff Grain Co.

Happy, Texas.

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