

## SHORT COURSE FOR DISTRICT FARMERS

Great Meeting for Panhandle in Amarillo August 26-27-28—Good List of Speakers.

The following is the list of speakers for the District Farmers' Congress and Short Course to be held in Amarillo next month:

Hon. Fred W. Davis, Commissioner of Agriculture of Texas—Fundamental Causes of Present Farm Conditions in Texas.

Prof. William Ganzer, District Agent Department of Agriculture—Preparation for the Wheat Crop.

Prof. H. W. Scholl, Of the State Agricultural Department—Insects Common to the Plains—Their Control.

Prof. Sam H. Dixon, Of the State Agricultural Department—The Question of Markets for Farm Products.

Mrs. J. L. Landrum, Of the State Agricultural Department—Home Economics for Women.

Team No. 4 of the A. & M. Extensions.

C. M. Evans (leader) . . . . . Animal Husbandry

J. T. Conway . . . . . Poultry

J. L. Thomas . . . . . Dairying

M. T. Payne . . . . . Argony

Chas. L. Evans . . . . . Maintaing the Orchard Propagation

Miss Cornelia Simpson . . . . . Home Economics

A complete program of Women's Work will be provided by the A. & M. College, but it is not yet announced in detail.

Clarence Ousley, Director of Extension A. & M. College—How the Extension Department Can Help the Plains Farmer.

Prof. H. M. Cottrell, Industrial Department Rock Island Railway—Feeding the Grain Sorghums in the Panhandle.

Prof. C. M. Evans, In Charge of Short Courses A. & M. College—What the Dairy Cow is Doing and Has Done for a New Country.

Prof. Victor L. Corey, Superintendent Lubbock Experimental Station—Soudan Grasses as a Pasture, Hay, Silage and Seed Crop

Chas. Dammier, Amarillo—Diversified Farming for Profit.

J. F. Ross, Supt U. S. Experiment Station, Amarillo—Selection and Handling of Seed for Grain Sorghums.

John Fields, Editor Oklahoma Farm Journal, Oklahoma City—Breeding Up of the Grain Sorghums.

B. Youngblood, Director Experimental Station A. & M. College—How the State Experiment Stations Can Help the Panhandle and Plains Farmer.

W. T. Dugeon, Amarillo—Dairying for Profit.

E. H. Grimes, White Deer—Experiences in Wheat Raising in the Panhandle.

W. L. Boys, U. S. Demonstration Agent, Hereford—Subject to be selected.

George Bishop, Assistant Editor Oklahoma Farm Journal—Commercializing the Grain Sorghums.

Prof. John C. Burns, Department Animal Husbandry A. & M. College—Comparisons of Grain Sorghums and Indian Corn for Live Stock Feeding.

Prof. W. L. Carlyle, of A. & M. College, Stillwater, Okla.—Breeding and Raising of Thoroughbred Horses.

Prof. S. W. Black, President State School of Agriculture, Goodwell, Oklahoma—Dry Land Alfalfa and Sweet Clover.

John W. Wilkinson, Editor of the "Oklahoma Farmer"—The Nation's Future Meat Supply. Mr. C. C. French, Demonstrator Fort Worth Stock Yards—Baby Beef and Pig Clubs.

DeWitt McMurray, Editor Semi-Weekly Farm News, Dallas—Value of Agricultural Publications.

H. M. Bainer, Agriculturist for Santa Fe Railway—The All-Panhandle State Fair and the International Dry Farming Congress at Denver.

M. W. Cunningham, Amarillo—Advantages to the Farmer of the Parcels Post.

H. E. Webb, Agricultural Agent Ft. W. & D. C. Railway—Growing and Harvesting Peanuts—Their Use as a Hog Feed.

J. E. Hill, Claude—Feeding Steers.

Practical demonstrations in live stock judging, selection of seed, meat cutting and Home Science and Economics, all by experts.

The foregoing is simply a list of speakers and their subjects to show the character of instruction offered at this short course. It will be arranged in program form to indicate the proceedings of every hour of the three or four days of the meeting.

Assignment of subjects or discussions will be made for Messrs. Harmon Benton, L. L. Johnson, T. Pryse Metcalfe, J. L. Pope, and a number of others, in case of vacancies on the program, etc.

Separate places of meeting and programs will be provided for men and women, and possibly some further subdivisions, in order to facilitate the work and cover the entire ground.

No charge is made for the privileges of the Short Course, and no farmer or other individual interested in Agriculture can afford to miss it.

Also business and professional men who want to help in the development of this section should not only arrange to attend, but should also take up at once the work or organizing the Farmers, Institute in their vicinity, in order to secure the assistance of the State in the matter of transportation.

This Congress will cover the Panhandle and Plains country—the Kafir-Milo Belt, and the program is intended to feature these grains.

The State will provide free transportation for a certain number of accredited delegates from regularly organized Farmers' Institutes (if nothing develops to the contrary in the meantime), and we have up with the railroads for a low rate for all others. Get your institutes organized at once and send us a list of delegates, as the State Department requires time to make arrangements for transportation. We had a great meeting last year and must double the attendance this year.

### Buys Quarter Section.

Tired of raising cotton at a low price, J. A. Tibbetts of Quitqua has bought a quarter section of land from J. E. Rogers and will move to Randall county to engage in wheat and stock raising. He got a quarter section in the extreme southeast corner of the county, 14 miles from Happy, paying \$12 cash per acre. He has made arrangements to make all improvments at once and move here this fall.

Rev. John R. McCleskey left Monday for his home in Erath county after spending the past ten days at the Wallace and Hicks homes. He is so well pleased with Canyon that he is considering moving here to make his future home.

## CITY KEY RATE IS REDUCED 16 CENTS

Other Reductions are Possible within a Short Time—Means Much to the People.

Canyon received on Monday a reduction of 16 cents in the insurance key rate of the city. Formerly the people were paying 80 cents on the hundred dollars, but all insurance written since July 16 will receive a rate of 64 cents. The insurance agents of the city say that other reductions are due Canyon and that they are working to procure them.

Every reduction made in the rate means a great saving to the citizens of Canyon. It is therefore highly important that the citizens and the city officials do all in their power to make conditions such that the rate be lowered again.

### Bartow Cousins Married.

The many friends of Bartow Cousins are pleased to learn of his marriage on Thursday afternoon to Miss Jewel Hogue of Paris. Pres. R. B. Cousins attended the ceremony. Mr. Cousins is well known in the city. He is a graduate of the state university and has been practicing law in Mineral Wells during the past two years.

Miss Hogue is also a graduate of the state university and it was during their college career that they first became acquainted. During the past two years she has taught History in the Mineral Wells high school.

### Will Play Newton Again.

Manager F. P. Luke of the Canyon ball team announces that he has closed a contract with the Newton, Kansas, team for a game to be played in Amarillo the first week in September. As will be remembered this team played here recently and they have a fine club. In the next game, Amarillo agrees to furnish the grounds and the winning team will take all of the gate receipts above actual expenses. A special train will probably be run from Canyon to accomodate the large number of fans who will accompany the team.

### Plowing for Wheat Crop.

D. L. Hiccox is one man in Randall county who finds the days too short and is running his steam plow at night. He got his wheat crop off of the land last week and immediately put his machine to work plowing for another big crop. The ground plows fine now after the good rains. Mr. Hiccox says that he found the wheat on the J. H. Walser land which had been plowed last fall to be about twice as good as on other land which was only disced. He is going to plow all of his wheat land now and then sow the wheat about September.

### LISTEN.

We've been in business in this town a good long time. If, perchance, you have not dealt with us, we have both lost money. Please ask your neighbor about us and our methods. We are a bit proud of our record.

### Canyon Lumber Co.

An eight pound girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. Burroughs Tuesday night.

A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY FROM

## THOUGHTS FER THE DISCOURAGED FARMER

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

They's been a heap o' rain,  
but the sun's out to-day,  
And the clouds of the wet spell  
is all cleared away,  
And the woods is all the greener, and the  
grass is greener still;  
It may rain again to-morr-, but I don't  
think it will.

Then let us, one and all, be contentud  
with our lot;  
The June is here this morning, and the  
sun is shining hot  
Oh! let us fill our harts up with the glory  
of the day,  
And banish ev'ry doubt and care  
and sorrow fur away!  
Whatever be our station, with Providence fer guide,  
Sich fine circumstances ort to make us satisfied;  
Fer the world is full of roses, and the  
roses full of dew,  
And the dew is full of heavenly love  
thats drips fer me and you.

## STEEL ARRIVES FOR THE NORMAL WINGS

Erection Will Begin Today—Concrete Floors All Laid and Work Started on Roof.

The steel for the west wing of the Normal building and practically all for the east wing arrived this week and work will start today for the erection of the same. "Ruby" Allen, who was foreman on the main building, has arrived with his men from Galveston and will oversee the erection of the wings. A track has been built through the basement to handle the steel. The work will be completed as quickly as possible.

As soon as the steel is up for the west wing, the masons will start to work again and will continue uninterrupted until the building is completed.

All of the concrete floors were completed yesterday and work has started in laying the roof of concrete.

Collins & White of Austin, who were given the contract for the heating plant by the board of regents last week, will also construct the house for the plant and do all plumbing and wiring of the building.

### Komirome-Mitchell Wedding.

Miss Anne Komirome and Zeb Mitchell were married at the court house Sunday night at 11:45, Rev. David H. Templeton officiating. Only a few close friends were present to witness the ceremony. Miss Komirome has attended the Normal during the past two years and has many friends in the city. Mr. Mitchell has been associated with the Burroughs & Jarrett drug store since its organization and is a brother of Mrs. Jarrett. Both young people are well known here and have the best wishes of their many friends.

S. R. Archambeau arrived yesterday from Phoenix, Ariz., to visit at the home of his son, J. H. He lives in Missouri and has been visiting at the Muldrow home.

## CREDIT ASSOCIATION TO BE FORMED FRIDAY

Business Men Held Meeting Tuesday Night and Discuss Needs of Randall County.

Seventeen business men met at the News office Tuesday night for the purpose of discussing the needs of a credit association of Canyon, and incidentally took up other propositions which would be beneficial to Randall county. Another meeting will be held at the News office Friday night at 8:30 to which every business man in Canyon is most urgently invited. No matter what the business or profession may be, a representative from each firm is expected to come and join the association.

A committee is at work estimating the cost of maintaining an organization with a paid secretary who will keep complete records of the credit business of the county in order to weed out the professional dead beats. These organizations are maintained in practically every town of this size in the Panhandle. The expense will be apportioned according to the amount of business transacted by the firm, so that the cost to no one will be large.

### Amendments Defeated.

All of the amendments voted on in the state election Saturday were defeated. Only a small vote was cast. In Randall county the amendment regarding voting away from home and the one relating to the separation of A. & M. and the university carried by a good majority.

### Installation Services Held.

The installation services at the Presbyterian church Thursday night were largely attended. All of the visiting pastors were present with the exception of Rev. Baker from Hereford. Miss Corinne Hamill played a violin solo which was highly appreciated.

L. T. Lester went to Lubbock Monday on business.

## PLAINS HOGS TOP MARKET LAST WEEK

C. R. McAfee of Canyon Gets Highest Price—Tulia and Plainview Win on Other Days.

C. R. McAfee of this city had two car loads of hogs on the Ft. Worth market last week which topped the market for the day and brought the highest price paid on the market during the last two weeks. They brought \$7.85 and were pronounced by the commission merchants to be of the exceptional quality. They were fattened exclusively on Randall county products.

On Wednesday two cars of hogs from Plainview topped the market at \$7.75. On Thursday one car load from Tulia topped the market at the same price.

It is an established fact on the Ft. Worth market that Plains fattened hogs will always top the market. A report from this market recently published stated that in only a few instances have Plains hogs failed to bring a higher price than hogs from other sections of the state.

The Panhandle is an ideal place for hog raising and most of the farmers are profiting greatly from raising these animals.

### Want to Rent Farms?

The real estate dealers and bankers report that large numbers of letters are received in Canyon every week from other states asking for farms to rent for next year. There are very few farms in the county which have not been spoken for. Indications are that Randall county will have a hundred more farmers next year than she has ever had if enough land can be improved to take care of them.

### Wheat Selling at \$1.10.

Wheat quotations in Canyon yesterday were \$1.09 and \$1.10 per bushel. The price has been ranging from \$1.05 to \$1.10 all week.

The deal reported in the News last week between the Wichita Mill and Elevator and W. H. Hicks fell through with on Thursday. Mr. Reese will shovel most of his wheat and use for large shipments the Eagle Mill, which Mr. Kelly has leased.

### Publisher's Notice.

Many Canyon people are in the habit of waiting until Wednesday or even Thursday morning to phone the News office some item of interest which happened early in the week. The News wishes to publish every item of interest that we can find in the county, but there is a limit of capacity for handling news items that come in at the last minute. Please remember to phone your news just as soon as it happens. If you know of something on Thursday afternoon, phone us. While the paper goes to press Thursday morning, we begin to make another paper as soon as one has been printed. Don't get the false idea that printers can put into type all of our reading matter in about fifteen minutes, and that we do not begin to get out a paper until Wednesday or Thursday. As soon as one paper is printed, we begin to work on the next issue. We appreciate the efforts of our friends in sending in news items, but would like to have them more promptly.

## CANYON DON'T HESITATE

any longer. There is no time like the present to buy that new furniture. Come along and let us show you our immense stock of furnishings for the home. We carry everything in the furniture line and prepay the freight anywhere. Cash or easy payments. When in Amarillo make this store your headquarters.

### King-Holland Furniture Co.

The House of Quality and Service. On Taylor. Opposite Court House.

"Walk a Block and Save a Dollar"



The Old and the New

Droogery fades to a memory when you banish the hot stove, heavy irons and many steps of the old-fashioned ironing day, by using the

### G-E Electric Flatiron

Ironing becomes an agreeable task because this iron concentrates the heat on the work, without heating the hand, and stays clean and smooth all the time. Your work is finished quickly and easily with a G-E Iron.

We will gladly demonstrate this household necessity for you. Come and see our complete line of electrical goods.

### Canyon Power Co.

#### MINE FIRES USED IN COOKING

Thrifty Woman in Carbondale, Pa., Bakes Her Potatoes in Back-Yard Crevice.

That the mine fire which has raged beneath the Belmont section of this city for the last ten years has its advantages for the residents was discovered by a motion picture photographer, taking pictures in the fire district for reproduction on "movie" screens throughout the country.

Many of the property owners have closed their homes and removed to other sections of the city to wait for the fire to burn itself out or to be extinguished, but a few of those who remain are making the best of conditions.

The moving picture men found one woman who utilizes the mine fire in baking potatoes and other vegetables. She simply drops the "spuds" into a crevice in her back yard, leaves them there about an hour and takes them out as thoroughly baked as if they had reposed in the oven of her kitchen range.

Explaining her discovery, the housewife said she seldom keeps a fire in her kitchen through the summer. In an emergency she can boil eggs and prepare simple dishes with the aid of the stove-like crevice.

In Canaan street the operators found a man who supplies his home with hot water in a similar manner. When he installed his water-heating system last winter this ingenious citizen went, thinly clad, into his garden and dug deeply into the warm earth. Then he coiled 100 feet of lead pipe into the hole and refilled it.

Even in zero weather the family had a steady supply of warm water and the scheme has worked so well that the ingenious one is considering a plan to elaborate the system and heat the house with it next winter.—Carbondale (Pa.) Dispatch to the Philadelphia North American.

#### TAUGHT BY GEN. JEB STUART

Tactics of Famous Confederate General Approved and Adopted by German Masters of War.

"Twenty-eight years ago when I was in Germany studying art," said a New York artist, "I had a friend who was a subaltern in the army. Like most German officers he was an enthusiastic soldier—militarist we call them now—and one day he brought a book to me to read because it was, he said, an authority with all German officers in tactical matters and was really part of their military education.

"I was not especially interested, not being much of a soldier, but when I saw the book my interest very materially increased, for it was a copy of 'Drei Jahre im Sattel,' by Heros von Borke, the representative of Germany with Gen. Jeb Stuart's cavalry in our Civil war, the English title being 'Three Years in the Saddle.' Von Borke had not only been with the Confederate general for three years, but he was in the thick of it and had written a story that was intensely interesting for its daring adventure and was of such technical and tactical value as to warrant the unusual position accorded it by German military authorities.

"The fact that I was a Yankee did not lessen my pride the least in General Stuart's work, for we were all good Americans by that time and I was proud to know that we were teaching Germany one style of fighting anyhow. The book was in German and I suppose it has been translated, though I have never seen a copy outside of Germany."

#### Patriotic.

A school teacher recently gave his pupils a lecture on patriotism. He pointed out the high motives which moved the Territorials to leave their homes and fight for their country.

The schoolteacher noticed that one boy did not pay attention to the instruction, and as a test question he asked him: "What motives took the Territorials to the war?"

The boy was puzzled for a moment, then, remembering the public sendoff to the local regiment at the railway station, he replied: "Locomotives, sir."—London Tit-Bits.

#### Must Accompany Regiments.

It is not generally known that clergy who have accepted British army chaplaincies in time of peace cannot refuse to accompany their regiments when on active service, however strong the claims of their parishes may be. The bishop of London has been criticized for his readiness to leave his diocese for six weeks to accompany the London Rifle brigade wherever they may be sent, but he really has no choice in the matter, having accepted the chaplaincy. If he refused he would be liable to arrest and trial by court-martial.

#### Looks That Way.

Bill—There is a factory up in our town which has had over two hundred marriages among its employees this year.

Jill—It must be a "spoon" factory.

#### A Difference.

Friend (gazing at new house)—So this is your last house?

Builder (sadly)—Yes; last, but not leased!—Pearson's Weekly.

#### Heavy Light Sleeper.

Bill—It has been stated that an elephant sleeps only five hours each day.

Jill—And yet they say it is much sleep which makes one heavy.

#### VALUE OF DOGS IN WARFARE

European Armies All Employ Them, and Testimony Is That They Give Good Service.

While there has been devoted a good deal of attention to the use of dogs in ambulance work, the sentry dog has figured little in dispatches. The sentry dog was urgently recommended a year or two ago by some of the higher French army officers, but they received no encouragement from the war office. Now the need is acutely felt and a corps is being trained as rapidly as possible. A dog of this kind will invariably give warning of the approach of an enemy long before the soldier sentry is aware of it. In one section of the northern front, where dogs have been used for the past month, no night attack of the Germans has been successful.

Not every dog will make a good enough sentry. They need careful selection and equally careful training. Many animals that are excellent as watch dogs or in guarding their master's property, prove worthless when removed suddenly to a new environment and stationed under a stranger.

The English at present have dogs working with about thirty battalions of their army. The Russians also use them rather extensively on sentry duty.

It is said that the Germans, whenever they enter new towns, make it a rule to collect and train all likely dogs, and to kill all others. Many of their signalmen go out accompanied by dog scouts, who give warning of the approach of the enemy.

#### IMPRESSIONS OF A HINDU

Learned Eastern Visitor Frankly Confesses That He Is Unable to Understand Americans.

Not seldom I feel among Americans as the Egyptian is said to have felt among the Greeks, that I am moving in a world of precocious and inexperienced children, bearing on my own shoulders the weight of the centuries. Yet it is not exactly that Americans strike one as young in spirit; rather they strike one as undeveloped. It is as though they had never faced life and asked themselves what it is; as though they were so occupied in running that it has never occurred to them to inquire where they started and whither they are going. They seem to be always doing and never experiencing. A dimension of life, one would say, is lacking, and they live in a plane instead of in a solid. That missing dimension I shall call religion.

Not that Americans do not, for aught I know, "believe" as much as or more than Europeans; but they appear neither to believe nor to disbelieve religiously. . . . Big even in Europe—and far more in India—there has always been, and still is a minority who open windows to the stars; and through these windows, in passing, the plain man sometimes looks.—Rabindranath Tagore.

Civilization's Peril. America is closer to the heart of Europe than at any time since England's colonies became independent states. To the most isolated farmhouse it has been known for a half year that we are not remote from the portentous events beyond the sea; that the fate of our brothers over there, in some way which we do not well discern, involves us also. We are, whether we like it or not, full shareholders in the civilization which is imperiled. Our commerce and industry, our prosperity and well-being, our culture and religion, the foundations of our common humanity, and the ideals of our common aspirations, are all at stake.—Edward T. Devine in the Survey.

Kicks Chick; Breaks Leg. A pugnacious Plymouth Rock rooster and a woman's attempt to kick have furnished a case for the doctor. The rooster belongs to W. E. Coughenour, a dairyman of Dunbar, Pa. It has been creating trouble by chasing children, and Mrs. Coughenour, who takes care of the family henner, made up her mind to give the vicious bird a lesson.

Going out to the flock to give the chickens their morning meal, she was attacked by the rooster. Mrs. Coughenour took careful aim, and delivered a powerful kick, intended to put the bird out of business. She missed, her foot struck a stone, she fell disabled, and a physician found her leg broken.

Why They Were "Bad Company." A soldier, charged with being drunk and disorderly, mentioned, in extenuation of his offense, the fact that he had been compelled to travel up from camp in very bad company.

"What sort of company?" asked the magistrate.

"A lot of teetotalers!" was the startling response.

"Do you mean to say teetotalers are bad company?" thundered the magistrate. "I think they are the best company for such as you!"

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," answered the prisoner, "ye're wrong, for I had a bottle of whisky and I had to drink it all mees!"

Their Use. "Why do you advocate blanket street-paving bills?"

"To cover the beds of the streets of course."

The Prevailing Rate. "That writer is expensive, but there's meat in everything he writes."

"Then, no wonder he comes so high."



Here's A Man Will Tell You that

# Coca-Cola

has the call

The standby of the thirsty—the delight of the hot and tired—the treat for the multitude.

Delicious and Refreshing

Demand the genuine by full name—nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA CO. ATLANTA, GA.



## WE EXTEND A HELPING HAND

To all worthy customers of this Bank. In extending accommodations our customers are first consideration if worthy.



## A BORROWER AND A DEPOSITOR

It takes both to make a successful Bank. We extend every courtesy consistent with good safe conservative banking.

GIVE US YOUR ACCOUNT

# The First State Bank

THE GUARANTY FUND BANK

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### TREES

If you want home grown trees that are healthy and propagated from varieties that have been tested and do the best in the West, it will pay you to investigate all that claim to have nurseries on the Plains. Plainview Nursery will pay \$5 a day and expenses to any one who will investigate if they do not find that we have the largest and best stock of home grown trees anywhere in Texas west of Fort Worth or in New Mexico. We are practically the only institution that has a stock of fruit trees ready for the market. For your good and ours too, we solicit your investigation.

**PLAINVIEW NURSERY CO.**  
Plainview, Texas

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### S. A. Shotwell & Co.

Wholesale and Retail

#### Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds.

Best Grades of Nigger Head and Maitland Coal.

T E R M S   C A S H

# HEREFORD

## Thor-O-Bred

### Trees & Plants

Have created a demand that is surprising, even to us—this year's sales will show an increase of 300 per cent over last year.

The fact that we will sell more trees this season than all other Nurseries on the Plains is significant.

For twenty-five years we have been on the alert—striving to give better results—spending a \$1000 a year in tests.

Is it not, therefore, worth your while to investigate our products?

"Quality First"

### Hereford Nursery Co.

Hereford, Texas

Read The Ads In The News

## FAMILY AVOIDS SERIOUS SICKNESS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

N. C. 123

### Trustee Sale.

The State of Texas, County of Randall. Whereas, by virtue of authority vested in me as Substitute Trustee, duly appointed in the name, place and stead of W. H. Jenkins, Trustee in a certain Deed of Trust recorded in Volume 5, Pages 453 and 454 of the Deed of Trust Records of Randall county, Texas executed on the 20th day of February, A. D. 1914 by J. W. Wiley for the better securing of two certain promissory Vendor's Lien notes for the sum of one thousand (\$1000) dollars each, more fully described in said deed of trust, executed by the said J. W. Wiley and payable to the order of G. S. Ballard at Waco, Texas, due on the 1st day of January 1915 and 1916, respectively, and bearing eight (8) per cent interest per annum from date until paid, interest due and payable annually as it accrues, providing that a failure to pay either of said notes, or any installment of interest thereon when due, shall at the option of the holder of said notes, or either of them, mature each note, and in such event the holder thereof may proceed to collect the same in the same manner as if the full time provided in the said notes had expired; said notes given in part payment for the purchase money for the following described property situated in Randall county, Texas, viz:

All of the south one-half S. (1-2) of section No. ninety-nine (99) in block No. B-5, located by virtue of Certificate No. 15-3589, issued to the Houston and Great Northern Railroad company, and known as the "T. F. Reid Section;" and

Whereas, the said G. S. Ballard is the holder and owner of said notes, and the said J. W. Wiley and his assignee Paul C. Wiley have made default in the payment of said note above described, due on January 1st, 1915, and the same is now past due and unpaid, principal and interest, by reason thereof and as provided for in each of said notes, and in said Deed of Trust, the said G. S. Ballard has declared each of said notes and all of said indebtedness immediately due and mature, and has heretofore so notified the said J. W. Wiley, the maker of said notes, and Paul C. Wiley, the present record owner of said above described land, in writing; and

Whereas, each of said notes are now past due and unpaid, now aggregating principal and interest \$2220.00; and

Whereas, I have been requested by the said G. S. Ballard to enforce said trust, and I will offer for sale, between the legal hours thereof, to-wit: between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, on the first Tuesday in August, A. D. 1915, the same being the 3rd day of said month, at the court house door in the town of Canyon, in Randall county, Texas, the following property situated in Randall county, Texas, and described as follows, to-wit:

All of the South one-half (S. 1-2) of Section No. Ninety-nine (99) in Block No. B-5, located by virtue of Certificate No. 15-3589, issued to the Houston and Great Northern Railroad Company, and known as the "T. F. Reid Section," and situated about three (3) miles South of Canyon, Randall county, Texas, with all the rights, members and appurtenances thereto belonging; subject however to an indebtedness of \$10,000.00, in favor of Chas. W. Post, and due July 1st, 1915, the payment of which is secured by a Deed of Trust in favor of Harvey B. Herd, Trustee, on the above described land and 960 acres of land additional to the above.

Witness my hand this 10th day of July, A. D. 1915.

C. N. Harrison,

Substitute Trustee.

### Soldiers' Reunion.

The Confederate Veterans of the Panhandle will meet in Amarillo Aug. 25-26 for their annual reunion. Urgent requests are being sent out to all old soldiers and their families to attend the reunion.

### Citation by Publication.

The state of Texas, to the Sheriff or any constable of Randall county—greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon Mrs. Wm. Ross MacDonald and Wm. Ross MacDonald by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, to appear at the next regular term of the District court of said Randall county, to be holden at the Court house thereof, in the town of Canyon, on the fifth Monday in August A.D. 1915, the same being the 30th day of August A.D. 1915, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 13th day of July A.D. 1915 in a suit numbered on the docket of said Court No. 788, wherein George Phillips is Plaintiff, and Mrs. Wm. Ross MacDonald (formerly Mrs. A. J. Jennings) and Wm. Ross MacDonald, her husband, are Defendants, and said petition alleging in substance, as follows, to-wit:

That heretofore, to wit, on or about the 7th day of March, A.D. 1913, defendant Mrs. Wm. Ross MacDonald, then known as Mrs. A. J. Jennings, a widow, made, executed and delivered to one C. O. Keiser, of said Randall county, her two several promissory notes for the sum of Two thousand and eighty Dollars, each, bearing date on the day and year aforesaid, due, one of said notes, "on or before three years" after March 1908, the other note due "on or before four years" after March A. D. 1908, payable to the order of said C. O. Keiser, bearing interest at the rate of seven per cent per annum from said date of execution, said interest payable annually, further providing for seven per cent interest on all past due installments of interest, and further stipulating for ten per cent additional on the principal and interest due on said notes if placed in the hands of an attorney for collection, or if collected by suit. That said notes were given for a part of the purchase money of the following described real estate and premises situated in Randall county, Texas, to-wit:

Section No. One Hundred and Seventy-four (174), in Block No. M 9, Certificate No. 0-232, John H. Gibson, grantee, containing 640 acres, more or less, and situated about thirteen miles south and fifteen miles east of Canyon, county seat of said Randall county;

That said land was, on or about August 7th, 1908, conveyed by said C. O. Keiser to the defendant, Mrs. Wm. Ross MacDonald, then Mrs. A. J. Jennings, by his deed of that date, of record in Vol. 16, page 161, Deed Records of said Randall county, in consideration, among other things, of the two vendor lien notes herein described, and that in said deed of conveyance a "Vendor's Lien" was reserved on said land to secure the payment of said notes, as is expressly stated in the face of said notes.

Plaintiff says that he is the legal owner of said notes, that they are due and unpaid, and that he has placed them in the hands of an attorney for collection and for suit, and has contracted to pay his attorney the ten per cent attorney's fees provided for in said notes; that defendants, the often requested; have failed and refused to pay said notes, each or either of them, and still refuse to his damage, the principal of said notes, \$4160.00, the accrued interest, interest on interest and attorney's fees, amounting in the aggregate to the sum of Five Thousand Three Hundred and Fifty Dollars. Plaintiff prays judgment of the court for said sum of money, \$5350.00, interest from this date and for his costs; for the foreclosure of his vendor's lien on said land and premises; for an order that said land be sold to satisfy his debt; for a writ of possession, and for other and further relief, in law and in equity, as he may be entitled to.

Herein fail not, but have before said court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ with your returns thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and the Seal of said Court, at office in Canyon, Texas, this 27th day of July A. D. 1915. T. V. Reeves Clerk, District court, Randall county, Texas.

A true copy I certify, Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff Randall county, Texas. 1914

**To Drive Out Malaria And Build Up The System**  
Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents

### HARD TIMES IN THE '60S

People Learned to Practice Economy in the Period Following the Civil War.

The mother who had five little children to look after during the hard times that followed the Civil war, was talking about the high prices which the European conflict is causing.

"People will weather it in some way," she said. "We did in the Civil war days, and prices aren't anything now to what they were then.

"How did we do it? Why, in every possible way I remember I utilized salt bags to make underclothes for my girls. The salt bags in those days were of stouter, better material than they are today, and as I'd always been thrifty and saved 'em all, they came in pretty handy. I can tell you. The girls were not fond of sitting down when they had their salt-bag undergarments on, for they said there were so many seams that it hurt to sit down.

"I made white skirts for them all—three of them—out of my own white skirts. They were pretty full in those days. I found I could get along with one, and the rest I cut over for the girls.

"The boys wore 'hard-time suits,' made of the cheapest, almost shoddy material, and they looked just as cheap and slimy as they were. But the boys didn't mind—it made no difference whether they minded or not, it was all most people could afford.

"We women wore calico dresses a lot. We didn't need a 'wear a cotton gown' crusade to get us started in that direction. There was no other direction for us to go.

"But somehow no one seemed to whine or complain much. We were all in the same boat, and we laughed and made the best of it."

### TURPINITE IS LITTLE USED

Asphyxiating Shells Have Been Found to Have Small Effect in the Open Field.

At the beginning of the war a great deal was said about the newly-discovered turpinite shells, which, it was asserted, would kill by asphyxiation all living creatures within a certain radius. Since then surprise has often been expressed why little or no use of this wonderful explosive has been made by the French artillery. There are reasons to explain its nonemployment.

In the first place, turpinite shells have little effect in the open field. They can only be usefully fired against inclosed spaces, forts or dwellings. And so long as the enemy is on French or Belgian soil the risk to French or Belgian civilians would be too great to justify the use of turpinite in the bombardment of towns and villages. Moreover, the new explosive can only be used with specially constructed guns of most delicate machinery. Used with the ordinary "seventy-fives" its dangers would be almost as great to the French gunners as to the enemy.

The speculation now will be whether turpinite will come into its own if Germany is invaded and its fortresses are bombarded.

### "Appetizer" for Vegetables.

Not a fertilizer but an appetizer for vegetables is supplied by the radioactive earth taken from the refuse of the carnottite mines of Colorado and sowed at the rate of fifty to one hundred pounds per acre in order to increase crops from 19 to 105 per cent over plots treated in precisely the same way, except for the addition of the radium earth. Dr. H. H. Rusby, Dean of the Columbia College of Pharmacy has published his report in the Journal of the New York Botanical garden. This carnottite earth must emit rays of a different kind from those of ordinary earth, which is 20 times as radioactive. It would be well worth the time of scientists skilled in separating the alpha, beta, and gamma rays of radioactive substances to find out which kind best stimulates plant growth.

### Largest Chain Drive.

The largest chain drive in existence, three times greater in size than any previously built, is to be found at the Ox Bow power plant, on Snake river, Copperfield, Ore. The plant consists of a 3,600 kilowatt generator, operated by two water-wheel units, each consisting of two pairs of water-wheels of the 48-inch horizontal type, operating under a 21-foot head. The speed of the water-wheels is 147 revolutions per minute, and each water-wheel unit is connected to the generator by four Morse chains, each 21 inches wide, the sprockets on the line shafting having a two-inch pitch, and the shaft centers being ten feet apart.—Scientific American.

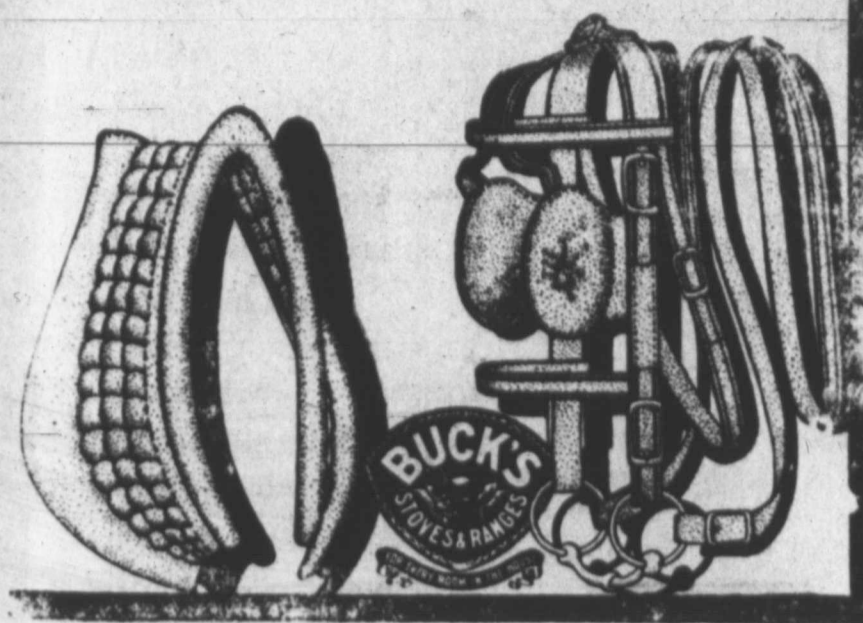
### Miniature Dreadnaught.

A Massachusetts man has built a miniature dreadnaught 13 feet in length, which has all the features of a real battleship, including guns that fire, range finders, wireless instruments, gunners, and even a band that plays martial music. The vessel is propelled by electricity, can make ten miles an hour in smooth water and cost its constructor \$15,000.—The Outlook.

### Ireland's Wheat Yield.

Consul Hunter Sharp writes from Belfast that the yield of wheat in Ireland in 1914 was 753,154 hundredweight; of oats, 15,061,961 hundredweight; of barley, 2,460,018 hundredweight, a British hundredweight being 112 pounds.

## HARNESS AND SADDLERY



Department is the most complete and up-to-date that has ever been in the city. Hand made in our own shop which is in no way to be compared with factory made goods. All our goods

are from the very best No. One A.

Grade Leather, the best that money can

buy. We are prepared to fit you up

with anything that you want in this

line. Just as you want it, in any

style, size or kind. We also do all

kinds of harness and saddle repair work.

Don't fail to call on us. East side of

Square.



## Thompson Hardware Company

### Resolutions.

Resolutions of Respect to the Memory of our departed brother, F. M. Lester:

Whereas, it has pleased the Almighty God to remove from our midst our beloved brother, F. M. Lester.

Whereas, "Our great chain has been broken,

A link has dropped away;

To our beloved Sentinel

We loving tribute pay.

But the broken links shall welded be

The great chain be complete; And our hearts will fill with rapture

When we our loved one meet.

Now gently place the flowers,

For the brother who is gone; Who by his purity of life Has earned the praise, "Well Done".

Be it resolved, that in the death of Brother Lester this chapter has lost one of its most devoted members.

Be it resolved, that the Chapter extend its sympathy to the bereaved family and that these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Chapter and a copy be sent to the family and the Randall County News for publication.

Jennie Reid, Margarette Winkelman, L. S. Carter.

Committee, Canyon City Chapter No. 105, O. E. S.

### Notice

The city of Canyon City will receive bids at the office of the City Secretary up to Aug. 2nd, 1915 at 2:30 p. m. for the city depository for the ensuing year.

C. R. Flesher, City Secretary. 1812

### Notice to School Patrons.

Those who wish to transfer their children to the Canyon School District must do so before the first day of August. No transfer can be made after that date. Give order for transfer to Judge Coss, Dr. Stewart, or E. F. King.



## A BANK ACCOUNT IS LIFE'S BEST INSURANCE

IN time of death the bank account proves itself the BEST KIND of insurance. You can get your money IMMEDIATELY and without question. During life the bank account proves EQUALLY VALUABLE, provided it is kept at a figure that really insures, and it pays BETTER INTEREST. Get your cash in the bank. Leave it there. You can't beat that kind of insurance. This requires DETERMINATION and sometimes SELF SACRIFICE. But it pays. A bank account WITH US is your BEST POLICY.

## FIRTS NATIONAL BANK

**OLDER BUT STRONGER**

To be healthy at seventy, prepare at forty, is sound advice, because in the strength of middle life we too often forget that neglected colds, or careless treatment of slight aches and pains, simply undermine strength and bring chronic weakness for later years.

To be stronger when older, keep your blood pure and rich and active with the strength-building and blood-nourishing properties of Scott's Emulsion which is a food, a tonic and a medicine to keep your blood rich, alleviate rheumatism and avoid sickness. No alcohol in Scott's.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

**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	\$1.30
Six months	.75
Three months	.50
Two months	.40
One month	.25

Two state inspectors visited Canyon last week, one representing the state board of health, while the other represented the fire insurance department. Both are striving to make conditions the very best in the state. The one wishes to improve conditions so that our lives may be longer and free from disease, while the other wishes to decrease the fire loss and thus aid in material prosperity. The first stated that Canyon should be a model town on account of the Normal and because the natural conditions are the very best. The other says that if a few people would clean up their premises the fire risks would be at a minimum. Both have behind them state laws which they may use in compelling negligent people to do that which they should gladly volunteer. Canyon as a whole is clean, but unfortunately some people come to clean towns who belong in the heart of an African jungle where sanitation is unknown. Steps will be taken by the state officials to complete the civilization of these.

The News trusts that arrangements may be made during the winter for a chautauqua next summer in Canyon. A number of our neighboring towns have secured a chautauqua this summer and are highly pleased with the results. In the older sections of the state and other states the chautauqua is the great event of the summer months. Canyon people would support such entertainment. Let us have an organized movement during the next few months to bring about this good thing.

The churches of Dallas are trying to close the picture shows on Sunday. Public sentiment in general seems to be against it. No law can be enforced unless a majority of the people demand it.

**DON'T OVERLOOK THIS**

A Careful Perusal Will Prove Its Value to Every Reader.

The average man is a doubter, and there is little wonder that this is so. Misrepresentation make people skeptics. Now-a-days the public ask for better evidence than the testimony of strangers. Here is proof which should convince every Canyon reader.

C. P. Shelnett, Canyon, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills proved beneficial in our family. I can heartily recommend them for trouble with the kidney secretions. Whenever I have used Doan's Kidney Pills, the results have been satisfactory."

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

A business man stated the other day that to classify the character of citizenship there was in a town, all you had to do was to take a look at the streets and the homes. He believes that this index in Canyon will point a citizenship of the highest type because the streets are free of weeds and rubbish and the homes are kept neatly.

The daily papers had quite a lengthy article in an issue last week about a New York editor who had eaten nothing for fifteen days, trying to cure stomach trouble. That's nothing. A good many country editors, no doubt, could tell of eating mighty little for more than fifteen days to cure an attenuated purse—Ex

The latest note to Germany is of Wilsonian character—brief, and to the point. Its now time for Germany to say what she is going to do about the real case involved.

The report from the row crop all over the county is very promising. With the recent good rains the growth has been fine.

The fellow who tries to please all the people usually comes out with a smashed skull.

**Money to loan on Improved Farm Land. J. S. Ulm, Clarendon, Texas.**

Will inspect Stores Next Week.

The ladies of the Civic Federation will begin to inspect stores and business houses next week. They are backed in their work by Mayor Wilson and the city council and they expect to make their work thorough this year. The days of inspection will not be announced, but the committee expects to keep up the work during the fall and winter. The following is the list of grading:

- Drug stores and confectioneries—
- Freedom from flies . . . . .20 per cent
- Fountains . . . . .25
- Cleanliness of windows . . . . .10
- Cleanliness of floors . . . . .15
- Back room . . . . .10
- General appearance . . . . .20
- Grocery stores—
- Freedom from flies . . . . .25
- Handling fruits and vegetables . . . . .20
- Cleanliness of windows . . . . .15
- Cleanliness of floors . . . . .10
- Store room . . . . .10
- General appearance . . . . .20
- Meat Markets—
- Freedom from flies . . . . .25
- Refrigerators . . . . .20
- Cleanliness of windows . . . . .15
- Cleanliness of floors . . . . .10
- Meat grinders . . . . .10
- General appearance . . . . .20
- Cafes, restaurants and short orders—
- Freedom from flies . . . . .25
- Kitchen . . . . .30
- Cleanliness of windows . . . . .15
- Cleanliness of floors . . . . .10
- General appearance . . . . .20
- Other public buildings—
- Cleanliness of windows . . . . .15
- Cleanliness of floors . . . . .15
- Public offices . . . . .30
- General appearance . . . . .40

**Money to loan on Improved Farm Land. J. S. Ulm, Clarendon, Texas.**

Mr. E. W. Small of Goodnight came to Canyon Friday and accompanied Mrs. C. M. Thomas to Adrian, where Mrs. Thomas exhumed the body of Henry Wiggins. Interment was in Dreamland Cemetery Monday morning at seven o'clock.

Mrs. M. C. Abbott returned Sunday to her home in Tresvant, Tenn., after visiting for several weeks with relatives here.

*Truth Ever Will Prevail!*

By MOSS.

Up to date business men thoroughly understand modern advertising as a business proposition.

They fully realize that they buy advertising service as a wholesale selling agent, just as they employ salesmen.

They keep their names and goods before the public to make sales or create a demand. They do this honestly or else they ultimately fail.

Our local merchants are doing this truthfully and in a businesslike manner. Consider their ads. carefully and take advantage of inducements they offer you.



Mrs. C. O. Keiser entertained Thursday afternoon, honoring Mrs. A. W. Hamill and daughter, Miss Corinne. Forty-two was played. The home was beautifully decorated in white daisies and carnations. Refreshments were served of apricot cream, orange julep, angel food and chocolate cake. The following were the guests: Mesdames Cousins, Terrill, Stafford, Warwick, Wright, Ely, Coss, Ing-ham, Gamble, Winkelman, Ackley, Redfearn, Holland, McAfee, Pipkin, Burgess, Cullum, Hanna, Lester, Hager, Griffin, Burrow, Mogrel, Shibley, Morelock, Fisk, King, Park, Guenther, Wilson, Luke, Hanaford, Jarrett, Misses Cofer, Ritchie, Davis, and Ing-ham.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Keiser entertained Thursday night, honoring Miss Corinne Hamill. The following were the guests: Misses Stafford, Stafford, Ing-ham, Cousins, Cullum, Guenther, Guenther, Word, Winkelman, Gober, Burgess, Mrs. Tucker, Messrs. Gamble, Stafford, Cousins, Thompson, Lester, Locke, Cousins, Figh, Gamble, Lester, Black, Hunt, Klein schmidt, Mitchell, Prichard, Pipkin, Gober, Holland, Brown.

The 1915 Needle Club met Wednesday afternoon at the McIntire home with Mesdames McIntire and Thomas. Refreshments were served of cream and cake.

E. A. Patterson left Tuesday for Franklin, Ky., called by the serious illness of his mother.

**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.

**DR. WOLCOTT, OCUList**  
Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat and Catarrh  
Eyegight Tested. Glasses Fitted  
Without Drugs. Amarillo, Texas

**KODAK PRINTS**  
ANY SIZE  
3c each Film developed free  
Best Finish, Quickest Service.  
Furnished Week.  
KINSDALE STUDIO,  
2414 Main St., Ft. Worth, Tex.

**SPECIAL for SATURDAY**

**Men's and Boys' Straw Hats - All Shapes At Half Price PANAMAS at 1/3 OFF**

Entire stock of Boys' suits at a discount of 33 1-3 per cent. Ask to see our new skirts and silk dresses.

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

**TYPEWRITER RIBBONS ALL KINDS only 60 CENTS your money back if they don't please News Office**

### Genuine Paprika is NOT a Kind of Cayenne Pepper

Because they look alike, most of us have a sort of general impression that Cayenne (Red) Pepper and Paprika are made of pretty much the same thing, only that one is hotter than the other. And that the difference in the "burn" of them comes from the way they're made or by putting something into the Paprika to sweeten it.

The best Cayenne is ground from pods that come all the way from the East Indies. Of course, some of the lower grades of Cayenne come from Jamaica, South America, Mexico and our own South, but when we speak of Cayenne we refer to the choicest, most pungent and finest flavored, such as White Swan Red Pepper.

The real Paprika though comes from Spain or Hungary and has no Cayenne mixed with it. It is an entirely different pod than Cayenne and is used to flavor with its own delightful and distinctive taste, mild and sweet, while Cayenne is used primarily to make things hot. And yet though so different it belongs to the red pepper family. Therefore, it is possible to use ordinary red peppers in making a so-called Paprika and to call it by a name similar to this and be within the letter of the law. It is more hot than tasty—yet it might pass for Paprika.

Here again you must buy your Paprika under the brand of a company whose standing and integrity are both beyond question, if you are to be certain of getting a Paprika that has the real and delicious flavor that only the best can have. We guarantee to you that White Swan Paprika is genuine and unadulterated—packed to preserve all flavor and goodness.

Your grocer sells White Swan Red Pepper and White Swan Paprika—both of distinguished quality, purity and strength.



Waples-Platter Grocer Co.  
Wholesale Grocers  
TEXAS

Miss Fannie Matheny of Crystal Springs, Miss., arrived Friday to visit at the W. T. Garrett home. Mr. Garrett met her in Amarillo.

Mr. and Mrs. Grady Oldham returned last Wednesday from their vacation trip to Sweetwater.

Why be troubled with dirty gasoline when Guthrie has thoroughly filtered his before selling it to you. The prices are right. tf

Cass Brooks was in Amarillo Tuesday.

Mrs. U. S. Gober and Fay were in Tulia Monday.

Among the Amarillo visitors from Canyon on Wednesday were the following: Misses Winnie May Word, Fair Wiggins, Elsa Guenther, R. L. Marquis, D. A. Shirley and Frank Hicks.

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

Mrs. J. T. Holland left Thursday for Lockney to visit her daughter.

H. C. Roffey and J. L. Prichard were in Amarillo Thursday.

I. S. Fisher, inspector on the Normal building, went to Ft. Worth Friday on business.

Why pay 75 cents for typewriter ribbons when you can buy them for 60 cents at the News Office. tf

One Rub In Time Saves Nine

Don't wait until your hair is gone but keep all you have if possible. For a reliable preparation for keeping the scalp clean, healthy and promoting hair growth, we recommend and guarantee

**Meritol**  
FOR THE PUBLIC HEALTH

HAIR TONIC

Nothing adds more to the beauty of women than luxuriant hair. The regular use of this tonic is recommended for keeping the hair healthy. Keeps it clean and bright and gives it that wavy appearance so much admired. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00. For sale by

**HOLLAND DRUG CO.**  
Exclusive Agency

J. B. Gamble has bought a new Overland car.

Levi Angel left Saturday for his ranch near Groom.

J. A. Harbison is building a new garage.

Money to loan on ranches and farms. J. H. Gouldy, Amarillo. 1952

W. J. Morton, a prominent ranchman and banker of Moore county, spent Sunday in Canyon as the guest of W. D. Morrel.

Mrs. Claude Gass of Ringgold visited several days this week at the McIntire home.

W. C. Baird is having installed in his home a acetylene lighting system.

The very best grades of carbon—papers—both typewriter and pencil—at the News office. Priced very low. tf

Lysle Hollsmd and O. S. Gross left Friday for a business trip to Galveston.

J. Ray is in Amarillo for medical treatment. Mrs. Ray visited with him Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Bowers and family left Saturday for a visit with relatives in Concorn, Kansas.

The gasoline I sell is carefully filtered so that you will not be troubled with water or other foreign substances. Guthrie Garage. tf

John T. Shelnett left Saturday for the fair at Frisco.

Miss Mary Rice went to Clau Saturday to visit friends.

Miss Calihan, who has been visiting here, left Saturday for her home in Conway.

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

T. C. Thompson and O. N. Gamble were in Amarillo Sunday.

Miss Kate Winn left Monday for Sweetwater where she will make a short visit with friends.

**DR. WOLCOTT, OCUList**  
Expert Eyeglass, Spectacle Fitting  
Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat,  
Catarrh. AMARILLO, TEXAS

Taylor Brown of Galveston is visiting at the home of his sister, Mrs. Parker Hanna.

Pug Cavet has been sold by the Detroit American league to the Oakland, Calif. club and is on his way west to play for the remainder of the season.

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

People who make a short visit to neighboring towns are now unable to buy round trip tickets on the railways at reduced rates under an order of the railway commission which went into effect last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Groendycke of Amarillo visited over Sunday at the Winkelman home.

Home dressed beef has been scarce. From now on we will have it on hand. Vetesk Market, phone 12. tf

Will Ash and family visited his parents in the city Sunday.

Mrs. F. E. Purcell who has been visiting at the Ash home returned to her home near UMBARGER Sunday.

Henry Meyer and E. H. Albers have bought a new threshing machine.

Threshermen's books at the News office only 30c each. tf

Miss Almada Wiley left Monday for Clovis to visit friends and relatives.

Mrs. Jack Cavet and mother are here to visit friends and relatives.

Mrs. Jess Christian returned Saturday from a visit to Tulia.

Piles Cured in 6 to 24 Days  
Your druggist will refund money if PAIN OMENTUM fails to cure any case of Hemorrhoids, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. The first application gives Ease and Rest. 5c.

# HINTS to the Wise Ones

Be sure you get one of those sport ties and shirts now on display at Redfearn & Co.

Nifty?—YES Nifty shoes and high top boots for the ladies, advance fall styles now being shown by Redfearn & Co.

Ladies who fail to buy a pair of \$3.00 pumps for \$2.00 have lost just \$1.00. Don't wait till the sizes are broken.

Just received a shipment of ladies skirts at Redfearn & Co. Come in and look them over.

Cream! CREAM!! We don't want you to overlook the fact that we are shipping twice a week. Bring all you have to Redfearn & Co.

Stay with the people who stay with you, we are with our customers all the time. Redfearn & Co.

Leave your order for a gallon of the new crop honey with Redfearn & Co. They have a large shipment due to arrive next week.

We will handle your cream, chickens, butter and eggs and pay highest market prices for same. Redfearn & Co.

If it is to be had Redfearn & Co. have it.

Ladies fancy clocked silk hose at Redfearn & Co. Don't fail to see them.

### INBREEDING IN EDUCATION

"In round numbers," says a special writer for the San Antonio Express, in a recent issue of that paper, "2,500 students obtain instruction yearly within the walls of the University of Texas. Above 1,000 students go out into the state yearly, a portion with a full university course to their credit, the remainder having done one, two, or three years work in the institution.

"This leaven of advanced education being mixed and absorbed by the state each year makes incalculably for progress. There is danger of inbreeding in education, just as there is danger of inbreeding in people or in cattle.

"Suppose, for a moment, a state without higher institutions of learning to carry on the work begun in the common schools. Is it not clear that education would thus be reduced to narrow limits? The high school graduate becomes a teacher in the lower grades, and is eventually promoted to the higher grades and on to the high school. The high school then becomes officered and taught by its own graduates who have received no further training. There is no introduction of new thought, no widening of the horizon of knowledge or of methods, no new inspiration, or new ideals, and the machine's original impetus is overcome gradually by natural friction until the thing barely moves at all. It dies down like an unaided pendulum. You have inbreeding in education with all the deformities and weaknesses incident to inbreeding in the animal world.

"The higher educational institution of a state," continues this writer, "are the natural intermediaries between the common schools and the vast world of ideas and inspiration developed by the best thought and the highest paid talent in all the great educational institutions of Christendom. For example, a new and improved method of teaching modern languages is developed in some foreign country. It is the business of the higher educational institutions of a state to secure an exponent of this method direct from Germany for its faculty. This teacher teaches his students in the new method, they, in turn, go out as teachers in the state spreading the new method, and pretty soon it has permeated the whole educational system of the state. This is merely an example. It may not be a new method, but a new and original thought, or a new store of knowledge that is communicated in the same way. The point is that the higher educational institution maintains touch with the world of ideas and transmits new and advanced methods and fresh knowledge throughout all of its dependent institutions. It is as important to the vast school system of the state as the switchboard is to the telephone exchange. It is 'central' for the communication of new ideas, new methods, fresh knowledge, vaster inspiration."

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Lofton and family returned home Wednesday night from their trip to the Frisco fair.

W. D. Morrel attended the banker convention at Hereford Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. Kathryn Hutson and son were in the city Friday attending court. She says that she has a good crop on her land west of the city and is enjoying the farm life fine. She is engaged quite extensively in farming and stock raising. She says she is too busy to come to Canyon very often to visit her friends.

# CUT GLASS and SILVERWARE

We have the largest stock of Cut Glass ever shown in Canyon. All of the latest patterns and shapes. We can furnish you anything you wish in the cut glass line.

We carry Rogers 1847 Silverware and have just increase our stock very greatly.

We want you to come in and examine both of these lines.

## HOLLAND DRUG CO.

Phone 90 The Leading Druggists

### Toy and Grown Up Wonderful Feature at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition



SCENES in famous Toyland concession on the Zone at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco. In this great amusement device, which covers fourteen acres, toys are reproduced upon a gigantic scale, the figures here shown being eighty feet in height.

#### Wayside News.

Rev. Geo. Cook fills Rev. Triplett's place next Sunday morning at Beula. Rev. Triplett expects to preach at night.

Rev. G. J. Harrison gave a most interesting lecture Sunday night at the B. Y. P. U. on "The Mountain Schools in the Southern States."

Miss Grace Sluder is appointed as next leader for the Union.

Quite a number of our citizens left Monday morning as delegates to Farmers Institute which meets at Austin 27th to 30th. The following are the ones that went: W. H. Helms, Mrs. G. W. Mayo, Wm Payne and wife, Ewing McGehee, Floyd Adams, Mrs. Eula Johnson.

Messrs Mose Wesley and Dil-

lon left Sunday morning as delegates to Austin.

The fine rains which have fallen of late have cooled the atmosphere very much.

Payne Bros. got in Saturday with their large Avery Separator and began work in the afternoon at the home place.

Jno. Gilham has a new 1916 Hu pmobile.

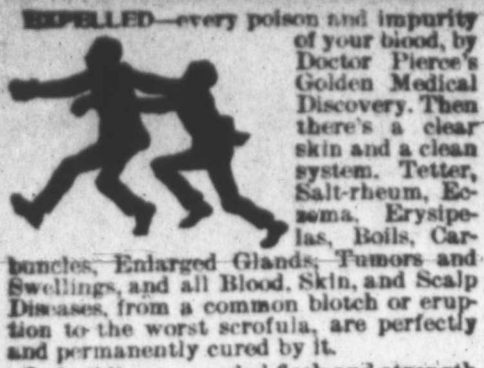
Embry Wesley has bought a Cadillac car.

New granaries going up and to be put up.

R. A. Campbell and C. Eakman left Monday for College Station where they will attend the Farmers Congress and Short Course. They are delegates from the Randall County Farmers Institute.

# All kinds of carbon paper at very low prices.

## NEWS OFFICE



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

In building up needed flesh and strength of pale, puny, scrofulous children, nothing can equal it. In liquid or tablet form.

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

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

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at prices that are right.



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Have you a telephone connected to the Bell System? Ask our nearest Manager for information, or write

The Southwestern Telegraph & Telephone Co.

The Cubans That Does Not Affect The Head because of its tonic and laxative effect. LAXATIVE BRONCHO CURETTE is better than ordinary Coughs and Colds and Cures whooping cough, whooping cough, whooping cough, whooping cough.

**The MAID of the FOREST**  
A Romance of St. Clair's Defeat  
By RANDALL PARRISH  
ILLUSTRATED by D. J. LAVIN

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I grasped the situation in a glance. Brady moved to the next loop-hole, and knelt down. Opposite me I could distinguish an Indian or two, skulking in the tree shadows, well out of range—sentries, no doubt, stationed to guard against any possibility of our escape. Yes, and there were others also along the fringe of forest to the left, although only occasionally did a half-naked form fit into view. They were forming for assault, for a swift rush forward, trusting that the suddenness of their attack would put them across that open space without great danger. They had tried stealth and failed; now they would try recklessness. The very choice was evidence of white leadership. An Indian leader would be patient and wait for darkness to creep up unseen, or plan to starve us into surrender. Only a white man, eager and dominant, would thus risk lives in open assault.

I pressed back the wooden shutter, kneeling to look out. For an instant blinded by the bright light, I saw nothing, then, back in the edge of the timber, I could dimly distinguish the groups of savages, stripped for fighting, their naked bodies gleaming. I knew little then of Indian warfare, yet it occurred to me that the representatives of each tribe were gathered together, and I watched the war-bonnets moving from group to group, as final orders were passed among them. Only once did I catch a glimpse of the red jacket, as its wearer stood at the foot of a huge tree, suddenly outlined by a ray of sun finding opening through the leaves above. As I caught view of him, he swung up one red arm, a rifle grasped in his hand, and as if it was a signal, voice after voice whooped in savage yell, the noise blending into one fierce scream, horrible and menacing. Above even this mad volume of sound there was a shout of command emphasized by the discharge of a dozen guns. Then out of the smoke, springing forth into the open, I saw the devils come. It was as if hell had broken open and belched them forth. Leaping into the air, shrieking, gesticulating, weapons uplifted, red skins glittering in the sun, black hair streaming on the wind, they sprang forward, racing straight across the open.

"Shawnees!" roared Brady. "Give it to 'em!" and he pulled trigger. Describe what followed no man could. It was pandemonium, uproar, action, no two seconds the same. I fired twice, three times, leaping back to grasp a gun from the bench, and groping my way through smoke. My eyes smarted, perspiration streamed down my face, I heard the bark of rifles, voices calling within, wild echoing yells without. Over the barrel of my rifle I could distinguish the naked forms of savages leaping amid the smoke wreaths, stumbling, clutching at the air with empty hands. Then all at once they disappeared, vanished as if by magic. Smoke clung to the ground, yet amid its swirls I could perceive no movement; the fierce yelling ceased. What this sudden cessation meant I could not guess, but my hand reached instinctively for powder and ball. Then another yell, louder, more deadly with ferocity, smote my ears; bullets chugged into the logs, some one near me gave utterance to a roar of pain, and blows crashed against the barred door. I thrust my rifle forward—a tomahawk struck the protruding barrel as I pulled trigger, and I was flung backward to the floor, blood streaming from my shoulder. I could hardly breathe in the thick smoke; I could see nothing, yet out of the babel of noise I was conscious of Brady's voice yelling an order:

"The door! Barricade the door!" I staggered to my feet and dragged the bench forward; some one gripped the table along with me, and together we hurried it on top, our bodies holding it there. I had dropped my rifle, but some one thrust another into my hand. Blood streamed down into my eyes from a cut on my forehead, blinding me so I saw nothing, yet my fingers touched a hand. Even then I felt the thrill of that contact.

"You, Rene! Go back! For God's sake, go back!" I sobbed breathlessly. Just an instant she grasped me, clung to me, her head pressing against my sleeve.

"Yes, monsieur!"

Then she was gone; I reached out for her, but she was no longer there. Tomahawks crashed into the wood of the door; there was a sound of splintering. Brady ripped out an oath, a wild yell of triumph echoed without. Through a nearby loop-hole some savage thrust his gun, and fired blindly, the sudden flash lighting the murk. In the instant red glow I caught a glimpse of the interior—of a body lying before the fireplace, of Schultz still on his knees, rifle in hand, of Brady gripping an ax, his head bare, a ghastly wound on the side of his face. Then the smoke hid all.

Something crashed against the door, shaking the whole cabin; again and again the blow fell, the tough wood bursting asunder, the stout bar bend-

ing, yet snapping back once more as the sockets held. Amid the din of shouts, the crash of wood, my eyes met Brady's.

"You're hurt?"

"Ay!" spitting out blood before he could answer. "Jaw shot. Where's the French girl?"

I jerked my hand back in gesture. "With her father's body, I reckon; she promised me to keep out of it."

"Good," his eyes smiling in spite of the intense pain of his wound. "This is like to be our last fight, boy. Do you hear that? Another blow as hard, and those devils will be at us. Don't quit until you die."

"I know," and I reached out my hand to him. His eyes were cool, grimly smiling, and the clasp of his fingers like a vise.

"We are men," he said slowly. "Don't forget, lad. They will know about this sometime down on the Ohio—here the fends come!"

The door crashed in, the great butt of a tree coming with it, and half blocking the passage. All that remained was instantly filled with savage figures. Into the mass of them I fired my last shot, the flame of discharge searing the hideous faces. Then I was hurled to the right, shoulder to shoulder with Schultz, gripping my gun barrel with both hands, swinging it like a flail. I crushed the skull of a savage, drove the butt into the face of another; saw the flash of a tomahawk, held up for an instant the soldier's reeling body, only to throw it aside; smashed the red hand held out to grip him as he went down; drew back a step in search of more room, and, with one mighty sweep of my weapon cleared a circle before me. God! It was ghastly, inhuman, devilish! Those behind pushed and yelled; there was no escape! I saw painted faces, naked shoulders; wild eyes glared hatred into mine; tomahawk and knife flashed. The butt of my gun smashed, I gripped the iron, my teeth clinched, and blood on fire. I had no sense of fear left, no consciousness of peril. I wanted to strike, to kill, to bruise those hideous faces, to batter them into pulp. The rage of conflict seized me; there swept over me the ferocity of the insane.

I gave back, compelled by the mere force of numbers hurled against me, yet kept clear a space no savage left unhurt. I felt in my arms the strength of a dozen men, and not the grip of a red hand reached me. The fends snarled and struggled, but the fierce swing of the iron bar crushed them back. It was twilight where I stood at bay, the narrow opening, almost blotted out by those struggling figures striving to enter, to me, was a mere blotch, an inferno of movement and sound. Through a dim, red haze, where blood dripped before my eyes, I had glimpses of uplifted arms, of distorted faces, of glittering weapons. Once there was a gun shot, the sudden flash flaming into my eyes; twice tomahawks, turning in the air, grazed my cheek; a knife, desperately hurled



The Door Crashed In.

from out the ruck, struck the iron, slashing my arm as it fell. I felt no pain, no weakness; I was going to die, but it would not be alone. I rushed forward, treading on bodies, battering at shoulders and heads. I heard yells, shrieks, groans, cries of horror and agony. The frenzied war-whoop rang in my ears; an order roared out over the babel. I have no recollection of being touched, yet some force hurled me back. I stumbled over the bodies, yet somehow kept my feet. I was breathless, weak, reeling upon my legs, everything before my eyes shrouded in mist. Yet the instinct to fight remained; I knew nothing else.

Suddenly I became aware that Brady and I were together, that we were foot to foot, his deadly ax rising and falling as though he was a woodsman in

the forest. Out of the mad din in my ear came the sound of his voice in broken, breathless sentences.

"Good boy! Good boy! Ay! That was a blow. Stand to it, lad; they'll tell of this fight on the border. Oh, you will, you painted devil—that finished you! Do you see Red-Coat back there, Hayward? Ay! I'd like one swipe at him, but the coward keeps safe. Strike lower man! They're creeping in on us. That's the kind. Ah! I thought so; they're taking us from behind—quick, lad, back to the wall!"

I got there; God only knows how—but I was alone. I felt the force of the rush that struck him down; it had lifted me bodily and hurled me against the logs. Yet I kept my feet, kept my grip on the twisted iron, and struck blindly. The whole cabin seemed jammed with red demons; they piled on me, jerked the bar from my grasp. Once, twice, I sent clenched fist against painted faces; then it was over with. I never saw or felt the blow that felled me; I went down into darkness, and they trampled me under foot.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Help of Mademoiselle.

The sound of a voice speaking, apparently far off, was the first thing of which I was dimly conscious. The language was French, and for what seemed a long time, no word sounded familiar. My mind was blank of any distinct impression, although there appeared to float before me, in recollection of some former existence, the face of mademoiselle. Her wonderful eyes were gravely smiling through a strange mist that appeared to hide all else in its circling folds. I could not get away from their silent pleading, their invitation. Then somehow that speaking voice became hers, and I picked out a word here and there, detached, meaningless, and yet recognizable. I struggled to arouse myself to her actual presence.

The struggle must have been physical as well as mental, for I became conscious of pain, a sharp pang shooting through my body, as if a knife had been twisted in a deep wound. The agony brought me wide awake, my eyes open, staring about, yet scarcely realizing where dream and reality met. At first I could not distinguish objects, or separate sounds; everything was blurred, formless. There was a red vapor before my eyes, a strange ringing in my ears. Then I knew it was indeed mademoiselle who spoke, somewhere off there to my right, and once I heard another voice—a falsetto, yet plainly that of a man, interrupting her. Between my poor understanding of French, and the bewilderment of my brain, I could make nothing out of what was said; the very few words I caught seemed meaningless, with no connection between them. I struggled hard to comprehend, but my brain made utter failure of the attempt, a dull horrible aching across my temples being the only reward.

"Monsieur," the voice was a whisper at my ear; I could even feel her soft breath on my cheek. My eyes instantly opened, and looked into her face as she bent above me. "Do not move, do not speak aloud—but listen. I knew you were not dead; I found you first and kept them away, but there is no time now for me to explain. Are you badly hurt?"

"I cannot tell, mademoiselle—those heavy bodies will not let me move."

She glanced about swiftly, as if in fear of being seen; then released my limbs, dragging the two dead Indians aside. I felt cramped, lifeless below the waist, yet as the blood began to circulate I knew there was no serious injury. She started into my face as I worked the numbed muscles, and her eyes told me that she was frightened.

"We are alone here?"

"Yes, for the moment," breathlessly. "It is your only chance; I have prayed and schemed to get to you. We mustn't lose an instant. Can you move, monsieur? Can you even crawl a dozen feet?"

I set my teeth, struggling to turn over and attain my knees. In spite of every effort I sank on my face with a smothered groan of pain. She lifted my head upon her arm.

"Oh, you must, monsieur, you must! I cannot lift you, you are too big, but—but I will help. See, I will hold you like this! Please, please try again—we must be quick."

"Where—where do you want me to go?" I asked faintly, inspired to effort by the firm, eager grip of her hand. "Tell me; I'll try."

"There—just to the left of the fireplace. It is the one chance, monsieur. They will be back, those fends, they will burn the cabin. Mon Dieu! Try! Try!"

I got to my knees once more, the plea of her voice yielding strength and determination. At whatever cost I would attempt to please her. I experienced no sense of fear; my brain seemed dazed, incapable of apprehending clearly. It held but the one purpose—to accomplish this to please her. She wished me to try, and I would. With teeth clenched tight, I fixed my eyes on the spot indicated and started. Terrible was the effort!

But I made it inch by inch. I shall never know how the deed was accomplished—only that she helped, and I fought on. I had to; she asked me; there were tears in her eyes. No matter if it did hurt, if I was blind, if I reeled on hands and knees like a man drunk—I must go there. I had not the faintest thought of why she urged me on, of what hope animated her. And when I finally gave out, helpless to advance another inch, my face came down hard on a slab of stone beside the chimney. She uttered a low sob of despair, and left me an instant. I knew she had gone, yet could not lift my head. Then water, cool, reviving,

1915		JULY						1915	
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT			
				1	2	3			
4	5	6	7	8	9	10			

**Gained Four Days Out of Nine**

Over in Oklahoma one of the business concerns using a great many wagons had been considering the question of axle grease.

Apparently no conclusion could be reached from the statements of competitive sellers of the products, so the company decided to make a test.

Two NEW wagons which had just been delivered to the company were selected for the test. To one wagon a competitive grease was applied on both front and rear wheels, Texaco grease being used on the other.

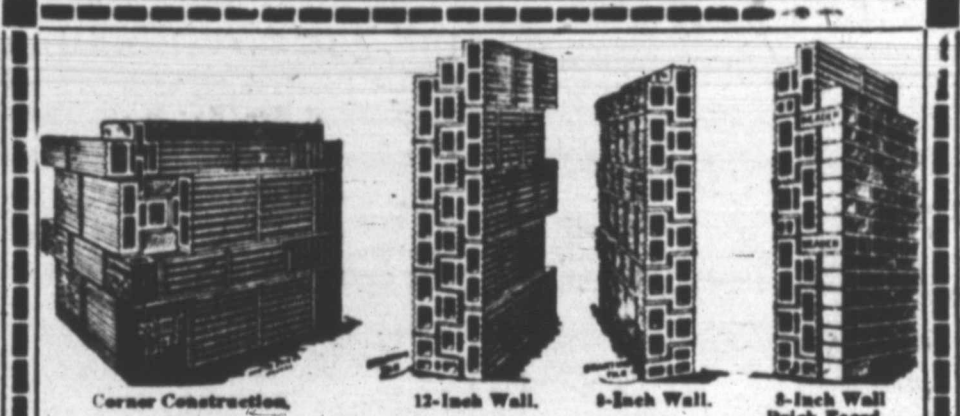
They were set to work. In five days the competitive grease was done, the spindles got hot and a new application was required.

IN NINE DAYS TEXACO GREASE WAS STILL GOOD, SPINDLES IN PERFECT CONDITION READY FOR ONE MORE DAY.

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  - NON-CONDUCTIVITY** — Warmer in Winter. Cooler in Summer.
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- Accepted as equal of brick or concrete, by leading Engineers and Architects everywhere.

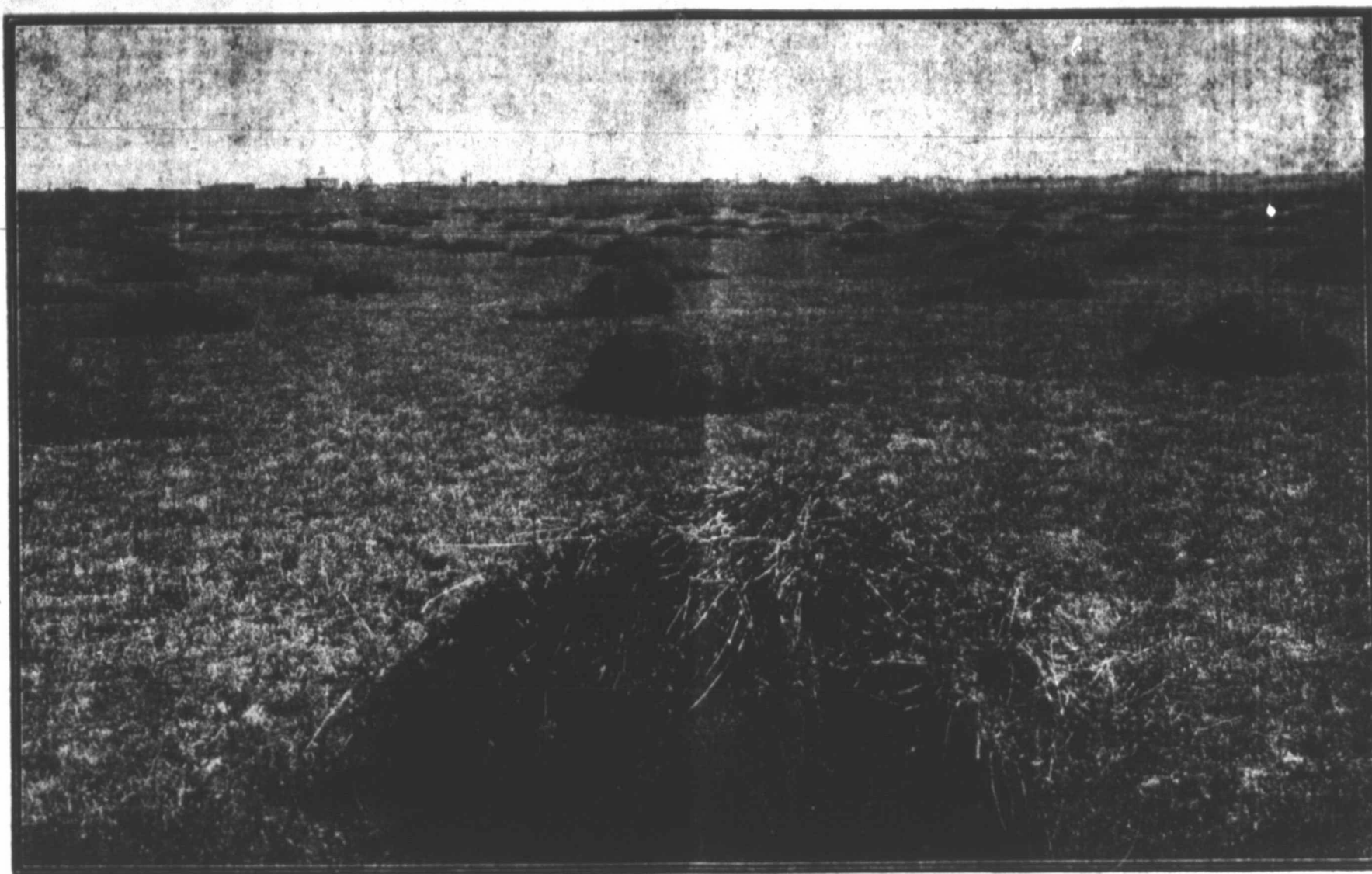
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Canyon, Texas  
Keota, Iowa



# The Maid of the Forest

A Romance of St. Clair's Defeat

By Randall Parrish  
Illustrated by D. J. Lavin

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She wasted no time in either explanation or urging. Doubtless my face told its own story, and made her desperate. With a strength I had not supposed her slender body possessed, she dragged me about, until my feet dangled helplessly in the opening.



"Good Boy! Good Boy! Aye! That Was a Blow."

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## OUR PUBLIC FORUM

### Peter Radford

#### On Co-Operative Marketing Plan



The Farmers' Union is the pioneer force in the campaign for cheap money, warehouse facilities and a financial system adapted to the business of farming. The Union has always stood for the best interests of the farmer and realizing that the task was so monumental as to require the combined effort of all forces, the Farmers' Union, some four years ago, blew the horn and called all hands together to build more warehouses and supply cheap money and as a result the farmers, the business men and the statesmen, are now shaking hands over a hale of cotton. While the work has only begun, sufficient progress has been made to fully justify the policy of cooperation adopted by the Union and on behalf of the Texas plowmen I want to thank all agencies now engaged in assisting the farmers in solving the cotton marketing problem.

We have made reasonable progress in the plan now under way, which contemplates that the business men and farmers build the warehouses, the State supervises the storage and validates the receipt and the banker provides the money at a low rate of interest. The State announces ready and the warehouse commission, with an able corps of assistants has its problems well under way, and the bankers have declared a willingness to advance money at a rate not to exceed six per cent.

Many warehouses now existing have gone under State supervision, and others are being constructed, but no warehouse system can be made a complete success without sufficient storage capacity to handle the crop.

The present warehouse system is swung around cooperation and it is up to the Texas farmer to assist in constructing warehouses and to patronize them after they are built. No warehouse can succeed unless the farmers organize around it, for no business can prosper without patronage. The farmers and business men must come to the aid of the system and I make a special plea to the farmer, for he is the beneficiary of the movement.

We have just passed through the greatest slaughter in crop prices ever known in the history of the cotton industry. The loss to the Southern planter last year was greater than that of the freeing of the slaves during the Civil War, and the European conflict is by no means over. The phantom of low prices that hover around every cotton field in Texas ought to encourage the farmers to deeds of commercial valor. Look upon the face of your babe in the cradle; look upon the woman who stands by your side, then look your own destiny squarely in the face. Lay aside the petty differences that so easily beset you, awaken from the lethargy of indifference that steeps your senses in poverty and arouse thoughts from their dumb cradles and be up and doing with a determination that wins, and rally around the Union, for there is no other road to success except through organization.

she wasted no time in either explanation or urging. Doubtless my face told its own story, and made her desperate. With a strength I had not supposed her slender body possessed, she dragged me about, until my feet dangled helplessly in the opening.

"Now push yourself down, monsieur! I say you must! It is not far, not more than four feet—it is not to hurt, no, no. You will come easy to the bottom. Good! That is the way. See, I will hold tight to you like this."

Helped by her, yet exercising all my remaining strength, and now comprehending her plan, I sank slowly into the hole, but so numb were my limbs, that the instant the girl released her grasp I sank limply to the bottom, resting there, leaning against the side wall, looking eagerly up at her face framed above me in the narrow opening.

"You are safe, monsieur? You are not hurt?" she asked in trembling anxiety.

I murmured a word or two, for I had exhausted all my strength. She must have accepted this as reassurance. She then lifted her head, and glanced swiftly about. Then she reached down to me the pannikin of water.

"I cannot wait longer," she whispered. "Some one will come. Here, take this, monsieur, put it down carefully—ah! that was fine. Wash out your wounds, and the blood from your face. It will be dark, but fear nothing. I will come again to you soon."

"Where does this tunnel lead?" I asked, as her hand grasped the stone slab.

"To the cave cellar at the rear; where we first met—but you must wait for me to come, monsieur."

I saw the shadow of the stone descending shutting out the light.

"Just one question more, mademoiselle. I managed to articulate. 'Is Brady dead?'"

"No, monsieur, he is a prisoner."

"Slowly I made effort to explore my wound. This was most painful, as my rough shirt was held to my flesh by congealed blood, and had to be torn away. I possessed no knife, but stuck to the work manfully, my teeth clinched, my face beaded with perspiration, until I separated the last shred, and could explore the wound with my fingers. It proved deep and ragged enough, but had penetrated nothing vital. If I could staunch the flow of blood, and bind it up so as to prevent its being reopened, there should be no serious result. I went at this as best I could in the dark, and, by sense of touch, groaning at the pain, I swabbed out the wound until it practically ceased to bleed, and then bound it up with a silk neckerchief and a strip torn from my shirt. It was rude surgery, but effective. Shut out thus from the air the wound merely dully ached, and I found myself able to move with much greater freedom. Otherwise I was surprised to discover I had sustained no particular injury.

I got to my hands and knees, determined to discover for myself the nature of the passage. Any form of action was better than merely to lie there inert. I had to creep forward, and found barely room for the passage of my body. My wound still hurt sufficiently to make me cautious of every movement, and consequently my advance was slow. There never was blacker darkness, it was like a weight pressing me back, and the silence was like that of the grave. I could hear my own breathing, but my hands and knees made no sound on the earth floor. Whatever of savage fury was occurring above, no echo found way to where I burrowed below. To all appearance the tunnel ran in a direct line; at least I could discover no evidence of deviation. If I'd a way had

constructed it, then he must have known something of engineering, and been in possession of instruments. The work could not have been done by blind digging. Still, it might have been originally an open ditch, banked and lined with timber, and then covered, and the earth tamped down.

I stopped to rest a moment, sitting cross-legged, my head barely escaping the roof. Suddenly from out that intense darkness before me, came a peculiar sound—intensified by the long silence, and the contracted walls, I could not tell whether it was cough or groan, gruff exclamation or growl. Perspiration beaded my forehead, my hands like ice, as I stared ahead listening. There was no repetition, no movement. Could I have dreamed the thing? Could it be delirium from the fever of my wound? No! Surely not; I was sane enough; my ears were not deceived. Something—man or animal—was certainly there in the tunnel hiding, crouched in the darkness, unaware as yet of my presence. Then it would not be an animal; it must be a man.

I got upon hands and knees again, slowly and with utmost caution, aware that if I was to escape notice I must advance as stealthily as a wild cat, the slightest sound would carry far in that gallery. I moved forward a yard, two, three yards, extending one hand out into the dark and feeling about carefully, before venturing another inch. Mine were the movements of a snail.

I had almost convinced myself there was nothing there, either brute or human, yet some instinct continually told me there was. I felt an uncanny presence, and an ill-defined sense of danger I could not cast off. I came to a pause, actually afraid to go on, my flesh creeping with strange horror. I rested on one knee, my face thrust forward as I stared blindly into the awful blackness. I even held my breath in suspense, listening for the slightest movement. Merciful God! Some one—something—was actually there! I could hear now the faint pulsing of a breath, as though through clogged nostrils, and a meaningless muttering of the lips.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### A Struggle Underground.

I remained poised, breathless, huddled in the dark, hesitating. A dozen considerations flashed through my mind, as I swiftly decided what to do. I could scarcely hope to move backward without noise, nor, if I succeeded, would I be any better off with him still blocking the passage. There was nothing for it then but to come to hand grips. But the fellow, whoever he might be—whether white or Indian—was doubtless armed, while I was weaponless. To get him right was a desperate chance, yet a chance which must be taken. Fortunately I had him located, his heavy breathing being unmistakable, and evidence also that the man remained unaware of my presence. I shifted one foot forward to get firmer purchase, and then grasped for him through the darkness. My hand came in contact with a shoulder; then gripped a mass of long hair. He gave vent to a sudden cry, startled, almost inhuman in its wildness, struggling backward so quickly my other hand closed on air. But I held hard to what I had, dragged off my balance, feeling his fingers after my throat. There was no room for us to do otherwise than claw at each other. After that first cry neither of us uttered a sound, but I closed in on him, getting a stronger grip. He was a man, a white man, for he wore a rough coat, and his face was covered with a growth of straggly, coarse whiskers. Enemy or friend I could not be sure, nor did I find opportunity to discover. We both fought like beasts, resorting to teeth and nails. He was seemingly not a large man, but wiry and muscular. His very lack of size was an advantage in that narrow space; besides I was weakened by loss of blood, and with every movement my wound hurt.

His one object was to wrench himself loose, but my fortunate grip on his hair foiled this effort. Yet both his hands were free, the one clutching my throat; but, in those first breathless seconds, I could not locate the other. He was lying on his side, with right arm underneath. Fearful of a weapon, I let the fellow gouge at my throat with long, ape-like fingers, while I struggled ferociously to expose the hidden hand. If it proved empty I knew I could handle the man; that I possessed the strength to draw him to me, to crush him into subjection within the vise of my arms. Straining every muscle I could bring into play, I succeeded in forcing him over onto his face. But he was a cat, wiry, full of tricks. In some manner he twirled his arm out of my grip. There was a flash of reddish yellow flame searing across my eyes, an awful report, like an explosion in my stunned ears. Where the bullet went I will never know, but I saw the man's face leap out at me from the darkness—just an instant of reflection, as though thrown against a screen by some flash of light—the unmistakable face of a negro. And his was a hideous visage; the memory of it lingers with me yet. Swift as it appeared and vanished in that burst of flame, I shall never forget the glare of the man's eyes, the malignant snarl of the open lips, the teeth cruel and snag-like, and the yellowish-black of his face. It was as if I held some foul fiend of hell in my grip.

Yet startled as I was by this apparition, his view of me had no less an effect. Even in that single instant of revelation, the hate in his eyes changed to fear, to uncontrollable panic; his lips gave vent to a wild cry, an exclamation in mongrel French, and, before I could stiffen in resistance, or recover from my own shock, the fellow swung his pistol at me, and jerked free. The flying weapon tore a gash

in my scalp, but his haste and fear proved his own undoing. Half stunned as I was by the blow, I heard him spring to his feet, the dull crash of his head as he struck the hardwood slab of the low roof, and then the thud of a body on the tunnel floor. In his haste, his desperation, his strange fright, he had forgotten where he was, and attempted to spring erect. My head reeled, the blood from this new cut trickling down my cheek. The negro lay motionless in the darkness; I could not even distinguish his breathing, although I hesitated, listening intently, half fearing some trick.

What had frightened the fellow so? What had brought that look of insane terror into his eyes? It was as if he stared at a ghost, the very sight of which had crazed him. I mastered my own nerves, and crept forward along the passage, feeling blindly in advance with one outstretched hand, until it came in contact with the man's figure. He lay full length on the tunnel floor, and I had to find my way over him to reach his head. It was difficult to touch him, to place my fingers against his flesh. The memory of those snarling, wolfish lips, and that yellow skin, caused me to shrink from direct contact. Yet I must assure myself. I could not leave the man lying there, possibly to recover consciousness and do injury. Of one thing I was assured—this French negro could be no friend.

With clinched teeth, I touched the coarse hair with my fingers; then the forehead. The flesh retained some warmth; yet the feeling was not natural—it seemed lifeless. For the instant this appeared impossible. Why, he did it himself; he crashed his own skull against the slab. Yet I could not make the affair seem real, or probable. And a negro! I had seen few of the race, but had always been told they were of thick skull, but if this man was actually dead, his head must have been smashed like an eggshell. And it was—I found the gash a moment later, the jagged edge of bone. The fellow was dead, stone dead; there was no heat to his heart, no throbbing to his pulse. Still dazed by the discovery, I ran my fingers along the roof overhead, hoping to find something there which would account for the mystery. No flat surface could ever have jabbed that wound. Ah! I felt it—the sharp point of a stake protruding between the logs. The poor fellow had struck that with sufficient force to penetrate the brain.

I conquered my abhorrence, and searched him, finding tobacco, a knife—an ugly weapon—flint and steel, a few coins, and some powder and rifle balls. There were no pistol bullets, and the thought occurred to me that the smaller weapon probably did not belong to him; he had appropriated it elsewhere. I crept about, and across the body, searching for it in vain, but I found the rifle, and took time to test its flint, and load it.

I was still engaged at this task, blindly feeling about in the dark for everything needed, and always conscious of that dead body beside me, when I suddenly detected smoke—not the puff of powder which still clung to the passage, but the acrid, pungent odor of burning wood. Even as I began to breathe the fumes they increased in intensity; the narrow tunnel filling rapidly with the smoke waves, and setting me to coughing. I realized at once what had happened. Mademoiselle's word of warning coming back to mind—they were burning the cabin, and through some orifice the smoke was being swept down into this underground passage. If there were no outlet, no way by which I could escape again to the open air, I must die there in that black hole, choked and suffocated. I might lie there forever beside this hideous negro; lie there until our bones rotted, and we also became earth. The horror of the thought brought me to my

knees. Already the air was stifling, my lungs laboring heavily for breath as the smoke clouds filled the passage. Only as I bent my nostrils close against the earthen floor could I find breathing air.

(Continued Next Week)

W. E. Bates was in Amarillo yesterday.

Invigorating to the Pale and Sickly

The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVER'S TARTARIC CHILI TONIC, drives out Bile, purifies the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 50c.

DR. WOLCOTT, OCUList  
Catarrh of Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat  
Glasses Fitted. AMARILLO, TEX.

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Mayne were in Amarillo Tuesday. Mr. Mayne is recovering from his illness and went to consult a specialist regarding his trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Yeager were in Amarillo Tuesday.

Mrs. Flora Webb who has been visiting Mrs. J. W. May and family left for home in Enid, Okla., on Tuesday.

Rev. B. F. Fronabarger was in Amarillo Tuesday.

J. M. Donaldson went to Clovis yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Schee were in Amarillo yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Warwick and Miss Doris Winkelman were in Amarillo Saturday.

Mrs. B. J. Steen and son left Monday for Tullahoma they will visit relatives.

What You Want  
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## NORMAL NOTES

Sunday afternoon a number of students, with Miss Rambo as chaperon went by auto, to Cooley canyon. After they had spent several hours climbing about the canyon they enjoyed lunch in the picnic grove.

Miss Clarice Manning spent Saturday and Sunday visiting friends in Happy.

The girls of the Y. W. C. A. challenged the ladies of the faculty for a basket ball game to be played July 24. In the slang of the day, the ladies "piked."

John R. Boon spent Saturday and Sunday with his friend, Mr. Richardsons, who lives north of town.

On last Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Webb of Hale Center went on a fishing trip to the Jenkins farm. They came through Canyon and took with them Misses Mildred Cox, Elizabeth Webb and Mary Smylie, all of whom are attending school here.

Miss Lamb reports that she is receiving many applications for places in the training school for the coming year.

The second series of examinations are being held this week. 135 are taking these. Most of this number will leave for their homes on Friday.

B. C. Warren of Lubbock was here looking for teachers Tuesday.

Miss Ellis, teacher in the training school is in El Paso this week.

### Methodist Services.

Sunday school 9:45 a. m.  
Sermons by the pastor at 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. Morning subject, "A Royal Legacy, the value of contentment." Evening subject, "Gratitude."

A hearty welcome to all.  
J. W. Mayne, pastor.

### Get Ready for Fair.

Randall county should have a very fine exhibit at the Panhandle State Fair this fall. Save samples now and when the committee calls, you will have them in excellent shape. Every farmer should save some of the grain crop for Randall county's exhibit.

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### Slaton Not Coming.

Manager F. P. Luke contracted with two games with the Slaton ball team for today and tomorrow and widely advertised the fact, when the manager phoned Tuesday night saying they could not come. It looks like a yellow streak as Slaton claims the championship of the South Plains, while Canyon has won all her games this year.

The local team says that there are a number of people getting into the games without paying. It takes money to bring teams here and the local team has broken even on but one game this year played on the local grounds, in spite of the fact that there has always been a good attendance. A wire fence will be put around the grounds for future games as the team must have all admissions paid in order to make expenses.

It takes lots of nerve for a fellow to go to a ball game without paying his way.

### Federation Prizes and Contestants.

1. Most attractive premises, owner of the home \$5.

2. Most attractive premises, renter—\$5.

3. Prettiest front yard—\$2 50

4. Prettiest back yard—\$2 50

5. Most attractive flower bed, by girl under 12 years of age—one dozen photos, Lusby Studio.

6. Best kept church or school property—\$2 50

7. Best arranged vegetable garden. One pair of ladies shoes to the lady who succeeds in getting the most work out of her husband in the garden. The Leader

8. Most attractive porch or window box \$2

9. Largest trash pile collected on clean up day by boy under 14—A watch, City Pharmacy.

10. Best kept vacant lot (non-resident owner) by boy under 16—\$3.00 each for winners of first, second, third and fourth places.

11. (a) To the girl under 12 bringing to Mayor Wilson by July 12 the largest measure of flies—Aluminum cooking set of ten pieces, Thompson Hardware Co.

(b) To the boy under 12 bringing to the Mayor by July 12 the largest measure of flies—A thin type Ingersol watch, Thompson Hardware Co.

### LIST OF CONTESTANTS.

For 1st prize:  
R. E. Hileman  
J. B. Kleinschmidt  
C. R. Burrow  
B. A. Stafford  
R. B. Cousins

For 2nd prize:  
Edna Dixon

For 3rd prize:  
Edna Dixon  
J. M. Gibson

For 4th prize:  
J. M. Gibson

For 5th prize:  
Blanche Harter

For 7th prize:  
H. W. Morelock

For 8th prize:  
W. H. Stilwell

The award of prize 11 has been postponed until August 15th.

### CLASSIFIED ADS

Found—Pair of mud chains for some kind of auto. At News office. tf

For Sale—Good range stove, cheap. Phone 153. ft

For Sale—A very fine Malcolm Love piano, at a bargain. Call the News office. tf

For Sale—Oil stove, five burner, with register. Gibson's Second Hand Store. 18p4

To exchange for good stock or clear land—residence in Canyon. Jno. T. Wiley. 19p2

For Sale—In Randall County, Texas, 571 A. One mile east of Umbarger and eight miles west of Canyon. Can be divided in 8 farms, in 115 A., 216 A. and 240 A. For particulars, Box 597 Girdley, California. 19p9