

THE RANDALL COUNTY NEWS

Vol. XVII.

CANYON, RANDALL COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1914.

No. 47

PREPARING LAND FOR ROW CROPS

LAND NOT READY SHOULD BE PREPARED BEFORE MARCH 1.

H. M. Bainer, Agricultural Demonstrator, States Best Methods for Row Crops.

On account of drouth and failure of many row crops in 1913, much land is in extra good condition for this spring's row crops. Land that was plowed or listed late in the spring, and was well cultivated during the summer, on which little or no crop was produced, has been practically the same as "Summer Tilled," and can in many instances, be put in good condition for crops this spring by double disking immediately and listing in the crop later. Land subject to blowing is usually handled more safely by single listing now, rather than double disking, relisting at planting time.

The Santa Fe Agricultural Department prefers that demonstration crops be planted on land that was deeply plowed in the fall, or on deep fall listing, but will co-operate with farmers whose land is prepared as described in the first paragraph of this letter, provided that the farmer co-operating agrees to handle the crop under demonstration, right thereafter, in accordance with an understanding between himself and the representative of the Santa Fe Agricultural Department who visits him.

Plowing: For all demonstration crops we prefer planting on land that was plowed deep last fall, before the November and December rains. We prefer shallow plowing (4 to 5 inches), to deep plowing if done between February 1st and March 1st, unless the deep plowing can be packed immediately with a sub-surface packer or disc set straight. Ordinarily, deep fall plowing should be left rough over winter, as it prevents blowing and assists in holding snows on the field. We recommend that all row crops be planted in furrows. If these crops are planted on plowed land, the furrows can be made with lister, sweeps on cultivator, or by the use of good furrow openers on corn planter.

Listing: Best results nearly always come from listing sandy lands, rather than plowing. Deep fall listing is usually better than deep fall plowing, especially on loose soils. Our first choice of soil preparation is deep fall plowing, deep fall listing being second choice. Land as described in the first paragraph of this letter, should be double disced between January 1st and February 20th, and then single listed at planting time. Single listing done between the dates mentioned, should be medium deep, the relisting at planting time being somewhat shallower. Land fall listed or listed in the spring, should be harrowed occasionally, or as often as crusts form or as weeds appear until planting time. We recommend that all listing be from east to west unless the direction of the slope prevents.

In listing a field on which row crops were produced last year, make the first furrow where the old row stood, then when the field is relisted, the new row will come half way between the old rows, thus giving the plants a chance to draw plant food from a new place. We do not

recommend single listing unless it be on land well cultivated last year, and which has been or will be double disced very soon.

H. M. BAINER.

Commissioners Court.

A petition was filed by Wm. H. Boehning and others for a road to begin at the northwest corner of section 53 and the northeast corner of section 52 in block 6, I. & G. N. Ry. land and run south three miles. J. D. Gamble, T. F. Reid, J. B. Kleinschmidt, S. L. Ingham and H. J. Weber were appointed to view the road.

The jury of view recommended that the petition of Mathias Hess and others be not granted. The court sustained the report.

A petition was filed by J. T. Wesley et al, for a road beginning at the southeast corner of section 109, block M-8, A. B. & M. land and the northeast corner of section 110 and running east ten miles ending at the southeast corner of section 172 and the northeast corner of section 171, block M-9, John Gibson land, along the south boundary line of sections 9, 28, 45, 64, 81, 100, 117, 136, 153, 172 and the north boundary line of sections 10, 27, 46, 63, 82, 99, 118, 135, 154 and 171. A jury of view was appointed of Lem Scoggins, W. H. Belles, A. M. Currie, W. A. Carney and Charles Zoeller.

A committee appeared before the court Monday to establish eight justice precincts, but after consideration the court decided that no change was necessary in the four precincts now established.

The petition for an election to vote on the stock law was not presented at this term of court.

Plainview Here Saturday.

The Plainview high school girls basketball team will play the Normal in the city Saturday night. The game two weeks ago resulted in a tie score of 3 to 3.

U. S. Gober was in Amarillo Tuesday.

WANT TO PUT WELL 2500 FEET

CONTRACT ON MILLER WELL WILL BE COMPLETED THIS WEEK.

Believe that Oil Will be Struck About 2,300 Foot Mark—\$17,000 Already Expended on Well.

Will A. Miller of Amarillo has been in the city this week soliciting subscriptions for the prospecting oil well which is being put down northwest of the city. A contract with D. L. Hickcox for a well 2,000 feet will be completed this week and Mr. Miller is soliciting funds to put the well down to at least the 2,500 foot mark. He is confident that oil will be struck in paying quantities about 2,300 feet down.

Saturday afternoon Mr. Hickcox had but 20 more feet to go to finish his contract when the drillers had an accident that almost wrecked his outfit, doing \$700 damages. A wagon load of repairs came by express and work will be resumed and the contract completed this week. Mr. Hickcox is very hopeful that the work will be continued as he believes like Mr. Miller that all indications point toward paying oil before many more feet.

\$17,000 have already been spent on the project.

4th ANNIVERSARY PROGRAM TUESDAY

FACULTY AND STUDENTS PUBLIC RECEPTION HELD ON MONDAY.

Normal will Celebrate the Fourth Anniversary of Breaking Ground for the Normal Building.

Next Tuesday is the fourth anniversary of breaking the ground for the Normal building and two years ago it was decided to set aside this day for a holiday in the school on which a celebration would be held.

Monday night the faculty and student body of the Normal will hold a public reception for the citizenship of Canyon and Randall county and most cordially invite all to be present on the occasion.

The following is the program which will be given at the auditorium Tuesday morning:

Master of ceremonies—Mr. Stafford.

Music—"The Miller's Wooing"—Mixed Chorus.

General Theme—"College Spirit"

"What College Spirit Means to the Freshman"—Wm. Hale.

"The Junior in Relation to the Freshman and Senior in the Maintenance of College Spirit"—Helen Gerlach.

Music—"Believing Me if all those Young Charms"—Mr. Copeland.

"The responsibility of Creating and Developing College Spirit"—Sadie Anderson.

"College Spirit in Relation to the Alumnus and his Interest in its Perpetuation"—Lola Word.

Music—"Last night"—Ladies Chorus.

"Fourth Milestone"—Mr. Guenther.

"The W. T. S. N. C. in Relation to Education in Texas"—Mr. Cousins.

Orchestra—"Coronation March."

Mesdames J. Wray and M. Barry were Amarillo callers Monday.

W. E. Groendycke of Amarillo was a business caller in the city Tuesday.

Political Announcements.

The News will place the names of candidates for the following offices at the rates given below, CASH must accompany announcement. This carries your name up to the primaries and should you be the successful nominee your name will appear in the proper column up to the general election:

District \$12.50
County 10.00
Precinct Officers 2.50

For District Judge.

JNO. W. VEALE.
JAMES N. BROWNING.

For District Attorney.

HENRY S. BISHOP.
A. S. ROLLINS.

For County Judge.

C. E. COSS.

For Sheriff and Tax Collector.

WORTH A. JENNINGS.

For County Clerk.

C. N. HARRISON.
T. V. (Vince) REEVES.
JOHN W. BATES.

For Assessor.

J. C. BLACK.
G. G. FOSTER.
J. A. TATE.

For Treasurer.

W. T. GARRETT.

MONTHLY REPORT PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SUPT. E. F. KING STATES CONDITION OF THE SCHOOLS.

Conditions are Good in All Departments—Too Many Tardies Caused by Only Few Pupils.

The following is the monthly report of Supt. E. F. King to the school board:

Your attention is directed to the following report of your schools for the scholastic month, ending Jan. 31, 1914.

Boys	Girls	Totals
Number of scholars enrolled to date	115	233
Number of unders enrolled to date	2	7
Average daily attendance, scholars	98	197
Average daily attendance, unders	1	6.2
Per cent of attendance	94.4	94.8
Number cases of tardiness	19	17
Cases of corporal punishment		5
Number of visitors		19
Amount of tuition collected this month		13.85
Number of pupils neither tardy nor absent, reported		57

When I compare this report with each of the reports for the first four months of the year, I find several very encouraging items. The per cent of attendance is higher than for either of the first four months. The number of tardies is much smaller this month than before, but thirty-six is by far too large a number. When we look over the list of tardies we find that most of them are made by children of a few families. If we could only get the cooperation of these few families to get their children to school on time the number would be reduced at once to a minimum.

The number of visitors this month is only nineteen, not so large as the number for December, but still encouraging. The difference is accounted for in the fact that the exercises given in some of the rooms just before the holidays brought out several visitors. We are always glad to see visitors and hope that the number will increase each month.

While I have the names of only fifty-seven pupils who were neither tardy nor absent during the month, I think this is not a correct report on that item, but this is being written on Monday and I can not see the teachers so that I may correct it. I think the number is too small.

The work in all departments has been very encouraging during the whole year, but especially so since the holidays. I believe the Board acted wisely in dismissing the school for two weeks at Christmas time. We avoided the necessity of teaching during the extremely bad weather during that time, and besides, I believe the children need at least two weeks rest at that season of the year. The results obtained since Jan. 6th, I think, justify that conclusion.

The high school is at present affiliated with the State University to the extent of twelve and one-half credits. We hope during the present term to add to this at least two more, making fourteen and a half in all. We are handicapped to some extent

in trying to extend our affiliation in that we lack some of the needed apparatus. As the affiliation now stands, our full graduates, or those who have taken the full course which includes the Latin, may enter the freshman year of the State University or any other university or college of the state without examination. I am gratified to report that quite a number of our present senior class have expressed their desire to attend one of the universities of the state next year.

The pupils throughout the whole school are taking a very great interest in the vocal music work. Each room can have but one lesson a week under the present plan, but Miss Terrill has succeeded in getting good results, and if the Board can employ a teacher for full time next session, I believe it will meet with general satisfaction on the part of patrons. It would certainly be well worth the money to the school.

What domestic science work the teachers have been able to do has been well done and has created very much enthusiasm on the part of pupils. I believe it has also been of great benefit in increasing interest in the regular work of the school. If it is possible this work should be extended next session.

In next month's report we shall give the names of all pupils who have no tardies to their credit, are perfect in attendance and also perfect in deportment. We will report no names unless perfect on these three points.

Very respectfully,
E. F. King.

Prohibition Meeting.

The prohibitionists of Randall county will meet at the court house Saturday afternoon, Feb. 14, promptly at 2 o'clock for the purpose of electing delegates to the elimination convention to be held at Ft. Worth, Saturday, Feb. 21.

W. J. FLESHER,
Chairman Prohibition Committee.

Lee VanSant was in Amarillo Monday.

NORMAL AFTER CHAMPIONSHIP

DEFEATS LOWREY - PHILLIPS BY SCORE OF 65 TO 1.

Will Meet Winners of the two Plainview Schools to Decide Panhandle College Championship.

The fast Lowrey-Phillips basketball team went down in defeat Saturday night at the gymnasium by a score of 65 to 1. The Normal team won through their superiority at making long passes. The visitors had a fine team and were the fastest in passing the ball of any visiting team this year, but they could not comprehend the long accurate passes of the locals.

Scott made 14 field goals and five fouls out of six chances, Starr made 4, Black 7 in the first half, Hicks going in for him in the second and Shotwell substituting for Lust in the second. Mead was the other guard.

This victory looks like the Panhandle college championship to the team. They have yet to play the winning team from the Plainview colleges, which game comes within the next two weeks, and there seems little doubt of their being able to win.

WORKER'S MEETING HELD IN CANYON

BEGINS FRIDAY AT THE METHODIST CHURCH, ENDS SUNDAY.

South End of Amarillo District to Hold Meeting in City—Rev. J. T. Hicks Here.

Presiding Elder J. T. Hicks has announced a Worker's Meeting for the churches of the south end of the Amarillo district to be held in the city Friday and Saturday of this week, delegates from Amarillo, Canyon, Hereford and Bovina being in attendance. Rev. Hicks will preach at the Methodist church at both services next Sunday and will hold the second quarterly conference of the church while here.

The following is the program for the meeting:

NOTE—A phone message this morning to Rev. Neal stated the illness of Rev. Robinson, hence no service Friday night.

SATURDAY MORNING

9:00 Devotional exercise—Rev. Geo. Palmer.

9:20 The Need of Missionary information; Who Shall Lead in Imparting this Information—Rev. E. E. Robinson.

9:40 The Value of our Church Paper in Imparting this Information—Rev. F. M. Neal.

10:00 The Layman's Part in Operating the Every-Member Campaign—Rev. J. A. Wallace, Judge Buie.

10:30 If We Should Tithe, Why?—Judge F. P. Works, G. A. F. Parker, D. O. Stallings.

11:15 Sermon by Rev. C. H. McDonald.

AFTERNOON.

2:00 Devotional exercise.

2:20 Address by Prof. R. B. Cousins.

2:50 The Origin and Progress of Sunday Schools—Rev. W. I. Caughran.

3:10 The Ideal Sunday School Superintendent—Dr. Wilson.

3:25 Shall Professional Men Attend Sunday School, and Why—W. J. Flesher.

3:40 How to Hold Our Men in the Sunday School—John T. Wiley.

4:00 How to Get Busy Women to Attend Sunday School—Mrs. Mary Jenkins, Mrs. A. W. Thompson.

4:20 The Importance of Our Primary Department in the Sunday School—Miss Webb.

4:35 How Shall We Have the Needed Revival?—Rev. Jno. R. Henson, T. F. Robison.

General Discussion.
7:30 Sermon by Rev. Jno. R. Henson.

Advertising Summer Quarter.

The committee in charge of advertising for the summer quarter of the Normal is going to make an effort to reach as many of the teachers in the state with printed matter as possible. The News has printed for the committee 10,000 post cards with a picture of the Normal building which are distributed free to the students. This week we start to print 5,000 booklets of twenty-four pages on a fine book paper, and which will make one of the neatest catalogues the school has ever sent out. The committee believes that at least 800 students will be in attendance during the summer quarter.

Come to Canyon to live.

Making Tomorrow's World

By WALTER WILLIAMS, LL.D.
(Dean of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri)

THE NEW ECONOMIC IRELAND



Bray, Ireland. —The plowed field takes the place of the grazing ranch. Landlordism dies, though by slow degrees and painfully, "its last thought being of a bargain to be made." Progressive agriculture, including co-operation, rural credit, usable transportation ways, small local industries and well-directed education — without which there can be no progressive agriculture of the best kind — comes in Ireland. The singing and dancing Gaelic league, with its revival of the old and happy Irish language, breathes life and stirs laughter. All these are making for the new Ireland.

Land Situation Improving.
The spade is ever mightier than the sword. Impassioned oratory in Sackville street is futile compared with the use of fertilizer in the field. Ireland is pre-eminently agricultural and the chief emphasis in the island's renaissance has rightly been upon the use of the land. Progress has been made toward the transfer of ownership of land from the absentee landlord to the resident peasant. Progress has been made in the establishment for all Ireland of the Ulster custom of free sale, fixity of tenure and fair rent. Considerable progress has been made in blotting out the plague to which Western Ireland has given a name which is also a picture, rural "congested districts." These things have been accomplished by the Irish Agricultural Organization society, led by that disinterested patriot, Sir Horace Plunkett, by the government de-

partment of agriculture and by other agencies.

Two-Thirds of People Farmers.
Land is Ireland's chief source of revenue. In a population of four millions the rural classes, tenants and farm laborers and their families, are two-thirds. This population depends directly for its daily life upon the profit from fifteen million acres of cultivable land. In continental Europe the peasant, driven by poverty from the land, goes to the factory in the town. Excepting in Belfast, with its linen, and in Dublin, with its beer, and some smaller places along eastern Ireland, there are no Irish factories of consequence. The Irish peasant who can not pick up a living in the fields goes not to a factory in the town but to America.

Self-Help and Cooperation Winning.
Self-help was first in the programme. Education must precede self-help. "You can not have a nation without the elements of a nation," said another great Irishman, Thomas Davis, "and one of the first elements of a nation is an educated democracy." As everywhere education was slow and difficult. The Irishman, not different from others, preferred to be flattered rather than to be bettered. Gradually, however, self-help doctrines had their fruitage in better agricultural methods, in larger crop yields and in more desirable rural life.

Cooperation Stopping Emigration.
The result shows in economic betterment and in a more wholesome rural life. A single instance of the first result is that the yield of butter per gallon of milk has constantly increased during the last ten years and that Irish butter now sells readily in London in competition with its great rival, butter from Denmark. From certain counties where the cooperative societies have done their best work emigration has almost ceased. Much has been done toward improving the condition of the cottages and by establishing libraries, sane amusements and helpful recreation in the villages. The Gaelic league has done good service here. "Better be quarreling than be lonesome," runs the Irish proverb. The new village conditions would banish quarreling without substituting solitude, accomplishing this result by discouraging drunkenness and preventing emigration, the two giant evils of the Ireland of yesterday.

Technical Education Bearing Fruit.
Close akin to the efforts of the cooperative societies has been the promotion of technical education by the state. This work, carried on by the government's Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland, is, in a way, similar to the work of the American Agricultural colleges and Experiment stations, except that it is broader, not confining itself to "agriculture and the mechanic arts." It teaches the farmer and laborer, it trains in its schools for business, commerce, agriculture and technical pursuits. It goes further and seeks an industrial revival by encouragement of new local factories. The department's work, also beset by difficulties, shows considerable progress. Commercial enterprises and an industrial spirit are appearing in the smaller towns as well as developing in the larger centers, Dublin, Belfast and Cork. The manufacture of bacon, of woolen goods, of laces, has begun in villages where ten years ago surplus labor, unemployed was driven to foreign lands.

Dear Transportation Heavy Handicap.
With created or revived local industries comes consideration of better transportation. Farm produce and industrial products pay three per cent of their value to reach a market in Canada and fifteen per cent in Ireland. It costs four dollars a ton to get eggs from France to London, six dollars a ton from Denmark, and twenty-five dollars a ton from Galway, Ireland. This condition an Irish parliament may be expected to seek to remedy. Just now it blocks economic development.

Social and Moral Uplift.
Nor are the Irish at home forgetful of the higher things in life. They are creating a new literature, they are developing social life, gracious as always in the veriest villages—for your Irish peasant is born a gentleman—and promoting higher standards of morality. In all the constructive movements in Ireland the religious question looms large. For religion to the real Irishman, Protestant or Catholic, is not an argument, but an institution. Quoting again Professor Kettle: "It seems to us as reasonable to prepare children for their moral life by excluding religion as to prepare them for their physical life by removing the most important lobe of their brains."

Self Help by Mutual Help.
With this material and in this wise is the new Ireland in the making. To the Englishman "home" means his own independent and comfortable corner, to the Irishman "home" means the cottage of his birth, the social order, the traditional and familiar environment. This explains the corner grocery in Ireland, but it also explains the community or clan spirit which is an all-powerful aid toward cooperation. And the first and last principle of the apostles of economic regeneration in Ireland is "Self-help by mutual help." The new Ireland is to be made of all the old Ireland, the Orange Flag and the Green Flag in combination unto all the island's good.

Tearful Wife.
"He used to call her the sunshine of his life."
"That's true, but she clouded up shortly after they were married and has been raining more or less ever since."

Big Proportion of People Enlisted.
The society differs from most agricultural societies elsewhere. Its aim is to ameliorate the condition of the Irish peasant by instruction in self-help and in the principles and methods of cooperation. Of itself, we are told, it has created nothing; it merely organizes, advises, controls. It sends out organizers, who undertake campaigns in one district after another and endeavor to establish cooperative associations by explaining their aims, methods and advantages. The parent society watches over local organizers, teaches good business habits, the application of cooperative rules—in a word, undertakes their economic education. In fifteen years nearly one-fourth of the population of Ireland

has been enrolled in some form of cooperative society.

Buying and Selling Done Jointly.
The most general form of cooperation is the dairy society. Of these societies there are now more than four hundred. Next in number are the rural banks, which number more than two hundred. Other cooperative organizations make joint purchases for farmers, breed cattle, promote local industries, particularly lace-making, sell poultry and eggs, grow bees and market honey, sell butter and transact wholesale business for the country societies. The central society and some others are aided financially by the government department of agriculture, agricultural committees and county councils.

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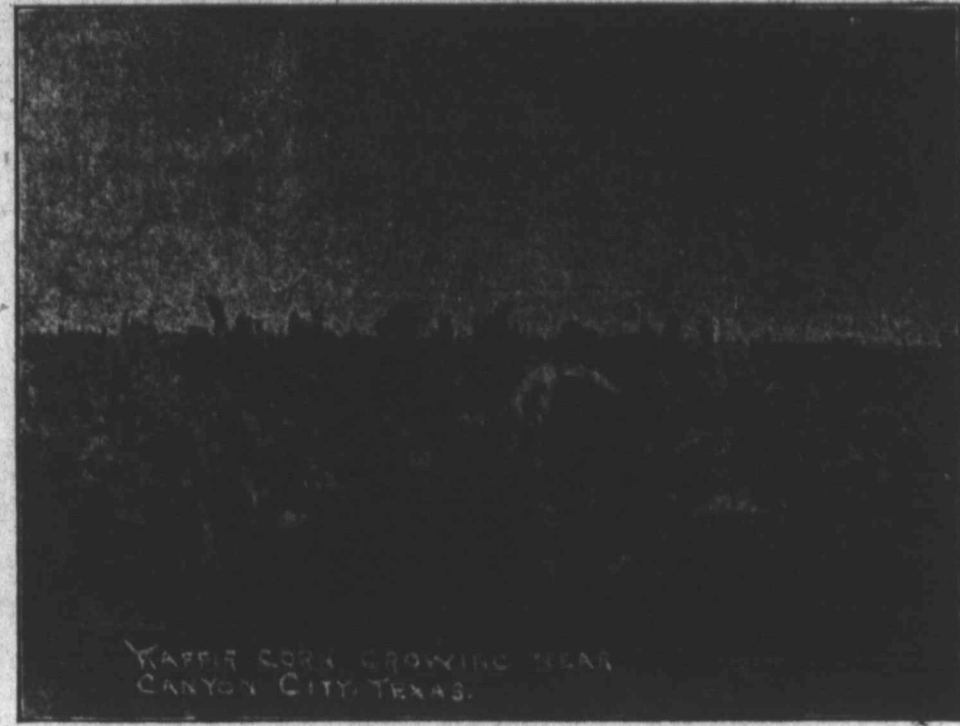
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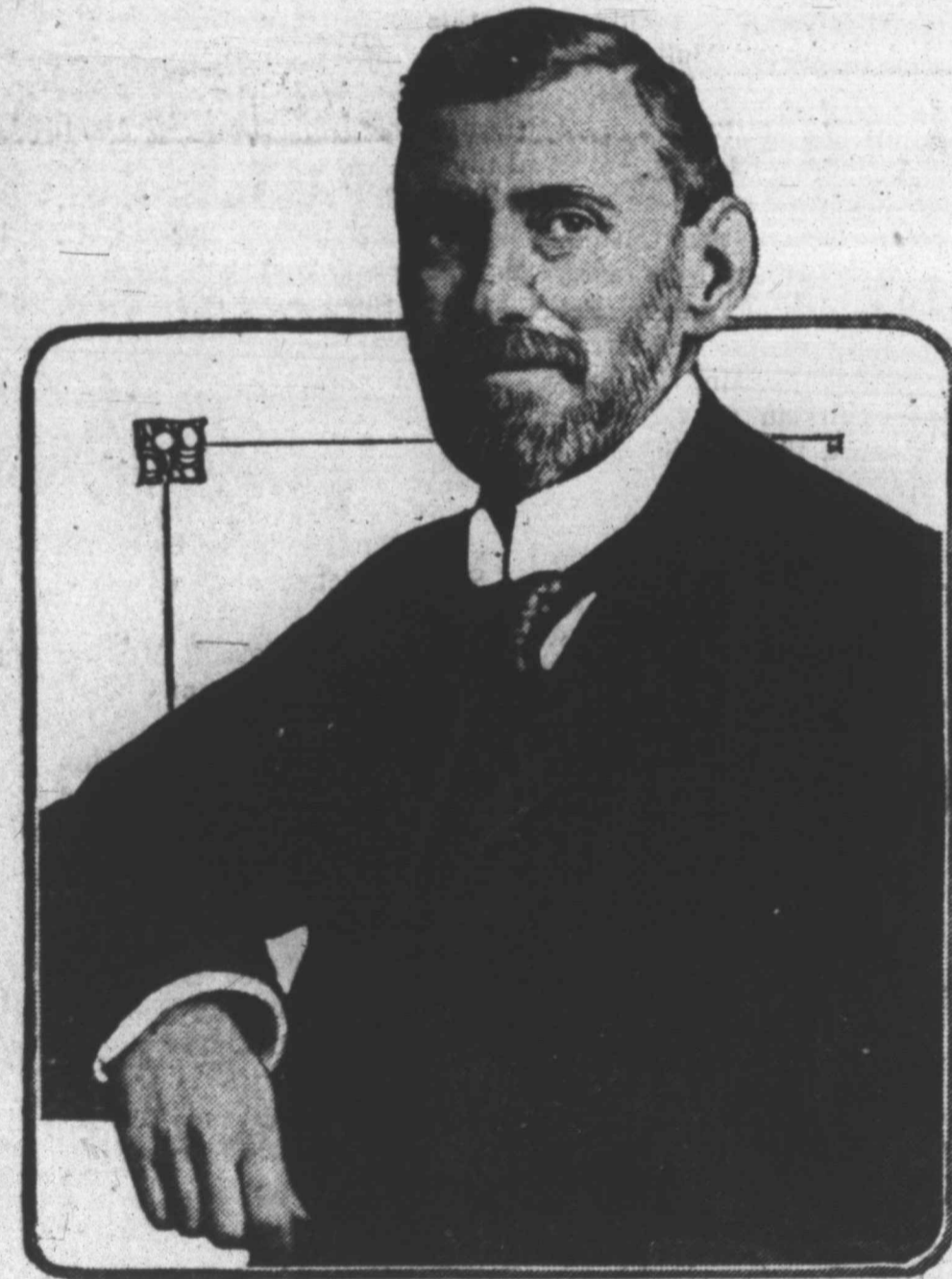
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Canyon, Texas
Keota, Iowa



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A century ago one-third of the population of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland was in Ireland, today only ten per cent. Within sixty years one-half the population of Ireland has emigrated to the United States. In the last ten years the evil of overmuch emigration has slightly abated, thanks to many good influences. It is a curious fact that while the proportion of British emigrants from Great Britain to countries within the British empire was 80 per cent during the last twelve months, barely

Hallelujah Bride's Vow: "DUTY Before LOVE"

Fealty to the Salvation Army Always First to Capt. Margaret Hicks, Who Even Had to Obtain Permission from Her Commanding Officer Before She Could See Her Husband-to-Be Alone During Their Courting Days.

NEW YORK.—There was an army wedding right here in little old New York the other night, with beat of drums and martial music, uniforms, and waving of flags.

Right down on Fourteenth street. A real army wedding. Makes you think of all sorts of things, doesn't it? Gold lace and dashing uniforms, clink of swords and a military band—all the gayety and color of garrison life—perhaps a little tightening of the lips when the old sweet words are read:

"Until death do us part."
For that means a whole lot of things when you're an army bride—when any day may bring marching orders, a call perhaps to a distant land, a day when the little wife stands alone waving goodby to a speeding train or vanishing ship.

Army brides must be brave-hearted, but this little brown-eyed one, Margaret Hicks, was a soldier, too, a captain in the same army as her husband. Here there is no separation. Shoulder to shoulder they are to march through life together, as sweetheart comrades in the Salvation Army, writes Isola Forrester in the New York World Sunday Magazine.

It was a double vow they took together promising fealty to each other and fealty to the Army. Promising never to allow their love to interfere with their work. Promising always to regard their home in every way as a Salvation Army Soldiers' or Officers' Quarters.

Wasn't it a strange army wedding? Capt. Margaret Hicks and her soldier sweetheart, Capt. George A. Jackson. Sweet supposing, you boy or girl who expect to stand one of these days beside the one you love best, just supposing you had to repeat these vows to be faithful soldiers, continual comrades, obedient to your commanding officer first of all?

Supposing, like these two children of the army, your parents had taken you when you were wee kiddies, trotted you up to headquarters and dedicated you to the service of the Lord? Supposing, before you could ever see each other alone in the courting days, permission must be given from your commanding officer, leave of absence to go a-wooing?

Then, when you had finally won her consent, you must both ask for an official engagement. Even your wedding day was set for you. You knew that while love was to link your lives, your duty as faithful soldiers must always come first through life. You knew that you must dedicate whatever little ones came to bless the union to the service of the army, just as your father and mother dedicated you?

You'd think that was a pretty hard restraint to place on Cupid—to hand him a blue uniform, and a drum slung handily on one hip, with a War Cry rolled under his arm. Maybe you think he doesn't enjoy it? Then you haven't been to an Army wedding. You've never seen the little smiling blue bonnet bride.

This one is brown-eyed and dark-haired, with a chin that points upward and lips that can't help but smile. She's barely up to Captain Jackson's shoulder, but then, as she tells you, he is really exceptionally tall. Only for a minute did I see her to clasp her hand and wish her joy, before she was swept away to the wedding supper, but the big, blue-eyed soldier husband talked for her at headquarters after the wedding.

"Yes, Mrs. Jackson is on duty, and I'm awfully sorry you can't see her, but I have to go without seeing her myself. We've started a little home over at East Orange, though, and hope to settle down there for a little while until marching orders come."

"You see, we don't mind Army life because we've been in it ever since we were born." He handled the little red morocco-bound Covenant Book of the Army tenderly in his hands. "My father is Col. J. W. Jackson, superintendent of the Plainfield industrial home, and my wife's father was Col. John Hicks, the first officer commissioned in the United States. We grew up in Army life together ever since we were babies."

"When did we first find out we loved each other?"
There was no evading the issue or smiling over it. It was a very wonderful and sacred subject to this earnest-eyed, blue-clad soldier, even if some of the questions did send the color to his cheeks.

"You see, when you've only been



Swearing in the Marriage Bower Never to Allow Their Love to Interfere With Their Army Work.

married two weeks, it's not easy to get down to facts on how it all happened. I always cared most for the captain, even when I was a boy. I think we were pretty sure of ourselves five years ago, before she was sent away to Moody's school up at Northfield, Mass., to prepare for her Army service. But we could not be officially engaged until he were both in the regular Army.

"I started active work myself in New York five years ago, and did not see much of her then, until I heard she was to be sent down here for a year at our training school next door. She was under the command of Lieut. Col. Bovill here, and Mrs. Bovill knew how we hoped to be married after the captain received her commission. "She was not a captain then, of course, but the next year she received her commission, and was sent out to the school that is run in connection with our Children's home at Cherry Tree farm, Spring Valley, N. Y. I used to get leave of absence and run up to see her there, and that was our first real courtship."

Isn't that a lovely name for a trysting place, Spring Valley, and Cherry Tree farm? Somehow, looking up at the radiance shining in the young captain's face, you know that all the rigors of Army life can never take away the joy and glamour of that summer-time wooing.

But how did they ever steal away for a quiet walk together with over a hundred little foundlings and orphans and half-orphans running after "Captain Margaret?" How did they find time to plan their wedding and honeymoon? Not as all other sweethearts of the world do, but always under Army rules and regulations. Cupid had to keep step to the tap of the drum this time, with the drill sergeant's eye on him all the time.

Finally this fall there came the long-expected word from headquarters. Capt. George A. Jackson and Capt. Margaret Hicks were to be married November 12 in Memorial hall, New York city.

The personal preparations of the little bride were few—nothing fluffy or lacy for her, but just the plain, dark blue uniform, with its touches of red, and one broad white silk sash from shoulder to hip.

But there was a bower of autumn leaves erected in the great hall for these children of the Army to be married under, and vari-colored electric lights shone from hollow bunches of tinted glass grapes.

No "Lohegrin" wedding march pealed from some hidden organ, but there was a good old rousing martial band tune with a tinkle of tambourines behind it. And no smiling girl bridesmaids came behind the little bride, only Captain Jackson's sister, Lieut. Mattie Jackson, as comrade attendant, and beside the bridegroom was another Army comrade, Adjutant Cooke. Lieutenant Colonel Parker read the Army marriage service, with Colonel McIntyre and Lieutenant Colonel Damon as rear guard.

And the words they spoke were strangely different from those that other bridal couples say. Clear and proud rose the soldier boy's voice as he repeated:
"I put this ring upon your finger as a continual sign that we are married under the solemn pledges we have this day given, to live for God, and fight in the ranks of the Salvation Army."
Three volleys were fired at the last word, volleys not of bullets, but of "Amen's" and "Hallelujah's." There was one more Hallelujah bride in the Army, one more officer, who, as the commanding officer put it, had "added to his power and efficiency."

DOG'S SAGACITY WON

SAVED LIFE OF DRUMMER BOY IN GARIBALDI'S ARMY.

Intelligent Canine Quick to Realize Peril and Give Aid to Unfortunate Who Had Almost Given Up Hope.

Antonio Arrighi was an Italian drummer boy in Garibaldi's army. Captured in one of the battles, he was sent to the "galleys"—the most dreaded of punishments, for it meant cruelly hard labor and inhuman treatment. Antonio was fortunate enough to escape after a while, and determined to make his way to Leghorn, where he hoped to get passage to America.

One of his thrilling adventures, and how his life was saved by a shepherd dog, is told by the Rev. J. G. Stevens in the Christian World.

"To reach Leghorn meant a journey of over 200 miles, much of it across terrible marshes. On the second day of his travels poor Antonio got into a quagmire, and although he tried to struggle out again, he sank gradually until his knees were covered with the terrible mud. This sinking took quite a while, and all the time the boy kept calling for aid. But in that desolate place there was no one to hear him, and slowly, very slowly indeed, he sank deeper and deeper, until his hips were covered.

Dusk came on, and the poor lad had given up all hope when a big shepherd dog appeared on another part of the marsh. The dog seemed to know exactly how Antonio was situated, and also he knew the marsh, for on much firmer ground he came quite near the boy. Of course, Antonio coaxed him, for he felt that if he could get hold of him and pull, he might thus be able to scramble out of the mire. The intelligent dog knew how to take care of himself, and had apparently helped wayfarers before, for at every step he would feel the ground carefully with his paws, and when he found, quite near to Antonio, a place where the soil seemed solid, he gave a bark, and then he lay down with his hind

paws resting on solid ground and his fore paws stretched across the mire. Antonio reached out toward his paws, but it was too far for him to grip them. So, after thinking, he took off his coat, and holding a sleeve firmly, he flung the garment toward the dog. The dog tried to get hold of it with his paws and mouth, but it was just beyond his reach, and the good animal dared not venture any nearer. After several other attempts Antonio made a tremendous effort to reach over as far as he possibly could, and then once more he flung the coat toward the dog. His struggles to throw it almost sent him quite under, but this time the dog was able to grip the other sleeve with his teeth, and at once he began to pull. Steadily the noble animal tugged and tugged, and Antonio felt himself rising. The dog kept on pulling and by slow degrees he at last dragged the boy out of the quagmire. Soon Antonio had one foot on firm soil and the next minute he and his noble rescuer were together on solid land."

Italian shepherd dogs are larger than our collies, tall and very strong. The dog led Antonio to his master's house, where the boy was kindly cared for and helped on his journey, and at Leghorn he got a job as cabin boy on a ship bound for New York. His troubles were not over yet, for he had a hard time making his way in the strange city. He knew no English and the first words he learned to understand were: "Hurry up!" "Get out!" At first he sold plaster images, then got better work and supported himself through school and college, finally becoming a preacher. Pastor Arrighi, who is now connected with the Italian evangelical church in New York, has had a long and eventful life, but he still likes to tell the story of the good dog who pulled him out of the quagmire.

Early Prowess.
"Pa," stated little Dodd Rott, the small son of the distinguished statesman, "I heard a man say that you used to be so crooked that you had to sleep wound around a stump. Is that so, pa?"

"When I was younger, Daddie," replied the Hon. Thomas Rott, with becoming modesty, "I was the best athlete in the neighborhood."—Judge.

THEIR BOOKKEEPER

By GERALD FINCH.

And the doctor says he'll never be able to come to work again." The ending of Daniel Patterson's story fell with dismal effectiveness upon the ears of Abner, his brother. Old Eph Jones, who had kept the books for the importing firm ever since its inception by Hiram Patterson, the father of the two brothers, had been disabled by old age.

Of course, he would be pensioned, but the question was, who would take his place? The Patterson business was an old-fashioned one, trading with a few wealthy, old-fashioned families. There was nothing modern about the little warehouse, tucked away in an obscure corner of the downtown section of the metropolis. A hustling young American would have been like a bull in a china shop.

As a matter of fact, the Patterson business barely paid its way. But the brothers had amassed a comfortable fortune. Daniel, the elder, was a little over fifty; Abner, his brother, who was always regarded as the reckless one, was forty-five. Both were confirmed bachelors, and if they had given up business neither would have known what to do with himself.

"We'll have to advertise for a bookkeeper," said Abner, after a consultation. "A quiet, dignified young woman—"

"Woman!" yelled Daniel in horror. "Why, women make the best bookkeepers," answered Abner. "They're honest, and they attend to business where a man would be thinking all the time of—of sports and moving pictures and—horse racing."

This was the climax of wickedness in both the brothers' eyes. So, in the end, the experiment of a woman bookkeeper was reluctantly decided on. And thus, in due course of time, Miss Marjory Brown took her seat at the desk behind the grille and began to take financial charge of the brothers' affairs.

Both Abner and Daniel had anticipated a troublesome time in posting



"We Want You to Stay With Us For Ever."

her as to the affairs of the house, but, to their delight, Miss Brown proved as intelligent as she was attractive. In fact, if either Abner or Daniel had known just how attractive Miss Brown was, it is probable that they would timorously have decided to seek elsewhere for a bookkeeper. When Miss Brown answered their advertisement her long, dark hair was tightly coiled on the top of her head, and she wore a prim tailor-made suit; but after the first week Miss Brown's hair was fashionably coiffured, and her dresses, though simple, were of that fashionable aspect which is commonly termed "stunning." And within a month Miss Marjory Brown ruled the office with a rod of iron.

Abner, who had acquired the habit of lingering a little too long over his lunch, would slink into the office on his return in order to avoid Miss Brown's reproachful eyes. As for Daniel, if he took a late train and turned up at ten instead of at nine fifteen, he hardly dared give Miss Brown instructions during the rest of the forenoon.

"Abner," said Daniel one day, "I withdraw what I said against women bookkeepers. Miss Brown is a—er—a—er—peach!"

He hissed the word at his brother and then looked at him as one who has committed a breach of decorum. But Abner only nodded his head, and then Daniel looked at him quite differently. That Abner should hold the same opinion of Miss Brown roused a curious sensation in him.

From that time onward each brother watched the other narrowly when he was talking to Miss Brown.

"Abner," said Daniel, "what would we do if she left us?"

"Left us!" echoed Abner. "Why should she leave us?"

"Well—er—she might get married, you know," suggested Daniel.

"I guess we'd better raise her salary, then," replied Abner.

So Miss Brown was duly raised from fifteen to twenty dollars a week, to lure her away from matrimonial aspirations.

swept away half the brothers' fortune.

"Abner," said Daniel, "Miss Brown will have to go. You give her notice."

"Why don't you give her notice?" answered Abner. "You are the senior partner." He had observed that Daniel had grown much more formal with Miss Brown of late.

"But you are a man of the world, Abner," urged Daniel. "You have had—er—experience in these matters. Tell her, Abner, that we may take her back if we re-open."

"Take her back!" repeated Abner, scornfully. "Why, Daniel, she will have another position then. How could we get her back?"

"But nobody except Miss Brown could understand our system," lamented Daniel. "We should have to train a new bookkeeper, and all he would think about would be moving picture shows and horse racing. Abner, you tell Miss Brown."

So Abner, very reluctantly edged his way toward the grille.

"Miss Brown," he began, "I am very sorry to say that I—that is, the firm—I mean we are going to close down, perhaps for a long time."

As he looked at Miss Marjory Brown Abner suddenly became aware that for the first time in months he was able to do so without Daniel coming in to call him. Daniel had always hated to have him talk to the bookkeeper. And now he came to think of it, he hated to have Daniel talk to her, too. The chance might never occur again. Miss Brown's hair had auburn tints among its shadowy tresses. Miss Brown's figure was divine. Miss Brown reminded him of somebody he had once known when he really was the reckless member of the family. And suddenly Abner was swept away into doing the most reckless thing that he had ever done.

"But we want you to stay with us for ever," he stammered. "We want you to be—er—wife."

Miss Brown's cheeks became the color of a ruddy peach.

"Whose wife did you say, Mr. Abner," she murmured, looking down at her ledger.

"My wife!" ejaculated Abner, taking the ledger brazenly away.

"I knew you couldn't mean Mr. Daniel's wife," murmured Miss Brown five minutes later.

"Why, dearest?" inquired Abner. "Because I refused him two months ago," answered Miss Brown.

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HARD TO FIND NEW THEMES

Would Be Playwrights and Novel Writers Find They Have Some Handicap to Overcome.

"Ask any one you chance to meet on the street what he is doing and he will, in nine cases out of ten, tell you he is writing a play," said Eugene Walter, author of several successes.

"Every one has joined the play-writing handicap now. I asked a motor-man on the street car the other day how his play was getting on and he said:

"I've got it all finished except the climax of the last act. That's been bothering me a great deal. Now in the second act I have the hero—"

"Forty-second street," yelled the conductor, and I had to get off the car just as I was about to hear how the hero saved the girl in the second act.

"All of which reminds me of something I heard an amateur novelist say one time in Cincinnati. I met this young newspaper man. He, like nine-tenths of all other newspaper men, was a 'bug' on fiction. He had the script of a novel tucked under his arm.

"How are you making out?" I asked him.

"Rotten," he answered.

"What's the trouble?"

"Nothing," he went on, "only the trouble is nowadays that us novelists hatch a plot, spend a lot of time writing it and then find that our plot has been used as a short story by the late O. Henry."

"And," continued Walter, "the young novelist is absolutely right."

Superstitious Tollers.

Humble as the cockle is, it gives employment to several hundred men, women, and children on the coast of Lancashire, England, and seems to have bred in them silence and superstition. Several villages depend upon the cockle as an industrial mainstay.

The cocklers are humble folk, and among strangers exceedingly shy and taciturn, as well becomes their lonely vocation. They inhabit stone cottages near the rustling marramgrass and bents; they subsist on the coarsest fare, and while at all times their living is precarious, they suffer periodical hardships through destructive high tides, shifting channels, and the break-up or altered position of the skeers. These tollers are often seen in twos and threes far apart, not a word escaping the lips of those who work together. They are superstitious enough to believe that disputes among themselves over the skeers would be overheard and resented by the embedded cockles, in which case those sensitive shellfish would perforce quit by the next tide.

TRAGEDIES OF ALPS

Many Lives Lost in Attempting Their Ascent.

Death Toll Averages Between Sixty and Seventy Per Year—Dangerous Climb of an American Woman Related.

London.—"High places are homes of ancient worship. Ascent is a consecrated type of labor with an exceedingly great reward."

So wrote the late Mr. Donald Robertson in the Alpine Journal. And he, one of the finest climbers, who had traveled the Alps from end to end, was killed about four years ago while leading a party up a comparatively insignificant Welsh mountain.

Most mountaineering accidents occur in Switzerland, and the death-roll of the Alps has now risen to an average of between 60 and 70 yearly, while another 300 people are more or less seriously injured. In one year (1900), the number of the killed was no less than 119.

Examine the published statistics of these accidents, and two points strike you. First, that comparatively few of the tragedies recorded occur at great heights or in notoriously difficult places; secondly, that a large majority of the victims are women or very young men.

A third point is that in 92 per cent. of cases they were climbing without guides.

The fact is that ignorance or recklessness account for by far the greater number of Alpine accidents. People who have, perhaps, never climbed before in their lives start out to ascend mountains with which they are totally unacquainted. In most cases they are physically unfit for the severe exertion entailed by climbing, and very often they are not properly clothed or equipped for the expedition.

An instance in point is given by Mr. Julian Grande, a well-known member of the Alpine club. Accompanied by a friend, he was climbing the Schilthorn, a respectable peak of about 10,000 feet in the Bernese Oberland. At a great height, he noticed in the snow the track of a small boot, evidently a lady's. This was sufficiently astonishing, but the amazing point was that there were no signs of nails in the boots.

As they approached the summit they suddenly caught sight of a woman



In Perilous Situation.

alone, wearing a very long skirt, and plowing her way slowly towards the summit. They could hardly believe their eyes, for the climb is no child's play, and both watched in horror, expecting every moment to see her fall. They dared not call to her, for fear of frightening and causing her to slip.

Hurrying as fast as they could, they caught her up, and found she was an American. Mr. Grande asked her what brought her there, and she answered that she had followed the path marked in the guide book, and that she meant to come down by the sleighs.

"Sleighs?" asked Mr. Grande, much puzzled. She pulled out the guide book, and showed the following sentence: "The descent (two and one-half hours) may be considerably curtailed by gissades down three snow-slopes."

Mr. Grande quietly explained that this meant coming down on one's own feet, with mountaineering boots and an ice ax to regulate the speed, or stop altogether, if necessary; and the explanation not only surprised but frightened her badly. The end of it was that Mr. Grande had precisely to carry the foolish woman down for a matter of 2,000 feet.

Horse's Suicide Causes Milk Famine.

Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.—A milk famine ensued when the horse of the town's only milk peddler committed suicide by walking off a bridge.

The Randall County News

Incorporated under the laws of Texas
C. W. Warwick, Managing Editor:
 C. O. Keiser, President
 Oscar Hunt, Vice President
 C. W. Warwick, Sec'y-Treasurer
 Directors: C. O. Keiser, Oscar Hunt, C. W. Warwick, J. E. Winkelman.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

TO PANHANDLE PRESS.

The annual meeting of the Panhandle Press Association will be held in Amarillo Saturday, April 11. Work must begin on the program at once. I hope that all who have subjects they wish heard discussed will please write me at once. Let's make this meeting practical and helpful to each and every member of the association.

C. W. WARWICK, President.

Saturday will be the prohibition primary to select delegates to the Ft. Worth elimination convention. The News believes that the original Dallas slate maker-eliminators have handled the situation about as long as they can comfortably do so and that the convention will take the only wise course left for it—endorse the candidacy of Will H. Mayes. Any other course will mean the certain election of Sam Sparks as governor. The eliminators started out with no other purpose in mind than the nomination of Cullen Thomas. They have discovered, or should have discovered, that Thomas is a feather weight in politics and stood about as much chance of winning as that proverbial snow ball. Mayes is the only man who can beat Sparks and even Mayes will not have the combined support of the prohibition forces as there are hundreds of strong pros who will support the Bell county man. If the elimina-

tion convention does other than endorse Mayes, the curtain had as well be rung down on all prohibition chances for winning the election. Tom Bell is now urged, but he has never been in the race and will not run as good a race as Mayes.

Randall county will have in cultivation this year more than 100,000 acres of land. Of this acreage 35,000 will be in winter wheat, 10,000 in spring wheat and the remainder in milo maize, kaffir cane, feterita, and alfalfa. And all of these will make bumper crops.

The Mexican rebels are going to buy some aeroplanes to fight Huerta. Our advice to them is to save their money and the necks of their aviators.

If the democrats of Randall county want to elect a real prohibitionist governor, they must send a Mayes delegate to the Ft. Worth convention next week.

Jno. W. Baker of Lubbock has announced for the office of state treasurer. He is president of the First National bank in that city.

The fellow who believes in the ground hog has a "I told you so coming."

The Canyon News, by C. W. Warwick, continues to come to our exchange table, well edited and full of boost and loyalty to Canyon—the Normal town. The Canyonites do not know what real wealth they possess in the News.—Lockney Beacon.

Is Your Skin Clear as a Baby's?



Don't be distressed with Pimples, Eruptions, Itchiness, Black Heads or be afflicted with those HEISEL'S OINTMENT. It cures all skin ailments—Eczema, Scabies, Ringworm, Tetter, Itching Pills and all other skin troubles. We can cure you. Send for sample box of Ointment and book "Health and Beauty." Regular size 50c a box. At Druggists. JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO. 1730 Spring Garden St. Philadelphia

Peculiar After Effects of Grip This Year

Leaves Kidneys in Weakened Condition.

Doctors in all parts of the country have been kept busy with the epidemic of grip which has visited so many homes. The symptoms of grip this year are often very distressing and leave the system in a run down condition, particularly the kidneys which seem to suffer most, as almost every victim complains of lame back and urinary troubles which should not be neglected, as these danger signals often lead to dangerous kidney troubles. Druggists report a large sale on Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root which so many people say soon heals and strengthens the kidneys after an attack of grip. Swamp-Root is a kidney, liver and bladder remedy, and being an herbal compound, has a gentle healing effect on the kidneys, which is almost immediately noticed in most cases by those who try it. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., offer to send a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root, on receipt of ten cents, to every sufferer who requests it. A trial will convince any one who may be in need of it. Regular size bottles 50c.—and \$1.00. For sale by all druggists. Be sure to mention this paper.

(Advertisement)

Track Meet April 21.

The Panhandle Athletic association will hold the annual track and field meet on the Normal field April 21. R. A. Terrill states that invitations have been sent to every Panhandle school and that there will likely be a very large attendance this year. Important changes have been made in the rules which will insure more men from each school. No man can enter more than three events. No individual medals will be given the winners but some cups or trophies will be given the school winning the meet.

Mr. Blaine has charge of the Normal team and is developing a bunch of athletes who will make a strong bid for the championship this year.

Quarantine Raised.

The quarantine was raised from the C. P. Shelnut home Saturday after the family had been confined 44 days with a seige of the smallpox which was brought to them by a relative from the southern part of the state. Six of the seven members of the family were sick with the disease but all are recovering nicely. Mr. Shelnut stated Monday that he wishes to thank the many friends and neighbors who did so much for them during the sickness and stated they certainly appreciated all of these acts of kindness.

Happy Items.

H. Holland returned Saturday evening from Claude where he had been on business for several days.

G. Walker was a passenger for Canyon Saturday.

Rev. Sharp and Rev. Kiker the Presiding Elder of Plainview held services at Happy Saturday night and Sunday. The services were very interesting and well attended.

Farmers have been busy hauling oats for seed. We understand a large acreage will be sown.

Miss Ona Evans went to Canyon Sunday to visit at the Wakefield home.

The Plains General Supply store was sold at auction Monday. Two gentlemen of Amarillo being the purchasers. They sold a great deal of the stock before packing it for shipment.

I. W. Scotts and W. Myers are having phones put in this week.

For Weakness and Loss of Appetite. The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC, drives out Malaria and builds up the system. A true tonic and sure Appetizer. For adults and children, 50c. (Advertisement)

Mrs. L. T. Lester was an Amarillo caller Monday.

Everybody Enjoys a Good Male Quartette: Hear
The Hawkeye Glee Club
 Next number of the Lyceum Course
Normal Auditorium, Friday, Feb. 13
 Sings and plays to please. It is a habit they have.

Tax Collections Good.

Tax Collector Worth A. Jennings reports that the tax collections this year were good and that if February and March collections are as good as they were last year very little will go to the delinquent tax list. This year the rolls amounted to \$43,181.61. Of this, \$39,062.09 was collected before the first of February. If the proportion of payments during February and March is the same as last year, \$2,100 will go to the delinquent tax rolls. Last year there was \$2,300 transferred to the delinquent list and year before last the delinquents amounted to \$3,200.

The Edison Talking Pictures.

The first view of the Kinetophone, the genuine Edison Talking Pictures, will be given at the G. & L. Tuesday night where the apparently impossible will be achieved, the audience hearing and also seeing a musical performance a minstrel show and getting an explanation. It seems beyond belief but the beginning is only in sight. We are making history every day and the Kinetophone will give future generations the complete story in every detail. The Edison Talking Pictures are all that they are heralded to be, the synchronization is perfect, the

voices clear and distinct and have created an unlimited amount of talk where shown.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
 Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine. It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 25c (Advertisement)

Everywoman

By W. Holt Harris, Ft. Worth Chairman Mercantile Committee Texas Business Men's Ass'n.

Everywoman is the purchasing agent in her own household. Everywoman is therefore a prospective buyer. A part of every hour of her time is devoted to "purchase thoughts." Suggestion goes with her shopping, and and truth, quality and value govern her buying. In her dealings

at the counter, everywoman some times listens to flattery, and greed often causes her to purchase at random, but eventually yields to conscience and bases future buying on quality and value.

In order to secure everywoman's trade, a merchant must first reach her through suggestion. The local newspaper is the most feasible way. Truth must be in his ads. Quality and value must await her at the store. Unless the merchant employ these agencies in business, nobody will buy his wares.

Mr. Patton and children left Monday for Tennessee on a short visit. Mr. Patton will leave his children with his father.

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 Acts on the Liver, Drives Out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. For Grown People and Children.

You know what you are taking when you take Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic as the formula is printed on every label showing that it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It is as strong as the strongest bitter tonic and is in Tasteless Form. It has no equal for Malaria, Chills and Fever, Weakness, general debility and loss of appetite. Gives life and vigor to Nursing Mothers and Pale, Sickly Children. Removes Biliousness without purging. Relieves nervous depression and low spirits. Arouses the liver to action and purifies the blood. A True Tonic and Sure Appetizer. A Complete Strengthenener. No family should be without it. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50c.

G. & L. Theatre

One Night Only

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17

The Sensation of the Century

THOMAS A. EDISON'S GENUINE TALKING PICTURES


A Revelation in Motion Photography SEE AND HEAR

John J. McGraw, Mgr. N. Y. Giants

- The Deaf Mute, in 2 parts
- The Edison Minstrels
- The Chimes of Normandy
- The College Days Quartette
- The Merchant of Venice
- Seymour Dempsey and Seymour
- And a great many other subjects that Sing, Talk and Dance

Admission - - Adults 50c, Children 25c

Seal sale Burroughs & Jarrett



SAFETY
 Is ever found and felt in the possession of a bank account. Become associated with us in this way and feel at ease.

The First State Bank
 THE GUARANTY FUND BANK

Sixty Years the Standard
DR. PRICES' CREAM BAKING POWDER
 A Cream of Tartar Powder Made from Grapes
NO ALUM

LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. May Smith of Nickey is visiting at the home of her sister Mrs. J. H. Hall.

Captain Howren left Saturday for Dalhart on a few days business trip.

W. E. Bates was in Amarillo on business Friday.

Feb. 21, Bake sale for the Presbyterian Ladies Aid Society.

Dr. Ingham was in Amarillo Friday on business.

Mrs. R. A. Terrill and Miss Stella Terrill were Amarillo callers Saturday.

Ed Pipkin of Amarillo was in the city Saturday.

Mrs. Estella Tucker visited her mother in Hereford Sunday.

A. B. Ellis left Monday for Wichita, Kans., where he will work for the Santa Fe.

Hughes' dray horse got away from him Monday noon and smashed the wagon up considerably.

S. V. Wirt carries a full line of paints, oils, glass and wall paper.

Miss Bertha Gruner of Amarillo visited Sunday and Monday in the city.

N. E. McIntire visited friends in Hereford Sunday.

Mrs. Lorena Chappie of Amarillo was in the city from Saturday till Monday on business.

T. C. Thompson was an Amarillo caller Sunday.

Miss Evans of Happy is visiting at the Wakefield home.

Millard Word was in Amarillo Saturday.

ODDSON'S GUARANTEE EXPLAINED BY DODSON

Read What Dodson Says About His Liver Tone to You Who Suffer From Constipation.

"Dodson's Liver Tone takes the place of calomel. Instead of being dangerous, it is harmless and works easily and naturally, without bad after-effect. I have authorized all druggists to refund purchase price (50c) to you instantly without question if you are in any way dissatisfied with it. If Dodson's Liver Tone can't help you, I don't want your money."

That's how Dodson feels about this pleasant tasting vegetable liquid liver regulator and reliever of constipation and biliousness. The lives of so many people have been brightened and bettered by this great remedy that leading druggists now recommend it and seven of American's most prominent physicians O. K'd it, after thorough analysis of its ingredients and effect.

It is generally known that calomel, being a poison is a peril to many. It stays in the system and, while it may seem to give you a temporary relief, often, "knocks you out" for several days. With Dodson's Liver Tone you are set right with out pain or grip and with no bad results to interfere in the slightest way with your regular occupation and habits. So great a number of former sufferers from constipation and inactive liver have been vastly benefitted by Dodson's Liver Tone that it would seem wise for you to give it a trial now. Children like it and it does wonders for them.

(Advertisement)

Jno. A. Wallace returned Friday from Ft. Worth, Stephenville and Plainview where he has been on a two weeks trip.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Flugel Friday night.

Baptist Ladies Aid bake Sale Sat. 14 at Johnson Hwd. Bldg. Chicken, pie, cake, light bread, lunch served all day. Come to see us.

Bob Foster of Mineral Wells is in the city this week on business.

The Misses Wakefield and Miss Evans were Amarillo callers Monday.

Mrs. M. S. Gatewood visited her daughter Mrs. J. H. Miller in Hereford last week.

H. G. Rowley arrived Monday to spend two weeks with his family.

W. J. Flesher took his family to the Ballard ranch in Swisher county Sunday where they will visit for a week, Mr. Flesher returning Tuesday.

Society Notes.

One of the prettiest parties of the year was given for the Merry Maids and Matrons club Thursday afternoon by Mrs. J. B. Gamble at the Dr. Ingham home. The house was beautifully decorated with red hearts, cupids and valentines. A guessing contest was first given, the winnings of which, Mesdames Cullum and Stafford, were given the honor of head table and chose their partners. The booby prize went to Mrs. W. G. Word who was given foot table and chose her partner and opponents. After the usual game of 42, two course refreshments were served of creamed potatoes, jellied chicken, marshmallow salad, sandwiches, olives and ice cream, cake, coffee, mints. Between course Horace W. Morelock Jr. dressed as cupid delivered valentines to the guests. The guests of the club were Mesdames T. V. Reeves, W. T. Bowen, Glen Bowen, Stafford, Garner, Harrison, Hanna, Craig, Ross, McAfee, Peter Meyers, Misses Agnes Meyers and Harrison.

Umbarger Notes.

R. D. Pickens drove to Canyon Monday on business.

L. Williams and wife were Canyon visitors Tuesday.

Bader and Russell were in Canyon Friday.

Joe Beckman and L. Bader drove to Canyon Saturday on business.

Ernest Friemel has already seeded 40 acres of ground to oats.

Eli Dunlap of Hereford was in Umbarger Wednesday looking after his stock interests on his farm south of town.

W. M. Lichtwald was a Canyon visitor Thursday. While there, he purchased five high grade Jersey dairy cows from C. I. Wagner.

H. G. Breckenridge went to N. M. last week in view of locating a homestead.

Henry Schultz left for Oklahoma last week to look after his real estate interests.

Miss Katherine Beckman very pleasantly entertained a few of her friends Saturday evening.

Misses Agnes Meyers and Eva Bader were over Sunday visitors at the Bader home.

Misses Mary Pickens, Gladys and Caroline Bader accompanied by R. G. Bader visited the large well on the north creek Sunday.

Lectures on Bible.

Elder Whittaker of Cleburne will lecture at the G. & L. Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock on "The Three Ways." Sunday night at 7:30 the subject will be "The World's Hope." Subjects for next week will be announced Sunday.

NERVOUS PEOPLE

are usually thin and easily worried, sleep does not refresh and the system gradually weakens from insufficient nourishment.

Scott's Emulsion corrects nervousness by its force of concentrated medical nourishment—it restores the healthy action of body cells, enriches the blood, sharpens the appetite, and feeds the nerve centres by distributing energy and power all over the body.

Don't resort to alcoholic mixtures or drug concoctions that stimulate and stupefy.

Get a bottle of Scott's Emulsion for your nerves—nothing equals or compares with it, but insist on Scott's.

EVERY DRUGGIST HAS IT

SCOTT & BOWNE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Sunny Hill Items.

R. H. Caler is attending commissioners court this week.

J. B. Knox and Miss Viola made a business trip to Amarillo last week.

The men of this vicinity have been enjoying a wolf chase occasionally for the last two weeks.

J. A. Currie is unloading a car of hay this week.

B. Edwards of Ft. Worth bought 9 head of mules from J. A. Currie this week.

M. M. Perry came in Sunday from N. M. where he has been proving up on his claim. He will work for R. C. Caler again.

A. M. Currie and wife were in Canyon Saturday.

R. E. Hamilton of Chicago was a guest at the C. R. McAfee home over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Park are visiting at the D. A. home this week while Mr. Park is attending commissioners court.

Feb. 21, Bake sale for the Presbyterian Ladies Aid Society.

Mrs. C. T. Word left Tuesday for Chico where she will visit her mother.

Miss Susie Wallace visited friends in the city Monday.

M. E. Bennett of Amallo who has been visiting at the Carl Coffee home returned Thursday.

Dr. Stewart left Thursday for Woodward on a short business trip.

Mrs. Tom Cochran who has been visiting her daughter Miss Bina in Plainview returned home Thursday.

Col. Champ Traylor was in Amarillo Sunday to speak to the members of the Boys Welfare Club. Mr. Traylor discussed with the boys the elements of a successful life.

Q. Moore of Claude was in the city on business.

Oscar Gano left Tuesday for Dallas where he will visit relatives.

H. F. Johnson left Tuesday for Amarillo on a business trip.

D. Steen and wife of Wyoming who have been visiting their daughter Mrs. G. G. Foster returned Tuesday.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by P. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.



Normal Auditorium, Sat., Feb. 21

Dr. S. R. Griffin was called to Galveston Friday on account of his mother being injured in an auto accident. It was necessary to amputate one of her lower limbs.

Rev. A. B. Haynes returned Monday from Art where he has been at the bedside of his brother for ten days.

Mrs. M. A. Scott left Thursday for Memphis where she will visit her daughter.

Mrs. Carl Coffee visited friends in Amarillo from Thursday till Sunday.

Baptist Ladies Aid bake sale, Saturday 14th at Johnson Hwd. Bldg. Chicken, pie, cake, light bread. Lunch served all day. Come to see us.

Mr. and Mrs. Buford Stean of Ft. Mead, S. D., are visiting at G. G. Foster home. They will spend five or six weeks here. Mrs. Foster and Mr. Steen and brother and sister.

R. E. Pickens went to Plainview Tuesday to visit two days with friends.

Joe Foster was in Amarillo Thursday.

FOR Beautifying Your Hair

The Ladies in this Town are Simply Going Wild over Harmony Hair Beautifier. And no wonder, because to make the hair lustrous, soft and silky we believe there's nothing else—and we sell about all the various hair preparations made—that anywhere near comes up to Harmony Hair Beautifier.

Ask any one of the many women in this town who use it—she'll tell you she "loves" it. Just look at her hair, and you'll come to us and get some yourself.

HARMONY HAIR BEAUTIFIER

Is just what its name implies.—Just to make the hair glossy, lustrous, more beautiful.—Just to make it easier to dress, and more natural to fall easily and gracefully into the wavy lines and folds of the coiffure.

It leaves a delightful fresh and cool effect, and a lingering, delicate perfume. Will not change or darken the color. Contains no oil; therefore doesn't leave the hair sticky or stringy. Simply sprinkle a little on your hair each time before brushing it. But first, make sure that your hair and scalp are clean, by using

Harmony Shampoo

—A liquid shampoo to keep the hair clean, soft, smooth and beautiful. It gives an instantaneous, rich, foaming lather, penetrating to every part of the hair and scalp. It is washed off just as quickly, the entire operation taking only a few moments. It leaves no lumps or stickiness.—Just a refreshing sense of cool, sweet cleanliness.—Just a dainty, pleasant and clean fragrance.

—Both in odd-shaped ornamental bottles, with sprinkler tops.

Harmony Hair Beautifier, \$1.00. Harmony Shampoo, 50c. Both are guaranteed to please you, or your money back.

These Stage Beauties Endorse Them

There is no class of women who know better how to discriminate in the use of things to make them more beautiful than actresses. Among the many celebrated stage beauties who use and enthusiastically praise both Harmony Hair Beautifier and Harmony Shampoo are:

ETHEL BARRYMORE
 Star in "Tante," Empire Theater, New York.

LAURETTE TAYLOR
 Star in "Peg o' My Heart," Cort Theater, New York.

ELSIE FERGUSON
 Star in "A Strange Woman," Lyceum, New York.

NATALIE ALT
 Star in "Adèle," Longacre Theater, New York.

LOUISE DRESSER
 Star in "Polish and Perimutter," G. M. Cohan Theater, New York.

ROSE COGHAN
 Star in "Five Feathers," now touring the United States.

Sold only at the more than 7000 **Small** Stores. Ours is the **Small** Store in this Town

CITY PHARMACY
 CANYON TEXAS



FRAN

BY JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton, Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs thither in search of him, laughs during the service and is asked to leave. Abbott, Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran tells Gregory she wants a home with him. Grace Noir, Gregory's private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory in agitation asks Grace to leave the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college and then deserted her. Fran is the child of that marriage. Gregory had married his present wife three years before the death of Fran's mother. Fran takes a liking to Mrs. Gregory. Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend who is dead. Fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her school. Grace shows persistent interest in Gregory's story of his dead friend and hints that Fran may be an impostor. Fran declares that the secretary must go. Grace begins nagging tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory home, but Mrs. Gregory remains staunch in her friendship. Fran is ordered before Superintendent Ashton to be punished for insubordination in school. Chairman Clinton is present. The affair ends in Fran leaving the school in company of the two men to the amazement of the scandal-mongers of the town. Abbott, while taking a walk alone at midnight, finds Fran on a bridge telling her fortune by cards. She tells Abbott that she is the famous lion tamer, Fran Nonpareil. She tired of circus life and sought a home.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.
As he looked into her eyes, all sense of the abnormal disappeared. "I have the imagination, Fran," he exclaimed impulsively, "if it is your life."

"In spite of the lions?" she asked, almost sternly.

"You needn't tell me a word," Abbott said. "I know all that one need know; it's written in your face, a story of sweet innocence and brave patience."

"But I want you to know," "Good!" he replied with a sudden smile. "Tell the story, then; if you were an Odysseus, you couldn't be too long."

"The first thing I remember is waking up to feel the car jerked, or stopped, or started and seeing lights flash past the windows—lanterns of the brakemen, or lamps of some town, dancing along the track. The sleeping car was home—the only home I knew. All night long there was the groaning of the wheels, the letting off of steam, the calls of the men. Bounder Brothers had their private train, and mother and I lived in our Pullman car. After a while I knew that folks stared at us because we were different from others. We were show-people. Then the thing was to look like you didn't know, or didn't care, how much people stared. After that, I found out that I had no father; he'd deserted mother, and her uncle had turned her out of doors for marrying against his wishes, and she'd have starved if it hadn't been for the show-people."

"Dear Fran!" whispered Abbott tenderly.

"Mother had gone to Chicago, hoping for a position in some respectable office, but they didn't want a typewriter who wasn't a stenographer. It was



"Poor Little Nonpareil!" murmured Abbott wistfully.

Water—and mother had me—I was so little and bad! In a cheap lodging house, mother got to know La Gonsett, and she persuaded mother to wait with her for the season to open up, then go with Bounder Brothers; they were wintering in Chicago. It was such a kind of life as mother had never dreamed of, but it was more convenient than starving, and she thought it would give her a chance to find father—that traveling, all over the country. La Gonsett was a lion-tamer, and that's what mother learned, and those two were the ones who could go inside Samson's cage. The life was awfully hard, but she got to like it, and everybody was kind to us, and money came pouring in, and she

was always hoping to run across a clue to my father—and never did."

She paused, but at the pressure of Abbott's sympathetic hand, she went on with renewed courage:

"When I was big enough, I wore a tiny black skirt, and a red coat with shiny buttons, and I beat the drum in the carnival band. You ought to have seen me—so little. . . . Abbott, you can't imagine how little I was! We had about a dozen small shows in our company, fortune-tellers, minstrels, magic wonders, and all that—and the band had to march from one tent to the next, and stand out in front and play, to get the crowd in a bunch, so the free exhibition could work on their nerves. And I'd beat away, in my red coat. . . . and there were always the strange faces, staring, staring—but I was so little! Sometimes they would smile at me, but mother had taught me never to speak to anyone, but to wear a glazed look like this—"

"How frightfully cold!" Abbott shivered. Then he laughed, and so did Fran. They had entered Littleburg. He added wickily: "And how dreadfully near we are getting to your home."

Fran gurgled. "Wouldn't Grace Noir just die if she could see us!"

That sobered Abbott; considering his official position, it seemed high time for reflection.

Fran resumed abruptly. "But I never really liked it because what I wanted was a home—to belong to somebody. Then I got to hating the bold stare of people's eyes, and their foolish gaping mouths, I hated being always on exhibition with every gesture watched, as if I'd been one of the trained dogs. I hated the public. I wanted to get away from the world—clear away from everybody—like I am now. . . . with you. Isn't it great!"

"Mammoth!" Abbott declared, watering her words with liberal imagination.

"I must talk fast, or the Gregory house will be looming up at us. Mother taught me all she knew, though she hated books; she made herself think she was only in the show life till she could make a little more—always just a little more—she really loved it, you see. But I loved the books—study—anything that wasn't the show. It was kind of friendly when I began feeding Samson."

"Poor little Nonpareil!" murmured Abbott wistfully.

"And often when the show was being unloaded, I'd be stretched out in our sleeper, with a school book pressed close to the clinder-specked window, catching the first light. When the mauls were pounding away at the tent-pins, maybe I'd hunt a seat on some cage, if it had been drawn up under a tree, or maybe it'd be the ticket wagon, or even the stake pile—there you'd see me studying away for dear life, dressed in a plain little dress, trying to look like ordinary folks. Such a queer little chap, I was—and always trying to pretend that I wasn't! You'd have laughed to see me."

"Laughed at you!" cried Abbott indignantly. "Indeed I shouldn't."

"No?" exclaimed Fran, patting his arm impulsively.

"Dear little wonder!" he returned conclusively.

"I must tell you about one time," she continued gaily. "We were in New Orleans at the Mardi Gras, and I was expected to come into the ring riding Samson—not the vicious old lion, but cub—that was long after my days of the drum and the red coat, bless you! I was a lion-tamer, now, nearly thirteen years old, if you'll believe me. Well! And what was I saying—you keep looking so friendly, you make me forget myself. Goodness, Abbott, it's so much fun talking to you. . . . I've never mentioned all this to one soul in this town. . . . Well—oh, yes; I was to have come into the ring, riding Samson. Everybody was waiting for me. The band nearly blew itself black in the face. And what do you think was the matter?"

"Did Samson balk?"

"No, it wasn't that. I was lying on the cage floor, with my head on Samson—Samson the Second made such a gorgeous and animated pillow!—and I was learning geology. I'd just found out that the world wasn't made in seven United States days, and it was such surprising news that I'd forgotten all about cages and lions and tents—if you could have seen me lying there—if you just could!"

"But I can!" Abbott declared. "Your long black hair is mingled with his tawny mane, and your cheeks are blooming—"

"And my feet are crossed," cried Fran.

"And your feet are crossed; and those little hands hold up the book,"

Abbott swiftly sketched in the details: "and your bosom is rising and falling, and your lips are parted—like now—showing perfect teeth—"

"Dressed in my tights and fluffy lace and jewels," Fran helped, "with bare arms and stars all in my hair."

But the end came to everything when—when mother died. Her last words were about my father—how she hoped some day I'd meet him, and tell him she had forgiven. Mother sent me to her half-uncle. My! but that was mighty unpleasant! Fran shook her head vigorously. "He began telling me about how mother had done wrong in marrying secretly, and he threw it up to me and I just told him. . . . But he's dead, now. I had to go back to the show—there wasn't any other place. But a few months ago I was of age, and I came into Uncle Ephraim's

proached by some unattached gentleman.

Grace motioned to Abbott to sit beside her, with a concentration of attention that showed her purpose of reaching a definite goal unsuspected by the other.

"I'm so glad Fran has taken a place in the choir," Abbott whispered to Grace. "And look at Simon Jefferson—who'd have thought it!"

Grace looked at Simon-Jefferson; she also looked at Fran, but her compressed lips and reproving eye expressed none of Abbott's gladness. However, she responded with—"I am so glad you are here, Professor Ashton, for I'm in trouble, and I can't decide which way it is my duty to turn. Will you help me? I am going to trust you—it is a matter relating to Mr. Gregory."

Abbott was pleased that she should think him competent to advise her respecting her duty; at the same time he regretted that her confidence related to Mr. Gregory.

"Professor Ashton," she said softly, "does my position as hired secretary to Mr. Gregory carry with it the obligation to warn him of any misconduct in his household?"

The sole was dying away, and, sweet and low, it fell from heaven like manna upon his soul, blending divinely with the secretary's voice. Her expression "hired" sounded like a tragic note—to think of one so beautiful, so meek, so surrounded by mellow hymn-notes, being hired!

"You hesitate to advise me, before you know all," she said, "and you are right. In a moment the choir will be singing louder, and we can all talk together. Mrs. Gregory should be consulted, too."

Grace, conscious of doing all that one could in consulting Mrs. Gregory, "too," looked toward the choir loft, and smiled into Hamilton Gregory's eyes. How his baton, inspired by that smile, cut magic runes in the air!

"Mrs. Gregory," Grace said in a low voice, "I suppose Professor Ashton is so surprised at seeing you in church—it has been more than five months, hasn't it? . . . that I'm afraid he isn't thinking about what I'm saying."

Mrs. Gregory could not help feeling in the way, because her husband seemed to share Grace's feeling. Instinctively she turned to her mother and laid her hand on the invalid's arm.

"They ain't bothering me, Lucy," said the old lady, alertly. "I can't hear their noise, and when I shut my eyes I can't see their motions."

"I have something to tell you both," Grace said solemnly. "Last night, I couldn't sleep, and that made me sensitive to noises. I thought I heard some one slipping from the house just as the clock struck half-past eleven. It seemed incredible, for I knew if it were anyone, it was that Fran, and I didn't think even she would do that."

It was as if Abbott had suddenly raised a window in a raw wind. His temperature descended. The other's manner of saying "That Fran!" obscured his glass of the future.

Mrs. Gregory said quickly, "Fran leave the house at half-past eleven? Impossible."

"How do you know," Abbott asked, "that Fran left the house at such a time of the night?" The question was

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XII.

Grace Captures the Outposts.

The next evening there was choir practice at the Walnut Street church. Abbott Ashton, hesitating to make his nightly plunge into the dust-clouds of learning, paused in the vestibule to take a peep at Grace. He knew she never missed a choir practice, for though she could neither sing nor play the organ, she thought it her duty to set an example of regular attendance that might be the means of bringing those who could do one or the other.

Abbott was not disappointed; but he was surprised to see Mrs. Jefferson in her wheel-chair at the end of the pew occupied by the secretary, while between them sat Mrs. Gregory. His surprise became astonishment on discovering Fran and Simon Jefferson in the choir loft, slyly whispering and nibbling candy, with the air of soldiers off duty—for the choir was in the throes of a solo.

Abbott, as if hypnotized by what he had seen, slowly entered the auditorium. Fran's keen eyes discovered him, and her face showed elfish mischief. Grace, following Fran's eyes, found the cause of the odd smile, and beckoned to Abbott. Hamilton Gregory, following Grace's glance—for he saw no one but her at the practices, since she inspired him with deepest fervor—felt suddenly as if he had lost something; he had often experienced the same sensation on seeing Grace ap-

proached by some unattached gentleman.

Grace motioned to Abbott to sit beside her, with a concentration of attention that showed her purpose of reaching a definite goal unsuspected by the other.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PETRIFIED FALLS IN ALGERIA

Remarkable Mineral Formation Which Puzzles Scientists Called "The Bath of the Damned."

With all the beauty of a cataract of living water, there is in Algeria a remarkable petrified waterfall which recently has been engaging the attention of scientists.

This is the Hammam-Meskutin, which means "The Bath of the Damned," and is located 62 miles from Constantine, on the site of the ancient town of Cirta. This solidified cascade is the production of calcareous deposits from sulphurous and ferruginous mineral springs, issuing from the depths of the earth at a temperature of 95 degrees Centigrade.

"The Bath of the Damned," even from a near viewpoint, looks for all the world like a great wall of water dashing into a swirling pool at its foot, yet its gleaming, graceful curves and the apparently swirling eddies at its base are as fixed and immovable as if carved from the face of a granite cliff.

Many centuries have, of course, gone to the making of the deposits, and the springs were well known to the ancient Romans. The name Hammam-Meskutin was given to the stone cataract in an allusion to a legend that the waterfall was petrified by Allah, punishing the impiety of unbelievers by turning all the members of a tribe into stone. At night, so the story runs, its stone dwellers of the remote past are freed from their strange fetters, come to life and resume their normal shapes.

Queer Uses for the Crocus.

The crocus is nowadays held to justify its existence by its beauty, but in bygone centuries it was cultivated with an eye to profit—its saffron being in high demand both as an aromatic and as a flavoring for cakes and pies. A distinction of crocus blossoms, also, was held to be good for strengthening the lungs and heart, and as a preventive of plague. Evidence of the flower's commercial value survives in the name of the chief center of its cultivation. Saffron Walden, and saffron nowadays is appreciated only by the sparrows, who wreck the crocuses to obtain it.

Ammonia water that has been used for washing may be used for plants. It is an excellent fertilizer.



unfair since it suggested denial, but his feeling for Fran seemed to call for unfairness to Grace.

"I will tell you," Grace responded, with the distinctness of one in power. "At the time, I told myself that even Fran would not do that. But, a long time afterward, I heard another sound, from the yard. I went to my window. I looked out. The moon was bright, but there was a very dark shadow about the front gate. I heard voices. One was that of Fran. The other was the voice of—" her tone vibrated in its intensity—"the voice of a man!"

"It was not Fran's voice," Mrs. Gregory declared earnestly.

"What man was it?" Abbott inquired, rather resentfully.

"I do not know. I wish now, that I had called out," responded Grace, paying no heed to Mrs. Gregory. "That is where I made my mistake. The man got away. Fran came running into the house, and closed the door as softly as she could—after she'd unlocked it from the outside! I concluded it would be best to wait till morning, before I said a word. So this morning, before breakfast, I strolled in the yard, trying to decide what I had better do. I went to the gate, and there on the grass—what do you suppose I found?"

Abbott was bewildered. Mrs. Gregory listened, pale with apprehension.

"It was a card," Grace said, with awful significance, "a gambling card! As long as I have lived in the house, nobody ever dared to bring a card there. Mrs. Gregory will tell you the same. But that Fran. . . . She had been playing cards out there at midnight—and with a man!"

"I cannot think so," said Mrs. Gregory firmly.

"After making up my mind what to do," continued Grace evenly, "I took her aside. I told her what I had seen and heard. I gave her back her card. But how can we be sure she will not do it again? That is what troubles me. Oughtn't I to tell Mr. Gregory, so a scandal can be avoided?"

Abbott looked blankly at Fran, who was singing with all her might. She caught his look, and closed her eyes. Abbott asked weakly: "What did she say?"

Grace answered: "She denied it, of course—said she hadn't been playing cards with anybody, hadn't dropped the card I found, and wouldn't even admit that she'd been with a man. If I tell Mr. Gregory about her playing cards with a man at that hour, I don't believe he will think he ought to keep her longer, even if she does claim to be his friend's daughter."

"But you tell us," Mrs. Gregory interposed, swiftly, "that she said she hadn't been playing cards."

"She said!" Grace echoed unpleasantly, "she said!"

"That card you found," began Abbott guiltily, "was it the king of hearts?" Possibly he had dropped it from his pocket when leaning over the gate to— But why had he leaned over the gate?

Grace coldly answered, "I do not know one card from another."

"Let me try to describe it."

"I hope you cannot describe the card I found," said Grace, the presentiment that she was on the eve of discoveries giving her eyes a starlike directness.

"I suspect I dropped that card over the fence," he confessed, "for I had the king of hearts, and last night, about that time I was standing at the gate—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PLAN ROAD THROUGH AFRICA

Cape to Cairo Railroad Will Be Built in Spite of Lions and Elephants.

London.—During the last few years much progress has been made in that romantic and daring undertaking the Cape to Cairo railway. Indeed railway trips from the Nile right through the center of the Dark continent should be possible within the next few years. The enterprise has been brought to public notice through the Belgian government having ceded to Great Britain a strip of land in the Congo so that Africa's first trans-continental line will run on British soil throughout from Cape Town in the extreme south of the continent

to Alexandra in the far north, a distance of 7,074 miles.

It was Cecil Rhodes's ambition that the railway should traverse British territory throughout its entire length, but when the Germans annexed the whole of the east bank of Lake Tanganyika this plan was apparently rendered incapable of fulfillment. Mr. Rhodes tried hard to wrest a portion of this territory from the Germans and personally approached the kaiser on the matter, but in vain. The Belgians, however, evidently awake to the value of the railway, have now agreed to transfer a strip of the Congo to the British flag, thus making the Cape to Cairo project an all British route.

Northward the line has crossed into the Congo from northwestern Rhodesia to a place called Elizabethville, 2,320 miles from Cape Town, to which point trains are now running regularly. Then from Cairo the rails have been pushed southward for a distance of 1,400 miles from Khartoum, right into the heart of the Sudan. If advantage is taken of the upper reaches of the Nile and the great lakes here, the Albert Nyanza and the Victoria Nyanza, by placing steamers upon them and running them in conjunction with the railway less than 900 miles of rail will need to be laid to complete a through communication.

The line is being continued northward to Hankela. Thus is Cecil Rhodes's great dream of an all British railway through the center of the Dark continent being realized. Today you can travel in up to date trains, possessing every modern convenience, right up from Cape Town to the Victoria Falls and beyond through the very center of Africa into the Congo.

JAP'S LANGUAGE PUZZLES COP

Officer Thinks He Is Being Insulted When Humble Oriental Mumbles a Profuse Apology.

Bryn Mawr, Pa.—While the "Court" of Squire Lewis was in session here in his office on the Lancaster pike, with the Lower Merion auto patrol out in front and Policemen Powers inside they saw a bicyclist shoot past, riding on the sidewalk. The cop shortly collared the rider, K. Kimmima, a subject of his majesty, the emperor of Japan. Kimmima, nearly frightened to death, muttered:

"Excellency, will most highly noble and honorable sawn-san make the squeeze with honorable fist not so tight on the neck of unworth Japanese boy?"

"What's that? What's that ye called me?" said Powers. "Judge, he aggravated the case by calling me names." Kimmima was deprecatory, and Squire Lewis adjusted his glasses.

"This young man," said Powers, "was caught red-handed." Kimmima looked down at his hands—"In the act of actually riding a bicycle on the sidewalk of the Lancaster pike, Bryn Mawr. To make matters worse, he applied to me an opprobrious epithet when he was arrested."

"O most illustrious sawn-san," said K. Kimmima, "for why should the honorable and highly esteemed stout gentleman think me calling him bad names? Amid much excitement I speak to honorable sir and apply to him honorable Japanese word for piece-man. So please kindly forgive my transgressions. Also I rode the bike on the footpath."

"You are not as bad as Powers makes out you are," said Squire Lewis with a grin. "I'll fine you five dollars and costs; but I'll remit the fine."

Aged Minister's Great Work.

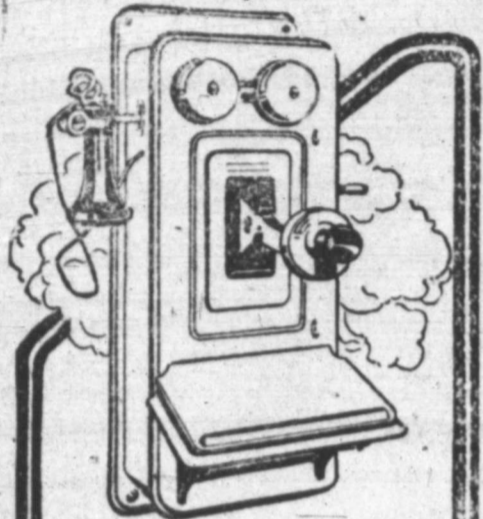
Chicago.—In 63 years of preaching from one pulpit, Rev. Henry Wunder of St. Paul's Evangelical church, christened 17,330 infants, conducted 6,361 funerals and performed 5,063 marriages.

MAKES OLD PEOPLE STRONG AND WELL

We want to get the news to all old people about Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion, a remarkable new food-medicine which we firmly believe is the best remedy ever made to overcome the weakening, debilitating effects of increasing old age. It helps to rebuild wasted tissues, strengthen the nerves, and give new energy and a lively feeling to the body. It contains no alcohol or dangerous drug. It may not make you feel better for a few days, but if you do not feel much better and stronger before you have taken a quarter as much as you have of other medicines that have not helped you, we will gladly give back your money.

Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion contains pure Olive Oil and the Hypophosphites which, though they have long been endorsed by successful physicians, are here for the first time combined. The result is a real body, nerve and blood-building food-medicine that we believe is superior to anything else in overcoming debility, weakness and liability to disease, and to tone and strengthen the nerves and enrich the blood. You who are weak and run-down—you who are often troubled by various cold weather ailments, use Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion to get and keep well and strong. It is a sensible, pleasant-tasting aid to renewed strength, better spirits, glowing health. If it doesn't help you, come and tell us and we will give back your money without a word. That is how much faith we have in it. Sold only at the 7,000 Rexall Stores, and in this town only by us. \$1.00.

—City Pharmacy, Canyon, Tex.



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Recollect last spring when that late frost struck your orchards and produce? You'd have given a mint to have had fair warning.

A Rural Bell Telephone will summon help when frosts threaten, besides being profitable in countless other ways. Our nearest Manager will cheerfully furnish information or write to.

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Santa Fe EXCURSIONS

Panhandle and Southwestern Stockmen's convention, Oklahoma City, March 3-5. Tickets on sale March 1-2-3, limit March 16, fare \$11.70 round trip.

Sixth National Corn Exposition, Dallas, February 5-24. Fare and one-fifth for round trip. Tickets on sale Feb. 9-23, limit Feb. 26.

Annual State Convention Y. M. C. A., Waxahachie, Feb. 20-22. Fare and one-third for round trip. Tickets on sale Feb. 18-19, limit Feb. 24.

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Some say that chronic constipation cannot be cured. Don't you believe it Chamberlain's Tablets have cured others—why not you? Give them a trial. They cost only a quarter. For sale by all dealers.

(Advertisement)

The Best Cough Medicine.

"I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy ever since I have been keeping house," says L. C. Hames, of Marbury, Ala. "I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used. My children have all taken it and it works like a charm. For colds and whooping cough it is excellent." For sale by all dealers.

(Advertisement)

Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure. The worst case, no matter how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves Pain and Heals at the same time. 50c, 90c, \$1.00. (Advertisement)

BACK TO THE SOIL WITH LEGISLATION

TEXAS FARMERS' UNION OPPOSES PROHIBITION PRIMARY.

BUSINESS MEN FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

Fort Worth, Tex.—The cry of back to the soil has been reverberating from city to city for the past decade and we now have an opportunity of hastening this splendid movement by getting back to the soil with both men and issues in this campaign and electing a Governor and members of the Legislature who are farmers, or who are in genuine sympathy with their needs and understand their problems. Government is the most powerful agency in civilization, but the farmer has received less benefit from it; has had less to do with its management, and contributed more towards its support than any other class of citizenship.

Agricultural Legislation Needed.

We want to submit for the consideration of those who aspire to represent our commonwealth in the administrative and legislative branches of government, a policy of peace and constructive legislation which makes for the prosperity of the farmer and the general welfare of the country. Can any class of people have a greater claim upon our commonwealth than those who toil in the field? Then the farmer cannot help himself without helping all others and no other occupation enjoys this distinction. But to accomplish results requires something more than a declaration of principles. It takes men. We must have a progressive Governor and a legislature that will address itself to the solution of agricultural problems and we must have practical farmers and successful business men in the legislature in order to meet situations now confronting us. No politician need apply.

Some Agricultural Problems.

We have agricultural problems that are becoming acute and which must receive immediate and intelligent relief. We will mention a few of them. We have 220,000 tenant farmers roaming from farm to farm and 2400 families per annum recruited the wandering horde of homeless producers. This seething torrent of unrest must be reckoned with in the coming campaign. There are local cases of extortion and oppression that should be prevented by penal statutes, but the remedy in the main lies in constructive legislation that will broaden opportunity and bring relief to the home owner and farm laborer, as well as the tenant farmer. This can be accomplished by an improved market system, cheap money, rural credits, organization, co-operation and proper facilities for preparing, storing and transporting products to the market. These are tremendous problems and cannot be solved by spinning theories or by vote-catching schemes of politicians. Their solution must come out of the hearts of able, conscientious and patriotic legislators and must be dictated by diligent study, experience and ability.

Too Much Dissension.

We have had so much strife and dissension in politics and the public has become so accustomed to suggestions of restraint and destruction from those who offer to direct the country's destiny that the policy of co-operation adopted by the Farmers' Union may seem a strange doctrine and perhaps offensive to those who thrive on dissension. It will eliminate from public life men who quarrel with industry, fuss with human nature and scoff at progress and call forth from the farm, the furnace and the counter a new order of statesmanship that can lift the burden of twentieth century civilization, direct public thought into channels of co-operation and write statutes that will build homes and promote prosperity.

The general scope of the work is comprehended in the views given to the press by Peter Radford, and adopted as the platform of the Farm-

ers' Union in convention assembled at Fort Worth January 14-15. The farmer is usually told what to do, but we prefer to be consulted, and all candidates are solicited to subscribe to the platform.

It is not within the power of the legislature to completely remedy all evils. We must also look to the administrative branches of government for assistance. There are many departments of government that are inefficient; due perhaps primarily to a lack of support and shortage of equipment, but more often to an absence of business judgment, fidelity and loyalty to the work. The policies in some instances show a feeble grasp of the possibilities and public opportunity is made subservient to political ambition. No man who is a good politician is good for anything else.

Cities Hot Beds of Strife.

The city has been the fountain-head of campaign issues and its problems have received preference over agricultural matters. The city is the hot-bed of strife and dissension and avarice and greed have run riot in our legislative halls. The thirst for power has made the city proud and unmindful of its dependence upon the farm. The city has dominated the affairs of state and its high nervous tension has made government hysterical. Let us turn from the feverish excitement of the city and get back to the soil with legislation where the silent and neglected forces of civilization await the magic touch of governmental intelligence to bring about a springtime of prosperity and where the primary needs of society can be served.

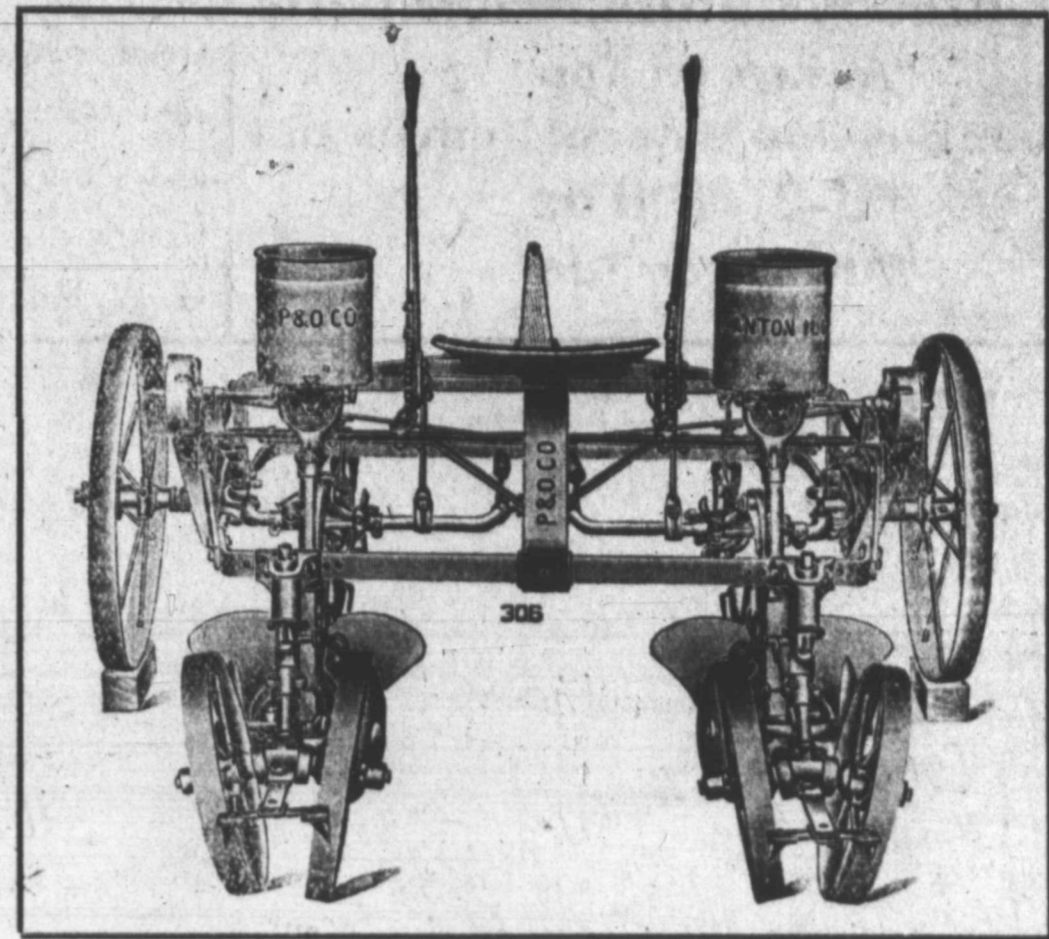
Prohibition Primary Opposed.

No discussion of legislative matters could, under the present state of public mind, be considered complete without giving consideration to the liquor question. This is one of the many vexatious problems handed down to us by the city. The Farmers' Union, without reference to the merits of the controversy, declared for a cessation of hostilities along this line during the next administration in order to give our state government an opportunity to consider agricultural legislation. It is, we think, as important a function of government to make it easy for the toiling masses to eat as it is to make it difficult for the toppers to drink. A hundred thousand mothers with suckling babes tugging at their breast forced by poverty to toil in the fields is a cry far more distressing to us than the plight of a few drunken bums that voluntarily infest the dives in cities; a million children their young lives mortgaged to misfortune and ignorance and their little backs bowed under a tremendous load of debt as they labor from sun to sun is a sight far more heart-rending to us than a few city delinquents who choose to travel the pathways of sin; and 220,000 tenant farmers pinned under the timbers of fallen homes appeal to us for assistance far more than a few gilded palaces in cities where people elect to revel in iniquity. The cities are always magnifying their troubles and crying for help. Let us turn temporarily to the farms and relieve helpless women and children and give a helping hand to men who are struggling to help themselves rather than to give exclusive attention to city incompetents. We appeal to the farmers of Texas to take no part in the so-called County Democratic Prohibition Primary to take place in this state on February 14 or the State Democratic prohibition convention which is to be held in Fort Worth on February 24th, but to remain free to insist upon all candidates making agricultural legislation the paramount issue in this campaign.

The Politician to the Dungeon.

The Farmers' Union is non-partisan. It stands for principles. It will endorse no candidate for office as an organization, but solicits for its platform the consideration of all candidates and pledges co-operation to those who endorse its principles. The State of Texas needs agricultural leadership. So long as politicians dominate our affairs and plague us with their ambitions, dissension will reign supreme. The farmer has been timid and the city business man has lacked courage and the politicians have frightened and subdued us and thereby gained power. Let us unite in an effort to get "back to the soil" with legislation and force those who feast upon strife to the political dungeon, as well as give the breezes from the farm an opportunity to blow through the capitol.

(Signed) W. D. LEWIS, President. PETER RADFORD, Ex-President. Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union of Texas



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We cordially invite the farmers to make this their Banking Home.

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Capital : : \$100,000
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Climb
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Randall County News

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is not complete without Modern Sanitation
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Work that guarantees itself. Specialist in vapor, hot water and steam heating. 411 W. 5th St.

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The foundation of your home is thru judicious investment in Real estate. Let my experience be your guide in selecting your Home Site or farm lands. Farm and Pasture land for sale or lease. City property for Rent or sale.
L. G. CONNER
Canyon City, Texas

THE PASSING OF THE "WILD WEST"



THE march of civilization has so rapidly overrun the face of our globe that during recent years many of these places which were formerly little known, except to savages or wandering white hunters, are today becoming thickly populated, while the native savage and wild game alike have disappeared forever from their ancient haunts. In few countries is this more marked than in the famous Wild West of America. The hardy frontiersmen or backwoodsmen of a few decades past would marvel indeed could they now see what once were the great rolling prairies or dense forests of Wyoming and Montana. Gone for ever are the vast herds of buffalo, antelope and wapiti which roamed the boundless plains, gone also are the huge virgin forests, while the sorry remnants of the Red Indian tribes whose ancestors hunted and fought in these fair lands remain confined in restricted areas, where the vices, diseases and strong drinks of the white man are rapidly thinning their numbers.

Across the prairies, in all directions, now run miles upon miles of railway lines, bringing with them their usual accompaniment of settlers; and over all the plains the hand of man is marked by means of numerous inartistic wooden dwellings, wire fences or irrigation ditches, stretching far as the eye can see on either side. In the forests, too, huge burnt areas, or desolate-looking tree stumps, denote where fires and axes have wrought their havoc. Even the far-famed cowpuncher, resplendent in his picturesque costume, with lassoes hanging on his saddle and six-shooters protruding from belt or pockets, is a thing of the past, although here and there one encounters a splendid youth, who smokes cigarettes while he apes the manners and costume of his predecessors, but who is often too idle to throw a rope, or totally incapable of riding a bad buckjumper or of using effectively the revolver which he proudly displays. In fact, if most of these modern cowboys attempted to draw his gun at an old-fashioned saloon gathering in a "wide-open" town of the west, before he could touch the trigger he would have been as full of lead as a plum pudding is full of raisins. For, alas! the glory and glamour of the wild west has departed forever.

First came the lumbering ox wagons, with their hardy owners, emigrants and hunters, a race of men, scarred and weather-beaten, fighting their way grimly, inch by inch, to open the new Eldorado. Foot by foot they drove the Indians and game before them, and for years barely held their own in these unknown lands. Then came that mighty factor, steam, and the steel roads with their high-powered locomotives, today conveying the settlers or tourists in a few hours across those once desolate prairies, to traverse which once took the old pioneer as many weeks to accomplish. In consequence, he who today sets out in quest of sport through such a country as Wyoming must be prepared for a series of rude shocks if he hopes to find anything approaching the state of affairs there about which he has read in the books of his youth.

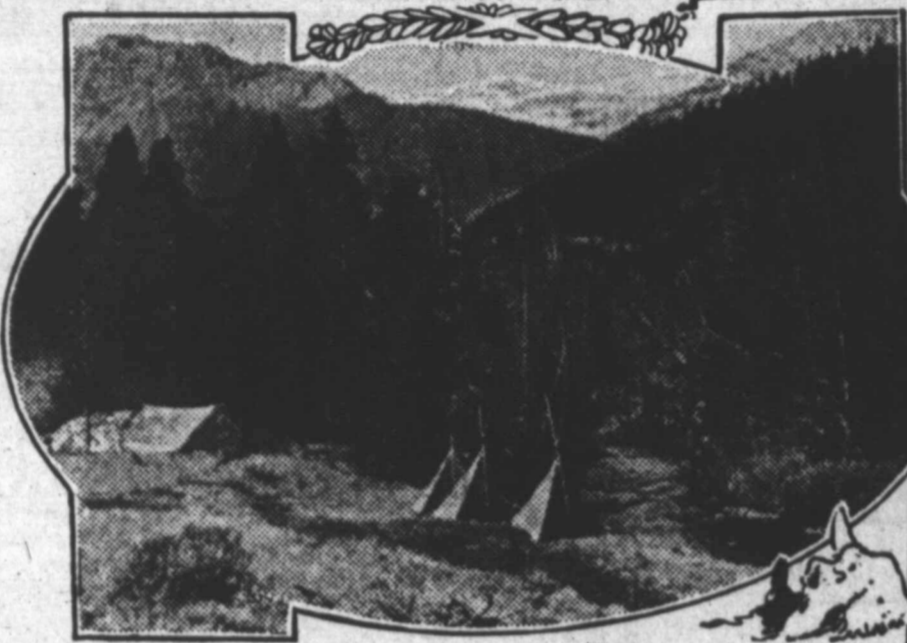
The splendid buffalo is extinct; but a few decayed bones or relics of a skull, the last traces of an animal which roamed in countless thousands over the prairies, and were wantonly exterminated partly by hunters for their hides, and partly by settlers to make way for their cattle. The curious prong-horn antelope also has almost been wiped out in these districts. But the saddest of all, perhaps, is to see the present state to which the finest deer on earth, the American wapiti, has been reduced. This noble beast, which was formerly a denizen of the open country, has been driven to seek refuge in the densest forests. Here it is hard indeed for any number of them to obtain sufficient food, and in consequence the type and size of their antlers shows a marked depreciation in modern years. As every one knows, a harbor of refuge has been found for them by the United States government in the Yellowstone park, and here the tourist may see, face to face, grazing in bands, the semi-tame remnants of the once vast herds of wapiti. Outside this sanctuary, on every side, as soon as the season opens, each valley of pass which leads from the Yellowstone to the surrounding country is peopled with so-called sportsmen, or meat-hunters, all camped and waiting for those unwary animals which may roam beyond the confines of their reservation.

In these outlying districts, where a few cunning bands of wapiti still survive, they have entirely changed their habits during the early part of the season. Formerly the herds would be found grazing, or roaming through the low-lying, open parks, while throughout the day and night the forests would echo to that melodious whistling call of the bulls. But today, if a hunter seeks the so-called American "elk" he must perforce look in different places to those frequented by the old-time hunters. Far up, on the very edge of the timber-line, feeding and climbing almost like a mountain sheep among steep crags, and on the verge of snow-line, we now find the few survivors of the splendid animals. And so terrified are they by the constant presence of their natural enemy man, with his innumerable camp fires and attendant noises, that the bulls seldom dare give utterance to their challenging calls. So true is this that the writer after spending many weeks during the past season in the wilds of Wyoming only heard a wapiti whistling on two occasions, and, moreover, throughout this period only saw one head worth shooting at, says C. E. Radcliffe in Country Life. It is true this was a noble head, and one of the finest brought out of that country for some time past, but the capture of this head entailed many weeks of hard work, many scores of miles traveling, and many thousands of feet hard climbing, in a country which a few years ago was teeming with good heads.

In the same way the bears and big-horn sheep of the Rocky mountains have almost become a thing of the past. Even the very numerous mule



A NOBLE HEAD



ON THE BANKS OF THE SOSHONE RIVER.



PACKING HORSE TO CAMP



MOVING CAMP

deer have disappeared from their former haunts, and in much-hunted localities are only to be found on the highest points where timber grows. Late in the season, when heavy snow falls, bands of wapiti and mule deer are driven from their refuge in the Yellowstone park and move down to lower grounds in such places as Jackson's Hole or the valley of the Soshone river. We betide these luckless wanderers if the open season is still in force, for at the head of every pass leading out of the game reserve are armed bodies of meat-hunters, who shoot on sight old or young, male or female, regardless of age, or sex, every deer that is seen. More shame is it to the authorities who still permit the sale of deer meat in the surrounding towns.

Vast herds of deer congregate in the low grounds during severe winters, and many hundreds of them perish for want of food. It is no uncommon event for kind-hearted farmers to feed numbers of wapiti from their stores of hay. But the expense of this is more than these hard-working individuals can stand, and something surely should be done by the United States authorities to provide for the needs of these fine animals, which have been driven from their winter feeding-grounds by the settlers and their cattle.

The modus operandi of making a trip after wapiti is too well known to need description. If undertaken early in the season by a sportsman who is well equipped with men and pack-horses, the expedition is rather in the nature of a pleasant picnic. The climatic conditions in September and early October are generally perfect, while the absence of mosquitoes and other biting flies make these regions appear a Paradise to one who has done much big-game hunting further northwest in the real wilds of North America, which are only now to be found in northern British Columbia and Alaska. But if a sportsman delays his trip until late in the fall, and then camps, as the writer has done, at an altitude of over ten thousand feet, he will find the early frosts and snow make life in a tent, even in Wyoming, rather colder than is necessary for personal comfort.

The way in which an American pack-horse can thread its way through dense timber, or follow a narrow, snake-like trail across dangerous rock slides, is little short of marvelous. It is an interesting sight to see a long line of these sure-footed animals threading their way in single file along the face of a dangerous precipice, often treading in loose, rolling rocks, in places where one false step means a sheer drop of two thousand or three thousand feet into empty space. Yet it is seldom that one falls off the trail. If this does happen, the owner may bid goodby to his horse and all that he carries, since rarely anything but fragments are found afterwards on searching the valley below.

Strange to say, although the Wyoming wapiti have developed unwonted cunning in seeking their living and feeding grounds, they are still comparatively stupid animals to stalk. Especially so is this the case with traveling bulls when they are running in search of cows. Then, by means of whistling in a very poor imitative style of the bull's challenge, a solitary bull can often be called up to within a few yards of the hunter. The writer and his guide have thus been enabled to follow a bull for two miles through the forest, answering his repeated call at intervals, until finally they have come face to face a few yards

apart, in a forest glade. The bull, under such conditions, undoubtedly thinks he is being followed by a hated rival, but how any wild animal which has such a highly trained ear that it can distinguish between a twig broken by the human foot and the ordinary noises of a forest can yet be misled into thinking the whistling of a human being is the call of another bull is a mystery which is beyond the understanding of man. Doubtless, before it is yet too late, the authorities in charge of the United States game departments will awake to the danger of extinction which today threatens the game of those world-renowned Rocky mountain districts. But with a curious inconsistency they have long ago passed a law prohibiting the sale of game, etc., in their most distant territory of Alaska, where often it is impossible for a resident to obtain any other form of fresh meat. And yet, in a land nearer home, where flocks and herds of domestic sheep and cattle abound, and a consequent number of professional meat-hunters working destruction among the noblest specimens of the deer tribe now left in the face of the earth.

TEMPLE OR PRISON?

A marvel of human existence, the very opposite of that which is to be found in this country, is the life of the ascetics of India, whose religious penances and self-punishments are described and illustrated in the December number of the National Geographical Magazine. In this country, as indeed in most civilized countries, we are doing all that we know how to do to help these wonderful bodies of ours to do their work. We are teaching children how to care for them that they may escape sickness and live long. We urge ourselves to take exercise that every part of the body may be kept in good working order. We avoid extreme heat and cold, shun injury and establish hospitals to make repairs of the human body when it is broken or diseased. We hold to the theory that the human body is a temple which we injure at our own peril.

But the ascetics of India, not only do none of these things, but do the very opposite. They think of the body as a prison of the soul for which they would have release. So they punish it, wound it by walking or lying on spikes, abuse it by burning, distort it so as to make permanent and helpless cripples of themselves, put extraordinary and needless burdens upon it, refuse it food and water, and in a score of other ways abuse it. The men who do these things are not few; the number of them is put at 5,000,000—enough to people Ohio at its present density.

Here in America, we talk of religious fanaticism, but a glimpse at the life of these so-called "holy men" at India must satisfy anybody that those who know only the American brand of it know it not at all.—Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

PARADOXICAL CARE.

"I see where the workers on gloves want the tariff kept on them."
"Yes; isn't it odd?"
"Why is it odd?"
"To ask congress in the matter of gloves to keep hands off."

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MORE LIGHT!!!
CHEAPER LIGHT!!!
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We have some 10, 15 and 20-watt Mazda Lamps. These lamps are 7, 12 and 16-candle-power, respectively. They are ideal for hall and porch lights. The 10-watt may be burned continuously at a cost, for current, of thirty-five cents per month.

If you have fixtures you may use two or four small lamps at no greater cost for current than with one lamp.

We now have a 60-watt Mazda Lamp that sells for forty-five cents. This lamp is 50-candle-power and consumes no more current than the old 16-candle-power carbon lamp.

10, 16 and 20-watt Mazda Lamps.....\$0.35
25-40 and 60-watt Mazda Lamps..... .45
Hot Point Electric Irons, 5 and 6 lbs., 3.50

Canyon Power Company

Office in First National Bank

Plainview Nursery

Has the best stock of home-grown trees they have ever had. Propagated from trees that have been tested and do the best; are hardy and absolutely free from disease. We have no connection with any other nursery.

L. N. Dalmont, Mgr. N. J. Secrest, Gen. Agt.
Salesmen—Roy Terrell, Jeff Pippin, Jim Celsor.

If you want trees that will give satisfaction and good results send in an order or see salesman.

Subscribe for The News

IMPORTANCE OF HEALTHY KIDNEYS

Canyon Readers Should Learn to Keep the Kidneys Well.

The kidneys have a big work to do. All the blood in the body is coursing through the kidneys constantly to be freed of poisonous matter. It is a heavy enough task when the kidneys are well, but a cold, chill, fever or some thoughtless exposure is likely to irritate, inflame and congest the kidneys and interrupt the purifying work.

Then the aching frequently begins and is often accompanied by some irregularity of the urine - too frequent passages, sediment or retention. Thousands testify to the wonderful merit of Doan's Kidney Pills, a remedy for the kidneys only, that has been used in kidney troubles 50 years. You will make no mistake in following this Canyon man's advice.

G. R. Turner, Canyon, Texas, says: "I am quite free from lumbago and every sign of kidney trouble since I used Doan's Kidney Pills. I procured this remedy at Thompson's Drug Store, (now Holland Drug Store), and heartily recommend it."

Mr. Turner is only one of many Canyon people who have gratefully endorsed Doan's Kidney Pills. If your back aches - if your kidneys bother you, don't simply ask for a kidney remedy - ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mr. Turner had - the remedy backed by home testimony. 50c all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo N. Y. "When Your Back is Lame - Remember the Name."

Citation by Publication.

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

You are hereby commanded to summon W. E. Lair 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 Justice's court of precinct No. one Randall county, on the 2nd day of March, A. D. 1914, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 20th day of January, A. D. 1914, in a suit numbered on the docket of said court No. 497, wherein Jno. T. Wiley is Plaintiff, and W. E. Lair is Defendant, and said petition alleging that W. E. Lair owed Jno. T. Wiley \$199.00 for rent of store house in Canyon, Texas, and that W. E. Lair is about to remove from said store house and praying for a distress warrant.

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

Witness, H. T. Shelmutt, Justice of the Peace for precinct No. one, Randall county.

Given under my official signature, at office in Canyon, Texas, this the 4th day of February, A. D. 1914.

H. T. Shelmutt, Justice of the Peace, Precinct No. 1, Randall County, Texas. 4614

A true copy. Leornify, Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff Randall County, Texas.

Methodist Minister Recommends Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Rev. James A. Lewis, Milaca, Minn., writes: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been a needed and welcome guest in our home for a number of years. I highly recommend it to my fellows as being a medicine worthy of trial in cases of colds, coughs and croup." Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a trial and we are confident you will find it very effectual and continue to use it as occasion requires for years to come, as many others have done. For sale by all dealers.

(Advertisement)

Austin King was in the city over Sunday to visit his parents from Floydada where he employed by the Hesperian.

To Prevent Blood Poisoning apply at once the wonderful reliable DR. FOSTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL, a special dressing that relieves pain and heals at the same time. Put a Halment. 25c. 50c. \$1.00 (Advertisement)

Rollins for District Attorney.

A. S. Rollins of Amarillo announces his candidacy this week to the office of District Attorney. Mr. Rollins is well known in Randall county, having made his home in Canyon for a number of years. He is a graduate of the state university, and since entering the law practice has made good. He is well qualified for the office which he asks at the hands of the people and if elected will make a conscientious and careful official. It will be a great pleasure for his many friends in Randall county to cast their votes for an old time friend and neighbor.

Stocklaw Petition.

Knowing that so many citizens over the county are interested about the recent stocklaw petitions, I will say, the statutes provide that such petition must be filed with the County Clerk, before the meeting of the commissioners court, and this was not done, hence the matter will have to pass over until the next session, three months.

John A. Wallace.

How is Your Boiler?

It has been stated that a man's stomach is his boiler, his body is his engine and his mouth the fire box. Is your boiler (stomach) in good working order or is it so weak that it will not stand a full load and not able to supply the needed energy to your engine (body)? If you have any trouble with your stomach Chamberlain's Tablets will do you good. They strengthen and invigorate the stomach and enable it to do its work naturally. Many very remarkable cures of stomach trouble have been effected by them. For sale by all dealers.

(Advertisement)

Good Printing At Home

There is a false impression in the minds of a great many people that everything good is away off from where they eat their biscuits. They think if they were in California or Arkansas or somewhere else that the water would taste better; that they would be much happier.

We want to put a crimp in the idea that the business man has to go out of town to get good printing. We are ready at any time to make a close comparison with any printing, regardless of where it is printed, as to quality and workmanship.

If we can do the work as good and as cheap as the fellow that don't spend his cash in Canyon, then we are entitled to the work. - Randall County News.

The Silo

We often fail to appreciate our blessings because they are common and familiar.

Were Aladdin to appear again on earth and with his magic lamp turn winter into summer, we would think it a great thing. Yet this, virtually, is what the silo has done for the cow. In place of the dry, harsh, weather-beaten fodder of the past, the silo provides for her the most nourishing and succulent of foods, to be turned into milk, cream and butter. It saves the farmer time, labor and money, because it provides for the right kind of feed, at the right time and at the right place.

In the silo you have, not only a repository for green crops when crops are plentiful, but you have a place to store immature feed-stuff, which drouths and heat would surely dry up and burn, thus turning what might have been a disastrous season into a successful one.

The silo is the cow's canning factory, and enables her to give us June grass butter all the year round.

Thomas Owen.

STOMACH TROUBLES

Mr. Ragland Writes Interesting Letter on This Subject.

Madison Heights, Va.—Mr. Chas. A. Ragland, of this place, writes: "I have been taking Theodor's Black-Draught for indigestion, and other stomach troubles, also colds, and find it to be the very best medicine I have ever used."

After taking Black-Draught for a few days, I always feel like a new man. Nervousness, nausea, heartburn, pain in pit of stomach, and a feeling of fullness after eating, are sure symptoms of stomach trouble, and should be given the proper treatment, as your strength and health depend very largely upon your food and its digestion.

To get quick and permanent relief from these ailments, you should take a medicine of known curative merit.

Its 75 years of splendid success, in the treatment of just such troubles, proves the real merit of Theodor's Black-Draught. Safe, pleasant, gentle in action, and without bad after-effects, it is sure to benefit both young and old. For sale everywhere. Price 25c. N. C. 122

CLASSIFIED ADS

Ads in this column are 1 cent per word for first insertion and 1-2 cent per word for succeeding issues. No ad taken for less than 15 cents.

Lost—Winter lap robe, red one side, black on other, on public

For Rent—Two farms close to school. Apply I. W. Scott, Happy, or phone. pl

For Sale or Trade—Have a 50 horse power, 7 passenger car, used, condition of motor and engine car good. E. A. Caldwell, Amarillo. 4712

Trees—Black Locust, 7 to 8 feet and straight. \$25.00 per 100. See J. W. Turner, Umparger, Texas. 4614

The Moler Barber College of Ft. Worth, Texas wants men to learn the barber trade. They offer splendid inducements and a short term completes. They mail free a beautiful catalogue and ask all our readers to send for it. 46p2

Lost—About January 23. A Parker fountain pen, barrel incased in pearl with gold bands, cap tipped with pearl stopper. \$2.00 reward. Jesse T. Smyth. 26p3

Strayed - White faced heifer wearing yoke. D R on right hip. Notify Ed Gibson or C. I. Wagner, Canyon. 46t2.

For Sale—25 head of Jersey heifers, springers. My home near the depot. My Watkins business in Randall and Potter counties. C. I. Wagner. 44p4

A good heavy two horse buggy and harness for sale. J. B. Younger. 1t

For Sale—Six Polled (natural muley) Hereford bulls, 7 to 10 months old. Horns are a nuisance and must go. Present and future demand is for hornless cattle. Polled Herefords are the ideal beef breed. Better see these bulls or write me for prices. Welton Winn, Canyon, Texas. 1t

For Rent—160 acres, fenced, 140 acres broke. S. E. quarter section 15, block 6, I. & G. N. Address O. J. Pugh, Berlin, Nebr. 44t3

Black Locust for Sale—Home grown. See John Knight for price. 42t2

The housekeeper's best friend—V-AVA.

Come to Canyon to live.

8% Money

On Improved Farms. No Commission Charged For Placing Loans * * * C. P. Hutchings AMARILLO, TEXAS

Thomas Owen.

Book Club Program.

The following was the program of the Woman's Book Club Wednesday:

Leaders—Mesdames Terrill and Gamble.

Roll Call—Quotations from the lesson.

Paper—Perdita a restoring force.

Discussions—The philosophy of fools. The Dual role of Hermione and Perdita.

Queries—Act 5, scene 1, "The Winter's Tale."

V-AVA at the News office.

Wayside Items.

W. J. Sluder left Wednesday to visit his brother near Floydada.

Mrs. Lizzie Payne has been very low for 18 days, seems to be sinking daily.

Frank Lowery and wife living near Beverly, lost their youngest child Sunday with diphtheria. Interment was made at Beula cemetery Monday. The next youngest child is very low with the same disease.

Mrs. M. B. Wilson of Jack county came Saturday to visit her daughter Mrs. D. H. Hamblen.

Mrs. Nimmie Bell and daughter left Sunday for their home near Bowie. She has been with her mother.

Come to Canyon to live.

Profit From Weeds.

Alert Kansans are learning to utilize even the least of their resources. Recently from western Kansas was shipped a carload of sweet clover seed, worth more to day than alfalfa seed. A number of Kansas farmers are feeding sweet clover hay with profit. From another Kansas village two car loads of Russian thistle hay were shipped. From one of the dryer sections ten carloads of soap weed went to St. Louis. The common ragweed of eastern pastures has a feeding value and may be cut when about to bloom and put in stacks. Men have testified that cattle will consume most of it in winter. A farmer in Missouri reports that even cockleburs put in the silo with the corn are consumed.—Breeder's Gazette

Farm Facts.

(By Peter Radford, president Farmer's Union.)

The need of the rural communities today is intelligent and consecrated leadership.

The farm is the power house of all progress and the birthplace of all that is noble.

The farm is the nursery of civilization and the parsonage of all religious denominations.

We should construct Christian character in our own community before we fight foreign sins in other lands.

The Garden of Eden was in the country and the man who would get close to God must first get close to nature.

The farmer asks no special privileges. The business of farming only wants the same opportunities afforded other lines of industry.

It is as much a duty of the country pastor to exhort us to own a home while on earth as it is to inspire us to build a mansion in the skies.

W. B. Anthony was a business caller in Dallas from Thursday to Sunday.

Wilford Taylor went to Amarillo Wednesday to meet his sister.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Askew of Amarillo were Sunday guests of Judge and Mrs. B. Frank Buie.

It is easy to clean furniture of dust with V-AVA.

For Pies Biscuits Waffles Cakes or Muffins



LAYTON'S HEALTH CLUB
25 OUNCES
ONE SPOON BAKING POWDER

Or anything else that is generally difficult to bake with economy and success—you'll find one heaping teaspoonful of **HEALTH CLUB** more efficient, purer and easier to use than any other Baking Power obtainable at any price.

In 10, 15 & 25 Cans At all Good Grocers

CHARLES A. HAZZARD
Doctor of Veterinary Medicine

Will be in CANYON from 10 a. m. to 3:30 p. m. Saturday, February 14th

GRADUATE VETERINARIAN--LICENSE NO. 74



The Brilliant American Violinist Thomas V. Purcell

With The Schuberts

Normal Auditorium, February 21

Valentines

We have the largest and best assorted Valentines ever shown in the city. Visit our store and make your selections early. See our large line of Valentine post cards.

Holland Drug Company
"The Living and Leading Druggists"
Phone 90 Phone 90