



# The Ambition of Mark Truitt

By HENRY RUSSELL MILLER

Author of "THE MAN HIGHER UP," "HIS RISE TO POWER," Etc.

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## SYNOPSIS.

Mark Truitt, encouraged by his sweet-heart, Unity Mardin, leaves Bethel, his native town, to seek his fortune. Simon Truitt tells Mark that it long has been his dream to see a steel plant at Bethel and asks the son to return and build one if he ever gets rich. Mark applies to Thomas Henley, head of the Quinby Iron works, for a job and is sent to the construction gang. His success in that work wins him a place as helper to Roman Andrejzski, open-heart furnaceman. He becomes a boarder in Roman's home and assists Flor, Roman's son, in his studies. Kasza, an adopted daughter, shows her gratitude in such a manner as to arouse Mark's interest in her. Heavy work in the intense heat of the furnace causes Mark to collapse and Kasza cares for him. Later Roman also succumbs and Mark gets his job. Roman resents this and tells Mark to find another boarding place. Five years elapse during which Mark has advanced to the foremanship, while his labor-saving devices have made him invaluable to the company. In the meantime Kasza has married one Jim Whiting. Mark meets with an accident which comes him to be a cripple for life. He returns to Bethel intending to stay there. He finds Unity about to marry another man and wins her back. Unity urges him to return to his work in the city.

## CHAPTER XII—Continued.

There had been a snow, hard packed by traffic, and the blacks caught the sleigh swiftly along through the dusk. When the crowded business section lay behind them, Henley remarked casually:

"I saw your little charity back there."

"He was a cripple."

"I see," Henley nodded. "That's your greatest asset."

"What is?"

"Your health."

"My lack of it, you mean," Mark answered grimly. "But I don't quite get your point of view."

"It keeps you from making a fool of yourself. There's Hare, for instance, a capable man, drinking himself into incompetency. And Harmon, with his women. For them prosperity means indulgence. You keep your appetites under control."

"I have to."

"Exactly my point." For a few blocks Henley apparently gave himself over wholly to the agreeable exercise of breathing in the keen frosty air. When he resumed, no one could have guessed from his tone that he was working toward a given point. "Higsbee's case is worse. One woman."

"Has he—"

"His wife. A smooth catty creature, with a craze for display. Married him after he made his stake, of course. Always nagging him for new jewels, new carriages, a new house. Makes him dress for dinner. Drags him around to dances and receptions and box parties—when 30 minutes of that takes it out of him more than 12 hours at the rolls used to." Mark might have been sitting for his portrait. "Egging him on until he's scheming as unscrupulously as a toothless old dowager to get into society—or what with her passes for society. He spent six months beating about the bush to get me to send my wife around to call on her. Queer, how a big talented man will let a pretty useless woman pull him around by the ears!"

"Darned queer!" said Mark.

"I suppose we, who aren't in the same case, can't understand it."

Henley, Mark thought, seemed to understand it very well.

A few minutes more brought them dashing up to a stop under the portico of Henley's big house.

"Much obliged for the lift," said Henley as he sprang out of the sleigh. He added casually, "Er—by the way, I think I heard my wife say she was planning to call on Mrs. Truitt in the near future."

Despite a quick flush, Mark looked at him steadily. "Higsbee, then, was a parable?"

"By no means," Henley returned blandly. "It seems they have met at St. Swithin's and were—mutually interested." He paused, but as no reply came from Mark, continued in the impersonal tone of one who philosophizes generally. "After all, there's a Higsbee in all of us. We affect to jeer at this society thing. But we want our wives to have the best. It's more comfortable, too. And besides, when a man has a charming wife, he can't hide her light under a bushel. Good night."

"Good night. Especially," Mark muttered to himself, "when she proposes to let it shine." He gave the reins an angry jerk. The horses leaped and raced down the driveway and into the street. The music of the sleigh bells rang merrily on the keen air.

Once he laughed aloud, sneeringly. "Complaisant today!" He did not refer to Henley. He had, in fact, himself in mind. One can not well openly resent the insolent if friendly interest—even in one's domestic affairs—of the man whose eccentric favor spells prosperity. Still it stings, especially when it argues a shrewd guess as to the fact. And the fact was, Superintendent Truitt's domestic estate, like the neighborhood in which he lived, left something to be desired.

He stopped at a brick house that differed from its neighbors only in that the lot was wide enough to allow for a driveway to the little stable in the rear. A groom, who had come to the front in answer to the summons of the bells, took the team.

Mark, leaning hard on his cane, limped stiffly up the terrace steps to the porch. The parlor—Unity was beginning to refer to it, not easily, as the drawing room—was lighted, the shades were not drawn.

Unity was reclining in graceful attitude—she could be relied upon to present graceful poses at all times—in a big easy chair. Her gown, of some soft, pale green stuff, vastly became her and, as did every detail of her from the carefully achieved coiffure that peeped out from beneath her skirt, avouched the fact that Unity had mastered more than the rudiments of the art of personal decoration.

He went into the house, doffed his heavy overcoat and limped into the drawing room. Unity did not by so much as a glance around disturb her graceful pose until he was at her side. Then she languidly held up a hand to him.

He brushed it with his lips. "You're looking scrumptious, Unity." He went so far as to give a brief admiring pat to her hair.

She moved petulantly. "Don't! You'll muss my hair."

He dropped her hand. "That would be a shame, wouldn't it?"

He sat down near her. She sighed. The sigh, one might have thought, was one of alarm and was because she had noted his pallor, which—even after the spirited drive was so pronounced.

"Been a hard day?" But the question was not Unity's. She had not marked his air of exhaustion or, if she had, was so used to it that she was not concerned.

"So hard!" She sighed again very plaintively. "So very exciting! And you know how excitement always affects me."

"Yes, I know." Just the edges of his satirical smile showed again. "What has been the particular excitement today?"

"Mrs. Henley called!"

"Yes?" Mark's voice did not reveal the interest so epochal an event demanded.

"Yes?" mimicked Unity. "Is that all you can say? But I suppose, of course, you don't care, though you know what it means to me."

"Just what does it mean to you, Unity?"

"It means," somewhat dithyrambically, "that I have won the friend-



"No, Thanks! I Might Acquire the Taste."

ship I have tried so hard for three years to win."

"Then she came up to the plans and specifications?"

"She's a dear. So sweet and refined! So intelligent and ambitious! It's no wonder a man with such a wife has got as far as Mr. Henley has. Though I suppose he would never give her credit."

"I fancy Henley does her justice," Mark ventured.

"That is more," Unity's tone was one of patient dignified reproach, "than some people I know do for their wives."

Habit put a seal on his lips.

From lesser beginnings the Truitts had found, in the earlier years of their marriage, steel and tinder for quarrels—nasty quarrels in which tempers were lost and cutting words spoken and that invariably had the same issue—the husband, humiliated by the sordidness of it, suing for peace. But that stage had passed. Now, at the first sign of hostilities, he promptly hung out a white flag.

She eyed him covertly for a little. "I was so ashamed this afternoon," she murmured at last pathetically.

He opened his eyes with a start; he had almost slept. "Ashamed—? Oh, yes—Mrs. Henley. What did you do?"

"I did nothing. It was this house. I could see her looking around at all this and trying to hide her amusement

over it. Though she was careful not to take too much pains to hide it."

"But, for a friend, isn't that—"

"Oh, you can't understand. Or won't," she amended bitterly. "You've no conception of the pride a woman likes to have in her home. Of course, she looked down on this. Anybody would."

"We used to think it mighty fine. In Bethel we never dreamed of anything so good."

"You didn't. But I did," she retorted. "Besides, we aren't in Bethel now. We're here and growing rich. And we ought to live like the rest of our kind."

"Just what is our kind, Unity?"

"If you didn't have me to give you ambition, we'd still be homely dowdy nobodies."

"Then we are somebodies?"

"We can be. We're going to be." She sat up suddenly, her thin lips tightening. "Mark, we must—we simply must—move. We can afford it, I know."

"Yes, we can do it." He made a gesture of resignation. "But it will clean me out of ready cash."

"You can make more," said Unity negligently. "You're so clever at that. And besides, what's the use of having money if it doesn't buy the things we want?"

"For one thing," he smiled grimly. "I can't get insurance, and men have been known to die and leave their widows penniless. However," he rose with an evident effort, "we've gone over all this a hundred times. I'll see."

Yielding was in his voice.

She fell back into her languid graceful pose. She gave him her very sweetest smile, which she meant to seem lovingly grateful. He saw in it only triumph.

"You can be such a dear!" she purred. "I'm so proud of you! And now you'd better hurry and dress. You know the Higsbees are coming for dinner."

He repressed an oath. "I'd forgotten." And he limped heavily from the room.

In his own room he dropped on the bed, yielding for a brief interval to the pain and weakness of which it was his pride never to give a sign before others.

He descended barely in time to join Unity in greeting their guests.

He did not see a deeper vanity in his feeling of superiority over his guests. Higsbee was a big beefy man, red of countenance and with a raucous voice that grated on Mark's nerves. He was rough, not to say boisterous, in manner, and his notion of wit was veiled smuttiness—essays to which Unity, incomparable hostess! paid the perfect compliment of a shocked laugh and a blush.

The dinner was well cooked and served, which was not always true when the Truitts dined alone. Mark ate sparingly, the while eying covertly the viands with which he dared not indulge himself. He talked little, neither Higsbee's coarse darning nor the ladies' light gossip of plays, latest books and mutual acquaintances—especially of mutual acquaintances—being fields in which he felt at home. But he was secretly much amused when to Unity's casual mention of Mrs. Henley's call, Mrs. Higsbee replied with the invidious suggestion that Mrs. Henley was a good deal of a snob. And when Unity countered sweetly, "Do you think so? I haven't found her so," he chuckled aloud.

He explained the chuckle. "One mustn't look a gift horse in the mouth." At which crude remark Higsbee guffawed, Mrs. Higsbee tittered maliciously and Unity looked pained. All three had a suspicion of what he knew—that Mrs. Henley's call had been under orders, a gift from Henley. Later he smoked, slowly and very appreciatively, a mild cigar, which lasted until Higsbee had consumed the second.

"How," Higsbee asked once, unctuously, "did you get Henley to send his wife around?"

Mark resented the question. "I didn't get him to."

"No?" Higsbee looked a bit incredulous. "Well, you certainly do stand well with him. Say, if you get a chance, I wish you'd drop him a hint that he'd be glad to have her call."

"I'm afraid," Mark said coldly, "Henley isn't a man to take that sort of a hint kindly."

"I wish you would," Higsbee urged.

"Mrs. H. is crazy for it. And I reckon," he laughed lumberingly, "the best way is to get a woman what she wants. It's comfortablest, anyhow."

"I haven't found it so," Mark lied, adopting Unity's tactics, and promptly changed the subject.

But at last the Higsbees left.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Mark. "And to think that that man is one of the best labor handlers in the country!"

"Bourgeois!" Unity gave a shrug and a nod to include the departed guests.

"Spell it."

Unity complied.

"Himm! I happen to know what it means." He gave her a look of mock admiration. "Unity, you're a wonder. You've got the nerve of a winner. You travel too fast a gait for me. Who could believe that less than six years ago you were back in Bethel, keeping company with tight-fisted Bill Slocum."

But Unity was too well pleased with herself just then to resent this cruel reminder. "Don't you see why I am so anxious to get up above such people?"

"I can see," he said. "I shall have to give in."

She went to him with a little cuddling movement, locking both hands over one of his shoulders and looking up at him. She made a pretty picture. A mirror over the mantle reflected it for him.

"Oh, Mark, you make me so happy! Tell me the truth. Aren't you glad I made you come back to the city, and that we've got so far—and that we're going so much farther?"

"You insist upon the truth?" He looked thoughtfully at the reflection. "Well, I suppose I must be. Otherwise you couldn't force me to buy the new house, even though you are a very capable bully—"

"Bully!"

"Exactly. Only," he continued, "I still have a sense of proportion. We are rather absurd, you and I, Unity."

She laughed contentedly. "I know you. It's like you to growl when you're doing a specially nice thing." She held up her lips to him.

"And is this my reward? Magnificent!" But he did not kiss her. He looked curiously at her. Long ago he had been deceived. He knew that the shallow tenderness and admiration summoned by her sweetness of flesh and perfect grooming were not love. He gently disengaged himself.

"No, thanks! I might acquire the taste. And it's too expensive." He limped away from her and pretended to examine a book that lay on the piano.

She assumed an air of gentle reproach. "Oh, Mark, you don't mean that?"

She did not detect the warning note in his laugh.

"Oh, no! Of course not!"

He returned to her. They kissed.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### Trophies.

"Meteoric" was the word most often used to describe Truitt's rise. It was a career possible only in his chosen industry and at that time when, no matter how fast plants were multiplied and new devices adopted, the output could not keep pace with the world's insistent demand for steel. It did not differ notably from the careers of several other young superintendents of the Quinby company, save in the one particular, that Henley's preference had deepened into something approximating friendship. On Mark's side the friendship was not open to question; his admiration and liking for Henley were unbounded and not dependent on favors received.

The Truitts had moved into their new house. It was a rambling, red-brick, ivy-grown structure containing eighteen rooms and surrounded by wide neglected grounds, and had been built half a generation before as a wedding present to Timothy Woodhouse III.

For several months Mark secretly congratulated himself on the purchase. Unity had the new house to wander over and admire. She had four servants to direct. Within the allotted time she had returned Mrs. Henley's call, and after an anxious period, Mrs. Henley called again; seeing which, certain other ladies of St. Swithin's who had attained the half-way station where they were very careful upon whom they left cards, called and invited her to share the activities of the guilds. All of which made for happiness, content. Unity found little to criticize, she was engrossed with the game of being a fine lady, which she felt sure was her vocation.

Thus peace abode in the Truitt household and Mark, freed from the irritation of constant bickering, was enabled to give himself wholly to work. He did not realize that during this truce he grew away from his wife more rapidly than when domestic inharmonies kept her constantly in his thoughts. During these months he completed his improved process for rolling steel cold, which made some noise in the industrial world.

But there is nothing to which our species so readily adapts itself as to luxury. Content dissolved. Unity began to complain of the heavy labor of ordering so big a house. She resumed her criticisms of Mark, finding fault with his fashion of dress, his manners, his habits and his neglect of her. She was seized with a devouring mania for amusement, filling the house almost every evening with guests and demanding that Mark perform his duties as host. Other evenings she dragged him to the theater, which he detested. When he, rendered peevish by late hours and boredom, suggested that there were matinees, she put on an injured air that was more irritating to him than outright distemper.

"Other men are glad to go out with their wives."

"Other men don't have to work so hard as I do."

"You think of nothing but money."

"Devilish lucky for you," he was indiscreet enough to retort; and she did not emerge from her sulks for several days.

But at last the gnawing canker was disclosed. One evening so stormy that no guests had come, Unity went up to his study where he was making the most of this respite. She talked ramblingly for a while.

"Well, Unity, out with it!" he exclaimed impatiently, after several minutes. "What do you want? As you see, I've got a great deal to do."

"I wonder what is the matter with Mrs. Henley?"

"You ought to know. You see her often enough, don't you?"

"Yes, I see her—at church! And we call. But she never invites us to the things she gives. I wonder why?"

"Probably because she doesn't want us."

Unity looked her protest at this blunt speech. But she did not abandon her project.

"I should think, if you're such good friends with Mr. Henley, you could manage it easily enough."

"Now you can stop right there," he answered emphatically. "I'm pretty soft, but there's one thing I draw the line at. And that's 'managing' to get

invited to other people's houses. That's flat!"

And on that he was firm, though he was made to pay in many ways for his refusal.

But in due time and without management a dinner invitation came; on whose initiative, being a secret neither Henley nor his wife has ever disclosed. Hence we may not speak surely as to the accuracy of certain inferences that Unity drew.

"You see!" she cried, showing the note to Mark. Her manner said plainly, "I alone did it, in spite of the indifference of my husband."

"I see," he responded dryly. "Are you going?"

She treated this question to the contemptuous silence it deserved.

And as Mark stood in the hall and watched her descending the stairs for the start, he was bound to confess that she made a fair—oh, a very fair—picture.

"Why," he wondered, "did the Almighty make so pretty a shell and put nothing in it?" This seems to prove that he had been pretty effectually disillusioned.

However careless he might affect to be, he was himself keenly elated over the event. Often he had asked himself why Henley, so friendly in all else, had never let down the bars before his home. And as he mounted the steps toward the opening door, he could not repress the thrill of exultation.

He had need of the stimulus of this exultation as he and Unity faced that roomful of people who—well, were in longer practice at this sort of thing than was he. He limped, with something less than Unity's aplomb, across



"Why," He Wondered, "Did the Almighty Make So Pretty a Shell and Put Nothing in It?"

the room to meet his hostess, who murmured graciously something quite unintelligible, and Henley, who seemed rather bored. Then he was introduced to his dinner partner, Mrs. Belloc, who mistook his set expression for sternness, and was in the end led by her without mishap to their places near Henley's end of the table.

He had no small talk and Mrs. Belloc, after one or two barren essays, allowed him a breathing spell.

Unity was at the very apex of her existence. She was the prettiest woman present, with the loveliness of physical full bloom just before it begins to fade. Her heart's desire had been granted—no longer must she be content with carelessly tossed crumbs and crusts of preferment; she sat, both literally and figuratively, at the table of the city's elect.

The salad was being served when Mrs. Saunders turned to Mark. Mrs. Saunders was one of the insecure ladies who, following Mrs. Henley's example, had called upon Unity. She had just been listening, too long for patience, to her partner's praise of Mrs. Truitt.

"I should think you'd be jealous. Mr. Hare is more than enthusiastic over your wife tonight."

"How very tactless!"

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Saunders sweetly. "I quite agree with him. I think she's adorable. She reminds me so much of that portrait by—you know, the one that hangs in the Louvre."

"But I don't know. I've never been in the Louvre."

"Oh! I thought everybody had been there."

"You see, Mrs. Saunders, I'm not anybody."

"You would say that, of course. One hears—"

"But it's quite true. To prove it, I've never been east of this city. In fact, the first time I came to this house—not so very long ago—I peeked through the window at the party. Henley caught me." He grinned wryly. "The next day I got a job handling pick and shovel."

"How very romantic!"

"You wouldn't call it romantic, if you'd been in Houlihan's gang."

"And then, of course," Mrs. Saunders beamed, "you set out to win the princess?"

"The princess? Oh! my wife. Yes, I suppose so."

"She has always lived in the city, hasn't she?"

"You'd think so, wouldn't you?" Mark glanced critically at Unity. "But she hasn't. Eight years ago she was living in Bethel. And Bethel, Mrs. Saunders, you'll never find on the map."

"Oh! Mrs. Saunders said innocently. "I had inferred—but that perfect manner! She must have acquired it at her finishing school?"

Mark chuckled. "Finishing school! I wish you could see Miss Smith's seminary for young ladies. It isn't even a starter."

Mrs. Saunders laughed admiringly. "How very clever! I must tell your wife."

She leaned forward a little toward Unity. "Oh, Mrs. Truitt—"

Unity gave ear.

"I must tell you the clever thing your husband just said. We were talking about your school—Miss Smith's seminary wasn't it? And I called it a finishing school. And Mr. Truitt said—Mrs. Saunders' voice carried well—it isn't even a starter. Awful good, I think." A faint titter ran down the table. "Ah—where is Miss Smith's seminary, Mrs. Truitt?"

It was Henley himself, strange to relate, who came to Unity's rescue.

"Never, Mrs. Saunders," he remarked, with an edge to his voice that the men recognized, "never uncover the past—here, at least. Only the other day Saunders was telling me he often wakes up in a cold sweat, because he has heard in his dreams, 'Dig in, ye tarrier!'"

The men all laughed reminiscently. Unity and Mrs. Saunders exchanged sweetest smiles. The dinner resumed its even tenor.

"Now," Mark grimly reminded himself, "I've let myself in for it."

But anger was surging. He deemed that, through Unity, he had been made ridiculous.

The evening passed. Mark handed a smiling Unity into their carriage. Not a word passed between them during the drive homeward, nor until they were in their house. Mark led the way to the library. The gas jets were not lighted, but the glow from a generous log fire threw their angry faces into sharp relief, as they faced each other.

"Well, Unity, I suppose we're going to have this thing out."

"How could you?" she began stormily. "And on this night of all nights! Didn't you know she was leading you on?"

"Yes—when it was too late."

"The sugary jealous snob! She thinks because she's been abroad and come from Philadelphia she's so aristocratic. And you—you—helped her to shame me before them all."

"How could I know that my wife had been—fibbing about her antecedents?"

"Would you have me admit them to her and have her patronizing me? Haven't you any pride?"

"Haven't you any self-respect?"

But the bitter retort was halted, bitten off by the quick tightening of his jaws. When he resumed, he spoke in a slow, distinct, quiet voice that Unity had never heard.

"On second thought, we will not have this out. We couldn't agree as to where the offense lies. No!" He raised a hand, sharply, in protest, as she began hotly to interrupt. "I mean that—quite. I'll remind you that I'm not a culprit boy but a husband—who has at last cut his leading strings. Also that we have had enough scenes in our pretty career together; one more would be too many."

"You take that tone—to me!"

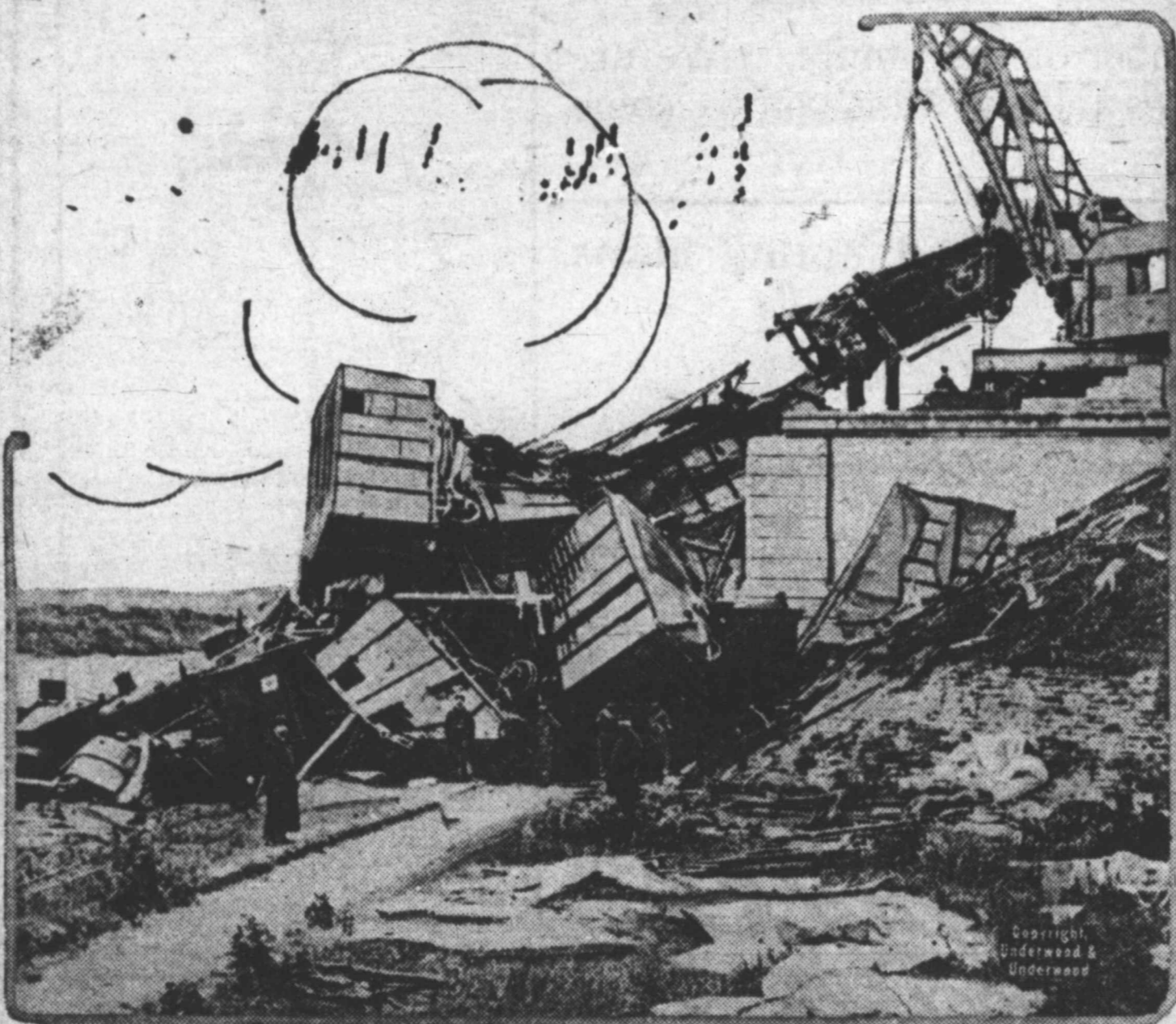
"Even to you."

SCENES AT THE BATTLE OF HOFSTADE



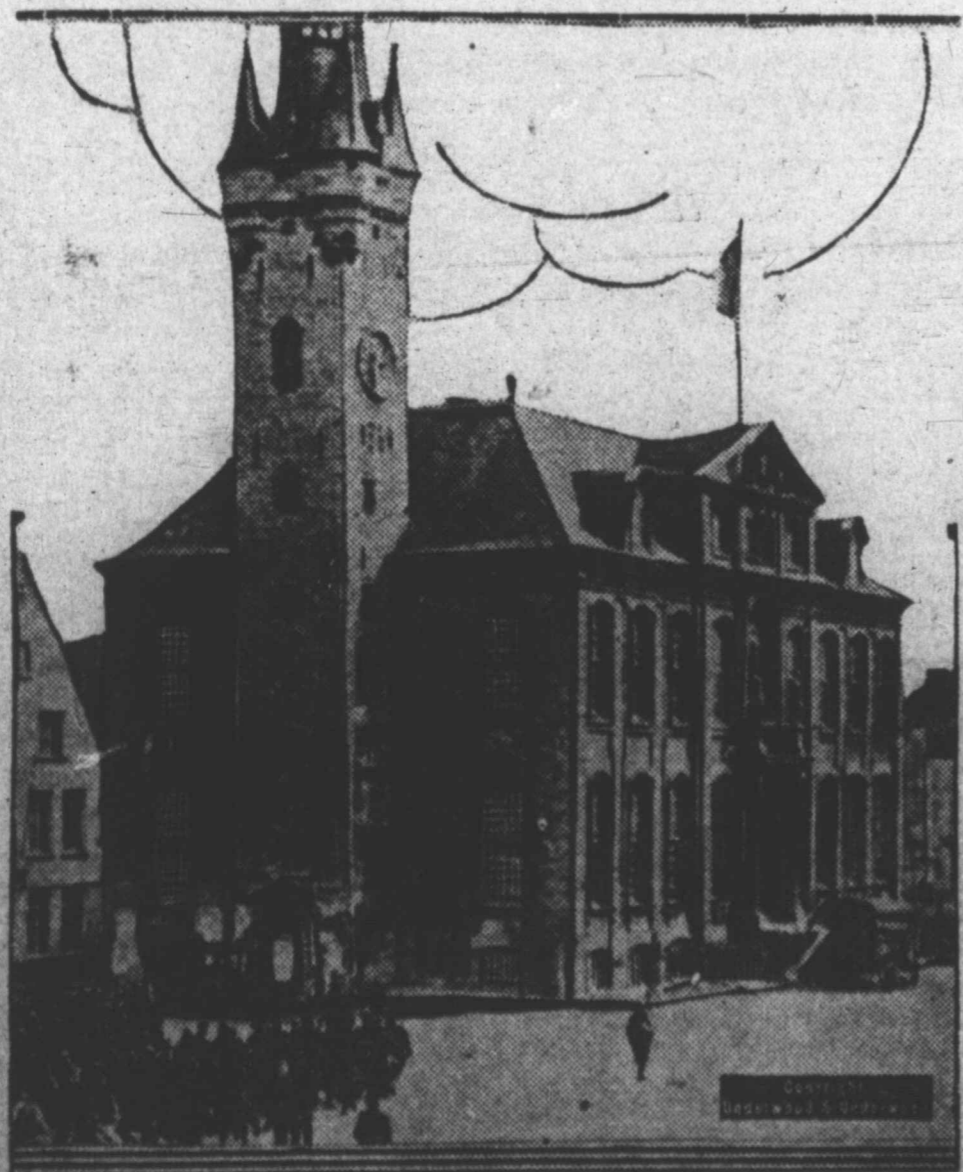
Belgian soldiers in the deep trenches along the railway from which they repulsed the Germans at the battle of Hofstade. At the left are shown some of the big Belgian field guns which checked the advance of the kaiser's troops in the same conflict.

TERRIBLE WRECK OF A RED CROSS TRAIN



First photograph of the dreadful wreck of a Red Cross train at the Mary bridge across the Marne, in which many wounded French and English soldiers were killed. The bridge had been destroyed by the Germans and the train went into the river.

HEADQUARTERS OF KING OF BELGIUM



This is the ancient town hall at Lierre, which the king of Belgium has been using as his headquarters. In the courtyard are some men of the famous "black devil" regiment of carabineers, which lost two-thirds of its members in action.

HARNESSING UP A WAR DOG



Belgian trooper harnessing one of the dogs that are used to haul the small mitrailleuse guns.

Crawls Back to Death. Ostend.—Lieutenant Steele-Perkins of the King's Own was lifted from the trenches at Mons, wounded four times. Protesting, the British soldier crawled back and was mortally wounded.

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

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The Panhandle is no place for the pessimist. He could find nothing to kick about. A fine wheat crop already threshed. A bumper row crop being gathered and threshed. The ground full of moisture and ready for another big wheat acreage. The best water and air on the face of the earth. And the prettiest weather the Maker and Ruler of the universe ever gave any country.

The decision of Turkey to enter the European war means additional butchery to the already horrible slaughter which has invaded the east. It is likely that a majority of the present neutral European nations will be drawn into the war through Turkey's decision.

Quanah has passed a city ordinance regulating begging. Any beggar must get a certificate from the city marshal showing that he is worthy before he can ply his trade. Canyon should have a like ordinance. The people of Canyon lose hundreds of dollars annually through professional beggars. A professional beggar will not ask for a certificate.

You may not have money enough to build a fine large home in Canyon but you can spend a few dollars in planting trees and fixing up your place in general in order to make our city more beautiful.

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### Happy Items.

The Hallowe'en social given at the hall Saturday night was most successful.

J. M. McNaughton came up from Kress Saturday.

Several members of the Masonic lodge attended lodge at Tulia Saturday.

D. Currie went to Mineral Wells Monday.

Mrs. J. B. Knox moved to town this week to keep house for her children while they attend school.

C. L. Gatten of Sturges, Ky., is in this vicinity on business.

Miss Gladys Neff came in Sunday from Canyon.

Mr. Mulkey has been sick the past week.

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

### Umbarger Notes.

Grandma Wansley visited with Miss Mary Pickens Sunday.

W. H. Russell was in Canyon Wednesday.

Frank Simms and family visited at the J. A. Moore home Sunday.

Miss Agnes Meyers and Eva Bader spent the week end at the Bader.

Mrs. Geo. Frank left for an extended visit with relatives and friends in Ill.

John Simms and family of Happy visited at the Lawrence Simms home Sunday.

Miss Mary Pickens was quite ill Friday evening, but has fully recovered.

Jesse Saunders and wife were visitors at the Hess home Sunday.

Eli Dunlap and family of Hereford visited at the Brodie home Sunday, making the trip in their car.

Grandma Simms arrived home from Mo. last week where she has been visiting two of her daughters.

Jack Meyers and Lee and John Simms of Happy were Sunday visitors in our vicinity.

A number of of young people gathered at the Lichtwald home in honor of Eva Bader and Agnes Meyers.

Roy Russell left Sunday for an extended visit with his mother and sisters in Nebr.

Clint Hamilton came down from Amarillo Tuesday and has been visiting at the Johnson and

Bader homes. His broken limb is mending in good shape. With the aid of a pair of crutches and a gentle burro, he is able to take daily airings which he says he fully enjoys after his long illness.  
 H. G. Breckenridge moved his family five miles south of Canyon Thursday of last week, on the Turk farm. They have lived in this vicinity five years and will be greatly missed in the church and social circles by their many friends.

### Election Very Quiet.

Tuesday was election day but it was a very quiet event in Randall county. Of the five boxes reporting this morning, only 132 votes had been cast.

The constitutional amendments received the following votes:

For initiative and referendum 48 against 49.

For raising legislative salaries 29 against 60.

For sea walls 45, against 45.

**How To Give Quinine To Children.**  
 FERRILINE is the trade-mark name given to an improved Quinine. It is a Tasteless Syrup, pleasant to take and does not disturb the stomach. Children take it and never know it is Quinine. Also especially adapted to adults who cannot take ordinary Quinine. Does not nauseate nor cause nervousness nor ringing in the head. Try it the next time you need Quinine for any purpose. Ask for 2-ounce original package. The name FERRILINE is blown in bottle. 25 cents.

### Book Club Program.

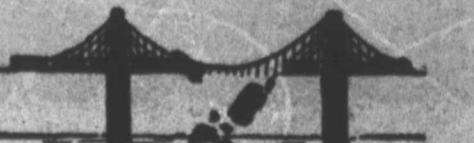
The following is the program for the Woman's Book Club next Wednesday:

Julius Caesar, act II, scene I. Roll call—Quotations from the play, lines of Portia.

Paper—Republicanism versus Imperialism.

Discussions—The Kalends. Brutus' soliloquy, a study. Portia, Cato's daughter.

Leaders—Mesdames Reeves, Hill, Ackerman.



**A BAD WRECK**—of the constitution may follow in the track of a disordered system, due to impure blood or inactive liver. Don't run the risk! Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all disorders and affections due to impure blood or inactive liver. The germs of disease circulate through the blood; the liver is the filter which permits the germs to enter or not. The liver active, and the blood pure, and you escape disease.  
 When you're debilitated, and your weight below a healthy standard, and your health and strength, by using the "Discovery," it builds up the body.  
 Sold in Tablet or Liquid form. If your dealer does not have it, send 50 cts. for the Tablets. Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.  
 Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

# NO ALUM in DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Rev. J. D. Young of Dallas preached at the Methodist church Sunday night. He is representing the new Southern Methodist University.

Some seed rye for sale. H. C. Roffey, Canyon. tf

Rev. John Travis of Amarillo visited Sunday at the John A. Wallace home.

Visit the fountain at Holland Drug Co. tf

Misses Gladys Rogers and Ruby Muldrow were in the city Sunday from their school work in Washburn.

Have you seen that fine Lotus cut glass at Holland Drug Co? Take a look at this glass. tf

Dr. and Mrs. S. R. Griffin and children returned Friday from New Orleans where they have been for the past two months while the Doctor took postgraduate work.

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

Ralph Rusk has moved the house on his farm, is putting it on a concrete foundation and will build an addition of three rooms.

B. Frank Buie is having his house painted.

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

F. M. Wilder of Comanche, Okla., was in the city over Sunday looking for property. \*

Let Harbison move your piano and household goods with the new spring van. It

E. D. Fox of Hereford visited Sunday with friends in the city.

WE are YOUR friend when you NEED one—then be OUR friend by giving us your CASH business. Canyon Lumber Co. tf

John Guthrie moved Tuesday into the Joe Foster property.

Normal students will find just what they want in the way of supplies at Holland Drug Co. tf

J. W. Webb arrived Saturday with his household goods from Colorado City and has taken charge of the Wiley building which he recently bought. Mr. Webb stated that he expects to make improvements on the hotel building and conduct a first class house.

Fill your tank with gasoline at our station. All the free air you want. Canyon Machine & Auto Co. tf

Mrs. H. R. Leech left Tuesday for Florida after a month's visit at the Keiser home. She will join her husband in Florida where they will spend the winter.

Lotus cut glass at Holland Drug Co. tf

Mesdames C. O. Keiser and H. R. Leech were in Amarillo Monday.

J. M. Craig moved Tuesday from his farm to the Guthrie resident which he recently purchased.

A shipment of fine framed pictures just received. Call and see them. L. T. Davault. It

More than 130 people went on the special train to Amarillo Saturday to attend the Normal football game. A number of autos drove up.

The big moving van with springs is at your disposal. J. A. Harbison. It

D. L. Hickcox has returned from Electra to look after his farm south of the city. He says that the war has put all of the oil fields out of commission for the present.

Mr. and Mrs. Flake Garner and Mrs. Lula Bennington of Plainview were guests at the Garner home Sunday.

Sam Wiggings has opened the City Restaurant just west of the Bakery. It is a clean and strictly up-to-date short order eating house. Fish and oysters every day. Give us a call. It

Tom Campbell has had his house raised and a concrete foundation put under it.

W. W. Taylor at Hereford is the new barber at the Star Barber Shop.

### Sick Headache.

Sick headache is nearly always caused by disorders of the stomach. Correct them and the periodic attacks of sick headache will disappear. Mrs. John Bishop of Roseville, Ohio, writes: "About a year ago I was troubled with indigestion and had sick headache that lasted for two or three days at a time. I doctored and tried a number of remedies but nothing helped me until during one of those sick spells a friend advised me to take Chamberlain's Tablets. This medicine relieved me in a short time." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

**IS YOUR BLOOD RICH?**

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

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

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

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

### Normal Notes.

Messrs. Hill and Marquis left Sunday for Plainview where they expect to visit all the rural schools in Hale county for the purpose of finding wherein the rural schools may be bettered and how the Normal school may be helpful to them. They will probably be away a week or more.

Miss Hudspeth has returned from El Paso and reports her brother much improved.

Miss Rambo spent Sunday and Monday with friends in Amarillo.

Herman Glass of McLean visited Sunday with his sisters who are in the Normal.

The Sophomores had a call meeting Friday and voted to meet the train and give the football boys a ghostly welcome. The secretary invited the crowd to meet at Mrs. Bell's. Two witches entertained 33 ghosts. Ghost stories and guessing games were enjoyed until 9 o'clock. Chocolate and wafers were served. At 9:30, with Misses Pickerell and Thomson as chaperons the crowd marched around the square, through the stores, and up to the station to greet the football crowd with familiar yells.

Dr. B. G. Lowery of Amarillo made a fine talk to the Y. M. C. A. Sunday afternoon. He had a large audience and all enjoyed his talk.

Friday evening Mrs. J. A. Hill entertained the unmarried members of the faculty. As the masked guests arrived they were met at the door by a "Pumpkin Girl" and quietly conducted to a dimly lighted room in which were witches, black cats, ghosts and goblins. All was quiet, even the questions of the hostess received replies in the form of a nod or a shake of the head. After all had arrived a number was pinned on each ghost then each of fifteen ghosts with pencil and card began to guess at the other fourteen. When the masks were removed it was found that one of the ghosts had guessed all the others.

Immediately after this contest each member was given a cup containing a package and conducted to a spot in the yard where a witch was serving punch. Here the packages were opened and each found a cake and a manuscript. Then the guests were escorted to the fortune-teller where each manuscript was held over the witch's lamp until the owner read her fate. The remainder of the evening was spent at telling ghost stories.

### Only One "BROMO QUININE"

To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. Stops cough and headache, and works off cold. 75c.

John A. Wallace will go to Glazier Friday, Ochiltree Saturday and Hansford Sunday to represent the Laymen's Movement of the Methodist church.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy—The Mothers' Favorite.

"I give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to my children when they have colds or coughs," writes Mrs. Verne Shaffer, Vandergrift, Pa. "It always helps them and is far superior to any other cough medicine I have used. I advise anyone in need of such a medicine to give it a trial." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

### Hallowe'en Devilry.

During the process of carrying on Hallowe'en pranks, some boys went altogether too far. Tiring of mere practical or impracticable jokes, they became bold and entered the realm of rowdiness and degenerated themselves back several generations to the period of heathenism.

The Normal has, or rather had the finest tennis courts in this section of the state. Several hundred dollars have been spent putting these grounds into first class condition. The crowd who was out Saturday night was not satisfied with putting buggies on top of buildings, overturning outhouses and tearing up everything loose. This work became too tame for them. They proceeded to the tennis courts and with knives sliced every net into pieces, and carried away some of the best ones. The tapes were torn up, posts pulled or broken off and everything around the ground mutilated as much as possible.

It is to be hoped that the guilty parties are apprehended and given the full benefit of the law.

Furthermore, the city officials should put on as many extra peace officers next year as necessary to cover the whole town and arrest every person they see disturbing property. No man or boy has any more right to break up property on Hallowe'en night than they have on any other night of the year. If it is a crime 364 days in the year to destroy property, it should be also made a crime on the 365th.

### Will Play Seth Ward Monday.

The Normal football team goes to Plainview Monday to play Seth Ward.

Pritchard is out of the game with the tonsillitis. Coach Shirley will have a hard time filling his position for the coming game.

### Mrs. McClain's Experience With Croup.

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

### DEEDS, NOT WORDS

Canyon People have Absolute Proof of Deeds at Home.

It's not words but deeds that prove true merit.

The deeds of Doan's Kidney Pills, for Canyon kidney sufferers, have made their local reputation.

Proof lies in the testimony of Canyon people.

C. E. Coss, Canyon, Texas, says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills and have had very satisfactory results. This remedy is just as advertised."

Price 50c, at all dealers.

Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Coss had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. (Advertisement)

### Sheriff's Sale.

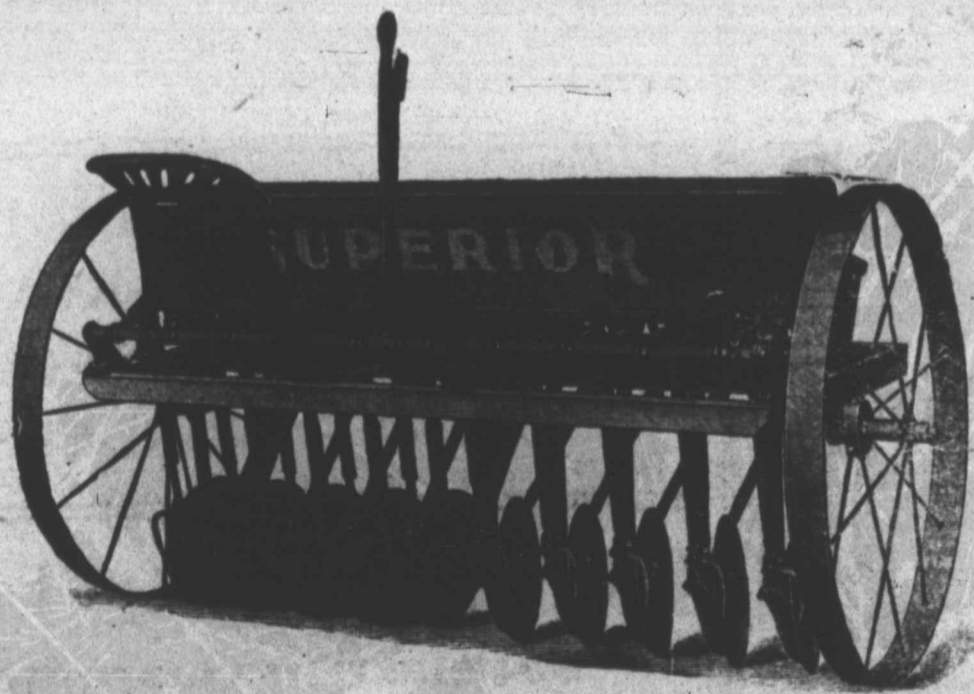
The State of Texas, County of Randall, Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a certain order of sale, issued out of the honorable district court of Randall county, on the 13th day of October AD 1914, by M. P. Garner, Clerk of said Court for the sum of Seven hundred eighty one and 64/100 (\$784.64) and costs of suit, under a certain Judgment, in favor of the First National Bank of Canyon, Texas, in a certain cause in said court, No. 745 and styled the First National Bank of Canyon, Texas vs. C. P. Hutchings, C. R. McAfee C. N. Harrison and Travis Shaw and placed in my hands for service, I, Worth A. Jennings, as Sheriff of Randall county, Texas, did, on the 15th day of October A. D. 1914, at 5:25 o'clock p. m. levy upon all the interest of C. P. Hutchings in the following described Real Estate, situated in Randall county, Texas, to-wit: Lots 4, 5 and 6, in Block 70, in the original town of Canyon City, Texas, and levied upon as the property of C. P. Hutchings and on the first Tuesday in December, 1914, the same being the first day of said month, at the Court house door, of Randall county, in the city of Canyon, Texas, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., by virtue of said levy and said Execution I will sell said above described Real Estate at public vendue, for cash to the highest bidder as the property of the said C. P. Hutchings.

Witness my hand, this 4th day of November A. D. 1914  
Worth A. Jennings Sheriff  
333 Randall County, Texas.

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

# PLANT YOUR WHEAT

Now is the Time to Get Ready for a Big Crop  
by Buying the BEST IMPLEMENTS  
**Superior Wheat Drill**



The word "SUPERIOR" best expresses the the qualities of this important farm implement it is superior in workmanship, durability and simplicity, and above all it is superior in work. More even distribution of the seed than from any other drill made. The control of the amount of seed planted is absolutely perfect. We carry in stock the 12 to 16 disc drills with or without grass seeders and press wheels and are selling them to the best farmers in this section because these best farmers know that the Superior is a name that tells a true story.

## THOMPSON HARDWARE CO.

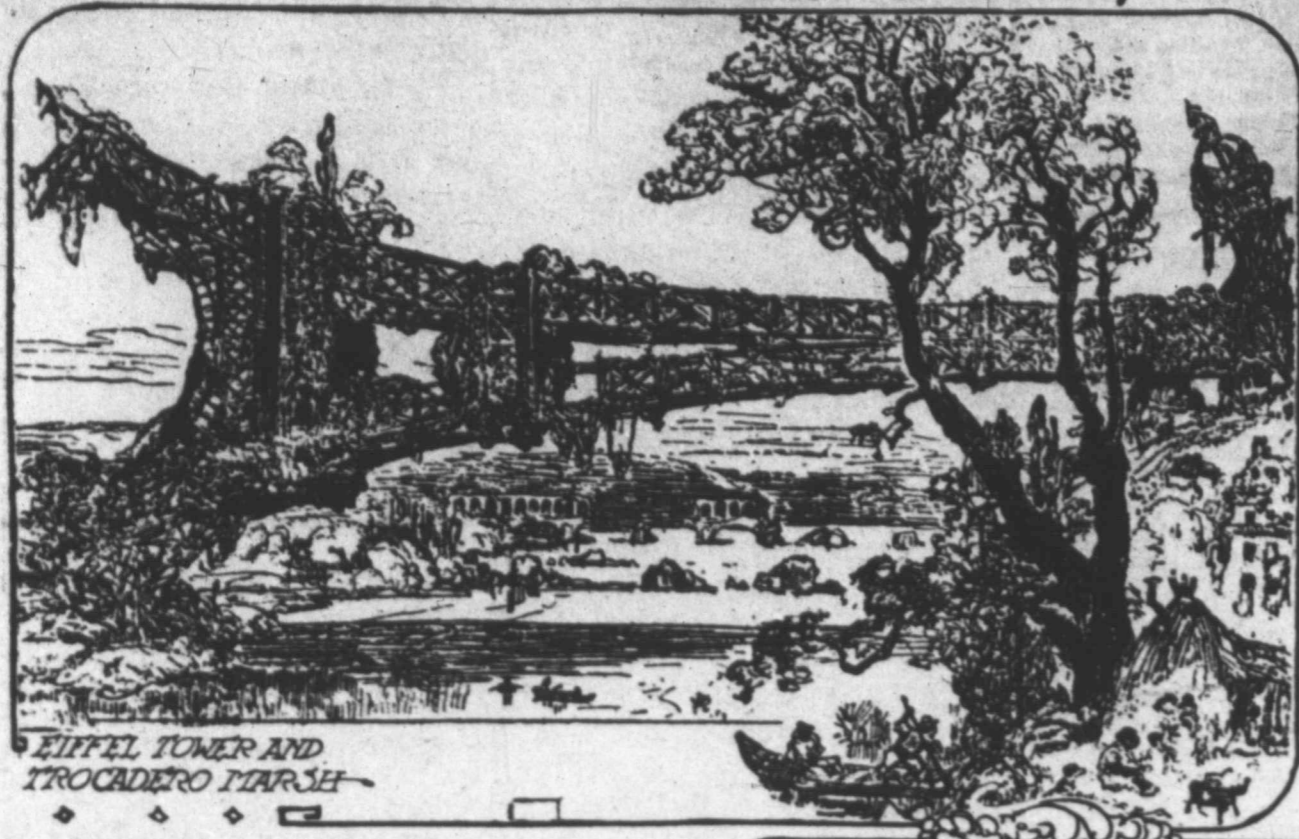
**SILENT SALESMAN  
WALL PAPER**

**S. V. WIRT**  
CANYON - - TEXAS

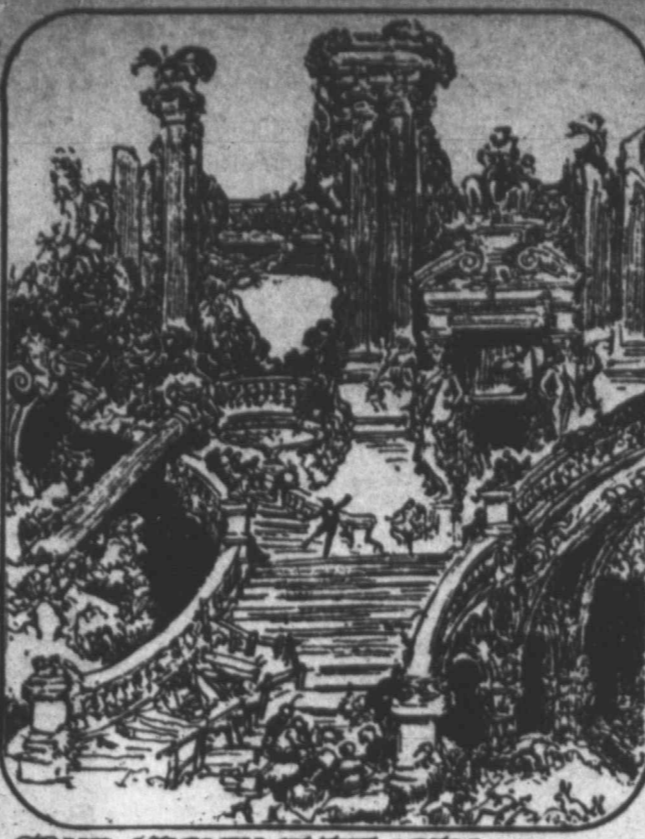
**CANCER HOSPITAL** FORT WORTH TEXAS BOX 744

Make toast these mornings on the  
**Electric Toaster**  
For \$3.50 you can buy from us the new vertical Hot Point Toaster.  
Get one today.  
**Canyon Power Company**

# GUIDE to the "RUINS of EUROPE" 100 YEARS HENCE



EIFFEL TOWER AND TROCADERO MARSHES



GRAND STAIRWAY OF THE OPERA

**J**UST before the breaking of the great war a brochure calling attention to its dangers to European civilization was on the point of appearing simultaneously in all the capitals.

A wealthy peace society, which has the work in charge, counts on making its general publication immediately if still possible.

It is entitled "Guide to the Ruins of Europe," and is supposed to be compiled in America a hundred years from now for the use of American, Australian and Oriental explorers in the style of Macaulay's New Zealander, desirous "to visit the piles of ruins that were once proud capitals and cities blessed with art, industry and commerce before the great war destroyed alike the populations and their centers and left Europe a waste, sparsely inhabited by scattered communities of survivors without strength or ambition to restore civilization."

We give herewith selections from the chapter entitled "Paris."

PARIS (ruins of), ancient capital of France. Under no pretext should the explorer neglect these ruins. They are more accessible than the ruins of Berlin or Vienna, and better preserved than those of London. The natives still hold pathetic pretensions to constitute a city of light for the vast and desolate territory, dotted by the lairs of savage shepherds and the strongholds of primitive cultivators, that stretches from the ruins of St. Petersburg to the ruins of Rome and Madrid and called the wastes of Europe. (See "Ville Lumiere" in the historical chapter.)

A printing press even exists in the Chailot Catacombs connected with the ancient subway, which is the winter habitation of the better portion of the Parisian natives. "Paris-Apres-Midi" two pfenigs-cuir, sold in the Bosquets of the Opera and the Pantheon cockpit (see "Pantheon, ruins of") by the slaves of Monsieur Balao, anthropothecus of Java and ross of Chailot, is not a newspaper, but a mere weekly program of the so-called pleasure of Paris. ("Pfenig-cuir," see leather money and barter system. "Slaves," see hungry mouths. The slavery is voluntary.)

The fact that four books have been published in Paris in the past decade discloses an intellectual effort unequalled elsewhere on the Dark Continent. They are "Our Fathers' Culture" (words of one or two syllables), 100 reproductions of pen drawings processed in New York and gratuitously distributed in all the resorts of pleasure, by Monsieur Isaac Blumchen, President of the Republic; "Hair Growing as Good as Clothing" (brochure 44 pp.), by Monsieur Samuel Ricehendate of Bucharest, Minister of Football; "The Paris Song Book and New Dances," by Vi-comte Raoul de Saney (new edition preparing); and "My Pets," by Miss Annie Bloomfontain, the beautiful young South African dancer, who has had the concession of the Opera since the year 2001. (Explorers regularly purchase these unique works in quantity, to encourage the natives. See Pfenig-cuir and Barter System. Any useful object, such as a fine-tooth comb or cake of soap, or article of adornment, like a single eyeglass, string of beads or pair of eight-ounce boxing gloves, will provide the visitor with abundant supplies of Leather Money.)

Great Hunts.—Monsieur von Hundspote, Minister of War. Marquis de Montromency, Trapper and Pelter: guides, porters, dog trains. The Casoar-Blanc, Boss of the Northern Shepherds, is a useful person to fee.

Places of Interest. The Opera.—This grandiose monument of the past, destroyed along with the Church of the Madeleine and the entire Opera Quarter (see Avenue de l'Opera) in the second bombardment by the Germans in 1914-15, is under the control of Miss Annie Bloomfontain and her Troupe of Blondes. Variety show on the Grand Stairway every afternoon, from June to October. The crumbling interior, overgrown with wild vegetation, is unsafe. (The Wild Dogs of the Opera, which formerly made it their lair, were exterminated by Roosevelt Expedition of 1993.)

Market of the Madeleine.—Chief place of barter of the natives, among the broken columns. (See Bombardment of Paris in the Historical Chapter.) Twice a week this picturesque spot is the scene of the greatest animation of the Dark Continent, the native women here exchanging finery which sets the fashion among the simple populations in far distant Berlin, Antwerp, Marseilles and Bucharest. The great Fur Mart is held in August, traders by dog-team carrying back with them the Parisian products. (See Articles-de-Paris and Recrudescence of Big Game in Europe.)

Avenue de l'Opera (The Jungle of Paris).—Unsafe for any but armed parties of explorers, but visitors can buy protection from Boss Balao, Monsieur Salomon Bobownkoff, Syndic of the Bourgeois Tribes, or Miss Annie Bloomfontain. (See Trout Fishing.) Inhabited by the Bourgeois Tribes and Hungry Mouths. (See Ethnographical Note.) The Avenue de l'Opera is considered the most grandiose example of Twentieth Century



MADELEINE MARKET

destruction, in which the German artillery marked its zenith. In no one section of the Ruins of Berlin or Vienna are the ravages of French or Russian artillery so complete. Under den Linden, it is to be noted, crumbled as a mass only after the great thaw of 1930.

Eiffel Tower.—Originally it stood upright. Overthrown in the first German Bombardment of 1914. It is constructed entirely of steel, and contains 2,543,650 separate pieces and 9,456,824 rivets. Beneath it flows the Seine, with the Trocadero Marshes, inhabited by fishing tribes, 60 per cent of whose catches are claimed by the Republic. (See Dried Fish.)

Salmon began coming up the Seine in the year 1978, shad A. D. 2003. It was feared at first that they might, mutually and reciprocally, exterminate each other, but the shoals of fish proved to be of too high an order of intelligence to commit such a suicidal act.

So run certain pages of the chapter "Paris" of the "Guide to the Ruins of Europe," which was prepared to warn the nations against the great war. It was not issued in time. The great war broke out too soon. The brochure foresees a time when gold itself will be worthless in Europe.

"All factories will be closed," its preface runs, "all railroads will stop, all commerce will be paralyzed, and the countryside, ravaged by war and neglect, will no longer have food for their own populations. In the cities piles of ruins decimated by bombardments, old men, women and children will riot in famine. All provisions will be finally with the armies, and the armies will continue fighting—to kill each other off and get possession of the precious foodstuffs!"

Such is the black picture of the brochure. It quotes freely from "The War in the Air," by H. G. Wells, published as long ago as 1908-9. In it the English philosopher brings America into the universal mixup, as a result of which "the fine order

and welfare of society crumpled like an exploded bladder. In five short years the world and the scope of human life underwent a retrogressive change as great as that between the age of the Antonines and the Europe of the ninth century."

Wells' remarkable book makes passionately interesting reading at this moment. It shows how, up to the very beginning of the great war, the movement of the world seemed wholly beneficial to mankind. "Sustaining and constructive forces seemed to more than balance the malign drift of chance and the natural ignorance of prejudice, blind passion and wicked self-seeking of mankind. Men said, indeed, that moral organization was not keeping pace with physical progress, but few attached any meaning to the phrases. Few realized that the accidental balance on the side of progress was far slighter and infinitely more complex and delicate in its adjustments than the masses suspected.

"They say their armies and navies grew larger and more portentous; some of their ironclads, at the least, cost as much as their whole annual expenditure upon advanced education. They accumulated explosives and machinery of destruction; they allowed their national traditions and jealousies to pile up; they contemplated a steady enhancement of race hostility as the races drew closer together without concern or understanding, and they permitted the growth in their midst of evil-spirited war propaganda and propaganda of conquest. The precedents of history were all one tale of the collapse of civilizations and the dangers of the time were manifest."

The swiftness of the collapse is represented as its most terrible feature.

"The older civilization rotted and crumbled down, but this civilization of modern Europe was, as it were, blown up. Within the space of five years it was altogether disintegrated and destroyed. Up to the very eve of the explosion one sees a spacious spectacle of incessant advance, a world-wide security, enormous areas of highly-organized industry and settled populations, gigantic cities spreading giganticly, the seas and oceans dotted with shipping, the land netted with rails and open ways. Then, suddenly, the German cannons are heard and we are in the beginning of the end!"

"Already the financial fabric staggered with those first sounds. With the destruction of the American fleet in the North Atlantic and the smashing conflict which ended the naval existence of Germany in the North sea, with the burning and wreckage of billions of pounds worth of property in the four cardinal cities of Europe, the hopeless costliness of war came home for the first time to the consciousness of mankind. Credit went down in a whirl of selling. Money vanished, and, at its disappearance, trade and industry came to an end. The economic world fell dead."

"Wherever there were great populations, great masses found themselves without work, without money and unable to get food. Famine was in every working class quarter within three weeks of the beginning of the war. Within a month there was not a city in which ordinary law and social procedure had not been replaced by some form of emergency control. And, swiftly, the famine spread to the rich."

"The great nations and empires became but names."

## TURKISH ARMY RANKS NINETEENTH

Turkey's army and navy are both ranked nineteenth among the armies and navies of the world, the Boston Globe remarks. While her army is fairly well organized and has a war strength of 700,000, which is only 30,000 behind that of Great Britain, her fleet is practically non-existent. In fact, until 1910 the sultan had systematically dismantled the navy, for fear that it would turn against him as it had turned against his predecessor, Abd-ul-Aziz.

The peace strength of Turkey's army is 400,000 men. She is able to draw upon 300,000 reserves, bringing her war strength up to 700,000. The population of Turkey is a little more than 25,000,000, and of this number fully 2,000,000 could be drawn in case of necessity.

Before the new regime was inaugurated in 1910, military service had been obligatory on all Muslims, Christians being excluded, but under obligations to pay a military exoneration tax of \$250 for every 135 males between the ages of fifteen and seventy-five. Under the new regime, however, all "Ottomans" are subject to military service, although under certain conditions exemption is purchasable.

Active service in the Turkish army lasts nine years. Of this the soldiers are three or four years with the colors and the rest of the time they are reserves. In cases of necessity all males up to the age of seventy can be called upon to join the colors.

The navy has been on the decline ever since

the catastrophe of Sinope in 1853, when a Russian fleet practically annihilated the Turkish wooden vessels. The sultan, Abd-ul-Aziz, with the aid of British officers, succeeded in creating an imposing fleet of ironclads constructed in English and French yards, but his successor, Abd-ul-Hamid, pursued a settled policy of reducing the fleet to impotency. Most of the ships that were added were built in American, British or Italian yards.

In 1910 it was voted to spend \$15,000,000 in rehabilitating the navy. The result is that Turkey now has two modern battleships of the first class, the Reshad-i-Hamias and the Reshad V, both with a 23,000-ton displacement. Besides these she also has one battleship of the cruiser type and three battleships of the older type. She has two first-class cruisers, two second-class cruisers and one third-class cruiser. The rest of the fleet is made up by two gunboats, two monitors, ten destroyers and eight torpedo boats.

The personnel of the navy was formerly drawn from the army, from 2,000 to 3,000 joining the navy each year. But under the present regime, during the reorganization and reconstruction of the navy, the draft of men is made direct. British officers were engaged to train the men and to assist in the reorganization. The naval force numbers, officers and men, about thirty thousand.

While the navy is small, its potency is greatly increased by the strategic position of Turkey's naval base, Constantinople.

There is No Feeling More Gratifying Than to Know You Can Get

What You Want When You Want It At the Right Price

You Can Enjoy That Feeling by Giving US Your Business

### Canyon Lumber Co.

The House of Quality and Courteous Treatment

## INSURANCE

Fire, Tornado, Hail, Automobile,

Burglar, Plate Glass, Bonds, Life,

Health, Accident.

None but the best companies, represented.

### J. E. Winkelman

## V-AVA

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

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

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

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

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

### "BRIGHTEN UP YOUR HOME"

#### A LITTLE V-AVA

#### ON YOUR DUSTING CLOTH WORKS WONDERS

## OUR GUARATNEE

### Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Your Money Back

### COULD WE MAKE IT STRONGER

Once you've tried V-AVA you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. Order a trial can today and your only regret will be that you did not know about it sooner.

For Sale Exclusively by  
**Randall County News**

IN ACTION AT BATTLE OF THE MARNE



First photograph of the British in action north of La Ferte, at the battle of the Marne, showing a detachment taking up a position behind a natural barricade.

DIE LIKE ANIMALS GIVE KAISER A YEAR

Wounded in Trains of Cattle Cars Are Pitiful Sight.

Thousands of Them, Brought Uncared For From Battlefields, Wait for Food and Drink.

(International News Service.)

Paris.—I left Paris to motor to a railway station some fifteen miles outside of the capital to assist a party of French and American women in their task of feeding the sick and wounded soldiers as they pass through in trains on the way from the front to the hospitals in the more remote provinces of France.

Night settled down slowly on the scene. From time to time great endless trains, drawn sometimes by three laboring engines, tolled slowly through the station carrying food and other supplies toward the front. An express engine, with one coach, went shrieking through at 60 miles an hour, carrying a staff officer from the front into Paris.

Then slowly there crept into the station out of the darkness a great train made up of third-class carriages, rectangular-shaped cattle trucks which are specially designed in construction for the purpose of mobilization. These wagons stretched far beyond the platforms, where the maze of glistening and writhing rails was lost to sight in the night.

Instantly at the windows there appeared faces, pale and bearded and crowned with an indescribable variety of headgear. The soldiers held out their little tin cups, begging for food and drink.

Towards the end of the train were carriages. No faces appeared at the windows. On opening the doors one saw the victims of the war lying amid the straw and crying feebly for drink.

Further back still were great cattle wagons, the doors of which were fastened with iron bars. When they were opened they revealed six or eight, and even more men lying helpless in the straw, sometimes in total darkness and sometimes lighted by one lantern, the pale rays of which only added to the horrors of the scene.

How can I describe the condition of these men? Some were crying, like wolves, "a boire, a boire!"

In one wagon eight of them were writhing in a ghostly chorus of suffering. We could hear them before we slid back the great wooden doors. It was like voices crying from the tomb.

The wagon was in darkness, so I fetched a lantern. In the pale light I saw white faces staring up at me in various expressions of delirious agony. They were dying in the straw like animals, unable to move hand or foot. Their limbs were swathed in blood-stained bandages.

There had been no one to care for them to give them drink for nearly two days. And they had lain in this dark, airless cattle wagon burned by fever, their wounds throbbing and stabbing them at every movement of the train.

They had no idea of the time or place. For 48 hours they had heard no sound save the grinding of the iron wheels and the cries of their comrades.

All through the night train after train rolled in from the battlefield. Dawn breaking haggard across the silent city found us still at our task. By seven in the morning, when others relieved us, 13 trains, containing more than three thousand wounded, had passed three thousand at one station in a single night.

American Army Officers Think He Is Sure to Be Beaten.

Say Germans Would Have to Be Superhuman to Win Against the Resources of the Allies.

(International News Service.)

Washington.—"The war in Europe will last from nine to eighteen months."

"Germany, unless she is superhuman, will be defeated."

The foregoing is the consensus of opinion entertained by more than two score active army officers on duty in this city and its environs. Mindful of the president's order to government officers not to comment on the war, and his plea to his fellow countrymen not to engage in discussions, there was addressed to more than three score officers the following two questions, with the understanding that their names would not be used in settling forth their replies, and that their answers were to be wholly academic, from a military standpoint, and without regard to personal sympathies:

1. How long will the war in Europe last?  
2. Which side will be the victor—Germany and Austria or the triple entente?

From the replies and the reasons attached the two answers given were the result. On the question of how long will the war last, a majority of the officers estimated one year.

In all about 60 officers were seen. Of the number approximately 20 followed literally the president's instructions and would not discuss in any manner the questions asked.

Of the 40 officers who made replies, some of whom were general officers, a number of the rank of colonel, one officer said that Germany had a fighting chance to win. The remainder shook their heads—many of them gray—and said it was impossible for Germany to win, that to do so she would have to be superhuman.

The one thing upon which all agreed was:

"This is a war not only of ready resources, but of all resources, and until one side has about exhausted all its resources the fighting will go on."

The following, the consensus of several military opinions, views the struggle as far as it has gone and touches on the resources of the belligerents so far used:

"Germany has thrown into the western theater of war—in France—the flower of the great military machine which she has been building since the Franco-Prussian war, and which has been the admiration and envy of the military world. At first nothing seemed to be able to check the onward march of the tremendous power. Held up a few days by the heroic courage of the Belgians, this wonderful machine literally sped to within 40 miles of Paris.

"What happened then? Despite the greatness of the organization, the perfect working of the integral parts of the machine, and not the miscarriage of a single one of the complicated plans for the taking of Paris, and the feeling on the part of every officer and man of the German main army that it was superhuman, it was found the whole thing was flesh and blood and that it could not do the almost impossible.

"There must be the material as well as a fighting spirit in the armies of a victorious nation or alliance, and a close study of the resources shows that the members of the entente, in money, men and geographical location are better equipped for a long war than is Germany."

**Fundamental Principles of Health**

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M. D.

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

FOOD SELECTION.

It is frequently noted in the daily press that the average length of life is increasing, and this leads many of us to go very complacently about our business, feeling that in some way a paternal power will watch over, care for and guard us. This dangerous delusion is entertained by a very large majority of our people, and the result is shown in the steadily climbing mortality percentage for ages above forty years.

Because the infants are so helpless, the heart of humanity has been stirred by the slaughter among the little ones, and a vast amount of organized work has resulted, producing an enormous reduction in mortality at the infantile end of the scale, and this has had a material effect in showing an average life extension; but as yet society has not reached the point of development where it guards the maturing individual against the results of errors in diet.

If we were living a life that even approximated the normal there would be little danger to be apprehended from our food supplies. But under the highly artificial conditions of modern urban life so many of our foods are now distributed in original sterile packages, "predigested" and otherwise processed in order to preserve them, and we are so far removed from the point of origin of our food matter that increasing numbers are losing all idea of the normal appearance of natural foods, and the ability to measure and judge intelligently the value of the claims made by manufacturers.

According to Bunge, the census taken December 1, 1900, showed that of the 49,362 children born alive in Berlin 12,623, more than 25 per cent, died before the end of their first year, and this mortality was distributed in the proportion of only one in every 13 among the breast-fed children, as compared to one out of every two among the hand-fed children. Germany undoubtedly leads the world in painstaking investigation of food questions and for military reasons the government exercises quite a strong paternalistic supervision over public food supplies. Undoubtedly this will account for the fact that statistics seem to prove that Germany, among all the great nations, is the only one whose army recruits appear to show an average increase in stature and weight.

If we observe carefully how nature has adapted the composition of milk to the needs of every species of mammal, and then consider how ignorant we are concerning the nature of food-stuffs and of the process of digestion in general, it is not a matter of wonder that in spite of the greatest efforts of our experts the natural diet of infants has not so far been successfully replaced by artificial food. On the other hand, in view of all the data available we should not be surprised to find that wherever, through physical necessity or as the result of indifference on the part of mothers, children are reared artificially, they tend to show evidence of racial degeneration and disease and "crime." Obviously, the same principles apply to youth and maturity as they do to infancy, and therefore it becomes the personal duty of each individual to know what to eat, how to eat it and why he eats it.

Bulletin No. 28, United States department of agriculture, being "The Chemical Composition of American Food Materials," should hang in the kitchen of every home in the United States. The bulletin can be bought from the superintendent of documents, government printing office, Washington, D. C., postage prepaid, for ten cents.

The document gives a brief history of the investigation of the chemistry of foods since the first steps made by Liebig some fifty years ago; it shows the various cuts of beef, veal, lamb, mutton and pork, and then gives tables showing the composition in water, refuse, protein, fat, carbohydrate and ash of various meats, cereals, vegetables, fruits, dairy products and nuts, and the food value of all as measured by the calories per pound. From these data it is very easy to figure out and arrange a varied and balanced ration that will go far toward solving both the high cost of living and the problem of good health and happiness.

Much of the published data on the subject of diet is not readily available to people in general, for the reason that so much is compiled from foreign writers, who use a different system of weights and measures, and it is both tedious and confusing to figure out and transpose the values. In the tables in bulletin No. 28 the values are given in calories per pound, and it is quite easy to harmonize them with foreign data by remembering that one pound is equal to 453.6 grams. The calculation becomes but a simple problem of proportion. For instance, the first article listed in the

table is fresh beef and the average edible portion is given as having a fuel value of 1,495 calories per pound. Being required to find the amount necessary for 100 calories, the problem becomes: 453.6 is to 1,495 as X is to 100, or 30.3 grams.

Of course, there is some trouble connected with this matter of personal care regarding one's diet, just as some personal thought and trouble were demanded of our prehistoric ancestors when they were required to climb a tree to avoid danger. But this effort on their part enables us to be here, and only a like effort on our part to meet the dangers of this age will permit us to be represented among the living in the future.

HOT WEATHER DIET.

Without protein or albumen life cannot continue. It can be got from numerous sources more or less easily and in combinations of various degrees of digestibility, but it is well to hold firmly in mind the fundamental fact that every spark of the energy that twinkles in our eyes, that moves our muscles and quickens our imagination is sunlight first condensed and woven into the vegetable cell. And the closer we keep to the origin of our life the less trouble are we likely to experience.

For various reasons and as a result of the highly artificial conditions under which the human animal is living we have been forced from the source of our natural food supply, but never with advantage, because the proteins condensed in meat are mixed with the poisonous waste products from the tissues of other animals.

If it were a question of feeding horses, cows or pigs all the necessary information could be found in innumerable popular treatises, government bulletins, magazines and agricultural papers. Any one can learn in a day how and what to give to a trotting horse, or how much and what to feed a working horse, and there is no dispute on the general proposition that if the rations are reversed inevitable disaster will result to both. But attempt to select the right ingredients and proportions of food for the nutrition of men and women and you are confronted with a mass of contradictions, fads and fancies, the only escape from which is to wade through abstruse and scientific treatises.

In warm weather it should be our aim to diminish unnecessary heat production as much as possible, at the same time taking sufficient food to maintain the body in at least approximate equilibrium. A brief study of the tables given in bulletin No. 28, United States department of agriculture, "The Chemical Composition of American Food Materials," will show that this may be advantageously achieved by the use of fruits, vegetables, fish, cereals, etc. Fats and fat meats are especially to be avoided in hot weather, because not only is there no specific need for them, but also because, on account of the greater sensitiveness of the gastro-intestinal tract during hot seasons, there is greater liability of disturbance from eating undue quantities of rich nitrogenous foods.

We have noted that the average man of 150 pounds weight requires about 2,500 calories to live with comfort and without loss. Referring to our tables, we find the following a fair average diet for a day, and this may very easily be varied to meet individual requirements:

BREAKFAST.

	Calories.
One shredded wheat biscuit, 1 ounce, about.....	106
One teacup cream, 4 ounces, about.....	206
One wheat roll, 2 ounces, about.....	165
2 one inch cubes butter, 1.25 ounces, about.....	294
One cup coffee, 4 ounces.....	81
Cream, 1 ounce, about.....	81
One lump sugar, 150 grains, about.....	81
Total.....	850

LUNCHEON.

Chicken soup, 4 ounces, about.....	60
One roll, 1.25 ounces, about.....	110
2 one inch cubes butter, 1.25 ounces, about.....	294
One slice lean bacon, 150 grains, about.....	65
One baked potato, 2 ounces, about.....	85
One rice croquette, 3 ounces, about.....	150
Two ounces maple syrup, about.....	166
One cup tea or coffee.....	35
One lump sugar, 150 grains, about.....	35
Total.....	928

DINNER.

Cream soup, 4 ounces, about.....	72
One roll, 1.25 ounces, about.....	110
One inch cube butter, .85 ounce, about.....	142
One lamb chop, broiled, 1 ounce, about.....	92
One teacup mashed potato, 6 ounces, about.....	175
Apple, celery, lettuce salad, with mayonnaise dressing, 2 ounces, about.....	75
Split Boston cracker, 150 grains, about.....	47
One-half inch cube cheese, 150 grains, about.....	60
One-half teacup bread pudding, 3 ounces, about.....	150
Coffee.....	35
One lump sugar, 150 grains, about.....	35
Total.....	951
Total calories.....	2,729

Compared with the daily food intake of many business men not doing physical labor this would appear to be starvation, but for those engaged in sedentary occupations some agreeable modifications of the above during hot weather will certainly mean increased comfort and improved general health.

When we invest our money in animals we feed them on a "balanced" ration, and the young animals do not die when their food is of the proper kind. Common sense and caution are required to produce stock that will yield a profit. Surely we have reached a plane of development where we should understand the necessity of using these same qualities in meeting the food requirements of the human animal.

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**

OF CANYON

Capital, \$50,000.00  
Surplus, \$10,000.00

Your deposits in this bank are guarded by the United States Government.  
Your Business solicited, appreciated and protected.

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**NEWS PRINTERY**

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Wholesale and Retail

Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds

Best Grades of Nigger Head and Maitland Coal

**TERMS CASH**

**Plainview Nursery**

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

Agents Wanted to Sell on Commission

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**Better. PIE Crust Baked With**

**NOT MADE BY TRUST CALUMET BAKING POWDER CHICAGO**

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

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

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

**Opera House This Week.**

Tonight, Friday and Saturday nights there will be an especially strong feature at the opera house. Ed LaBard & Co. are booked for these three nights. This company is doing lyceum work and furnishes a splendid program of mirth, music and song.

**Bell Telephone Service**

Keeps a balance in farm affairs, which means more profit at the end of the season.

It sells the product; Gets best prices; Brings supplies; Protects the home; Helps the housewife—By all means have a Farm Telephone connected with the BELL SYSTEM.

Write today to our nearest Manager for information.

**THE SOUTHWESTERN TELEGRAPH & TELEPHONE COMPANY**

**How the War Started.**

One of the ablest and most lucid explanations of the cause leading to the present complicated war in Europe, says the Kansas City Star, is given by the Glenn Elder Sentinel, a paper in Mitchell county, Kansas. Here is the Sentinel's version of it:

As we understand it, a Servian socialist who was partly sane when sober got drunk and killed an Austrian noble and his noble escort. Austria, observing the unseemly insodent, addressed herself sternly to Servia, somewhat as follows:

"See here, kid, no rough stuff. I propose to be a father to you. Come into the woodshed."

"Hold on," says Russia, "don't you dare lay a finger on that kid, Austr'y; he's my kid," says he, "and anyhow you'd make a fine father for anyone I don't think," he says.

"Think again, you big slob," says Austria, "you can think twice in one day," he says, "and while you're thinking, think what I'm telling you," he says. I don't like the color of your eyes and your nose offends me and your feet don't track; besides," says he, "I can lick you," he says, "and I will too."

"Good boy, Austr'y," sings Wilhelm; "I can lick him myself; I can lick anybody; why, I can lick everybody," says Wilhelm.

"We'll take him on together and show him," says he.

So Germany starts for France and slips up, incidentally landing with both feet in the middle of Belgium.

"Get off me stummick," wails Belgium, "or I'll bite your leg off," says he.

"Ouch, be patient, Belg'y," says William. "Beg-pardon, I'll get off when I have to," says he. "Excuse me, or I'll soak you," he says. "Now watch me paste Gaston one."

"No fair," says France. "I wasn't looking, anyhow," says he, "Take that," says he, slipping Wilhelm a hot one.

"I hate a fight," says England "but I can tust the jaw of any guy who slaps my dear friend, Gaston, whom I don't like at all," he says; "but I will defend till death," says he.

"You don't hate it worse than me," says Japan, standing back for an opening.

"Anyhow, you started it," says Wilhelm to Nicholas.

"You started it yourself," yells everybody to everybody else, sticking out their tongues.

Then they all clinch, and the little fellows dance around watching for a chance to get a punch and run.

Moral: If you want to fight, all you have to do is to say so.

**SAVES DAUGHTER**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At all druggists.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," in plain wrapper. M.C. 128

**CLASSIFIED ADS**

For Rent—Six room house three blocks from square. M. P. Garner. tf

For Sale—640 acres, 2 miles south of Canyon, Texas, 1 mile from A. T. & S. F. switch. Land lays well, good improvements in center of farm and in sight of town and West Texas State Normal College. When improving place struck oil at 412 feet, water not fit for use. Made a good well at 37 ft. Fenced in 4 fields besides corals. Terms—Price \$50 per acre. \$8,000 down and balance due on or before five years at 6 per cent. For further particulars address James Roffey, Cameron, Ill., owner, or H. C. Roffey, Canyon, Texas. 33t3

For Sale—Five Jersey cows, two will be fresh this fall. W. M. Lichwald, Umbarger. 32p4

For Trade—160 acre farm in Okla., for Canyon property. J. D. Key. 32p2

Wanted—To buy second hand lumber wagon. Write or see Herman Kuhlman, Canyon Texas. 32p3

For Sale—Dresser, center table and oil stove. Phone 106. 31p3

Wanted—Maize heads delivered at the creek pasture. C. O. Keiser. tf

Thresherman! Get a machine book at the News office. Keep a complete account of the work you are doing. tf

For Sale—Hard coal stove, cheap. Call News office. tf

J. E. Rogers and J. L. Mc Reynolds left today for Lamesa to buy some cattle.

The "Rip-Rams", of Canyon will go to Tulia tomorrow to play basketball.

School supplies of all kinds at Holland Drug Co. tf

**Sick Two Years With Indigestion.**

"Two years ago I was greatly benefited through using two or three bottles of Chamberlain's Tablets," writes Mrs. S. A. Keller, Elida, Ohio. "Before taking them I was sick for two years with indigestion." Sold by all dealers.—Advertisement.

**We Ride a Hobby!**

**IT'S THE HOBBY OF GOOD PRINTING.**

Try a spin with us.

**Notice**

Get the El Paso Herald, daily, 60c per month. The earliest paper with the latest news. Exclusive feature. Burrough & Jarrett, Agents, General news dealers. Ask them,

**Parisian Swashbucklers.**

At one time the mousquetaire was a notable type, common on the boulevards of Paris, of the swaggering braggart. These amiable Parisians were in evidence at the end of the empire. After the war of 1870 they reappeared at Turton's. There upon the steps about De Scholl were seated the famous Alfonso de Almada, Ezpelata, G. de Borda, Chapron, Feuillant and Gaston Jollivet, who freely employed his valor and the wisdom of his wit in quenching the conflicts. A difficult task, for these altercations frequently were made out of nothing.

"Monsieur," one of the mousquetaires would suddenly declare to an inoffensive passer by, "you have been looking at me cross eyed. I do not like that."

"No"—the other would begin his reply.

"Ah, ha! Then I have lied! There's my card!"

Then there would be a meeting on the field of honor. Oh, that was a beautiful time!

**Babies Fear the Force of Gravity.**

The first experiment which a baby makes is connected with the force of gravity. It is born with an instinctive or ancestral dread of the unrestrained action of that force upon its own body, and it is said to be able to cling with tenacity to a stick or branch of a tree. Later on it takes pleasure in dropping miscellaneous objects to see them fall, perhaps to see if they all fall alike.

And a very remarkable fact is which is thus observed: The most familiar of all material facts and one of the least understood—least understood, that is, of all the simple physical facts which must surely be well within the limits of human comprehension. For if a philosopher is asked why all bodies tend to move toward the earth and why they all fall with steady, equal acceleration unless retarded or checked somehow he has to reply that he does not know.—Sir Oliver Lodge in Harper's Magazine.

**Four Leafed Clover.**

Since four leafed clover is said to be lucky it might be well to know how it happens that while most clover has only three leaves one is found now and then with four.

According to J. Perriaz, who discusses the question in the Archives des Sciences Physiques et Naturelles, clovers with more than three leaves are due to two causes, one hereditary, the other nutritive. After a moist season clover plants with four or even five, six or seven leaves are relatively common, and plants with only two leaves are also seen at such times, but these are very rare.

But some plants are abnormal by heredity and reproduce themselves with the same characteristics in successive years when their environment remains the same, external influences merely modifying the size of the leaves.

**Rapid Stars.**

Even astronomers are expressing astonishment at a speed record recently discovered among the stars. The Andromeda nebula has been found to be moving in the general direction of the earth at the rate of about 16,000,000 miles a day, or nearly 200 miles a second. This is vastly faster than the motion of the earth round the sun or of the sun in space. It will be some time before the nebula approaches very close to the earth, however. Observations of the nebula by telescope and photographs do not show the slightest measurable trace of movement toward the earth, which indicates that it is so far away that traveling 16,000,000 miles a day is too slow to be apparent. The discovery that it is coming at this rate was made by a study of the spectrum of its light.—Saturday Evening Post.

**Complimenting the Judge.**

In "Stories From the Bench and Bar" Mr. Arthur H. Engelbach recalls the following story of Sir George Jessel, master of the rolls: One day he was having a point pressed upon him by a barrister named Oswald, who cited words in support of his point from a reported judgment of the master of the rolls.

"Mr. Oswald, interposed Jessel, 'I could not have been such a fool as to have said that!'

"Oh, yes, my lord," retorted Oswald, "you were, my lord, you were!"

**Highest Mountain in Idaho.**

Idaho has only one peak having an altitude greater than 12,000 feet, that is Hyndman peak, near the Blaine-Custer county line. The elevation of this mountain is 12,078 feet. There are, however, several unnamed peaks near Hyndman peak whose elevations are greater than 12,000 feet, as shown by the contours on the Halley topographic map published by the United States geological survey.

**A Cheerful Soul.**

Creditor (determinedly)—I shall call at your house every week until you pay this account, sir. Debtor (in the blandest of tones)—Then, sir, there seems every probability of our acquaintance ripening into friendship.—London Tit-Bits.

**Criminals at Large.**

Gibbs (visiting)—What sort of neighbors have you here? Dibbs—A bad lot. There's a blacksmith who's engaged in forging, a carpenter who's done some counter sitting and a couple of fellows next door who sell iron steel for a living.

**Boarded by a Pirate.**

Miss Gush—Oh, captain, were you ever boarded by a pirate? Captain Storms—Yes, he charged me \$3 a day for a bedroom on the fourth floor.—Christian Register.

The power of necessity is irresistible.—Aeschylus.

**Society Notes.**

The members of the Merry Maids and Matrons club entertained their husbands and gentleman friends Thursday night at the Keiser home at a Halloween party. The guests were received by Mesdames Keiser, Park, Warwick, Misses Word and Gober, and directed to the dressing rooms by Misses Phyllis Keiser and Dorothy Burrow. While the guests were gathering, the men smoked in the reading room and the ladies visited in the parlor. The home was beautifully decorated in autumn leaves, chrysanthemums, pumpkins and Halloween decorations. Forty two was played at ten tables. Cider was served during the games. Refreshments were served of baked apples, sandwiches, cheese balls, ice cream on pumpkin pie and coffee.

**Stamp Photos.**

Account of a wet October, the time is extended to November 10 for making stamps. Lusby Studio. t1

Mrs. M. P. Garner returned home last week from an extended visit in Missouri.

J. A. Hill and R. L. Marquis went to Hale county Monday where they will visit the country schools this week.

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

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

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

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

(Advertisement)

**Suffered Twenty-One Years— Finally Found Relief**

Having suffered for twenty-one years with a pain in my side, I finally have found relief in Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. Injections of morphine were my only relief for short periods of time. I became so sick that I had to undergo a surgical operation in New Orleans, which benefited me for two years. When the same pain came back one day I was so sick that I gave up hopes of living. A friend advised me to try your Swamp-Root and I at once commenced using it. The first bottle did me so much good that I purchased two more bottles. I am now on my second bottle and am feeling like a new woman. I passed a gravel stone as large as a big red bean and several small ones. I have not had the least feeling of pain since taking your Swamp-Root and I feel it my duty to recommend this great medicine to all suffering humanity. Gratefully yours,

MRS. JOSEPH CONSTANCE, Rapide, La. Echo, La.)

Personally appeared before me, this 15th day of July, 1911, Mrs. Joseph Constance, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

Wm. Morrow, Notary Public.

**See the News Printery**

FOR THE SUPERIOR KIND OF

**Commercial Job Printing**

In the Spring-Time of Youth

When everything is bright and with health and vigor you are fighting the rough battles of life, with keen enjoyment; then is the time to prepare for

**The Autumn of Old Age**

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The best way to provide for the future is by saving while you are making.

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