

THE RANDALL COUNTY NEWS.

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TEXAS WHEAT FIELDS HELP SOME.

Panhandle can Supply Thousands With Bread and With Jam to Eat with the Bread.

James J. Hill has issued the startling warning that unless the people look a little out they will be going to bed supperless in the matter of twenty years or so.

Up in the Panhandle and Staked Plains countries they are doing some work that may make James J. a poor prophet.

The world uses several loaves of bread daily and the number is constantly increasing. The Panhandle farmers are preparing to take care of the increase.

They do things on a big scale up in the Panhandle. With county after county there containing anywhere from 500,000 acres to 700,000, with from 500 to 12,000 under cultivation, they have chances to do big things.

They figure that they can supply flour for biscuits for a "plum whole lot of folks" as one of the natives expressed it. In addition to the flour for the biscuit, they say they can raise fruit for jelly to spread the fluffy rolls.

For years and years there existed a prejudice against west Texas. This was due in part to the local pride of the residents of the eastern section of the state, but more to the self interest of the cattlemen. They didn't want farmers from the effete East coming in and building fences and restricting their grazing lands. As a first, logical and effective method of keeping out the undesirable immigrants they hit upon the plan of knocking the country to outsiders. According to their version the land was good for nothing, save grass. The seven years famine of Egypt was nothing compared to what would happen to any farmer who attempted to dig a living out of the ground up there, according to their story. And when these arguments would lack force they had more potent persuaders which they would use.

Anyway, they let the impression go forth that drouth, starvation and the Staked Plains were synonymous terms.

But the cowmen were not the first knockers of this land. In "Hakluyt's Voyages" published in 1600, there is an account of the country almost as the tales of the cattlemen were wont to tell. The chronicler says: "Many of the people sought to have dwell there, but Corondo would not consent, saying they could not maintain, nor defend themselves in so poor a country and so far from succor."

Fancy the reception the author of such literature would get from the real estate agents of that country now if he would venture up there.

But this conception of the country, wrong as it may be, is not at great variance with ideas entertained by a great many people today. It is almost as hard for a country to live down an unsavory reputation as it is for a woman. The Plains country has found this so. For twenty years now they have been raising wheat up there. Each year the acreage has increased slightly. Railroads have been built, towns have sprung up in a night, but the farmers and the residents of the towns are striving to correct these impressions. They are doing this by raising wheat.

Already the American masses are moving with unrest because of the price of food. For the last twenty years there has been some wheat farming in the Texas Panhandle, while in Kansas the quality of wheat has been deteriorating. America is already importing grain for home con-

sumption. Is the story of the supremacy of American bread told? Has the race of the bearded wheat has been run?

The groves were God's first temples, but the wheat fields were man's earliest shrine. Wheat and wheaten bread have been with us from the beginning. Because our early brothers offered sacrifice of bread instead of meat, we bear the curse of Cain. By Adam's fall it was decreed that man should eat his bread in toil and travail.

It is the triumvirate that runs the world—wheat rye and barley corn. Its royal lineage is older than any ruling houses of kings. Joseph and Egyptian Pharaohs cornered wheat to levy tribute upon the people. There dynasties have perished, their names are but a whisper from the dust. The slow creep of the patient mole eats the obelisks, but the glorious wheat remains.

The wars of nations have been to control the wheat lands. Caesar hurled his legions abroad for more grain growing provinces to plunder. It was free bread for the masses that corrupted Rome. The legends were bought and sold with barley. Unearned corn pulled down the palaces of the Caesars. And where the eloquent thunder of the forum rolled, the wild rye waved above the ruined pedestal.

Before the impulse of art, literature or love comes the great question of bread. The Greed besieged Troy and battled for ten long years for the fair face of Helen. But when the wheat failed they withdrew and left a wooden horse that ate no grain.

Now Helen's lips are drifting dust, Ilium is consumed with rust, All the galleons of Greece, Drink the ocean's dreamless peace. But the wheat that freighted

the long sunken fleets of Cartage will clothe the sterile Texas plains around Houston and the scores of other towns.

There was a Greek philosopher who invented many things, among them the lens or burning glass. When Troy was besieged this dreamer was little counted on as a limb of defence until he stationed himself on the city walls and conveying the sun's rays with this crystalline lens he set fire to the enemies' paraphernalia and struck terror to their hearts.

The crises comes, and with it comes the man. Statistics throughout the Panhandle show that there are about 200,000 acres of wheat planted throughout the Panhandle this year. Of course the yield this year will not be so great. The Panhandle as a wheat country is comparatively new. But has the climate and the soil to produce it. What the Panhandle wants is her farmers to discover the wheat that will grow best. The comet of hunger is eating its uncharted way through the sky of promise. The Panhandle expects her farmers to get all there is out of the wheat. And like the ancient Greek draw the sunlight of heaven out to make it grow and rout hunger. The proposition is to make two grains of wheat or two loaves of bread grow where one has grown. Maybe not this year but some year. Don't let a single kernel loaf on the job.

If a giant and a pigmy went out to saw wood, the giant would do twice as much work as the pigmy, other things being equal, individuals show that much difference in strength. It's the same with wheat. There are individuals of the wheat race. The Panhandle should find a race of wheat giants.

Hard turkey red is the wheat best adapted to Texas soil.

The tendency of the Panhandle climate is to soften wheat and a hundred pounds of Panhandle wheat will make from eight to ten or more loaves of bread than will a hundred pounds of Kansas wheat.

The farmers who plant wheat should be as careful to prevent a crossing of it with scrub wheat as a dairy farmer is careful to prevent a crossing of his thorough bred butter producing stock with scrubs. It takes a razor-back hog three years to reach a weight of 160 pounds. Selections and breeding of the razor-back hog by hog fanciers has produced the thoroughbred of today, which will reach 300 lbs. in the first year. Is it not plausible that breeding of wheat will do the same as live stock?

My earliest recollection of wheat is when as a baby I wondered across the dusty road into some stubble land. The stiff straws hurt my feet and I cried, for I felt that I was afar in the horrid wilderness. And my mother came and bore me away from my enemy—the wheat. There was a reaper that stood one summer in the prairie grass beside the road. A king bird built its nest upon the empty seat. To my childish imagination the flails of the reel reached the sky. There it stood through all the summer days. The king bird hatched and the fledglings flew and every time I passed I climbed upon that giant machine whose flails reached the sky. And it stood there and rusted and rotted in the summer rain and winter snow till the harvest came again.

The story of that wheat binder rotting away in the buffalo grass is the story of Panhandle wheat culture. And because that binder stood there wasting away in the elements is why today the Panhandle of Texas is not the greatest wheat country in the



Tulia Losses to Canyon

Last Saturday afternoon at Tulia, the Canyon High School team defeated the Tulia High School in a game of baseball that looked as though Canyon would receive the "goose egg" until the seventh and eighth innings when business picked up for the local team and at the end stood 5 and 2 in favor of Canyon. The game was full of interest from beginning to end and both teams made a creditable showing for the amount of practice they have had.

The real fire-works started in the last half of the eighth when Tulia went up in the air. Gober got a fly to the left field, which was taken in easily, Scott walked Livingston, hitting him on the foot, Shotwell singled between short and third and Anderson got a long two-bagger to left field scoring Livingston and Shotwell. On general punk playing of Tulia, Anderson scored. Prichard, the next man up, lost the ball in the field for a three-bagger and, catching Scott asleep, stole home before the next man sawed.

The trip was marked by the gentlemanly and courteous treatment given by the Tulia aggregation and the boys report a delightful trip. Canyon is trying to get games with teams near here and will probably play Amarillo in a short time.

The game in brief: Batteries, Tulia, Scott and McClure, Canyon, Prichard and Key; Hits, Tulia 2, Canyon 9; Strike outs, by Prichard 14, by Scott 18; Umpire, Dye.

Merry Matrons' Club Meets.

Mrs. Harry Howell entertained the Merry Matrons last Tuesday afternoon, March 17th, at progressive 42, three handed game. At the conclusion of the games, delightful refreshments consisting of sherbert and Angel food were served by the hostesses. Those present were Mesdames Pipkin, Shaw, Doniphan, Gamble, Rollins, Coss, Harrison, Pipkin, Griffin and Castles.

Philatheas Entertain.

The Baraca Class of the Methodist Church were entertained by the Philatheas at the "Parsonage" on Friday evening, March 18th.

The affair took the form of a St. Patrick's fete and the green of the "Emerald Isle" was prominent in costumes and decorations. Laughable games appropriate to the occasion were participated in. Fruit punch and cake were served during the evening.

Orval P. Lauderback of Huntington, Ind., came in last Friday to spend a few weeks with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Dan K. Usery.

The Baptist Philatheas club held a meeting at the home of B. F. Johnson, Monday evening, after the business meeting was adjourned, refreshments were served, consisting of ice cream and cake, an enjoyable time was reported by all those present.

best wheat country in the world.

Did you ever stroll, shoulder deep amid the greeny, sheeny silken wheat and see through the eyes of fancy, the good things growing there? Did you see the doughnuts waving in the May breeze under the green beards of those jointed stems? There were the cinnamon rolls that grandmother used to make, and the hot biscuits you eat for breakfast with butter and honey. And the Panhandle has the butter if Col. Avery Turner's scheme carries out.—Fr. Worth Record.

In five years competent men believe the Panhandle will be the

Your Supplies

are matters that interest you very much just at this time. We are in a position to offer you some exceedingly low prices in the lines of goods which we handle. Our expenses at Umbarger are small and we can therefore sell on a closer margin than other people.

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Particular attention is called to the prices on our dry goods, shoes, hats and all kinds of wearing apparel. They are well worth investigating.

Groceries

Our good stock of things to eat, bought at the right time and at low prices, gives us an opportunity to save you money which you mustn't miss.

Hardware

If you are in need of anything in this line let us show you our line and name the price. You will buy.

It is our intention to keep what you need and sell it at a low price. Come to see us.

**Paul M. Will
Umbarger, Texas.**



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—AN ABSTRACT—

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We have some nice lots 50x140 feet in one half block of the Normal Campus for \$250.00 each.
Peeler Real Estate Co.

Judge J. C. Hunt made a business trip to Tulla.

Pictures framed on short notice at Thomas Bros.

Dr. Griffin made a professional visit to Happy Monday.

G. W. Rogers of Cambridge, Ill. was in Canyon over Sunday.

Seed wheat, barley and spelta, for sale at the Elevator & Coal Co.

Chas. Meeker left Wednesday for a business trip to Bellville, Ill.

J. S. King of El Paso, Texas, was a business caller in Canyon Saturday.

Miss May O'Keefe of Plainview is visiting Canyon friends this week.

For Sale, seed wheat, barley and spelta, inquire of the Elevator & Coal Co.

R. W. Sea of Hutchinson, Kans., was a business caller Tuesday.

W. R. Griffith of Waterloo, Iowa, was doing business in Canyon Tuesday.

Miss Irma Sigler of Tulla has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Boren Pope, the past week.

F. P. Luke autoed to Amarillo Wednesday. He was accompanied by Mrs. Luke and F. P. Jr.

Mrs. C. G. Ortego of Silver City was in Canyon Saturday looking up some investment deals.

The oldest established photographic gallery on the Plains is the Lusby studio at Canyon, Texas.

Before building call on or see W. H. Ring, Contractor and builder, Office at the old Foster blacksmith shop.

Dr. and Mrs. Wilson returned Monday from Dallas where they have been attending the Methodist Sunday School Convention.

R. W. O'Keefe of Plainview stopped in Canyon Tuesday to call on some old time friends, on his return from visiting the Fat Stock Show in Ft. Worth. His many friends were glad to see him.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets invariably bring relief to women suffering chronic constipation, headache, biliousness, dizziness, sallowness of skin and dyspepsia. Sold by City Pharmacy.

Joe Hood went fishing Tuesday afternoon but did not have the old proverbial fisherman's luck. As the sayings go, "he went one better" by being more successful in catching a mess of fish nearly 13 pounds of fine bass. Those who saw the nice string of fish will no doubt want to do likewise as we stated to you last week fishing this season of the year is like the itch, catching, so beware.

The County Superintendent reports that he put in last week from Monday to Friday visiting the country schools. He says he traveled about one hundred miles, formed many pleasant acquaintances and renewed old ones, took an inventory of new improvements and farm development, inspected and lectured to seven schools and had an interesting trip. He has four more schools, all situated northeast of town which he will visit next week.

Homer T. Wilson Lectures.

Homer T. Wilson of San Antonio, Texas, delivered one of his many good lectures in Canyon Monday evening choosing for his subject, "The Man from Galilee." The lecture was listened to by a large and appreciative audience, well delivered, very instructive and a great deal of interest was shown by those who were able to attend. Like the former lecture delivered by Mr. Wilson a short time ago, the Methodist Church was filled to its full capacity he always has a good crowd.

T. W. Scott of Tulla was a visitor in Canyon Sunday.

Mound City paints may cost a trifle more; but—S. V. Wirt.

Eva Foster of Kirkland was a visitor in Canyon Tuesday.

Theo. Summes of Lubbock was a visitor in Canyon Sunday.

Have you tried that Perfection Toilet Cream at the City Pharmacy.

J. Frank Smith left Friday for a brief business trip to Denton.

W. S. Johnson of Cambridge, Ill., was a sojourner in Canyon Saturday.

J. W. Whatley of Miami, Texas was a business caller in Canyon Monday.

Give me your fire insurance. I will take good care of your interests. T. P. Turk. 49-4t

H. L. Case of Clovis, N. M., was a business caller in Canyon Saturday.

T. Moreland of Amarillo spent a few days the first part of the week with his mother.

Thos. J. Allen of Texico, N. M., was in Canyon Monday looking up some business matters.

L. B. Christman, Editor of the Randall County News, was in Dallas Friday.—Dallas News.

W. T. Gilliam returned Friday from Plainview and Floydada where he has been on business.

J. R. Cullum went to Amarillo Monday evening to meet Mrs. Cullum on her return from Mineral Wells.

Photos in the latest styles, low prices, satisfaction guaranteed and promptly finished at the Lusby Studio.

W. J. Flesher received news Monday that his grandmother was very sick with an attack of pneumonia. He left on the evening train for Wichita Falls to be absent about a week. He also expects to visit his mother who is nursing the grandmother.

T. F. Reid wishes to thank his many friends in Canyon for the confidence reposed in him and for the many tokens of kindness shown him in the past, he now requests that he be not considered for re-election to the office he now holds, let the mantle fall upon another.

F. W. Seidensang of Union, Ill., was a caller at the News of-

ice Tuesday. He stated to the reporter for the News that he arrived in Canyon last week Thursday and expected, to stay a week, he had been about the country some and thought that the prospects were good for an abundant crop of all kinds and that the wheat was looking fine, prospects good. He seemed to enjoy the warm balmy weather we are having, he noticed the great change in the weather conditions, when he left home last week the weather was cold and inclement, freezing and thawing roads rough and muddy, hard to travel over, products of the farm almost impossible to haul to markets, while the the reverse is true, roads hard and smooth, can load wagons to there full capacity and take the products to market when the demands are made for them, taken these and many other natural conveniences that are essential to welfare to the life of the farmer it is well to consider when looking for a future home, the pure wholesome water in abundance, the climatic conditions are worth considering a long time when looking for a home, all of which we have here in abundance, which is more than can be said of other remote localities, our friends and their friends are invited to come here to Randall county and see for themselves and then be convinced.

The Spinners' Return.

Friday night, April 1, 1910, at the Canyon Opera house all will be given an opportunity to hear the wonderful experiences of the Spinners on their return from Alaska. Come and see what Fate has done for each one of them. Auspices C. W. B. M. and Ladies Aid of the Christian Church, Canyon City, Texas.

Canyon Lumber Company, the home of Southern Long Leaf Yellow Pine, the place of low prices, fair and courteous treatment.

The Next Census.

Decennial censuses are statistical milestones marking the growth and development of the nation not only in population but in territory, wealth and resources.

When the first census was taken in 1790, only one year after George Washington had become President, the population enumerated in the fourteen states and three territories that constituted the newly created Republic of the West was only 3,929,214. When the twelfth census was taken in 1900, the number of stars on the national flag had increased to forty-five, and the population inhabiting the forty-five states, the District of Columbia, and the six territories that had not attained the dignity of the star, was 76,803,387.

But this by no means comprised the entire population of the territory belonging to the United States at that time; for the acquisition of the Philippine Islands had been so recent and unexpected that it found the census-takers entirely unprepared. Therefore the brown races inhabiting these islands were left out of the count.

Two years later the omission was supplied by a special census of the Philippines, carried out under the direction of the War Department. A census of Porto Rico and of Cuba had been taken by the War Department in 1899, after the United States had come into military possession of these islands, and without waiting to see what disposition would be made of them under the pending treaty with Spain. As for the islands of Guam and Samoa, way out in the Pacific, we never did take a formal census of them.

If to the population enumerated by the twelfth census we add 7,635,426 people returned as the inhabitants of the Philippines, and the 953,243 counted in Porto Rico and include also the estimated population of Guam and Samoa, we get a total of 84,907,155 people who were under the protection of our flag when the twelfth census was taken, without including the inhabitants of Cuba.

Before the close of the year 1910 we shall be able to know the population recorded by the next statistical milestone, the thirteenth census. It should be noted that this census, like its predecessor, will not include the Philippine Islands. Congress did not consider it advisable to make another count of the inhabitants of those islands for only 7 years having elapsed since the former enumeration. But the thirteenth census will include the population of Alaska, Hawaii and Porto Rico, as well as that of continental United States.

In 1900 the total population of the territory that will be covered by the approaching census was 77,256,630, and this figure should be the starting point for all guesses regarding the population that the census of 1910 will enumerate.—Youth's Companion.

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Fun! Fun!

The Ladies of the Christian church will give an Easter Egg Hunt, Saturday, March 26th, in Mr. Baird's pasture. Everybody invited.

Two Through-bred Hereford Bulls for Sale.

If you are in need of such, you will do well to see these at once. They are in my feed pen and are fat and fine, coming three year olds. Choice for \$50.00.
\$1 M John A. Wallace



It's the after-wearing results that determine the value of to-day's shoe purchase.

The nearly-as-good may at first attract, but do not improve upon acquaintance; while the Best appear well at all times, and make fast friends that can be relied upon.

For the man who wants the Best Shoe, it's a "Nettleton"—we have them in a variety of the season's newest leathers and shapes.

This is the store that keeps shoes which become strong friends to the purchaser.

The Leader

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See the News Printery

FOR THE SUPERIOR KIND OF

Commercial Job Printing

The Right of Search

And the Woman Who Would Try to Do a Little Smuggling.

By A. S. CROCKETT.

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"Be sure," Mrs. Jeffreys read from her husband's letter, "to declare everything. The customs inspectors are on the alert. The new collector is carrying out the law to the letter, and there is no chance of getting a 'free entry' this year. I spoke to Senator Jones about it, and he assured me that, while he would be glad to give me the same sort of letter as last year, it would be worthless."

"Let's see," she reflected. "Of course I can wear the traveling dress ashore, and then I can also wear that dear little turban. I must muss both up a bit, and I can break the feather in the turban, so that the hat will not look new."

"Heloise!" she called.

"Oui, madame," answered her maid.

"Have you bought much in Paris for yourself?"

"Non, madame; just a little lace."

"Then you must take one of my trunks for yourself and pack some of my things in it. I will tell you which later."

Left to herself, Mrs. Jeffreys resumes her addition, subtraction and division.

"Let's see, \$100 for each passenger. That makes \$200 for Heloise and myself. That black silk alone cost that much, while the other dresses cost—let's see—400 francs plus 500, plus 750. That's 1,650. Five into sixteen goes three times, carry one. Why, \$30 plus 200 equals \$230, and, merciful heavens, that doesn't count lingerie or stockings or—"

And her glance encountered two beautiful Sevres vases standing on the mantel. She gave a scream that brought Heloise to the door.

"It is nothing. I— I thought I saw a mouse."

Heloise picked up her skirts and fled.

"Ah, those vases!" Mrs. Jeffreys resumed. "How on earth am I ever going to get them in? The duty on them alone would be more than \$100. Let me think. No," after a pause, "I could not conceal them. Well, let me make the best I can out of the other things. Let's see. I can put the black silk down at, say, \$50. The materials did not cost more than \$30. I am sure; the other dresses \$30, \$35 and \$40, not counting the one I shall wear. That makes \$155 altogether. The lingerie—well, we can change the appearance of most of that by rubbing it on the carpet, and the rest I can divide between Heloise and myself in such a way that I can list the hats and the stockings for \$40."

Then she thought of the vases again.

Mrs. Jeffreys was still thinking of the vases when the steamship left Cherbourg, and she thought of little else for the first three days. Women homeward bound are sometimes a little talkative when it comes to discussing great bargains they have picked up, but Mrs. Jeffreys maintained a strict silence on this topic, even when her friend Mrs. Burroughs confessed that she had bought lots of things, including yards and yards of lace, and, as for simply paying duty, she would see congress and the president in very hot regions before she would give up a cent.

"I shall conceal the lace on my person," she confided. "I have a dress that I am taking home to mother, who, you know, is larger than I, and on the morning we land you will see an extremely matronly person going down the gangplank if you watch me, my dear."

Mrs. Jeffreys sighed. Ah, if she had not bought those vases!

A thought struck her. Why not carry those vases ashore, after all? She excused herself and went to her stateroom, where, after locking the door, she took the two exquisite ornaments from a traveling bag.

She removed her skirts. Then she took a strap from the bag and fastened one end to a vase and the other to a belt. The other she fastened similarly, so that one hung from the front and the other from the back. Then she put on her skirts again and walked about the room.

"I have it at last," she exclaimed joyfully, "only I must be careful about walking."

That day she ate the first hearty luncheon of her voyage, and when in the afternoon the declarations were passed about to be filled by the passengers she made hers out in the fashion she had planned in Paris.

Mrs. Jeffreys did not complete her toilet on the morning the ship arrived until the vessel was coming up from quarantine. Then she went below, locked her door and slipped into the harness she had invented.

She went down the gangway so carefully that her husband, who was at the foot, asked in great concern: "What is the matter? Hurt yourself? You seem lame."

"It is nothing," she assured him. "Just a touch of rheumatism."

While they were waiting under the letter "J" for their baggage to be assembled her husband solicitously urged her to sit on a trunk and spread a steamer rug for her.

"No," she said; "I feel much better standing." At the same time she felt as if she must sink, for the two vases, really light, now weighed a hundred pounds each.

It was an age before the trunks and

bags were collected and the customs inspector began his examination. He looked at Mrs. Jeffreys' declaration, and as his eyesight was none of the best he found only what she had listed. Then he called an appraiser to pass upon the value of the goods declared.

The latter gave a sharp look at Mrs. Jeffreys, who was talking very volubly to her husband and telling him in a tone that was audible some distance away how she had taken his advice and declared everything. The official peered into the trunk that was nearest him and then wrote something in red ink on the bottom of the declaration. Then the inspector carefully placed a label on each of the packages showing that they had been passed, and Mrs. Jeffreys in her relief, forgetting her own precious cargo, plumped herself down upon a trunk.

"Crash! The bottom of a vase dropped upon the pier and rolled some distance away. Mr. Jeffreys had gone to look for a porter. His wife started to make a rush for the broken piece, but as she did so a keen-eyed man who was standing near anticipated her.

"Is that yours, madam?" he demanded.

Mrs. Jeffreys hesitated. "Yes," she said, with a gasp.

"Will you kindly show me the other part of it?"

The woman almost fainted. "Why, it isn't possible—it—er—it's in my trunk!" she finally managed to get out.

"I am sorry, madam, but I must see the other part of this vase. Will you open your trunk?"

Mrs. Jeffreys handed him the keys.

"Which one?"

"This—so, that—no, the other one, Merciful heavens, what shall I do?"

And Mrs. Jeffreys sank weeping on one of her trunks just as her husband came back with a porter.

"What is this? Who are you?" he demanded of the other man. The latter showed him the shield of a special officer of the treasury. "I must see the other part of this vase," he repeated to the husband. Mr. Jeffreys, protesting, gave him his card.

"I would advise you to make no scene," the "special" told him. "There are lots of reporters about here, and they would be only too glad of a chance for a sensational story."

He went away and returned with a uniformed inspector, not the old man who had made the previous inspection, but a younger. "Here," he told him, "get this woman's declaration and re-inspect those trunks." The "special" stood by while each article was being turned out in a heap on the pier. He fingered the dresses and looked at the declaration. Then he took up several pieces of lingerie and examined them closely.

"Ha, not worn! Apparently rubbed on the floor to give them that appearance. See anything of that broken vase?"

"No," the inspector replied, "but here is a lot of lace." It was that belonging to Heloise.

"Tell the appraiser in charge to come here."

The latter was soon bending over the pile of finery. He looked at each garment separately and then put down a lot of figures.

"The total is \$700," the "special" informed Mrs. Jeffreys. "Under the law we have a perfect right to seize the contents of the trunk, but to avoid unnecessary notoriety we will permit you to pay the duty and take the trunks away with you. Wait a moment; I forgot. We have not found that broken vase." He turned to Mrs. Jeffreys.

"Let me go aboard the steamship," she begged, "and I will find it for you."

"I have no objection, madam," he replied, "but an inspector must accompany you."

Mrs. Jeffreys started back. "Oh, horrors! Never!" she protested.

"A woman inspector, madam," the "special" explained. But Mrs. Jeffreys still protested vigorously. Mr. Jeffreys, feeling that the scene had gone far enough, demanded to see the official in charge of the pier.

"I regret it, sir," he said, "but your wife will have to accompany the woman inspector on board the ship and be searched."

It is best not to follow the two women into that stateroom. The inspectress came out with a broken Sevres vase and a whole one and several pairs of stockings.

"Now, madam," said the "special," "we shall not take into account the new dress and hat you are wearing. Under the circumstances I think you would prefer to have us seize what is left of the pair of vases. Now, if your husband will step to the cashier's office and pay the duty on \$700 worth of goods, less \$200 worth allowed for yourself and maid, I think the requirements of the law will be met."

When they had got into their carriage Mr. Jeffreys turned to his wife sternly.

"Why did you not do as I told you?" he demanded.

She disregarded his question. "Oh, the horrible customs laws of this country! They are enough to make an American deny that he is such!" she exclaimed.

"Yes; that is just the way a woman would put it," her husband returned. "On the other hand, suppose the treasury agent had handed us over to the newspapers."

"Oh, don't! I can't bear it!" She buried her face in her hands and shuddered. "Oh, Gerald, I have been punished enough! Just forgive me, and I'll promise never to buy a single thing in Paris again!"

And Mr. Jeffreys, being a tender-hearted man and tolerant of woman's little weaknesses and, besides, having an eye to future economies, promptly absolved her.

AN EASTER SERMON

By GRACE ETHEL WEEKS

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The Rev. Tom Howard was not cut out for a clergyman. He was Tom at school, Tom in college and Tom in the theological seminary. He was a good fellow whom everybody loved, a big framed, big hearted man who should have followed an active career. He had stood low in his classes while in college, but had redeemed himself on the football gridiron, carrying his university colors to victory on his own herculean shoulders.

When Tom accepted his first job he tried extemporaneous sermons. They were not satisfactory. Members of his congregation hinted to him that they would prefer written sermons. This was a blow to him, in college he had usually secured the services of some student possessing literary gifts to write his essays for him. He returned to that plan.

Howard skirmished till he secured the name of a clergyman living in a small town distant from the city in which he himself lived who made a practice of writing sermons for other incumbents of pulpits. Tom thought it a pity that this man was born with the ability to write not only his own sermons, but those of other people, while he, poor fellow, was not able even to write his own. There was something pathetic in this big broad shouldered fellow, in the vigor of his youth, strong as an ox, not being able to get up a homily that would require a brief twenty minutes to deliver.

Howard wrote the Rev. Egbert Inglehart asking if he would sell him sermons. Inglehart replied that he would and named his price. Howard agreed to pay it and ordered half a dozen sermons. They were sent within a fortnight, and Howard was delighted with them. After delivering one of them many of his congregation surrounded him, pouring forth such congratulations that he had found the true method of getting up his sermons. Mr. Howard congratulated himself that he had. At the same time he felt somewhat uncomfortable at having his abilities supplied by another.

There were certain points in the sermons that were very unlike Mr. Howard, a feminine tenderness at times more befitting a reverend cream cheese than a reverend athlete. Howard wrote Mr. Inglehart about it, and Inglehart asked him to send him his photograph. The photograph was sent, and Mr. Inglehart asked: "Why didn't you send it before? Now I know what kind of a man you are and can write for you accordingly."

The next sermon received was a Thanksgiving address to be delivered on the date of a great football match between two prominent universities. It was bristling with such expressions as "fight the good fight," "smote them hip and thigh" and "conquer by the Lord's help." In delivering it the minister was in his element, and his sermon was voted a brilliant success.

From that time forward Howard continued to grow in favor with his flock. Most of the girls in the congregation set their caps for him. But there is safety in numbers. Besides, the clergyman didn't fancy any of them. However, he received many hints that the church would prefer a married pastor, and he began to think he must marry or find another field of labor. Thinking that one who had helped him out so well with his sermons might be equally serviceable in a matter of matrimony, he wrote Mr. Inglehart, with whom he had become quite intimate through correspondence, of his dilemma and asked him if he knew of any girl who would make a good clergyman's wife. Inglehart replied that there were a number of fine young women in his parish and if he would come up Inglehart would give him a chance to look them over. Howard replied that he would go up for a brief visit in Lent, because he wished to talk over a sermon for Easter that would bear upon the duty of the young men of his congregation to marry.

This would include himself, but he was doing his own duty in looking for a wife.

So during the second week in Lent, Howard, having secured a classmate in the seminary to take his place at daily services for a day or two, went to visit Inglehart. He had expected that as a matter of course his reverend brother would invite him to stay at his house. But he received no such invitation and on arrival went to a hotel. The same morning he called on Inglehart.

"Please step into the study," said the maid who admitted him.

Howard passed into the study and saw a girl writing at a desk.

"Beg pardon," he said. "I supposed I should find your father in here."

"You are Mr. Howard. I know you from the photograph you sent me."

"Sent you?"

"Yes; I pass as Egbert Inglehart. That was my father's name. I have written the sermons sent you."

The big man looked down on the girl, and a hot blush spread over his face. The girl looked amused.

"You desire me to help you to find a wife," she said.

"No, I don't—that is, if you will accept the situation yourself. With a wife to write my sermons I can fight the devil most advantageously."

The Easter sermon was delivered, and it was a splendid effort, and many of the young men were converted to matrimony. As to the girl, not one in the congregation needed conversion just before the benediction the pastor announced his engagement.

JUST RECEIVED

many new items in several of our departments and would call your attention to a few of them.

LADIES ONE-PIECE DRESSES

This is a showing which we believe cannot be duplicated in our city and the prices we ask for them will stand comparison with prices in any city. We have a good assortment both in sizes and styles. The Foulards and Silk Pongees are especially pretty and the styles throughout are as late as the fashions afford.

LADIES MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

In this department you will find a complete assortment of petticoats, corset covers, gowns, etc., and prices as reasonable as quality of goods will permit.

SHOES AND OXFORDS

We carry a full and complete line of Roberts, Johnson & Rand, Star Brand in ladies, men's, misses and boys' styles. If you have been dissatisfied with the service and style of your shoes, give us the opportunity of showing you the largest stock of entirely new style in the city.

We also have received our line of boys' odd pants in both regular and knickerbocker styles and expect by time this is published, to have in most of our stock of men's and boys' ready-made suits. We will be sole agents for Schwab suits and will be able to please the most fastidious dresser.

We thank you for the liberal patronage already extended and hope to merit its continuance.

TURK & ARMSTRONG

New Depot Plans Submitted.

Last week plans were submitted to the Commercial Club for a new depot at this place by the Railroad Commission, as planned and drawn by the Santa Fe Railway system. Our citizens have entered a vigorous protest through the Commercial Club against the depot proposed for this city by the Santa Fe Company. It was found upon examination of the plans as submitted would not be adequate for the increased public demands.

The people of Canyon have every reason to believe that this place is going to grow at a very rapid rate and that they should be given a depot building which will accommodate the increased population and the traveling public for several years to come. Also the very fact of the location of the West Texas State Normal College here and which will open its doors September 20th, will naturally itself cause increased travel and bring additional people to this city and that is one of the great reasons for wanting a larger and more commodious depot. The railroad company should not and we are told that they will not hinder the building of a new depot. The only matter now to settle is the question of what is wanted and the Commercial Club should get together and decide upon some plans as to what is required.

Wanted: A Position as Teacher.

A lady who holds a first grade certificate and has had years of experience, wishes to teach a country school or in a ranch home of Northwest Texas during the summer and fall. Can give references. Address, Miss L. H., Box 288, Uvalde, Texas.

W. W. Trimble left Tuesday for Amarillo to be gone a few days. He is finishing some contracts in decorating, possibly show some of the decorators in Amarillo some sciences in high art.



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The Randall County News

By Chas. K. Needham
L. S. Christmas, Managing Editor

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Copyright Notice
The editor of this paper is anxious to receive, from time to time, communications from its readers...

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of The News will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the publisher.

Railway Time Table.

Table with columns for Main Line, West Bound, Main Line, East Bound, Plainview Branch, North B'ND, Plainview Branch, So. Bound.

Announcements.

We are authorized to announce the following persons as candidates for the respective offices, subject to the action of the voters at the Democratic Primary to be held on July 23rd, 1910.

- FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY HENRY S. BISHOP.
FOR REPRESENTATIVE J. C. HUNT.
FOR COUNTY JUDGE W. D. SCOTT.
FOR SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR R. H. SANFORD.
FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY W. J. FLESHER.
FOR COUNTY TREASURER P. H. YOUNG.
FOR TAX ASSESSOR G. G. FOSTER.
FOR COMMISSIONER PRECINCT NO. 1 HENRY J. WEBER.
FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE W. J. REDFEARN.

The Randall County News begs to acknowledge the receipt of its exchange table Volume 1, Number 1, of the Tulsa Herald of date of March 15th. We are informed that this will be a weekly paper and edited by John W. Hunter.

A NEW TOWN ON THE MAP.

It is said that every day brings something new. This time a new town has been placed on the map for all time to come and its name will be called Plainview and will be located on the new proposed Quannah-El Paso railway extension in Chaves County New Mexico, twelve miles west of the Texas line in the shallow water belt of southeast New Mexico.

book for mail, express and passenger use, two or more times a week.

Elements of Canyon's Future Growth

Canyon has a bright future, which is assured beyond a doubt. We shall have an increasing population for years to come, and that population will be of desirable quality. The man who comes to Canyon to live will be a man of some means, having a business of his own and a family to educate.

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guarantee to fill the houses with the nicest kind of people all the year around, if they will keep a good, comfortable place at reasonable rates.

Letter from M. S. Park.

Galveston, Mar. 21, 1910

Editor Canyon News—

I promised to write you an occasional letter, describing our trip, but we have been moving around so rapidly since leaving Brownwood that it was difficult to write. After leaving Brownwood we visited at Lampasas, Temple, Rogers, Davilla and Cameryon, and had a most delightful time visiting relatives and friends, whom we had not seen since moving to the Plains seventeen years ago.

Five years have intervened since my last visit and the greatest improvements noticeable are the completion of the great seawall and boulevard, the raising of the grade of a great portion of the city and the marvelous progress in street paving.

Much has been written about the wonderful pluck and perseverance of Galveston in their determination to rehabilitate their ruined city after the disastrous storm of Sept. 1900; and they deserve the praise that has been given them. I will not attempt to go into detail as to what they have done and are doing, but will furnish your readers with a few figures. The county built four and one half miles of sea wall, and the Government continued the wall a mile and a half to protect their reservation.

M. S. PARK

Election Notice for Mayor and Four Aldermen for Canyon City.

By resolution of the City Council of Canyon City, an election is hereby ordered to be (and will be) held at the Court House in Canyon City on Tuesday, April 5th, 1910, polls to be open at one voting place in said Court House

from 8 o'clock a. m. to 6 o'clock p. m., when and where a Mayor will be elected to fill out the unexpired term of Jasper N. Haney resigned, and the person so elected will hold his office for one or until his successor is elected and qualifies at the annual election in April, 1911.

Also one Alderman from Ward No. 1, to succeed Joe T. Service and who will hold his office for two years. Also two Aldermen from Ward 2, one to succeed T. F. Reid who will hold his office for two years. The other from Ward 2 to succeed O. C. Davis who removed out of said ward, and who will hold his office for one year. (Unexpired term.)

Also one Alderman from Ward 3 to succeed Dr. S. L. Ingham and who will hold such office for two years.

Each qualified voter may vote regardless of the ward in which he lives, for one Alderman who resides in Ward 1, which embraces all the city limits east of the Court House square and South Fourth and North Fourth Streets and for two Aldermen residing in Ward 2, which embraces all the territory north of the alley running west from the Court House square through Blocks 42, 43, 44, 45 and due west to the corporate limits and north of N. 4th Streets and for one Alderman who resides in Ward 3, which embraces all the territory south and west of the two lines above designated in said city.

E. A. Upfold is appointed presiding officer in Ward 1, Jack Cavet in Ward 2 and Sam Shotwell in Ward 3 are appointed managing officers and who may appoint two Judges and Clerks to aid them in holding such election and make returns thereof to the City Council in open session on the day following such election. This March 23rd, 1910.

JASPER N. HANEY, Mayor, Canyon City

"Owed" to the Old Maids' Convention.

While down the vale of the years long gone, Through the bright future that fast rolls on; Down through the paths which God hath wrought; Carved—so our futures may ne'er come to naught; We find the one "creature" which sets us alert, 'Tis the smile and the wink of the professional flirt. Like the breeze and the bird he seems fickle and free, His heart seems as restless as the deep blue sea; 'T would seem as hard to conquer as a Panhandle breeze Or a cranky old auto with its wonderful wheeze; Yet compared with the ladies of "conventional" fame, His well pleasing manners demand a just name. The old maids in convention did recently meet, And a "Professional" came forth with the price of a seat; To be charmed for the moment by Miss Rachel Sharpe, Whose speech had the ring of a broken-down harp; And Miss Mat Spriggins whose beauty and grace Were greatly enhanced by the looks of her face. And others there were who sought for the man, Who would lead them forward to the much desired ban, Which would make of the twain a "oneness" for life, And convert the old maid to a dutiful wife. They would each gladly hail the chance to be wed Before they should pass to the land of the dead. Talk about flirts! Why nothing could hurt Those "heartless" old maids, so greatly alert To that sole idea,—that only one chance, That single word "man" made them proudly dance. And their eyes brightly sparkle with gladness and glee. To think of the words, "If he'll only have me." They 'put on the show' with gladness and vim, Constantly made eyes at the wonderful "him." But after the show those maidens so coy Avoided the glances of the dutiful

boy, Who in the great show with words that seemed curt, They termed so inaptly, the "Professional Flirt."

The "elegible" of Canyon may be "hopeless" or "young," May be "cornered," "waiting" or "stung;" Called "active," "popular," "irregular" or "old," "Out of the market" or "previously sold," But the glances of these or the professional flirt Can't compare with these maidens' in the depth of their hurt. "PROFESSIONAL FLIRT"

J. W. Looney of Plains, Texas, is visiting old time friends in Canyon.

W. E. Coffee of Ft. Worth was a business caller in Canyon, Thursday.

We have a few country cured hams and bacon on hand. Dawson Bros. 52-1f

The Ladies Book Club Library will be open from 4 p. m. until 6 p. m. on and after this date.

Miss Mattie Young of Mineral Wells, Texas, is visiting at the home of J. R. Callum and wife.

Mrs. R. W. O'Keef of Plainview, Texas who has been visiting old time friends returned home Wednesday.

John Logue, M. Thompson and Miss Laura Black of Washburn, Texas, were sojourners in Canyon, Wednesday.

Robt Howard of New York was a business caller in Canyon, Thursday, Mr. Howard is an extra addition promoter.

C. R. McAfee left last Wednesday on the evening train for Belleville, Ill., to be gone a few days on a business trip.

We will have some nice fresh tomatoes today, pineapples and strawberries next week. Dawson Bros. 52-1f

Miss Ethel Park, the jolly "hello sister" and whose melodious voice is familiar to all boys, (was silent Thursday) on sick list.

May O'Keef of Plainview, who has been visiting Mamie Connor the past week and who formerly resided in Canyon returned to her home Wednesday.

The ladies of the Christian Church invite the public to come and see the Spinners' Return which will be given Friday night, April 1st, 1910, at the Canyon Opera House.

Easter service and high mass will be celebrated by Father Weigand at the Umbarger Church Sunday, the 27th. All members are invited to attend. Canyon and Hereford members especially invited.

We are headquarters for good things to eat. Phone us when you want good corn-fed beef, pork, all kinds of sausage, cured meats, pickled meats, fish, oysters and all kinds of vegetables obtainable. Dawson Bros. 52ft

J. C. Cruikshank of Plains, Texas, made the News office a pleasant call Wednesday, he is visiting friends and expects to be here a week. He stated that the prospects were good for a good grain crop this year, grass was growing fine, the outlook the best it has been for a long time.

A. R. Souder of Cress, Texas, made the News office a call Wednesday, he reports that crops in his locality is looking fine, prospects are good for a large crop, some late sowing of oats are being done, the grass coming up and looking fine which is a sure fact that the rains are helping things.

H. J. Ringler of Chicago, Ill., arrived in Canyon, Thursday and expects to spend some time in and near Canyon, he also expects to make some extended improvements on his ranch close in, of which we will mention more fully later on. The News is glad to form Mr. Ringler's acquaintance.

Mercury

On Monday evening March 21 at the home of her parents occurred the death of Miss Gertrude Carter the oldest daughter of Joseph Carter and wife, who with his family moved to Canyon a few weeks ago from Kansas City, Mo., on account of Gertrude's health they left Missouri, thinking that perhaps the change would be beneficial, but she did not improve as expected and gradually grew weaker until the angel of death took her home.

Gertrude Carter was born July 22nd, 1887, at Independence Mo., and passed this life March 21st at 1910 at Canyon City, Texas. She accepted Christ as her Savior when 12 years of age, thus being in the Lord's service 10 years. She was a faithful christian worker until sickness prevented her active service, but her faith never altered.

She leaves to mourn her loss a father, mother and one sister, and three grand parents, besides a number of other relatives and numerous friends. A short service was held at the house at 3:30 p. m., Tuesday, conducted by the Rev. J. J. Hutcheson of the Christian church, at which a number of her friends were present. After which the remains were taken to the train for shipment to Kansas City, Mo., upon the arrival of the body at Kansas City it will be taken to the home of her grandmother Mrs. Sam'l Stewart after a short services which is to take place at 2 p. m., the burial to be at Independence cemetery.

The following were the pall bearers at Canyon City. Geo. Hutchins, Robt. Rowan, C. B. Harter, Ray Moreland, Guy Howard, Evert Conner.

Notice! Notice!

An stray pig weight 30 lbs., black with white face owner prove property and pay for notice. J. Jowell.

Are you frequently hoarse? Do you have that annoying tickling in your throat? Does your cough annoy you at night, and do you raise mucus in the morning? Do you want relief? If so take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and you will be pleased. Sold by City Pharmacy.

Married Thursday afternoon at the residence of C. P. Shellnut, Miss Jessie Robinson to T. E. Rusk, 'Squire W. J. Redfearn officiating, the newly married couple drove to the home of the bridegroom's parents, where they expect to stay until the last of the week when they will go to their new home near Ceta, Texas.

The Senatorial office seekers in the 29th district is waking up as spring advances, our neighboring city, Hereford has in the senatorial field two candidates, and we are informed also a disagreement. It looks to us like suicidal, for two such good men to attempt to both enter the field from the same place and from the same party. Our suggestion gentlemen is to come to an understanding.

Last week there left Canyon City a jolly crowd of twenty-five people for Ft. Worth stock show, and a more jovial never left the city, as did Thursday and we are safe in saying there never was a better behaved crowd, also a better desciplined lot of tourists. The mirth started when the train did from Canyon and became quite enjoyable as the crowd proceeded to Ft. Worth and the pace maker was not long in leading the host to a merry pace, which was kept up to to schedule all the time, until the homeward trip when the leader went one better and the multitude were having fun and of the genuine kind. It was a trip long to be remembered by all those who were present.

The Canyon National Bank
Canyon, Texas.

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NO DISTINCTION

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One hundred head cows with calves on foot.

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A Vampire
How His Old Father and Mother
Stood by Their Son Even to
Giving Up the Farm.
By F. A. MITCHEL.
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Association.

They say that doctors and clergymen see more of humanity as it is than any other class of men, but I question if the endless panorama of incidents, trifling the different phases of human life is witnessed by any class that every-day passes before bankers. Sometimes whole stories are enacted before us spread over a term of years. I am the repository of one such story that I watched from its beginning to its climax.

One afternoon a weather beaten old farmer with silky white hair scattered over his head came to my desk and, pulling out a wallet, asked for a draft on Denver for \$200 in favor of Thomas Williams. He counted out the money, and then, having nothing to do while the draft was being prepared, began to tell me the beginning of this story.

"I'm sendin' the money," he said, "to my boy out in Colorado. He went out there a year ago, takin' some money with him that I give him, but he hasn't had much luck, and it's all gone. First he got sick; then when he got well he went prospectin' and struck somethin' that looked good, but some other fellers jumped his claim, whatever that means, and took it all away from him.

"Then Tom got sick ag'in and went to a horsepit and stayed there three months. Now he's got out of the horsepit and lookin' about for somethin'. I'm sendin' this money to give him a chance. Tom's his mother's pet, and she lays awake nights worryin' about him. I'm mighty fond of the boy myself somehow. He was always a smart little chap—took lots of prizes and things at school.

"When he got old enough to work I wanted him to help me on the farm. He tried it for awhile, but I see purty quick he didn't take to it. He was too smart to be contented to follow a plow same 's his father, who didn't never get no eddication. So I says to him one day: 'Tommy, reckon you'd better go to the city and work that a-way. This don't suit you.' He was mighty well pleased at that. It almost broke ma's heart to part with him, but she knowed it was better for him and let him go.

"Tom didn't like it in town so well as he thought he would. Leastways he didn't stay long in the place he went into. They must 'a' thought a heap of him, though, for they raised his salary twice, so he wrote me. But he got into a fight with one of the head clerks and got himself discharged. He said the head clerk accused him of stealin' some money.

"Tom was alius an ambitious little chap, and after leavin' his place he concluded he'd go west and try and do somepin big for ma and me agin we got too old to work. So we scraped up \$500 and gave it to him, and he—"

At this moment a clerk laid the farmer's draft on my desk, and the first chapter of his story was finished, for he began to count over his soiled and torn bills, now and again wetting his thumb on his lip as he turned them up. Then, leaving them to me and carefully folding his draft, he put it in his wallet, crammed the wallet down into the bottom of his pocket and with a "Goodby, Mr. Cashier," left the bank.

The second chapter of the story is very short. There is hardly enough in it to make a chapter, but there is a good deal beneath the few words required to tell it. A girl of eighteen came to the bank, laid down \$24, nearly all in silver coin, and asked for a draft to cover the amount.

"To whom will you have it made payable?" I asked.

"Tom Williams," in a soft voice, almost a whisper.

I ordered the draft made out, and the girl stood waiting. Unlike the farmer, she didn't tell all I would have liked to know, so I asked:

"Is Tom Williams your brother?"

"No," she replied, looking down on the floor.

I had not liked the indications as to Tom's character as they appeared in his father's account of him, and now that money was going to him from his sweetheart I began to despise him. I handed the girl the draft and had a good opportunity to study her, for she never once looked up at me. She went out with it hugged up against her heart, as though she loved it because she had saved it for Tom.

My next visitor in behalf of Tom was his mother. She stood by my desk emptying out from a carpetbag a lot of bills and silver and copper coins. Not knowing who she was, I asked what I should do with the money, and she said, "Send it to Tom." By this time I was not likely to forget Tom and asked if she wished a draft for Thomas Williams. She said she did. I turned her funds over to a clerk to count, and he reported that they amounted to \$642.47. I ordered the draft to be made out, placed a chair before the old lady and said, with a view to my enlightenment:

"Mr. Williams pretty busy nowadays?"

"No, pa ain't busy. He's sick. I wish we had our boy here to help us. He's out in Colorado prospectin'. He says he's struck a mine or a-goin' to strike a mine or somethin' and wants some money for grub steakin' or somethin' like that. We're sendin' him all

we'll just now, but hope to send him some more later. We had some money saved up for old age, but we've been a-drawin' on it for Tom, and this is all there is left."

When she went out with her draft I found myself boiling with indignation at this worthless scamp, who was sucking the lifeblood out of his old father and mother—even his sweetheart.

There was a visit from the sweetheart after this to ask for a draft of \$18.50, which convinced me that Tom had accepted the last amount she had sent him. Then one day the old farmer came in pale and trembling, evidently just out of a sickbed, with the check of a mortgage company for \$1,000. He asked for a draft in exchange for it payable to this vampire of a son.

We bankers make it a rule to mind our own business, but I had reached a point where I could no longer refrain from warning this poor old man.

"So you have mortgaged your farm to send money to your son?" I said.

"Yes; Tom's in powerful need of money. The mine he thought was goin' to turn out so fine petered out. He says it closed up as he went down instead of openin'."

"And you lost all the money you sent him for the development?"

"Yes, we lost it," replied the old man with a tremulous voice.

"Aren't you afraid you'll lose this too?"

"I dunno. Tom's got another mine. He says he's sure o' this."

"Of course it's no business of mine, but I don't like to see you, an old man, mortgaging your farm to send money to a son who should be giving you money instead of you giving it to him. Suppose you can't pay the interest on the mortgage when it is due. You will lose your farm."

The old man stood wiping his face with a handanna handkerchief, the picture of misery.

"I know what yer mean," he said, "but ma she won't keep back anything the boy wants. She never did. I alius told her she'd spoil him."

"I'm afraid she has spoiled him. You should know that your son is not wasting your money at gambling or something like that and telling you that he's on the verge of making a fortune in a mine before risking any more money on him."

"That's what I tell ma."

At this moment the draft was laid before me, but instead of handing it to him I said:

"Hadn't you better think this over?"

He stood, his eyes fixed on vacancy, slowly swaying or tottering, and I knew there was a great contest going on in his mind. His love for his boy conquered.

"I'm bliged to you, Mr. Cashier, and mebbe you're right, but I alius believed in my Tom, and I can't go back on him now."

I handed him the draft, and he scuffled slowly out of the bank.

The old man must have borrowed all he could on his farm, considering the transaction as a sale, for he failed to pay the first interest that fell due on the mortgage. I knew this, because I saw in a newspaper a legal notice of foreclosure proceedings on his farm.

"Well," I sighed, laying down the paper, "the old man has given his home to his reprobate son; he has nothing more to give. I shall not suffer again at seeing him come into the bank to do what I can't prevent his doing."

The same day I met the young girl on the street whom I was sure was Tom's sweetheart. I stopped her and asked:

"Is Farmer Williams turned out of house and home?"

"Not yet, sir."

"But he will be?"

"I suppose so."

"Has his son sent him anything to help him?"

"No, sir. He wrote to say that he was awful sorry to see the farm go, but he could not help it."

"H'm. Do you think a son who will treat his father and mother like that would treat a wife any better?"

Tears came into her eyes. I was ashamed at giving her this useless pain. I walked on.

About a month after this a strapping young fellow with a fine, manly face came into the bank and said he wished to open an account. I assented, and he made a deposit of \$49,500.

"Will you please leave your signature in this book?" I said. He took up a pen and wrote:

"Thomas Williams."

"You Tom Williams?" I exclaimed.

"Yes. What do you know about me?"

"Son of Farmer Williams?"

"Yes."

"Sold your mine?"

"Yes; I've sold a mine in Colorado, or two-thirds of it. This money I'm leaving with you is the first cash payment; there are two others of \$50,000 each."

"Has your father's farm gone to the mortgage?"

"No; I'm in time for that. I was afraid I wouldn't be, though. Anyway, I'd have bought it back. If it hadn't been for the money father sent me I couldn't have carried the deal through. I expected the farm to go for the mine."

"And the young girl to whom we gave drafts payable to your order?"

He colored and said: "It's in with the rest, but she and I'll be one anyway. I shall transfer two-thirds of this deposit to father. I took him and mother in for thirds."

I went to see the old farmer and his wife and found them jubilant. "I told you I had confidence in my boy," the farmer said. "He was always straight."

I attended Tom Williams' wedding and blessed the bride. I couldn't help it.

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PEACE ON EARTH GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN



'Twas Not Her Easter Hat

By BELLE TRIMBLE MATSON.
[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

"Oh, mamma, you're not going to wear that hat, are you?" Mildred had tragedy in her voice.

"I am."

"What! Mother, dear," cried Dorothy, running in for glove thread, "that awful hat?"

"Exactly."

"On Easter Monday?" they chimed.

"Now, see here," said their mother, "whose hat is this?"

"Oh, it's not mine," said Mildred. "I'll not dispute ownership."

"Don't you want grandma to see your lovely new Easter hat with the flowers and the plumes?" coaxed Dorothy.

"I don't care to spoil the plumes, and it looks like rain. There's a dripping fog now."

"I think it'll clear," said Mildred hopefully as she pined on a big plummy hat of her own—gray-blue, like her eyes.

"I can't see why you girls care so much about this hat today. In the first place, it's an all right hat; in the next place, it will be howlingly stylish for grandma's metropolitan; in the third place, we shall see no one we know except grandma, whose affection is not dependent on hats; in the fourth place," she added after a silent moment spent in adjusting her veil, "I'm going to wear it, so you may as well save your splutters."

In the ferryboat they found a seat for her, but had to stand themselves.

"I can't see," murmured Mildred, "why mother will wear that beast of a hat."

"She looks precisely like the head of the biological department," responded Dorothy under cover of mournful sounds from the fog bell.

"Something's got to happen to it," returned Mildred with spirit. "But today! You can't think, Dot, how perfectly elegant he is. I think 'elegant' is a rather cheap word, but I can't think of a single other one that will describe him. Oh, yes, I can, too—thoroughbred, that's what he is."

"Well, of all elegant, thoroughbred ways to meet a girl's mother?"

"He just couldn't get away from his suit a day sooner—you know the whole party up there was for him—and he said he just couldn't wait a day longer, so at last I told him we were going away, but if I happened to see him in the station I'd present him. And now she has on that hat!"

"Humph!" said Dorothy. "You'd better spend a little time thinking what sort of an impression he'll make on the 'little mother.'"

"I've been lying awake nights over that, never fear," responded Mildred. The boat thumped up into the slip, and they joined their mother in the push to the front.

They found themselves a few minutes early, and as they stood waiting for the gate to open—a tall young man rushed by to Mildred and seized her hand enthusiastically.

"Mamma, this is Mr. Frank Shipley, Mrs. Mason's nephew, you know. I think I spoke of him after her house party."

The mind of Mildred's mother quickly reviewed all her daughter had said about this most eligible nephew of her own old friend.

"I think you did," she said as she gave him her hand. "Are you going to the country, too, for the Easter holidays?"

"I'm running down to Salem—a bit of business."

"Oh, you're taking our train, then?" "Am I? How jolly!"

The gates opened then, and he possessed himself of a wrap and an umbrella she was carrying, helped them all on, located her, found a seat for the girls and then dropped down beside Mrs. Bronson a few seats behind her daughters. And if he watched every turn of Mildred's brown head it did not prevent devoted attention to her mother. He kept up a lively chatter until the train had left Woodbury. She led him to talk of himself. She heard of his life in the west, of his college in the east, of his two years abroad, of his plans to go west again almost at once and go on with the work his father's dying hand had laid down a year before and which he felt was waiting for him. "Mrs. Bronson," he said suddenly, "I want to ask you something."

She looked at him keenly.

"I want Mildred to marry me. I

want to take her back with me. I feel as if my life was just beginning, and I want her to begin it with me. May I ask her?"

"You haven't already done it?" "She knows I care a lot," he snubbed guiltily, but he gazed honestly back into her eyes. "The house party did it. It seems a short time—a week—but when you live right in the house with a girl and see her day and night for that time it's long enough."

Mrs. Bronson sighed.

"I've been awfully afraid to ask you. It's so much to ask for, and, besides, I've been afraid of you. My aunt told me you were quite imposing—tremendously stylish, and so on. You can't think how relieved I was when I saw you. I believe," he blundered on—"I believe it's your hat. You're an awfully—an awfully homey looking person, you know."

A deeper color shone in Mrs. Bronson's face and a swift gleam lighted her youthful, clear brown eyes. She leaned forward and called softly. Mildred rose and came back to her.

"Send Dorothy here to me," said her mother, "and take your young man away. I'll have no such stalwart looking man say I look motherly to him. And he is making remarks about my hat. Maybe you can persuade him to go to Salem another day and get off at the Farms for dinner with us. But take him away, do."

The girls never knew how it happened that the Salvation Army so soon fell heir to the runaway hat, but after the wedding, as Frank and Mildred were speeding toward their new home in the west, Frank suddenly burst out, "No, sir, I don't see how I should ever have had the courage if it hadn't been for that hat!"



"SEND DOROTHY HERE TO ME," said her mother, "and take your young man away. I'll have no such stalwart looking man say I look motherly to him. And he is making remarks about my hat. Maybe you can persuade him to go to Salem another day and get off at the Farms for dinner with us. But take him away, do."

AN EASTER SONG.

By ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

Hang not today with silent tongues! Ring out, ye steeple bells, And echo from your brazen throats In glad, triumphant, tuneful notes The joy that in us dwells. Sound on this happy Easter day, And to the throngs below you say: "Rejoice, the stone is rolled away. Hope lies not in the grave!"

Drop not your petals, blossoms fair. Your spotless leaves unfold And come this blessed Easter morn God's holy altars to adorn. There show your hearts of gold. The world gave Christ the thorny crown, The nails, the spear, the curse, the frown. Come, lilies, shower your incense down In recompense today!

Song, be not silent this glad day. But lift your notes on high. Send up the sweet and fervent strain—A grateful, thankful, glad refrain. With heaven's songs to vie. Shout praises to his holy name Who from his home in glory came To bear our sorrow, sin and shame That we might live for aye!

Hearts, be not dumb, but gratitude Pour out unto our King. He gave his all that we might live. Have no offering to bring. At least our homage let us pay. And sincere thanks extend today That angels rolled the stone away—Hope lies not in the grave!

Some Foreign Easter Customs.

On Easter Russian children receive presents as our children do on Christmas. On Easter Monday people go about kissing relatives, friends and acquaintances and exchanging eggs. These are sometimes very beautiful ones of glass and porcelain and are filled with sugar plums and presents.

In Ireland children play a game called "bunching eggs." This is played with a pan filled with sand or sawdust, which is set on a table, around which the children stand, each supplied with eggs. The eggs of each player are all of one color and are unlike those of the other players. The object of the game is for each player to so place the eggs standing upright in the sand as to bring five in a row touching each other. In turn each player pulls down an egg, sometimes filling out a row for herself, at others cutting off the line of an opponent. The one who first succeeds in obtaining the desired row calls out:

"The raven, cough and crow Lie five in a row."

The Early Easter.

[And the bard's dilemma.]

When Easter dawns across the lawn, With bright effulgence flooding The plain, the slope, it brings us hope Of blossoms freshly budding.

When Easter comes, no more benumbs Our hearts the winter icy, For there's a hint of summer in't And springtime odors spy.

When Easter wakes the sleepy lakes With music's glad appealing We think no more of winter hoar And waterways compelling.

When Easter—well, 'twill do to tell, But when it comes so early How can we sing the signs of spring And still be truthful—nearly?

T. SAPP.

The Story of The Resurrection

In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: And for fear of him the keepers did shake and became as dead men.

And the angel answered and said unto the women, fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee: there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.

And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet and worshipped him.

Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me.



Real Easter Lilies



EASTER OPTIMISM

By ROBERT DONNELL.

I BELIEVE that with every Easter dawn a fuller effulgence of spiritual light illuminates the earth. Easter spells optimism. The optimist is the only naturalized citizen of the universe. He is, indeed, a universal denizen, owner of the sphere he treads and inheritor of stars.

Optimism means belief in the eternal goodness, acceptance of so called evil in the full confidence that the evolutionary processes of divine nature are working with absolute certainty toward ultimate perfection.

In my view the person who does not believe in the preponderance of the good over the evil upon this earth has no right to call himself a Christian. He does not believe in Christ, who believed in humanity and loved even those who persecuted him. He does not believe in God, for God is the immanent essence of good residing in all things.

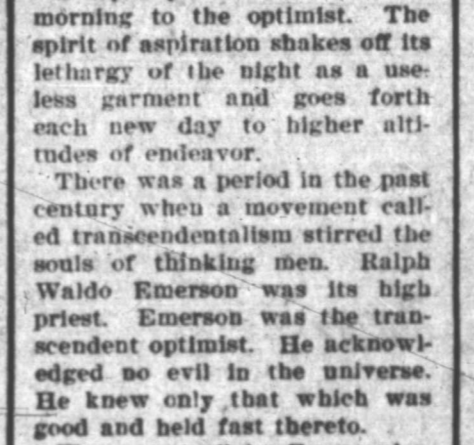
Easter is both pagan and Christian. Centuries before the Nazarene proclaimed good will to men the pagan optimists celebrated the return of spring as the awakening, the rebirth, the resurrection of life out of apparent death.

Every day's dawn is an Easter morning to the optimist. The spirit of aspiration shakes off its lethargy of the night as a useless garment and goes forth each new day to higher altitudes of endeavor.

There was a period in the past century when a movement called transcendentalism stirred the souls of thinking men. Ralph Waldo Emerson was its high priest. Emerson was the transcendent optimist. He acknowledged no evil in the universe. He knew only that which was good and held fast thereto.

We cannot all be Emersons in intellect, but we can transcend our environment. Many of us are down amid the muck and the mud, but we can look up into the light and by hitching our wagons to the stars be drawn upward into liberty. Grief bludgeons our heads, but it need not bow them. Sorrow pierces our hearts, but it need not break them. If we believe in the justice of the Infinite, these little temporal lives will become to us only as incidents in the irresistible upward leading of the eternal.

Life is the supreme fact. Easter exemplifies the triumph of life. Let us believe only in life, refusing to be dominated by the unsubstantial wraith called death, refusing to be diverted thereby from "the upward looking and the light." Then will Easter be to us the most significant, the most inspiring, the most uplifting of all the days that dawn.



Call Me Early.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear. For tomorrow will be Easter—let us hope it may be clear—And you know how long it takes me when I want to look my best Ere I finish my complexion and get completely dressed. There are many jealous women who will stare when I appear. So, if you're waking, call me—call me early, mother dear.

My hat cost fourteen dollars, marked from twenty, as you know. It had been a little damaged. They will never guess it, though. They will think I paid the twenty, not a single penny less. And their eyes will do some bulging when they see me come, I guess. The weather man has promised that it shall be warm and clear. Therefore, if you're waking, call me—call me early, mother dear.

And my gown and wrap! Oh, mother, they're the best I've ever had! If the day is only decent I will be supremely glad. I'll insist on being seated near the pulpit, and I'll smile. In a sweet, angelic manner as I travel down the aisle. Get the cook's alarm clock from her. Set it and then keep it near. And be sure to call me early—call me early, mother dear.

The Old Story. I know not why it is, but every year The story seems more wondrous strange And new.

I bend above my lily buds to hear Them whisper softly what I know 't is.

That winter's past; That spring comes fast; That life and joy are here at last!

Mrs. Johnson's Easter Opening

By KATHLEEN DOUGLAS.
[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

THERE! Everything's ready at last. Land o' Goshen, these Easter openin's almost take my life! I'd as tired as a dog. Here comes ole Miss Williams. She'll nose everything over, like as not, and then not buy anything—ole fool!

"How do, Miss Williams? Anything in particular I can show you today? Just want to look around a little? Do! Here's one of the latest models—the festive matron—very chic, ain't it? Would you like to try it on? Too big, do you think? Well, you know most of the hats this year are like automobile tires.

"Walk right in, Miss Simpson. Tired? Set right down on that lop. Here, Johnny, take this stool, and Lotty can hev this hammock (hope she won't get everything stuck up with that candy). Johnny came near bein' drowned last month—took an hour to rusticate him? Land sakes alive! Well, I've always said children was aartin care, but an unartin blessin'. You want somethin' plain and dark? How do you like this? No; that ain't a cat with a fuchsia in its mouth; it's an owl with a rosebud.

"Good afternoon, Miss Goodrich. Yes, a beautiful day. How well you're lookin'! My, but you're renewed your age this spring! There's nothin' like workin' in the garden. Sally Tucker married! You don't say! Well, I am surprised. She was an awful hand for the boys, but I tell you when a gal sets on two stools she usually ends by settin' on the floor. Who'd she marry? That artist feller? Land, he didn't know enough to come in when it rained, but he did paint a beautiful "VERY CHICK, AIN'T IT?"

never did care much for hens, they're such awful fools, and you know the Bible says we mustn't have nothin' to do with fools. I never thought he'd marry, neither; he was so awful in love with himself it must 'a' seemed most like perpetratin' bigamy. Well, a man doesn't come off fool's hill till he's twenty-five or so, and then sometimes he has to be knocked off. Did you know that Ebenezer Cook had married again? They say he and his wife used to quarrel somethin' terrible. One day he riz up and said, "We'll divide the house." "All right," says she; "we will. You can hev the outside, and I'll take the inside."

"That hat looks awful handsome on you, Miss Allen. I thought of you when I saw the model in New York. Ain't that rooster's tail beautiful? So lifelike! And the cherries at the back is fairly temptin'. You want to wear it home? Certainly. Charge it? Oh, very well! Goodby.

"My, I'd hate to be married to her husband. He's so stingy he'd speak in a whisper if it would save his voice. But religious! They say whenever an evangelist comes to town ole Allen wears out the knees of his pants gettin' religion; but, puckerwoolie, I guess he wears out the seats of 'em backslidin' before the year's out. He come in here one night and set down and begun groanin' like. You know he wears his hair way down on to his shoulders. What's his idee in havin' it long that way, I wonder? Perhaps he thinks what'll keep the cold out will keep the heat in, but if I was his wife I'd take a pair of shears and cut it all off some night. Well, he kept on moanin', and, sez I, 'What's the matter?' 'I don't know,' sez he, 'leanin' his head on his two hands. I feel awful bad. Sometimes I think it's religion, sez he. 'Ain't that rooster's tail beautiful?' and sometimes 'VERY CHICK, AIN'T IT?' I think it's worms." Better take a big dose of thoroughwort when you get home, sez I, and find out. I ain't got no patience with a man like that. He's the kind Amandy Tompkins says hain't got no redempcin' rice. Goin', Miss Williams? Looks a little like rain, but it's clear overhead. What say? You ain't goin' that way? He-he! Goodby, My, but she's awful funny! Did you ever hear how she come over the border from Canerdy with an alarm clock tied up in her bustle? Just as the custom house officer come along the alarm went off to beat the band.



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At Our Churches

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Sabbath school at 9:45 a. m.
G. G. Foster, Superintendent.
Preaching by the pastor at 11 a. m.
Pastor, Rev. Hawkins
Epworth League, 6:30 p. m.
Evening services at 7:30.
Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening at 7:30

All are invited to these services.

PRESBYTERIAN
Sunday services
9:30 a. m. Sunday school
11:00 a. m. Public worship.
Rev. J. S. Groves, pastor
6:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m. Evening services
7:30 p. m. Wednesday evening, Bible study and prayer meeting.
You are cordially invited to any and all of these services.

BAPTIST
Sunday services,
9:30 a. m. Sabbath School
J. C. Hunt, supt.
11:00 a. m. Preaching
J. M. Harder, Pastor
6:30 p. m., B. Y. P. U.
Montie Ross, Pres.
7:30 p. m. Preaching, by pastor J. M. Harder.
7:30 p. m. Wednesday evening Prayer meeting.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH
Sunday services
10:00 a. m. Bible school
11:00 a. m. Public worship.
J. J. Hutchison, Pastor
6:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m. Public worship
7:40 p. m. Wednesday prayer meeting.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.
Services are held at the Christian Science reading room (one block south of square) every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. and Wednesday at 8 o'clock. Everybody welcome at these services. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 10:15. The pastor of this church is the Bible and Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures.

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Medicines that aid nature are always most successful. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy acts on this plan. It loosens the cough, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Sold by City Pharmacy.

Notice.
Notice is hereby given that the First National Bank of Canyon, Texas, has bought all the property of the Canyon Ice & Light Co., at Receiver's sale; and all of the original stock holders of the Canyon City Ice & Light Company, who desire to do so, will be given an opportunity to take stock in corporation to be formed for taking over the property at the actual cost to the Bank.

To School Trustees.
I find that a few of the trustees have been imposed upon by buying school supplies from traveling agents, paying about three times what supplies are worth. If the trustees will come to my office, I will order such supplies for you direct from wholesale dealers, or you can do so. It does not make a cent of money to me nor am I representing any house, but I object to our trustees being grafted or the children's money wasted.
A. N. HENSON
Thank you for telling me how good that Perfection Toilet cream is at the City Pharmacy. 50ct

"ELEKTRA" IN AMERICA.

Straus' Musical Orgy Creates a Sensation in New York.
All New York is talking of Straus' great musical drama "Elektra." It having been played there recently for the first time in America and created as much of a sensation as it did abroad. Mrs. Mazarin played the part of the heroine.



MRS. MAZARIN AS ELEKTRA.
heroine, giving a wonderful and superb performance that has won high praise from the critics.
The opera is of one act only and lasts but an hour and forty minutes. The orchestra effects are marvelous. Tones of terror, wild shrieks, fantastic wails and terrific crashes of sound in which every instrument takes violent part are only a few of the amazing instrumental effects in this most amazing of all operas.

THE JORN CASE.

Famous Tenor, Like Ruskin, Sacrifices Much to Make Wife Happy.
Ruskin's unselfish love furnished the world a story that will never be forgotten, and a similar case has just become known. Learning that his wife loved another, Karl Jorn, the famous grand opera singer, rather than



prevent her from marrying the man of her choice, has agreed to arrange a divorce and give her \$25,000 and \$1,000 a year until she marries again. Mr. Jorn declares this act is due solely to his desire to see his wife, whom he still loves and who, he says, is one of the best women on earth, happy.
The famous tenor has devoted all his time of late years to the study of music. When he came to America he left his wife abroad, and she fell in love with another. It was to the famous painter Millais that Ruskin surrendered his wife when he discovered that they loved each other.

REBUILDING MESSINA.

Many Buildings Erected by Money Raised in America.
All the world was horrified by the great earthquake disaster in Italy awhile ago, and much sympathy was felt for the victims, public subscriptions being raised to aid them in every civilized country in the universe. Americans have been especially generous in this respect, and large sums were subscribed.
The illustration shows the result of one of the plans of this country to help the sufferers in Messina. Houses were made in the United States that could be shipped in sections and easily set up on their arrival, and the structures are being much appreciated by the natives.
AMERICAN BUILT HOMES ERECTED IN MESSINA.

BUSINESS LOCALS

NOTICE.—No camping, hunting or fishing allowed on the following sections on the Terra Blanco and Palo Duro creeks: Sections No. 11, blk. K, 14, Deaf Smith county; 108, 117, 140 and 141, blk. K, 14; Nos. 11, 12, 13, 20, 21, 23, blk. 1, all in Randall county, Texas. Any parties found trespassing will be prosecuted. Signed, John Hutson, owner and agent, Canyon City, Texas. 124c

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NOTICE.—Having purchased the steam plow outfit that was formerly owned by J. A. Moony, I am prepared to do all kinds of breaking. Those wishing work done write me at either Canyon or Umbarger, Texas. H. G. Breckenridge. ft

WANTED.—To rent for cultivation a section of sod land near Canyon. Write or call on J. B. Gamble.

FOR SALE.—Some good heavy horses. Inquire of Judd Johnson, 12 miles Southwest of Canyon and 7 miles northwest of Happy.

FOR SALE.—Seventeen tracts, 2 acres to 75 acres, within 1 mile of new Normal School and 2 miles of Randall Co. Court House; smooth upland and Tierra Blanca Creek valley; about 45 acres in 3 year old alfalfa. For prices and terms address R. H. Sanford, Canyon, Texas. 47ct

WANTED.—Two hundred hens. Will pay the highest market price. W. E. Thompson.

FOR RENT.—A section of good improved land near Canyon. Inquire of T. D. Coffey.

FOR RENT.—A fine section of land, tributary to Canyon City, good set of buildings all complete, 600 acres in cultivation. Inquire of Keiser Bros. & Fellips.

For Sale or trade a well bred 'Jack' inquire of W. E. Bates.

For Sale at a bargain a twenty horse Reeves steam engine and gang plows will take part payment in good mares or mules. W. E. Bates.

FOR SALE.—Good second hand furniture of all kinds and we have cook stoves at a bargain. Call and inspect goods whether you purchase or not. P. V. Weinsted, 2nd hand store man.

FOR SALE.—10,000 bundles of Kafir corn at 2c, 3c and 5c. J. H. Morehead, 9 miles Northwest of Happy. 52-3p

I have a few milk cows for sale, 9 miles south of Canyon. J. M. Craig Ralph, Texas. 52-4t

FOR SALE.—Genuine true dwarf Matzein heads for sale. J. M. Rupp, 7 miles west and 1 mile south of Happy. 52-5t

If you want to spend a pleasant hour come out to the picture show, only 10c.

If you are wanting choice residence lots near the Normal, call on Peeler Real Estate Co.

Garden Seeds! Garden Seeds!!

Fresh seeds of all kinds will be found at the Racket Store.

Are you frequently hoarse? Do you have that annoying tickling in your throat? Does your cough annoy you, at night, and do you raise mucus in the morning? Do you want relief? If so take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and you will be pleased. Sold by City Pharmacy.

Fully nine out of every ten cases of rheumatism is simply rheumatism of the muscles due to cold or damp, or chronic rheumatism, neither of which require any internal treatment. All that is needed to afford relief is the free application of Chamberlain's Liniment. Give it a trial. You are certain to be pleased with the quick relief which it affords. Sold by City Pharmacy.

Canyon Coal & Elevator offer for sale some choice seed wheat, barley and Spelts.

For Sale—10 good Mares and 10 mules; 7 mules two years old, 2 mules four years old, also some other stuff, will give terms of part, Robt. Foster.

19 YEARS
A Resident of Canyon City and Randall County, Texas.
Real Estate, Loans and Life Insurance. Choice residence property in southwest part of town, close to Public school and all the churches. A few five to eight acre blocks (1-2 mile south of town) extends into valley for alfalfa. Also 320 acres two miles south of town, cut in tracts to suit purchaser, prices and terms reasonable.
Non-resident interest attended to, pay taxes and collect rentals. Good farms for rent or sale in different parts of the county. Make your wants known. Come around and let us talk it over fully.
JOHN KNIGHT

Canyon Coal & Elevator
INCORPORATED. **Company** W. H. HICKS, Mgr.
Successors to Canyon Coal Company
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Coal, Grain, Hay, Field Seeds
We Sell the Best Quality at Lowest Prices.
Genuine "Nigger Head" Maitland
COAL
We pay the highest price for Grain and Hay.
Strictly a Home Concern.
Office at the Elevator. Telephone 72.

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are prepared to do all kinds of
Plumbing and
Steam and Water Heating
All work Guaranteed. Licensed
Plumber in charge of all works.
Every one desiring work done
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ABSOLUTELY NEW--ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT
THEREFORE CURES WHERE OTHERS FAIL
Ware's Black Powder and Ware's Baby Powder are tasteless and perfectly harmless antiseptics that kill the little germs in the Stomach and Bowels which cause Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulence, Sick Headaches, Dysentery, Cholera-Morbus, Intestinal Indigestion, Catarrh of the Stomach and Bowels, and Diarrhoea—thereby removing the cause and relieving the trouble.
Ware's Baby Powder is for children, and if your baby is suffering from bad bowels, irritation from teething and condition that we call summer complaint, stomach all upset, food undigested, use Ware's Baby Powder. It cures the little ones.
For Sale by **CITY PHARMACY**

Subscribe for the "Newsy" News.

Our Best Agricultural Authorities

are now unanimous in advocating the marketing of "finished products" from the farm, in the shape of live-stock which has been fed on the harvests of the land, and which policy is one of continual conservation, giving back to the soil much of that which was taken away. The large stock-feeder can go on the market and purchase stock for the feed-lot (paying a profit to the stock-raiser), and also buy grain for the fattening and finishing for market, (paying a profit to the producer), and still have a margin on his own investment. The Panhandle is an ideal location in which the farmer can reap both the profits above mentioned.

Tests conducted at our State Experiment Station conclusively show that the feeding value of kaffir corn and milo maize is equal to that of Indian corn, heretofore conceded first place as a stock-finishing food. Our own experience, together with that of our resident farmers and stock-raisers, has convinced us that as an all-round stock food, as a growth-maker and fat-producer, kaffir corn and milo maize are

SUPERIOR to Indian corn. Profitable stock feeding can be conducted here AT ANY SEASON OF THE YEAR. Our winters are mild and full of sunshine and food is utilized for healthy growth of flesh. Our summers are cool and pleasant and there is no wasted energy in fighting flies and mosquitoes. Our water is pure, sparkling and obtained in inexhaustible quantities. Our soil is deep and rich, a factory generously equipped by Nature for the production of feed-stuffs, and our climate is unsurpassed in healthfulness for both man and beast, with a rain-fall sufficient to ensure bountiful harvests. The time is not far distant when Panhandle lands will be reckoned of equal value with the lands of the corn-belt, and the man who buys at present prices is making an investment which is certain to increase many-fold.

The full joy of living is realized to the utmost in our beautiful Panhandle Country and we challenge the wide-world to "show us" a better.



Keiser Brothers & Phillips

Buy and Sell Panhandle Lands.

Canyon City, Texas.

Keota, Iowa.

Redkey, Indiana.

Wayside and City.

An earnest and most excellent sermon was delivered at Beula Sunday morning. He also preached Sunday night to a good crowd. Bro. Coleman preached at Fairview Saturday night.

There will be services at Beula on the fourth Sunday by the Holiness people. An Easter program will be given that night conducted by Mrs. Gace McCreary.

W. I. Lane wife and little daughter visited the home of W. J. Sluder Tuesday night. They left Thursday morning with I. A. Sluder for Canyon City where they will visit Mrs. I. C. Jenkins.

Chas. Butler and Fannie Sluder were Canyon callers Wednesday. Miss Sluder spent the night with Misses Mabel and Gladys Rogers and reports a most enjoyable time.

Ira Painton returned from his Oklahoma trip Saturday.

W. H. Hamble and family spent Sunday with Mr. Painton.

Little Dora Hamble has the croup and Willie James is threatened with pneumonia this week. Mrs. Laura Richards was not able to attend church Sunday.

A rain fell Tuesday night which did good.

J. T. and W. C. McGehee were Happy callers Saturday.

Mrs. Susie McGehee and children visited her parents Sunday.

Gertie Hill visited Mrs. Arra and Ola Mayo Sunday. Mrs. Hill took dinner with Mrs. Minnie Wilson.

TEDDIE

Happy Happenings.

Mr. Usilding returned to Happy last week with his family and

will make this his home.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicely of Ralph were shopping in Happy last week.

W. W. Stevenson and wife returned Tuesday after a ten day visit to relatives and friends in Hillsboro, Texas.

Burette Burrows of Canyon spent last week in Happy.

W. D. McGehee of Ceta was here on business Saturday.

Wilmer Birens of Tulia was here last week.

Miss Montgomery of Canyon City is visiting her brother, A. W. Montgomery.

Mrs. Otis Malcolm is on the sick list this week.

BORN:—To Dr. and Mrs. D. O. Jeter, on the 22nd, a boy.

Happy received two good showers last week and farm work is going on rapidly. Wheat is reported in fine condition.

W. D. Thompson and brother who have been registered at the Happy Hotel for several weeks, left Tuesday for Canyon from which place they will soon return to their home in Iowa.

RETRAC

South-west Neighborly Notes

Well, it looks as though spring is here again as the grass is beginning to look green, which we have not seen for sometime. Everybody seems to be enjoying such pretty weather and were glad to see the nice shower of rain which fell last week.

Mrs. Saltzman and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Edd Corwell.

Mr. A. Burt and family, Miss Ida Harris, Miss Dollie Coleman and Willie Saltzman, spent Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. James Leavitt.

Mr. H. Poutz was a Canyon caller Thursday.

Mrs. Clyde McElroy spent a few days with relatives and friends in Canyon last week.

A very pleasant party dance was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Burtz, Friday night. Everybody enjoyed a very nice time. A very nice supper was served.

Willie Saltzman was a business caller in Canyon, Wednesday.

Fred Saltzman is able to be out again after suffering for a week with the measles.

Mrs. James Leavitt did shopping in Canyon, Wednesday.

Joe Deckman returned to Kansas City last week after a brief visit with his sister, Mrs. Saltzman.

A NEIGHBOR.

News from Umdarger.

Howard Justice left Saturday for Kansas City. Dan Beatie also left Saturday to spend some time on his claim in New Mexico.

T. B. Slaughter and son, C. C., were Umbarger visitors Tuesday.

Mr. Miller and family of Plainview arrived here Tuesday and will make their future home here.

Mrs. G. Conrad spent Wednesday shopping in Canyon.

Rev. Wiegand who is spending the week in Dallas, will return Saturday and will conduct Easter services in the Catholic Church Sunday.

L. M. Williams and George Conrad spent Tuesday in Canyon.

Mrs. J. Eindley and little son, Charlie, were Amarillo visitors Thursday.

J. C. Greenfield and wife visit-

ed Canyon Saturday.

Other Canyon callers this week were Joe and A. Beckman, Gus Wansley, C. Emge and son Valtin and Leo Stoker.

The Catholic church in South Umbarger is being painted white which adds greatly to its attractiveness.

Will Cage spent the first of the week in Happy.

J. Hutson is out looking after his ranches. He is accompanied by Mrs. Hutson.

The first rattlesnake of the season was killed Tuesday by A. Beckman on his farm. The snake had five rattles.

Remember the following program will be given at the Umbarger school house, Monday evening, March 28th.

Music—Violin and Organ
Song—Texas Land
Sunbonnet and Overal Drill
Song—Getting Ready for a Mother-in-law By Little Miss Ruth Burnham.

Play—Freezing a Mother-in-law. Time 45 minutes.

Music
Address—Judge A. N. Henson Under Six Flags or Reproduction of Front Face of Alamo.
Song—Texas Dixie
Turkey Hunt

Music
Flag Drill
Music
Play—Fudge and Burglar (Time 15 minutes)

Presentation of Medals
Music
Pantomime—Nearer My God to Thee
Music
Sale of Boxes

Social Time

Everybody is invited. The weather will be fair, the moon will shine, the program will be interesting, the lunches will be delicious and a most pleasant social time will be enjoyed.

Pleasantview.

The pleasant weather we have been having of late is enjoyed by all. A number of the neighborhood is affected with a malady that is a distant relation to the la grippe and seems to be going the rounds as the scribe's family are all more or less effected and seem to be taken the same at once.

Sod breaking is a thing of the past. All in this locality have finished.

It is reported that Mr. Stoddard, who was moved to the hospital in Kansas City some days ago is slowly improving which is good news to his friends here.

Frank Johnson, who lives south of here and who came from Iowa, has sold or exchanged his fine section of land to another Iowan who expects to move here soon. Frank is going North in a few weeks.

Peach trees are in full bloom and the sight is beautiful. Looks like a very promising peach crop this year.

Building boom is in progress, another new house has been built within a few days, east of us. Let the good work go on.

The grass in the fields and pastures is coming up and will soon make fine pasture for the stock.

Ed Smithson now of Claud but formerly of this neighborhood, has exposed his family to the measles and he himself has an attack of rheumatism.

In your last week's issue you made a typographical error. You said Rev. Vanger for Rev. Younger.

Cafe for Sale.

For sale or exchange, the Canyon Cafe. Inquire of Geo. Ditto.

Some benefit to the wheat and oat crops.

J. A. Currie received the sad news of the death of his only sister, Mrs. Emma Summers, at Dallas Tuesday.

A. N. Henson of Canyon visited our school this week.

W. L. McReynolds of Lakeview was in our midst this week.

R. A. Dobbs and wife of Canyon visited J. A. Currie this week.

W. B. Walters made a business trip to Amarillo.

I. H. Holloboough and wife Sundayed with H. B. Wesley.

Mrs. J. A. Currie and daughter, Mrs. O. M. Dalton visited Ceta Monday.

Horace Games of Gause is visiting his uncle, J. T. Wesley.

Donal Buckner spent Monday night with Frank Walters.

TASSIE.

A Hen Party

Madams I. N. Hicks and J. A. Tate who were hostess to a party of married ladies at the Canyon City Club grounds Thursday, including the following named madams, Miller, Maloney, Moreland, Griffin, Winkleman, Keiser, Ecker, Christman and McBride, a beautiful dinner was served and a most delightful day was spent, the party stayed until supper and were taken home in automobiles.

Seed for Sale.

Milo Maize and Kaffir corn in one hundred pound lots. Chamberlin & Co., Clarendon, Texas.