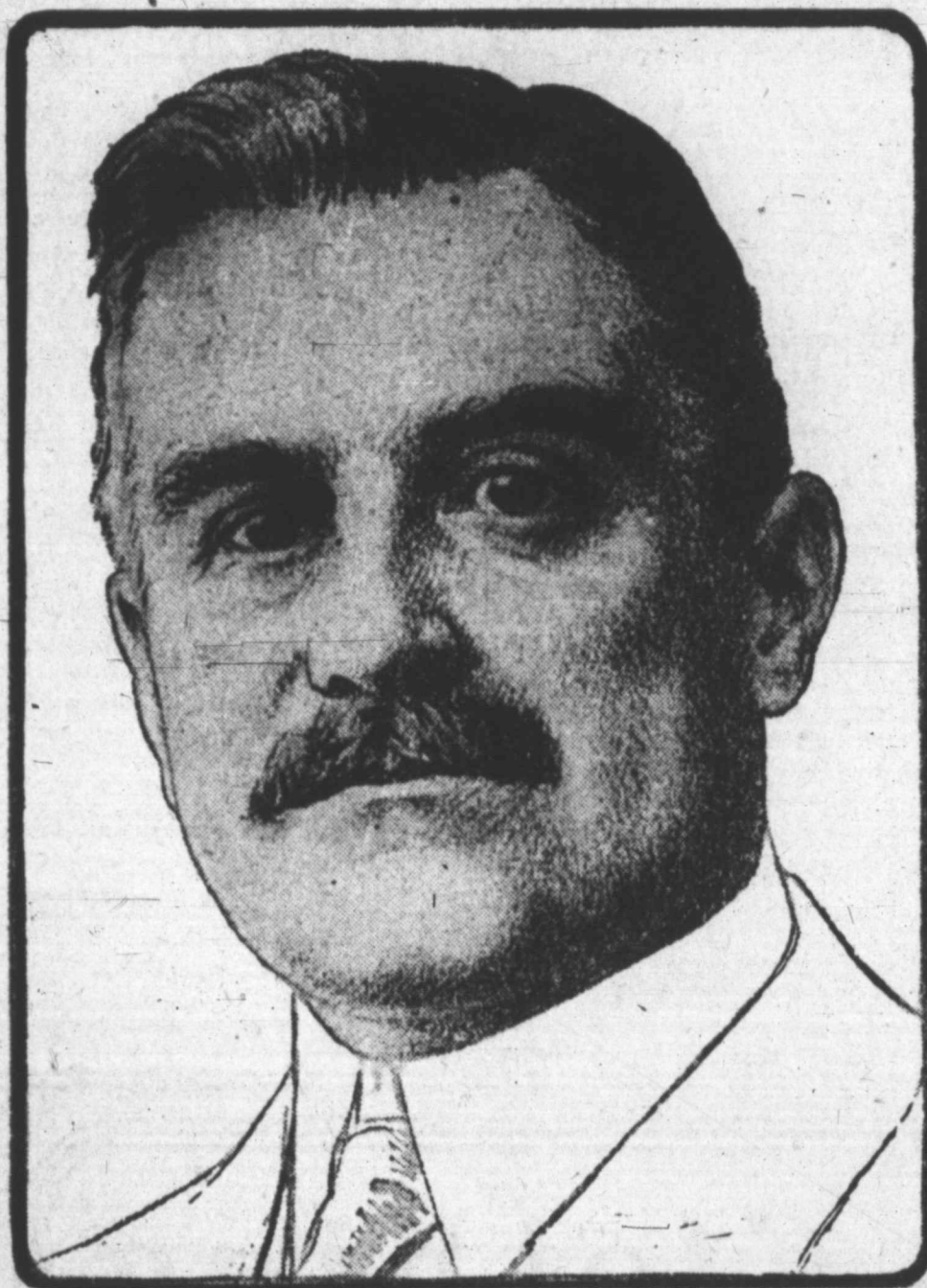


OFFICIAL SCHEDULE TEXAS AND OKLAHOMA LEAGUE

CLUBS	AT TEKARKANA	AT BONHAM	AT ARDMORE	AT HUGO	AT SHERMAN	AT DURANT	AT DENISON	AT PARIS
TEKARKANA.	All	April 14 15 16 May 22 27 28 July 6 7 8	April 20 21 22 June 1 2 3 July 13 14	May 11 12 13 June 23 24 25 Aug. 2 3 4	April 17 18 19 May 29 30 31 July 9 10 11	May 14 15 16 June 25 26 27 Aug. 5 6 7	April 23 24 25 June 4 5 6 July 15 16 17	May 8 9 10 June 19 20 21 July 30 31 Aug. 1
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HUGO.....	May 20 21 22 July 1 2 3 Aug. 11 12 13	May 14 15 16 June 25 26 27 Aug. 5 6 7	April 23 24 25 June 4 5 6 July 15 16 17	Sporting	April 25 26 27 June 7 8 9 July 18 19 20	April 20 21 22 May 31 30 31 July 13 14 15	April 17 18 19 June 28 29 30 Aug. 8 9 10	May 23 24 25 June 4 5 6 July 14 15 16
SHERMAN.....	April 29 30 May 1 June 10 11 12 July 21 22 23	April 20 21 22 June 1 2 3 July 12 13 14	May 30 31 22 July 1 2 3 Aug. 11 12 13	May 2 3 4 June 13 14 15 July 24 25 26	News	April 14 15 16 May 25 26 27 July 6 7 8	May 17 18 19 June 28 29 30 Aug. 8 9 10	May 14 15 16 June 25 26 27 Aug. 5 6 7
DURANT.....	May 6 7 July 16 17 18 July 27 28 29	April 23 24 25 June 4 5 6 July 15 16 17	April 29 30 May 1 June 10 11 12 July 21 22 23	May 17 18 19 June 28 29 30 Aug. 8 9 10	May 11 12 13 June 22 23 24 Aug. 2 3 4	Printed	May 23 24 25 July 4 5 6 Aug. 14 15 16	May 2 3 4 June 13 14 15 July 24 25 26
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PARIS.....	May 17 18 19 June 28 29 30 Aug. 8 9 10	May 11 12 13 June 22 23 24 Aug. 2 3 4	April 27 28 29 June 7 8 9 July 18 19 20	April 29 30 May 1 June 10 11 12 July 21 22 23	April 23 24 25 June 4 5 6 July 15 16 17	May 20 21 22 July 1 2 3 Aug. 11 12 13	April 20 21 22 June 1 2 3 July 12 13 14	Columns

TOM LYNCH IS HAPPY AND CONTENTED



Former President Lynch of National League.

(By FRANK G. MENKE.)
In New Britain, Conn., far removed from the turmoil and strife of baseball, there's a man with a dark mustache, with soft brown eyes and hair that is graying at the ends, who smiles all day the smile that one smiles when one is happy and contented and at peace with all the world. The man who smiles is Tom Lynch, once prexy of the National League, now proprietor of a prosperous theater in the little Connecticut town.

Tom, as many will recall, was booted out of the National league last December, after serving it for four years, because the pugnacious moguls decided they wanted "an able man to ably handle the affairs of the league."

It hurt Tom's pride a bit when he was shoved out into the cold, cruel world with nothing to warm him but his feeling of indignation toward his former bosses, but Tom hasn't minded the cold much lately. In fact, he's quite glad now that he was shoved, and thereby saved the hours of agony that Gov. John K. Tener, his successor, has endured during the past four months.

"What do you think of the present state of affairs in the National league?" Lynch was asked.

"I have no opinion to express," was the reply. "I am out of the league, and I feel, therefore, that I have no right to express my sentiments concerning what has happened since I was supplanted by Governor Tener."

"The ousting of Murphy was a good thing for the league and for baseball in general, wasn't it?"

"You'll have to excuse me," returned Lynch. "I have no statement to make. My attitude toward the National league was expressed to the magnates on the day that I was let out and Governor Tener selected in my place. At that time I told the magnates that I hoped they would conduct themselves with as much dignity as they expected from this new lead-

er. And I also told them that I hoped they would be a help, not a hindrance, to him.

"In closing, I said that I wished the National league every success. I meant it then and I still mean it. I was in the service of the National league for many years. I owe much to the National league. That they should depose me as president and put someone else in my place is their right. Why should I feel hard toward them because they exercised that right?"

"I was in baseball nearly all my life and baseball became part of my life. To be out of it is a bit hard, but I am happier now than I was for the past few years. I have no trouble or worries. I am my own boss. I do not have to take dictation from anyone, nor do I have to hear the brunt of criticism."

The National league magnates have come to the conclusion that the \$25,000 annual salary they agreed to pay Governor Tener has been a wise investment. Tener is signed up for four years, but will not draw any salary for 1914, as he will be on the payroll of the state of Pennsylvania until the end of the year.

Serving the first year without pay and getting \$25,000 for each of the three following years means that the Tener's yearly salary for four years will average only \$18,750. And the magnates feel right now that Tener's little stunt of placing the skids under Mr. Murphy and then shoving Mr. Murphy into the discard is well worth the total money they will pay Tener for the four years of his service.

Try Out Fred Tyler.
Manager Stallings will try out Fred Tyler, a catcher. He is a brother of "Lefty" Tyler, the Braves' southpaw hurler. Should he make good, Boston will have the only battery in the league with two brothers composing it.

NOTES of the DIAMOND

Fitcher Monroe, secured from Chicago, has signed with Lincoln.

Connie Mack says the Naps will be in the pennant race this season.

The Montreal club has purchased infielder Keller from the Tacoma, Wash., club.

HARD TO CINCH JOBS

BUSHERS HAVE TROUBLE TRYING TO LAND IN MINORS.

Ogden Player Tosses Away Glove in Disgust After His Debut—Texan Got Two Home Runs and Then Fanned 7 Times.

Recruits trying to burst into the major leagues have fairly hard times in their tryouts. But they can't compare with the initiation of a busher trying to get a job for the first time with a minor league club.

This one was told at Salt Lake City of a youngster who had an idea he would like to play with the Ogden team. His name was Lathers and his only experience prior to his tryout was with sandlot teams at Salem, Ore. The Ogden manager told him to play left field during one of the spring games and Lathers took his place.

Somebody knocked a high easy fly which Lathers got in his hands, but let drop to the ground. Two scores came in. A couple of innings later he muffed a liner in murderous fashion and the climax came in the eighth when a tall-fly bounced off his head and lost the game for Ogden.

All this time he had been panned to the limit by the fans and he was getting so nervous he could scarcely walk without tripping. It was his turn to bat in the final round and he whiffed miserably. A gang of men and boys followed him from the park, jeering and laughing. Finally, in desperation, Lathers turned on them and said:

"If any of youse guys want to play left field there's my glove," and he threw a \$2.50 mitt in the road. He was never heard of again in the Utah regions.

Another case was noted at San Antonio last spring while the second team of the White Sox was playing a series of exhibition games there. The Athletics had been training there and the enthusiasm of the Broncho adherents had been stirred up because of the numerous victories of their team over the world champs.

All that the Broncho manager wanted to make his team stronger, according to his own notions, was a right fielder. He had been trying out his star catcher, Betts, at the place, but didn't want to weaken his backstopping department by the switch. So he welcomed a youth named Bogus, who strolled into his office the day the Sox arrived, and applied for a job.

Bogus had played in one of the smaller leagues in the great Southwest, and claimed to be a right fielder. He was tried out in the first game.

Joe Bens the butcher boy pitcher of the Sox was in the box and Bogus was the first man to face him in the second inning. He lifted a terrific homer over the short right field fence and the small crowd of fans went wild with glee. At San Antonio all home batters are trained to aim for that short fence, and Bogus seemed to have the range right off the reel.

"He's a wonder and a comer," the Broncho players exulted. "And they could scarce contain their joy when Bogus hit another homer over the same fence in the fourth round, bringing Metz, the big first baseman, in home ahead of him. This made the score 3 to 2 in favor of San Antonio. Bogus certainly looked like a find and Acting Manager Doc White of the Sox looked him over carefully with a view of recommending him to Comiskey and Manager Callahan.

In the fifth, seventh and ninth innings Bogus struck out, missing the ball by a mile. But this didn't dampen the jubilation of San Antonio players or fans. "Wait till tomorrow," they said. "The kid'll show 'em again."

For the Bronchos had won that initial combat, 10 to 6, and felt great.

Tomorrow came and Doc White decided to do a little pitching himself. He desired to see how Bogus would hit against a southpaw who had a change of pace. It might be mentioned Bogus was a left-handed hitter. Bogus struck out as a starter, not coming within a foot of White's tantalizing slow ball. The same thing happened in the fourth.

Don't Like the Feds.
Leo Witterstaetter, the Newark outfielder, who was with the St. Louis Federals last season, says the ball players signing with the Federal league will find many hardships to endure when the season starts. "Some baseball players may think they are making a 10-strike in joining the Federal league," he says, "but so far as I am concerned they could not get me back if they offered me all the gate receipts for the circuit. Ball players who have never been lower than Class A don't know what it is to play in parks where the outfield is full of gullies, in which an ankle or a leg might be broken with every step an outfielder takes in chasing a ball. A player gets 'charleyhorse' at once if he attempts to cut loose. At one park I had to take off my shoes three times during a game to empty out the sand."

Evers Nearly a Fed.
Speaking of the Federal league Johnny Evers said in Chicago the other day that just five minutes separated him from the new organization. "I do not care to say how much I was offered, but I will say that had not a certain proposition been accepted within five minutes of the time it was made I would have been a Federal league manager, getting more money than I am now, but it was my desire to remain in organized baseball."

Another Trial for Fitzgerald.
Justin Fitzgerald, the former Coast league speed merchant, whose arm went back on him last year and who, it was reported, would attempt a comeback at Spokane, will, it is now reported, get his re-trial with the San Francisco Seals instead.

Michigan Leaders.
Bob Grogan will lead Ludington and Sandy Murray will head Muskegon in the Michigan State league this year.

HEAD OF NATIONAL LEAGUE



Gov. John Tener, Who Has Succeeded Lynch.

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J. E. Winkelman

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

Miss Ruth Hardin was in Amarillo Monday and Tuesday.

J. T. Wiley was in Amarillo on business Monday.

Our material is not like the auctioneers razors—made to sell. OURS has the QUALITY, which will be the source of satisfaction long after the price has been forgotten. Canyon Lumber Co.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cullum, Mrs. Tucker and O. N. Gamble were in Amarillo Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Guenther were Amarillo callers Monday.

Our auto contest closes April 25. The Leader.

B. Frank Buie and W. J. Fleisher were in Amarillo Monday on court business.

THE PRAISE CONTINUES

Everywhere We Hear Good Reports of Doan's Kidney Pills.

Canyon is no exception. Every section of the U. S. resounds with praise of Doan's Kidney Pills. Thirty thousand persons are giving testimony in their home newspapers. The sincerity of these witnesses, the fact that they live so near, is the best proof of the merit of Doan's. Here's a Canyon case.

R. E. Hileman, Canyon, Texas, says: "I found positive relief from Doan's Kidney Pills when I took them for lameness across the small of my back and for trouble with my kidneys. I got Doan's Kidney Pills from Thompson's Drug Store, (now Holland Drug Co.), and I can recommend them for lumbago and trouble, caused by the kidney secretions."

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



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D. N. Redburn—Headquarters for bulk garden seeds.

R. L. Marquis was in Plainview Monday to speak before the Civic Improvement League on "Sanitary Science."

Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Thompson and family were in Amarillo Tuesday.

Your home merchant is, as a rule, the most foolish friend you have. Why he sometimes signs YOUR Normal guarantee—thereby enhancing YOUR property. Then stay with him when you want anything in his line. Canyon Lumber Co.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Quigley of Memphis visited Sunday with Mrs. J. W. Rose.

The Misses Wiggins' music classes will give a recital at the G. & L. Friday and Saturday nights of this week.

L. G. Conner, C. N. Harrison and L. A. Pierce went to Amarillo Monday where they were summoned as petit jurors in the federal court.

Rev. F. M. Neal returned home Saturday from Miami where he preached at the union revival meeting.

Ride an "Indian". T. V. Reeves, Agent.

Miss Sula Eakman spent from Friday until Tuesday with her parents in the city.

Mesdames J. A. Harbison and C. C. Hughes and children left Tuesday for Honey Grove on account of their mother's sickness.

Boys get busy. We are going to give that big fine auto away April 25th. The Leader.

Miss Katie Smith spent Monday and Tuesday with friends in Amarillo.

Miss Edith Eakman visited in Amarillo Monday and Tuesday.

"Illustrated interpretation of Washington and His Time," by Prof. J. A. Hill, auspices of Y. M. C. A. and Public Schools, Monday night, April 27, district court room. Admission 10 and 20 cents. Illustrated songs, by Normal quartet.

C. R. McAfee left Sunday for Dallas on a weeks business trip.

Mrs. Tucker and Miss Langston were Amarillo callers Sunday.

The Baptist Aid society will hold a bake sale Saturday, May 2.

H. E. Muldrow was in Amarillo Sunday to visit his brother who was going to a hospital in Kansas.

Chas. Harter was in Amarillo Thursday.

Count the "Indians" on the road. There's a reason.

G. C. Preston of Dallas visited the public school and the Normal Friday and Saturday.

Miss Cary Martin of Mo. was in the city Friday on business.

The Misses Wiggins' music classes will give a recital at the G. & L. Friday and Saturday nights of this week.

Miss Ira Cochran visited in Amarillo Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Hazel Hawkins who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Park for the past two weeks returned Thursday to her home in Memphis.

Electrically equipped motorcycles, "The Indian." T. V. Reeves, Agent.

Wanted—Clean cotton rags at the News office. Please don't bring us old overalls, pants, lace curtains, etc., for rags. We can't use them. Such trash makes printers cuss.

For sale—Good windmill pump, tank and tank house. C. W. Warwick.

For Sale—Top buggy. Call this office.

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

PLEASANT WAY TO STOP CONSTIPATION.

Dodson's Liver Tonic Takes the Place of Disagreeable Calomel and its Often Dangerous After-Effects.

You probably know that calomel is a poison, a form of mercury, very dangerous to a great many people and sometimes causing disagreeable after-effects for nearly everyone who tries it.

Dodson's Liver Tonic is recommended as a perfectly safe and reliable remedy to take the place of calomel. This is exactly what it is made for and has been made for ever since the first bottle was put up and sold.

Dodson's Liver Tonic is pretty widely imitated. But be careful to judge between the loud boasts of the imitators and the plain truth of the original.

Dodson's Liver Tonic is sold and guaranteed by Holland Drug Company who will refund purchase price (50c.) instantly with a smile if you are in any way dissatisfied.

Dodson's Liver Tonic is a palatable vegetable liquid. Its action is easy and natural, with no gripe, no pain and the after-effects are pleasant instead of disagreeable. Dodson's Liver Tonic does not interfere with your regular duties, habits and diet, but builds and strengthens instead of weakening you or "knocking you all out" for days. Try Dodson's and feel better and brighter, as thousands have.

(Advertisement)

Mrs. R. L. Marquis was an Amarillo caller Saturday.

T. B. Slaughter was in Amarillo on business Saturday.

Miss Lela Angel was an Amarillo caller Saturday.

Mrs. Emma Hoagland of Amarillo who has been in the city for the past three weeks in interest of the Royal Neighbors returned Tuesday. While in the city she added fourteen new members, who surprised her with a reception Friday night.

Nothing has been done in the county court this week excepting a little probate business. The jury which was called for Monday was dismissed without trying a case.

Rev. F. M. Neal, John A. Wallace, W. J. Rattikin and W. C. Turner went to Higgins Wednesday to attend the district conference of the Methodist church. Rev. Neal will be home for regular Sunday services.

Society Notes.

Mrs. Morelock entertained the Merry Maids and Matron club Thursday afternoon from three to six at the home of Mrs. Guenther. The afternoon was spent at the usual game of 42. Delicious refreshments were served of chicken salad, saratoga flakes, olives, angle food cake, and coffee. The guests of the club were Mesdames Shirley, Jarrett, Cousins, Allen, Hill Blaine, Marquis, Stafford, Reid, Geller, Hanna, Griffin, Reeves, P. H. Young and Miss Kline.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Park entertained a few friends Thursday evening from 8:30 till 11:30. The evening was spent at 42. Refreshments were served of fruit drink and cakes. The guests were Messrs. and Mesdames Harrison, McAfee, D. M. Steward, Luke, Winkelman, Warwick, Mrs. R. S. Pipkin, Misses Harrison and Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Harrison entertained a few friends Monday night in honor of Mrs. Harrison's birthday. The evening was spent at 42 played with double nines. The guests of the evening were Messrs. and Mesdames Luke, Park, Winkelman and Terrill. Refreshments were served of punch and cake.

Mrs. S. L. Ingham entertained the Woman's Book Club Wednesday afternoon from three to six. After a short session of business the afternoon was spent with fancy work. Mesdames Shirley, Geller, Evans and Vince Reeves were elected to membership. Refreshments were served of fruit salad, sandwiches, olives and lemonade. The club will study Shakespeare's Julius Caesar during the coming year.

Vegetable Plants For Sale.

Sweet potato slips a specialty—Cheaper this year—Express prepaid on orders of \$5.00 or more—Write for circular of prices and kinds. T. Jones & Co., Clarendon, Tex. 5p8

Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Geller will talk to the Y. M. C. A. next Sunday at 3:00 p. m. at the Methodist church on "Filial Piety". Everybody invited.

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Convenient Packages: The Handy Half-Size 5-Cent Tin, the Full-Size 10-Cent Tin, the Pound and Half-Pound Tin Humidors and the Pound Glass Humidor.

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Labels: "No Bite," "No Stings," "No Bag," "No String."

The CHARM of BISKRA

By ISABEL CLARK

It was by way of Philippeville, one of the brightest of the smaller Algerian ports, that I journeyed to Biskra, and passed through, for the first time, the beautiful landscape of the North African Tell. It was in December, but there was little to suggest winter in the scene that met my eyes. The tracts of forest, filled with cork, ilex and olive trees and thick bushes of arbutus, were colored tenderly in shades of softest green and gray, and the endless orchards of orange and citron trees were hung with bright fruits. Great blue stars of convolvulus decorated the hedges and twined over the porches of the little French homesteads. Overhead, the sky was of cloudless sapphire and the mountains were sharply etched against it. It was only when I passed the wide vineyards, empty except for the stunted brown stems, that I could realize it was December. Beyond Constantine, upon the high plateaus that make a well-defined ridge between the green and fertile strip of the plains and the endless waste of desert to the south, an arid, rocky land presents itself. Scant and grudging is the pasturage offered to the flocks that move ceaselessly across the hills. Thin and meager are the crops grown upon that land so patiently plowed. Here and there a chott, or salt lake, clear as crystal, gleamed like a shield of polished steel, reflecting every detail of the mountains with faithful exactitude. Here, too, may be seen the green, scrublike growth of the alfalfa grass, so much exported to England, where it is used in the production of highly glazed paper. So far it has resisted all the efforts that have been made to cultivate it. Early in the afternoon the train dipped down suddenly into the oasis of El Kantara, known to the Arabs as Fom-el-Sahara—the Mouth of the Sahara. It is a place of palm trees and orange groves, watered by sweet springs, and possessing strange old Roman tombs and delicate fragments of Roman architecture. But the great marvel of El Kantara lies in that deep and narrow gorge where the huge violet sides of Djebel Metlili, risen asunder as if by the mighty stroke of an ax, disclose that abrupt and wonderful entrance into the Sahara. At its narrowest the rent is about 40 yards wide and the length is 200 yards. From the verdant and palm-clad beauty of the oasis the traveler gazes through that rent torn in the high rocks, and sees before him the illimitable white expanse of desert, silver pale and shining as if encrusted with gems. A little wind came up from the south, blowing the fine white sand into my face, reminding me of the desolate solitudes that lay beyond, the endless empty sands dipping far southward. Groves of date palms grew close to the river bank, and hedges of wild oleander still showed a few belated blossoms of fragile pink. It is thus almost dramatically that one enters the desert from the stony alfalfa-strewn ways of the high plateaus. No longer needed now were the fur coats and foot-warmers that had been so necessary at the hour of our early departure from Constantine. We seemed to have passed suddenly into a sub-tropical land quivering in the burning sunlight.

It is the fashion to say of Biskra that she has been spoiled since "The Garden of Allah" awakened the world to her hidden beauty, made her popular to the hordes of Cook's tourists and gave a fresh impetus to the loafing profession of guide, which the Arab is always only too ready to adopt. He is, indeed, somewhat more of a pest than he used to be; he knows that he has been written about and perhaps presented in too flattering an aspect, and it has made him conceited and self-conscious. But he is really no worse at Biskra than he is in Tunis. Immense and luxurious hotels have sprung up to supersede the simpler caravanserais of former days, when the little town was a favorite but quite unfashionable resort of French people in search of simplicity and sunshine. But I am inclined to think that Biskra is unspoilable. "The Heart of the Desert," as the Arabs affectionately call her, she was the Ad Piscinam of the Romans, and the famous Third Legion sojourned in that wonderful and fertile oasis which can now be reached on the fifth day after leaving London. "Two things are necessary," says Stevenson, "in any neighborhood where we propose to spend a life—a desert and running water." Biskra possesses these essentials in abundance, and she has the additional advantage of constant, almost perpetual, sunshine. Her palm and olive and orange groves are watered by springs that have never failed. Close to her—so close, indeed, that she almost seems to mock at its parched infertility—lies the white splendor of the desert, with its pallor as of a calm sea faintly touched with blue haze. The moonlight-colored city with its blanched streets lies surrounded by a fringe of perpetual verdure. Watch the dawn waking iris-hued in the eastern sky, painting the Aures mountains to a deeper rose and drawing a filmy amber veil across the sands, and I think you will agree with me that Biskra is unspoilable.

There are many simple sights that cannot fail to interest the unaccustomed visitor from the North, on account of their novelty. The Arab school, with the bright-eyed, inattentive little turbaned or befezzed scholars, listlessly reciting verses from the Koran, under the aegis of the toiba, or schoolmaster; the market-place, teeming with native vendors, story-tellers and sand diviners; the groups of picturesque Arabs wrapped in their white burnouses or shabby gray haicks; the caravans arriving almost daily from the south with their loads of dates; the swaying palanquins within which the women travel on the camels' backs, hidden and mysterious; the fine garden of Count London, with its lovely tropical trees and flowers; the village of Old Biskra, with its clay-built huts swarming with dark-eyed children—these are but a few of the picturesque, quaint or beautiful things that Biskra offers to the visitor. The nomad camps, too, are a source of interest with their tents of camel-hair cloth, guarded often by a white Kabyle dog. The nomad



certainly gives a very practical example of the simple life, for his needs are reduced to a minimum. Food, shelter and clothing of the rudest kind are all that he requires as he wanders from desert to desert with his flocks. Like the bishop of Browning's poem, he seems only to ask that "That hutch should rustle with sufficient straw,"

but he is nevertheless said to suffer greatly from rheumatism caused by incessant exposure to all weathers, and also from ophthalmia, which is a real scourge among the natives of Algeria, and results all too frequently in complete blindness.

About a week or ten days before Christmas the "courses indigènes," or native race meeting, takes place at Biskra. This meeting is, of course, much less popular than the fashionable one which is held in the spring, but a good number of French people always attend it. There is a superstition in Biskra that this particular week is always the windiest in the year, and certainly, on the solitary occasion of which I have had experience, the reputation was justified. Even in the shelter of the stand we were thickly powdered with fine white sand that was blown in upon us by the high, strong wind. We drove out to the course in one of the shaky little carriages drawn by two swift ponies, which can be hired so cheaply in the town.

The Hippodrome d'El Alia was thronged with people, French for the most part, with a sprinkling of English and Germans, and some native Kalds gorgeously appareled. The first part, "Courses du Ministère de la guerre," consisted only of two events, the distance in each case being 1,500 meters. In the second part, "Courses de la Commune Indigène," there were three events, and the longest distance run was 2,400 meters, this race being open to horses of all ages. The horses bore such names as Boucoucha, Lamari, Salah and Mabrouk, while the jockeys figure on the program under such nomenclature as Messaoud-dou-Chebba, Beigacem-ben-Mohamed and so forth. The course is of hard, white sand, upon which the flying hoofs beat with a noise like thunder.

The streaming burnouses of the Arab jockeys—red and white and blue of all shades—made patches of brilliant color. There were no rows of raucous-voiced bookmakers shouting the odds; but as the Arabs are inveterate gamblers; no doubt a good deal of quiet betting went on. Among the spectators were many French officers, wearing the pale blue tunic of the famous Chasseurs d'Afrique. Most of them were combining business with pleasure, for the Arabs from all parts of the desert bring their best horses to compete in the races, and these are frequently bought for the remount department of the African cavalry. Every effort is being made by the French government to encourage horse-breeding among the Arabs.

Close to the grand stand some of the harem carriages, with their shuttered windows, could be seen wherein the Arab ladies of quality were sitting, concealed, catching imperfect glimpses of the races and also of what probably interested them far more—the toilettes of the French women. A group of Spahis, in their bright red burnouses and high red boots, added to the picturesque of the gay scene. When the races were over we were invited to mount up into the judge's box to witness the fantasia. This was a thrilling and rather dramatic finale to the day's proceedings.

The men of each goum, or tribe, rode past, headed by their kaid, or chief, galloping in rapid suc-

cession down that hard, white course, waving their swords and firing their guns as they went. The very smell of powder never fails to fill the Arab with maddest excitement, and the fantasia had all the appearance of a fierce cavalry charge. I retained an impression, vivid if fugitive, of kaleidoscopic colors passing swiftly by, blurred by the blue mist of the smoke mingling with the thick, white desert dust. The noise of the firing, of the beating hoofs and of the wild cheering of the multitude of spectators, the sight of the many-colored burnouses and the bronze faces under their white turbans, left a confused sense upon my mind as of something strange and fantastic, almost unreal.

Driving home, we saw the sun setting behind the groves of palms in a sky that was colored like a pomegranate blossom, with a glow that turned the very sands to flame. Djebel Ahmar-Kraddou, tallest peak of the Aures mountains, caught the reflection of it and shone as with rose-colored fire. The palm fronds were softly stenciled against the sky. Then the swift, sudden twilight of the South drew its delicate purple veil over the scene. Strange music stole out of the silences, the faint flute notes, liquid and tender, of the gazbah, the dull throbbing of tom-tom and derbouka. The moon rose over the white city of the desert and, touched by its matchless radiance, the streets looked as if they had been wrought of gleaming marble; the cold indigo shadows flung by the houses were sharply defined. And surely nowhere in the world can one see a wider expanse of sky, filled from end to end with clusters of golden stars, than that which hangs its canopy, velvet-soft, above the Heart of the Desert.

SLANGY PA.

Mother—Now, Willie, put away those drumsticks. Don't you know your father has a headache?

Willie—But, ma, when I was going into the parlor with my drum he told me to beat it.—Boston Evening Transcript.

DOING HER BEST.

"Does your wife run to meet you when you come home in the gloaming?"
"Well, her gown is a trifle tight for running. She hobbles toward me as rapidly as she can."

THE LONGER THE BETTER.

"I took a long walk yesterday," said Boreman, as he collapsed into a seat at Busyman's desk. "Take another, old man," suggested Busyman; "it'll do us both good."—Puck.

WHICH IS UNGENEROUS.

Bix—I always keep my trouble to myself.
Dix—Quite right, too! When you tell them you are taking up the time of the man who is waiting to tell you his.

THE

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

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

HELPLESS AS BABY

Down in Mind Unable to Work,
and What Helped Her.

Summit Point, W. Va.—Mrs. Anna Belle Emey, of this place, says: "I suffered for 15 years with an awful pain in my right side, caused from womanly trouble, and doctored lots for it, but without success. I suffered so very much, that I became down in mind, and as helpless as a baby. I was in the worst kind of shape. Was unable to do any work. I began taking Cardui, the woman's tonic, and got relief from the very first dose. By the time I had taken 12 bottles, my health was completely restored. I am now 48 years years old, but feel as good as I did when only 16. Cardui certainly saved me from losing my mind, and I feel it my duty to speak in its favor. I wish I had some power over poor, suffering women, and could make them know the good it would do them." If you suffer from any of the ailments peculiar to women, it will certainly be worth your while to give Cardui a trial. It has been helping weak women for more than 50 years, and will help you, too.

Try Cardui. Your druggist sells it.
Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," in plain wrapper. N.C. 121

- Political Announcements.
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- Wanted—Washing. Terms reasonable. First house east of Judge Henson's. Mrs. Schenk. 5p4

OLD AUNT BEULAH

Brave Retreat Before Disaster
That Had Ruined an Old
Happy Home.

By GEORGE H. BOWEN.
Aunt Beulah thrust her head into the room and her round black face wrinkled with anxiety. "Miss Nancy honey—dey ain't a mite o' meal left in de bin!" she announced uncertainly. Nancy lifted her tired eyes from the music she was languidly copying. Her gown was no whiter than her pale cheeks. If there had been even a flicker of color in the cheeks Nancy Blair would have been beautiful. She was delicately fair with the fragility of convalescence after a long illness. "The meal?" she repeated vaguely. "Aunt Beulah, can't we have eggs or something else for supper?" "Shore, honey, shore!" assured Aunt Beulah, dodging back into the dim obscurity of her little kitchen. She lighted a kerosene lamp with trembling fingers and carried it into the bleak pantry, holding it high above her head and closely scanned the shelves.

There was a brave array of Grandmother Blair's white and gold china saved from the wreck of the old home, there were Aunt Beulah's cooking utensils and the everyday china dishes. There was nothing else, for poverty was pressing close upon Nancy Blair's faltering feet. The tiny rooms under the mansard roof of the city house was the best refuge of these two. Nancy and the old servant, who had beaten a brave retreat before the disaster that had ruined the old happy home. "I can take care of you, Beulah," Nancy had said confidently, when they had moved. But typhoid fever had laid her low, and now in the last days of a long convalescence she was beginning to question herself how it was that Aunt Beulah had found money for the doctor and the medicine, as well as for the food and rent; her own little store must have been swept aside long ago. She remembered on that last day, when she had fallen sick, she had pressed her purse into Beulah's faithful hands. "I hope it will last until I can earn more," she had gasped.

"Meal—out of meal!" What did Beulah mean? When she had finished copying this music for Miss Peterman, the music teacher down on the first floor, she would have 75 cents. Seventy-five cents would buy more than meal—but there were several hours of work—still to be done on it, and Nancy fell sound asleep with her head on the unfinished sheet. Aunt Beulah left the pantry and throwing a red shawl about her ample shoulders, went down the long flights of stairs to the street. She passed uncertainly for a moment and then went doggedly toward the little blue-painted grocery store where she had traded since Nancy had been sick. "Well, Aunt, what can I do for you?" asked the sharp-eyed young grocer. "I wanter know if yo' caint 'low me some scrubbin' ter do—an' 'low me ter tak' it out in victuals," said Aunt Beulah.

A young man who had been studying the labels on shelves of tinned vegetables, turned swiftly, as the old car. The grocer turned away carelessly. "Come in tomorrow, Aunt, and I'll talk to you about it. I'm busy now." Aunt Beulah folded her red shawl closer over her bosom as if to still the turbulent beating of her heart, and paddled heavily out of the shop. The young man who had been inspecting the tinned vegetables followed her swiftly. At the touch of his hand on her arm, Aunt Beulah jumped. "Oh, man good Lawdy, whuffore yo' scare me dat away?" she demanded indignantly, and then bending closer she looked into his face. Her cheeks turned gray, and she trembled like a leaf. "A sperrit!" she muttered. "Doan yo' tech me, Mister Ghost—I ain't a-doin' no ha'm—deedy I ain't!" "Shut up, Aunt Beulah!" snapped the man sharply. "You know perfectly well that I'm not a ghost. What are you doing here in Baltimore looking for work?" "Good lawdy, Massa Francis, dey said you was killed daid!" gasped Aunt Beulah. "Jes' as we was leabin' home dey says Massa Francis Day is done killed down dere whah dey's buildin' de canal, and Miss Nancy bein' proud as Lucifer an' sick most ob de time, dey wasn't nobody ter find out de traf."

"And Nancy believes that I am dead?" demanded Francis Day incredulously. "Shore's yore standin' yere!" "Tell me all about it," said Francis sternly. Aunt Beulah sat down on the nearest doorstep and unfolded a tale of misfortune that wrung bitter exclamations from the dark-eyed youth. When the woman had concluded Francis took her work-hardened hand between his own strong palms. "And so you've been working out as a laundress, unknown to Nancy—and you've been paying the doctor and the druggist and the grocer—" "Yassah—yo' see I couldn't go out while Miss Nancy war sick and nobody wouldn't hev wanted me no ways wid de fever in de house—but deys got to be paid, sez I, an' I tak's mah two han's an goes out. Miss Nancy 'tinks I been traipsin' around lookin' inter de shop windows and sech fool-

ish carryin's on!" Aunt Beulah rocked ed back and forth chuckling mirthfully. "You are a noble woman, Aunt Beulah Lee," Francis Day said with deep feeling, "and when I say that you are a noble woman, Aunt Beulah, I am only repeating what my mother would have said if she had been here and heard your story. Now, let me go to Nancy—"

"I'm spang 'traid ter go, Massa Frank. Dat chile is delikst and de surprise would kill her daid." "Break it to her gently. First, take this and go to the store and get what you need. Then after Nancy has had her supper you tell her and then meet me and let me know when I can see her. If all is well—after that—why, please God, I'll take you both home with me!" "Oh, Massa Frank—back to de ole place?" "Yes. My father is dead, you know, and I came home. I've been looking for Nancy, I heard she was in Baltimore, but I couldn't get a trace of her. I've been making a house-to-house inquiry—at least I've been to most of the shops, and asking for news of either one of you, and when you came into the grocery tonight I was waiting for an opportunity to ask the busy shopkeeper if he had any customers who answered your description. Now, take this and I will wait for you here and help you tote your bundles."

Aunt Beulah took the money and lumbered away in the direction of the little grocery, and presently she returned with a large basket filled with packages. She would not allow Francis to carry the basket. "What would yore mah say ter see dat yo' don't know yo' place no better'n dat, Massa Frank?" she reproved him, as they went toward the big house. She left Francis Day at the foot of the steps while she panted up to the little room under the roof. She hummed a camp meeting song as she moved around the kitchen, lighting lamp, stirring the fire to glowing heat and bringing the teakettle to a boil. Presently she entered Nancy's little room and placed a heavily laden tray on the table. Nancy was curled in a big chair fast asleep. A lamp was lighted and the scattered music sheets carefully removed. When Nancy opened her eyes they fell upon the shining black face of her servant and the meal spread before her. "Dear Aunt Beulah!" cried the girl, delightedly; "you are a witch or a good fairy I do believe—you said we were out of meal—and here you have placed before me a supper fit for a queen. Ummmm! How good that tea smells—and beefsteak! and honey! Aunt Beulah, have you eaten anything yourself?" she asked sharply. "Ise gwine ter eat now, honey," protested Aunt Beulah, weakly, for the smell of the viands had whetted her famished appetite. "Jes' as soon as I wait on yo'—"

"Bring a plate and a cup and saucer and sit right down there—yes, at the same table with me, Beulah Lee!" ordered Nancy sternly. "I know mighty well that you didn't get this food with the money I gave you! You're my friend, Beulah; sit down and eat—well, this once, anyway!" Aunt Beulah protestingly obeyed, sitting on the edge of her chair and drinking eagerly of the strong tea. "Miss Nancy, honey," she mumbled, "yo's strong-willed and likely ter have yo' own way—and yo' doan's know yo' place—jes' like Massa Frank lak two peas!" Nancy grew very pale and dropped her knife and fork. "Aunt Beulah," she quavered. "What made you speak of Francis Day—?" "I was t'inkin' erbout him," muttered Beulah doggedly. "I was t'inkin' if it come out dis-er-way—dat Massa Frank wa'n't daid, nohow—and he comed yere to see us and said his pah wuz daid an' wouldn't objec' no moah to yo' and Massa Frank bein' mah-led and—honey, doan yo' look at me lak dat!" Beulah sprang heavily around the table and supported Nancy in her stout arms. The girl's white face fell against the strong shoulder, and her long dark lashes curved on her cheek. "Such dreams don't come true, Aunt Beulah!" she sobbed. "Honey, it am come true!" said Aunt Beulah, gently.

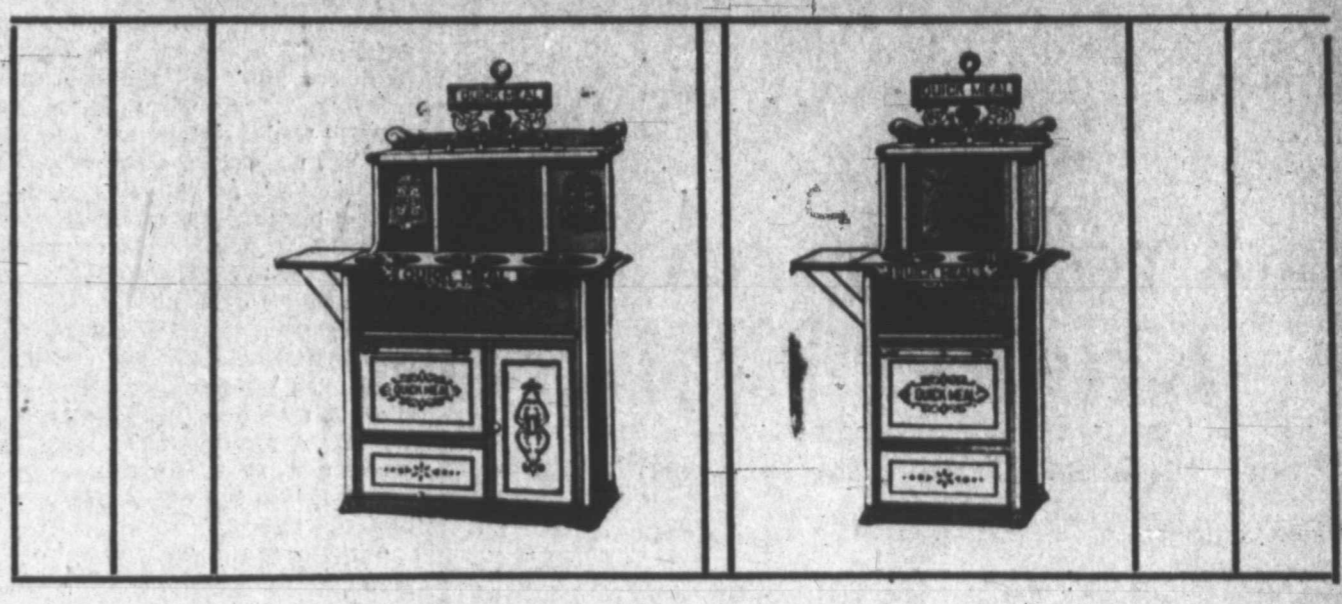
Half an hour later Aunt Beulah went downstairs and brought a very impatient young man up to the little rooms under the roof. Nancy, her cheeks aglow with happiness, swayed uncertainly in the doorway, as they came in. Francis Day caught her in his arms and held her closely. Presently they looked up and saw Aunt Beulah watching them, tears rolling down her dusky cheeks. "Glory hallelujah!" she triumphed as she went to her kitchen. "Dam chillens meber rwill keep dey place!" (Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Double Trouble. "We've got a great road now," said an enthusiastic western railroader to his friend. "We've got it double tracked clear through to Chicago." "H'm," said the friend. "I don't see what you want a double track for. You can't keep your brains on one." —Everybody's.

Such is Life. "Happiness is unattainable." "How now?" "It was always my dream to get rich and have a cast iron dog on the lawn. It took me forty years to get rich and now cast iron dogs are out of style."

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HAVE NO EQUAL



For cooking and baking in the summer time. Easy and safe to operate. Does not require generating when starting. Ready for use immediately when lighted. Will bake as perfectly as any range stove. Will bake and cook with less expense of fuel than any other stove on the market. We have a full stock on hand.

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THE GUARANTY FUND BANK

Making Tomorrow's World

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

NOT PEACE, BUT A SWORD

Aden, Arabia.—Steaming across the Mediterranean sea, the latest view of Europe was of the Italian peninsula and of the island of Sicily, where Messina, earthquake-overwhelmed, yet lies in ruins. Three Italian war vessels lay at anchor in the southernmost harbor. Coming to the coast of Africa at Port Said, Egypt, northern gateway to the Suez canal, the tremendous contribution to the prosperity of peace, which the Frenchman DeLesseps gave to the world, the first objects seen were a dozen battleships of a French Mediterranean fleet. Thus runs the European continent to naval display and all the expenditure that it makes necessary. Blocking the path of progress by water is the battleship, barring the highway to prosperity upon land the army stands and even the air is heavy with the shadows of war balloons driven to and fro above the earth. Europe is an armed camp and the seas around are roadsteads for the navies of many nations.

Europe's War Fever.
"Shall we permit the Mediterranean sea to be a French lake?" says an Italian cabinet minister, and he presents to the new chamber of deputies a bill for \$20,000,000 for naval construction, four superdreadnaughts of 25,000 tons each. "We must not be eclipsed by Germany," declares the French minister of war, and promptly the senators and deputies, amid fervent appeals to national patriotism, enact into law a measure providing for three years, instead of two years, of compulsory military service. In Berlin a Zeppelin airship, built avowedly for military use, explodes, killing many persons. The war lord gives a military funeral with high honors to the dead, sends another airship to float above the capital that all may see and orders others to be constructed with all possible speed. The feverish struggle between European nations for the largest and strongest army and navy shows itself in the articles

low 45,000 in 1908, and are now 54,843. The British navy numbers 146,000, the German 73,176, the United States 67,907 and the French 63,596 men.

Profits in Armament and Coal.
The Krupp trials in Germany show to what lengths in bribery the great armament firm at Essen, through its directors and managers, went in order to obtain contracts from the German government. Indictments were found against the Krupp officers and agents, largely in consequence of revelations in the reichstag, by Liebknecht, a Social Democrat. They were charged with bribing members of the military and naval establishment between 1903 and 1913 and the disclosures at the trial proved their guilt. More than this, however, these disclosures gave publicity to the enormous profits derived by the Krupp concern and showed where the fines from the taxpayers' pockets went. The result is to strengthen the cause of the advocates of disarmament. Patriotism, which bluff old Doctor Johnson called the last refuge of scoundrels, is shown to be in naval expenditure argument the first resort of thieves.

But war vessels must be operated and maintained as well as built—and here the owner of coal mines—and, more recently, since oil is used for fuel, the owner of oil properties—is, in various ways and for his own personal ends, a zealous advocate of more and bigger ships. A dreadnaught burns 40 tons of best coal every hour. British landlords draw royalty of 30 cents a ton for coal mined. Every British dreadnaught in use, therefore, means \$200 a day to the owner of the coal royalty.

The "Naval Holiday" Proposal.
"Perhaps that is why," said Kell Hardie, the British labor leader, "some of the peers and their friends in the house of commons are so keen to increase the navy!" Perhaps, also, it is one reason why the nobly eloquent appeal for a year's naval holiday of

be raised by the great armament firms of England and other countries. "They must be the servants," he said, "and not the masters. Some people will try to involve by suggestion the naval expenditure in a cloud of suspicion. Let them mock. I am convinced that a reduction of naval expenditure is necessary for the welfare of civilization. It is a question that does not only affect governments and diplomats but concerns parliaments and the people. We must not be discouraged by a want of success. The time will come when the present expenditure and competition in naval armaments will be a thing of the past and when the great naval powers will look back upon it with feelings of regret." The significance of these words in the making of a different world tomorrow comes from the fact that they are the carefully-considered utterance of the head of the navy of the greatest sea power in the world.

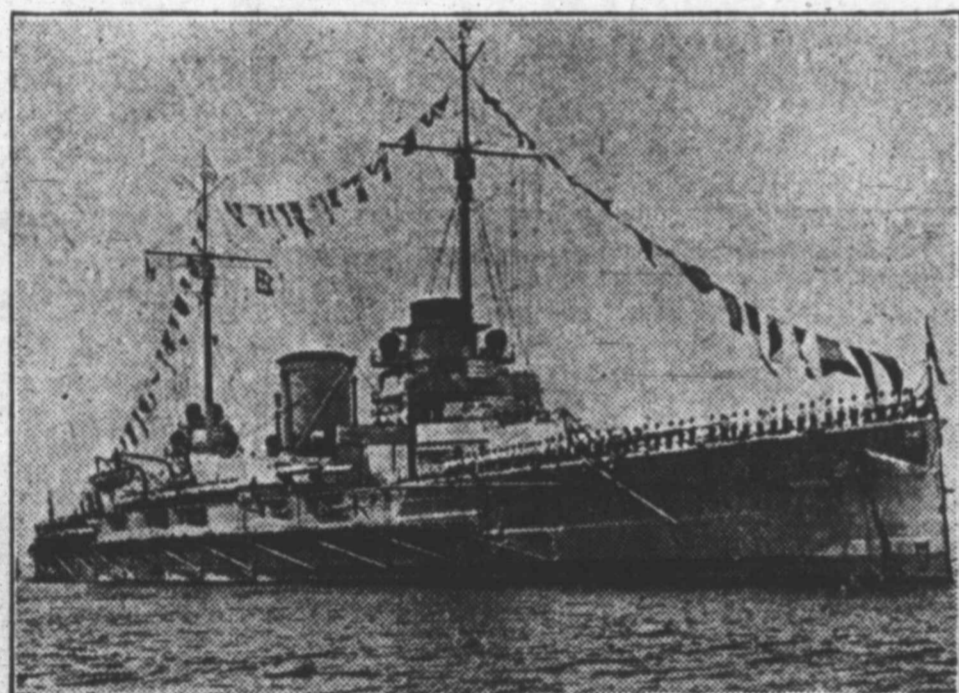
Finance Against Increased Armament.
Other forces are being brought to bear, though as yet vainly, in favor of limitation of naval expenditure. Some—a larger number than the ordinary news-reports of the day indicate—a number, too, that is growing in extent and influence, would substitute a peace policy for arbitration by the sword and thus make unnecessary, except for police duty, the army and the navy. Among the "pacifists," as the advocates of world peace are described, it is interesting to Americans to note that the European press class Woodrow Wilson, the president of the United States, and Champ Clark, the speaker of the house of representatives. In Europe the financial interests of the continent have been more effective than the eloquent advocates of peace in preventing war. It is an open secret that two years ago these financial interests averted a general war on the continent. They are now becoming aroused to the evils resulting from "the mad rush of increasing armaments."

Disarmament Sentiment Growing.
Sentiment on the continent of Europe is changing toward a saner policy of disarmament and of arbitration as opposed to increasing military establishments and appeals to the sword, though this sentiment has not yet been able to express itself in political-international agreements and legislation. The repeated strife in the Balkans is only an apparent exception in the general trend. The raw, undisciplined peoples of the mountains set their neighbors' houses on fire. That the conflagration spread no farther was due to the self-restraint of more civilized Europe and to a sentiment for peace, which was non-existent a few years ago. All this must be written with some reservation. The millennium of peace and international good will is not imminent, but, notwithstanding the portentous figures of expense which have been quoted, there are signs of the dawn. Supremely suggestive, perhaps, is the behavior of European nations in recent crises of international disagreement. Fifty years ago, twenty years, possibly ten years ago, these crises would have resulted in war. Today they have been settled by conference. The recent treaties have been written with the pen and not the sword. They smell of tobacco smoke, not powder. And not what a man says when nothing is happening to him reveals his real self so much as what he does when something is happening to him. And nations, which are but collections of men, are, in this, as otherwise, like unto them. They are many men, but with the same mind.

Church Influence for Peace.
The powerful aid of the spiritual group of the church in Europe is cast for disarmament and peace. The church exists under many names and with doctrines and deeds much at variance. Set aside the large section of a so-called Christian church which drills soldiers in Ulster, inspires blood-ritual persecutions in Russia, blesses statues to Moloch in Germany, and worships Mars and Mercury, militarism and commerce, everywhere. Unto these who call themselves Christians Jehovah is a man of war and the Christ came into this world to bring—not peace—but a sword. They, for consideration of temporal power and afternoon teas and fat livings, are helping him to this end all over this continent of Europe. Verily, they have their reward. Are they not chaplains-in-ordinary to Mars at a good stipend which enables them to dress in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day? One meets and hears them in all European lands.

It is another and different group in the church, in mosque and synagogue, in cathedral and chapel, in monastery and mission house, which, increasingly potent and numerous, pleads for peace and spiritual, as opposed to merely temporal, things. Almost or entirely a paradox is it that the travelers who look below the surface, who go in and out among the religious leaders of the European peoples, agree that the spiritual forces are reasserting themselves in a surprising way and that, despite the blatant materialism of the European world of today, the world of tomorrow is to be made by and for the things of the spirit. In this fact lies large hope for the advocates of peace and human brotherhood. Even amid the throbbing of the war-drum he who listens may hear "the still, small voice." The mightiest of the spiritual leaders in Europe is his holiness, the pope. To an American journalist, granted an audience at the Vatican, said the kindly old gentleman who is the head of the great Catholic church: "I hope that your great nation will spend its time in strengthening itself in all good things and refrain from war; war are fatal to the progress of mankind."

Mr. Churchill said he was quite impervious to the objections that would



German Battleship in Harbor.

in the press, in the debates in parliament, in the talk in the street, in the uniforms on the roadways, in the ships on the sea. And in order to give himself war-fever, which keeps him exhausted for other and better things, the European patient taxes himself to an almost incredible amount. He pays his money for an irritant unto trouble the while social progress lags and men and women and children suffer for lack of opportunity to live.

Upon the navy is today's largest expenditure. Navy leagues are formed, sometimes as in Germany with imperial patronage, in order to stimulate interest and create a public opinion which will support larger appropriations. The press is used, whenever possible, to give publicity to arguments for more ships and to stir national pride by statements, often untrue, as to what other nations are doing or intend to do.

Staggering Cost of Navies.

The figures showing the extent to which the taxpayers of the nations of the world permit themselves to be fined for their navies are staggering. The naval expert of the London Daily Telegraph—all great journals of Europe have naval experts, sometimes only in the pay of the journal—furnished the figures showing the total naval expenditure for 1904-5 and the total voted for 1913-14 by the principal nations of the world. They show these expenditures:

	1904-5.	1913-14.
Great Britain	\$205,310,375	\$235,108,180
United States	100,901,550	147,494,335
Russia	59,749,530	121,247,270
Germany	50,520,000	115,195,920
France	61,912,165	102,238,815
Italy	25,000,000	50,789,230
Japan	10,510,740	49,304,060
Austria		
Hungary	13,077,300	30,032,755

In the cases of Great Britain, the United States, Russia, Germany, France and Japan, the totals this year are the highest recorded. The figures for the personnel are also the highest on the list, with the exception of those of Russia, which, after being about 70,000 in 1904 and 1905, dropped be-



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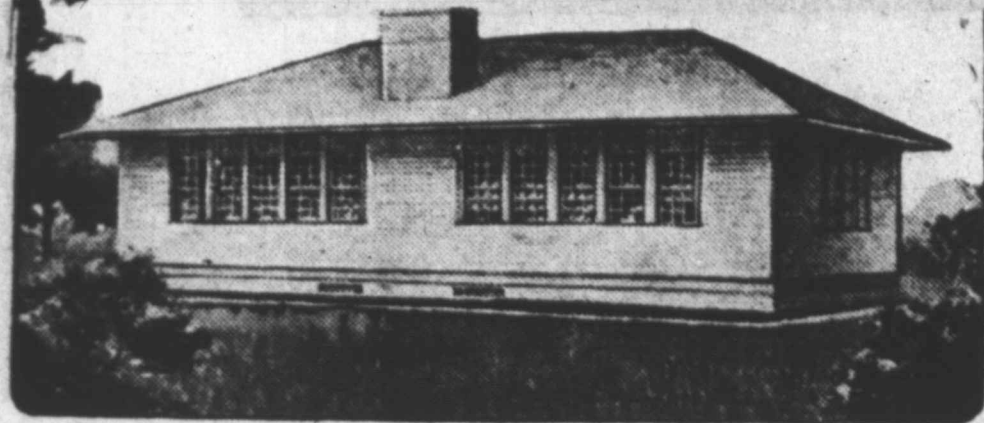
The Highest Priced Texas Cattle Ever Sold on the Kansas City Market. Bred and Fed by C. O. Keiser, Canyon, Texas. Fattened on Randall County Products.

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10 days free

Have you gotten your electric iron yet? If not, call us up, telephone 14, and have one sent up on trial, and see for yourself what a wonderful convenience and labor-saver it is. Your ironing will be done in half the time and cheaper, too. Fifteen sold in two weeks.

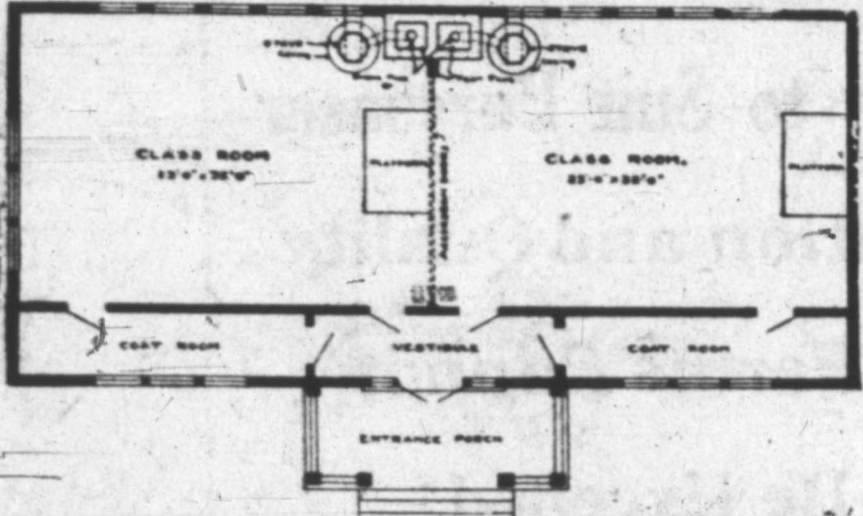
Canyon Power Company
Office open 4 to 6.

THE MODEL RURAL SCHOOL HOUSE



South Side of Model Two-Room Rural School

It costs no more money and no more labor to build a model school house than it does to build one of the same size but of less desirable arrangement. The construction, heating, lighting and sanitation of school buildings present special problems which the general architect and even the physician are not always prepared to meet. In the home only two or three people are in one room at the same time, and these are usually moving about. If cold, they can move to the fire; if the day is dark, they can move near the window; if the sun shines brightly on their work, they can move away; if they become fatigued, they can change



Floor Plan

seats, open a window, or go out for fresh air. The people in a crowded church or hall usually remain only an hour or two, and are not kept still and at hard mental work during this period. In the school, on the contrary, each room must contain from thirty to sixty children for five hours a day; no one can move about at will; the boy farthest from the fire must be kept comfortable without overheating the boy next to the stove; every corner of the room must be lighted well on even the darkest day, and yet no direct sunlight must fall on any pupil's book; ten to twenty times the amount of fresh air needed in a dwelling room must be brought into a school room, and yet no child must be in a draft.

The following good features are illustrated in above cut:

1. No windows are in front of or to the right of the pupils.
 2. The windows are grouped on the left, with thin mullions between, allowing a strong light to come from the pupils' left. The windows behind the pupils are lowered, thus shutting out the light while providing ventilation.
 3. The windows are high at the bottom so that the air passes evenly over the room; there is not more breeze near the window than passes throughout the room.
 4. The windows are high at the top, allowing the air to escape from the room at the place of greatest pressure.
- Any rural district of Texas that is planning to build a school house may secure, by writing to the State University at Austin, a free bulletin on one, two, or three-room school buildings. If desired, plans and specifications accompany the bulletin.

WHENEVER YOU NEED
A GENERAL TONIC - TAKE GROVE'S

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is Equally Valuable as a General Tonic because it Acts on the Liver, Drives Out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. For Grown People and Children.

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

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You Should
Worry?



Because you have run out of cards and stationery?

LET US WORRY!
HERE'S A TIP—

Our Job Department will supply you with any kind of printing for private or business purposes.

This tip is worth your trial.

THE PROOF OF
THE PUDDING

Mr. E. V. White, formerly chief clerk of the State Department of Education, and now an assistant in the Department of Extension in the University of Texas, in one of his recent trips met some of the principal characters in the following story:

A certain community had voted the limit of school tax. The opposition, which was bitter and uncompromising, was led by a certain old bachelor, who argued with caustic words that it was wrong in principle to tax him to educate other men's children.

The school, however, still had insufficient funds, and the next year the ingenious school ma'am, a lady of good looks and keen intelligence, hit upon the plan of giving a "box-supper," the proceeds of which were to be used in purchasing school furniture. Each young lady of the community contributed a cake. Each cake was to be sold at auction to the highest bidder, and the successful bidder, if an unmarried man, was awarded the privilege of escorting home the young lady whose cake he purchased. Interest in the contest was further increased by selling votes to determine the best cake and the most popular young lady.

Meanwhile the bachelor who had opposed the tax had been finding the pretty school ma'am mighty attractive; and as his infatuation grew his hostility to the school tax became more and more feeble. The night of the box-supper arrived and the cakes were auctioned off, the one the pretty teacher had made netting the goodly sum of \$80.00. It was knocked down to the now reckless bachelor at that price. And with the cake he had won the right to see his lady home,—probably the most expensive stroll the gentleman ever took; for the teacher's home was only a scant hundred yards from the school house. The box-supper netted \$159.00. The stroll netted nothing but experience, for the next year the young lady accepted a school in another section, the bachelor is yet unmarried, and a vicious school tax is still swelled by a yearly contribution—unjustly assessed on a childless man.

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

Hon. John L. Wortham of Lubbock spent Saturday night in the city with Pres. R. B. Cousins. Mr. Wortham resigned as secretary of state last year in order to come to the Plains country to develop 17,000 acres of land which he recently bought.

The housekeeper's best friend—V.A.V.A.

Mrs. Jas. H. Miller and son of Hereford visited from Thursday till Tuesday at the home of her mother Mrs. M. S. Gatewood.

UMBARGER NOTES.

The young fellows around town have organized a baseball team and are spending spare time practicing. We think our "Coyotes" will be ready for the best of 'em soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Saunders and Mr. and Mrs. L. Bader ate Sunday dinner at the J. A. Moore home.

R. E. Pickens and Miss Mary Pickens were Sunday callers on Walter Johnson and wife.

Misses Eva and Gladys Bader are visiting the W. M. Lichtwalo home getting acquainted with Master Henry Robert Lichtwalo, who arrived Saturday, April 4.

Miss Byna Gambol is visiting this week with her mother, Mrs. Kathryn Hutson. She will spend the summer in Canyon and Amarillo.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Crowley and Miss Ethel Crowley and Joe were Amarillo callers Wednesday.

Sheriff's Sale.

The state of Texas, county of Randall. Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a order of sale issued out of the honorable District court of Randall county, on the 27th day of March 1914, by the Clerk of said court for the sum of Six Thousand Seven Hundred Sixty Six and 50/100 Dollars and costs of suit under a Judgment, in favor of H. B. Ayres in a certain cause in said court, No. 746 and styled H. B. Ayres, vs. Wilhelm Erdmann et al. and placed in my hands for service, I, Worth A. Jennings, as Sheriff of Randall county, Texas, did on the 28th day of March 1914, levy on certain Real Estate, situated in Randall county, Texas, described as follows, to-wit:

Survey No. one hundred and five, Block B-5, Certificate No. 15-3392, H. & G. N., R. R. Co., land, containing 640 acres, more or less, in Randall County, Texas, and situated about six miles in a southwesterly direction from the town of Canyon, the County Seat of said Randall County.

And levied upon as the property of Wilhelm Erdmann, B. E. J. Peacock, Richard C. Peacock and the First National Bank of Canyon, Texas, and that on the first Tuesday in May 1914, the same being the 5th day of said month, at the court house door, of Randall county, in the town of Canyon, Texas, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 1 p. m., by virtue of said levy and said order of sale I will sell said above described Real Estate at public vendue, for cash, to the highest bidder, as the property of said Wilhelm Erdmann, B. E. J. Peacock, Richard C. Peacock and the First National Bank of Canyon, Texas.

Witness my hand, this 28th day of March 1914.

Worth A. Jennings,
Sheriff Randall county, Texas.

Nothing "Just as Good" or
as Economical as Doughnuts

—For Biscuit, Pies
—Muffins, Waffles,
—and Home Baking
Success and
Satisfaction

One Heaping
Teaspoonful's
Enough

Health Club is the purest,
strongest and most economical
Baking Powder obtainable
at any price.



In 10, 15 & 25 Cans at all Good Grocers

AGRICULTURAL CLUB

The regular meeting of the Agricultural Club was held at the Baptist Church Friday night. Prof. J. A. Hill gave an address on the development of agriculture in the United States from an historical point of view. The lecture was very interesting and instructive.

The constitution for the club was adopted. The next meeting will be held May 1. The Agricultural Club is one of the live organizations of the Normal, and its meetings are always largely attended.

ATTENDED HARDWARE
MEETING.

President T. C. Thompson of the Pabhandle Hardware and Implement Dealers' Association was in Amarillo the first of the week attending the annual convention. The meeting was one of the best ever held of the association, and its success was largely due to the efforts

of Mr. Thompson. J. R. Cullom and Clarence Thompson attended the banquet of the association Monday night.

Miss Maud Stuart who taught the Park school the past year enrolled in the Normal Wednesday.

Ceta Items.

The prairie is beginning to look green, about one week of warm weather and we will have plenty of pasture.

The Easter egg hunt at W. E. Moores was much enjoyed by all present, about 35.

W. B. Walters made a business trip to Happy Monday.

Sunday school started at Friview last Sunday.

Curlew and Fairview played three games of baseball this season, Fairview winning them all.

Announcement

We wish to announce to our many friends and customers that we have secured the valuable services of MISS LENA WADE to fill the vacancy in our dry goods department caused by the resignation of Mrs. Burroughs. We regret very much to lose the services of Mrs. Burroughs but at the same time feel very fortunate in securing the services of our old friend and employee, Miss Lena Wade.

Miss Lena will be glad to meet her old friends and customers at Joe & Jim's.

Sale Closes Saturday

We wish further to announce that this will be the last week of our sale and all those who have not availed themselves of the opportunity to buy goods at unheard of prices had better get busy before April 25th as this sale will positively close promptly on the evening of April 25.

We also wish to take this opportunity of thanking the good people of Canyon and Randall county for their liberal patronage during this sale.

Yours for a Profitable Year

THE LEADER
Jim and Joe