

NORMAL WINS OPENING GAME

In the opening game of the season, the Normal football team took on the Hereford high school team on the latter's grounds Monday and trimmed them, taking the large end of a 20 to 0 score.

As it was the first game for each team both were unknown quantities to the other. When the two teams lined up for signal practice it was seen that the factor of weight would not play a large part for both teams were very evenly matched in size. The Normal perhaps had the advantage in the back field but Hereford's line was the heavier.

Normal won the choice on the toss up and chose to defend the east goal and Hereford chose to kick. Acker kicked off forty five yards and Canyon returned twenty. By end runs and line plays Normal made first down four times but fumbled a forward pass on Hereford's 15 yard line, losing the ball. Hereford was held for downs and Canyon rushed the ball over on two end runs and a couple of line plays. Prichard kicked goal, score Normal 7, Hereford 0.

No more scoring was done in the first quarter and it ended with the ball in Normal's possession on the 41 yard line. After one and a half minutes of play in the second quarter Prichard again crossed the Hereford line. Goal was missed, score Normal 13, Hereford 0.

In the third quarter a third touchdown was made and goal kicked making the score 20 to 0.

In the first three quarters the Normal outplayed Hereford, but Hereford came back strong in the fourth. Prichard kicked to Hereford's five yard line, with a 15 yard return. Then by a series of well worked forward passes Hereford carried the ball to Normal's two foot line and lost it on a fumble, Glass securing the ball. Prichard kicked from behind his own goal line and the ball was downed on Hereford's 10 yard line. Hereford repeated her trip down the field by the forward pass route only to have time called when within the ten yard line.

Time of quarters, 10, 12, 12, 10 minutes. Referee, Carter of Hereford; Umpire, Black of Canyon; Head lineman, Wright of Hereford.

Parmer's execution of the forward pass with Acker receiving was the star play for Hereford and it worked time after time with good gains. Wheeler was also good on receiving. Hereford's inability to buck the line or stop line bucks was her undoing. Nor was she able to circle the ends for gains. A fumble in the last quarter cost her a touchdown as it had also cost the Normal in the first quarter.

For the Normal the offensive work of Prichard, Shotwell and Glass stands out. The line plunging and interference running of Prichard was so noticeable that the side line took up the cry "stop that fat boy", "stop that fat boy." For new men, the work on defense of Childress and Mathews was marked. Smith and Hicks both were dependable forward pass getters. The fumbling of both teams was very costly and the Normal's inability to break up the forward pass came near causing her to lose the goose egg presentation to Hereford.

The teams lined up as follows: Normal—Carey center, Childress and Black guards, Edison and Aker tackles, Smith, Hicks, Howard and Mathews ends,

Glass and Younger halves, Prichard full, Shotwell (captain) quarter.

Hereford—Rayzor center, Sullivan Nauce and Woodburn guards, Black, Wheeler and Jones tackles, Acker and Jones ends, Watson, Wheeler and Jones halves, Parmer full, Cogdell quarter.

Normal Notes.

Our attendance is still increasing. Miss Lela Jones, a former student and Mr. Saunders enrolled today.

Mr. Hill gave a talk to the Palo Duro Literary society at their last meeting.

At a meeting of the Y. W. C. A. Oct. 3, the following officers were elected: Miss Wakefield, vice president; Edna Key, treasurer; Zerah McReynolds, pianist. A plan of study for the year was adopted. The members are to be divided into four study groups, each of which is to have a leader. During the first quarter, group A will study "Manhood of the Master"; group B, "Twenty years at Hull House by Jane Addams"; group C, "Among Country Schools by O. J. Kern"; group D, "Christ in Every day Life by Basworth". Mrs. T. V. Reeves, our newly elected president, prophesies for us the best year's work in the history of the organization.

On the afternoon of Oct. 4 at 4 o'clock the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. held a joint meeting, a prayer meeting in response to President Wilson's call upon "all God-fearing-people to meet on that day petition almighty God to restore once more concord among men and nations."

High School Notes.

The high school was organized into an association last week and the old opera house was rented for the purpose of playing basketball. So far everything has been very successful. Two teams were organized between the boys and girls. They hope before long to be playing matched games with our neighboring cities.

A group of the high school boys took a trip to the Panhandle State Fair last Monday and Wednesday.

A very interesting debate was held Saturday evening by the boys of the eleventh grade. They were greatly handicapped on account of three of the boys being unable to take their parts, however Mr. Baker and Mr. Kennedy took their places. The girls of the eleventh grade gave interesting speeches. All was very much enjoyed by the high school.

Louise Neal Improving.

Louise Neal, the little daughter of Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Neal, is improving from her serious illness at Wellington. Monday morning the fever had entirely left her. She was very seriously ill for more than a week and is left very weak from the fever but will recover within a short time.

Rev. Neal will be home Sunday to preach at the morning and evening service.

Brotherhood Meeting.

The meeting of the Canyon Brotherhood at the Methodist church Sunday afternoon was largely attended, and the meeting was very interesting and spiritual under the leadership of Rev. W. H. Younger.

The meeting will be led by E. F. Miller at the Presbyterian church next Sunday.



NORMAL CONTRACT HELD UP-- TO ADVERTISE AGAIN FOR BIDS

The contract for the new Normal building was not let in Austin Monday. The News talked with W. H. Fuqua of Amarillo this morning, who had returned from Austin yesterday, and Mr. Fuqua stated that the board found it necessary to readvertise for bids.

Some changes were made in the plans of the building. The regents will meet again in Dallas Oct. 17 or 19 and will adopt the revised plans of the building and will then advertise for bids. Mr. Fuqua stated that he thought the contract would be let within thirty days.

Mr. Cousins will return from Austin tomorrow.

Society Notes.

Mrs. F. P. Guenther entertained the Merry Maids and Matron club Thursday afternoon. The afternoon was spent at forty-two. Refreshments were served of potatoe chips, graham and white sandwiches, chicken cream, cranberry, jelly and coffee. The guests of the club were Mesdames Harrison, Reeves, Cousins, Allen, Hill, Marquis, Reid, Stafford, Stilwell and Misses Chamberlain, Cofer, Denman, Hudspeth, Kline, Malone, Lamb, Rambo, Ritchie, Hibbets, Harrison, Pickerill, Thomson.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Winkelman entertained Monday night in honor of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Stewart. Forty-two was played at five tables. Refreshments were served of fruit salad, sandwiches, and coffee. The guests

of the evening were Messrs. and Mesdames T. H. Stewart, D. M. Stewart, Harrison, Ingham, Terrell, Jarrett, S. S. Coffee, Fleisher, J. T. Holland, J. G. Holland, Chas. Holland and Warwick.

Married in Amarillo.

Mrs. Maggie Barry of this city and H. C. Hawthorn of Hereford were married last Wednesday in Amarillo. They left Saturday for Hereford where they will make their home. Mrs. Barry has lived in Canyon for a number of years and many friends who extend congratulations. Mr. Hawthorne is an expert auto painter and has a fine business in Hereford.

County Court Next Week.

County court meets next Monday at the court house. There is very little business before the court this session.

Netherton Goes to Alva.

Rev. T. G. Netherton has accepted a call from the Alva, Okla., Baptist church and is moving this week to his new field of labor. Mr. Netherton stated Saturday that he had enjoyed his year's work in Canyon and that he had many friends here whom he was very sorry to leave. Alva is a fine town with a population of six thousand.

Half Inch Rain.

A half inch rain fell in Canyon Tuesday evening, accompanied by some hail. The rain was much heavier east of the city. The rain extended over a good territory.

Happy Items.

C. Bradenbaugh of Kansas City visited at the parental J. O. Bradenbaugh home.

Several ladies spent Tuesday at the Hagan home.

Miss Essie Smith of Hereford is visiting at the B. Anderson home.

Rev. Burnett filled the Baptist pulpit Sunday.

C. Berry's mother of Okla., is visiting at his home. He had not seen her for sixteen years.

C. T. Word shipped 9 cars of cattle Friday and Saturday.

M. Grady bought the Rubbert house and had it moved to his lots in town to use for a garage.

L. M. Zook washed his thumb Saturday while working with his binder.

W. B. Knox of Canadian is visiting at G. Calor's.

Threshing of maize and kafir will soon be the work of the day.

M. S. Lusby is taking much interest in keeping his place clean, and the lots adjoining him. He was cutting and burning weeds this week. All other Canyon people should follow his example.

RANDALL COUNTY HAS PROPERTY \$4,556,731

Tax Assessor Cyrus Eakman has completed the rolls of Randall county and delivered them to Collector Worth A. Jennings. The total amount of property rendered to the assessor is \$4,556,731. This amount is less than rendered in former years owing to the reductions made in valuation of lands by the commissioners.

The total amount of taxes to be paid next spring is \$36,292.02. This amount is seven thousands dollars less than last year owing to the reductions of the commissioners. The following are the various taxes assessed:

State ad valorem	\$5695.92
State school	9113.46
State revenue	246.50
School poll	593.00
County tax	11391.68
District school	7812.60

There were 3860 horses rendered for taxes and 19207 cattle. According to the tax rolls there are only three dogs in the county.

RANDALL COUNTY BIGGEST WINNER

Randall county won more blue ribbons at the Panhandle State Fair than any county exhibiting. Seven blue and four reds came our way. Besides these, the county won a beautiful cup for having the third best dry farming exhibit.

The following were the blue ribbon winners, together with the names of the people furnishing the exhibit:

- Indian corn—Welton Winn.
- Rye—Welton Winn.
- Alfalfa—H. C. Roffey.
- Onions—J. D. Key.
- Grapes—W. F. Heller.
- General apple display—Walter Johnson and T. C. Simms.
- Damson plums—Mrs. P. Friemel.

The following won red ribbons:

- Oats—T. C. Simms.
- Barley—J. F. White.
- Watermelons—R. A. Campbell.
- Cabbage—J. H. Garrison.

A. E. Bent Visits Canyon.

A. E. Bent of Denver visited Canyon Tuesday to look after the Canyon Power Co. of which he is owner. He stated that he is will pleased with the business and that general conditions are much better than he has ever seen them here. Mr. Bent inspected the numerous improvements which are being made at the power plant.

Seventy-fifth Birthday.

A. S. Howren was home yesterday to spend his seventy-fifth birthday. He has charge of the surveying party of the Capitol Syndicate which is making a re-survey of the state grant together with a party of state surveyors. Mr. Howren is a very active man for his age.

Rally Day Successful.

Sunday was the annual Rally Day in both the Baptist and Methodist churches. The attendance in both Sunday schools was very fine, special programs being prepared for the day.

Wayside Items.

Rev. Triplett, of Dimmit filled his appointment Sunday morning. Rev. George preached Sunday night.

The decline in the price of wheat has caused some of the grain wagons to stop running. Wm. Payne and wife made a business trip to Clarendon this week.

L. M. Scoggins of Happy bought of Payne Bros., 128 steers and 81 heifers, consideration \$38 for former and \$35 for the latter, shipped out last week. W. I. Lane and family and Mrs. Ida Sluder autoed to Canyon Saturday visiting Mrs. S. J. McGehee. Mrs. Lane and children will remain for some time, the others returning Sunday.

Joe Service of Canyon came out Sunday with Mr. Lane to assist Jessie Christian in putting up a new house for D. L. Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. Treadway of Burden, Kans., will visit their daughter, Mrs. E. M. Beasley, they haven't met in 15 years.

Mrs. Myrtle Helms and daughter of Tucumcarie are visiting W. T. Helms and family.

W. C. and Ewing McGehee and mother, Mrs. L. J. McGehee motored to Canyon Friday returning Saturday accompanied by O. P. Thomas.

Your Subscription

Will be appreciated by the Ladies of the BAPTIST, PRESBYTERIAN and METHODIST CHURCHES. Give them the money.

THE RIVET-CATCHER

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT.

(Copyright.)

Fred Faxon stood on the girder that formed the street side of the empty quadrangle that in due time would become the sixteenth floor of the Chimney-stack building.

Over his shoulder was balanced an empty keg. He leaned forward slightly, with his eyes fixed on a man who was fanning the flames in a portable furnace some distance to the right on the floor below.

Suddenly the man dropped the handle of the bellows, caught up a pair of tongs, and snatched a heavy white-hot rivet from the heart of the fire. He leaned back to gather strength; then, with scarcely a glance, tossed the rivet upward.

Fred bent slightly, shifted his keg an inch or two to the left, and the rivet fell squarely into the keg, struck against its sloping inner side, and fell dead to bottom. The moment he felt it strike Fred turned and ran like a squirrel, leaning slightly to balance the thrust of the wind, along the six-inch girder to where two men were riveting a floor beam into place.

One of them, the bucker-up, picked the rivet from the keg and thrust it upward, still sparkling hot, through the holes which had been bored for it months before and hundreds of miles away. Then, with his dolly-bar, he bore up against it, holding it firmly in place while the pneumatic-gun man smashed another head upon it with a volley of staccato thuds.

Meanwhile, Fred had run back to his post and stood ready to catch another rivet.

The wind tore at him, but he heeded it no more than he did the roar of the traffic which rose to his ears from the stony street, 200 feet below.

He had been catching white-hot bolts hurled at him from varying distances for more than three years, and, being young and apt, had learned his work so well that it had become mechanical. He caught the rivets and ran along the dizzy spiderweb of girders and floor beams as easily and indifferently as a ball player catches a ball and runs the bases.

On this particular day he had other things to think about. His ambition was to be a "gun-man"—to wield the pneumatic hammer that smashed the second heads on the rivets and bound the floor beams and the girders into a solid whole.

Gun-men got better pay than rivet-catchers, and Annie West had promised to marry him the minute he got his promotion; so he wanted both badly.

In the ordinary course of events, however, he could not hope for such a post for several years, and by that time anything might happen. Annie might even marry big Bill McSweeney, bully and tough though he was.

But his chance had come at last. The high wages paid for rebuilding San Francisco after the great earthquake and fire had drained the East of structural iron-workers and made room for scores of younger men who had learned the alphabet of the difficult trade, and the growth of the whole country had prevented the demand from slackening.

That very morning, Casey, foreman of construction on the Chimney-stack building, had called together the half dozen rivet-catchers in his force and had told them that Mr. Fulton, traveling superintendent of the great Fulton Construction company, would be at the building the next day, and would select the most capable youngster he could find to go West with him to help in the gun-work on a new building in Chicago.

"It's the great opening it is for one of you boys," declared Casey. "The great opening entirely! Sure, Chicago is where the company lives when its at home, and it's a fine chance you'll have to make good with the bosses."

"It's mighty little there is to choose between you, as far as work goes, and I'll make no recommendations and let Mr. Fulton pick for himself. Think it over today, boys, and let me know tonight whether it's go or stay here in New York you'd rather."

Ten minutes later, as Fred climbed the ladders to his post, he felt a touch upon his shoulder, and turned to face big Bill McSweeney.

"Say!" growled Bill. "Say, Faxon, I want that job. See! And I smashes the face of anyone that gets it away from me. See! I'm sorry you got engagements that keeps you in New York and gatter decline. See!"

Fred rose instantly to the situation. Physically he was no match for Bill, who was two years older, 20 pounds heavier, two inches taller, and was an amateur pugilist besides. Clearly the case was one for diplomacy.

"How in the world did you know, Bill?" he demanded smilingly.

Bill grunted. "Oh, I reckoned your health wouldn't let you leave here," he answered with labored significance. "And don't you make no mistake, Fred Faxon. When I go, I take Annie West with me. See!"

Fred laughed. "Sure, if you can get her to go," he answered. "She won't do it. She'll stay here and marry me."

"Humph! I'll show you." "Do!" Fred grow excited. "Look here, Bill McSweeney," he said, "you're no friend of mine, and I don't owe you anything. I could get this job if I wanted it."

"I've got a hunch how to get it, but

I don't want it; and I do want to get you out of town. So I'm going to turn my hunch over to you—if you want it."

Bill glared at Fred suspiciously, but the latter met his eyes so frankly that his misgivings faded.

"Wot is it?" he demanded.

Fred looked round cautiously.

"Listen!" he whispered. "Father used to work under Mr. Fulton, and he told me about him. He's a perfect crank on that new alloy, nickel-steel. When he comes round tomorrow say something to one of the boys about nickel-steel alloys for something or other—rivets will do. Say it so he'll hear you, and he's dead sure to take notice."

"If you get another chance, say something else about it—that it would make rivet-heads mash better, for instance. Do this two or three times if you can, and he's safe to pick you. He can't help it. Nickel-steel is like whisky to him. You'll see."

Bill nodded slowly.

"I've heard of nickel-steel," he declared. "But I don't know much about it. I'll try what you say, but—with sudden fierceness—'don't you try no tricks, Fred Faxon. If you're givin' me the wrong steer, you better look out for yourself; that's all.'"

That afternoon Casey, the foreman, scratched his head reflectively as five of the six youngsters to whom he had spoken declined the job on one plea or another.

"So yourself's the only one who wants to go, is it, McSweeney?" he pondered. "Well, it's no fault I have to find with your work, and I'll tell Mr. Fulton so if he asks me. But I mis-doubt but he'll be wanting more than one to choose among."

The next morning Casey was taking Mr. Fulton over the building. From one gang of riveters to another they went, watching the work of each. As they came near Bill McSweeney, that individual was passing a rivet down to the bucker-up.

"Say!" he remarked loudly. "Say, these bolts don't hold their heat, see! If they'd put some nickel-steel in them, I bet they'd do better."

The bucker-up stared; but Bill noted that Mr. Fulton had stopped and was regarding him closely, and felt encouraged. A few moments later, when he came back with another rivet and found the superintendent still watching him, and listening earnestly the while to something that Casey was saying, he was delighted.

"Them bolt-heads would mash better if they had some nickel-steel in 'em," he observed to the gun-man, who almost dropped his tool in his amazement.

Unheeding, Bill was about to follow up his words with another remark, when he saw Mr. Fulton nod to Casey and start rapidly away.

"Well," he muttered to himself, "I got in two good licks at him, anyway."

When the whistle blew for quitting-time, McSweeney looked round for Fred, but did not see him; so he hurried down the ladders, eager to know his fate. Casey spied him coming, and called him over.

"Step into the office, McSweeney," he ordered, "and get your time. I'll not be wantin' you any more."

Bill stiffened with amazement.

"Do I get the Chicago job?" he demanded.

"Job? Naw! An' it's little likely you are to get one till you get over that fool crank of yours about nickel-steel. Where you picked up that rot I dunno."

"Picked it up?" he yelled. "Me! Wait till I find Fred Faxon, and I'll show him where I picked it up."

"Fred Faxon, is it?" A slow grin dawned on the Irishman's face. He thought he saw an explanation of the thing.

"And what's Fred Faxon been sayin' to you?" he demanded. "Aw! tell me now. I want to know."

Furiously, Bill explained. When he had finished, Casey laughed long and loud.

"Faith, 'tis the best joke I've heard for many a day, so it is," he chortled. "Do you know what Faxon did? He come to me this mornin', an' he says, says he: 'Mister Casey, says he, 'I'm sure we all like McSweeney and want him to get that Chicago job,' says he. 'So I want to ask you,' he says, 'not to mention nickel-steel to him when Mr. Fulton is round.'"

"I've known Bill for years," says he, "and he's plumb crazy on nickel-steel. He was in the crazy-house for six months once," says he, "for that very thing; and he's liable to have to go back, if he gets excited about it. The doctor says so," says he.

"That's what Fred says; and then he goes off, an' it's little I think about it till you begins to talk about nickel-steel; an' then I saw mighty plain that I couldn't put a crazy man off on Mr. Fulton, nor kape' him workin' here, either; and so—"

But Bill could keep silent no longer. "I'll cut his heart out!" he yelled.

"I'll—"

He dashed toward the door.

But Casey flung himself in the way.

"Kape still, ye omadhaun," he rasped, "and listen to me. Sure, it serves you right, so it does. It was a dirty trick for you to buffalo all them lads into refusin' the job, so it was; and it's glad I am you got the worst of it."

"But it's over and done now; and if you come back to work tomorrow quiet and say nothing, I'll kape the thing to myself. If you try to make trouble, it's the joke of the trade you'll make yourself, so you will."

"Besides, you can't hurt Faxon unless you go to Chicago after him, for it's married he is, and started West on the train with Mr. Fulton an hour ago."

Tales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

"Here Is Your Jewel Casket, Madam," He Said

NEW YORK.—"Madam," and the handsome station master looked into her violet eyes, "your jewel casket, I am happy to inform you, has been found." The violet eyes looked up into his and a flush mantled her cheeks.

"Thank you so much," she said. "You must have seen me when I dropped it."

The H. S. M. said no, but with an accent that did not make it sound like a harsh word at all.

"I knew it was yours," he said, "because it just matched the color of your gown. I was much worried until I found you, for I know that the contents must be very valuable. Do not mention it at all. It has been reward enough to have returned these jewels to you."

She shook the leather-covered box apprehensively and listened. "I suggest," said the H. S. M., "that you examine the contents before you go further. Perhaps some of them might be missing. My office is at your disposal if you wish to do so."

And so she of the violet eyes went to the office and the H. S. M. said to one of his assistants, "Odell, just give the lady this desk, will you. She would like to make an inventory of her jewels, which she just lost and—found again." And so she of the violet eyes opened the lid of that leather-bound box, and these are what she took out, one by one:

- One small mirror, cracked.
- One rabbit's foot.
- One comb.
- One bottle of perfume.
- One pot of rouge.
- One tube of cold cream.
- One eyebrow pencil.
- One date book.

"How funny," she said, after a pause, glancing at the limp form of the H. S. M., which had fallen back in his chair, "that you should have thought this was filled with diamonds! Why, this is my tango vanity. All the girls have them. Don't you think it is an especially nice one? Everything is all right but the little mirror. Thank you so much. Good-by. You have been very kind."

And the station master went into his private office and lighted a dank, dark cigar and pondered on the ways of womankind.

Firemen Steal the Bed of Pair Wed in Secret

CHICAGO.—A Maxim silencer on the wedding chimes failed to work when Charles F. Passow, a fireman, married Miss Margaret Mulligan at her home, 1340 North Avers avenue. Passow recently asked for a furlough, but did not explain that he intended to be married.

He had heard of the pranks played on prospective bridegrooms by their heartless mates in the firehouse. So he decided to have a secret wedding.

Passow and his fiancée picked out a sunny flat at 5305 Maryland avenue, and during his hours off they visited furniture emporiums and picked out all the accessories dear to the hearts of the newly-married.

But Passow underestimated the discernment of the other members of the engine company.

Mr. and Mrs. Passow went to their new home after the wedding the other night. Passow tried to open the door, but the key would not work. This was because the members of company 19 had plugged up all the keyholes. In a rage hotter than most of the fires he has turned the hose on, Passow struggled with the key until finally he and his bride gained entrance.

On the dining-room table they found an elaborate set of aluminum kitchen utensils with a card conveying the company's best wishes.

"They are just beautiful," Mrs. Passow said.

"Yes, the boys are pretty good-hearted, even if they do have their little joke," Passow conceded.

Then he suddenly missed the bed.

Once more he felt murder in his heart. He raced back and forth through the flat and at last found that the door of a closet was locked and the keyhole stuffed. Passow got a chisel and hammer and got the door open. The bed had been carefully taken down and stored in the closet.

This Couple Knew a Good Cow When They Saw It

MUNCIE, IND.—Charles Shick, when he retired from the mercantile business, moved to a suburban home. He had always wished to live out where he could keep chickens, a driving horse or two, and a cow. Whenever Shick and his wife drew mental plans of their suburban home they included a sketch of an ideal cow. In fact, they decided they would spend, if necessary, a hundred dollars for a cow, but it must look like a hundred dollars' worth of cow. After they became settled in their new home they started out cow-shopping. They read the classified advertisements and canvassed Delaware county's 12 townships. They saw a lot of cows, but none looked like the cow they wished.

Then the county fair came. Shick and his wife went. At the cattle barns they saw a cow. It belonged to the genus Jersey. Its eyes were soft and mellow. Its hoofs and horns were neatly manicured. Its fawn-colored coat was beautiful to behold. And as for the general symmetry and makeup the animal would suit the most exacting. The herdsman said this particular cow was an abundant milk producer.

The Shicks exchanged knowing glances. Verily they had, at last, found a cow that looked like the mental picture they had drawn.

"I suppose you will sell this cow?" Shick asked.

"Yes, it is for sale," said the herdsman.

"How much do you want for the animal?" said Shick.

"Well," said the herdsman, "it is one of the best animals in the herd, but we'll take fifteen hundred dollars for the cow."

Shick clutched at his wife's arm. Then they started across the fair ground toward the grandstand. For half an hour neither spoke. Then Shick broke the silence. He turned to his wife and in a meek voice said, "Say, wife, we know a good cow when we see one, don't we?"

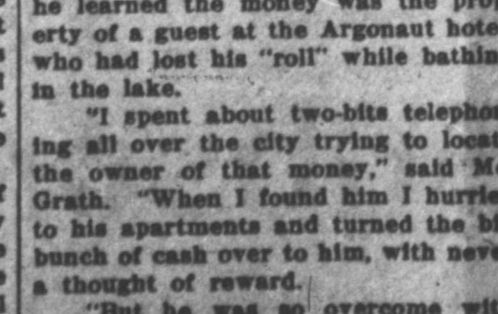
Finds a \$367 "Roll" and Gets a 25-Cent Reward

DENVER, COLO.—M. McGrath, a lifeguard at the Washington park bathing beach, found \$367 in bank bills on the shore. With no thought of reward in his mind, he hastened to police headquarters and reported his find. There he learned the money was the property of a guest at the Argonaut hotel, who had lost his "roll" while bathing in the lake.

"I spent about two-bits telephoning all over the city trying to locate the owner of that money," said McGrath. "When I found him I hurried to his apartments and turned the big bunch of cash over to him, with never a thought of reward."

But he was so overcome with gratitude and joy, he insisted that I be rewarded. He drew a dime and a quarter from his pocket and studied them for fully a minute. Finally he shoved the quarter toward me and said: "You deserve a reward."

He looked so ruefully at that two-bits I couldn't bear to take it. It would have broken his heart, I am sure."



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DREYFUS, ONCE DEGRADED, IS NOW A MAJOR IN A CRACK REGIMENT IN THE ARMY OF FRANCE

1899
Fifteen years ago today Capt. Alfred Dreyfus was convicted by court-martial for the second time on the charge of selling French military secrets to foreign powers. It was one of the most sensational trials of the age, during which it was alleged that the peace of Europe was threatened through the "Dreyfus affair." The verdict brought vigorous protests from the entire civilized world, which was convinced of the captain's innocence. Arrested five years before, he had been convicted by his superior officers at a court-martial, degraded before army comrades, transported to Devil's Island to expiate the alleged crime, and had been, through the efforts of influential friends, brought back to France for a retrial. The eyes of the world were turned upon the court at Rennes, where the Semetic army officer, the first Hebrew ever to have entered the staff of the French army, was battling for his honor. Four hundred journalists, from the four corners of the earth, rubbed elbows with society women, some of whom had paid as much as \$400 for a seat. Sensation followed sensation during the trial; but none was more startling than that testimony given by General Mercier, the former minister of war. He averred that, during the Dreyfus affair, the German ambassador at Paris had delivered an imperative demand that certain papers, alleged to have been stolen from the German embassy, be returned to Germany. "From eight o'clock," said the general, while the audience hung breathless on his revelation of a crisis in the destiny of France, "until after midnight the president of the republic, the prime minister and I waited to know whether war or peace would be the outcome of the negotiations. We were within a hair's breadth of war." Suicide and degradation of Dreyfus' accusers followed his acquittal.

1914
Today Dreyfus is not only a free man, but he has been restored to the French army with great public ceremony. A captain when degraded, he is now a major in a crack artillery regiment that usually is detailed to all state functions. Suffering the greatest of humiliations for a soldier for 12 years, he today is fully cleared of treason and has been honored with the distinction of a commander of the Legion of Honor. His champions during his time of trouble have likewise been honored. Zola, the great French author, who suffered imprisonment for his fiery defense of Dreyfus, is now dead, but the republic honored his memory by placing his body in the Pantheon, the burial place of the great soldiers of France. Picquart, a brother officer, then with the rank of colonel, who was cashiered from the army for defending Dreyfus, was restored with all honors and promoted to the rank of brigadier general. Dreyfus' enemies have been confounded. Colonel Henry, formerly connected with the war office, is dead by his own hand, after having confessed to forging Dreyfus' name to a document that helped to send him to Devil's Island. Major Esterhazy had publicly confessed through the London Chronicle that he wrote the bordereau, the famous document which, more than anything else, brought about the conviction for treason against Dreyfus. Esterhazy is now an exile from France, though not subject to official punishment through a recent amnesty law which pardons all offenders against the state up to the year 1911. Today the war with Germany has come about, but not through the machinations of the Dreyfus affair. Dreyfus' son is fighting for France on the firing line and was recently promoted for gallantry in battle to the rank of sergeant.

WALL STREET DEAD

War Killed Business in That Famous Thoroughfare.

Brokerage Firms Are Idle and Most of Them Have Been Compelled to Discharge Many Employees.

(International News Service.)
New York.—The European war has played havoc in Wall street. That "crooked thoroughfare, with a river at one end and a cemetery at the other" is only a wraith of its former self. While it would be an exaggeration to say that grass is growing in Wall street, there has been a great difference in the place since the stock exchange closed.
People still pass frequently along Broad and Wall streets, a few men stand idly in the open space at Broad street and Exchange place, and the cabbies still drowse on the stand before the stock exchange, but all is not as it once was.
There is a lack of excitement, of bustle and business about the street that never was known there in the days of prosperity before the war came. Not even in the days of 1907 was there such stagnation there. Nobody seems to be in a hurry. There is no shouting and gesticulation from windows, giving quotations and orders to waiting brokers in the street. One receives the distinct impression that the sidewalk pedestrians, are walking to kill time.
Because of the war in Europe, which paralyzed the markets of the world, hundreds of men and women in Wall street, book-makers, clerks and stenographers, are out of employment, watching their small savings dwindle.
The brokers declare that they are no better off than the employees they have discharged. "How could we help ourselves?" demanded one broker. "We did not wish to turn off men and women we had trusted, in some cases, for years. But what recourse have we? My firm is a small one, yet with the help reduced to a minimum and my partners and I doing most of the book-keeping, the office expenses are \$100 a day. With no new business of any sort, that means our net loss is \$100 a day, or \$3,000 a month. Besides that, I have the interest to pay on my seat on the stock exchange. I bought mine when business was good and paid \$74,000 for it. All this counts up, I am living on my savings. None of the brokers in the street are any better off than I am, and many of them are in much worse plight."
Different firms have pursued different policies in dealing with the unique situation presented by the shutting off of the speculative trade. Some, which feel sufficiently prosperous, have retained all their help. But in the majority of cases there has been at least a partial reduction of the staffs. The newer employees were given a week's or two weeks' salary and dismissed with the promise they would be given first chance at their old positions when business was resumed.
Again, some firms expect their employees to report at the offices every morning as if business were going on, while a few of the firms are paying their employees full salary but telling them to stay away from the offices and get the benefit of a real vacation.
The same state of affairs prevails now more or less in the shipping trade. With little or no steamship traffic and importation at a standstill, there is nothing shipping employees can do.

RAZING OF LOUVAIN

American Girl Tells of Seeing the City Destroyed.

Declares German Soldiers Started the Fighting by Mistreating Belgian Women—Vain Search for Her Relatives.

London.—Marguerite Ustebroek, a sixteen-year-old American girl from Millersville, Ill., arrived in London after an adventurous trip from Louvain, the burning of which she witnessed.
The girl was visiting Flemish relatives near Louvain when the village where her relatives lived was burned. They went into Louvain. She said that the first sign of trouble was when two German soldiers maltreated and killed several girls. These soldiers were promptly shot by their own officers, but the feeling of the populace against the invaders had grown very intense.
The German soldiers, according to Miss Ustebroek, made no secret of their determination to make the Belgians suffer for the indignities which they claimed the German residents had suffered at the hands of the Belgians at the outbreak of the war.
The girl described the destruction of Louvain and the terrible firing in the streets that continued for two days as a sight that had burned into her memory. Her father and a fifteen-year-old brother, who were also in Louvain, disappeared and she believed that they had been made prisoners by the Germans.
Seeking to locate them, Miss Ustebroek made her way into Germany on a German prison train. She was unable to find her relatives and appealed to the American consuls in various cities. The investigations of the consuls satisfied them that the father and brother were held at some German concentration camp.
The girl then made a trip to Cologne where she met her aged mother and brought her to London. Mother and daughter are now being aided by the American relief committee.
In a dispatch from Copenhagen a correspondent of the Central News says that General Manteuffel, the German military commander at Louvain, Belgium, has made an official report, in which he asserts that investigation has shown that it was Belgian soldiers who had drawn on civilian attire over the uniforms who fired on German soldiers from housetops of the city.

War Cuts Cosmetic Supply.
The latest commodity which the war has made scarce and expensive is powder—the toilet kind. The talcum itself can be secured in adequate quantities in North Carolina, but the perfumes and secret aids to the beautification of the complexion, which the manufacturer and barber tell you about, are to a large extent the products of foreign labor. In many cases the composition of toilet compounds is a secret in some European family. With all the men at war, no considerable supply can be manufactured and still less can be exported to America.

Kaiser Still a British Admiral.
London.—The resignation of Emperor William from his office as admiral of the British fleet does not appear to have reached the authorities in London. The September navy list still includes his name among the honorary officers and also that of Prince Henry of Prussia.

NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON



Uncle Sam Makes Fine Reputation as Architect

WASHINGTON.—When the average citizen beholds the beautiful lines of the modern federal buildings in most of the principal cities of the United States, he probably does not realize that in addition to his many other vocations and professions, Uncle Sam is also an architect, represented at present by Oscar Wenderoth, supervising architect of the treasury. Yet, Uncle Sam is making a wonderful reputation for himself in this capacity. Not only is he doing good work, but he is being widely copied, and those who are acquainted with the facts realize that he is doing more to set the fashion and elevate the standard of architecture in this country than any other agency.

For the first 75 years of our national existence the public buildings were put up in a sort of haphazard way. Commissions appointed by the secretary of the treasury selected the architect of a building and attended to all the details of its construction. The result was that no fixed idea was carried out, and our earlier public buildings had no uniformity of design at all.

Today it is different. Uncle Sam has become an architect on his own account, and he is designing his own buildings. The result is that one may now recognize the new federal buildings of the country on sight by their uniformity of style. There is just enough diversity in detail to prevent too much similarity.

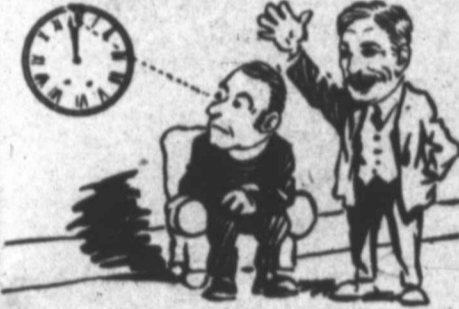
In times past the government roamed the whole world over to find new ideas in architecture, and in the older federal buildings one may see everything from the Gothic down to the Romanesque. But after trying them all, the classic style based on the best French and English influence as illustrated by the Senate office building in this city, has been decided upon as embodying the best that there is in beauty and utility in architecture.

An example of some of the failures of bygone-days is the old Washington post office on Pennsylvania avenue and the Municipal building which Supervising Architect Wenderoth styles "an architectural nightmare." A Boston architect imported the Romanesque style along in the eighties, and made a great hit with it in Boston and Cincinnati. Then came along the supervising architect at that time with a determination to copy the style in the Washington post office. He did so, and the result speaks for itself.

Eleventh-Hour Stories of the Vice-President

VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL has a habit of telling a funny story at the eleventh hour. In fact, he usually waits until the eleventh hour and about fifty-five minutes. The consequence is that when he enters the senate chamber to convene that body of solemn toilers he is apt to have a half-suppressed smile on his face, and the Rev. Forest J. Prettyman, the senate chaplain, has even more difficulty in maintaining the serious countenance of a man about to lead in prayer.

Here is the way the thing works out: Along about 11:30 Marshall shifts from his office in the senate office building to his room in the capitol. A few minutes before noon the chaplain comes to be in readiness to accompany the vice-president into the chamber. Now, for some unaccountable reason, the presence of the chaplain makes Marshall think of a funny story. At about five minutes prior to the hour of opening the senate he starts to tell this story with calm deliberation.
The golden moments speed on their way, and by the time Marshall has the basic part of his story outlined it lacks only two minutes or less until twelve o'clock. All hands begin to grow nervous and the sergeant-at-arms comes to the door, watch in hand, to make certain that the vice-president is going to reach his seat in due season.
Marshall gets up from his desk and proceeds across the corridor, still working toward the point of his story, and by a burst of speed gets out the climax just as he pushes open the door into the senate chamber. Chaplain Prettyman has his choice then of not laughing at the story, which would perhaps be impolite on his part, or of laughing and then pulling his face back into shape ready to offer prayer while walking the few steps from the door to the rostrum.



Small Boy Finds Red Flag; Nearly Wrecks Train

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD boy came near causing a disastrous rear-end collision on the Metropolitan branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad near the scene of the Terra Cotta wreck, the other morning, when he flagged the Frederick local due here from Frederick, Md., at 8:30 o'clock.

As usual, the train was crowded, as was the Hagerstown train, following it. The engineer of the Frederick local jammed on his emergency brakes, when he saw Robert Shipley, who lives at Stott's, near the district line, frantically waving a red flag on the track ahead, not far from the Stott station.
Quick work was necessary to flag and halt the Hagerstown train booming down the line behind. A rear-end collision was narrowly averted through the agility of the flagman, who put sufficient space between himself and the Frederick train to give the second engineer stopping room.
In the meantime, the engineer, conductor and many passengers piled out and surrounded young Shipley, demanding to know the danger. Unabashed, the boy explained that he had found a red flag on the track and wanted to return it. He was questioned closely, but to no further effect.
The conductor took the flag, and trainmen unanimously admitted that they had encountered a remarkable case of an honest boy. They added with some show of bitterness, however, that there are times when too much honesty is not the best policy.

Sightseeing Indians Amused at Boys' Warfare

TWO Indians were sightseeing up Capitol Hill way. Both were civilized to the extent of cheap clothes that didn't fit, and, as small concessions to a tribal past, each wore a single gull in his gray sash. Also, one wore gold hoop earrings, and the other displayed on his breast a Catholic medal and cross. They shuffled along listlessly until, as they came to the library, each stopped with sudden alertness to watch two tiny boys playing on the grass. Each small chap had on an Indian suit of brown cambric with a war bonnet of turkey quills. And each waved a tinsel steel tomahawk and danced exactly as real Indians don't do and never did. And when one boy put his hatchet between his teeth and crawled over the grass to attack a portly black nurse who made believe she didn't know what was coming to her, the two who were the real thing looked at each other and chuckled.
And inside the library there are doubtless many books beautifully bound and illustrated to prove that the red man is a stoic who has never been known to smile.



FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF CANYON
Capital, \$50,000.00
Surplus, \$10,000.00
Your deposits in this bank are guarded by the United States Government.
Your Business solicited, appreciated and protected.

SEE THE
NEWS PRINTERY
For the superior kind of
COMMERCIAL JOB PRINTING
Randell County News

S. A. Shotwell & Co.
Wholesale and Retail
Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds
Best Grades of Nigger Head and Maltland Coal
TERMS CASH

Plainview Nursery
Has the largest stock of home grown trees that they have ever had. Varieties well adapted to this climate, hardy and absolutely free from disease. All kinds of garden plants.
Agents Wanted to Sell on Commission
Plainview Nursery
PLAINVIEW TEXAS

GETTING BETTER AFTER SICKNESS

Nothing has ever equaled or compared with the medicinal fats in Scott's Emulsion to arrest the decline, invigorate the blood, strengthen the nervous system, aid the appetite and restore the courage of better health.

Scott's Emulsion is pure health-building food, without alcohol or opiate.

TRY IT

24-41

The Randall County News.

Incorporated under the laws of Texas
C. W. Warwick, Managing Editor.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

Tomorrow has been set aside as fire prevention day in Texas. Mayor Wilson states that the day will not be observed in Canyon as a community unit, but urges that all of the citizens begin to burn all the weeds and rubbish around their premises in order that fire dangers may be lessened. A day will be set aside after the first killing frost to rake and burn every weed in Canyon.

Have you heard the republicans or bull moosers making fun of President Wilson's "watchful waiting" policy since the terrible European war has started? Hardly. Any thinking man may be thankful that this watchful waiting policy has been carried out so thoroughly by the President. United States has escaped a long war with Mexico under this administrative guidance and has kept entirely aloof from the European brawl.

Randall county walked off with more first prizes at the Panhandle State Fair than any county exhibiting. Randall county is always a winner. The man who doesn't live here is making a great mistake.

Canyon must have a rousing trades day this fall.

The Randall County News came out last week in a splendid sixteen-page, Panhandle State Fair edition. Editor Warwick is doing fine work at Canyon, and deserves the patronage and hearty co operation of every inhabitant of that territory. He is a good new-paper man, a good neighbor, an all around excellent

Important to all Women Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer a great deal with pain in the back, bearing-down feelings and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be dependent; it makes anyone so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

A good kidney medicine, possessing real healing and curative value, should be a blessing to thousands of nervous, over-worked women.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy will do for them. Every reader of this paper, who has not already tried it, by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at all drug stores.

citizen, and will always be found doing a man's part on what he considers the right side of every question that confronts his home section. Our felicitations, Friend Warwick.—Clarendon News.

Thanks Bro. Warren. We appreciate bouquets while we are able to smell 'em. We never imagined that it would be of much use to the man in the wooden box to be covered with flowers, but the kind words of friends and neighbors as we pass through life's what makes this old world so bright.

B. Y. P. U. Program.

The following is the program for next Sunday:
Subject—When we come to the hardest time of our lives.

Leader—Chas. Stratton.
Scripture reading, Mark 14: 32-42—Stella Rusk.

Gethsemane and Jesus—Mr. Baker.

Our Gethsemane—Maude Stuart.

What Jesus did in His Gethsemane and what we may do in ours—Mr. Turner.

Pray—Miss Horn.

Set our wills to do God's will—Vina Lancaster.

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

Publisher's Statement of Ownership.

As required by law, the News makes the following report to the Third Assistant Postmaster General, Washington, D. C., regarding its ownership:

Editor, Business Manager, Managing Editor, C. W. Warwick, Canyon Texas.

Publisher, Randall County News, Canyon Texas.

Owners:
C. O. Keiser,
Mrs. Daniel L. Keiser,
Oscar Hunt,
C. W. Warwick.

Known bondholders, mortgages and other security holders: None.

(Signed) C. W. Warwick, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day March 1914.

J. R. Cullum. (Seal)
Notary Public for Randall County, Texas.
(My commission expires June, 1915.)

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

Rev. J. M. Harder of Plainview was in the city Tuesday on business.

The new sanitary dairy is ready to supply you with guaranteed products. Give us a trial.

I. H. Hollabaugh. It

Mrs. M. A. Kirkpatrick returned Tuesday to her home in Santa Anna after a visit at the T. C. Thompson home.

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

Miss Abbie Berry who has been visiting at the T. C. Thompson home has gone to Silvertown to visit.

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

J. W. Webb of Colorado City was a business caller in the city Saturday. He recently traded for the Wiley building in this city.

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

Miss Bob Haynes of Pampa visited Sunday at the Grundy home.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Davault Tuesday.

Umbarger Notes.

Our farmers are busy gathering their kafir, maize and feterita preparatory to putting in a large acreage of wheat.

Miss Mary Pickens and Mrs. John Wilson were shopping in Canyon Monday.

Albert Baird and George Wilkes made a business trip to Canyon Thursday.

Tuesday was Umbarger day at the Panhandle State Fair. About twenty-five of our people took that day off to see the sights at the fair grounds and came home well pleased.

Mr. Coker was in Canyon Monday.

Mrs. Esther Page returned to her home at Clayton, Okla. Tuesday.

T. B. Slaughter purchased 600 head of steers for his ranch six miles northwest of town. They were delivered Thursday.

Wm. Erdman had a fine milch cow killed on the crossing by a freight train Monday.

Mrs. Ferguson, wife of the station agent arrived Monday to make her home in our town.

Helena, Anna and Rudolph Friemel are to be congratulated on the fine specimen of grains they exhibited at the Panhandle State Fair last week. No wonder they landed a number of the prizes. This should be an incentive for other boys and girls to get busy.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

The State of Texas, County of Randall, Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a certain order of sale, issued out of the honorable district court of Randall county, on the 29th day of September 1914, by M. P. Garner, Clerk of said Court, for the sum of three thousand two hundred and thirty five (\$3235.00) dollars, and costs of suit, under a judgment, in favor of Maurice Crawford and William Crawford in a certain cause in said Court, No. 758 and styled Maurice Crawford and William Crawford vs. Frank Peacock and B. T. Johnson, and placed in my hands for service, I, Worth A. Jennings, as Sheriff of Randall County, Texas, did on the 30th day of September A. D. 1914, levy upon certain Real Estate, situated in Randall County Texas, described as follows, to-wit:

The west one half of Section number two hundred forty two (242), in block M-6, Certificate number 263, Stone Kyle and Kyle land situated in Randall county, Texas, about ten miles south of Umbarger;

And levied upon as the property of Frank Peacock, and that on the first Tuesday in November 1914, the same being the 3rd day of said month, at the Court House door, of Randall county, in the city of Canyon, Texas, between the hours of ten A. M. and four 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 Frank Peacock.

And in compliance with law, I give this notice by publication, in the English language, once a week for three consecutive weeks immediately preceding said day of sale, in the Randall County News, a newspaper published in Randall County.

Witness my hand, this 3rd day of October A. D. 1914

Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff
Randall County, Texas.

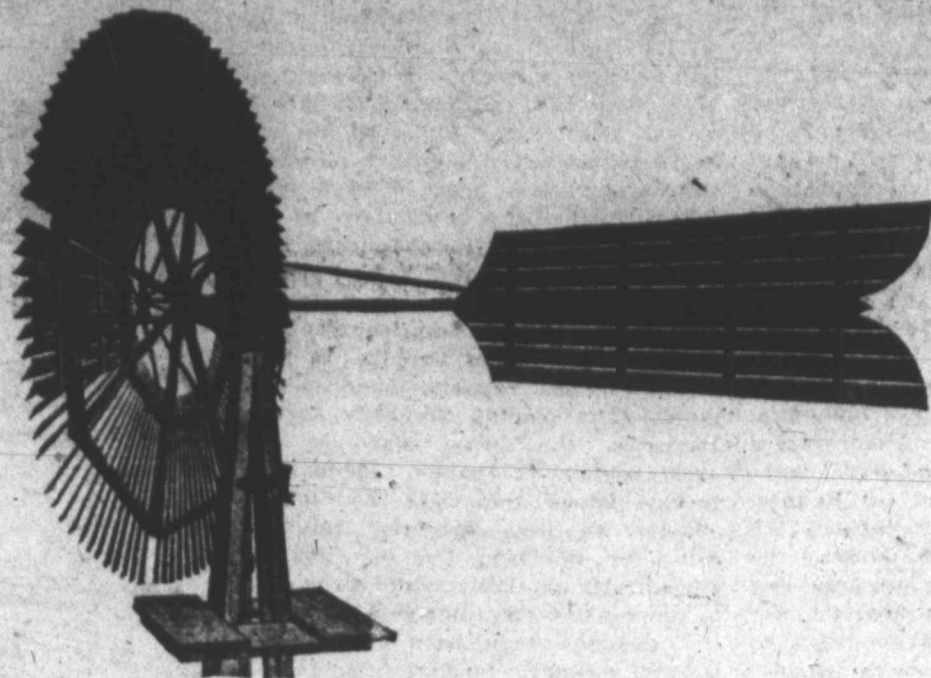
500 Cotton Pickers Wanted.

Lelia Lake, Donley County, Texas, has the best cotton picking to be found, Good accommodations, good water and easy to pay highest prices. Pickers earn \$2.50 to \$4.00 per day.

Alfalfa State Bank,
Lelia Lake.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. Stops cough and headache, and works off cold. 50c.



Eclipse Windmill

THE OLD RELIABLE

which has long been tested and always can be depended on and is well known to be the longest lived and most substantial windmill on the market. Carried in stock, sizes 8 1-2 to 16 feet. Our stock of Pipe, Casing, Cylinders, Pump rods and all kinds of water supplies is complete.

THOMPSON HARDWARE CO.

CANYON, TEXAS

Mesdames Gober and McIntire visited from Friday until Sunday in Tulia

Mrs. Mary E. McNeil, Miss Rose and A. A. McNeil arrived Tuesday from California with their household goods. They have decided that Randall county beats the west.

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

The ladies of the Baptist church gave a farewell linen shower for Mrs. Netherton Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Allen.

Mrs. W. G. Word entertained the Presbyterian Ladies Aid society Tuesday afternoon.

The highest price paid for country produce. See the Leader. It

Misses Ara Stafford and Mary Grundy were home from Tulia Saturday.

J. W. Reid was a business caller at Hartley Tuesday.

HELPLESS AS BABY

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

Summit Point, W. Va.—Mrs. Ann 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: Chas. H. Best, 1111 1/2 Broadway, New York, N. Y., for full particulars. Send for free booklet, "How to Treat Women's Troubles," in plain wrapper. B.O. 131

PROCRASTINATION, THE THIEF OF TIME



Don't Wait: If you have money it is not safe or business-like to carry it around. Select a good Bank and get a Check-Book.

We would like your account and will make your business a pleasure.

It's Easier to Spend Than to Save

when you have your money with you. Deposit with us and pay everything by check. This always gives you a receipt.

The First State Bank

THE GUARANTY FUND BANK

Read The Ads In The News

NO ALUM in DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Joe Foster will move this week to his old place southwest of the city.

S. V. Wirt had cement sidewalks put in front of his home this week.

We would like to have some more young hens this week. The Leader.

Rev. G. T. Netherton preached his farwell sermon at the Baptist church last Sunday.

C. S. and J. W. Dison went to Wayside Tuesday to build an addition to the home of J. V. Gilliam.

Wanted—Chickens, eggs and butter. Highest prices paid for same at the Leader.

J. S. Christian and Joe Service are at Wayside building a new house.

G. B. Dison returned this week from a two months visit at his old home in Tennessee.

Look after those Plains raised sweet potatoes at Redburn's. Queen's 1 1/2 cents per lb., yams 2c.

W. H. Younger has moved from the Foster place southeast of the city to the Conner residence in the east part.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Stewart have moved to Lockney where Mr. Stewart has accepted a position in a drug store.

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

There will be a tennis tournament at Tulia next Monday. The Canyon team has been invited but D. A. Park stated yesterday that none of them would be able to go. Hereford and Amarillo will send teams.

I have a fresh car of hand picked winter apples, 6 bushels for \$5 D. N. Redburn.

Rev. John Buchanan of Amarillo will preach at the Baptist church next Sunday. He spoke here two weeks ago and his sermons were highly appreciated.

J. I. Walker of Hereford spoke at the Methodist church Sunday morning and evening.

Stamp photos Lusby Studio.

The baby of Mr. and Mrs. Blue of Burk Burnett which was burned at the Guthrie Garage two weeks ago died at the home of its parents Sunday evening.

C. R. McAfee returned Friday from a business trip to VanSant County.

Another fresh car of Belle of Wichita flour just received at The Leader.

Miss Leta McAfee is here from Corsicana to spend the winter.

Mrs. A. B. Hager returned to Dallas Monday after an extended visit at the parental L. T. Lester home.

Ask D. N. Redburn how to save \$1 on a sack of sugar.

Miss Chamberlain of Clarendon is visiting at the home of her brother, F. E. Chamberlain.

T. R. R. Atkins brought to the News office Monday morning a sack containing sweet potatoes that he dug from one hill. There was 11 1/2 pounds of potatoes in the sack. They were certainly some size and mighty fine looking, of the southern Queen variety.

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

We are still handling Amarillo bread, the best always at the Leader.

E. I. Hill of Roscoe visited this week at the home of his brother, J. A. Hill. Mr. Hill is editor of the Roscoe Times.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cullum Tuesday.

Visit the fountain at Holland Drug Co.

A missionary from Brazil preached at the Presbyterian church Sunday morning.

John A. Wallace spoke at the Polk street Methodist church in Amarillo Sunday night.

Try some mothers, cream, rye, graham, plain bread. The Leader.

Frank Weber is visiting at the parental Henry Weber home. He is a construction iron worker, and is having a few weeks vacation.

The Eastern Star lodge will meet Thursday evening at 8 o'clock for initiation. All members and visitors are invited to be present.

Misstatements of Electrons.
Crookes, in his vacuum tubes around 1880, tore matter by means of very high potential electrical disruptive discharges into particles so inconceivably minute that he called them matter in the ultra gaseous, or fourth state.

In 1890 the modern master among minds proved these particles to be themselves electricity. Rutherford, Ramsay, Becquerel, Soddy, the Curies, Larnier and others confirmed the audacity discovery. Then came Robert Andrews Millikan, University of Chicago, in 1911, and astonished every scientific man in the world by actually isolating and weighing one of these exceedingly minute entities.

This was at once conceded to be the greatest work of man since Newton discovered how to use infinitesimals.

Of these particles, if they could be forced to lie side by side in contact—impossible by man—a row one inch long would contain 12,700,000,000,000. They are known to be pure electricity. They are called electrons, and nothing exists but electrons.—Edgar Lucien Larkin in New York American.

A Revelation to Cricketers.
The technique of baseball is profoundly interesting to the student of the dynamics of games. Some years ago the bowling, or rather "pitching," was revolutionized. It was then made legal to throw the ball. Hence the wonderful armor which the catcher wears. But mere pace soon gave way to graduated pace and swerving. Never in the history of sport has the human hand shown such control over an implement as the hand of a pitcher over the flight of the ball. Much superstition has gathered round this and many fabulous performances, corkscrew swerves, swerves reversed, jumping balls, and so forth, are on the lips of crowds. Being allowed no run, as the bowler is at cricket, the pitcher has brought to a fine art the mechanism of position and delivery. The same is true of the batter, who has to deal with full pitches only, very different from bouncing balls. The attitudes of these men are a revelation to cricketers.—London Spectator.

A Picture of Your Voice.
To take a picture of your voice it is only necessary to tie a sheet of thin, strong paper over the wide end of a tin trumpet. Hold it with the sheet of paper upward, take a thin pinch of fine sand and place it in the center of the paper, hold the trumpet vertically above your face and sing a note into the lower end. Do not blow, but sing the note. Lower the trumpet carefully and look at the sand. You will find that the vibrations of your voice have scattered the pinch of sand into a beautiful sound picture. Every note in the musical scale will produce a different picture, so you may produce a great variety of them. Some of these pictures look like pansies, roses and other flowers; some look like snakes and others like flying birds. In fact, there is no limit to the variation.

Where the Hudson Flows.
Not so very long ago, in a geologic sense, the Hudson river flowed through a deep canyon or gorge at New York city. Soundings show that this gorge extends through the harbor and far out to sea. It is evident that the land surface has been lowered in this region, allowing the ocean to creep in on the land, fill the old river channel and in places wholly submerge it. The submergence of the land was greater at one time than it is now. In excavations for some of the New York skyscrapers remains of oysters and other salt water animals have been found. As a rule, the only available knowledge in regard to the former submergence of an area is derived from the marine shells and other animals found in deposits laid down by the sea.

No Space to Spare.
Mrs. Ellis had been house hunting for several days and at last found a small suit which was somewhere near her modest ideal.
"The paper in the hall is just awful," said Mrs. Ellis, as she was telling her husband about the place that evening, "but the landlord said he wouldn't change it."
"Never mind," said Mr. Ellis cheerfully, "we'll get an inexpensive new one and put it on right over the other."
"Oh, Ben," cried the wife, "we can hardly get our furniture through the entry now, it's so narrow!"—New York Post.

Theater Prices Long Ago.
In Shakespeare's day the ordinary prices for seats in theaters were: Boxes 1 shilling, pit sixpence, gallery twopence, which, making allowance for the difference in money values, means that boxes were cheaper, but that for other parts of the house the charges were about the same as they are today. Sunday afternoons, when new plays were usually presented, all prices were doubled.—London Chronicle.

What He Meant.
Housewife—Why don't you get a job and keep it? Hobo—I'm like de little bird dat keeps flyin' from limb to limb. Housewife—G'wan! You're only a bum! How could you fly from limb to limb? Hobo—I mean de limbs o' de law, mum.

Alum as a Charm.
Alum is worn as a charm in parts of Asia Minor. A triangular piece is placed in a case of silver and worn suspended from a string about the neck.

How His Mind Ran.
Senator—What do you think of the Culebra cut? Freshman—Well—er—I never tried it. The sophs won't let me smoke a pipe.—Pelican.

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.—Shakespeare.

H. W. Stillwell visited in Amarillo Saturday.

Tom Lowry of Amarillo visited in the city Sunday and sang at the morning and evening services at the Methodist church.

School supplies of all kinds at Holland Drug Co.

Mark Huseby of Mobeetle was in the city Monday to enter his three nephews in the Normal. He is one of the old timers on the Plains, coming here from England when only sixteen years of age. He was assessor of Randall county in the early day when it was a part of Wheeler county.

Baptising services were held at the Baird pasture Sunday afternoon by the Baptist people.

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

J. A. Harbison returned Monday from East Texas and Southern Oklahoma where he had been on a two weeks business trip. He says the financial conditions are mighty bad in that section.

See the Leader B. 4 selling your hens.

TO PREVENT THE ATTACK—of the germ of Consumption, Cholera, Grip, Malaria, and many other diseases—Breathe light or die for all of us. These germs are everywhere in the air we breathe. The odds are in favor of the germ, if the liver is inactive and the blood impure. What is needed most is an increase in the germ-fighting strength. To do this successfully you need to put on healthy flesh, rouse the liver to vigorous action, so it will throw off these germs, and purify the blood so that there will be no "weak spot" or soil for germ-growth. We claim for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery that it does all this in a way peculiar to itself. It cures troubles caused by torpid liver or impure blood. "The Common Sense Medical Advisor," latest edition, in French cloth binding, will be sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of wrapping and mailing only. Address Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. J. E. Sharp of Honey Grove is visiting at the home of her sisters, Mesdames Harbison and Hughes.

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

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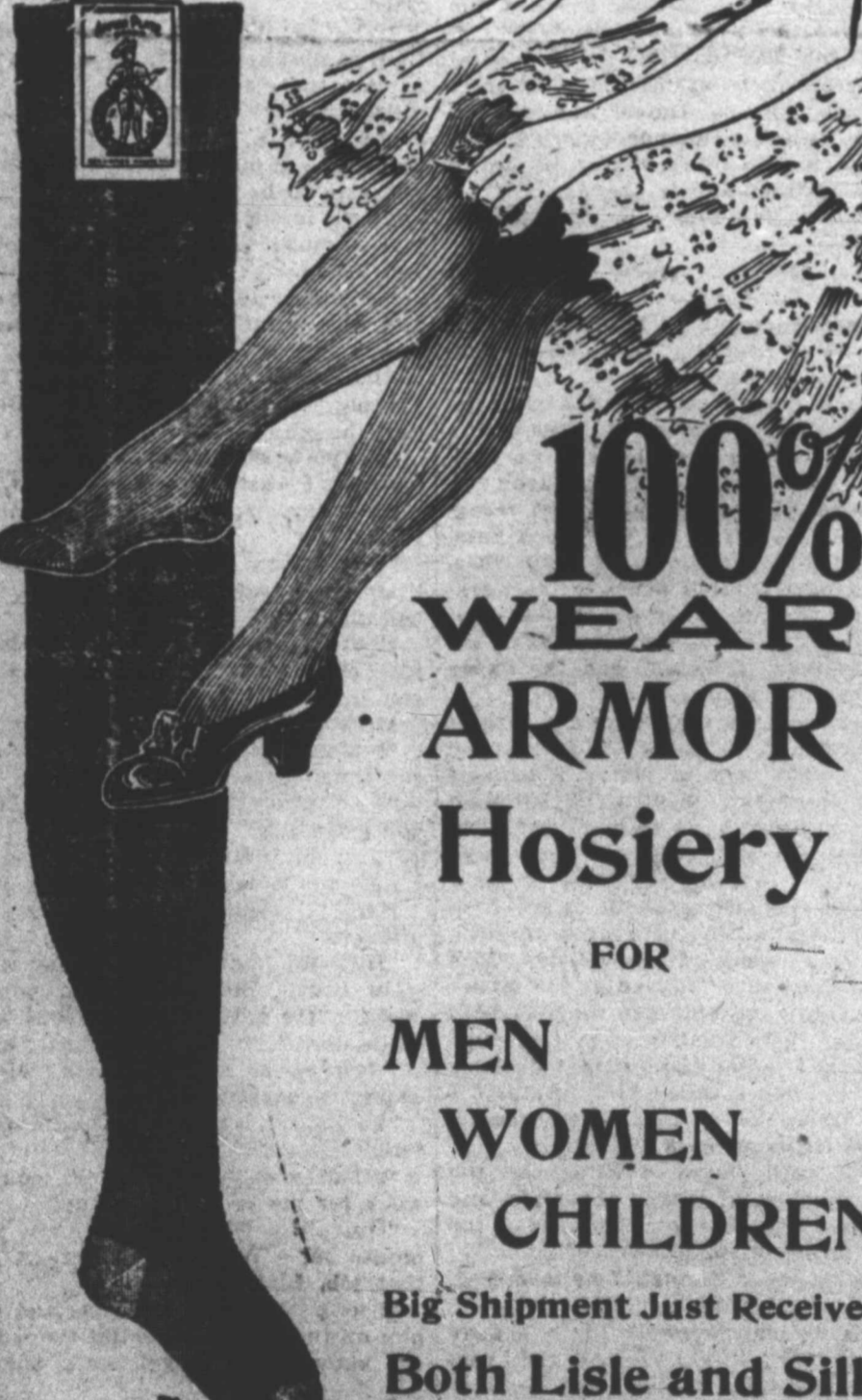
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Big Shipment Just Received Both Lisle and Silk The Best Hose You Can Buy



Here are vests and union suits, light, comfortable, cool and low priced. And so sheer they weigh less than two ounces; yet they are remarkably strong.

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Gauze, Vests and Union Suits are knit so that their elasticity is permanently retained. The comfort of the gauze vests is doubly assured by the patented

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We have a complete line of Maline goods in all grades. Vests at 10c, 15c, 25c and up. Union suits at 25c, 50c and up. Let us show you them today.

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KABO
The Superior Corset Correct Fall and Winter Styles Are Ready For Your Inspection. The KABO will always please you.



KABO STYLE

The Ambition of Mark Truitt

By HENRY RUSSELL MILLER

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

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SYNOPSIS.

Mark Truitt decides to leave his native town of Bethel to seek his fortune. His sweetheart, Unity Martin, encourages him in his project.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

He went again to the cupboard and took down a battered tin candlestick. He lit the candle and started toward the inward door. Half-way, he stopped abruptly and turned, his mouth working strangely.

"If ye ever git rich," he dragged the words out slowly, "even painfully, come back here an' build a steel plant. There's a heap of fine coal an' iron in these hills, an' the river an' railroad'll give ye good transportation. This valley's meant for it. I was jest a little too early—an' a little too ignorant, I reckon. But ye're smarter an' better schooled than me, an' the time's comin'. I'd like to see a Truitt build it."

Never before had Simon Truitt spoken of his dream and failure to his son.

"Why, yes," Mark answered, on a sudden pitying impulse, "I'll think about it."

"Yes. Keep thinkin' about it. It's a big idea."

Mark started. The phrase again! Simon went to the window and peered out into the silvery night—toward the south. Then he moved heavily toward the door. He turned again; the flickering light from the candle threw the lined, patient face into sharp relief.

"Good night, Mark."

"Good night, father."

The door closed. For many minutes Mark, left alone, absently fingered the pocketbook and thought of the man who had given it to him. Then he blew out the lamp and rose from the table.

He, too, paused at the window and looked out into the night, toward the south. He tried to see the sleeping valley as his father had dreamed it, alight with the fires of many furnaces, gaspant with the rumble of many engines. He thought he saw it.

The picture faded. He saw only a vague shadowy mass in a moonlit meadow, the dismantled forge, silent witness that for those who march upon the battlefield that is called industry is no third choice. They must conquer—or be conquered!

CHAPTER III.

The Masters.

He found himself, a lonely foreign figure knowing not whether he would go, somehow in the city's heart.

Chance led him to the principal thoroughfare. The city had begun to quit its toil, and the released tollers were pouring into the street, an endless un-ordered horde, heedless of him as they were of one another. Never before had he seen so many people.

He had a confused sense of being sucked into a narrow, gloomy canyon through which poured a flood of humanity, a treacherous, dangerous torrent, with many cross-currents. Countless faces, wan in the unnatural twilight, stared at him; a stranger type to him, fox-featured, restless of eye.

Full darkness fell. He paused under a fiery sign, The Seneca. Through a great plate-glass window he saw a gaudy red-and-gold interior broken by many columns that to the inexperienced eye somewhat resembled marble. Uniformed men lounged in easy chairs or leaned leisurely about. Many lights burned brilliantly. He looked within longingly.

While he debated whether or not to enter this expensive-looking hostelry, a porter swooped upon him and snatched from his hands the ancient carpetbag that held his slender wardrobe.

"This way, suh!" He followed the porter to the desk, painfully conscious of the figure he cut, uncouth, out of place. A clerk of lofty mien placed an open register before him.

"Write your name here."

Mark wrote it.

"And your town."

Mark hesitated—and then, with a dogged lowering of his head, firmly wrote the name of that city.

In the dining room that night many smiles were cast at the raw country youth. He did not regard himself as a subject for mirth. As he attacked the strange viands the waiter set before him, a little of his self-confidence returned. The vivid sense of a cruel, overpowering entity faded. Home-sickness for Bethel, the refuge, subsided.

He began to take in details of the novel scene around him.

His ears strained to catch the remarks that floated to him from the neighboring tables. It was a strange tongue he heard, lightly dismissing topics that would have busied the gossip of Bethel for a week. There was a young man, who wore diamonds and talked in a loud and impressive fashion.

"Elizabeth, I see, broke the record again." (Elizabeth, it devel-

oped, was not a race horse, but one of the Quinby Steel company's blast furnaces.) "Yes, sir! More'n forty thousand tons. Henley says—I think so myself—we're going to have the biggest steel year yet. —No-o, I don't just exactly know him, but I know people that do.—And Tom Henley's going to be the biggest steel man in the business—gets his fifty thousand a year already. . . . MacGregor and Quinby? Oh, they're the richest. They let the others make the steel while they make the money. See? Ha! ha! Tom Henley's the brains of the Quinby crowd. And he's the d—dest speculator. . . . Worth his half-million, they say, and ain't over thirty-five."

And this was the city from another angle. Tom Henley, evidently, had the money well in hand.

The name had a familiar ring. Mark drew from his pocket a letter Richard Courtney had given him that morning. Upon it was inscribed, "To Thomas Henley, Esquire."

"He may be willing to help you find work," Courtney had said, "if he remembers me."

Mark regarded the letter thoughtfully. He wondered what was in it. After a moment's hesitation he opened it—it was unsealed—and read it.

"My Dear Henley," the letter ran, "I am sending you one who is the work of my hands. He is a young man of parts, 'good friends,' as we say up here in Bethel, 'with work.' Also he 'has a nose for money.' They are qualities for which you, perhaps, can help him find a market. . . . I say he is my handiwork; but he is an unfinished product. What, I wonder, will the new life that succeeds me as his mentor make of him? Perhaps I should let him strike out for himself and learn at once the ugly cruelty of the struggle that now seems to him so glorious. But we oldsters have the habit of helping youth to the sugar-plums of which we have learned the after-taste. . . . And this introduction is the last thing I can do for a young man who means much to me."

After many minutes' study Mark came to his decision. He would present himself and the letter to Thomas Henley. He would do it that very night. He rose from his dinner.

"Where," he inquired of the supercilious clerk, "does Thomas Henley live? I must see him tonight."

The directions brought Mark at length into the heart of a small community from which the city still kept at a humble distance. Not so the fog, which was no respecter even of gilded colonies. From a tall iron fence sloped a wide sweeping lawn dotted at exact intervals with trees and shrubbery. And in its center loomed a great shadowy mass, punctured by many windows shooting broad luminous bars into the fog. It was the castle of the tamer.

He proceeded with a boldness proper to adventurers in Eldorado, past the waiting carriages that lined the gravelled driveway, to the wide veranda. There he halted. From within came the strains of music and a gay clamor of voices. He could not know that on this night the tamer gave a feast, a formal dedication of the new castle to the entertainment of his kind. But he felt the hour to be ill-suited to his purpose.

Yet it was effected. Curiosity to look within carried him to a window. To his wondering gaze unfolded a vista of Irish point and damask satin, carved mahogany and marble figures, gilt-framed pictures and silken rugs.

And amid this lavish display of beauties paraded a bevy of creatures seeming to his excited fancy to have stepped out of "Arabian Nights."

"Unity," he said, "will like that."

While he stood there a troop of men, garbed in a monotony of black and white, marched into the room. At the same time voices came from another wing of the veranda.

And then he, son of the blacksmith of Bethel, became a spectator at the birth of a project that for a brief but brilliant period was to move the world to hosannas!

"Henley," said the first voice, deep, yet softly flowing as honey, "I have come to the time of life when a man of sense puts away the lusts of the flesh—"

"Is your digestion out of order?" interrupted the second, sharper, less musical and with a sardonic quality that delighted the listener. "I noticed you didn't eat much tonight."

"Ah! It is more than stomach. It is soul!" the mellow voice fowed on. "My labors and investments have been blessed with good fortune. So I am now able to turn my energies to the higher duties, to doing large things for humanity. And lately my thoughts have dwelt much on—philanthropy and paleontology."

The speaker, like Brutus, paused for a reply.

"Mum! Two 'y's" it came. "Quite alliterative. Go on."

"Henley, you are the first to whom I have spoken of my purpose. It is fixed. In what nobler work, what more fertile philanthropy, can a man of wealth engage than in the develop-

ment of the science of paleontology? Think, Henley—to add to humanity's knowledge of the extinct life that came before our own! It is a labor to fire the imagination. And that is my purpose. I shall build and endow in this city the most complete paleontological institute in the world, and before I lay aside the project, a branch institution in each of the largest cities of the nation." The voice trembled with emotion.

There was a sound as of two hands sharply meeting. "Good! I see! Let the Scotchman look to his laurels! MacGregor may build his libraries, but Quinby shall have his paleontological institutes!"

Mark wondered at the patience of the answer. "Ah! You are pleased to jest. But the project is new to you. And," sighingly, "the young think only of wealth and power."

"My dear Mr. Quinby," the other parred, "no man in his senses could jest at paleontology. — What the devil!"

The speakers had turned the corner of the veranda and come upon the eavesdropper. Thus for the first time Mark Truitt looked upon the two men in whose legions he was to conquer.

Who has not in fancy's gallery, a portrait of Jeremiah Quinby, taken from the prints of the day when his star swept so brilliant through the sky? The lofty brow seems to shelter a very ferment of noble projects. The grave eyes and mouth speak to us of a great soul anguished by the sight of suffering humanity's needs, which he is bravely, self-effacingly seeking to relieve.

Photography has been less kind to Thomas Henley. No philanthropy has claimed him as its apostle. And then he was a less promising subject for the art. His body was squat and heavy; his face was bony and ugly and arrogant, often still further marred by a cold, cynical sneer. A lesser man, thus presented, would have been repulsive. Yet from Henley radiated a tremendous vitality that made him magnetic or compelling as he chose—the dynamic quality that could galvanize a man or a regiment to the mad effort he demanded. After the first glance Mark looked no more upon Quinby; he understood why the philanthropist had so meekly swallowed the insolence.

"This," he thought, "is a man."

Henley charged upon him, gripping his arm.

"What the devil," he repeated, "are you doing here?"

"Looking into the window."

"What are you doing that for?"

"Because," Mark answered simply, "I never saw anything like it before."

"Probably," the philanthropist-to-be suggested nervously, backing away, "he is some sneak thief. Perhaps you'd better hold him while I get help."

"Oh, don't be frightened," Henley replied protectively. "I won't let him bite you."

The sardonic note was again uppermost. Mark, looking down at Henley— he had the advantage of his captor by half a head—grinned involuntarily, and was himself led into impudence.

"No, I won't bite you, Mr. Quinby," Quinby took another step backward, his nervousness becoming more manifest. "He knows my name! He may be some crank who—"

"My dear sir!" This time there was a touch of impatience in the words. "Gentlemen of your importance must



"If That's All You Want, What Are You Good For?"

expect their names to become household words. If you'll feel easier, step inside while I attend to this Peeping Tom."

The philanthropist, still insensible, it seemed—to the thinly veiled insolence, accepted the suggestion.

"Now then," Henley demanded sharply, "what do you want here? You don't look like a sneak thief."

"I brought a letter to you."

"Who from?"

"Dr. Richard Courtney."

"Who's he?"

"He's our preacher in Bethel."

"Bethel? Elucidate Bethel."

Mark defined the village geographically.

"Humph! Let me see the letter."

Mark gave the missive to him, and Henley, opening it, began the perusal.

"How many letters like this do you suppose I get every day?"

"A good many, I expect."

"Doesn't Henley snappet. 'Doesn't! Enough, if I gave 'em all jobs, to cover the Quinby mills three deep with incompetents in a year.'"

He completed the perusal of the letter.

"Well," he sneered, "you who pass

through windows, I suppose you want a nice, fat job you're not fit to fill? They all want that."

Suddenly Mark felt anger, hot anger, at this arrogant young man, not so many years his senior, who baited philanthropists with as faint scrupling as he rough-handled the seeker of work. Henley saw him stiffen.

"No, I don't," Mark cried hotly. "I only want a chance to work. A chance to show what I'm good for."

"If that's all you want—that are you good for?"

"I'm a blacksmith, but I can do anything."

"Humph! We can use fellows who can do anything—to swing pick and shovel. Do you know where we're building our new plant?"

"I can find out."

"Go to the labor boss and tell him to give you a job with the construction gang. If you're good for anything, you can work up the way I—no, not the way I did, but the way you'll have to if you want to get along where I'm running things."

"All right," Mark said shortly and turned on his heel.

CHAPTER IV.

The Service of the Strong. To the nation had come a rare passion for building. It was tearing down its old barns, to build anew, bigger and stronger. There were cities to be raised in the deserts; and they must be made stanch and lasting. The pioneer and his harvest must be carried, not by crawling conestoga and mule train, but by the power of steam. Men would go down to the sea no longer in ships of wood, but in floating palaces that mocked the storm. Those who made war were to be sheltered behind impenetrable ramparts and, again, equipped with engines and missiles before which stoutest defenses crumbled. Tollers on land and sea must find in their hands new weapons, hard and keen and sure, to bring nature, her forces and treasures, into bondage and service!

Therefore, steel!

And, therefore, the army of steel workers.

A strong west wind had sprung up during the night and the sun shone clear on the line of that day's recruits. One by one they passed before a keen-eyed youth—only the young officered this army—who, after one glance, accepted or rejected. The enlisted were turned over to the timekeeper, who gave them numbered cards and assigned them to various waiting squads.

A big Swede, a wiry little French-Canadian and a slow-moving Pole were passed.

He nodded curtly to the next applicant. "All right! Get your card."

And this recruit was he who had accepted Thomas Henley's challenge. The latter had already forgotten the incident, but Mark was still hot with the determination to prove his mettle to the tamer.

He gave his name to the time-clerk and received his card, also the command, "Go with Houlahan's gang."

Thus, he reflected, he had taken the first step in his campaign of conquest—he was a private in Houlahan's squad.

"Git a move on!" thundered a voice in his ear. "D'ye think ye ar a prathy sthuck in th' ground? Marreh!" It was the voice of Houlahan. Mark marched.

Corporal Houlahan had no romantic conception of his duties, and his tyranny was of a sort to give his underlings the realistic point of view.

"Here, ye Oly—"

"Ay bane Johann."

"Ye're Molke, 'f OI say ut," bellowed Houlahan. He enlarged upon Johann's dishonorable pedigree. "Dig in!"

The Swede, the best worker in the gang, began to shovel in a nervous haste that added nothing to his efficiency. Mark saw the red creep into the fair skin.

"Shtik it up, ye Frinch loafer!" the corporal addressed the next in line. "We're runnin' no barber shop here. Fr' two cints O'd bate some worruk into ye."

It was a tired and sadly fretted gang the noon whistle relieved. Mark stretched himself out on the ground, closing his eyes on the dinner pails his comrades produced; in his eagerness to be enlisted he had not thought of his midday meal, and he was very hungry.

He felt a hand on his shoulder and opened his eyes. The Frenchman and the Swede sat beside him.

"M'sieu ees 'ongree, eh?" The Frenchman carefully broke a loaf of brown bread—all his meal—in the middle and proffered Mark one-half.

"Un' tirsty?" The Swede held out a bottle filled with cold coffee.

Mark looked covetously at the gifts, but he shook his head.

"M'sieu 'ate dat dam' 'Ouls'an" the Frenchman inquired.

"I do," Mark responded with fervor. "Dat mak' fr'en's out of us, eh? Eat, m'sieu."

Hunger overcame scruples. Mark ate the bread and drank the coffee.

"Much obliged, I was hungry. You're all right—" He paused inquiringly.

"Marcel Masquellier," the Frenchman completed the sentence.

"Johann Johanssen," rolled from the region of the Swede's stomach. Mark identified himself.

"Dat ver' good name.—Br-r-r!" the exclamation was for the corporal, who, with the labor boss, approached. The latter glanced over the excavation.

"How many loads have you taken out?"

"Thirty-nine, sor."

"Only thirty-nine?" the boss rejoined sharply. "It ought to be fifty." Houlahan defended himself angrily. "The boss cast his swift appraising glance over the resting groups.

"It's a good gang," he said shortly. "And it's your business to make 'em work." He passed on.

"We'll get it now," Mark muttered. "That Irish bully'll never know how to get work out of men. I'd like to tell the boss so."

Johann's face began to work. "Ay skoll kill Mister Houlahan," came his slow growl, "mebbe so."

"Mebbe so not." Marcel shrugged his shoulders. "One mus' leave. An' one mus' work. Eh?"

"Steady, Johann!" counseled Mark. "Don't let him rattle you."

"You 'ear, Jo'ann?" Marcel added earnestly. "I 'ave respect' for w'at my fr'en, M'sieu Mark Truitt, say."

They "got it," indeed, that afternoon. The Irishman, under the sting of his boss' reproof, raged and cursed endlessly in the effort to get more work out of his men. The gang, irritable and sullen, worked erratically, with feverish spurts that brought inevitable reaction; the men became demoralized, interfered with one another.

Mark, some whim of the boss making him a special target for the fusil-



"Would You Mind Saying That Again?"

lade of profanity, was hard put to keep his temper in leash; he was harder put to restrain the mutinous Swede, who itched with a desire for assassination. Toward the end of the day even the philosophic Marcel grew ill-natured and snarling. Somehow Mark felt their hospitality of the noon hour had put upon him a responsibility for them, though they were his seniors by at least ten years.

"One must live, you know," he reminded Marcel. "And one must work."

"One mus' not be treat' like a dog, m'sieu." Marcel ripped out a long French oath. "Jo'ann, you 'ave my consen' to keel dat 'Ouls'an."

Suddenly the Swede dropped his shovel. "Ay bane by endt. Ja!"

Johann was too slow in his mental processes to be shamed into patience.

"Pick up that shovel and get to work," Mark commanded sharply.

The Swede blinked stupidly for a moment, then slowly obeyed.

"You our boss, hein?" Marcel sneered.

"No, Marcel, since noon—your friend," Mark responded.

Marcel, too, stared and then, with a gesture of contrition, bent himself doggedly to his task.

Mark thought he heard a chuckle. He looked up to meet the eyes of the tamer. As to the chuckle, he may have been mistaken; in the keen impersonal glance was no sign of recognition. Henley, with the labor boss, departed on his tour of inspection.

Mark gave himself anew to his work, with a sudden inner expansion. Not Henley, but the subsmissiveness of his malcontent "friends," was the cause of that expansion.

Mark learned that there are a right method and a wrong of doing even the simple task of plying a shovel; that there is a fashion of handling even so common an animal as the day laborer which brings out his highest efficiency. He found, moreover, that he had the gift—granted as often to the false and the foolish as to the true and the wise—of popularity. Men liked him; they laughed at his jokes; on a day's acquaintance they confided to him their troubles—squalid tragedies they were, alas! only too often.

Marcel always called him "m'sieu," a distinction he accorded not even to Blair, the labor boss.

One chill, foggy evening, as the whistle blew, he looked about him and realized that the excavation for the new mill was completed.

"Why, we're through!" he muttered. Johann stared stupidly.

"Mebby dat Meestair Blair 'e geev us anudder job, you t'ink so, eh?" ventured Marcel hopefully.

"No. We're the rottenest gang on the work. It's Houlahan's fault. And I haven't had my chance. D—n him!"

"D—n!" The impending calamity was becoming clear to Johann.

"M'sieu 'as los' 'ees chance. Dat ver' bad. Jo'ann an' me, we 'ave los' a job," Marcel sighed.

But the fear was not justified. At the tool-shed they were ordered to report next morning a half hour earlier than usual. And:

"Truitt" said the time clerk, "the boss wants to see you."

Mark made his way to the rude shanty that was Blair's office.

"Truitt," the latter demanded, "what's the matter with Houlahan's gang?"

"Too much bullying," Mark answered directly.

"I thought so. Report tomorrow morning."

"Yes, sir. Of course."

"I'm going to put your gang on the

new coke oven beds. It's a rush job. I give you three weeks for it."

"Give me?"

"Yes. I'm putting you in charge of the gang."

For an instant Mark stared foolishly. Then he grinned. "Would you mind saying that again?"

Blair complied. "Look here," he added boishly, "I'm taking a chance on you, because you look and talk intelligent. Are you?"

Mark admitted it.

"Then prove it. I want to make a record on this job and so you've got to. Houlahan," Blair added, "didn't—and he loses his job. See?"

Mark saw.

In the morning Houlahan reported, happily unaware of a new order of things.

"Houlahan," Blair announced casually, "Truitt will take your gang today."

Houlahan glared malevolently at Mark.

"And where'll OI go?"

"You can take Truitt's old place—or quit," said Blair curtly.

"My God!"

There was no resistance. As if dazed, the Irishman shouldered his pick and shovel and with the gang followed Mark to the new job.

You have seen a sensitive horse become docile and eager when a master takes the reins. So it was with Houlahan's, now Truitt's, gang. They were, since they had survived the weeks of bullying, no mean type; and they responded gratefully to the changed leadership. Where they had been sullen and resentful, they now became willing and promptly obedient. As the day advanced, the pace, instead of slackening as under Houlahan's command, grew faster; the last hour's record was the best of all.

Often Mark went home to his lodging by way of the mills. Then he began to spend his evenings studying them, sometimes in company with Blair, who when the day's work was done sunk his rank in a frank liking for his new lieutenant.

At first Mark saw only a vast spectacular chaos; a Broodingnagian ferment of unordered and unrelated machinery and consuming fires. No guiding hand appeared, no purpose was felt. Some awful mischance that must bring the whole fabric crashing to earth seemed always to impend. It was unbelievable that this creation had been brought forth from the mind and by the hand of man.

Gradually to his accustomed eye the chaos resolved itself into a system—rather, a marvellous system of systems that worked with a single purpose, each unit fitting precisely into the ordered whole.

"God!" he exclaimed one night, overcome by the splendor of it all. He and Blair were standing on the bridge over the blooming mill, watching the half-naked troop that with hook and tongs worked a two-ton ingot over the rolls.

"What is it? What's happened?" Blair looked around for an accident to explain the ejaculation.

"Nothing. I was just thinking how—how big it is." Mark laughed at the feebleness of his words. "What would you give to be down there?"

There is such a thing as luck. A man—himself an artist who had not yet become exploiter—who had just come unnoticed on the bridge, heard, and with

BELGIAN HORSES KILLED BY A SHELL



**HIGH AUTHORITY ON PUBLIC HEALTH
DECLARES CLEAR ICE IS GERM FREE**

Dr. Hugh S. Cummings Says the Process of Crystallizing Expels Matter Even in Rivers Known to Be Polluted—Tests Are Made in Ponds—Some Danger When Ice Is Dragged Across Streets and Exposed to Dirty Hands.

Washington.—Dr. Hugh S. Cummings of the United States public health service, has written a cheerful story of ice that tends to dispel much of the fear that disease may be produced as readily by ice as by water. Moreover, the story is readable, for Doctor Cummings has the art of making his subject attractive, even though the subject is only frozen water.

According to Doctor Cummings, clear ice, frozen in plenty of free water which can take up the unsanitary particles of bacteria expelled by the freezing process, is of itself as free from danger of conveying infectious disease as we need wish. Dirty or cloudy ice may be dangerous and should not be placed in water or on food when it is to be eaten uncooked. We may eliminate all danger by avoiding the handling of ice with dirty hands, by washing the ice with pure water and by using only clear ice.

How Hindus Make Ice.

Going into the romantic origin of the art of cooling food and drinks, Doctor Cummings points out how the Hindu in the northern provinces of India from time immemorial has wrapped his porous jug, filled with water boiled to expel air, with wetter cloths, the evaporation from which makes ice during cold, clear nights. The Indian of the tropics and the cowboy of the plains still take advantage of the abstraction of heat by evaporation. Romance tells us how the chivalrous Saracen, Saladin, sent to his crusader enemy, him of the lion heart, snow ice from the mountains to assuage his fever. But until last century the storing and use of ice was a merely local matter.

With the increased necessity for transporting food long distances and

the demand for ice in places to which it was difficult to deliver natural ice, attempts were made to invent some practicable method of artificially producing ice.

Artificial Ice Now Common.

About 1868 Carre invented his ice machine, and later Doctor Gorrie, whose statue now in the Statuary hall, in the national capitol, shows Florida's appreciation of his worth, increased its usefulness. It was not until the late '80s, however, that the artificial production of ice became a commercial success. Within these thirty-odd years methods have been perfected until nearly every hamlet in our great country has its ice supply; and none but the poorest and most isolated of our people are deprived of its blessings.

But one principle is involved in the formation of ice, which is that when two substances of unequal temperature are in contact the warmer substance gives up heat until both are of the same temperature.

Important phenomena occur during this change. First, like most other substances, water contracts as it grows colder until it reaches 4 degrees centigrade, or 39.1 degrees Fahrenheit. It then begins to expand, so that ice is lighter than water. Were this not true, our northern waters would be frozen from the bottom and all fish killed.

Foreign Matter Expelled.

The second phenomenon, one common to the crystallization of all substances, and one well known to chemists, but until recently overlooked by sanitarians, is that during crystallization nearly all extraneous substances either in suspension or solution are expelled from the crystal; indeed, crys-

tallization is a common method employed by chemists to obtain chemically pure substances.

Doctor Cummings makes it clear that ice, whether natural or artificial, may, and sometimes does carry disease, and that heat will destroy bacteria much more readily than cold, nevertheless he shows that the freezing process operates powerfully to render ice safe for human consumption. This ice while freezing expels about 90 per cent of the organisms living in it, provided it is surrounded by enough free water to give these a place to go. For this reason ice cut in shallow ponds may be less wholesome than that taken from deep water.

Freezing Kills Typhoid Germ.

Again, freezing destroys a large percentage of typhoid bacilli. Sedgwick and Winslow found in one experiment that only 41 per cent were alive 14 minutes and 22 per cent six hours after freezing. More important than this even is the factor of time, for neither water nor ice is a suitable medium for the multiplication of typhoid bacilli, and there is a progressive decrease. So far as this element is concerned, it is manifest that natural ice has the advantage of longer storage.

Edward Bartow, director of the Illinois state water survey, found in one case with 12,000 bacteria in the raw water, that there were but 123 in the ice; in another 520 were reduced to 3; 675 to 6; 1,400 to 22. In every case there was practically 99 per cent reduction. Gas forming bacteria (which may indicate the presence of typhoid) were also greatly reduced.

Ice From Polluted Water.

Dr. Hilbert W. Hill, director of epidemiology for the Minnesota state board of health, has told us of ice taken from rivers known to be polluted which proved safe, and Doctor Porter has shown the same thing to be true of ice from the Hudson river.

Dr. Edwin O. Jordan, professor of bacteriology in the University of Chicago, tested 18 lakes, rivers and ponds in New England, and found on the average, the unfrozen water to contain 24 times as many bacteria as the freshly formed ice, a reduction of about 98 per cent. Regarding the effect of storage, Professor Jordan says: "All investigators are now agreed that three weeks after freezing less than 1 per cent remain alive."

Elaborate experiments conducted by Prof. William T. Sedgwick of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Prof. C. E. A. Winslow of New York and Dr. W. H. Park of the New York city department of health show that only from 1 to 10 per cent of the bacteria in water are included in ice frozen from it, and that of these about 90 per cent (96.4 per cent, according to Sedgwick and Winslow and 85 per cent according to Park) die within a week, and 99.3 per cent die within three weeks, so that only one-tenth of 1 per cent of the original number remain.

Thus it is seen that three great forces, crystallization, temperature and time all work together to rid ice of the menace to health found in water. Doctor Cummings finds that ice from pure water in clean factories and natural ice cut from deep lakes and stored under sanitary conditions are equally safe. Any dirty or cloudy ice, he says, may be infected as well as polluted, and should not be used. The greatest danger connected with ice is improper handling. If ice is dragged across dirty streets and sidewalks and distributed by dirty hands, there is some danger from it.

SAW BIG WARSHIP LAUNCHED

Mrs. Key Pittman, Wife of Senator From Nevada, Attended Launching of Battleship Nevada.

Washington.—Mrs. Key Pittman, the charming and delightful wife of the senator from Nevada, with the senator recently returned to Washington from Boston, where they were guests of the secretary of the navy and Mrs.



Mrs. Key Pittman. Daniels at the launching of the new battleship Nevada. They journeyed there and returned on board the government dispatch boat, the Dolphin.

Eggs in Storage for 40 Years

Were Found in Buried Stone Building Uncovered by Floods on the Cimarron River.

Topeka.—The floods in the Cimarron River valley in southwest Kansas uncovered an old house that the oldest settlers in that territory did not know ever existed. On the floor of the old stone house was found a crock full of eggs, which to all appearances were perfectly preserved after being under ground more than 40 years.

The story of the unearthing of this old stone house, indicating a settlement in southwest Kansas years before any one of the present old-timers knew of it, was reported by W. C. Millar, a ranchman of Kiowa county, who recently made a trip into Morton county.

The Cimarron river this spring, in a sudden freshet, washed away the ranch building at the old Beatty ranch, at Point Rocks, in southern Morton county. The garden adjoining was also washed out by the flood, the river current making a deep cut there, and excavating the walls of an old stone house.

In the house, when uncovered, were found a good many household utensils and a crock containing eggs. The

MOTHER SAVES BABY CHILD

Woman Then Stands Up to Her Shoulders in Water Till Help Arrives.

Colquet, La.—Jumping down into a well in which her little daughter had fallen a few minutes before, Mrs. R. D. Dodgen of Thornton, Ark., stood in water up to her shoulders for nearly an hour before others arrived to get the mother and babe out of their perilous situation.

The strange accident and rescue were on the plantation of Eliza J. Christon, where Mrs. Dodgen is visiting. But for the quick rescue by her mother the child undoubtedly would have been drowned, as the water was more than four feet deep.

eggs had been hermetically sealed under many feet of sand and shale. They seemed to be just as good as ever.

Mr. Millar owns a big ranch in Belvidere, in southern Kiowa county. He formerly owned a place in northern Barber county, between Sun City and Lake City, and it was on his land that the famous Indian council of 1867 was held, at which the treaty with the Indians was made by General Miles.

Mr. Millar has photographs taken at the council, which was attended by many prominent newspaper correspondents of those days. One of the latter was Henry M. Stanley, later famous as the explorer who discovered David Livingstone.

"The photographs showed the correspondents all wore tall silk tile hats," said Mr. Millar. "That proved that the silk hat came into that country before the cowboy. The cowboy used to resent the silk tiles, but I can prove the tiles were there first. The cowboys didn't come in until later on."

Fire Destroys Old Farm Buildings.

New Castle, Del.—Fire on the historic Oglethorpe farm destroyed the barn, with 40 tons of hay, the wagon sheds and burnt the immense strawricks. The property is tenanted by William Bennett Rutledge, who has farmed the place for many years. The origin of the fire is unknown, and happened in the middle of the day. Between the fire companies the house was saved, although but 20 feet from the barn. The barn was built more than a century ago, but was in excellent shape.

Fifty Needles Removed.

Boston.—While 20 noted physicians looked on, Dr. Harry H. Germain of this city removed 50 needles from the body of Miss Marion Gibbs, who lives in a Boston suburb. Miss Gibbs told the physicians she had swallowed the needles, which were from one to three inches in length, so that she would suffer. Relatives thought until an X-ray examination was made that she had indigestion, and she was treated for that ailment by several physicians.

**COME TO THE
PANHANDLE
THIS YEAR**

MAN has acquired a hunger for land which he can call his own. The supply is limited—the demand unlimited! Land values have risen to prohibitive prices in older settled states!

**The Panhandle is Ready
for the Farmer**

Here is a deep, rich soil, ready for the plow. An ample rainfall and a most healthful and splendid climate. Adequate railroad facilities by which to reach the markets of the world.

A return to normal climatic conditions, a greatly increased acreage of winter wheat, spring wheat, oats and barley, an unqualifiedly successful demonstration that Kaffir corn and Milo maize cannot be excelled as material for ensilage, the "better farming" spirit and the results of studying and developing this land assures a prosperous year.

Farms can be bought here now cheaper than they can later on, at prices which are certain of a steady advance as the summer and fall emigration stimulates the demand.

My farms are all favorably located, as regards towns and railroads and give the buyer a wide range in selection. All the improved farms are rented to good farmers and will produce a substantial revenue this year.

I am in a position to give terms to suit the purchaser.

C. O. KEISER
Canyon, Texas Keota, Iowa

PICTURES TAKEN FROM THE NORMAL ANNUAL "LE MIRAGE"

Better Biscuits Baked

With

You never tasted daintier, lighter, fluffier biscuits than those baked with Calumet. They're always good—delicious. For Calumet insures perfect baking.

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



Mrs. McClain's Experience With Croup.

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



"Bell" Connection Solves Farm Problems

Said a prosperous and up-to-date farmer: "We like to joke the women-folks about using the telephone, but I guess we men use it as much as they do. We find the Long Distance Bell connection feature of our service a wonderful convenience."

Have you a telephone connected to the Bell System?

Ask our nearest Manager for information, or write:

The Southwestern Telephone & Telegraph Co.



1—Orchestra. 2—Cousins Literary Society. 3—Ladies' Chorus. 4—Science Department.

WELL DESERVED

The Praise That Comes From Thankful Canyon People.

One kidney remedy has known merit.

Canyon people rely upon it. That remedy is Doan's Kidney Pills.

Canyon testimony proves it reliable.

George Reynolds, grocer, Canyon, Texas, says:

"I had pains in my back and sides and my kidneys became weak. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and was soon cured. Another of my family had still worse trouble and Doan's Kidney Pills quickly cured that case."

Price 50c, at all dealers.

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

(Advertisement)



National Feeders and Breeders Show, Ft. Worth, Oct. 10-17. Fare and one-fifth for round trip Tickets on sale Oct. 8-15, return limit Oct. 19.

Dallas State Fair, Oct. 17-Nov. 1. Fare and one-fifth for round trip Tickets on sale Oct. 15-29, return limit Nov. 3.

R. McGee, Agt.
P. & N. T. Ry. Co.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Wanted—Some nice young hens. Will pay highest market price for same. The Leader. It

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

Lost—Sunday evening, new flexible back Bible, marked \$5.20 no name. Probably between Baptist and Methodist churches. Phone 57. It

For Sale—Pure Sudan grass seed raised from agricultural seed from Washington D. C. 50c per pound if taken at once. W. F. Heller. tf

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

For Sale—Pearl guineas, 50 cents each, males and females. C. J. Schultz. 27p8

For Sale—Seven room brick house, basement, half block land, good outbuildings at sacrifice, three blocks from depot. John Begrin. tf

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

Election Notice.

In compliance with a petition of fifty freeholders of precinct one, Randall county, Texas, an election is hereby ordered for Saturday, October 17, 1914, by the commissioners court of Randall county, Texas, for the purpose of determining whether horses, mules, jacks, jennets and cattle shall be permitted to run at large in justice precinct number one of Randall county.

C. E. Coss,
County Judge, Randall County, Texas. 26t4

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy—The Mothers' Favorite.

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