

FOUR AND HALF INCHES OF RAIN

Rain started to fall in Canyon Thursday night about seven o'clock and continued a greater part of the time until Saturday night making a total of four and one half inches of downfall. The rain is counted to be the best for a number of years as it came in a slow steady pour and a large part of it soaked into the ground.

Thursday night there was rain to the amount of two and one fourth inches. Friday night the fall amounted to one and three-fourths. During Saturday another half inch added.

The rain Thursday night was the best rain in three years although twice during that time larger amounts have fallen, but both times in a very short while.

The streets and roads were deep in mud all this week. The lakes in every direction are well filled, the best they have been during the past six years.

The farmers are highly pleased with the splendid moisture. There is considerable row crop still in the fields uncut and some little threshing to do, but it is thought that the rain came at an opportune time to save the wheat which was planted early this fall and had begun to turn considerably brown during the dry weather.

The wheat acreage will be the largest in the history of the country. Farmers who have not their ground in condition to plant wheat will get into the field with a lister or disc as soon as it is dry enough, preparing the ground for the wheat drills.

Prosperity returned to the Panhandle country in goodly proportions in 1914, but 1915 promises to excel the splendid record made this year. The readers of the News in other states who have been considering moving to Randall County will make a mistake if they do not move this winter in order to prepare their ground for a good crop next year.

County Court Business.

Very little business has been transacted in the county court this week.

D. A. Park was appointed administrator of the estate of R. E. Pickens, deceased. Mr. Pickens left a will giving all his property to the Orphans Home at Waco. The proceeds of the estate are to be under the control of the Methodist church.

The case against Mrs. Henson for unlawfully practicing medicine was dismissed.

Society Notes.

Mrs. S. L. Ingham entertained the Merry Maids and Matrons club Thursday afternoon from three to six. The afternoon was spent at 42. The home was decorated in roses and cosmos. Refreshments were served of pimento salad, nut bread sandwiches, coffee, cake and grapes. The guests of the club were Mesdames Stafford, Harrison, Battles, Misses Birch, Daniel, Harrison.

Neals Return Home.

Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Neal returned home Tuesday from Wellington where they have been for the past month with their sick daughter. Louise is recovering nicely and is regaining her strength as rapidly as could be expected.

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

Normal Notes.

John H. Griffith of Taylor was in Canyon last week. Mr. Griffith is president of the City National Bank of Taylor and is visiting with Mr. Shaw. We were glad to have him with us at chapel Friday morning.

In response to a telegram, announcing the serious illness of her brother, Miss Hudspeth left Tuesday for El Paso.

Miss Kelly's friends will appreciate the following item taken from a Quincy Ill. paper:

Mrs. John A. Stillwell was hostess at an informal reception Thursday afternoon for Miss Virginia Kelly, the head resident of the Cheerful Home, who has recently come to make her home in Quincy. The beautiful Stillwell residence was made additionally attractive with baskets of fall flowers about the rooms, and open fires in the fireplaces. In the dining room, sandwiches, coffee and tea were dispensed, with the Misses Kathrine Emery and Mildred McKee presiding at the urns. The table, with its exquisite linen and glass, was further adorned with a huge basket of snap-dragons. The guests were charmed with Miss Kelly, who has a peculiarly attractive personality and great social charm. She seems especially well fitted for the position which she occupies, and the ladies of the Cheerful Home board feel that they are indeed fortunate in securing her services. She combines a warm sympathy with a practical common sense, and possesses in a superlative degree the faculty of making those with whom she comes in contact feel her friendliness and desire for service.

The Y. M. C. A. will not have Bible study next Sunday afternoon as Dr. B. G. Lowery of Amarillo will be present and the entire hour from 2 till 3 will be given him. "God's Model of a Citizen," is his subject. Not only the students are invited, but all the people of Canyon are expected to be present.

SENIOR CLASS

The Senior class met at 1:20 Tuesday for the purpose of class organization. The following officers were elected:

Elmer Shotwell, President; Ruth Wakefield, vice president; Mabel Rogers, Secretary; Nellie Cleveland, Treas.

JUNIOR CLASS

The Junior class met last week for organization. The following officers were elected:

Mr. Foote Pres., M. A. McLaughlin vice pres., Ada Terrill Secretary; Erma Conner Asst. Sec. The following committee on by laws and constitution was appointed: Misses Guenther, Doceson, Porter, Messrs. McLaughlin, McClure, Renfro.

FRESHMAN CLASS

The Freshman class met and organized Friday. The following officers were elected:

Brick Eidson Pres., Mr. Griffith vice pres., Elmer Chambers Sec., Marvin Norman Treas., Boyce Eidson Sergeant-at-arms, Tommie Boshin and Allen Malsberger critics.

Sends Gold to Reginal Bank.

The First National Bank sent their first assessment Wednesday to the new Reginal Bank at Dallas. This assessment was \$600 and was payable in gold. Three months from now another assessment of one-sixth their share will be payable and remaining two-thirds is payable on demand. The total assessment of the bank is \$3600.

M. S. PARK HURT AUTO HITS BUGGY

County Commissioner M. S. Park was injured in Amarillo Tuesday afternoon when his buggy was hit by an auto and he was thrown to the pavement. He fell on the back of his head, causing such a wound that the blood ran freely. His left leg was caught in the buggy wheel and he was dragged about ten feet. Yesterday he complained more with the injured limb than with the wound on his head.

Mr. Park is getting along in years and it may be several weeks before he will recover.

The physicians report that no permanent injuries will result from his accident. His friends all over the country trust for a speedy recovery.

The accident was caused by the auto driver having no brakes.

This makes the second accident Mr. Park has had in two years, on the former occasion he and Mrs. Park being in a runaway in which both were badly injured.

Money-Fogerson Wedding.

Miss Florence Money and Walter Fogerson of Silverton were married Thursday night at the parental C. P. Money home, Rev. Cunningham of Talia officiating. Only the immediate families of the bride and groom were present.

Miss Florence is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Money and has made this her home for many years. She has many friends who wish her happiness. Mr. Fogerson is an industrious young man who has many friends in his community.

They left Friday for his new home in Silverton.

High School Notes.

Canyon high school basketball team was defeated in the old opera house Monday night by the "Rip-Rams" of Canyon, the score being 13 to 8. Although a great deal of time has been sacrificed of our team for practice, there is considerable room for improvement.

Mr. Baker was absent from his work Friday on account of sickness.

Mr. King reports that he has received several good magazines which are to be placed in the library.

Automatic pencil sharpeners have been installed in practically all the grades of the school.

A Splendid Philosophy.

(Let those multitudes who look darkly into the future, digest these sage remarks, written by J. M. Rockwell, of Houston, to the Gulf Coast Lumberman.)

"Business of this country has been greatly hindered by talk, talk, talk of the dark future just ahead. Our American people have much cause to thank God for all His mercies. The most of us are alive and well and enjoying comforts of life. As we view the awful European situation with its horrors, we may well take courage and thank God that we live in a land free from such conditions as those prevailing over there. It is in reality small consequence that business is not quite so good as it might be, and because our chances of accumulating money are for the time being not so favorable. Our country is all right, and we will come out all right."

N. B.—Mr. Rockwell is president of the Canyon Lumber Co.



NORMAL PLAYS IN AMARILLO SATURDAY

The Normal football team will go to Amarillo Saturday afternoon to play the Amarillo high school.

A special train will be run from Canyon leaving here at 1:30 o'clock, while the return will be made on the 10:23 train. Students and faculty members who wish to make the trip have been excused from their work for the afternoon. It is expected that a large number of the town people will make the trip with the team.

The Normal team has the distinction of making the only score against Amarillo so far this year and during the second half they outplayed the high school boys. Both teams are hard at work this week and will be ready for a fierce game Saturday.

Mrs. Henson and Mrs. Eaton were in Hereford Monday.

GOING FAST

Store Crowded from Morning Until Night

The BIG CLOSING OUT SALE of the LEADER opened Monday morning with a great rush of buyers. The crowds continue coming every day. We are especially well pleased with the results of the sale.

There are still many thousand dollars worth of high class merchandise on our shelves that MUST BE MOVED AT ONCE. We are positively closing out and will quit business when the last dollar's worth of goods has been sold.

Every article in the house is marked at cost or less. We want to convert the goods into cash and a little time spent in our store will convince you that the prices we make are right down to bed rock.

IF YOU WANT ANY HIGH CLASS GROCERIES AT COST PRICES YOU WILL HAVE TO HURRY AS THE STOCK IS GOING FAST.

This sale continues as long as the goods last. Come in today and make your selections before the lines are broken.

ALL OUR STORE FIXTURES ARE FOR SALE.

THE LEADER

The Ambition of Mark Truitt

By HENRY RUSSELL MILLER

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

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SYNOPSIS.

Mark Truitt, encouraged by his sweet-heart, Unity Martin, leaves Bethel, his native town, to seek his fortune. Simon Truitt tells Mark that it long has been his dream to see a steel plant at Bethel, and asks the son to return and build one if he ever gets rich. Mark applies to Thomas Henley, head of the Quinby Iron works, for a job and is sent to the construction gang. His success in that work wins him a place as helper to Roman, Andrejaski, open-heart furnaceman. He becomes a boarder in Roman's home and assists Roman in his studies. Kasia, an adopted daughter, shows her gratitude in such a manner as to arouse Mark's interest in her. Heavy work in the intense heat of the furnace causes Mark to collapse and Kasia cares for him. Later Roman also succumbs and Mark gets his job. Roman resents this and tells Mark to find another boarding place.

CHAPTER X.

Wounded on the Field.

The accident was one that happened often. Occasionally, after a tap, water would be turned into the clinder pit that the cooling slag might harden and be broken without delay. Not seldom the water would be conveyed under the crust, come into contact with the still molten slag and be converted suddenly into steam. Then there would be an explosion. Men might be seriously injured, or even killed, which was very sad—but one of the hazards of the employment. It happened when Mark had been following his straight road ahead for more than five years. There was the sound of a quick unfamiliar tread in the corridor, the door was pushed briskly open and into the room stepped Thomas Henley.

"How are you, Truitt?" he inquired, shaking hands. "I was going by, had a few minutes and ran up to find out for myself."

"Well enough, I guess," Mark replied out of his amazement.

"Good!" said Henley. "Your father, I presume?" He nodded toward Simon.

Mark made the necessary introductions. Simon said: "Pleased to meet ye," and flushed for his son, who had had to own up to the relationship.

Toward the other visitor Henley glanced uncertainly a moment, then held out a hand.

"Ah! Doctor Courtney! Do you happen to remember me?" The question, obviously, was in playful irony.

"I happen to," answered Courtney, who did not share Simon's shyness.

"I remember now, it was you who sent this young man to me. I," said Henley graciously, "am in your debt."

The preacher's shadowy smile appeared. "Is he?"

Henley laughed pleasantly. "I fancy he is. And I have a notion the debt will grow."

When Henley heard of the accident he frowned; Henley detested accidents, which spoke of inefficiency somewhere. But when the information was added that the foreman of the open-heart battery was among the injured, he said: "Damn!" and in person at once called the hospital and his own physician by telephone and through these agencies commanded the best surgical skill and care for that valuable workman.

The doctors gathered in solemn concave and did various things to Mark's shattered body. They dogged his steps into the very shadow of death and would not let him die. They did that, knowing they condemned him to a life of pain, and having the security of Thomas Henley's word that their bills should each and every one of them be paid.

While Mark still lingered in the vale of mystery that leads to full knowledge, two men began their daily—and nightly—watches. One was a thin faded man who wore the rusty badge of the country preacher. The other was an awkward, gray little man who would sit motionless by the hour, never taking his eyes from the still form under the white sheet.

Mark did not die. His broken body began slowly to mend. He passed out of immediate danger; he was even allowed to talk and to be talked to a little. But in the manner of the nurses, of his visitors from Bethel, even of the calloused, doctors, was a grave gentleness, an absence of the exultation to be expected after triumph over death. He felt it.

He put his question to his father. "What are they keeping back from me?"

Simon's glance did not waver, nor did he try to evade with a soothing lie. "Ye'll never walk easy again. Ye'll have to use a crutch, leastways a cane, always."

"It's my hip?"

"Yes."

"Is that all?"

"Ye were hurt innardly. Ye'll have to be careful always. No more work in the mills."

Mark closed his eyes, uttering no complaint. But within was a turmoil of protest and rebellion. A cripple, a partial invalid for life! Half a man! So had ended the dreamed campaign of conquest. Tears of futile rage seeped out through his closed eyelids.

His recovery was slow and very painful; six years of driving ahead at top speed had left him but little reserve vitality for the emergency. The mood of rebellion died down from sheer exhaustion. He accepted his misfortune; but sullenly, with no swelling heroic resolve to defy untoward circumstance.

There was no conscious desire to return to the mills from which he had been banished. They were too much the object of his smoldering resentment just then. He felt toward them as the betrayed toward the traitor.

"I think," he said once to Simon and Richard Courtney, who had not yet left the city. "I'll go back to Bethel."

"It will be a good place to recuperate," said the preacher.

"But I mean to stay."

"We shall be glad to have you back." Thoughts of Bethel naturally revived the memory of Unity Martin. Mark found a certain grim humor in the recollection.

He had had his period of tragic remorse for Kasia. He had not, however, let conscience push to the extreme of disturbing the dead destiny just mentioned. Nor was he long in obtaining a comparative peace of mind in which he could congratulate himself on having avoided a serious blunder. Not many months later he by chance met Piotr, who conveyed the news that Kasia had married Whiting. Piotr's manner of narration implied that, though Whiting was a poor refugee, Kasia had been fortunate to escape Mark. He seemed disappointed that his auditor showed no deep emotion.

Mark's letters to Unity had continued, at erratic intervals. Soon her replies, too, began to dwindle in number and in length; they had never had much to lose in the way of intensity. And then he sent a letter that she failed to answer at all, leaving their love affair suspended, so to speak, in the air. One of Simon's rare and misspelled missives informed Mark that she was, in the phrase Bethel used, keeping company with one Slocum, a prosperous young farmer of the vicinity. This may hardly be regarded as poetic retribution. It caused Mark a few days' surface indignation and a secret relief; one can not feel deeply the loss of a shadow, even though one has paid a price for her.

Kasia married; Unity, having jilted him, keeping company with plodding Bill Slocum! His tragedy had ended in sheer farce. We do well, he concluded, not to take our dramas too seriously.

An amazing thing happened one day. There was the sound of a quick unfamiliar tread in the corridor, the door was pushed briskly open and into the room stepped Thomas Henley.

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Henley laughed pleasantly. "I fancy he is. And I have a notion the debt will grow. I am finishing your job, Doctor Courtney."

He turned to Mark. Simon and Courtney pushed their chairs back from the bedside, that the great man might hold the stage.

"When," Henley asked, "do you expect to come back to us?"

Mark winced and returned to the sullenness that was becoming his habit. "I'm going back—home."

The pause and the slight emphasis on the last word were not lost on Henley; a suspicion as to their import stirred. But:

"Exactly right!" he exclaimed heartily. "Stay as long as necessary to get your strength together. You're too valuable a man to take chances. Your job will wait for you. By the way, about that new charging machine you spoke of before the accident; I suppose the plans aren't where we can lay our hands on them?"

"No," answered Mark. "You can't lay your hands on them. They're in my head."

"An excellent place to keep 'em," Henley agreed. "Suppose then, when you're feeling up to it, I send one of our engineers after you to go over the plans with you? If there's anything in the idea, we ought to install the machines before winter."

"You can send him, if you want to. But I won't go over the plans with him." Mark discouraged the suggestion.

Henley stiffened. "I'm not in the business of stealing inventions."



"I'm Going Back—Home."

"I'll see that you don't steal this," Mark responded ungraciously. "Because, when you pay for it, you've got to pay for this, too." He put a hand on the injured hip. "That is, if I ever get the idea in shape."

Henley waved a hand to intimate that allowance must be made for an invalid's humors. "Of course, we expect you to be business-like. Just what do you mean by that 'if'?"

"I mean I'm through with the mills," "Who," Henley's glance swept Simon and Richard Courtney sharply, "who has been putting fool ideas into your head?"

"You, for one, when you come here because I'm a valuable man, not because I'm a man. Would you come to see me if I hadn't a new invention in mind?"

"Nonsense! You're sick, that's all." Henley smiled kindly but confidently. "I've seen men in your case before. You think you won't come back. But you will. Why? Because you're a valuable man—I stick to that. You're a genius for mechanics, you know how to handle men and you've got a sense of organization. Most men would think themselves lucky if they had any one of those. What does it mean? That you fit in here, of course. And when a man fits into any kind of life, he can no more keep away than molten steel can avoid the shape of the mold. And—you'll find it so—there's something about our business that gets into the bone and blood of a man." He looked at his watch and rose abruptly. "Glad you're getting along. Don't forget, your job is waiting for you."

"But you don't seem to understand," Mark cried. "I'm done for. I'll have to go on a cane, maybe a crutch, all my life. And the doctors say, no hard work at all."

Henley could be very human, when he chose. "Ah," he said gently. "I had not heard that, I'm sorry. It makes a difference, of course."

It is possible that Henley was not thinking of Mark's commercial value, as he stood looking searchingly down at the querulous patient.

Unexpectedly he leaned forward a little. From his eyes a commanding flash leaped. He put out a hand and caught one of Mark's strongly.

"Your brains don't need a crutch, do they? It isn't brute strength that makes you valuable—we can buy that cheap. You said something about being a man. Now's your chance to be one. What's a little thing like a crutch or a doctor's prohibition? The measure of a man is what he overcomes. Go home and rest, get your nerve together. And when you're ready, let me know. I'll find a place for you."

He was gone. And there was Mark, who had just been weakly if resentfully accepting defeat, athrill like a war-horse that has heard the bugle call.

CHAPTER XI.

The Measure of a Man.

When he met Unity again, he had been in Bethel for more than two weeks.

He had started out for the morning turn on his crutches, to test his returning strength, and before he quite realized it the village lay behind him. He swung along for some two hundred yards farther; then let himself carefully down on the roadside.

He sat there for a long time, baring his head to the summer sunshine.

"This is very good indeed!" It would have been almost flawless but for one thing—he was rather lonely; he felt the need for some one to share the day with him.

He had his wish. Down the valley road appeared a buggy drawn by a lazy heavy-footed horse of the sort distinguished as "safe for women." From within the buggy Mark caught the gleam of a white shirtwaist and a sailor hat. Even before the vehicle drew near enough for recognition, he knew the passenger for Unity.

A slight tremor passed over him. To meet the embodiment of a shadow by whom one has been jilted—or whom one has jilted?—is at least mildly exciting.

A slight tightening of the reins was sufficient to stop that horse.

"Hello, Unity!" Mark felt that this greeting fell short of the dramatic proprieties.

"Oh! How do you do?" she answered colorfully.

There was a moment of silence during which, without seeming to do so, they inspected each other.

Mark had a twinge of disappointment. This was not the Unity he had loved so boyishly—and so briefly. She was as pretty as ever, in a way even prettier; but one could hardly have thought of her as spirituelle. Her face was fuller, its color deeper, and there was a healthy roundness in the fins of shoulder and breast, of the ankle that protruded from under the dusty robe. Not that she was fat! But her dauntiness was gone. In the item of dress she would have suffered from comparison with the young ladies of his boarding house. Her hair was done carelessly. And vivacity had gone the way of dauntiness. She had the air of having settled into the habit of Bethel, of having accepted its narrow outlook. A faint vertical line between her eyes hinted that she might not have accepted it with complacency.

Therefore he said: "You look the same as ever, Unity."

She brightened a little. "You think so?" There was something almost pitiful to him in the way she caught at the remark. She became spiritless again. "But, of course, that isn't true."

"But, of course, it is."

She laughed unpleasantly. "You wouldn't think so, if you saw the way they treat me here now."

"The men? Surely not!"

She shrugged her shoulders. "No. The women. They're so friendly now

and they don't giggle behind my back. And when they haven't anything else to gossip about, they talk about how I'm settling into an old maid."

"Isn't that what the rhetorics used to call hyperbole? It should be sparingly used. Besides I hear you have a beau."

"Oh! him!" With another shrug. "He's afraid I'm not a good cook."

"That's a nice way to talk about a lover! Especially," he laughed self-consciously, "since you threw me over for him."

He almost missed the acid look she flashed at him. "It broke your heart, of course?"

"I've had pleasanter experiences," he said dryly. "Why didn't you answer my last letter, Unity?"

Her indifference might have been a little too well done. "For one thing, even I have a little pride. It was easy to see you'd got tired of me. Not that I cared! Those boy-and-girl-at-



He Was Still Resting on His Grassy Bank When the Slow-Going Vehicle Reappeared.

fairly always die a natural death. There was another girl, wasn't there?"

"Why, I believe so. In fact, there was. I gave her up for you."

"And I gave you up. You must have thought," again her unpleasant laugh rang, "you'd made a poor bargain all round. Or had a lucky escape!"

"I did," he answered grimly, leaving her to construe the answer as she chose.

"That's an easy conundrum." She gathered up the reins. "Well, I must be going. We're harvesting now and I have to get back in time to help get dinner. Good-by."

She drove on, as casually as if they had been neighbors in the habit of meeting daily. . . . And this was their first meeting after six years.

He leaned back on his grassy bank, having found, if not a companion, at least food for reflection.

He was still resting on his grassy bank when, an hour later, the slow-going vehicle reappeared. With difficulty—for he had not yet become expert with his crutches—he rose and stood in the middle of the road. The horse, without urging, stopped with its nose against him. A more skilled observer than Mark might have noticed that some villager's mirror and comb had been utilized to the advantage of Unity's hair and that her hat had been readjusted to its most becoming angle; and would have drawn certain inferences.

Mark did not. He merely smiled at her over the horse's head.

She seemed rather impatient with his obstructiveness. "You've bought the pike, then? I hadn't heard."

He laughed and waved his hand airily. "This morning the world is mine. Do you know, we haven't shaken hands?"

"Oh, haven't we?" Her tone attached no importance to the omission. Nevertheless, when he stood aside, she drove the horse forward a length and laid a limp hand in Mark's.

"Also," he continued, "you haven't said you're sorry that I was hurt."

"Oh!" she repeated, with perfumetous unrelieved, "I'm sorry."

He laughed again. "You needn't mind now. You'll have plenty of chances before long."

"Meaning?"

"The road to your house is still open to the public, isn't it? I'm thinking of buying a new horse. Unity," he returned to gravity, "there isn't any reason why we shouldn't be good friends, is there?"

"People will talk."

He paraphrased a classic formula. "Unity," he said earnestly, "drat the people!"

"You can say that. You don't have to stay here."

"But I'm going to stay here."

"Not for good?"

"For good."

"Why?"

Mark laughed shortly. "When you're put out of the race, you don't want to stay where you have to watch the others still running."

She inspected him again, more closely. He thought he was sincere. But he did not know that despite the crutches and his drawn white face he had not the resigned dispirited air of the man who has accepted a permanent seat on the shelf.

"Look as long as you want to," he suggested at last. "In the meantime—will you set the dogs on me when I drive down your way?"

"Oh, well!" She tried unsuccessfully to return to indifference. "If you really want to come—I it's been a dull season. I suppose it would be a sorry to the going to give their

tongues a chance to click once more." She drew the reins taut.

"A real philanthropy," he assented, grinning as the horse lumberingly resumed its journey.

Mark swung slowly along homeward. He smiled pityingly. He had read aright the new interest in Unity's face—that of the condemned prisoner who has heard rumor of reprieve. He was sorry for her. And pity—we have it from the poets—is love's poor relation.

Mark regained a measure of strength. He discarded one crutch and began each day to take a few steps experimentally with no support but a cane. He spent many beautiful idle hours, alone or with Richard Courtney, driving his new horse among the hills.

Sometimes—often—Unity was with him on these drives. Tongues clicked according to prophecy. But Mark did not care. And Unity did not care.

Mark fell placidly and easily in love with Unity again. At least, the while protesting, he decided that it must be love.

But the protest was half-hearted. He wanted to love.

"Are ye goin' to stay here in Bethel?" Simon broke a long silence to inquire, one rainy evening.

"I don't know," Mark answered out of a brown study, off his guard. But he added quickly: "Yes, I do know. I'm going to stay."

"Then, what are ye goin' to do?"

"I don't need to do anything. I've got twenty thousand dollars. That'll last me—in Bethel."

Simon shook his head gravely. "Ye can't stand that. Ye've got to do somethin'. An' there's nothin' to do here—yet."

"And never will be."

"Mebby not. All the more reason why that Mister Henley's right."

"Would you have me go back to the city?"

"Yes."

"You don't know what you're saying," Mark began irritably. "I could never take a pen pusher's job. The mills are all I know. And that life—you don't know it. It costs too much. It takes it out of you, drives you like a slave. It—I'm not fit for it now. It—oh, let's not talk about it."

But Simon had more than one of Mark's problems on his mind.

"Are ye," he went on, "goin' to marry Unity Martin?"

"I don't know. I suppose so."

"If ye don't find out purty soon," remarked Simon most surprisingly, "she'll do your knowin' fur ye. I wouldn't."

Mark stopped at a window, looking frowningly out at the sheets of rain that dashed across the square of light. Simon must have felt deeply on the subject, for he repeated, "I wouldn't."

"No," said Mark testily, "I suppose you wouldn't. I don't know. But if I do it, it will be with my eyes open." Which seems a most unlover-like saying.

There was an evening when he was alone with Unity on Squire Martin's front porch. It was one of the soft languorous nights that sometimes come to Bethel in early September. They talked little and that in low tones.

Once he leaned toward her. He had to peer closely to make out her look of content.

"Do you know," he remarked, "you ought to be glad I came back?"

"Indeed! And why?"

"Have you looked in the mirror lately? When I first came you looked—well, cranky and as though you didn't care whether school kept or not."

"Well, of all the conceits! I suppose you take all the credit." Thus she admitted certain improvements.

"And why not?" he laughed lazily. "When you come right down to it, Unity, you never really, definitely threw me over."

"It isn't too late."

"Yes, it is too late."

She said nothing. But when he reached up to take her hand he found it a tightly clenched little ball.

"Unity, do you remember the drive we took that Sunday before I went to the city?"

"I think I do."

"She thinks she does!" he apostrophized the night. "I have a scheme. Tomorrow, right after dinner, I'm going to drive down here for you. Unity, let's have the Sunday over again—in every particular."

Again she was silent.

"You don't agree?"

"I—I'm not sure."

"That you love me?"

She shook her head. "That I want to marry you."

But when he drew her down and kissed her, she did not resist. "Wait," he whispered fatuously, "until tomorrow. Then you will be convinced."

Although what virtue the morrow would hold he did not say. He probably did not guess.

Unity did not scruple to change the current of another's life; she saw no occasion for scruples. She thought she loved Mark. But she did not believe his expressed resolve to stay in Bethel was, could be, genuine; or, if genuine, that its execution would be good for him. And, principally—she knew exactly what she wanted.

Next day they drove over much the same road they had taken seven years before. They chatted in lighter vein, with intervals of eloquent silence. On a tiltop whence they could see only other hills and the sizzling sun they ate the lunch put up by the thoughtful Susan. Then they waited to watch the sunset.

"Unity, what must I do to convince you?"

"Nothing," she murmured. He considered his happiness.

And after a while she said: "Tell me about your life in the city. You've never said much about it."

"Innocent demand! Not in vain is the trap set in the sight of a young

man in love. He began to describe the mills to her. And as he went on, into his words crept the unconscious eloquence of a real enthusiasm. His face became eager. Before he had ended, he was of his feet declaiming to her, who was a very attentive audience. He saw what he described:

"Ah!" she breathed, as he reached a period. "What a life! And you could leave it?"

"You forget," he reminded her. "I was put out of it."

She leaned forward suddenly, resting her hand on the one that held the cane. "Mark, why don't you go back to it?"

He jerked his hand free, as if he had felt a twinge of pain. "Don't suggest that, Unity!" he cried. "There's that other side. It's hard and cruel and narrow. It eats up all the best of you. Sometimes it kills you. It makes you a machine, not your own man. I used to feel it when I was there, sometimes terribly. Here I see it from a distance and I understand better. It's just one hellish scramble, that life— He stopped abruptly, with an impatient gesture.

"If I go back, Unity, you won't—"

But how could he phrase his fear or interpret the hot surging that drowned it?

She sighed happily.

He was soon to learn.

A man and a woman entered into the most trying of human relations. Both were young, but both had hardened in the pursuit of selfish desire. Neither had the love that finds its chief joy in yielding.

CHAPTER XII.

A Man and His Wife.

In the downtown offices of the Quinby company and in the particular room which may be called the headquarters of the Quinby army, two men were sitting late one winter afternoon. The one was Henley himself, now chairman of the company, a bit stouter than when he first met him twelve years ago, his arrogance a little less evident in manner albeit time had not altered the fact. The other was a youngish man whose thin bony face and hands and streaks of premature gray hair spoke of physical frailty.

It was common knowledge in the Quinby company that no one was more welcome in Henley's office than the young superintendent whom the master's influence had put in command of the big new open-heart plant. It was even suspected that Henley had taken Truitt in with him in his speculations.

At the end of a long discussion of company affairs Henley pressed a button. His secretary appeared from the adjoining office.

"Bring in the light and heat account."

The secretary returned with the account of the latest successful speculation. Henley gave it a rapid glance and handed it to Mark. The latter studied it carefully, questioned certain items, questioned the explanation and finally accepted them. Henley smiled



At the Door a Crippled Beggar Acosted Them.

again. He knew men who would have hesitated to question his accounts. Everything he knew of Truitt he liked. "Make out Mr. Truitt's check," he directed the secretary, who withdrew and promptly returned.

Henley signed the check and delivered it to Mark. The latter receipted the accompanying voucher.

"I've another thing in mind," Henley suggested. "Care to go in?"

Mark hesitated, his brow suddenly wrinkling. "I think not," he said at last. The note of irritation did not escape Henley. "I've my eye on a new house."

"I thought you were pretty comfortably fixed."

Mark shrugged his shoulders. "It seems the neighborhood leaves something to be desired."

"Yes? I see," Henley indicated Mark's heavy furred overcoat, "you're driving out. You can take me home—unless you're in a hurry to reach that delinquent neighborhood!"

A quarter of an hour later the two men emerged from the corridor of the Quinby building. At the door a crippled beggar acosted them. Henley ignored him. Mark slyly gave him a coin.

A beautifully matched team of blacks harnessed to a light sleigh awaited him. Evidently Mark had not forgotten his early knowledge of horse flesh. Only a man whom fortune had kissed could have afforded such horses. For Mark—with his "leg and a half"—they were hardly an extravagance, almost a necessity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BELGIAN GIRL HEROINE OF THE WAR



This Belgian girl, only fifteen years old, ventured right into the firing line during the fighting at Namur to care for the wounded soldiers.

FOUND EMPTY CITY HUNTING A BATTLE

Germans Took Alost but Every Inhabitant Had Fled.

Feeling the Terrible Fate of Termonde, 32,000 Citizens Abandoned Their Homes and Departed.

By HUGH MARTIN, War Correspondent of the London Daily News.

Ghent.—What in some of its aspects is the most remarkable incident in the whole course of the Belgian campaign occurred by order of the Belgian military authorities.

Alost has been evacuated by the entire civilian population of 33,200. Not a Belgian remained in the place at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of September 28.

This is in answer to the crime of Termonde. That town was wiped out with a completeness never known in history and in the process hundreds of defenseless people perished.

To save Alost, three times its size, from a similar fate the government has taken the sensational step of ordering its complete abandonment to the last man, woman and child.

Sunday morning there were thousands of civilians quietly pursuing their avocations under the shadow of the coming terror in Alost and the surrounding villages. When the place was entered by the German forces Monday afternoon it was as quiet as a sepulcher.

When the German advance guard came it found the doors of all the houses open, food in all the larders ready to be eaten, wine to be drunk, and beds to be slept in—all that an army could desire—all but something to kill.

It is not possible yet to obtain fully coherent accounts of what led to the present evacuation, but I will attempt a general outline.

Sunday afternoon the Germans sent a body of spies, some fifty in number, disguised as refugees from villages farther afield. They came and melted away. Then more "peasants" appeared, bringing their household goods on little carts drawn by dogs, which are universally employed in Belgium.

Belgian lancers and cyclists were in strong force in the center of the town and the streets were full of people, many of them preparing voluntarily for the trek which afterward became compulsory and universal.

Suddenly the "peasants" swung round their little carts, flung away the coverings from their contents, and poured a hail of lead into soldiers and civilians alike. As war goes on the German side it must be counted a daring and brilliant raid, for the result was carnage with little loss to the invaders.

On the Ghent road I saw a woman conspicuous by her sobs among the tens of thousands in the lamentable procession. She had lost her two children, one shot in the neck, the other in the forehead. Several women also were killed in this brilliant piece of work.

That night imperative orders were given for every person in Alost and the villages round to leave the following morning for Ghent. The pitiable crowd hardly escaped the bombardment. At ten o'clock shells began to drop in the town.

A half-sheet typewritten French dictionary of the most necessary words is carried by all soldiers of the British expeditionary force.

LEMBERG BEDECKED WITH RUSSIAN FLAGS AS COSSACKS ENTER CITY

By FRANCIS McCULLAGH, International News Service. Petrograd.—I had the good fortune to ride with a Cossack detachment throughout the Manchurian war and one of my old Cossack friends who was brought back to Petrograd, wounded, from Lemberg, has given me some account of the engagements which took place near the Galician capital. The Cossacks were often three days in the saddle and were the first Russians to enter Lemberg.

"Our turn came," said my Cossack friend, "when the Austrians began to give way to our infantry. Then we were let loose on the enemy's broken rear and soon converted the retreat into a rout. We heard them cry out in terror, 'Die Kozaken! Die Kozaken!'"

Swept Like Straw. "The Hungarian cavalry tried to stop us, but we swept them aside like straw. They had red breeches and beautiful jackets, like those worn by our Cossack women. They also had fine horses and were good riders, but did not know in the least how to use their spears. When we, the Don Cossacks, stick men with our spears we throw into the blow not only our own weight, but the whole weight of our horses.

"The Austrians fled in panic, throwing away their rifles, abandoning their cannons and machine guns and transport wagons full of hay and provisions. The same morning the Cossacks rode into the conquered town. All the shops were closed and more than half the inhabitants had fled. Those who remained cheered the Russian vanguard.

Welcomed by People. "Triumphal arches made from the boughs of trees were erected across the streets. Russian flags floated from the windows and many of the townspeople greeted us in good Russian. Nobody fired on us. We were received as friends and brothers and everybody was very kind.

"Before noon General Ruzsky rode down the principal street, preceded by a military band and a standard bearer carrying the Russian flag. We, Don Cossacks, had our trumpeters with us when we entered, and it was as if we entered Kiev or Holy Moscow itself. The church bells rang and the Pravoslav-popes came out of their churches in vestments and blessed us as we passed. Little girls dressed in white strewed flowers in the path of General Ruzsky, who rode, surrounded by his officers, and the wise men of the town met him in their robes of office and made him an address of welcome."

Campaign Is Bloody. We have heard little of the prolonged and terrible struggle in Poland and Galicia. Nevertheless that campaign has been as bloody as that on the Meuse, and the Austrian, though beaten, has struggled gallantly.

The Russians greet the Austrians in a friendly way when prisoners arrive. It is not easy to arrive at a correct estimate of the number of Austrian prisoners now interned in various parts of Russia. The Bourne Gazette, one of the leading evening newspapers of Petrograd, sets the figure at 300,000. Among them is the former Austrian commandant of Lemberg. The prisoners include an extraordinary number of Slavs.

Prisoners a Puzzle. "What shall we do with our Austrian prisoners?" is the cry of the moment.

The best Austrian troops, those from the Tyrol, have no quarrel with the Slavs and know nothing about them, while the troops from eastern Austria are half Slav themselves, or else are easy-going and not serious. This want of seriousness constitutes a great moral defect in the Austro-Hungarian army. It explains the readiness of the Austrians to retreat or surrender.

The following communication has been received from the staff of Grand Duke Nicholas, commander-in-chief of the Russian forces in the field:

Fortress Is Bombaraded. "The enemy has approached Ossowetz from the north and has begun the bombardment of the fortress.

"In Galicia we have occupied Debica, on the railway 65 miles east of Cracow, and between Bzeczow and Tarnow.

"At Coloujok we defeated a detachment of the enemy and captured his artillery and many prisoners. Continuing the pursuit, we entered Hungary."

Meets Big Obstacles. The Russian army in East Prussia under General Rennenkampf has been meeting terrible obstacles for the last three weeks. One of the greatest of these is the fortified camp in the so-called Mazurian lake district of German Poland. There are innumerable small lakes and the marshy ground between them is covered with forests.

Checked by Big German Force. The area is occupied by a German army of from 200,000 to 300,000 men,

which menaces toward the north any movement in the direction of Koenigsberg and toward the south all Russian attempts to reach Thorn and Graudenz.

For this reason General Rennenkampf's army, after its first unchecked advance, could not proceed and it even had to retire for safety until a large force could be brought up to stop the activities from the Mazurian lake camp, by which the progress of the Russians in East Prussia was checked.

Changed Times in Russia. The case of Bourtesoff, the Russian revolutionist, is a sign of the changed times in Russia and his return indicates the state of mind of many men like him. He told me that he had returned not to make peace with the internal reactionary opposition, because he could not forget the hundreds of thousands of people who are imprisoned or exiled, but to give an impulse to the national effort in the direction of a new era in the country's foreign policy.

Until now the Russian government had supported Prussian militarism and had especially oppressed Russian Poland. Instead of protecting the Poles, who are the most civilized of the Slavs, it had persecuted them.

Bourtesoff and others hope to arouse such support and enthusiasm among the Poles that the government cannot withdraw later in its promise to form a united, self-governing Poland.

AUSTRIANS IN PANIC AT FALL OF LEMBERG

By CAMILLO CIANFARRA. Rome.—Returning after a two months' stop with the Austrian general staff, Arnaldo Fraccaroli, the Corriere de la Sera's correspondent, thus described Lemberg's fall:

"Up to August 16 Lemberg lived in happy ignorance of the events on the Galician frontier. The Austrians still believed the Russian army sadly disorganized and led by drunken, epileptic generals.

"The censor had taken all precaution against the truth leaking out. One thing only was overlooked, and that is what happened one afternoon while the population promenaded in the parks and thoroughfares. Lemberg was suddenly invaded by thousands of refugees arriving from every direction by foot, rail and on horseback. They related the wildest stories of the Cossacks' doings.

"The flood of refugees continued eight days, bringing along waves of despair, fear and misery until the population had swelled from 240,000 to 350,000.

First Great Panic. "Simultaneously the wounded began arriving. Schools, churches, offices and theaters were transformed into hospitals. On August 26 the city was housing 40,000 wounded.

"On the same day the Cossacks appeared three miles from the city, causing the first great panic. The railroad depots were besieged and a general exodus began. Now the truth was fully known, and news from the front increased the panic.

"Simultaneously the city was being treated to the weirdest spectacles. Pickets passed hourly, escorting to be hanged or shot groups of men, women, children and priests whom the Austrians considered friendly to the Russians.

"Between the 26th and 28th of August the Russian artillery succeeded in taking a position without being detected. Suddenly the Russian guns opened a tempest of fire on the Eleventh army corps, which had come within range, and with the help of the Russian infantry and machine guns was annihilated.

"The Third corps, dispatched to replace them, met with the same fate. Then the Twelfth was rushed out to be shot, sustaining enormous losses.

"Of 4,000 men forming the Twenty-seventh Trieste regiment only 500 survived. Of the Seventeenth Lubian regiment only 300 survived; not an officer was left.

Many Die in Panic. "On the morning of August 31 a train of one hundred cars was made ready by the authorities to send out the first refugees, but as soon as the depot gates were opened the panic-stricken crowd rushed to the train. Wild scenes followed. Children were crushed, women were trodden down. The train left with people strapped to every support.

"On the afternoon of August 31 a 35-hour armistice was arranged, and 60,000 Austrian and Russian dead were buried. Nearly double that number of wounded were removed.

"On the morning of September 3 a general alarm was sounded. It was the end. Every Austrian soldier fled without taking his arms or ammunition."

time to come owing to the immense cost of the war.

With a view to compensating this falling off the Bordeaux brokers intend to make a strong effort to capture the big trade in sparkling hock and moselle heretofore done in the United States by Germany. Incidentally they hope to deprive champagne of some of its vogue.

War prices on bird seed are said to have reached a prohibitive rate. Another blow at the dove of peace!

Irvin Cobb Tells How He Became "Guest" of the Kaiser.

Equipped With Spavined Horse and Two Bicycles, He and McCutcheon Walked Into German Army.

London.—Irvin S. Cobb, a magazine writer, and John T. McCutcheon, cartoonist, who were arrested during the advance of the German troops through Belgium, are still the "guests" of the German government at Aix-la-Chapelle, according to L. L. Winslow, secretary to Ambassador Gerard, who arrived here from Berlin in charge of 290 English refugees, mostly women and children.

The adventures of Cobb and McCutcheon were related to Winslow by Cobb.

This is Cobb's description: "McCutcheon and I promenaded out to Brussels on a sunshiny day to inspect a few parcels of Belgian real estate, comprising the battlefield of Waterloo. Soon we heard firing, so we hurried toward it by a very forced march. The cannonade seemed to elude us playfully, and after walking 12 miles we invested in a horse and wagon. The wagon was all right, but the horse had retired from business several years ago.

"After the horse had fallen down nonchalantly thrice, I had a talk with him. He said that McCutcheon, who had the reins, didn't know enough about driving to drive a nail, and insisted that he would go no further until we got another coachman. We compromised with the noble animal by purchasing two bicycles, which had been left in Flanders by the Spanish invaders a few years before. Through the kindness of a Belgian officer, we also invested in two passes, which he told us were good for any performance in the Belgian theater of war.

"The artillery firing we had been pursuing all this time suddenly turned and pursued us, and a few moments later we found ourselves leading our slightly spavined bicycles into the German army's pleasant midst. Several regiments were assigned to conduct us to the commander-in-chief, who, with splendid courtesy, assured us of Germany's hospitality, provided we did not happen to be shot as spies in the meantime.

"The latter supposition appealed more forcibly to him when he inspected the passes given us by the Belgian officer, for he remarked that our particular variety of pass could be carried only by a Belgian spy. Besides, he pointed out that our bicycles were of a type handed down from father to son among Belgian spies.

"While endeavoring to dispel these illusions somebody stole the aforesaid bicycles. I was so grateful for this kind act that I didn't care what the Germans did to us.

"As McCutcheon, however, kept on making the eagle scream for us so loudly, we ultimately became the Kaiser's guests here in Aix-la-Chapelle without being shot once. I still preserve my American neutrality, and the suit of clothes in which I left Brussels, but I've bought a new shirt."

Reims Cathedral Not Ruined? The London Daily Chronicle reports that the front towers and windows of Reims cathedral are uninjured and that reconstruction of the cathedral will not be difficult. The Times makes the same statement.

NAME YOUR BRAND; FRENCH'LL POUR IT

Bordeaux.—In many of the famous vineyards around Bordeaux vintage has begun and women and children, aided by refugees from Belgium and northern France, are taking the places of the men fighting at the front.

The disposal of the wine is likely to be a problem, as about 20,000,000 bottles went to Germany each year, and in addition the spending power of the world will be diminished for some

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

*What You Want
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The House of Quality and Courteous Treatment

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- Health, Accident.
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V-AVA

V-AVA cleans anything but a guilty conscience

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

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

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

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

"BRIGHTEN UP YOUR HOME" A LITTLE V-AVA ON YOUR DUSTING CLOTH WORKS WONDERS

OUR GUARATNEE Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Your Money Back COULD WE MAKE IT STRONGER

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

For Sale Exclusively by **Randall County News**

Bronchial Coughs

The prostrating cough tears down your strength.

The clogged air-tubes directly affect your lungs and speedily lead to pleurisy, pneumonia, consumption.

SCOTT'S EMULSION overcomes bronchitis in an easy, natural way. Its curative OIL-FOOD soothes the inflamed membrane, relieves the cold that causes the trouble, and every drop helps to strengthen your lungs.

All Druggists Have It REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

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 country	\$1.50
Six months	.75
Three months	.50
Two months	.40
One month	.25

A lesson for all farmers may be learned from the results obtained in the boys' and girls' kafr club, the prizes of which were published last week. The boy winning first prize in the maize contest made three and one-fourth tons per acre, and at ordinary prices his yield would make him \$35 to \$40 per acre. The average for the ten prize winners was two and one-third tons per acre or about \$23 to \$28 per acre. The lowest boy in the list made one and three-fourths tons. The question before the Randall county farmer is this, shall we plant more than we can properly cultivate and be content to raise a ton or less per acre, or shall we put in about half the present acreage in order to give it thorough and scientific cultivation, thereby more than doubling the yield? During the past few dry years the farmers have reduced their acreage considerably, but there are still many who farm too much land. Even with normal rainfall it does not pay to attempt more than can be handled scientifically.

Sudan grass has attracted much attention over the plains country. Great claims are made for the grass and if it not more than half as good as the sellers of seed claim, it is worth experimenting with. Considerable seed has been bought in Canyon to be planted next year and the results will be watched with interest.

Randall county voters should either vote affirmatively on the amendment concerning sea walls or not vote at all on the proposition. It will cost us nothing if the people on the coast wish to build these walls, and they should have the privilege so to do if it their desire.

The rains and dark nights have again demonstrated the need of more sidewalks and street lights in Canyon.

Don't send away subscription money for newspapers and magazines without first seeing the News. We can save you money.

HELP IS OFFERED, and is freely given to every nervous, delicate woman, by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Remember ingredients on label—Tablet or Liquid form.

In every female complaint, irregularity, or weakness, and in every exhausted condition of the female system, the "Prescription" never fails to benefit or cure. Bearing-down pains, internal inflammation and ulceration, weak back, and all kindred ailments are completely cured by it. It's a marvelous remedy for leucorrhoea and general debility, insomnia, or inability to sleep, spasms, convulsions or fits.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (1000 pages) will be sent free on receipt of 11 one-cent stamps to pay cost of wrapping and mailing only. Address Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a day; two or three are cathartic.

The News hopes that the business men of Canyon and Amarillo will again give prize money for the Boys' and Girls' Kafr and Maize club. This contest given each year will do more for scientific farming than any amount of preaching.

The man who howls hard times the loudest and longest is usually the fellow who expects the home business man to carry his account when he hasn't any money, and then send away for his goods when he has a little cash.

Some Texas newspapers are going to publish a list of all the persons who receive shipments of liquor each week. Wonder how many people in Canyon will receive booze for "medicinal" purposes?

Miss Ida M. Farrell has leased the Glazier Review to Chas. W. Hamilton and will take a year's vacation. It is about all most newspaper people can do to take a week's vacation.

The Texas legislature adjourned after doing little or nothing but turn down the radical and suicidal laws proposed by the governor—which in itself was a very wise and good job.

Randall county had a 25,000 acre wheat crop this year, averaging about 20 bushels. Indications are that the acreage will be increased nearly one-half for next year.

Ex-President Taft praises President Wilson's peace policy. Not so, Ex-President Roosevelt. But whoever heard Teddy praising any other than himself.

Randall county is going to plant a large acreage of wheat this year.

Every voter in Randall county should go to the polls next Tuesday.

Hunt up your poll tax receipt and vote next Tuesday.

Down at Childress they are making bread of feterita.

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.

Postage Stamps.

A postage stamp is a bargain at two cents. That price is below cost of production, if the work the stamp does is counted in as part of the expense of making it. Still there is lots of money wasted on postage stamps. Sometimes it looks like all the world is writing letters or mail-circulars. The mail is jammed full of advertising matter sent under postage direct to ten thousand waste baskets. When a man has something to sell, why does he not advertise it in a newspaper? Why does he imagine that sending a circular through the mails is advertising? To send a thousand circulars costs ten dollars for the stamps alone, and out of the thousand sent, probably nine hundred and eighty seven go unread by the recipients. The waste in circularization is enormous. More and more advertisers who have had to pay for their experience are learning that the cheapest, most effective and promptest advertising is that which is addressed to the public through the newspapers and magazines. As a rule—and granting that there exceptions—the kind of man who has the time and inclination to read a circular hasn't the money to buy what it seeks to sell.—Dallas News.

SEVERE PUNISHMENT

Of Mrs. Chappell, of Five Years' Standing, Relieved by Cardui.

Mt. Airy, N. C.—Mrs. Sarah M. Chappell of this town, says: "I suffered for five years with womanly troubles, also stomach troubles, and my punishment was more than any one could tell."

I tried most every kind of medicine, but none did me any good.

I read one day about Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I decided to try it. I had not taken but about six bottles until I was almost cured. It did me more good than all the other medicines I had tried, put together.

My friends began asking me why I looked so well, and I told them about Cardui. Several are now taking it.

Do you, lady reader, suffer from any of the ailments due to womanly trouble, such as headache, backache, dizziness, sleeplessness, and that everlastingly tired feeling?

If so, let us urge you to give Cardui a trial. We feel confident it will help you, just as it has a million other women in the past half century.

Begin taking Cardui to-day. You won't regret it. All druggists.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," in plain wrapper. B.G. 124

Umbarger Notes.

Mrs. Robert Stratton and children drove to Canyon Tuesday.

Nick Hollenstein and wife were Canyon visitors Wednesday.

Henry Beckman and R. G. Bader were in Hereford on business Monday.

W. M. Lichtwald purchased 66 head of Hereford cows and calves from Ed Baird last week.

Edgar Money and family and Lee Simms attended the Money wedding in Canyon Thursday evening.

Ernest Friemel loaded a car of wheat Thursday.

Clinton Hamilton returned to Amarillo Sunday for a week's treatment in the hospital.

Miss Mary Pickens was a Canyon visitor Tuesday and Wednesday.

W. H. Russell spent Friday and Saturday with Lee Simms at the Money ranch.

L. Williams and Clint Abbott and wives were Canyon visitors Thursday.

John Wilson had the misfortune of breaking one of the bones in his wrist Monday evening of last week.

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

Trail of the Lonesome Pine.

The big scenic production of the Trail of the Lonesome Pine is announced to be the feature attraction at the opera house on Friday Oct. 30 for one night only. This great story needs no introduction to Canyon people. We have read the book of John Fox Jr. by same title and have sang the song for years.

Seats on sale at Holland Drug Co. Prices 25-50 75c.

This is positively a guaranteed attraction and those who enjoy real plays of the rustic type should not miss this.

Tax Notice.

City taxes remaining unpaid on October 1st has become delinquent and on November 1st I will make my levy on all property so delinquent and advertise the same for sale. There is also considerable property for the year 1913 that is delinquent which will be advertised for sale.

In order to save this extra expense, settlement for all delinquent taxes must be made before November 1st, 1914.

J. H. JOWELL,
3013 Tax Collector.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy—The Mother's 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.

Saturday, Oct. 31

Saturday, Oct. 31

Auction Sale
Postponed last Sat. on account bad weather
of Merchandise

Consisting of men's and boys' suits, men's and boys' hats; men's, women's and children's shoes; men's boots and bootees; men's odd trousers. Ladies' skirts, ladies' tailored suits, ladies' and misses coats, men's and ladies sweaters, men's and boys' caps, men's and boys' shirts. Dozens of other things too numerous to mention.

\$1,000.00

worth of merchandise will be sold regardless of cost.

TERMS OF SALE STRICTLY CASH

Positively no goods returned or exchanged sold in this sale.

Sale starts promptly at 3 p. m. and again at 7:30 p. m.

Those who have attended our previous sales know that we mean exactly what we say.

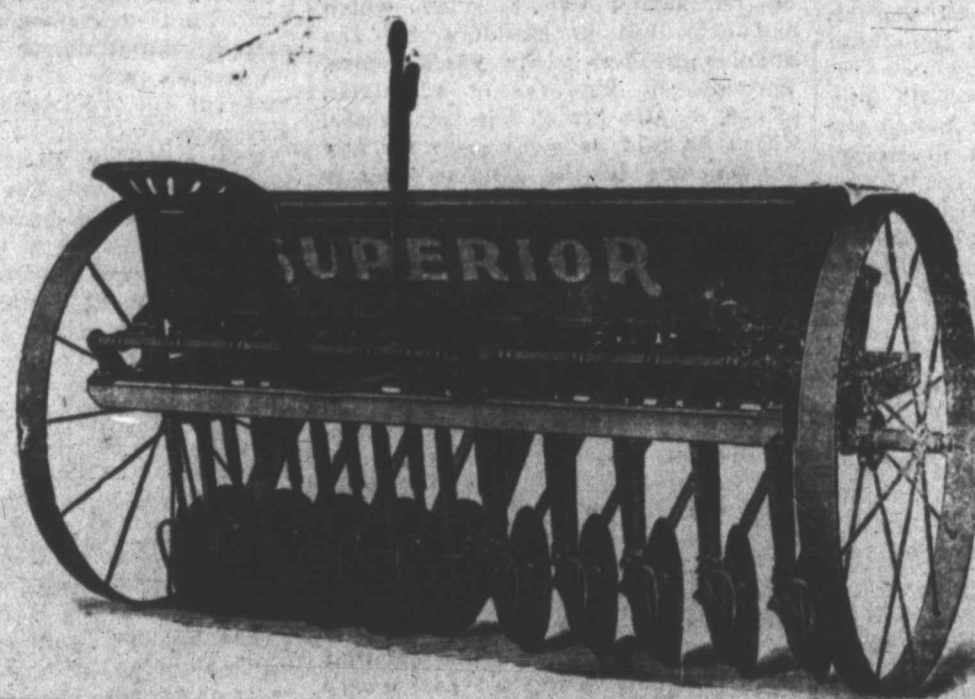
DON'T FORGET THE DATE, SATURDAY OCT. 31

The Canyon City Supply Co.
DRY-GOODS, CLOTHING & GROCERIES
CANYON, TEXAS

PLANT YOUR WHEAT

Now is the Time to Get Ready for a Big Crop
by Buying the BEST IMPLEMENTS

Superior Wheat Drill



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

THOMPSON HARDWARE CO.

What Kind Do You Use?

Cream of Tartar, the chief ingredient of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is a product of ripe grapes. It is pure and healthful beyond question.

Alum is the chief ingredient of many of the substitutes offered in place of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. Alum is a mineral acid, declared by physicians and chemists to have an injurious effect when used in the preparation of food.

No baking powders containing alum are permitted to be sold in England, France or Germany. To avoid alum and be sure of wholesome, home-baked food, read the label carefully and use only

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Made from Cream of Tartar No Alum

W. J. Flesher went to Dallas Friday to attend the state fair.

Oecil Winder was here from Hansford over Sunday visiting friends.

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

Miss Sarah Winn left Saturday for Waxahachie where she will teach school.

City Marshal Jowell killed two dogs Tuesday morning which were not tagged.

My stock is made up completely of high grade new furniture. Come and inspect it. L. T. Davault. tl

A. S. Rollins of Amarillo attended to court business in the city Friday.

W. E. Dunlap of Hereford was a business caller in the city Friday and Saturday.

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

Rob Campbell went to Kansas City Friday with cattle.

Dr. A. E. Freeman of Russellville, Ark., is visiting at the Roffey home.

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.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Lester returned Tuesday night from the Dallas fair.

Mrs. Everett Conner left last week for Graham and Abilene where she will visit relatives.

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

Henry Beckman has bought the half section of land adjoining his place of Henry McElwee of Missouri.

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

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Keiser and Mrs. Leech went to the Dallas Fair Friday, returning yesterday.

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

Ten tickets were sold from Canyon Saturday morning to the Dallas Fair for the special excursion. Ten people came over from Hereford and went on the special train.

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

Mr. and Mrs. John Begrin left Saturday morning for Ft. Worth where they will spend the winter and possibly make their future home, although Mr. Begrin stated that they might return in the spring. Leo McDade has rented their house.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days Your druggist will refund money if PAZO 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.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Black of Los Angeles, Calif., visited from Saturday until Tuesday at the parental E. F. Miller home, on their way to Indiana.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sydow were in Amarillo Tuesday evening to attend the concert.

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

The Normal football team had to postpone their trip to Plainview Saturday to play Seth Ward on account of the heavy rain.

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

For the first time in many months there was no preaching service in Canyon Sunday night.

Rev. B. A. Haynes preached his farwell sermon at the Presbyterian church Sunday morning. After a few weeks vacation he has promised to preach at the morning services until a regular pastor is obtained.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid apron sale has been postponed until Saturday, Nov. 7.

Rev. John Buchanan of Amarillo preached Sunday morning at the Baptist church, Rev. Carver not being able to meet his appointment here. He will be here next Sunday.

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

Mrs. J. B. Gamble returned Friday night from Iowa where she has been visiting at the parental home. An uncle returned with her who will spend the winter here.

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

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Park went out to the Park ranch yesterday to see M. S. Park who was injured Tuesday.

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

The Eastern Star will meet in regular session Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Carter will make a report of the Grand Chapter.

It does us good to see you buy that sugar cheap. Redburn's price reducer does have a demoralizing effect on the Canyon sugar market. Still looking for business. D. N. Redburn. tl

Mrs. E. H. Ackley entertained a number of children Tuesday in honor of John Ackley and Lewis Shirley, that being their birthday.

John A. Wallace was in Amarillo Tuesday to assist in conducting examinations for the issuance of licence to young ministers of the Methodist church.

Lotus cut glass at Holland Drug Co. tf

J. W. Dison went to Happy Wednesday to build a three room and porch addition to the Robt. Evans home.

T. C. Thompson went to the Dallas Fair last Wednesday evening, returning Tuesday morning.

Have visitors? Phone the News office and give us their names, where they live and how long they will stay in Canyon. tf

Rev. and Mrs. A. B. Haynes are moving to their farm south of the city.

Mrs. J. D. Gamble entertained a number of children Wednesday in honor of J. D. Gamble Jr., this being his birthday.

Taxes Coming Good.

Tax Collector Worth A. Jennings reports that he has written nearly twice as many receipts for taxes this October as he did last year. While the amount of money has not been large, he is getting considerable work off his hands which usually piles up toward the end of the tax paying time. The collections so far are from non resident land owners.

Craig Buys Guthrie Home.

J. M. Craig has bought the home of John Guthrie. Mr. Craig will move into town from his ranch in a short time. Mr. Guthrie states that he will continue to live in the city.

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. 25c.

Plant a Tree.

He who planteth a fruit tree provides not only for himself, but for posterity. Long after a man is dead, the tree he planted may be a blessing to his children and grandchildren.

The Husbandman should be careful in his selection of the proper trees, and call in the aid of the experienced horticulturist, so as to choose trees adapted to the climate he lives in, and be suitably conform to his local environment. The first cost of fruit trees is an insignificant item, compared to the great benefits that may be derived from them in the many years to come. Every farm should have an orchard large enough to provide all the fruit a family needs, if not some to sell.

If less salt pork and more fruit were eaten, the healthfulness and longevity of the family would be greatly enhanced.

Happy Items.

B. M. VanHorn is the new station agent, W. H. Miller having resigned.

Mesdames P. J. Neff and L. F. Rayburn went to Tulsa Monday.

Mrs. H. Koch was a south bound passenger Sunday.

L. Ruff and family spent Sunday at the Strong home.

Miss Dietrich of Tulsa spent Sunday at the Bower home.

W. Stenchall is in our midst again.

Several of our citizens are attending the Fair at Dallas.

Mrs. Mary Cook is spending the week at the Ralls home.

Nearly a five inch rain has fallen since Friday night. Wheat sowing is the talk of the day now.

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

Wayside Items.

Marshall Butler who has been with Payne Bros. 20 months left Tuesday for Okla., to join his family.

A. T. Anderson of Farwell, returned Friday to work for Payne Bros.

Wm. Payne made a business trip to Clarendon Monday.

J. A. Currie, A. M. Currie and their wives left Tuesday for the Dallas fair.

No school at Fairview Thursday on account of the illness of Miss Leonard, teacher.

Frank James is somewhat improved. His parents are with

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.

him at Mineral Wells.

J. M. and M. L. McGehee are expecting to ship 2 cars of hogs this week.

Payne Bros. sold 57 head of cattle to L. M. Scoggins last week.

W. R. and Fannie Franklin, Wm. and Emma Payne spent some time at parental home last week.

Visit the fountain at Holland Drug Co. tf

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.

Knock Out Sale

continues throughout the week

50 per cent off

on all Glassware and Chinaware

33 1-3 off

on enamelware, knives, forks, scissors, etc.

Now is the opportunity of your days

COME AND SEE

Grocery & Novelty Store

West Side of Square

4-W BREAKFAST FOOD

Is the most delicious, strengthening and invigorating food ever put before the American people. Is guaranteed absolutely pure and wholesome. Once tried always used. One box will convince you

4-W BREAKFAST FOOD COMPANY, AMARILLO, TEXAS

CANCER HOSPITAL

FORT WORTH TEXAS BOX 744

Make toast these mornings on the

Electric Toaster

For \$3.50 you can buy from us the new vertical Hot Point Toaster.

Get one today.

Canyon Power Company

COMING OPERA HOUSE

Attraction Extraordinary

One Night Only, Friday, Oct. 30th

Chas. L. Newton Co. offers

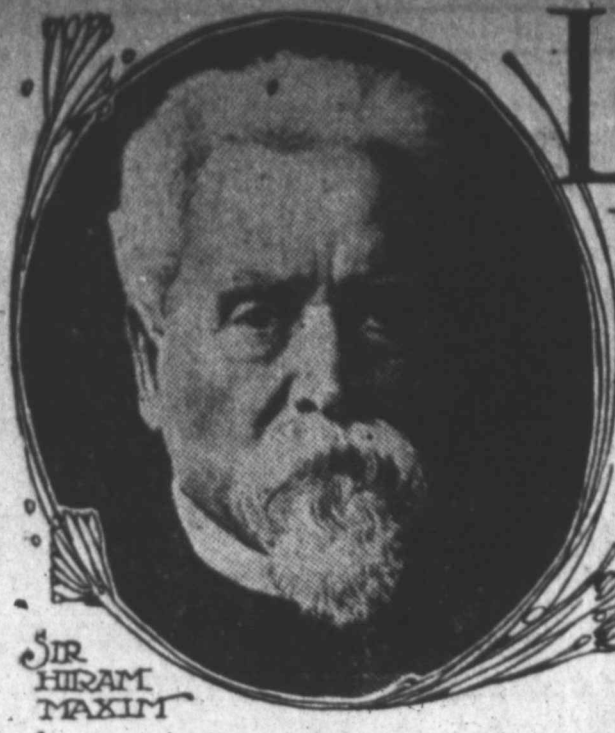
Trail of the Lonesome Pine

with Miss Doris Ashton, supported by an excellent cast.

Dramatized from the famous book of John Fox Jr., in 4 big acts

ALL SPECIAL SCENERY

Reserved seats now at Holland Drug Co. 25c, 50c, 75c



SIR HIRAM MAXIM

LONGER EARS FOR SHIPS

ROBERT H. MOULTON



HEAD OF BLARVILLE'S BAT

AS A RESULT of the Titanic disaster, Sir Hiram Maxim, the inventor of the Maxim gun, has evolved a plan for giving ships a "sixth sense" that will enable them to avoid icebergs in a fog by the same means by which a bat finds its way about in the dark. For a year or more he has been working on a device which he claims will enable a vessel to detect a floating object several miles away, to estimate its size, shape and distance, and to recognize the character of a neighboring shore, so that a harbor, for instance, may be safely entered in a fog. All this is to be done simply by receiving and recording the echoes sent back by the objects to be detected; but the sound that produces the echoes is not high enough in pitch to be audible. Its vibrations are powerful and slow and are given out by a huge siren at the ship's bows. The echoes are received and recorded by apparatus that serve as ears and which are able to give us much more information than a real ear could do.

This latest collision preventer is another adaptation of a phenomenon in the natural world. Sir Hiram Maxim has taken his cue from the bat, which he was reminded is enabled to tell the distance of objects by the beat of its wings.

In bats the sense organs are highly developed. When a bat flies about in total darkness the beat of its wings sends out a series of pulsations, or waves. These waves strike against all surrounding objects and are reflected back and received by the sensitive organs which form part of the face of the bat. The extremely delicate nature of the bat's wings, together with the sensitiveness of its sixth sense contained in its delicate face nerves, enables the bat to judge the distance of any object by the lapse of time between the sending out and the receiving of the waves. It is this exceptional mechanism, and not any faculty of seeing in the dark, which enables the bat to fly unerringly without the least light to guide it. This was proved a hundred years ago by the Abbe Spallanzani, who made experiments by blotting out the eyes of bats with red hot irons and found that they got along just as well without eyes as with them. Other experiments, without cruelty, may be made to show the same thing.

We all know that if we capture a wild bird and liberate it in a large room with closed windows, it makes a wild and furious rush for what its senses tell it is an opening through which it can escape. Its eyes do not reveal the presence of the glass, and the result is a broken neck. A bat liberated under similar circumstances makes the same dash for freedom. The flapping of its wings, however, brings its sixth sense into action and it soon perceives that it is face to face with a solid wall and stops short before it touches the glass.

Sir Hiram proposes to apply this sixth sense to sea-going vessels. His apparatus will produce atmospheric vibrations of about the same frequency as those produced by the bat, but of energy at least three hundred thousand times as great. These will not be audible, but they will travel at least twenty miles, so that they could be received and recorded by a suitable apparatus at that distance, and would be able to travel at least five miles and return back to the ship a reflected echo that would be strong enough to be detected.

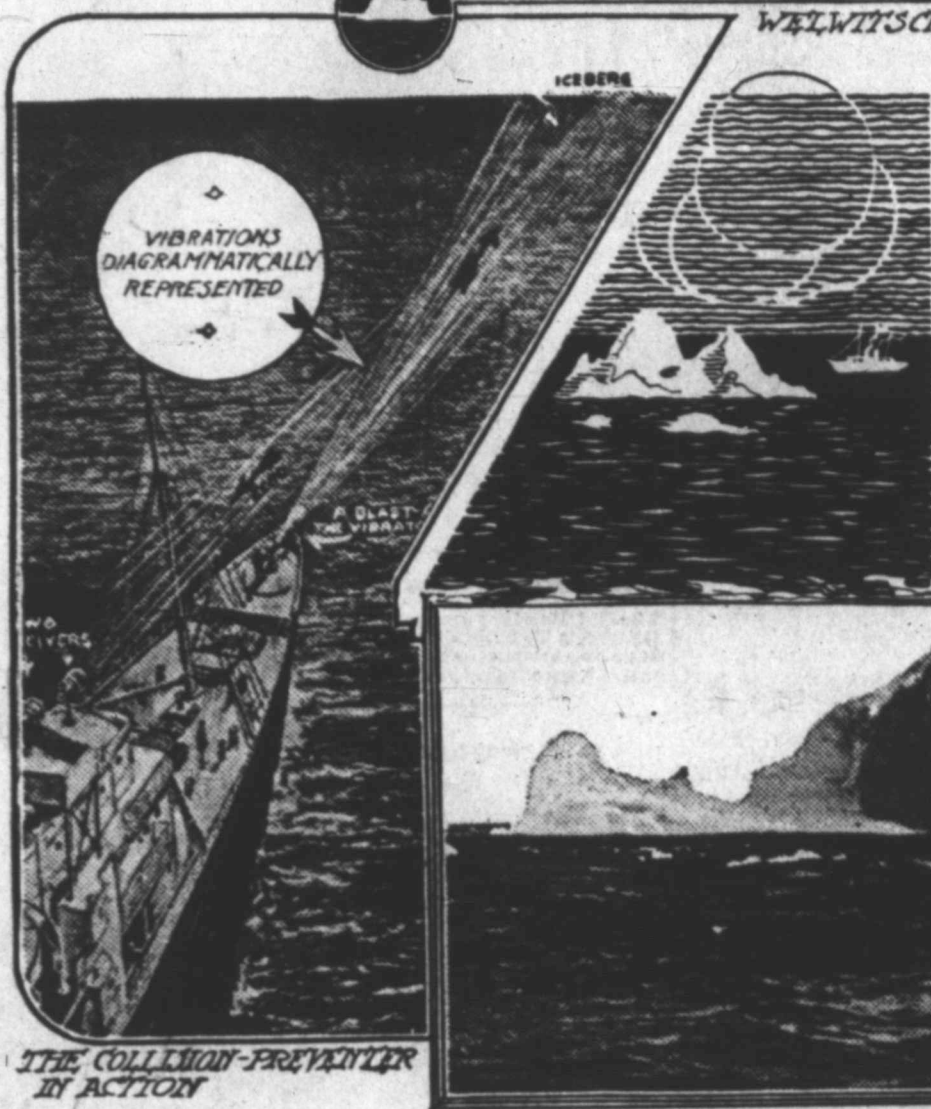
In describing his invention, Sir Hiram states that it might be considered an artificial ear. The apparatus is provided with a large diaphragm tightly drawn over a drum-shaped cylinder, and so arranged that the atmospheric pressure is always the same on both sides, quite irrespective of any air blast. It is therefore always able to vibrate freely in response to the waves of the echo, and its vibrations are made to open and close certain electrical circuits which ring a series of bells of various sizes. If, for example, the object is very small or at a very great distance from the ship, a very small bell rings, while a large object at a distance of two miles would ring a larger bell, and a very large object a still larger bell. The apparatus gives an audible notice if anything is ahead of the ship.

Another apparatus, similar to the first, is provided, but instead of ringing a bell it produces a diagram of the disturbances in the air—that is, when there is no noise except that due to the action of the ship or the sea waves, a wavy line is produced on paper, but whenever the vibrations sent out by the vibrator strike an object and return, the wavy line on the paper becomes very much increased in amplitude, so as to be easily observed, and the distance that the object is from the ship can be measured by the length of the paper strip between the giving off of the vibrations and the receiving of the echo. In this way the distance of the object can be determined with a considerable degree of accuracy, and the size of the object may be determined by the amplitude of the waves that return.

The apparatus for producing the atmospheric vibrations should be placed well forward on the main deck or in any other position where it can



WELWITSCH'S BAT



THE COLLISION PREVENTER IN ACTION

AN ICEBERG, FOUR-FIFTHS OF WHICH IS SUBMERGED

repeated blasts we find that the distance between us and the object diminishes about one-third of a mile in a minute. This, of course, is due to our own speed and indicates that the object is stationary.

When we are two miles apart the reflection of our blasts rings the bells and the indicator shows a different record from what we have seen before. The markings on the paper strip are of considerable size and commence sharp and abrupt, but the ending is not sharp or distinct. There is a trailing out of spots made by the zigzag lines. The total length of the echo is thus made larger than that produced by the primary blast.

This shows that there is some kind of a cloud about the object of a different density from the surrounding air and that it is of considerable size. The logical conclusions drawn are: the object is of great size; it is stationary and it has something about it that modifies the echo. Consequently the record on the paper strip resembles that obtained from both a large, solid object and a cloud. Therefore, it must be a large iceberg surrounded by cold air. We change our direction so as to pass it on our port side at a distance of half a mile. Fortunately we have barely passed when the fog lifts and discloses an enormous iceberg surrounded by smaller pieces that have broken off.

Returning to realities, Sir Hiram states that while the apparatus will work exactly as described with the devices already designed, he is not going to rest at this point. He says that he will shortly produce a recording instrument with a selective power that will not receive any vibrations except those due to the echo of the blast sent out. This will eliminate all noises due to the ship and the sea, and produce a very clean record.

be turned from port to starboard. Of course, there would be no use for the apparatus except in dark, stormy or foggy weather unless it was to be used in communicating with other ships.

If the sea were perfectly clear the blasts sent out would be recorded at the very instant of their production, but no echo would be produced. But if there should happen to be an object of any considerable size at a distance no greater than two or three miles the zigzag line on the paper would be changed, the amplitude of the waves would be greater and would be very noticeable.

To make sure, the blasts could be repeated several times; and then if the result was always the same, it would indicate the presence of some object, and the length of paper between the primary blast and the echo would indicate the distance that the object was from the ship. It might be so arranged that one inch of paper represented a mile.

To many it will appear difficult to reveal not only the presence of objects at sea, but also their size, distance and character, by simply sending out vibrations and receiving echoes. Sir Hiram assures us, however, that such an echo properly received and recorded will not only indicate size and shape with a fair degree of accuracy, but direction and distance with great accuracy. It will distinguish a ship from an iceberg, will show whether the object is stationary or moving, and, if moving, the direction and velocity of such movement.

Let us embark, in imagination, on a ship equipped with Sir Hiram's invention. We are well out at sea, our ship making 20 miles an hour, and we find, upon sending out several blasts, that the echo reaches us in 20 seconds. We infer that, as it took ten seconds for our vibrations to reach the object and another ten seconds for the reflected vibrations to return, the distance is slightly over two miles. One minute later we send out another blast, but the result is no stronger than before, so we change the direction of the blast and find that the greatest effect is produced when the blast is sent out dead ahead; also, that the distance between the object and our ship is being reduced at the rate of 35 miles an hour. Inasmuch as our ship is making only 20 miles an hour, it is evident that the unknown object is a ship making 15 miles an hour and traveling toward us slightly to our starboard.

Our next blast shows us that the ship is only a mile distant, and very much to the starboard. We follow her direction and when she is in a position to present her broadside to us, we find on sending out a blast that the echo is very strong, the bells at the receiver ring violently and the recorder makes a large and distinct marking on the paper strip. The weather has been so thick that we have not seen the ship, but we have a fair idea of her; we know her speed and the direction in which she is sailing. Later on, we receive a series of records from each blast, showing that there are several small objects in our vicinity, probably fishing boats. We are able to locate them and measure their distance, and if any of them are dead ahead of us, we change our direction so as to give them a wide berth.

Subsequently we have a new experience. We send out a blast and receive back an echo showing that there is an exceptionally large object very nearly dead ahead of us. We know it is large, because the distance indicated is ten miles and the record quite distinct. By sending out

QUEER SPRIGS OF GENTILITY

Prince Alexander of Servia is not, as many suppose, King Peter's eldest son. The latter is Prince George, and was known as the crown prince until his wild escapades compelled even the indulgent King Peter to deprive him of all rights to succession, and banish him to an inaccessible part of the kingdom. His doings both before and since would fill a book. A French tutor, returned to Paris after two months at the Konak, tells many queer tales of his pupil's deeds. One morning they were busy at a Latin lesson when a mouse ran across the room. Quick as a flash Prince George had it by the tail. The next instant he was dashing off with it to the sentinel at the palace gate, and, holding it up to the frightened man's face, insisted on his biting off its head. Upon the other's refusal he threatened violence, and would certainly have proved as good as his word had not the king arrived in the courtyard at that moment from his morning ride.

Not that King Peter ever had much authority over his eldest son. Servian statesmen have never forgotten the painful scene between father and son at which they were once obliged to assist. At a special meeting of the cabinet the then crown prince entered uninvited. King Peter promptly requested him to withdraw. Taking a seat, his highness refused, saying: "I am the future king and have a right to be here. I must know what happens and so shall take part in the council." Once more King Peter ordered him away, but the other so stoutly refused, and a heated altercation ensued, during which the ministers melted away, leaving the king and his hot-headed son to settle their difference alone. On another occasion the prince was present at a birthday dinner given in honor of the czar at the Russian ministry. After toasts had been proposed to Emperor Nicholas and King Peter, Crown Prince George arose and drank to the union of Bosnia, Herzegovina and Servia. The key welcome that greeted these words was such that his highness had immediately to leave the banquet.

This and other escapades caused such a revolution of public opinion that Prince George was finally compelled to renounce his rights of succession in favor of his younger brother, and certainly the country has benefited by the change. Prince Alexander is a decidedly different type from the other. A little tot of three when his mother died, he and his baby sister, today the wife of Grand Duke John Constantinovitch of Russia, were at once taken off to St. Petersburg to be brought up by their aunt, Grand Duchess Peter. There he received a sound education and was for a time one of the czar's pages. He would probably have entered the Russian army had not the dreadful events of 1903 completely changed his plans. As soon as King Peter was settled on the throne his three children were summoned to Belgrade. At the palace, however, he continued his studies. Two officers were engaged to give him private lessons on law and military science. Servian, Russian and French he speaks perfectly, and lately he was working hard to brush up his German. Though the crown prince's apartments at the palace are very plainly furnished, there is a wealth of bookcases. He is a great reader, and is familiar with the principal literary works of four countries.

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 Maitland Coal

TERMS CASH

Plainview Nursery

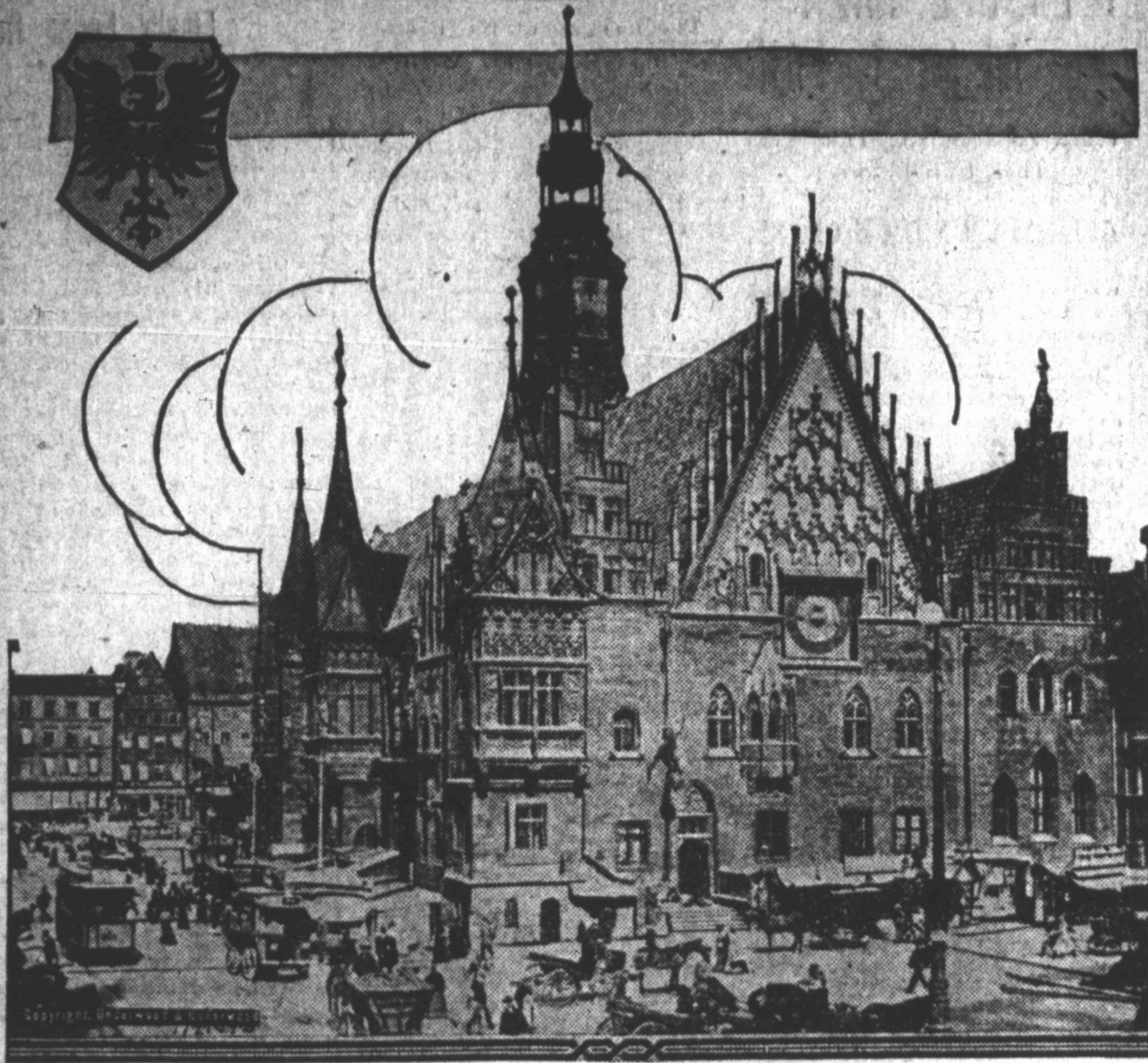
Has the largest stock of home grown trees that they have ever had. Varieties well adapted to this climate, hardy and absolutely free from disease. All kinds of garden plants.

Agents Wanted to Sell on Commission

Plainview Nursery

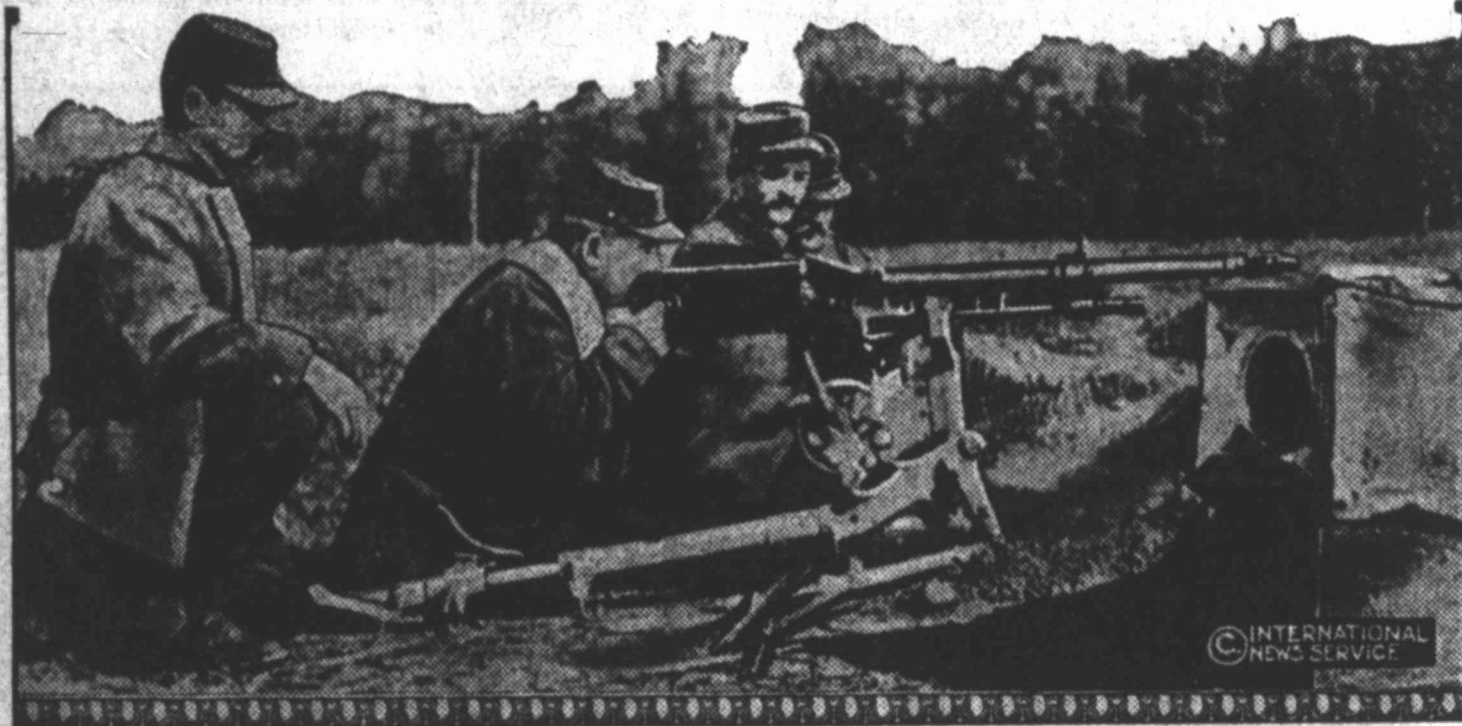
PLAINVIEW TEXAS

BRESLAU MAY BE BESIEGED BY RUSSIANS



Breslau, capital of Silesia, the stately city hall of which is here shown, is in some danger of being besieged by the Russians, and has been prepared for a stubborn defense.

FRENCH MITRAILLEUSE IN ACTION



RUSSIANS BEHIND BARRICADES



BRITISH CYCLE CORPS WITH COLT GUN



CAPTURED A GERMAN COUNT



Private J. J. Rousseau of the Fourth regiment of Belgian chausseurs cheval is one of the heroes of the war by reason of his capture of Count von Buelow, son of the German chancellor. In the photograph he is wearing the Military Gold Cross, presented him by the Belgian king, and is to be the recipient of the Order of Leopold. Rousseau was injured by a kick from Von Buelow's horse. He took from the count his dispatch box, his uniform and 165,000 francs which he turned over to the Red Cross.

Four Sons of Rival Arms Die. Bordeaux.—A Swiss woman living at Basel married a German. Two sons were born to them. Afterward she married a Frenchman and had two more sons. All four of her sons were called to arms, two on each side. The mother has just received news that all four have fallen in battle.

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

DON'T LEAVE CANYON

No Need to Seek Afar. The Evidence is at Your Door.

No need to leave Canyon to hunt up proof, because you have it here at home. The straight forward statement of a Canyon resident like that given below, bears an interest for every man, woman or child here in Canyon.

T. A. Ridgway, farmer, Canyon, Texas, says: "I suffered from too frequent passages of the kidney secretions. Since using Doan's Kidney Pills, I have much better control over the kidney action. I can recommend this remedy highly for weak kidneys."

Price 50c. at all dealers.

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

(Advertisement)

CLASSIFIED ADS

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

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

Lost—A small black pig, four white feet. Finder phone D. A. Park and receive reward. t1

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

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

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

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

Ceta Items.

Threshing and feed stacking is delayed on account of the rain. W. B. Walters made a business trip to Amarillo last week.

W. E. Moore visited at the Schaffer home Sunday.

Claude Hamblen made a business trip to Canyon last week.

R. E. Prewitt is sowing wheat with his new gasoline outfit.

Not much wheat sowed yet.

Maize that has been threshed turned out better than was expected.

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



Almost Like a Face-to-Face Chat

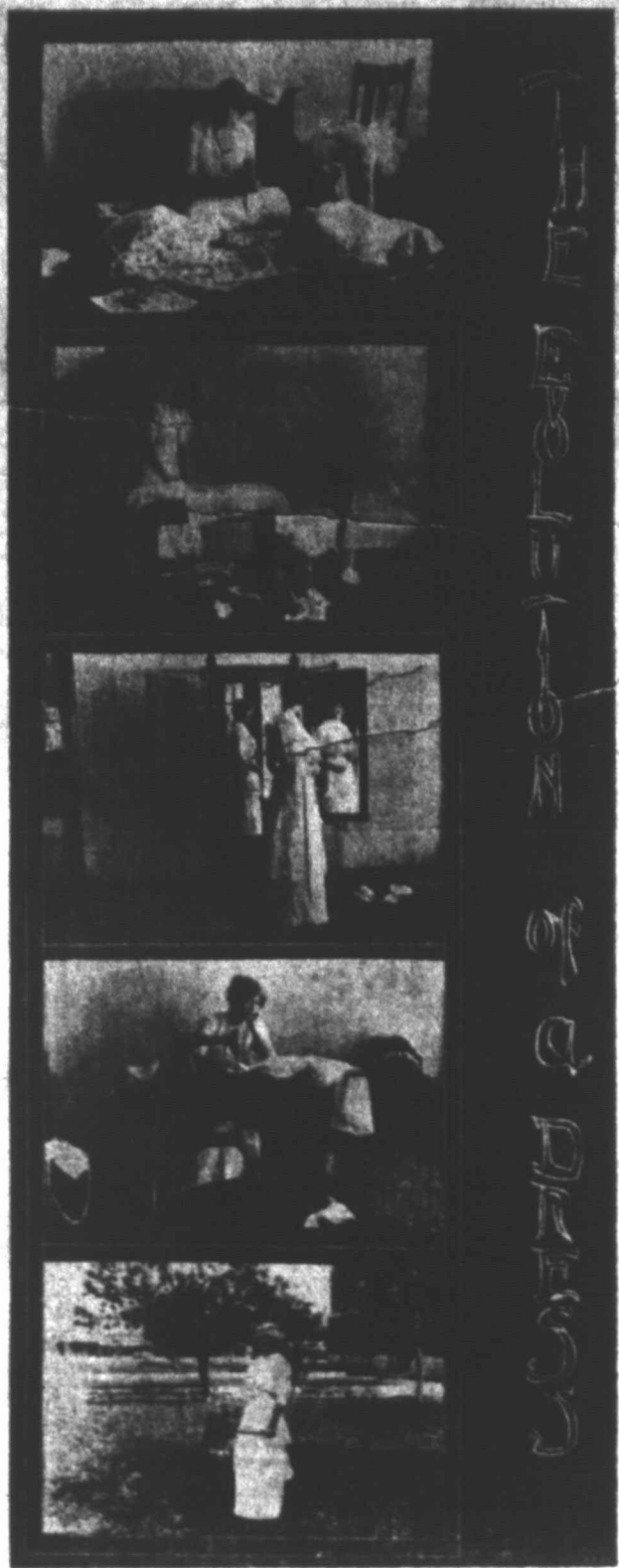
Mr. Jones had gone to a distant city on business to be away for several days, and had left his wife on the farm with no companion, except a small child.

But she was not lonesome, for each day her husband called up for a few minutes' chat by Long Distance Bell Telephone.

Have you a Telephone connected to the Bell System?

Southwestern Tel. & Tel. Co.

12-2-14



PLEASURE PLAZA AT STATE FAIR

More Amusements This Year Than Ever Before.

ALL SHOWS HIGH CLASS.

Wonderful Aggregation of Attractions to Provide Fun and Entertainment for Everybody.

Dallas: The State Fair grounds this year will be full to the brim with fun making features, high-class amusements of every kind and interesting attractions to make every minute of the time spent by the thousands of visitors complete with pleasure as well as profitable.

"The Plaza of Pleasure," as the improved avenue of amusements will be called, will furnish a world of amusements of the highest order, such as the most exciting pleasure seeker would commend.

"The World At Home" Aggregation. Almost every known amusement device will be assembled and operated by the "World At Home" company, in addition to the many novel attractions of a unique nature as provided by the managers of this extraordinary organization. Among these attractions are Horn's Anglo-American Wild Beast exhibition, The Panama Canal, built in model, Col. C. Frank Halley ("California Frank") with his Wild West exhibition and congress of Rough Riders, The Autodrome, with five of the world's greatest dare-devil riders, The Garden of Allah, (Arabian Village) There will be Mosques and Minarets, Native Bazaars, Oriental Theaters, Camels, Elephants, Fleet Steeds of the Desert, Burros, Dogs and Goats, and seventy men, women and children from Arabia to exemplify the customs, sports and pastimes of the Orient. Willard's Wonders of Melodia with twenty or more gifted soloists presenting a novel program of especial interest to lovers of real music, Armstrong's Congress of Human Oddities, Mazeppa, the horse with a human brain; the Diving Horses; sensational acts in mid-air and a scope of diversified features that go to make up the ensemble of "The World At Home" an amazing collection of the world's greatest amusements.

Power's Acting Elephants. Power's wonderfully trained elephants from the New York Hippodrome will be among the big features at the State Fair of Texas this year. These great animals perform acts that won the praise and plaudits of thousands wherever seen—and as some of their acts are directed by two charming young ladies, Janette and Julia Power and followed by Mr. George Power, one of the most noted animal trainers in the world, a series of notable accomplishments in animal training will be presented unequalled in the world. Don't forget the dates: Saturday, October 17, to November 1.

Score Cards in Use at State Fair of Texas, Dallas, Oct. 17-Nov. 1.

Following are the forms of score cards that will be in use at the State Fair of Texas from October 17 to November 1, 1914:

Score Card for County Exhibit.

Name of County.....
Exhibitor in Charge.....
P. O. Texas

Score of Exhibit.

1—Arrangement of exhibit—15.....
2—Farm Crops— 20.....
3—Fruits— 10.....
4—Vegetables— 5.....
5—Education Schools, Churches, Roads, Farm Homes, Civic Improvements, Rural and Urban Developments— 15.....
6—Manufactured Products, Farm, Mill, Factory, etc., 20.....
7—General Resources, not included in above— 15.....
Total score— 100.....
Judge.....
Date.....

Remarks—
Score Card of Individual Farm Exhibits, State Fair of Texas, Dallas, Oct. 17 to Nov. 1, 1914:

Name of Exhibitor.....
P. O. Texas
County.....
Name of Farm.....
Size of Farm (acres).....
Acres in Field Crops.....
Orchard..... Pasture.....
Special Crops.....
Garden and Truck Crops.....

Score of Exhibit.

1—Arrangement of Exhibit, Perfect Score— 10.....
2—Forage and Hay Crops— This includes leguminous crops, such as cowpeas, soy beans, alfalfa, vetch, clovers and grasses— 20.....
3—Grains—Corn, wheat, oats, rye, barley, emmer, kafir, milo feterita, sorghum, etc.— 20.....
4—Fruits— 10.....
5—Vegetables— 10.....
6—Home-made Products— Canned fruits, canned vegetables, dried fruit, preserves, syrup, etc.— 15.....
7—Cotton— 10.....
8—Specials—Any other crop not mentioned above— 5.....
Total Score— 100.....
Judge.....
Date.....
Remarks—

Factory Demonstrations at Fair. Dallas: S. I. Munger, director of manufacturers' department at State Fair of Texas has closed negotiations for the operation of factories in miniature in this section which will be of special interest to fair visitors. Some of these demonstrations will deal with the importance of developing the cotton manufacturing industry of Texas. Many other interesting exhibits will be seen in the manufacturers' department at the State Fair this year.

A Big Calf Deal.

The following is taken from the Kansas City Stock Yards Nugget regarding a shipment of calves made by C. T. Word:

One of the largest individual transactions consummated on the Kansas City market this year was filled and closed last week.

A string of 1600 calves, the pick from the herd of C. T. Word, one of the biggest and best known ranchmen of the Panhandle, were delivered at the stock yards here last week. The buyer was Dennis O'Connor, one of the big feeders of the famed Clinton county district and while the exact figures of the deal are not known it is understood that about \$50,000 was involved in the deal.

Mr. O'Connor sorted the bunch, after acceptance, selling a portion on the market, but the big end of the string was taken to his farm near Plattsburg, where they will be wintered and fed out next spring and summer.

Cattlemen know that this means a big string of the very choicest kind of "baby" beef when they are ready to come back and that practically all will sell up right around prevailing top figures, whatever they are when marketing time comes around.

EXCURSIONS

A special train to Amarillo will leave Canyon Saturday, October 31 at 1:30 p. m. Passengers will return on train No. 117. Round trip tickets good only for this train will be sold at

70c

R. McGee, Agt. P. S. F. Ry. Co.

TEXAS FACTS

MINERALS.

Practically every mineral known to the geological world is found in Texas.

Compared with other states, we rank twenty-third in mineral production.

We produce 19 minerals in commercial quantities.

Texas' available coal supply is valued at \$10,000,000,000 more than all the farm property of the United States.

The first commercial mining in Texas was in 1882. Since then, the mines, wells and quarries of the state have yielded products valued at \$227,000,000.

The Texas mines produce \$20,000,000 annually.

Texas mine employes receive \$5,000,000 annually in salaries and wages.

The mining industry of Texas represents a capital investment of \$20,000,000.

Thirty-five thousand people are dependent on the Texas mining industry for a living.

NATURAL GAS.

The gas wells of Texas produce a million dollars a year.

There are 70 active gas wells in Texas that produce 5,500,000,000 cubic feet of gas annually.

We have 416 miles of gas mains which were constructed at a cost of \$2,500,000.

Twenty-five Texas cities are furnished gas from the Texas fields.

Our natural gas area is one of the largest in the United States and covers 130 square miles of territory.

Texas ranks eighth with other states in natural gas production.

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.

Brotherhood Meeting.

The meeting of the Brotherhood was not largely attended Sunday on account of the bad weather. A very interesting meeting was led by John Rowan. The meeting next Sunday is at the Presbyterian church with C. W. Warwick leading, subject "Practical Christianity."

Ralph News.

Wm Schmitz is building a coal shed.

R. W. Bruce is away on a business trip.

The rain has filled the surrounding lakes and duck hunting will soon be the order of the day.

J. B. Gamble shipped six cars of cattle to Kansas City last week and went on to Iowa where he visited a few days with friends and relatives and was accompanied home by Mrs. Gamble who has spent the past two months there.

Tom Slack and family have moved to the Stoddard place having rented his farm to Reginal Prichard.

During the past week Joe Gamble has had a fine 18x30 grainery erected.

J. B. Gamble is enjoying a visit from his uncle, Mr. Carter, of Iowa.

The Santa Fe work train was moved from Ralph to Happy last Wednesday.

School supplies of all kinds at Holland Drug Co. tf

Suffered Twenty-One Years— Finally Found Relief

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

MRS. JOSEPH CONSTANCE, Rapids, La.

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

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

Prove What Swamp-Root Will do for You

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

In the Spring-Time of Youth



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

The Autumn of Old Age which is sure to come.

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

LET US HELP YOU SAVE

The First State Bank

THE GUARANTY FUND BANK

Willow Dale Herd of Durocs

I will offer at public auction at my place in the canyon, six miles northeast of Canyon and twelve miles south of Amarillo on

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4,

commencing at 2 o'clock p. m., my entire herd of full blood Durocs, 80 head, consisting of herd boar, tried sows and a number of fine gilts and promising young boars. A few good barrows.

Also a team of good, big mules and a registered Jersey bull.

H. C. DOLCATER