

Trades Day Was Great Success

Trades Day in Canyon Monday was a great success. The people of Randall county came large numbers and spent the day in trading, visiting and watching the amusement program.

It was the largest crowd for a number of years that gathered in Canyon on that day.

The business men are well pleased with the results and so are their customers. In fact the day was such a success that it is planned to repeat Trades Day at short intervals in the future.

The following were the winners of prizes:

The Canyon Band gave a half hour concert before and during the amusement program. The band was organized less than six months ago with largely beginners and have made wonderful progress under the leadership of Miss Wiggins.

AMUSEMENTS.

Free for all men's and boys' foot race—First prize, two choice reserved seats to the Opera House for "Barriers Burned Away." Second prize, two free passes to Opera House until Jan 1st for all motion pictures and vaudeville.

First, won by Ralph Smith; second, Jas. Crowley.

Boys foot race, 14 years old and under—M. S. Lusby, \$1.50 cash.

Won by Ralph Smith. Girls foot race, 14 years old and under—Canyon Lunber Co., \$1.50 cash.

Won by Alice Prichard. Free for all shoe race—Burrongs & Jarrett, \$1.50 in trade. Won by Elbert Roffey.

Three legged race—Holland Drug Co., \$1.50 in trade. Won by the Brown twins.

Potatoe race—City Pharmacy, \$1.50 in trade.

This race was run in relay, the following team being the winners: Hugh Shotwell, Ledyard Winn, Martin Angel, Will Hood, Flannigan Smith.

BABY SHOW.

Best looking girl baby under 18 months—The Leader, \$5.00 cash.

Valerie Gregory left Wednesday for Hico where she will teach school.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Park left Amarillo Monday for Valdosta, Ga., where they will spend the winter with their son.

Taylor Buys Grocery Dept.

Wilford Taylor has bought the grocery department of the Leader. Mr. Taylor has long been affiliated with the grocery business in Canyon, thoroughly understands the trade and will do a fine business.

High School Notes.

Prof. Hill gave an interesting talk at the auditorium Saturday evening after which was held a debate, the question being stated, Resolved that the dishrag is more important than the broomstick. This furnished lots of amusement.

The High school basketball boys were defeated by Hereford high in that city Monday by a score of 17 to 16 the same teams will play in the city soon.

Won by daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Coffee.

Best looking boy baby under 18 months—The Leader, \$5.00 cash.

Won by son of Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Croson.

AGRICULTURAL PRIZES.

Best ten heads of maize—Thompson Hardware Co., \$1.50 pocket knife.

Won by J. W. Hancock. Best ten heads of kafir—Thompson Hardware Co., \$1.50 pocket knife.

Won by Wm. Schmitz. Best ten heads of feterita—Thompson Hardware Co., \$1.50 pocket knife.

Won by Wm. Schmitz. The peck of wheat—Canyon Supply Co., \$1.50 pair of gloves.

Won by Ernest Simms. Best peck of barley—Canyon Supply Co., \$1.50 pair gloves. No entrance.

Best peck of rye—Canyon Supply Co., \$1.50 pair gloves.

Won by H. C. Roffey. Best peck of oats—First National Bank, \$1.50 cash.

Won by R. A. Dowlen. Best bale of alfalfa—West End Grocery, \$1.50 in trade.

Won by H. C. Roffey. Best bale of millet—L. T. Davault, \$1.50 picture.

No entrance. Best peck of ensilage—D. N. Redbarn, \$2.50 Rayo lamp.

Won by W. H. Hicks. Best peck of sweet potatoes—Canyon Grocery Co., \$1.50 in trade.

Won by J. W. Hancock. Best head of cabbage—First State Bank, \$1.50 cash.

No entrance. Biggest pumpkin—Year subscription to the Randall County News.

Won by Scott Crawford. Biggest Agricultural display from one family—C. O. Keiser, \$2.50 cash.

Won by Joe Beckman. First family living more than four miles from Canyon who come to the News office Monday morning Nov. 23 will receive one year's subscription.

Won by Jim Johnson.

COUNTY TREASURER'S QUARTERLY REPORT

In the matter of the Quarterly report of W. T. Garrett, Treasurer, Randall county, Texas, in the Commissioners court, Randall county, Texas, November term, 1914.

On this 12 day of November A. D. 1914, in Regular Quarterly Session of the Commissioners' court of Randall county, Texas, came on for examination the Quarterly Report of W. T. Garrett, Treasurer of Randall county, Texas, for the quarter beginning on the 1st day of Aug. A. D. 1914, and ending on the 31st day of Oct. A. D. 1914, filed herein on the 4th day of November A. D. 1914 and the same having been compared and examined by the Court, and found to be correct, It is Therefore Ordered by the Court that the same be and is hereby approved; and it appearing to the Court that during said time and the said County Treasurer had received for account and credit of, and paid out of each of the several County funds, the amounts set forth, and leaving balance to each of said funds as follows, to wit:

JURY FUND

Amount balance to credit of the Jury Fund as per last report	\$5,792.74
Amount received during quarter	479.19
Total "Cr." as shown by current report	6,271.93
Amount paid out and disbursed during the quarter	702.31
Leaving and showing to credit of said Jury Fund on Oct. 31, 1914, a balance of	\$5,569.62

ROAD AND BRIDGE FUND

Amount balance to credit of the Road and Bridge Fund as per last report	\$6,257.65
Amount received during quarter	25.43
Total "Cr." as shown by current report	6,283.08
Amount paid out and disbursed during the quarter	909.86
Leaving and showing to credit of said R. and B. Fund, on Oct. 31, 1914, a balance of	\$5,373.22

GENERAL FUND

Amount balance to credit of the General Fund as per last report	\$4,569.59
Amount received during quarter	23.41
Total "Cr." as shown by current report	4,593.00
Amount paid out and disbursed during the quarter	1,976.19
Leaving and showing to credit of said General Fund, on Oct. 31, 1914, a balance of	\$2,614.81

COURT HOUSE AND JAIL FUND

Amount balance to credit of the C. H. & J. Fund as per last report	\$3,217.94
Amount received during quarter	7.00
Total "Cr." as shown by current report	3,224.94
Amount paid out and disbursed during the quarter	202.92
Leaving and showing to credit of said C. H. & J. Fund on Oct. 31, 1914, a balance of	\$3,022.02

SINKING FUND

Amount balance to credit of the Sinking Fund as per last report	\$9,808.86
Amount received during quarter	18.44
Total "Cr." as shown by current report	9,827.30
Amount paid out and disbursed during the quarter	181.92
Leaving and showing to credit of said Sinking Fund on Oct. 31, 1914, a balance of	\$9,140.88

ESTRAY FUND

Amount balance to credit of the Estray Fund as per last report	\$193.43
Amount received during quarter	.16
Total "Cr." as shown by current report	193.59
Amount paid out and disbursed during the quarter	.04
Leaving and showing to credit of said Estray Fund on Oct. 31, 1914, a balance of	\$193.57

CEMETERY FUND

Amount balance to credit of the Cemetery Fund as per last report	\$33.33
Amount received during quarter	9.50
Total "Cr." as shown by current report	42.83
Amount paid out and disbursed during the quarter	.74
Leaving and showing to credit of said Cemetery Fund on Oct. 31, 1914, a balance of	\$42.09

And that said amounts were received and paid out of each of the respective funds since the filing of the preceding Quarterly Report of said County Treasurer, and during the period above stated, and that the said separate amounts as therein shown are correct. It is, Therefore, Further Ordered by the Court, that the said detailed report be, and the same is hereby, in all things approved, and the Clerk of this Court is hereby ordered to enter the said report, together with this order, upon the Minutes of the Commissioners' Court of Randall county, Texas, and that the proper credits be made in the accounts of the said County Treasurer in accordance with this order.

Witness our hands, this 12th day of November A. D. 1914.
C. E. Coss, County Judge,
H. T. Shelnut, Commissioner Prec't No. 1.
E. W. Neece, Commissioner Prec't No. 2.
R. H. Caler, Commissioner Prec't No. 3.
M. S. Park, Commissioner Prec't No. 4.

Rev. W. C. Hagan of Happy J. W. Webb went to Abilene will preach Sunday at the Presbyterian church. Friday where he attended the Baptist convention.

Price Scott left Wednesday for his home in Floydada. He is a Normal student and will be back next summer. Have visitors? Phone the News office and give us their names, where they live and how long they will stay in Canyon. If

A Nature Brotherhood.

[Jake H. Harrison.]

There used to be a winding brook Back in my boyhood sunny days, That ran along among the stones, And through the moss-grown, charming ways.

Where sun fish used to dash and dart, Like silver rays of liquid light, And over all the laurels glow Like emeralds, in splendor bright.

The robins used to come and drink The limpid water from the brook, And turn their heads from side to side To greet me with a friendly look; And sometimes when they did not know That I was stealing down the path, They would neglect their cautious care And with abandon take a bath.

The squirrels from their mansions high Would often pay the brook a call, And gossip while they gaily frisked About some tiny waterfall, That tittered as it ran along In all its bounding liquid glee, And they would curl their bushy tails Above their backs and bark at me.

They did not seem the least afraid, Those saucy little friends of mine, Their chatterings were always gay, Their acting always superfine; And happy were the quiet hours We used to spend together there, Where giant poplars, sighing pines, And spreading fragrant cedars were.

There Nature in her kindly way Brought wisdom to my youthful heart, Through fellowship with forest folk, From which it never can depart; She made me feel that fellow love For all the creatures of the wood, Which in the end shall bring the world A universal brotherhood.

The days I spent along that brook Have even yet a tender charm, For they were full of sweet content, And I was always free from harm; My forest friends knew naught of guile, Were sympathetic in their joy, And robins, squirrels, brook and fish Made heaven for a lonely boy.

I often wish, though years have fled, And joy and sorrow had their sway, That I could turn the tide of time And in my boyhood stand today; Beside that limpid winding brook That wonders on and never ends Beneath the cedars and the pines, And meet again my forest friends.

For though my feet have wandered far, And met the world in all its ways, The dearest friends I ever knew Were those of early boyhood days; Those forest folk and mountain brook There in that cool and quiet wood, Where boy and squirrel, fish and bird, Were bound in Nature's brotherhood.

Wayside Items.

A most delightful occasion was the assembling of seven of the nine children of Mrs. S. J. McGehee in Canyon Sunday to celebrate the 77th birthday of their beloved mother. Quite a number of other relatives and some friends enjoyed the dinner spread at the home of Miss Sallie McGehee where the mother resides.

Don't forget the box supper at Wayside Thanksgiving night. All are invited. Miss Myrtle McGehee's sprained foot is no better. Wm. Payne's toes were only slightly cut, not cut off. He is much improved and can get about very well.

Brotherhood Meeting.

The Brotherhood of Canyon met Sunday afternoon at the Presbyterian church with W. E. Bates leading.

A. B. Cage will lead the meeting next Sunday at the Baptist church.

Canyon 39, Tulia 20.

In one of the roughest games ever witnessed on the local floor the Canyon second team defeated the Tulia team by a score of 39 to 20. The visitors threw to the wind every rule known to basketball and relied wholly on main strength and awkwardness. The locals paid them back in like kind.

Tulia has the making of a very good team but badly needs a coach who knows the rule book.

NORMAL DEFEATS LOWREY PHILLIPS

On account of so many injured men the Lubbock high school team was unable to come to Canyon Saturday for their game.

The Lowrey-Phillips team which was scheduled to come here Thanksgiving, came Monday for their game. The Normal closed the season by beating them 54 to 0.

The game was the cleanest ever seen in Canyon. Both teams played a hard game and were only penalized three times.

The locals gained at will through the visitors' line and made long gains by the forward pass method. Starr and Hale both made 55 yard runs by this method, while on several occasions Shotwell, Glass and Prichard got away for long gains on forward passes and end runs.

The team has been very successful this year in spite of the fact that only three old men were in the line up. Coach Shirley has gotten great results from the beginners and looks forward next year to a very successful year.

Umberger News.

Lester Simms is helping build the addition to the Rose house. Lawrence Simms moved his household goods to Happy Monday where he will work.

J. A. Moore of Sinton is here in interest of the Pickens estate.

Joe Friemel was out Sunday looking up a good road to move his threshing outfit to John Straubs on the Hunt place.

Many of the farmers of our community are still putting in wheat.

John Meyers was in Umberger Saturday and Sunday.

Society Notes.

Mrs. King entertained the Merry Maids and Matron club Thursday afternoon from three to six. The afternoon was spent at the usual game of 42. Refreshments were served of chicken salad, sandwiches, coffee, cakes, cranberry jell, pickles and pineapple whip. The guests of the club were Mesdames Stafford, Haynes, Brandon, Misses Guenther, Horn, Nash, McMullen, Baird, Morgan.

Looses Butchered Hog.

C. R. McAfee had a hog stolen from his tank house Friday night. He had butchered only two days previous and Saturday morning the hog was gone. The thieves cut off a small strip of side meat and left it hanging for Mr. McAfee.

Do not expect the newspaper to say things about you if you never let the newspaper know what you are doing. And if the newspaper gets you sort of mixed up in your doings, do not blame anyone but yourself. You did not think enough of the happening to give the paper the facts. Think this over and see if we are not putting it right. Do not write a long windy, or puff that should be a paid ad, and expect such printed for nothing, but give the paper the facts and leave the rest to the folks who are editing the paper. That's fair, right and just. And such a course will keep the newspaper folks' hair from turning gray faster than it should according to the treatment of nature.—Higgins News.

Come to Canyon to live.

Printing With a "Punch"



Our Printing Has the "Punch"

IT PUTS YOUR BUSINESS IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP CLASS.

Letterheads, Envelopes, Bill-heads, Etc.

T. C. Thompson was an Amarillo caller Sunday.

Music an Intoxicant Rather Than Food
By Nathan Haskell Dole, Boston, Mass.

If by music is meant the combination of words and tune, there can be no doubt that it has aided humanity in its slow and corkscrew upward march; but the question would be still unsettled whether it was not the words that had this beneficent effect.

Andrew Fletcher wrote to the marquis of Montrose about a very wise man who "believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."

If a person's emotions are stirred that person may rise to unusual heights of accomplishment. The ancient Greeks recognized this and noted the different effects produced by the Lydian or the Dorian modes. What those modes were is still discussed. Certain combinations of sounds or notes of instruments stimulated to bravery in battle; others to languorous and sensuous idleness.

No doubt "life shriek, cymbal clash and trumpet blare to drum accentuation" stir the feelings. The beating of the tomtom, the wild rhythm of savage horns is sometimes called music; but after all the regular accent rather than any melody is what stimulates. It is not music in our modern sense of the word.

The Greek myths seem to symbolize a popular notion that music has a practical value. Take that of Amphion. He was the son of Zeus by Antiope, daughter of King Nykteus of Thebes. He and his brother Zethos were born on Mount Kithairon, whither their mother had fled to escape from the somewhat justified jealous wrath of her earthly husband. They were brought up by shepherds. Hermes taught Amphion the art of playing on the lyre. His brother became a great huntsman and breeder of cattle. When they came to learn of their royal origin they went to claim the throne. They killed King Lykos and they tied his second wife, Dirke, to the bull to be torn to pieces. Then, wishing to surround the city with walls, Amphion took his lyre and played. The great cyclopean stones, when they heard the strains, jumped up of their own accord and ranged themselves in orderly array—a method of contracting that would make the fortune of the builders of modern subways and canals.

It probably signifies that the slaves who really worked at the task were encouraged by song and instrumental music, just as sailors even now heave the anchor while one of their number sings a chanty.

Pure music, dissociated from words or from the crude rhythms of the march or the waltz, marked by the wry-necked fife or the banging drum, is simply a sensual, emotional, or perhaps an intellectual pleasure. It goes very well with the results of progress, is very possibly a barometer of civilization. It may cause pleasure to some and pain to others, just as it seems to affect dogs. It would be a great loss not to have it; its cultivation softens manners and cheers; it perhaps may inspire hope in sensitive souls, but that it causes progress can hardly be maintained.

Nathan Haskell Dole

Importance of Free Meals in Our Schools
By J. BAILEY RUSHING, Chicago

In one of Philadelphia's schools, situated in a district largely inhabited by poor families, more than one hundred badly nourished children were selected for experimental feeding.

They were given a lunch in the middle of the forenoon each school day for four weeks, the rations consisting of such nutrients as corn mush, oatmeal and rice, with a pint of milk daily for each child.

The physician under whose direction the experiment was tried does not regard as the essential point that the 113 children gained 250 pounds during the four weeks, but he does attach importance to the fact that they gained far more in scholarship.

Indeed, comparisons show that the improvement in their work was much more marked than that of the children who did not receive the cereals and milk.

Learning is hard for children of weak bodies. They need a full supply of good, rich blood, which makes for strength of brain as well as of body.

Chicago educators have noted this in their experiments with pupils of low vitality when their supply of fresh air is increased, together with proper feeding.

The question arises, of course, whether it is profitable to make large investments in school equipment and teaching forces for pupils physically unable to make efficient use of them.

Proper Dances for Our Factory Girls
By FRED S. SCHRAM, Boston, Mass.

The first of a series of musicals and dances inaugurated by a Boston firm of cigar manufacturers for the young women in its employ was given at the cigar factory on a recent Monday noon.

A professional trio furnished instrumental and vocal music and the two hundred or more young women employed in the tobacco-stripping department danced in the big hall that is one of the show places of the building. Spanish dances given by two of the young women were features of the occasion.

Informal dancing by the girls to the music of a piano has been indulged in daily since the big factory was opened last January.

On several occasions professional musicians have assisted in the merry-making.

These events became so popular that the management decided to make them a permanent feature.

Various musicians, orchestras and other entertainers will be present Monday noons from now until the summer season.

It is also planned by the company to have a dancing master present to give the girls free instruction in the proper steps of the modern dances.

Chess Serves to Exercise the Faculties
By HUGH UNDERWOOD, Indianapolis, Ind.

Chess, "the noble game," is one which appeals to people who are endowed with good thinking qualities.

As the athlete takes to athletics, so will the intelligent person take to chess. The game is complicated. It requires skillful playing, rapid and exact calculations in mentally following out different lines of attack and defense, and choosing the strongest.

It requires science, or the knowledge of principles of play. Foresight and ingenuity are other assets of the good chess players. From the exercise of the faculties that are used in chess playing an inexhaustible source of diversified entertainment is derived.

It is an inexpensive pastime, too. If you have no friends who play chess books can be had at the public library.

For the LITTLE ONES

IMPORTANCE OF YOUR FACE

If Your Disposition is Sunny, Kind and Gracious Your Countenance Will Beam With Goodness.

If you stop to think about this for a moment, you see what a tremendously important thing it is. Just as surely as you have a face, the story of your life will be written on that face. If you are mean and crabbed and disagreeable, your face will settle into a disagreeable expression, and everybody will avoid you. If your disposition is sunny and kind and gracious, your face will beam with goodness, and everybody will know at a glance that you are lovable, writes Lewis Edwin Theiss in St. Nicholas. And the older you grow the more distinctly your face will tell the story.

When you go out into the world to earn your living, the first thing that people will ask is this: What kind of a boy is he? Or, what kind of a girl is she? Under our present industrial system the employer has to teach young persons their trade after he hires them. So he is more interested in the applicant's character than in his present ability. And the character he will learn from the face.

It is just as the director of the employment bureau of a great department store said to me: "We base our choice largely on the applicant's looks. To be sure, the faces of boys and girls are not deeply marked. Many applicants have only begun to outline on the blank pages of their cheeks the picture that will eventually appear there. But even a sketch tells much. We know that almost inevitably a child will continue the facial development it has begun. The sullen, shiftless, don't care kind of a face we reject, but if the face is full of courage, hope, truth, good-cheer and kindness, we pick the child quick. That is the sort we are after." If, then, our faces have so much to do with our future success, isn't it worth while to try to make them attractive by being attractive ourselves?

HOW HEROES ARE DECORATED

Comparatively Few People Have Received Medals of Honor Bestowed by the United States.

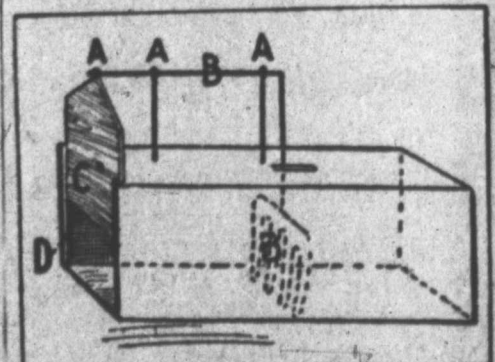
You would be very proud, indeed, if you had been given the Victoria cross. You have, of course, heard a great deal about it, and know that men who have won it must be of the bravest. You would be proud to win the Iron cross of Germany or the cross of the Legion of Honor of France. But how about the Medal of Honor which the United States sometimes bestows on its heroes? Do you know anything about it? Not a great deal, we are sure, and yet it is rarer and harder to obtain than any of the others. In 40 years more than 50,000 men won the cross of the Legion of Honor, 40,000 men won the Iron cross during the Franco-Prussian war alone, but in 50 years since its creation, only 3,088 men have been considered as worthy to wear the Medal of Honor. To win it a man must have "distinguished himself conspicuously by gallantry and intrepidity, at the risk of his life, beyond the call of duty." So, you see, we Americans need not hang our heads when England and France and Germany speak of their decorations for heroism. There are less Medals of Honor, not because there are fewer heroes, but because our standard of heroism is higher.—The American Boy.

HOW TO MAKE RABBIT TRAP

Easily Made Device for Catching Predatory Animals in Orchard or Other Places Around Farm.

An easily constructed rabbit trap which may be used in orchards or in other places where there are rabbits and other predatory animals, is shown in the illustration.

A are the staples allowing the wire, B, to pass through. C is a door, which



Easily Made Trap.

is shown partly open, fastened to wire B above. The other end is made of lattice work.

The rabbit passing in the door pushes the wire B outward, pulling it out of door and allowing it to drop. D is the groove in which the door slides.

Didn't Even Hesitate. Mamma—Tommy, I'm afraid you told me a deliberate falsehood. Small Tommy—No, I didn't; I told it in a terrible hurry.

A False Report!



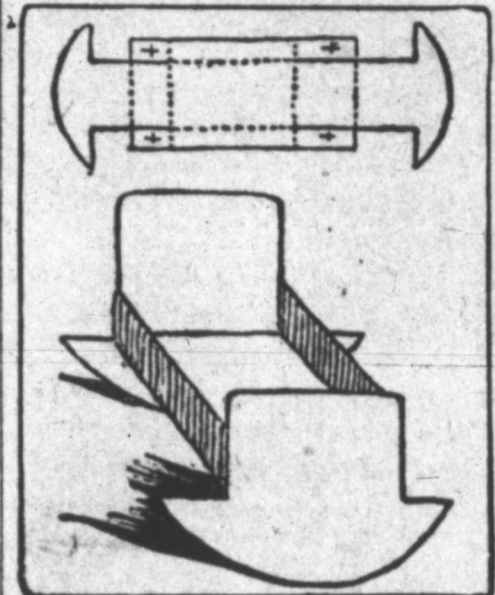
"I'd heard," said Tommy with a sigh. (He while a tear rolled from his eye) that these were Grand Mamma's declining years. But oh! there must be some mistake. For when I offered her my cake. She took it! And poor Tom dissolved in tears.

CRADLE FOR A DOLL FAMILY

One Can Be Made From Cardboard by Following Directions Given—Very Pleasing When Finished.

Has your family of dolls a baby doll in it, and would you like to have a cradle in which the baby doll can sleep? If so, you can make one after the design here shown. It is really quite simple to make and is very pleasing when made. Of course, since it is to be made from cardboard, you could not put a very fat or a very heavy baby doll to sleep in it, for it might break down.

First, draw your pattern on cardboard or pasteboard as much larger as



Doll's Cradle.

you think it ought to be. Then cut around the outlines and on the four heavy lines according to the diagram given. Then fold on the dotted lines, turn over the sections marked with a cross and paste them to the cradle ends.

Rock-a-bye baby! You have now a bed for a tiny baby and you can put in a pillow and a tiny coverlet if you like.

LOVE IS WONDERFUL WORD

Has Meant Many Things Before and Since the Coming of Christ—Belongs to New Testament.

The word "love" has been a favorite one for the poets and story tellers of all ages, but the New Testament word for love is unique. It stands for an idea, an experience, a possession that did not exist before Jesus came. In fact, the word itself, the very letters of it, was almost new when the New Testament authors were writing, the Christian Herald observes.

It was a word that the editors of the septuagint version of the Bible had used when they made their translation of the Old Testament from Hebrew into Greek about two hundred years before the birth of Christ. But the word is not found in classical Greek. It seems to be a word that belongs particularly to the Bible, and, specially, to the New Testament.

What did Paul mean by this wonderful word love? It seems extremely unfortunate that the translation of the King James version called it charity, for that English word has come to mean just what Paul distinctly says he did not. "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor"—that is charity, as the word is now used in English, and Paul was talking about something much higher than that.

Growing Joy. Joy is one of the things that should grow with our growth. Some people speak of childhood as if it were the happiest time of life, but little troubles look very big to small people. A girl of sixteen should be more joyful than a child of six, and a woman of sixty more joyful than either.—Girls' Companion.

Point Was Lost. The Teacher—Now, children, listen to this. Thomas Campbell, the famous poet, once walked six miles to a printing office to have a comma in one of his poems changed to a semicolon. Why did he take all that trouble? Bright Boy—'Cause he didn't have no tellyphone.

INSURANCE

Fire, Tornado, Hail, Automobile, Burglar, Plate Glass, Bonds, Life, Health, Accident. None but the best companies, represented.

J. E. Winkelman

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Greenbacks and postage stamps

SEE US ABOUT THAT NEXT ORDER

RANDALL COUNTY NEWS

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 GUARANTEE 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**

MOVING THE GOVERNMENT OF BELGIUM TO HAVRE



This cart, loaded with books and documents, was one of a long procession that carried the Belgian government to Havre, France, when the Germans approached uncomfortably close to Ostend.

GOVERNORS OF TEN FEDERAL RESERVE BANKS



This picture shows ten of the governors of federal reserve banks out of the total of twelve. Back row, left to right: Charles J. Rhoads of Philadelphia, district 3; Oscar Wells, Houston, Tex., district 11; Alfred L. Aiken, Boston, district 1; Benjamin Strong, Jr., New York, district 2; Archibald Kains, San Francisco, district 12. Front row, left to right: D. R. Faucher, Cleveland, district 4; George J. Seay, Richmond, district 5; Joseph A. McCord, Atlanta, district 6; Theodore Wold, Minneapolis, district 9; Charles M. Sawyer, Topeka, district 10.

TENDER CARE FOR WOUNDED



Belgian officer wounded in the defense of Antwerp, arriving at Folkestone in the charge of an English Red Cross nurse.

LEFT BEHIND AT OSTEND



Poor, hopeless girls of Ostend left behind on the pier as the last boat loaded with refugees departed and the Germans entered the city.

GERMANS IN RUINED ANTWERP



German soldiers patrolling a street in Antwerp where the houses are in ruins as a result of the terrific bombardment. The tower in the background is that of the Beguin prison.

GERMAN SCOUTING PARTY IN BELGIUM



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

The Randall County News.

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

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

War Revenue Taxes.

Austin, Texas, Nov. 20, 1914—Collector of Internal Revenue A. S. Walker today called attention to the requirements of the recently enacted Emergency Revenue Law, commonly called the War Revenue Act.

Beginning with the month of November, special taxes are imposed on the following occupations: Dealers in tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, snuff, etc. (when annual sales exceed \$200), bankers, brokers of all kinds, commission merchants, theatre proprietors, circus proprietors, and proprietors of bowling alleys, pool and billiard rooms.

To avoid 50 per cent penalty, these taxes must be paid to the Collector of Internal Revenue before the close of business on November 30th. The first tax period is that from Nov. 1st, 1914 to June 30th, 1915 and the tax to be paid at this time is 2-3 of the tax for a full year. The tax to be paid by dealers in tobacco, cigars, etc., is \$3.20 for the remaining eight months of the fiscal year.

All persons liable to the above special taxes should immediately write the Collector at Austin for blank application, Formula, and after this form has been received it should be properly executed and forwarded to the Collector by return mail, accompanied by Austin exchange or postal money order for the amount of the tax. If application blank is not received promptly, remittance to cover the tax should be mailed to reach the Collector before the close of business on November 30th. The 50 per cent penalty will apply to all remittances received after that date.

Banker's returns will be made in duplicate on Form 457. The tax should be remitted at the time of filing report, which must be returned during November.

All perfumes, cosmetics, etc. and chewing gum sold at retail after November 30th must have the proper revenue stamp attached. A stamp tax is also imposed on notes, deeds, bonds, insurance policies (not including life insurance), powers of attorneys, and other documents on and after December 1st.

Supplies of stamps to be attached to documents and articles may be obtained from the Collector at Austin or from the deputy collectors at El Paso and Dallas. Orders for documentary stamps should be made on Form 427, and on Form 427-A for perfumery, cosmetics, chewing gum, etc.

A copy of the lay giving schedule of documents and articles taxed will be furnished on request.

What You Want
How You Want It
When You Want It

For anything in the line of printing come to us and we'll guarantee you satisfactory work at prices that are right

TEXAS FACTS

COTTON.

Twenty-five per cent of the world's cotton crop is produced in Texas.

The annual per capita cotton production of Texas is one bale.

Texas produces 4,000,000 bales of cotton annually.

Cotton yields the Texas farmer a million dollars per day.

Cotton is the principal farm product of Texas, although every crop known to agriculture can be raised in this state.

A cotton crop failure is unknown in Texas and a small yield per acre is always offset by an increase in price per pound.

Cotton occupies 45 per cent of our cultivated area.

Within the past decade the cotton acreage of Texas has increased 25 per cent.

An acre of Texas cotton, in 1912, was worth \$27.19, including the value of the seed.

Texas cotton, in 1912, yielded 206 pounds of lint to the acre and had a value of 11 1-3 cents per pound.

Texas is not only the leading cotton-producing unit, but is also the principal exporting center of the globe.

Galveston, Texas, is the world's leading cotton exporting port.

Houston, Texas, is the largest inland port cotton market in the world.

At one planting a seed of Texas cotton will multiply 1,600 times.

To plant the Texas cotton crop requires the services of 500,000 persons. 1,000,000 cultivate it and 2,000,000 persons are kept busy 4 months gathering it.

It costs \$15,000,000 to pick the Texas cotton crop, \$12,000,000 to gin it and \$3,000,000 to compress it.

NOTHING STANDS AS HIGH, as a remedy for every womanly ailment, as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's the only medicine for women certain in its effects.

"Favorite Prescription" is an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nerve, and a complete cure for all the functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses peculiar to the sex. For young girls just entering womanhood; for women at the critical time; nursing mothers; and every woman who is "run-down," tired or overworked—it is a special, safe, and certain help.

Mrs. BEVERA GREEN, of No. 512 Grant Avenue, Fort Worth, Texas, says: "I have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and can say it is surely a fine medicine and will do all it is claimed to do." How to preserve health and beauty is told in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It is free. Send Doctor Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 31 one-cent stamps to cover wrapping and mailing only.

Land Leeches of Ceylon. Beautiful Ceylon has mosquitoes said to be the most adroit and audacious in the world and snakes and a thousand more plagues of poor human beings, but the worst of them all is a species of leech. The Ceylon land leech is a thin creature about two inches long and very nimble and flexible. It will crawl up a man's leg and, traveling underneath the clothing, will climb as high as the throat. These leeches do not crawl like the leeches that are known to medicine, but rear themselves up on their tails to watch for prey and walk off to attack it with amazing rapidity. In walking through the jungle hosts of these may be seen by the roadside, where they wait to victimize cattle. Horses, it is said, are driven half wild by them, as also are palanquin bearers and coolies, whose bare legs are their favorite resort, the men's hands being too engaged to pull them off. The leeches may be seen hanging round their ankles, from which tiny trickles of blood run over the foot.—London Standard.

One of His Own Books.

At the height of his vogue Dumas could not turn out his tales fast enough to satisfy his clamoring publishers, and it became necessary for him to employ collaborators, to whom he sketched the plot, perhaps, leaving them to do the rest. Among the most distinguished was Paul Meurice.

Thus it came about that Meurice was the author of one of the most amusing novels of Dumas. Dumas when traveling found this novel in a hotel and opened it to pass away the time. He began reading it seriously, got interested in it and was amused. Presently some one came to his room and found him with his own book in his hand.

"I am reading," said Dumas in response to a question, "a novel of my own which I did not know and which pleases me vastly."

It was Dumas who said when left to himself, "I am never bored when I have my own company."—New York Tribune.

The Selfish Skipper.

"I will not stop to tow you off. I have fish aboard."

This was the answer returned by the captain of a fishing steamer to the signal of distress from a pilot boat on the rocks at the entrance of the Golden Gate. No one will deny that it was a heartless answer, but it is an answer that is being constantly given in all the relations of life. All around pilot boats are on the rocks or suffering pain, but the fishing boat sails by unheeding because it has fish aboard and has no time to stop and throw out a towline. How many fishing boats there are that refuse a word of kindness and counsel, a friendly hand, a smile of encouragement! How many fishing boats there are that are blind, deaf or indifferent to the hopes, aspirations and struggles of those who are on the rocks!

"We can't stop. We have fish on board."—Portland (Ore.) Journal.

The Effort of His Life a Failure.

W. S. Gilbert had a novel experience before he wrote for the stage, when he was a barrister waiting for his first brief. It was long in coming, and when it did come Mr. Gilbert determined, of course, to make the effort of his life.

He was intrusted with the prosecution of an old Irish woman for stealing a coat, and when he began the speech that he had prepared and rehearsed so carefully the old dame at once began to interject: "Oh, ye devil! Sit down!" "Sure, now, he's a loiar, yer honor!" "Sit down, ye spalpeen!" "He's known to all the perlice, yer honor!" After some minutes of this abuse Gilbert asked the recorder's intervention, but that official was too busy laughing. So the effort of his life was not a success.

Women Barbers.

In Gay's "Journey to Exeter," published in 1715, it is told how after passing Morcombe's lake the travelers reach Axminster, where they sleep. The next morning—

We rise; our beards demand the barber's art.

A female enters and performs the part. The weighty golden chain adorns her neck, And three gold rings her skillful hands bedeck.

Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move, Soft as when Venus stroked the beard of Jove.

—London Notes and Queries.

Ear Wagging.

Only animals with long and drooping ears are able to wag them. A rabbit, for instance, can do what it likes with its ears, drooping one or both and laying them flat along its back when dashing through thick cover. Hares are still more brisk in ear movements. But short eared beasts, like wessels and stoats, are unable to wag their ears in any degree, although they have enough ear to wag if they had the power.

Consolation.

"Why so gloomy looking, Madge, dear?"

"Jack has thrown me over for a girl with more money."

"Oh, there, cheer up! That's no sign that he doesn't love you."—Boston Transcript.

Slow.

Crawford (in fashionable restaurant)—Don't order anything for me. I'm not hungry. Crabshaw—But you will be by the time the waiter brings it.—Life.

Explained.

Mrs. Wayback (reading)—Hiram, what air these Russian steppes? Mr. Wayback—One o' them newfangled dances, I s'pose.—Dallas News.

Remember our stock was

Made in Texas
Canyon Lumber Co.

the Home of Quality

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 cause nervousness nor ringing in the head. Try it the next time you need Quinine for any purpose. Ask for 2-ounce original package. The name FEBRILINE is blown in bottle. 25 cents.

AIDED HER RIVAL

Romance of a London Society Leader and a Diamond Necklace.

Romance often lurks in a jewelry store, and the jewelers of Bond street could if they liked tell many an amazing story. There is no need to dilate on the fascination which scintillating gems exercise upon the feminine mind. That fascination is a fact and may serve to explain a mortal enmity which existed recently and probably still exists between two well known London society leaders.

To one of these ladies a highly respected admirer mentioned his intention to purchase a diamond necklace. Knowing that the lady possessed more than a superficial knowledge of the value of stones, he begged her to select for him what he required. The price he was prepared to give was £1,500.

The lady jumped to the conclusion that such a request could have but one meaning—viz, that she herself was to be the eventual recipient of the gift. She thereupon visited the jeweler's shop and inspected his stock, but at the price she was empowered to give saw nothing that particularly took her fancy.

A fascinating piece of workmanship, however, did attract her, the price of which was 3,000 guineas. The desire to possess it became irresistible. She arranged with the jeweler to send the necklace to the gentleman for whom she was acting and invoice it to him at the agreed upon price, while she gave her own check on the spot for the balance. Then she went home and awaited the arrival of the gift.

Some days passed, but there was no appearance of the necklace. A horrible doubt which assailed her became a certainty a day or two later when she saw the identical necklace she had helped to pay for sparkling on the neck of a younger and more beautiful rival.—London Tatler.

Your Printing

If it is worth doing at all, it's worth doing well.

First class work at all times is our motto.

Let us figure with you on your next job.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head Because of its taste and inactive effect, LAXATIVE BRONCHO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of H. W. GIBBY, Inc.

See the News Printery

FOR THE SUPERIOR KIND OF

Commercial Job Printing

In the Spring-Time of Youth



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

The Autumn of Old Age 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

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE NEWS

\$5.00

buys you the

New Electric Perculator

Canyon Power Company

You do not wish alum in your food

You desire to avoid it. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder contains no alum or lime phosphate. Its use is therefore a safeguard against objectionable mineral salts which are left in the biscuit and cake when made with inferior powders.

Chemists have shown that a large percentage of the chemicals of which alum baking powders are made remains in the food in the form of Glauber's Salt, hydrate of aluminum and other impurities.

Read the label on the can. Reject a baking powder unless the label shows cream of tartar. Buy and use

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Made from Cream of Tartar No Alum

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

Milk from Hallabang's Dairy is pure and sanitary. That's why our trade is growing so rapidly. It

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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

The house of Dr. F. M. Wilson was moved to the lots west of the Keiser residence on Friday. The foundation is being put up this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Park spent Sunday at the parental M. S. Park home.

J. C. Moore of Sinton was here this week looking after the Pickens property. Miss Mary Pickens will accompany him home.

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

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

RHEUMATISM IS SLOW POISONING

because the entire system becomes permeated with injurious acids.

To relieve rheumatism Scott's Emulsion is a double help; it is rich in blood-food; it imparts strength to the functions and supplies the very oil-food that rheumatic conditions always need.

Scott's Emulsion has helped countless thousands when other remedies failed. No Alcohol. Refuse Substitutes.



Baltimore Hotel to Change.

W. F. Scott has leased the Baltimore Hotel and will take charge on December 1st. Judge C. E. Coss will move back to his property in the west end. Mr. Scott recently moved here from Missouri and is a brother-in-law to M. R. Humes, vice president of the First National Bank.

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.

Groceries Sold.

To our friends and customers. We have sold our grocery business to Mr. Wilford Taylor and in future will be solely in his hands. We want to thank you for your nice patronage in the past and assure you that we certainly appreciate the business you have given us and ask that you give Mr. Taylor the same as near as you can assuring you that it will be appreciated by us as well as him.

The Leader.

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.

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

We weld all kinds of broken castings for farm machinery. Also cylinders, crank cases, etc. Cast iron or aluminum. Guthrie's Garage. It

For Trade or Sale—High scoring White Leghorn cock and few cockerels. Would trade for White Leghorns of different strain. Call News office. It

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.

Help Wanted in Canyon

And Furnished by the Help of Canyon People.

Those who suffer with kidney backache, urinary ills or any little kidney or bladder disorder, want kidney help. Who can better advise than some Canyon resident, who has also suffered, but has had relief. Canyon people recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. Here's one case and there are many others.

J. D. Bailey, carpenter, Canyon, Texas, says: "I had pains across my back and sides. Seeing Doan's Kidney Pills so highly recommended by people I knew, I got a box and used them as directed. They did me so much good that I didn't need any more."

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

This Space Is for Sale

at very reasonable rates
? Why not use this advertising space ?

Wm. Gatewood was home over Thanksgiving from his school.

A WARNING TO MANY

Some Interesting Facts About Kidney Troubles.

Few people realize to what extent their health depends upon the condition of the kidneys.

The physician in nearly all cases of serious illness, makes a chemical analysis of the patient's urine. He knows that unless the kidneys are doing their work properly, the other organs cannot readily be brought back to health and strength.

When the kidneys are neglected or abused in any way, serious results are sure to follow. According to health statistics, Bright's disease which is really an advanced form of kidney trouble, caused nearly ten thousand deaths in 1913, in the state of New York alone. Therefore, it behooves us to pay more attention to the health of these most important organs.

An ideal herbal compound that has had remarkable success as a kidney remedy is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder remedy.

The mild and healing influence of this preparation, in most cases, is soon realized, according to sworn statements and verified testimony of those who have used the remedy.

If you feel that your kidneys require attention, and wish a sample bottle, write to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Mention this paper, enclose ten cents and they will gladly forward it to you by Parcel Post.

Swamp-Root is sold by every druggist in bottles of two sizes—50c and \$1.00.

(Advertisement)

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.

If You Have a Printing Want WE WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT IS

Putting out good printing is our business, and when we say good printing we don't mean fair, but the best obtainable. If you are "from Missouri" give us a trial and we will

Show You

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

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

Sudan Grass Seed.

I have inspected, doubly cleaned Sudan seed for sale at 25 cents per pound. One pound plants one acre. Ten pound lots and over. By mail or express. E. Van Deventer, Plainview. 3513

Mrs. Caldwell returned this week from an extended visit in Ohio.

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

A Legal Thrust.

"The learned counsel for the defense," said the plaintiff's attorney, "appears to be afraid of losing his case. Otherwise why isn't he ready to go on?"

"I've got a good excuse," replied counsel for the defense.

"Nonsense! Ignorance of the law excuses no one." — Philadelphia Press.

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.

ANNOUNCEMENT

I wish to announce to my friends and customers that I have taken over the Grocery Department of The Leader. It will be my aim for myself the the same as for my former employery to give you the best service and the best goods I possibly can. My finances are limited as you all know, how ever I am willing to let all accounts go to the end of month at which time I will be forced to collect same. It will be a pleasure for me to accomodate my friends in every manner, consistent with good business, and with the patronage of my friends, and last but not least the kind words you may speak for me on the outside, I believe I can make a success of my new business. Kindly drop in and see me.

WILFORD TAYLOR



DON'T YOU WANT A NEW GUN?

IT WILL BE JUST LOTS OF FUN; AND IT WILL GET YOU OUT INTO THE OPEN WHERE YOU WILL FIND HEALTH AND STRENGTH ALONG WITH YOUR SPORT.

WE ARE THE PEOPLE FOR YOUR ARMS AND AMMUNITION AND SPORTING GOODS.

WHEN WE TELL YOU A SHELL IS LOADED "SO AND SO," YOU WILL FIND IT LOADED JUST THIS WAY.

Thompson Hardware Company

The Ambition of Mark Truitt

By HENRY RUSSELL MILLER

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

(Copyright, 1913, by The Bobbs-Merrill Company)

SYNOPSIS.

Mark Truitt, encouraged by his sweet-heart, Unity Martin, leaves Bethel, his native town, to seek his fortune...

came awkward, self-conscious. Neither seemed able to break it. Rounding a curve in the tortuous driveway, they met a landau, a beautifully enameled affair drawn by high-stepping horses in elaborate silver-mounted harness...

"We've gone far enough," she said. True words, however she meant them. "And it is getting too cold for you. Let us turn back."

"Not again." He had known, even before she spoke, what her answer would be. And he knew—so had she given it—that it was irrevocable.

"I wonder why you came today," "I'd been thinking of you. And I was curious. To see what sort of man you had become."

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"It did," he answered. "But you didn't invite it. You weren't the sort of girl that needed to invite it—you aren't that sort of woman now!"

"Have you looked for it?" "No. Nor had it. Nor valued it—until now."

"Why now?—I need it." Somehow the confession, an unconsidered remark that, however, had the ring of sincerity impulsive sayings are apt to have, seemed to establish even more firmly their intimacy.

"Kazia, don't you think you could tell me what has happened to you during all these years?" "You'll be disappointed," she began abruptly, "because there isn't much and it's commonplace enough. I married Jim and lived with him a year. Then I left him. Not because he wasn't kind—he was, in his rough way. But he was shiftless and he drank too much. He had no ambition and I wasn't happy with him, so I left him, though I knew it hurt him."

"Some women do it, you mean. I've always been ashamed, though I never went back to him. Later, I got a divorce. I went to live with Uncle Roman, but Piotr, who had hated Jim, made it so unpleasant I had to leave. He hated me, too, I think."

"I've heard of those holes," he muttered. "You there—why—?" "I was one of many," she went on. "In two years I was sick and in the hospital, a heavenly place where there was ventilation and nothing to do and good things to eat. I used to pray I'd never get well."

"There isn't much more. I didn't have to leave the hospital. One of the internes took an interest. He had influence and helped me to register as a nurse. I've a knack for surgical work, and since I passed my examination I've always had cases. For the rest, I'm not educated. I've merely read a little, here and there, as I've had time."

"That's all and not what you seemed to expect. Just cruel selfishness in the beginning—and a little luck afterward. Which is not the success you worship."

"But I see more than that. I read between the lines." Long afterward, recalling this scene, he remembered her quick questioning glance, but then he gave it no thought. "I see the courage to make a fight, the will to rise and being equal to the opportunity when it came. And I've heard that the really charitable are never so to themselves."

"Oh, if you will—" She broke off with a shrug. "Let us talk of something else."

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"I'm going up to my study." "You're supposed to have given up work, I believe." "I wish to be alone."

"Now, perhaps. You weren't alone this afternoon in the park." "I didn't want to be then. What is that to you?"

"A wife has some right to consideration, I think." "A wife—yes. You'll hardly claim the title."

"You're rude. I wish to speak with you." "I'm going up to my study." "You're supposed to have given up work, I believe."

"I wish to be alone." "Now, perhaps. You weren't alone this afternoon in the park." "I didn't want to be then. What is that to you?"

"A wife has some right to consideration, I think." "A wife—yes. You'll hardly claim the title."

"Do you deny it to me?" "A wife has something to give her husband. But you—What is it you have to say? By your manner I judge you think it important."

"It is. You're too ill to work, but it seems not too ill to go driving in the park with striking-looking women. With an effort he kept his voice cold. "And you object, is that it?"

"I do." "Very well. You've registered your protest. Is that all?" "No, it is not." She leaned sharply forward, forgetting to pose and to smile, the delicate prettiness of face eclipsed by a cloud of vixenish temper.

"That, he answered in a dry constrained voice, "was Mrs. Mark Truitt." After a while: "Ah!" she breathed. "She is lovely."

"That makes it unanimous," he said shortly. "It had ceased to be the pleasantest time he had had in years. A heavy cold cloud had settled upon their intimacy. Why dream of the possibility of a mighty primitive passion! It was not possible. . . . But it was a characteristic of the man to want most the things farthest away, the things forbidden.

"Do you call it nothing that you, who have no time or thought to spare your wife, brazenly flaunt your women in public, on the streets and in the parks, for all the city to see and gossip about?"

"If you refer to Mrs. Whiting," he began at last steadily, "you will please use more respectful terms."

"You reprove me on her account! This," she cried tragically, "this is too much. I suppose this Mrs. Whiting—if that's her name—is your mistress—perhaps I should say, your latest mistress."

"Why, you—?" The storm burst, choking back speech, but finding an outlet through his eyes. He reached out swiftly and caught her hand in a cruel clutch, crushing the soft useless member until her rings bit into the flesh and she cried out in pain.

"Let me go," she gasped. "You're hurting me." He released her and sank back into a chair. "I think we've come to the end of our chapter, Unity. But I'll give you—us—one more chance."

"You'd think I were a criminal!" "We both are—but let that go. Hereafter you've made our life. And you've failed. Since our first month we've never been really happy, at least in each other. Now let me choose. Let's go away somewhere—"

"To New York or abroad?" "Not to New York or abroad. To Bethel or some place where we can be alone."

"I'm going up to my study." "You're supposed to have given up work, I believe." "I wish to be alone."

"Now, perhaps. You weren't alone this afternoon in the park." "I didn't want to be then. What is that to you?"

"A wife has some right to consideration, I think." "A wife—yes. You'll hardly claim the title."

"You're rude. I wish to speak with you." "I'm going up to my study." "You're supposed to have given up work, I believe."

"From another woman that, might be a crushing retort. I've given you very little. But, as it happens, it's been all you wanted. You wouldn't take, you never wanted, the only worth while thing I had to give."

"You're asking for a divorce?" "Yes." "I suppose," she sneered, "you want to marry that woman, your mistress."

"The choice is with you, of course. But you must understand it. You're through with me in any case. But if you consent to the divorce, I'll make a settlement that will satisfy you. If not, I will make only the allowance I think you've earned."

"I will not. I don't choose—"

"You must choose now." He was inflexible. She sat transfixed, beginning to comprehend the reality of his purpose. Her confidence suddenly melted. Fear shone in her eyes. She rose, and with a piteous pleading gesture, too frightened to be conscious of her hypocrisy, she went to him.

"Why, Mark—Mark, dear! You can't mean that. You couldn't cast me off like this. Why, we're husband and wife—and I know I haven't been fair to you, but I can't let you go. Let me make up this last year to you. Let us go away, as you say, and begin over. We can be happy—"

"The stammering, incoherent cry halted, silenced by the unrelenting quality of his steady eyes. The outstretched hands fell limply to her sides. She shrank back a step from him."

"I believe—you do—mean it." "I'm waiting for your choice." After a little it came, gaspingly. "I have no choice. I—I must consent."

He turned away and without another word or glance for her, limped heavily out of the room.

CHAPTER XIX.

Bond Though Free. The Truitt divorce sensation had reached and passed its height. One day, when the decree was scarcely two weeks old, a man alighted from an incoming express train. He did not look like a rouse or the villain of a famous scandal; he himself did not know that he had been heralded in such a role. His doctor would hardly have recognized him. He was still thin and the cane had not been discarded, but he was clear-eyed and healthily bronzed and the limp was far less noticeable than at any time since the accident.

Six months he had spent in the northern wilderness, living in the open, sleeping under the stars, with no company but his own thoughts and a taciturn half-breed Indian. But they had not been lonely months, nor did he think them wasted. For they had brought him to what he was pleased to call a new birth.

The first news of the Truitts' separation had evoked scant interest from the gossips. But as the time set for the trial approached it began to be whispered about that more than the usual stale story of domestic disagreement lay behind the affair. The whisper became an audible chorus. It was a dull season in a year when no important election impended, there was a dearth of spicy news; the newspapers avidly seized this chance to give flavor to their columns. From some source, which might have been identified as Unity's lawyer, reporters were furnished material for innumerable suggestive rumors. Vague but deftly worded innuendoes of Truitt's cruel treatment of his wife appeared, of his sly profligacy, of the one strikingly handsome woman who had captivated his fancy and whom it was supposed he would marry after the divorce. From Truitt, who had completely disappeared, came no denial. His flight, and silence were taken as an admission of guilt.

At the trial, to be sure, the testimony was a distinct disappointment. It proved merely commonplace desertion and touched but lightly on only one short-lived period of dissipation during which Truitt, at certain midnight suppers, had shared with other men the more or less interesting company of sundry nameless women. The public, deprived of the scandal for which its mouth had been watering, decided that Mrs. Truitt had been overly magnanimous in thus sparing her husband and let his heated imagination supply the lacking details. Truitt entered no defense and a decree was quickly handed down. Mrs. Truitt at once sailed for Europe.

He bailed a cab and gave the name of a club that to cabby brought visions of a liberal tip in a few minutes the destination was reached and the passenger descended to the pavement. At that moment a woman, whom he recognized as one of Unity's familiars, approached. He lifted his hat and bowed. She looked squarely at him and passed on without greeting. Red surged into his cheeks.

"Cut!" he muttered. "I suppose Unity's given her version of our smash-up. Unity would." He paid his fare and entered the portals from which no rich man had ever been excluded. At the desk a well-dressed and usually very polite young clerk so far forgot himself as to look his amazement.

"Mr. Truitt! I supposed you were out of town. I thought—" He stopped in confusion, remembering that it was no part of his business to think. Mark looked hard at him. "You thought?" "I thought you were out of town," stammered the clerk.

"I was. And now I'm back," Mark answered dryly. "So I think I'll arrange for rooms here indefinitely." Nor was this all of the city's greeting to the returned wanderer. The rooms arranged for, he turned away

particularly disapprove this Pharses business. I felt like a cad when you caught us over there. I want to apologize for my part in it, though it wasn't a speaking part."

"All right," Mark lighted his cigar. "You've done your duty." "But this is a little more than duty." Baker hesitated. "Oh, hang it all! Some things become so painful only plain speech serves. You don't need to be told of the stories going around. Lately it's occurred to me that you've been letting us take them at face, without trying to contradict them. That's the thing I'd do myself—if I were in the right. But it can be carried to extremes. Have I your permission to say that the stories are—let us say, overdrawn?"

"You have not. Life's too short to enter into a contest with rumor." "But your silence—" "Is my affair," Mark answered gruffly, rising. "You may say to your meticulous friend that I'm about to resign from this club."

"Baker, too, rose, looking at Mark keenly. "Oh, come, Truitt," he began. "That's—"

But Mark cut him short. "At least it will save him and his sort the necessity of setting a precedent that would decimate the club. Good evening."

Henley, who had been out of the city when Mark returned, came back soon after the latter took up his residence in the hotel. Mark approached him with the inward shrinking that preceded every new meeting just then. "You've picked up physically," Henley remarked after a cool handshake. "Six months in the woods accounts for that."

"I'd think, if it was doing you so much good, you'd have stayed." "In other words?" "In other words," said Henley, "why did you come back now?" Mark laughed hollowly. "I didn't know I'd become a notorious character."

"How, in heaven's name," Henley exclaimed, "did you let yourself get caught in a divorce court scandal? I'd have thought that you, of all men, if you had to play the fool, would at least have used finesse."

"So even Henley believed the rumors! At any rate, no one but myself is hurt." "That's not true. Every one who had anything to do with you is more or less hurt. The company is reflected on. I," Henley concluded with an air that declared the indictment to be complete and unanswerable, "I am besmirched, because we're known to be in so many things together."

"That," Mark returned coldly, "can be easily cured. We can wind up our affairs. And I'm ready to resign from the company."

"You can't curb the fact that we have been together. And you can't resign. Are you going to add to the scandal by marrying that woman?" "What woman?" Mark's voice was cool and steady. "The one that turned your head and your wife was smart enough to discover."

"You've heard names, then?" "No," growled Henley. "She's as mysterious as the rest of your diodes."

"As mythical, you mean," Mark answered in a voice that did not betray his relief. "There was no woman."

"What! You mean these stories aren't true?" "You'd seen me almost every day for years. You might have guessed that." "But last year—those women—"

"An experiment in idiocy—nothing worse. There were no women, except at arm's length."

Henley surveyed him keenly. "Then how did these stories get out? But you needn't answer. I can guess. A woman is never clever except when she's up to mischief."

"However," he went on, "this puts a different face on the matter. As you say, I might have guessed the truth." This, for Henley, was abject apology. Mark shook his head. "My resignation holds just the same."

"Are you going to let a little talk drive you out?" Henley demanded. "It isn't that. I had decided before I knew of it. I'm tired of the scramble. I want—peace." Mark laughed discordantly. "And I'm getting it with a vengeance."

"As much as you'll ever get it," Henley returned promptly. "I know what you want. Who doesn't? Some time or other every man wants, or thinks he wants, peace. And if we had it, we'd want to die. I told you once before—things are. Accept them, fit yourself to them, forget theories that lead nowhere. Pick out the thing you want most and fight until you get it. Then fight to keep it. Besides, you aren't a misfit. The trouble with you is, your strength is your greatest weakness—you've too much imagination. And you're not a well man yet. Go back to your woods until you're cured. Then you'll feel the itch to get into the scramble again and break a few heads."

But Henley the philosopher had done. He resumed his usual crisp manner. "Moreover, you can't resign. The new agreement with the men comes up next year and the Quinby company faces the fight of its existence. We'll need every good head we've got. And if that isn't enough, your withdrawal would leave me to fight Quinby alone. And—I made you, don't forget that. You've got what you wanted out of the company and me. You can't drop out easily now and shirk the responsibilities."

"You say, can't?" "I say, can't. You've got a sense of obligation, haven't you?" "If I have," said Mark grimly, "it's the last proof that I am a misfit."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"Are You Going to Add to the Scandal by Marrying That Woman?"

from the desk, to come face to face with a man whom he had used to like and who, he had reason to believe, had not been without interest in him.

"Why, hello, Baker!" Mark held out a friendly hand, with a genial smile that was part of his new resolve. Baker took the hand, but released it quickly. "Ah! How are you, Truitt?" "Bully. Just back from a long stay in the woods. Dine here with me tonight, won't you?"

"Thanks, no. I'm probably not dining here. Excuse me. Some men I must see—"

Baker broke hastily away, passed a few words with a nearby group and went out. The ruse was obvious. Mark, feeling as though he had received a blow in the face, stared after the retreating figure. The genial smile faded. Then he went to the rooms he had engaged. Passing the group that had helped out Baker's ruse, he was conscious of their furtive curious glances.

Arrived in his rooms, his first act was to have back newspaper files sent up to him. For two hours he read how, while he was winning back health in the wilderness and planning a life of amity with his fellows, his name had been bandied about on the tongues of slander and gossip. As he read in the light of what had just happened the amazing accumulation of suggested filth, only here and there brushing the outer edges of fact, utter bewilderment filled him. Shirley's brief communication, making mention of "some talk," received at the edge of the wilderness, had not prepared him for this.

"It's all a pack of dirty lies," he cried. "How could these men, who've seen me go in and out every day, believe it? What rotters they must be themselves to be able to believe it! By God! I'll—" He stopped, with a sudden feeling of dismay. "Why—why, I can do nothing."

He was helpless. "Then I am not free! She has put a mark on me that a lifetime can't rub out. Must we pay forever for our mistakes? . . ."

One evening, when his residence at the club had continued about three weeks, the affair came to a climax. He was entering the grill for dinner. At the sound of his name from a nearby group of diners, he halted involuntarily.

"That's all well enough," one of the diners was saying. "A club's a club and, of course, we have to allow a certain latitude. Still, when it becomes the refuge for a man so notorious we couldn't have him in our homes—" The speaker was checked by a warning kick.

Mark, sweeping the group with eyes from which the mask had momentarily fallen, met Baker's embarrassed gaze. With a contemptuous smile, he passed on to his own table and ordered a dinner which he made show of eating as inward rage and pain allowed. His coffee and cigar had just been brought when Baker crossed the room and stood by his table. "Truitt—" he began uncertainly. "Well! Mark's upward glance was not welcoming. "May I sit down for a minute?" "Aren't you afraid of catching the plague?"

"I'm more afraid of being kicked for my impudence." "I understand," said Mark grimly, "I'm a pretty tough customer, but I don't commit assaults in public. Sit down."

Baker sat down, looking earnestly across the table at Mark. "Look here, Truitt. There are things on both sides of your fence I don't approve. But

Wounded Deep Un WAS SO Compell Until Were ply 8 Paris-ter of an his father the Figur "Woun o'clock i the rain an oblig keep my "The b between raggers and fifty me. So expect i which v remain morning and the that I a brella, button r termine there is "Tow in the beard, not con long, al tention Finally, ernoon looked-German "This myself. a rifle and th though my ow The g mud, o "The which surpris French "I sh wound "R will p any c "I l raine, in gra visible them. "In we ca make "Th promi well i on th seems in a "I still north raine: till-fo second back. stocki which Th with They kilon stret still Thee ers- wout "I mun which urge give whic "Thal ing and win only him "E to u "you "rem pea falli "put as "Ger hav whi kni silt will con we aru un ssa "su sel be so

FRENCH SOLDIER TELLS OF LONG VIGIL IN RAIN

Wounded in Stomach, He Lay in Deep Mud Thirty-four Hours Until Germans Came.

WAS SOAKED AND FAMISHED

Compelled to Dress His Own Wound Until Captured French Doctors Were Brought In—Praises Support Service of His Own Army.

Paris.—These extracts from the letter of an unnamed French soldier to his father in Paris are published by the Figaro:

"Wounded in the stomach about six o'clock in the morning, I am left in the rain and in mud so deep that I am obliged to lean on my elbows to keep my head out of it.

"The battle continues to rage. I am between the two camps, and, without exaggeration, more than one hundred and fifty thousand bullets pass over me. Some strike at my sides, and I expect each moment to receive one which will cut short the spectacle. I remain thus helpless from six in the morning until four the next afternoon, and the rain does not stop. It is then that I appreciate the need of an umbrella, who never carried one. I unbutton my coat, but I am unable to determine the gravity of my wound, for there is as much mud as blood.

"Toward two o'clock there is a lull in the firing. I await the stretcher bearers, but, like Sister Anne, they do not come. The hours seem atrociously long, although I no longer pay any attention to the rain, which continues. Finally, toward four o'clock in the afternoon I see coming in place of the looked-for stretcher bearers—the Germans.

"Tries to End Life. "This time it is for good," I say to myself. "I am done for. A blow from a rifle butt or a thrust of the bayonet and they would finish me. A last thought of my family and I try to take my own rifle and end it. It is useless. The gun is no more than a lump of mud, of sticky clay.

"There are five long minutes during which I exist with a calmness that surprises me. A German asks me in French: 'How are you?'

"I showed him the place where I am wounded.

"Reassure yourself," he says, 'that will perhaps amount to nothing. In any case you will get well.'

"I learn that they are from Lorraine, which is lucky. They are clad in gray, which makes them almost invisible in war. I speak of this to them. They answer: 'Indeed, with your red trousers we can see you a long distance. You make superb targets.'

"The Germans went on their way, promising to return to look for me, as well as others, who, like myself, lay on the battlefield. I take hope. It seems good to be alive, although I am in a sorry plight.

"The hours pass; night arrives. It still rains. Day breaks. No one; neither stretcher bearer nor my Lorraine of the day before. It is not until four o'clock in the afternoon of the second day that the Germans come back. I have passed 34 hours in reflection in the rain, with a wound which caused me much suffering.

Carried to a Hamlet. The Germans put me on a canvas with two pieces of wood on either end. They carry me to a hamlet, about a kilometer and a half distant, and stretch me out there in the open air, still in the rain, but on firmer ground. Then they go back to search for others. They bring thus 700 or 800 wounded, of whom 400 are French.

"I am soaked. I am famished. I munch with joy a bit of army biscuit, which I find delicious. Upon my urgent entreaty a German consents to give me a glass of wine from his flask, which he has just filled. I thank him. That warms me. The German is going away, when he changes his mind and demands payment for his glass of wine. I offer a little sou piece, the only money I have left. He takes himself off content.

"Some German officers come to talk to us. One of them says to me: 'It is your government's fault that you are here.'

"They all speak French. I note the remarks of this officer, because it appears to me to indicate a curious mentality.

"The third day of this calvary they put us in a barn on the hay. We have as yet received no care. I beg the Germans to take off my clothes. I have been able to snare a blanket which happens to be there. I don't know to whom it belongs, but necessity stifles scruples. They are quite willing to do what I have asked. My coat, my water-soaked trousers, which were little less than packages of mud, are removed. My falling shoes, my underdrawers and socks follow the same route.

Dresses His Own Wound. "My feet and my wound make me suffer. I take out my little pocket scissors. I cut my shirt and fannel belt free of my wound which I have not seen. It is distressingly long, but

nothing astonishes me any longer after what I have seen. I make, as good as it is bad, a dressing out of the first aid things in my pouch. Then I roll myself up in my blanket. I have so longer anything military, except my cap, and I am almost naked. Fortunately my jerseys keeps me warm. This operation completed, I feel a great relief.

"They sort the German wounded from the French. Some hours after they bring in the sanitary service of the One Hundred and Third, which has been taken prisoner. The French doctors get to work with first dressings. They make one for me with tincture of iodine. But at the moment they are going to put on the bandage the Germans take away the French doctors and the wounded Germans. We, in our turn, are transferred to Libecourt.

Retreat of the Germans. "We are now at the end of the fourth day of this exercise. They have warned us that we are prisoners. Tonight we learn that the Prussians are retreating. What is going to happen? Will they take us along or leave us to ourselves? For there are not Lorraines only in the German army. All night the troops march under our window. One hears the noise of tramping feet and guttural commands.

"Outside of this dream of infernal horror, which I have had for eight days, I am highly hopeful for the final results of the war, because I am able to prove one thing, which has greatly surprised me, I confess. That is, that the replenishing of supplies and ammunition is marvelous. We have never lacked bread, nor meat, nor cartridges a single day. The service is marvelously organized. It is one of the great successes of this war. It is not as in 1870.

"I have at last slept, and in a bed. I have no fever. Only in my sleep do I dream that they are transferring me and that it rains. But this little hallucination is disappearing. 'I embrace you with all my heart.'

AMERICAN WOMEN WORK HARD

Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Harjes and Others Cooking and Nursing the Wounded in Paris.

Paris.—In the account by Guerre Sociale of the admirable work being done by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Herman Harjes, and other social leaders of the American colony, the details are related of a visit paid to the Pasteur High school, where the American Red Cross hospital activities have their headquarters, by General Gallien and M. Briand.

The visiting general and minister found Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Harjes, and, in fact, all the prominent American women now here, with elbows bared and hands deep in soap suds doing menial kitchen work for the wounded when they were not doing actual nursing.

"These women," continued Guerre Sociale, "could have done what a great many others, not Americans, did; they could have fled panic-stricken at the first scare of a fortnight ago, feeling, as those who deserted the city did, that their fortunes would afford them no protection against exploding Taube bombs.

"But these brave women of America remained with us to work among terrible scenes day and night. And they worked on and still are working with the knowledge that their nationality would not have saved them from the horrors of German shells had Germany's heavy artillery arrived at our gates any more than we would have been spared. They elected, they preferred, to stay and nurse our wounded.

BETTER THAN KAISER'S GUNS

New Russian Cannon of Large Caliber Are Reported to Be Most Effective.

London.—Percival Gibbons, Chronicle correspondent, Petrograd, says:

The great German guns which are now making their difficult way over the marshes to the north and south of Suwalki have met their match. During the fight on the Niemen there appeared for the first time a new pattern of Russian gun of large caliber and considerable mobility. No details are issued concerning its construction and principal features, but it is the product of the famous Putiloff works.

Artillery experts who watched its performance are satisfied it is equal in power and effect to anything the Germans have yet shown. On the Prussian frontier two of these guns silenced German batteries within ten minutes and the German guns were afterward abandoned on their position. Every gunner had been killed.

IT FLIES THE JOLLY ROGER

English Submarine Flaunts the Death Head and Crossbones for Sinking German Vessels.

London.—A dispatch to the Mail from Harwick describing the return to that port of submarine E-9 says that flaunting from her periscope are two flags, one bearing a death head and crossbones on a yellow field for sinking the German cruiser Heila, and one for the destruction of the German destroyer.

This little privilege submarines have tacitly claimed heretofore and have succeeded in evading admirals' displeasure. Submarine crews call them racing flags and treasure them with greater delight than the white ensign, which all British battleships fly.

LITTLE WAR ORPHANS FLEEING FROM ANTWERP



One of countless pathetic war scenes is this photograph of little, innocent victims of the conflict, compelled to flee from their homes in Antwerp during the bombardment of that city by the Germans.

SAW LILLE CRUMBLE RUSS TRAP GERMANS

Diary of Journalist Who Was in the Besieged City.

Terrific Bombardment Provoked by Defense—People Stood in Streets and Watched Homes Burn.

West Flanders, Belgium.—A journalist from Roubaix, who was shut up in Lille from October 10 to 13, gives in his diary the following account of the bombardment and German occupation of that city:

"Oct. 10.—About four o'clock this afternoon four thians, followed by one cyclist, emerged on the market place. The cyclist made a sign with his hand and immediately about sixty horsemen appeared. These had hardly arrived when several shots were fired. One horse was killed and the rider injured. At once the lieutenant commanding the Germans assembled his men and rode to the mayor's office. He summoned Mayor de La Salle and warned him that, owing to the firing, he and others would be taken into custody. While this was continuing French mounted chasseurs arrived and exchanged volleys with the uh-lars, provoking a panic among the bystanders. The Germans fled, pursued by the chasseurs. At 5:30 a shell fell on the roof of the mayor's house, tearing a great hole. Other shells were thrown in the market place. At 7 p. m. the bombardment became violent. The first aeroplane, which was seen at five o'clock, had left a bomb with the intention of damaging the police headquarters. A woman and child were injured and a passing rider's horse was killed under him.

"Oct. 11.—The night was comparatively calm, only a few shells falling. Then, after some hours' respite, the bombardment broke out again with great violence, ceasing only at noon. Beginning again at 8 p. m., it continued the entire night. Many families sought shelter with their neighbors, as their own houses were burning. Among the buildings damaged was the Museum of Fine Arts.

"Oct. 12.—Beginning at 6 a. m., shells rained on the city, making a terrible racket and destroying many buildings. The aspect of the town is lamentable. Debris of different kinds, such as glass, brick, stone and wood, clutter the pavement. Families are taking refuge everywhere, a prey to a fully comprehensible terror and sadness. In the evening several new blocks of houses were in flames, notably behind St. Michael's church. I could hear our heavy cannon replying vigorously in the distance to the heavy German artillery. About 9 a. m. the Germans sent a messenger, who with bandaged eyes and bearing a white flag, made his way to headquarters, escorted by a French horseman. We did not know what had happened, but toward night the bombardment ceased and German troops of cavalry, infantry and artillery appeared in the center of the town. The bombardment continued on the village of South Lille until 1 a. m. the next day.

"Oct. 13.—After midnight I noticed that a white flag had been raised on the mayor's office. What has happened? Have we surrendered and have the Germans taken possession of the city? It is impossible to learn. Rumor insisted that the town had surrendered and a few inhabitants immediately risked issuing from their houses to contemplate the sad spectacle of Lille in flames. About 2:30 a. m. the sound of volleys coming from the center of the city caused every one quickly to return home. The firing lasted about three hours. Finally about ten o'clock military music resounded, accompanied by singing, drumming and bugle blowing. The German soldiers defiled through the midst of the city, some smoking cigars."

From the recital of the same witness it is possible to affirm that a great part of the artistic and handsome quarters of the town, including the old Church of St. Maurice, could not be saved from the flames. It seems that since Lille was defended the bombardment was unfortunately a necessity of war and in no way an act of useless vandalism.

Strategy of Grand Duke Nicholas in Vicinity of Warsaw.

How He Led the Foe Into Attack on Warsaw, and Then Flanked and Defeated Them.

Petrograd.—Here is the full story of how the first stage in the titanic struggle between the Teuton and the Slav ended in a heavy reverse for Germany.

The scene of the conflict is from the north and west of Warsaw before the first-class fortress of Novo-Georgievsk, southwest past Warsaw, along the course of the Vistula river and its tributary, the San river, to Przemysl, and again southward to the Dniester river and the Carpathian mountains. As the crow flies it is well over 230 miles, quite 300 in reality.

The Grand Duke Nicholas maneuvered his troops into the positions chosen over many scores of miles of roads that are sloughs under the autumn rains.

Warsaw was left apparently inadequately defended, and the population was in panic, while innumerable German spies abounding in the Polish capital conveyed every item to the German headquarters staff. It was universally believed Russia might not defend Warsaw.

About fifty miles south of Warsaw, not far from Ivangorod, but on the left or west bank of the Vistula, a small force entrenched near Kozentitz with strict orders to hold out to the last man.

The German advance occupied a line equal to the Russians', but differently composed.

The entire forces were under a German commander, and the Austrian troops were chiefly remnants of the beaten army from the Galician battle fields, pulled into some military shape, with much shuffling of regiments among the different corps and a general shortage of artillery.

The German center approached right up to the Vistula river over a considerable distance in the region opposite Ivangorod, where it attempted vainly for three days and nights to drive the Russian force out of its entrenched position on the left bank of the Vistula, near Kozentitz.

Near Warsaw the battle line was joined some thirty miles away, but the Russians were slowly driven back fighting Germany's finest corps, who felt the growing assurance they would make a present of Warsaw to the emperor.

At Warsaw the Germans thought it a mere walkover, and decided to break the Russian center, getting in the rear and either rout the Russians or drive them back on the Bug river line of defense, 80 miles to the east of the Vistula.

Ivangorod was bombarded, but the bridges were spared. The Germans here also felt full of confidence.

The battle being thus set, the grand duke assumed the initiative. In pursuance of his strategic plan he poured into Warsaw from the east by three railways corps after corps. They dashed through the city and plunged into the fight, now within a few miles of the suburbs on the west.

Too late the German general realized the unexpected had again happened. He hastened all the corps possible to the northward along the line of the Vistula from the center to the left.

The Russians promptly crossed the Vistula and deployed in the region which had been so gallantly held for this purpose in the neighborhood of Kozentitz. They thus were on the right flank of the forces which had marched north to save the German left.

At the same time the Russian cavalry got around to the left flank of the German left and closed in from the left rear.

The Germans are in full retreat. The Russians have crossed the Vistula along the whole German front and are energetically pressing the pursuit.

The Austrians are putting up a desperate fight all along the front and in spite of their misfortunes have earned the respect of the Russians for valor.

Hints to Farmers

Now is the time that you realize on your season's work.

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A CONFESSION

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Before I commenced using Cardui, I would spit up everything I ate. I had a tired, sleepy feeling all the time, and was irregular. I could hardly drag around, and would have severe headaches continuously.

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Cardui is successful because it is composed of ingredients which act specifically on the womanly constitution, and helps build the weakened organs back to health and strength.

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Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Information on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. **NC 228**

BLANK PAPER

Conveys no message. Poor Printing is almost as bad.

OUR PRINTING TELLS YOUR STORY AND TELLS IT CLEARLY

Our Job Work is worth inspection.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

Some of the Rewards That Come to Those Who Follow It.

I am bound to praise the simple life because I have lived it and found it good. I love a small house, plain clothes, simple living. Many persons know the luxury of a skin bath—a plunge in the pool or the wave, unhampered by clothing. That is the simple life—direct and immediate contact with things. Life with the false wrappings torn away—the fine house, the fine equine, the expensive habits all cut off. How free one feels, how good the elements taste, how close one gets to them, how they fit one's body and soul. To see the fire that warms you or, better yet, to cut the wood that feeds the fire that warms you; to see the spring where the water bubbles up that slakes your thirst and to dip your pall into it; to see the beams that are the stay of your four walls and the timbers that uphold the roof that shelters you; to be in direct and personal contact with the sources of your material life; to want no extras, no shiflds; to find the air and the water exhilarating; to be refreshed by a morning walk or an evening saunter; to find a quest of wild berries more satisfying than a gift of tropic fruit; to be thrilled by the stars at night; to be elated over a bird's nest—these are some rewards of the simple life.—John Burroughs. Quoted in "Our John Burroughs," by Clara Barrus.

CARRYING AN UMBRELLA.

Don't Hold It Before Your Face In a Crowded Street.

There are a great many persons injured on windy, rainy nights because they hold their umbrellas down in order to protect their faces from the driving rain," explained an ambulance surgeon. "In their desire to protect themselves from the rain they place themselves in grave danger of being struck and run over by surface cars, automobiles and other vehicles.

If you wish proof of my assertion just stand in a doorway some night where you are protected from the rain and where you are in a position to see an expanse of thoroughfare which all kinds of vehicles use. You will be surprised at the large number of persons who will notice crossing the thoroughfare with their umbrellas held down so far that it is impossible for them to see anything approaching. They seem oblivious of danger, and a spectator would suppose from their actions that there was not the remotest chance of an accident occurring.

The fact that many pedestrians are injured on windy, rainy nights with their umbrellas pulled down so that it is impossible to see ahead or to the sides, the pedestrians walk in front of vehicles and are knocked down and injured before they realize what has happened."—New York Sun.

Failed.

Billy Miller says a friend of his has been trying for two months to sell his automobile.

"But he couldn't," reports the veracious Mr. Miller. "He cut the price down to almost nothing and didn't get a bite. So the other day he got desperate and put this advertisement in the paper.

"I've rented a ten acre field opposite my house. In that field I shall place the car I have been trying to sell. The first man to that car after 6 o'clock tomorrow morning may have it."

"And what happened?" you ask Mr. Miller.

"Well," says the young man, "my friend woke up early the next morning and looked out, and there in the field were four other cars."—Herbert Corey in New York Globe.

The Thieving Ear of Corn.

Twelve ears of corn will plant an acre. If one of the planted ears happens to be "no good" there is a twelfth of an acre missing. An acre of corn may be worth \$30 to \$40, so to discover a thieving ear is worth from \$2.50 to \$3.50. One can pick out the ears of poor germination at slight cost if he will test his corn before he becomes rushed with spring work. And while about it reject the ears that, although germinating, do not send up strong vigorous stalks. Lusty, vigorous young things grow surest into profit. Whether they be pigs, hams, colts or cornstalks.—Breeder's Gazette.

A Canal Begun by Nero.

The ship canal across the Isthmus of Corinth which was completed in 1893, was the finish of a scheme dating back to 600 B. C. when Perander employed Egyptian engineers to survey the isthmus. Nero actually began work along the site of the present canal, but at his death this was abandoned, and men continued to weigh up the idea for another eighteen centuries.—London Chronicle.

Good Reason.

"My idea of happiness is to see the statue of Liberty in New York harbor from the deck of a returning steamer." "And why do you think you would enjoy seeing it?" "Because I've never been abroad."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Gives Him Away.

She—There is one sure way a woman can tell a gentleman in a crowded street car. He—What is that, She—By his getup. Baltimore American.

No Doubt of It.

Mrs. Crawford—Does she really dress to please her husband? Mrs. Crutshaw—Yes, she makes all her own clothes.—New York Times.

OUR ADVERTISING COLUMNS

are read by the people because it gives them news of absorbing interest. People no longer look for things they want—they go to their newspaper for information as to where such things may be found. This method saves time and trouble. If you want to bring your wares to the attention of this community, our advertising columns

Should Contain Your Ad

Should Contain Your Ad

CLASSIFIED ADS

For Sale—The very best S. C. Rhode Island Reds. One cock, two cockerels and a few good hens at "war prices." Also my fine young buggy mare, standard bred trotter, mahogany bay, has gone mile in 2:49 easily. Bred October to "Andy Green", trotter, (great individual.) I paid \$225 for her. Must sell at "war price." F. M. Neal, Methodist Pastor.

For Lease—9,000 acres, 7 miles front on Pecos river, opposite Ft. Sumner. C. T. DeGraffenreid. 35p4

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

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

Lost—A pocketbook containing a check. Finder please return to Rector Lester and receive reward. tf

Wanted—Thoroughbred pullets Minorcas, Langshans, Orpingtons and Plymouth Rocks. Call News office. tl

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

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy—The Mothers' Favorite.

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

Bear In Mind



That you can always depend on us when you need printing in a hurry.

We'll do it right at prices that are right.

Punishment by Pillory.
In the year 1837 the British parliament passed an act that put an end to punishment by pillory. Previous to the conquest this particular instrument of correction was in use in England and went by the name of the "stretch neck." It consisted of a wooden frame erected on a stool in which were three holes for the head and arms. For days together offenders against the common law were thus exposed to public view. In 1685 Titus Oates was sentenced to be pilloried for five days; every year during the rest of his life. Another famous sufferer was Daniel DeFoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," who stood for three days in the pillory in Cheapside. It happened on occasions that the offender died while undergoing his sentence. During the time of exposure the condemned man was not allowed to receive food of any sort or description. The last occasion on which a pillory sentence was passed was in 1814.—London Globe.

How Oil Calms the Waves.

An impression prevails that great quantities of oil are required to calm the sea, but Professor Ray Lankester of England suggests that a pint of oil an hour will secure a zone of calm water around a ship sufficient for the safe launching of small boats. According to this authority, nine pints of oil are sufficient to calm a square mile of water, and, incredible as it may appear, one drop will calm seven square feet! The oil spreads out over the surface of the sea in a film which has the almost unimaginable thickness of two millionths of a millimeter, yet it holds in leash the mighty power of the ocean. When this film of oil spreads over the surface the heaving up action of the water, which results in the formation first of ripples and then of waves, cannot take place. The thinner the film the greater is its effect in pulling down the crests of the waves and making a lower wave line. Free from break.—Harold Waters in Leslie's.

What the Tweed Divides.

The difference between English and Scotch inheritance law is very wide. For instance, supposing a man dies intestate and his only living relatives are his wife and mother. In England each would take equal shares of his personal estate, but in Scotland the wife gets one-half of the movable estate, the mother one-sixth, and two-sixths go to the crown.

But supposing the mother alone is living. In England she would get the whole, but in Scotland she would only get one-third while the other two-thirds would go to the crown.

Then, again, if a man dies intestate and his father and several brothers and sisters are living. In England the father gets the lot, but in Scotland he only gets one-half, while the other half is divided equally among the brothers and sisters of the deceased.—Pearson's Weekly.

Wagner's Search For a Pawnshop.

Wagner's worst experience of poverty was during his sojourn in Paris in 1840, when he had to pawn all that he and his wife possessed of any value. "I looked up the French equivalent for a pawnshop," he relates in his autobiography, "as I was too shy to make inquiries. The only word I could find in my little dictionary was 'lombard.' On the map of Paris I found a very small thoroughfare called 'Rue des Lombards,' and thither I went only to find the expedition fruitless. Often on reading the inscription 'Mont de Piété' I felt curious to know its meaning. Eventually, to my great delight, I learned that this 'Berg der Froemigkeit' was where I should find salvation, and there we now carried all we possessed in the way of silver."—London Chronicle.

Admit They Are Great.

In an address to the Canadian club in Montreal, James Bryce said: "I do not think it would be advisable for me to say much, for I have the good fortune to be a Scotchman myself. I won't pursue the theme of what contributions Scotchmen should be able to make to Canada's literature and science for the very simple reason which was given by a friend of mine, who said, 'I never argue with Scotchmen that they are a great nation—they admit it.'"

His Weakness.

"Have you ever invested in mining stocks that were to pay 100 per cent in less than a year?"

"Why do you wish to know?"

"I overheard a man say the other day that he didn't believe you had ever done a foolish thing in your life."—Chicago Record Herald.

Still Waiting.

Tom, who had lent John \$5, one day asked, "John, ain't it time you paid me that \$5?"

"Tain't due yet," said John.

"But you promised to pay me when you got back from New York."

"Well, I ain't been thar yit."—St. Louis Republic.

Chained Books.

The finest known collection of chained books is that in Hereford (England) cathedral. It includes about 2,000 volumes arranged in five bookcases, of which not less than 1,600 are secured by chains three or four feet long, each with a swivel in the center.

The Wiles of Women.

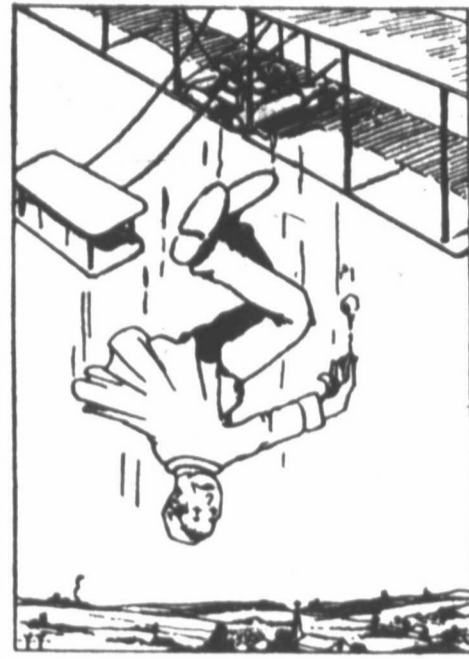
There are two possible things that a woman can do if a man proposes to her, but there are more than 2,000,000 she can do if he doesn't.—London Tit-Bits.

Truth and honesty set a limit to our efforts which impudence and hypocrisy easily overleap.—Hasselt.

Remember

That every added subscriber helps to make this paper better for everybody

If You Fell Out of an Airship

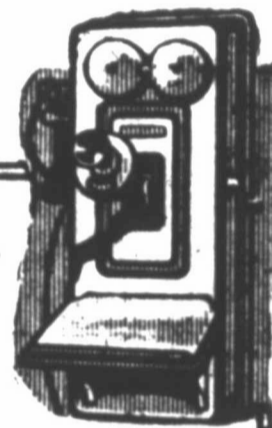


You'd probably feel sorry before you reached the ground. But you'd have one satisfaction—you'd know you were not going to an ordinary end.

Cheer Up!

Tumble to this instead. Be original in your business printing. The better kind doesn't cost any more. We furnish ideas as well as execute your work speedily and right up to the minute.

Fall For Us!



Your Bell Telephone and PARCELS POST

Constitutes a partnership that should work out uncommonly good results, since City shops are brought conveniently close to the country customer, and city people may obtain from the country the various products of the farm.

BELL TELEPHONE SERVICE

provides the means for placing the orders, and delivery can be made at your door by Parcels Post promptly, and at slight cost.



LOOK OUT FOR THE CARS

DO YOU know of anyone who is old enough to read, who has not seen that sign at a railroad crossing?

If everyone has seen it at some time or other, then why doesn't the railroad let the sign rot away? Why does the railroad company continue to keep those signs at every crossing?

Maybe you think, Mr. Merchant, "Most everybody knows my store, I don't have to advertise."

Your store and your goods need more advertising than the railroads need to warn people to "Look Out for the Cars."

Nothing is ever completed in the advertising world.

The Department Stores are a very good example—they are continually advertising—and they are continually doing a good business.

If it pays to run a few ads round about Christmas time, it certainly will pay you to run advertisements about all the time.

It's just business, that's all, to **ADVERTISE in THIS PAPER**

Come to Canyon to live.

ENLIVENED THE PLAY.

Sentiment and Impromptu Humor at a Moving Picture Show.

"Where we went last night," said a frequenter of moving picture shows, "there was a scene in one of the films showing a man and a girl, young lovers, kissing. She was a pretty girl and he was a fine, manly, young fellow, and of course everybody was deeply interested in the picture. But at the precise instant that the lovers' lips met some man in the audience exploded with a gigantic sneeze, whereat the whole house blew up with spontaneous hilarious laughter.

"In this picture scene there was a third figure, that of a man who had seen the lovers meeting and who when he saw them kiss turned away from them to smile. He was, to be sure, smiling over the lovers; but as he looked out on the house at this moment like a real man smiling in appreciative understanding of what had just happened in the audience. At the sight of his smiling face the audience again blew up. But, of course, the pictures kept on moving all the time, and in half a minute the audience had once more settled down to look on again at the pictures in the usual quiet."—New York Sun.

DOPED AUTOMOBILES.

Acid Sometimes Used to Put Ginger in Second Hand Cars.

"If you are intending to buy a second hand automobile from a stranger or any one but a reputable dealer, keep an eye open to see that the car is not 'doped,'" said H. Clifford Brokaw, principal of the automobile school of the West Side Young Men's Christian association. "Not long ago a friend told me he had a chance to buy a very good car at a low price. He said he knew it was a good car because it could climb the highest hills on high gear. It could almost jump over a house, he said.

"An investigation showed that the car was old, but that previous to the trial trip it had been doped with picric acid. Picric acid, mixed with gasoline, will give a motor a greatly increased power. A worn-out motor can be made to do wonderful stunts by the use of proper proportions of picric acid. Chloroform will have the same effect. Picric acid, however, will ruin the cylinders of the best motor. It will give the car much greater power when first used, but I would not care to buy an automobile in which it had been used."—New York Times.

Failures.

"Stand up, Julius Caesar. Didn't you have any?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Weren't you bad?"

"I was, your honor."

"A dyspeptic?"

"I was."

"Didn't you write your commentaries for political effect?"

"I did, your honor."

"Thereby proving yourself without character. Below normal weight?"

"I was, your honor."

"Then step over there with Napoleon, Alexander, Hannibal, Newton, Charlemagne, Kant, Pope, William Pitt and William of Orange."

"What's the matter with them, your honor?"

"Matter enough. They are all defectives. They've failed to pass our tests."—Life.

Unabashed.

Years ago Isidore de Lara used to sing his own songs at concerts to his own accompaniment. The most popular of them was "The Garden of Sleep." Once—so runs the story—Mr. de Lara was "Garden of Sleeping" at a private house, and he was immensely annoyed by George Moore, who went on insistently talking after the song had begun. Mr. de Lara sang a few bars and then sprang indignantly to his feet.

"Mr. Moore," he said, "I was singing the other day before the Prince of Wales, and he spoke, and I stopped."

"Well, my dear chap," replied Mr. Moore calmly, "he survives."

Mr. de Lara had humor enough to join in the general laugh.—London Answers.

Yes, He Was All Right.

George R. Sims' account of forgetting his own address and having to look it up in the telephone directory was capped by a friend of mine, says a writer in the London Sphere, who told a story of a man trying to tell him from what he had been suffering. "I have been very ill," he said, "with—with—with—and could get no further. And then suddenly it came to him, 'with loss of memory. But,'" he added, "I'm all right now."

Nothing Left.

"Have you," asked the judge of a recently convicted man, "anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?"

"No, your honor," replied the prisoner. "My lawyer took my last farthing."—London Tit-Bits.

Storm Center.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

"In a republic it is the president's private secretary who acquires the insomnia."—Kansas City Journal.

Effective Covering.

"When the train bandit was captured was covered with coal dust?" "No, sir; with the train crew's revolvers."—Baltimore American.

He who will not reason is a bigot; he who cannot is a fool; he who dares not is a slave.—Byron.