

THE RANDALL COUNTY NEWS

Vol. XVIII.

CANYON, RANDALL COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1915.

No. 48

SIXTH MILE STONE PASSED BY NORMAL

Yesterday was the sixth anniversary of the breaking of the ground for the West Texas State Normal building which was burned last March. The day has been set aside as an annual holiday and was celebrated with an appropriate program. The students, faculty and alumni joined in a day of festivities yesterday, all the regular work of the school being discontinued for the day.

The following program was successfully carried out:

Master of Ceremonies—J. W. Reid.

Processional—Alma Mater. Invocation—Rev. B. F. Fronbarger.

Piano Solo, "The Hunter's Song" (Mendelssohn)—Miss Ruth Ricketts.

GENERAL THEME: "RESURGAMUS"

Training School—Georgia Upfold.

First Year—Guy Elmer Holt.

Second Year—A. L. King.

Chorus, "The Miller's Wooing"

—Faning.

Third Year—Ada Terrill.

Fourth Year—Earl Sparks.

Alumni—Sula Cook.

MUSIC

The Faculty—Miss Cofer.

The Past, Present and Future

—Mr. Cousins.

Auld Lang Syne.

Honor Roll for January.

The following pupils in the primary room in the public school have been neither absent nor tardy and made one hundred in department and above ninety in general average:

Margaret Thomas.

Imogene McIntire.

Fay Dunaway.

Olive Schramm.

Panhandle Teachers to Meet Here.

The Panhandle Teachers Association will meet in this city the latter part of March. H. W. Stillwell of the Normal faculty is president of the association. He is sending out numerous letters of invitation and expects a very large attendance. The program will be published within a short time. One of the features of the program will be a close study of the working of the Normal training school.

LISTEN

Chicago, Jan. 26.—"Human driftwood from all over the middle-west piled up against the doors of the municipal lodging house, mission rooming houses and five and ten cent 'flop houses' tonight, as the mercury turned downward, again the winter's biting blasts swept over the wanderers were begging the privilege of sleeping on the bare floors in the 'flop' houses." Keep your children at home, away from the congested centers and one way to do it is to BUILD YOU A HOME.

CANYON LUMBER CO.

Baptist Services for the Week.

Sunday:
10 a. m.—Sunday school.
11 a. m.—Presching by pastor.
2:30 p. m.—Sunbeams.
6:30 p. m.—B.Y.P.U.
7:30 p. m.—Presching by pastor.

Miss Lamb requests the mothers of the children in the training school to meet with her in the Normal auditorium Friday Feb. the 19th at half past three.

RANDALL COUNTY TO WORK ROADS

The county commissioners contracted for a Big Four 30 horse power engine at their session Tuesday which will be used on the roads. The gentlemen will test out the engine next Thursday and if it meets their approval will begin to use it exclusively for pulling the road grader. Frank Simms will run the engine. The court expects to put on the road this year a regular camping outfit which will be sent anywhere in the county that road work is needed.

The members of the court will have supervision of the work and will see that all is done properly.

It is figured that with teams doing the grading, roads cost from \$100 to \$150 per mile. With the engine it has been shown roads can be finished for \$20 per mile.

The court will put in a 50 foot 30 inch iron culvert in the Amarillo road north of the city to take the place of the wooden bridge which has been under discussion for so long a time.

The commissioners chose the First National Bank of Canyon as depository for the county funds. The rate of interest paid is 5.55 per cent.

Dr. D. M. Stewart was chosen county health officer for the coming two years.

Orchestra Gives Benefit

The orchestra and band gave a joint program, supplemented by an elaborate motion picture rendition of "Ivanhoe" at the G. & L. Monday night, for the benefit of the band. The house was packed throughout the two shows. The band played on the street before the performance, and the pictures were interspersed with orchestra selections. Both of the musical organizations were highly praised for the excellent music they furnished.

"A Southern Cinderella."

The ladies of the Rebeckah Lodge will present a home talent play entitled, "A Southern Cinderella," in three acts with specialties between each act, at the Opera House, Saturday, Feb. 20, for the purpose of raising funds which will be used in fixing up the lodge rooms, which at present are in very bad condition. This program will be well worth your time and money. Come out and help a good cause.

Buy's Big Engine.

J. A. Harbison has procured a new Buffalo Pitts 35 traction engine for moving houses, plowing or moving or pulling anything pullable or movable. Harbison says, "The world moves, so do I," and the looks of this engine testifies that he can move most any old thing he happens to hitch it to.

New Phone Directories.

The News job department has just finished a new telephone directory for the Canyon Exchange of the Southwestern Telephone and Telegraph Co. The directory shows a substantial increase over the last one published, in fact it has a larger number of names than was ever published by the local exchange. Manager Prichard is to be congratulated on the good business he is enjoying.

Phone 101 for moving van, baggage and house moving. Prompt and reliable service. If

DISTRICT COURT OPENS ON MONDAY

The spring term of the district court will open next Monday morning at the court house. Grand jurors and petit jurors for the first week were recently summoned to appear at this time to begin the work of the session.

Judge Hugh L. Umphres will open court for the first time in Canyon. He has held term in all other parts of the district and has been very successful. He promises to be one of the ablest jurists the district has ever had.

STEEL FOR NEW BUILDING HERE

The first shipments of steel for the new Normal building has been received and is being unloaded. Other shipments will be coming every day.

W. J. Rau and E. D. Archer arrived from Galveston Friday. These gentlemen have the contract for doing the steel construction work. They expect to have a large force of men at work within ten days.

Concrete is being poured into the holes made for the piers and the long bolts to hold the steel plates are being put in. The plates will be put on as soon as the concrete sets.

Three hoister engines are at work most of the time, pulling around the cars, unloading and excavating.

Mayo Baby Killed

The four months old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mayo, of the Wayside community was killed in an automobile accident near their home Thursday morning and was buried in the Beulah cemetery Friday afternoon. Rev. Hayes Howell conducting the funeral ceremonies.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo were also right seriously hurt, crushing the left elbow of Mrs. Mayo and otherwise bruising her. Mr. Mayo sustained a broken rib in the right side and a gash on the right side of his head that required several stitches to sew up. The two oldest little girls escaped unhurt.

Mr. Mayo and family had started to Tulia in the car and when about half a mile from their home, the left front wheel of the car crushed, turning the car over with the above results.

Webb Trades Hotel

J. W. Webb has traded the Palace Hotel for 735 acres of land near Cleburne. T. H. Taylor becoming owner of the Canyon property. The hotel is valued at \$45,000. Mr. Webb will leave next week for the new place while Mr. Taylor will probably move here within a short time unless he leases the property to parties who want it.

George B. Cass of Tulia, returned home Monday after a visit with her sister Mrs. R. McGee.

FARMERS, COME TO CANYON SATURDAY

H. M. Bainer of the Santa Fe agricultural department is sending out an urgent invitation to every farmer in Randall county to come to Canyon next Saturday afternoon to hear representatives of his department regarding the plans for work this year. He has something to say that each farmer ought to hear. The meeting will be held in the court house and will continue throughout the afternoon.

The following subjects will be discussed:

H. M. Bainer—Adapted crops and their cultivation.

L. L. Johnson, worth of poultry on the farm.

J. L. Pope—Community spirit—its development.

Harmon Benton—Profit through livestock feeding.

These men will also visit Happy Friday afternoon and every farmer who cannot come to Canyon Saturday should be in Happy Friday.

1915 is going to be the banner year for the Panhandle and let's all strive to make it the best possible by adopting the very best methods of cultivation.

J. M. Rockwell Here

J. M. Rockwell of Houston, was in the city over Sunday looking after his interests. He is one of the owners of the Canyon Lumber Co. C. R. Burrow, the local manager, invited the managers from the yards in neighboring towns to spend Sunday here. J. W. Rockwell, of Amarillo, C. C. Rockwell of Herford, Frank Cloud, of Albany, F. F. Hardin of Plainview, L. Sternberg, of Tulia, and Mr. Harris of Kress, were here.

Wayside Items

J. C. Mayo and family are improving in health since the deplorable accident of last week.

Ellis Payne of Goodnight, is visiting Payne brothers at the Wilson place.

Mrs. Grace McCrery and little daughters, Marvel and Ocie visited with Mrs. D. H. Hamblen three days last week.

Wm. Payne and wife, and Mrs. Ida Sluder, went to Canyon Saturday, visiting with Mrs. S. J. McGehee.

Mrs. Sallie Brooks of Canyon, is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. Ara Mayo.

Miss Minnie Brooks returned to Canyon Monday afternoon after a few days visit at J. C. Mayo's.

Mrs. Della Walters made a trip to Canyon Monday.



W. D. Howren, Contracting Engineer

CONCRETE, PLAIN and REINFORCED

Call on or write to me regarding that watering tub, tank, silo, dam or anything else you wish to build.

NO TROUBLE TO ANSWER QUESTIONS

Room 26, First National Bank Building Phone 1
P. O. Box 505 Canyon, Texas



MADAM POWELL IN GREAT RECITAL

Maud Powell played at the Methodist church last night to a packed house. More than one hundred people came from Amarillo. Fifty drove from Plainview. Thirty came on the train from Hereford, while nearly thirty more drove across country. Tulia sent a delegation of twenty-five or more. Ten drove from Clarendon. There was hardly a town within a radius of sixty miles which did not send representatives. When the recital opened at 8:15 o'clock there were nearly 800 people in the auditorium, practically every seat being taken.

Madam Powell's playing is beyond description. The people who have heard her understand why she is the greatest woman violinist in the world. She plays with a soul full of love for her art which is behind every movement of her wonderful violin. It is not the mere instrument which speaks when the bow touches the strings, but it is the very soul of Maud Powell giving utterance.

Francis Moore, the pianist, comes in for a large share of the glory of last night's performance. He is a wonderful young man and is making a reputation for himself.

Madam Powell greatly praised Canyon and Canyon people. She stated that she never appeared before a more intelligent audience. The treatment she received greatly pleased her. "Nothing could have been improved upon," she stated when asked regarding her entertainment here, the audience and arrangement of the church.

Financially speaking the recital was a success. The response of the people of Canyon and the surrounding towns means that other stars of world-wide fame will be brought to Canyon during the coming years.



WAS'NT IT GLORIOUS, THAT SENEVSKI'S OP. 23, NO. 3 IN 6 MINOR?



COUSINS THANKS CANYON CITIZENS

The following letter is written by President R. B. Cousins of the West Texas State Normal College in reply to a letter of endorsement recently presented to him by the people of Canyon: Canyon, Feb. 10.

Messrs. Geo. J. Parsons, F. M. Wilson, C. D. Coffee, L. T. Lester, R. G. Oldham and others, Canyon Texas.

Gentlemen:—Your note of appreciation, confidence and cooperation, mentioning Ex-Governor Colquitt and Governor Ferguson and myself was handed me on the eve of my departure for Austin, to appear before the appropriations committee of the Legislature of Texas. For myself, allow me to thank each one personally who signed the letter, and to say that your action is very helpful and encouraging to me. Since casting my lot among you I have had only one purpose and that to build up our town and every enterprise in it in the wisest and best way, and your expression of confidence and esteem is peculiarly pleasant and gratifying to me.

"In union there is strength; in discord there is weakness."

Ours can be made a still better school town and a still better place of residence. Every citizen should realize this fact and work with every other good citizen to this end. Our school is at the beginning of new and greater things. There is now every prospect of generous appropriations for the rebuilding, equipping and maintaining of the school. When this is done our attendance will pass the high water mark of the past, and reach new and larger figures. Our responsibilities will increase with our opportunities. We must help and not hurt every student that comes. Our town must be clean so that no malignant fevers shall infest our homes, and food and water supplies. Our social conditions shall be equally pure and free from moral contamination. Let every man see that his own place harbors no destructive germs. Let us treat every boy and girl that is intrusted to our care as we would wish that others should treat our own children should they go among strangers.

I trust that the spirit of cooperation and confidence may cement every element in every enterprise in our midst. Please allow me to thank each signer of the letter again for his kindness.

Your servant,
R. B. Cousins, President.

Farmers Meeting Called.

To the members of the Farmers Institute:

We desire every member of the Randall Farmers Institute to meet at the court house next Saturday the 20th, at 10 o'clock a. m. The Santa Fe Institute workers will give us a rare treat in their line of work, besides we wish to consider some legislation referred to me for our consideration and report. We ask every farmer who can to attend this meeting.

Welton Winn, Pres. Institute.

New Dry Goods

We have added a nice line of dry goods to our stock of variety goods, and cordially invite the public to come and let us show you what we have. Nothing would give us more pleasure.

Redfean Sisters, at Variety Store.

Come to Canyon to live.

The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations
from Photographs of Scenes
in the Play

(Copyright, 1913, by W. J. Watt & Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

On Misery creek, Sally Miller finds George Lescott, a landscape painter, unconscious. Jesse Purry of the Hollman clan has been shot and Samson is suspected of the crime. Samson denies it. The shooting breaks the truce in the Hollman-South feud. Jim Hollman hunts with bloodhounds the man who shot Purry. The bloodhounds lose the trail at Spicer South's door. Lescott discovers artistic ability in Samson. While sketching with Lescott on the mountain, Tamarack discovers Samson to be a leading crowd of mountaineers. Samson thrashes him and denounces him as the "truce-buster" who shot Purry. At Will Mc-Cager's dance Samson tells the South clan that he is going to leave the mountains. Lescott goes home to New York. Samson bids Spicer and Sally farewell and follows. In New York Samson studies art and learns much of city ways. Drennie Lescott persuades Wilfred Horton, her distant lover, to do a man's work in the world.

CHAPTER IX.

Christmas came to Misery wrapped in a drab mantle of desolation. At the cabin of the Widow Miller Sally was sitting alone before the logs. She laid down the slate and spelling book, over which her forehead had been strenuously puckered, and gazed somewhat mournfully into the blaze. Sally had a secret. It was a secret which she based on a faint hope. If Samson should come back to Misery he would come back full of new notions. No man had ever yet returned from that outside world unaltered. No man ever would. A terrible premonition said he would not come at all, but, if he did—if he did—she must know how to read and write. Maybe, when she had learned a little more, she might even go to school for a term or two.

The cramped and distorted chirography on the slate was discouraging. It was all proving very hard work. The girl gazed for a time at something she saw in the embers, and then a faint smile came to her lips. By next Christmas she would surprise Samson with a letter. It should be well written, and every "hain't" should be an "isn't."

The normal human mind is a reservoir which fills at a rate of speed regulated by the number and caliber of its feed pipes. Samson's mind had long been almost empty, and now from so many sources the waters of new things were rushing in upon it that under their pressure it must fill fast, or give away.

He was saved from hopeless complications of thought by a sanity which was willing to assimilate without too much effort to analyze. The boy from Misery was presently less bizarre to the eye than many of the unkempt bohemians he met in the life of the studios, men who quarreled garrulously over the end and aim of Art, which they spelled with a capital A—and, for the most part, knew nothing of. He retained, except within a small circle of intimates, a silence that passed for taciturnity, and a solemnity of visage that was often construed into surly egotism.

He still wore his hair long, and, though his conversation gradually sloughed off much of its idiom and vulgarity, enough of the mountaineer stood out to lend to his personality a savor of the crudely picturesque. Meanwhile he drew and read and studied and walked, and every day's advancement was a forced march. Lescott, tremendously interested in his experiment, began to fear that the boy's too great somberness of disposition would defeat the very earnestness from which it sprang. So one morning the landscape-maker called on a friend whom he rightly believed to be the wisest man, and the greatest humorist in New York.

"I want your help," said Lescott. "I want you to meet a friend of mine and take him under your wing in a fashion. He needs you."

The stout man's face clouded. A few years ago he had been peddling his manuscripts with the heart-sickness of unsuccessful middle age. Today men coupled his name with those of Kipling and De Maupassant. One of his antipathies was meeting people who sought to lionize him. Lescott read the expression, and, before his host had time to object, swept into his retreat.

At the end he summarized: "The artist is much like the setter pup. If it's in him, it's as instinctive as a dog's nose. But to become efficient he must go a-field with a steady veteran of his own breed."

"I know!" the great man, who was also the simple man, smiled reminiscently. "They tried to teach me to herd sheep when my nose was itching for bird country. Bring on your man; I want to know him."

Samson was told nothing of the benevolent conspiracy, but one evening shortly later he found himself sitting at a cafe table with his sponsor and a stout man, almost as silent as himself. The stout man responded with something like cheerful taciturnity to the half-dozen men and women who came over with Satterlee. But later, when the men left alone, his face

brightened, and he turned to the boy from Misery.

"Does Billy Conrad still keep store at Stagbone?"

Samson started and his gaze fell in amazement. At the mention of the name he saw a cross-roads store with rough mules hitched to fence railings. It was a picture of home, and here was a man who had been there! With glowing eyes the boy dropped unconsciously back into the vernacular of the hills.

"Hev you been thar, stranger?"

The writer nodded, and tipped his whisky.

"Not for some years, though," he confessed, as he drifted into reminiscence, which to Samson was like water to a parched throat.

When they left the cafe the boy felt as though he were taking leave of an old and tried friend. By homely methods, this unerring diagnostician of the human soul had been reading him, liking him, and making him feel a heart-warming sympathy.

It was not until much later that Samson realized how these two really great men had adopted him as their "little brother" that he might have their shoulder-touch to march by. And it was without his realization, too, that they laid upon him the imprint of their own characters and philosophy.

"I have come, not to quarrel with you, but to try to dissuade you." The Hon. Mr. Wickliffe bit savagely at his cigar and gave a despairing spread to his well-manicured hands. "Most cordially hated man in New York—hated by the most powerful combinations in New York."

Wilfred Horton leaned back in a swivel chair and put his feet up on his desk. For a while he seemed interested in his own silk socks.

"It's very kind of you to warn me," he said, quietly.

The Hon. Mr. Wickliffe rose in exasperation and paced the floor. The smoke from his black cigar went before him in vicious puffs. Finally he stopped and leaned glaring on the table.

"Your family has always been conservative. When you succeeded to the fortune you showed no symptoms of this mania. In God's name, what has changed you?"

"I hope I have grown up," explained the young man, with an unruffled smile. "One can't wear swaddling clothes forever, you know."

The attorney for an instant softened his manner as he looked into the straight-gazing, unafraid eyes of his client.

"I've known you from your babyhood. I advised your father before you were born. You have, by the chance of birth, come into the control of great wealth. The world of finance is of delicate balance. Squabbles in certain directorates may throw the Street into panic. Suddenly you emerge from decent quiet and run amuck in the china shop, bellowing and tossing your horns. You make war on those whose interests are your own. You seem bent on hari-kari. You have toys enough to amuse. Why couldn't you stay put?"

"They weren't the right things. They were, as you say, toys." The smile faded and Horton's chin set itself for a moment as he added: "If you don't think I'm going to stay put—watch me."

"Why do you have to make war—to be chronically insurgent?"

"Because"—the young man, who had waked up, spoke slowly—"I am reading a certain writing on the wall. The time is not far off when, unless we regulate a number of matters from within we shall be regulated from without."

"Take for instance this newspaper war you've inaugurated on the police," grumbled the corporation lawyer. "It's less dangerous to the public than these financial crusades, but decidedly more so for yourself. You are regarded as a dangerous agitator, a marplot! I tell you, Wilfred, aside from all other considerations the thing is perilous to yourself. You are riding for a fall. These men whom you are whipping out of public life will turn on you."

"So I hear. Here's a letter I got this morning—unsigned. That is, I thought it was here. Well, no matter. It warns me that I have less than three months to live unless I call off my dogs."

It is said that the new convert is ever the most extreme fanatic. Wilfred Horton had promised to put on his working clothes, and he had done it with reckless disregard for consequences. At first, he was simply obeying Adrienne's orders; but soon he found himself playing the game for the game's sake. Political overlord, assailed as unfaithful servants, showed their teeth. From some hidden, but unfailing, source terribly sure and direct evidence of guilt was being gathered. For Wilfred Horton, who was demanding a day of reckoning and spending great sums of money to get it, there was a prospect of things doing.

Adrienne Lescott was in Europe. Soon she would return and Horton meant to show that he had not buried his talent.

For eight months Samson's life had run in the steady ascent of gradual climbing, but in the four months from the first of August to the first of December, the pace of his existence suddenly quickened. He left off drawing from plaster casts and went into a life class.

In this period Samson had his first acquaintanceship with women, except those he had known from childhood—and his first acquaintanceship with the

men who were not of his own art world.

Tony Collasso was an Italian illustrator who lodged and painted in studio-apartments in Washington Square, South. His companions were various, numbering among them a group of those pygmy celebrities of whom one has never heard until by chance he meets them, and of whom their intimates speak as of immortals.

To Collasso's studio Samson was called one night by telephone. He had sometimes gone there before to sit for an hour, chiefly as a listener, while the man from Sorrento bewailed fate with his coterie, and denounced all forms of government over insipid Chianti.

But tonight he entered the door to find himself in the midst of a gay and boisterous party. The room was already thickly fogged with smoke, and a dozen men and women, singing snatches of current airs, were interesting themselves over a chafing dish. The crowd was typical. A few very minor writers and artists, a model or two, and several women who had thinking parts in current Broadway productions.

At eleven o'clock the guests of honor arrived in a taxicab. They were Mr. William Farbish and Miss Winifred Starr. Having come, as they explained, direct from the theater where Miss Starr danced in the first row, they were in evening dress. Samson mentally acknowledged, though with instinctive disfavor for the pair, that both were, in a way, handsome. Collasso drew him aside to whisper importantly:

"Make yourself agreeable to Farbish. He is received in the most exclusive society, and is a connoisseur of art. If he takes a fancy to you, he will put you up at the best clubs. I think I shall sell him a landscape."

The girl was talking rapidly and loudly. She had at once taken the center of the room, and her laughter rang in free and egotistical peals above the other voices.

"Come, said the host, 'I shall present you.'"

The boy shook hands, gazing with his usual directness into the show-girl's large and deeply-penciled eyes. Farbish, standing at one side with his hands in his pockets, looked on with an air of slightly bored detachment.

His dress, his mannerisms, his bearing, were all those of the man who has overstudied his part. They were too perfect, too obviously rehearsed through years of social climbing, but that was a defect Samson was not yet prepared to recognize.

Someone had naively complimented Miss Starr on the leopard-skin cloak she had just thrown from her shapely shoulders, and she turned promptly and vivaciously to the flatterer.

"It is nice, isn't it?" she prattled. "I may look a little up-stage for a girl who hasn't got a line to read—into the piece, but these days one must get the spot-light, or be a dead one. It reminds me of a little run-in I had with Graddy—he's our stage-director, you know." She paused, awaiting the invitation to proceed, and, having received it, went gayly forward. "I was ten minutes late, one day, for rehearsal, and Graddy came up with that sarcastic manner of his, and said: 'Miss Starr, I don't doubt you are a perfectly nice girl, and all that, but it rather gets my goat to figure out how, on a salary of fifteen dollars a week, you come to rehearsals in a million dollars' worth of clothes, riding in a limousine—and ten minutes late!'"

She broke off with the eager little expression of awaiting applause, and, having been satisfied, she added: "I was afraid that wasn't going to get a laugh, after all."

She glanced inquiringly at Samson, who had not smiled, and who stood looking puzzled.

"A penny for your thoughts, Mr. South, from down South," she challenged.

"I guess I'm sort of like Mr. Graddy," said the boy, slowly. "I was just wondering how you do it."

He spoke with perfect seriousness, and, after a moment, the girl broke into prolonged peal of laughter.

"Oh, you are delicious!" she exclaimed. "If I could do the Ingenue like that, believe me, I'd make some hit." She came over, and, laying a hand on each of the boy's shoulders, kissed him lightly on the cheek.

"That's for a doll boy!" she said. "That's the best line I've heard pulled lately."

Farbish was smiling in quiet amusement. He tarped the mountaineer on the shoulder.

"I've heard George Lescott speak of you," he said, genially. "I've rather a fancy for being among the discoverers of men of talent. We must see more of each other."

Samson left the party early, and with a sense of disgust. Several days later, Samson was alone in Lescott's studio. It was nearing twilight, and he had laid aside a volume of De Maupassant, whose simple power had beguiled him. The door opened, and he saw the figure of a woman on the threshold. The boy rose somewhat shyly from his seat, and stood looking at her. She was as richly dressed as Miss Starr had been, but there was the same difference as between the colors of the sunset sky and the exaggerated daubs of Collasso's landscape. She stood at the door a moment, and then came forward with her hand outstretched.

"This is Mr. South, isn't it?" she asked, with a frank friendliness in her voice.

Samson had hesitatingly taken the gloved hand, and its grasp was firm and strong despite its ridiculous smallness.

"I reckon he'll be back presently." The boy was in doubt as to the proper procedure. This was Lescott's studio, and he was not certain whether or not it lay in his province to invite Lescott's sister to take possession of it. Possibly, he ought to withdraw. "Is ideas of social usages were very vague."

"Then, I think I'll wait," announced the girl. She threw off her fur coat, and took a seat before the open grate. The chair was large, and swallowed her up.

Samson wanted to look at her, and was afraid that this would be impolite. He realized that he had seen no real ladies, except on the street, and now he had the opportunity.

"I'm glad of this chance to meet you, Mr. South," said the girl with a smile that found its way to the boy's heart. After all, there was sincerity in "foreign" women. "George talks of you so much that I feel as if I'd known you all the while. Don't you think I might claim friendship with George's friends?"

Samson had no answer. He wished to say something equally cordial, but the old instinct against effusiveness tied his tongue.

"I owe right smart to George Lescott," he told her, gravely.

"That's not answering my question," she laughed. "Do you consent to being friends with me?"

"Miss—" began the boy. Then, realizing that in New York this form of address is hardly complete, he hastened to add: "Miss Lescott, I've been here over nine months now, and I'm just beginning to realize what a rube I am. I haven't no— Again, he broke off, and laughed at himself. "I mean, I haven't any idea of proper manners, and so I'm, as we would say down home, 'plumb skeered' of ladies."

As he accused himself, Samson was looking at her with unblinking directness; and she met his glances with eyes that twinkled.

"Mr. South," she said, "I know all about manners, and you know all about a hundred real things that I want to know. Suppose we begin teaching each other?"

Samson's face lighted with the revolutionizing effect that a smile can bring only to features customarily solemn.

"Miss Lescott," he said, "let's call that a trade—but you're gettin' all the worst of it. To start with, you might give me a lesson right now in how a feller ought to act, when he's talkin' to a lady—how I ought to act with you!"

Her laugh made the situation as easy as an old shoe.

Ten minutes later, Lescott entered. "Well," he said, with a smile, "shall I introduce you people, or have you already done it for yourselves?"

"Oh," Adrienne assured him, "Mr. South and I are old friends." As she left the room, she turned and added: "The second lesson had better be at my house. If I telephone you some day when we can have the school-room to ourselves, will you come up?"

Samson grinned and forgot to be bashful as he replied:

"I'll come a-kinin'!"

CHAPTER X.

Early that year, the touch of autumn came to the air. Often, returning at sundown from the afternoon life class, Samson felt the lure of its melancholy sweetness, and paused on one of the Washington Square benches, with many vague things stirring in his mind. He felt with a stronger throbbing the surety of young, but quickening, abilities within himself. Farly, it was the charm of Indian summer, partly a sense of growing with the days, but, also, though he had not as yet realized that, it was the new friendship into which Adrienne had admitted him, and the new experience of frank camaraderie with a woman not as a member of an inferior sex, but as an equal companion of brain and soul. He had seen her often, and usually alone, because he shunned meetings with strangers. Until his education had advanced further, he wished to avoid social embarrassments. He knew that she liked him, and realized that it was because he was a new and virile type, and for that reason a diversion—a sort of human novelty. She liked him, too, because it was rare for a man to offer her friendship without making love, and she was certain he would not make love. He liked her for the same reasons that that every one else did—because she was herself. Of late, too, he had met a number of men at Lescott's club. He was modestly surprised to find that, though his attitude on these occasions, was always that of one sitting in the background, the men seemed to like him, and, when they said, "See you again," at parting, it was with the convincing manner of real friendship.

One wonderful afternoon in October, when the distances were mist-hung, and the skies very clear, Samson sat across the table from Adrienne Lescott at a road house on the Sound. The sun had set through great cloud battalions massed against the west, and the horizon was fading into darkness through a haze like ash of roses. She had picked him up on the Avenue, and taken him into her car for a short spin, but the afternoon had beguiled them, luring them on a little farther, and still a little farther. When they were a score of miles from Manhattan, the car had suddenly broken down. It would, the chauffeur told them, be the matter of an hour to effect repairs, so the girl, explaining to the boy that this event gave the affair the aspect of adventure, turned

and led the way, on foot, to the nearest road house.

"We will telephone that we shall be late, and then have dinner," she laughed. "And for me to have dinner with you alone, unchaperoned at a country inn, is by New York standards delightfully unconventional. It borders on wickedness." Then, since their attitude toward each other was so friendly and innocent, they both laughed. They had dined under the trees of an old manor house, built a century ago, and now converted into an inn, and they had enjoyed themselves because it seemed to them pleasingly paradoxical that they should find in a place seemingly so shabby-genteel a cuisine and service of such excellence. Neither of them had ever been there before, and neither of them knew that the reputation of this establishment was in its own way wide—and unsavory.

The repairs did not go as smoothly as the chauffeur had expected, and, when he had finished, he was hungry. So, eleven o'clock found them still chatting at their table on the lighted lawn. After awhile, they fell silent, and Adrienne noticed that her companion's face had become deeply, almost painfully set, and that his gaze was tensely focused on herself.

"What is it, Mr. South?" she demanded.

The young man began to speak, in a steady, self-accusing voice.

"I was sitting here, looking at you," he said, bluntly. "I was thinking how fine you are in every way; how there is as much difference in the texture of men and women as there is in the texture of clothes. From that automobile cap you wear to your slippers and stockings, you are clad in silk. From your brain to the tone of



"I Was Thinking of My People."

your voice, you are woven of human silk. I've learned lately that silk isn't weak, but strong. They make the best balloons of it." He paused and laughed, but his face again became sober: "I was thinking, too, of your mother. She must be sixty, but she's a young woman. Her face is smooth and unlined, and her heart is still in bloom. At the same age, George won't be much older than he is now."

The compliment was so obviously not intended as compliment at all that the girl flushed with pleasure.

"Then," went on Samson, his face slowly drawing with pain. "I was thinking of my own people. My mother was about forty when she died. She was an old woman. My father was forty-three. He was an old man. I was thinking how they withered under their drudgery—and of the monstrous injustice of it all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OLD CRAFT OF ODD DESIGN

Mesopotamia Boat, Known as Kufa, Known to Have Been in Use Before Christian Era.

The Kufa, a curious circular boat made of basketwork, and seen nowhere else in the world, is a common sight in Mesopotamia. The ferry-men charge only a cent each passenger. There is one good point about these strange craft—they are not easily upset. Their carrying capacity also is great, and the kufa men pack in their passengers like herrings in a barrel. I had the good luck to take a photograph of the actual building of a kufa on the banks of the Tigris river, says a writer in the Wide World. They are made of date palm branches woven together with rope made out of leaves of the same palm, thickly plastered on the outside with bitumen. They range from four to twelve feet in diameter. Nowhere but on the Tigris and lower Euphrates rivers can one see these curious craft, which serve principally for the transport of passengers, country produce and beasts of burden across the river. About three men are required to make a kufa of respectable size, and it takes them some twenty days to build it. Like the kelek, the kufa is of great antiquity, for both these strange craft were in use long before the time of Christ. The evidence of this is indisputable, for on the bas-reliefs taken from the palace of Sennacherib both craft are clearly represented.

Depends on the Wall.

"Truth lies at the bottom of a well," quoted the Sage. "Not if it happens to be an oil well," corrected the fool.

Warmed By Snow.

The earth, under a thick coating of snow, is ten degrees warmer than the air immediately above the snow.

Tough Spider Webs.

Some of the spiders of Java have webs so strong that a knife is required to cut them.

ROAD BUILDING

GUARD AGAINST ROAD ABUSE

Some Punishment Should Be Meted Out to Those Who Deliberately Cut Up Highways Built for Public.

You bought and paid for the road that runs by your doorway and the other roads in your township and county. That is, you paid your part in building the highway. If you are a property owner you paid that part directly in so many dollars and cents of road and bridge tax. If you are a renter you are not escaping. You are paying in rent and indirectly.

The road is your road. If it is cut up by the hauling of heavy loads on narrow-tired wagons you will have to stand for the trouble and discomfort of next winter, when the ruts are hub-deep. If you permit heavy rains to scour out the foundations of a wooden culvert and that culvert finally falls in or is washed out, you, as one of the daily users of that road, will be inconvenienced.

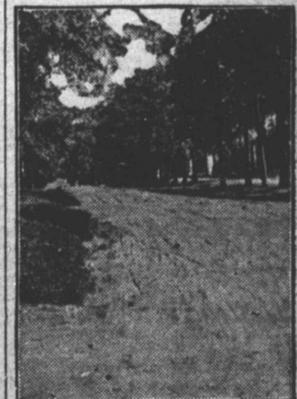
Most of our roads are dirt highways, writes H. S. Sullivan of Missouri in Farm Progress. Only a small, a very small, percentage of the highways of this country are "hard roads." One hundred years from now we may have the beautiful "metal" highways such as are found in the older European countries, but this is a big land of ours. It is a country of magnificent distances, and the rock and concrete roads are going to be built very slowly.

It is the dirt highway that suffers from carelessness. Two or three men in a neighborhood can spoil more miles of highway than the remainder of the community can build. They are abusers of what other men build. They will pile on the heaviest load it is possible to pull and they never use the wide-tired vehicles that might help the wagon track stand up under the big loads.

Good or bad weather is all the same to them if they have something they want hauled. The sensible man knows that the use of a dirt road for heavy hauling in bad weather will spoil the highway. He won't do any teaming that he can avoid, but the road butcher will go right ahead. He will spoil his own roads and the roads of others.

There ought to be some punishment provided for the man who will deliberately cut up the roadway built by the community for the use of the whole community and paid for with the public money. Some states have laws providing punishment for the man who overloads, who uses "skidding logs," who fills mudholes full of old rails, chunks and poles, and who will pile a wheelbarrow full of rocks in a rut, to become a menace to all vehicles as soon as the road dries off.

But these laws are seldom enforced. Not from any lack of offenders or from the lack of knowledge as to just who the offenders are. Good people are afraid to complain against such men. They are found in every neighborhood and they go along for years in a domineering, overbearing manner, working all manner of injustices because they have their "bluff in" on the community. They are the gentry whose cattle are rogues, whose fences are "sheep killers," and who are known in the neighborhood as "bad men to have trouble with."



Good Road in Georgia.

ers," and who are known in the neighborhood as "bad men to have trouble with."

Most of our dirt roads are so abused in winter that they have to be partially rebuilt in the spring. This eats up the road tax and the days of road work that might be expected to make the roads of this year better than those of last. Late fall, winter and early spring are the seasons when the roads should be guarded against abuse. Why not try a policy of "road conservation" in your neighborhood this year?

Bridges Should Be Painted.

Recent investigations of the Illinois state highway department indicate that few highway steel bridges in that state are painted after their final completion and acceptance. Very serious corrosion results and is illustrated in a number of cases, says the Engineering Record. A serious factor in the corrosion of iron and steel is the use of salt to clear the roadway of snow and ice. This was considered at least partly responsible for the bad condition of truss members in a bridge fifteen years old.

Fundamental Principles of Health

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M.D.

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MANUFACTURE OF MALT.

The more we investigate the causes which have made each individual what he is today the more we become convinced that every being has affiliations which link him with the whole past; that there is a continuity of germ plasma and also of protoplasm which goes back to the very beginning of life on this globe; and that if we could only know all the factors which are concerned in producing any single organism, however simple it might be, in all its relations and proportions, we could explain the universe from top to bottom and evolve an infallible remedy for all our ills. Consequently the study of the beginning of life in any organism is immensely interesting and illuminating to such of us as are not egotists and do not insist on learning in the most expensive of all schools—that of personal experience. Hence, the open minded study of the manufacture of malt should be most suggestive and instructive.

Any live seed or grain can be malted; and barley, oats, rice, wheat, rye and maize are used, but because of its flavor and other important qualities barley is the prime favorite for this purpose. The average time required to malt barley is 12 days. The operation is started by "steeping" or soaking the barley corns in tanks of water for about forty-eight to seventy hours.

After the barley is removed from the steeping tanks it is made up into rectangular heaps sixteen to twenty inches deep known as position No. 1, or the "couch," the object of this being to enable it to gather heat and start active germination. It usually remains in couch twelve to twenty-four hours, or until the interior of the heap registers a temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit. At this point the barley is moved to position No. 2, or "young floor," and there thinly and evenly spread in order that it may be controlled. When germination begins enzymes are secreted and these act on the reserve material, starch and proteins of the endosperm, converting them into simpler compounds, capable of diffusing to various parts of the growing germ. When germination is allowed to proceed, as it does when the grain is planted in the soil, the whole of the contents is rendered soluble by degrees and in turn are assimilated by the growing plantlet.

But the limited germination which constitutes the malting process retains all the soluble compounds in the finished malt. Starch and the proteins are reformed, the former being deposited in the tissues of the germ and the cells of the scutellum which previously were almost free from starch; the protein matter deposited in the latter disappears to a considerable extent and the protoplasmic content of the cells constituting the root which protrudes from the base of the grain. It is at this stage that the barley is said by malsters to "chit." The first sign of "chitting" may take place either while the grain is on the couch or on the young floor. The grain is thickened or thinned, turned over and ever sprinkled with water, according to the malster's judgment and skill in regulating the evaporation and the rise of temperature, the object being to aerate and stimulate the development of the germ.

After the first rootlet has broken through the ends of the sheath it is followed by others until there are perhaps five or more. The cotyledonary sheath, or seed leaf, begins to elongate on the third or fourth day of germination and ruptures the true covering of the grain; it then grows upward between this and the husk and forms the acrospire or "sprout" of the maltster.

About the eighth day the grain is moved to position No. 3, known as "old floor," where it is spread thinly and slowly allowed to dry for the purpose of withering its roots. At this stage the acrospire should be about three-fourths the distance up the corn. The treatment now requires thickening the piece up to about ten inches. The rootlets now having withered and died off, the temperature increase resulting from thickening the grain pile is accompanied by little if any increase in the growth of the acrospire, the action being confined chiefly to the mellowing of the grain by the enzymes. Under normal conditions the temperature in "old piece" is allowed to rise as high as about seventy degrees during the six hours previous to loading it into the kiln. At this stage the moisture content is about forty per cent and it is easily possible to break down the corn between the thumb and finger; the grain is soft, mealy and soluble; it is mostly digested. The next stage consists in loading the malt into the kiln and there thoroughly drying it to stop all further digestion, then roasting it for the desired flavor.

Animal life is but a continuation of plant life, a part of a cycle and a cycle in which the animal depends

ent on the plant, not the plant on the animal. Animal life cannot exist without plants. Therefore, in consuming deficient plant food, we are cutting our life chain.

In this fact will be found the reason for the effectiveness of malt tonics in low states of vitality. Costing practically all these vital elements, malt supplies in part what our food has been deficient in, and is exceedingly valuable as an emergency food, but it has been found that these concentrated malt syrups, if taken for any material period, as they must be to secure results, soon pall on the appetite and produce unpleasant feelings in the digestive tract. Highly concentrated foods are not normal food, and we are not adjusted to assimilate such matter. Good health is simply a period of growth or development that continues so long as the environment is normal. Complete natural food is the most important factor in our environment, and such food is only to be found in natural combinations in the plants and in the organisms normally developed therefrom.

HORMONES.

Taken from the Greek language and meaning to arouse or excite, the word "hormones" is intended to designate a series of chemical bodies manufactured within the cells of one organ and entering the circulation to excite or stimulate distant organs into activity.

It has generally been supposed that the digestive functions were carried on solely under reflex nerve control. But Edkins in 1906 carried out a series of experiments to determine whether a chemical mechanism may not also account for the secretion of gastric juice, which is excited by the introduction of substances into the stomach. In a series of carefully controlled observations it was proved that the mere introduction of a neutral solution into the stomach caused no secretion of gastric juice and that there was no absorption of the solution, the fluid removed at the end of an hour having the same bulk and the same neutral reaction as the solution originally introduced.

The injection of pepsine, of acid, of broth, or of dextrin into the blood stream produced no secretion of gastric juice, but if in the course of the hour during which the fluid was allowed to remain in the stomach a solution made by boiling mucous membrane from the pyloric end of a stomach with water, or with acid, or with pepsine, was injected into the blood stream at intervals of about ten minutes, then the fluid withdrawn from the stomach at the end of the hour was found to be distinctly acid and to have protein digestive powers—that is to say, it now contained hydrochloric acid and pepsin.

Similar solutions made from the cardiac end of the stomach will not produce any secretion of acid and pepsin, and this is held to prove that the pyloric end of the stomach produces a substance which is absorbed into the blood stream and carried to all the glands of the stomach, where it acts as a specific excitant of their secretory activity. This substance has been called the gastric "secretin"—it is what Starling named a "hormone."

Normal gastric secretion appears to be due to two co-operating factors. The first and most important is the secretion arising from nerve impulses produced through the pneumogastric nerve and originating in the idea of food in the higher parts of the brain, from the sight of food and by the stimulating of the mucous membranes of the mouth. The second factor provides for the continued secretion of gastric juice long after the mental effects have disappeared. This is chemical and depends on the production in the cells at the pyloric end of the stomach of a specific stimulant or hormone, which being absorbed into the blood is carried to all parts of the body, where it excites the glands concerned in the digestive act.

The researches of Pawlow and others seem to indicate that the quantity and the properties of the secretions vary with the character of the food eaten. The quantity of the secretion varies also, other conditions being the same, with the amount of food to be digested.

On a given diet the secretion assumes certain characteristics and Pawlow is convinced that further work will disclose that the secretion of the stomach is not caused normally by general stimuli affecting it all alike but by specific stimuli contained either in the food or produced during digestion from the food contents the action of which is of such a kind as to arouse reflexly the secretion best adapted to the particular food ingested. Undoubtedly this is due to the hormones in the circulation.

Another significant hint of this action is furnished by the experiments of Starling and Lane-Clayton, on the mammary glands. These investigators found that the extracts made from the body of the fetus when injected repeatedly into the blood stream of a virgin rabbit caused a genuine development of the mammary glands, closely simulating the growth that normally occurs during pregnancy. Similar extracts made from ovaries, placental and uterine tissues had no such effect; hence, they conclude that a specific chemical substance, a hormone, is produced in the fetus itself which being absorbed into the maternal blood acts upon the mammary gland, stimulating it to growth.

There is indisputable evidence of the existence of similar bodies which determine the secretory activity both of the liver as well as of the intestinal glands.

For the LITTLE ONES

SLEDDING ON SINGLE RUNNER

New Style of Coaster is Built Great Deal Like Skatemobile—Has an Auxiliary Runner.

A new style of sledding will be introduced during the coming winter, which will no doubt be heartily received, as it promises to be speedier than toboggan or snowshoes. It might be termed a "one-legged sled," for in the main but one runner will be used. While a second one is provided it is only for occasional use.

The new style of sled is built a great deal like the skatemobile, which has been affected by the small boys of the cities, except in that a runner is supplied instead of the small wheels which were made use of by the small



New Style of Sledding.

boy. The new sled has, besides one log runner or shoe in the center, an auxiliary runner, which is adjustable, and which may be raised out of the way when coasting down grade. The smaller runner is dropped only when the speed declines to the point that the sled refuses to maintain its upright position by reason of its momentum. The new sled will carry one or two persons. The operator stands on the runner and has a convenient handle to hold and to aid him in guiding the machine, which is done largely by swaying the body from one side to the other. The new style of sledding promises to be very exhilarating.

DANGERS OF DOING NOTHING

Every Boy Should Practice Self-Criticism—Idleness is One of Habits Disclosed.

The harm of doing nothing is seldom realized. But it means going backward. Or, if it means floating along to somewhere, it also means getting soaked and heavy and finally sinking out of sight. Every boy should adopt Secretary Redfield's advice to business men—to practice self-criticism; to find out if anything is the matter, and then correct it, says Ohio State Journal.

We suspect if every boy and girl would undergo a little self-examination they would find idleness was one of their habits. And they are apt also to think it is an innocent habit; but it is not; it is a dangerous habit. Remember the old saying that the devil always finds something for idle hands to do, and that something is evil always.

Now, work is not always struggle with one's hands. It does not always make one perspire and get short of breath. If a person thinks of things that are true, if he builds up noble ideals, if he plans enterprises of good will, if he makes use of his spirit in forming fine resolutions—this is not idling.

The test for idleness is very easy. When one wastes his time he is idle; when he does not utilize thought and deed to make his life better he is idling. Teaching a boy to value his time is the best lesson that can be given him.

German Army's Wireless.
Wireless telegraphy plays an important part in the German army. The thoroughness with which the Germans have adapted the wireless to military use is but another example of their marvelous military efficiency. Portable wireless telegraph outfits have been developed that are far more compact than those in use in other armies of the world. The German field set is carried in either a light automobile or on a motorcycle side car. These short-range outfits will send and receive over an average distance of thirty-five miles.—American Boy.

Good Investment.
If one of the boys on the farm shows a decided talent for tinkering with the machinery around the place, \$50 invested in tools and a corner of the barn fixed up as a workshop will not only satisfy his ambition to a great extent but save a lot of money in the repairs that he will make on the farm tools.

Usually.
"Do you know where the little boys go who don't put their Sunday school money in the plate?"
"Yes'm—to the movies."—American Boy.

BOY HAS ONE GRAND VOYAGE

Little Trip to End of Boat's Chain Made Deeper Impression Than Trip Round the World.

There was a boy whose father kept a small newspaper and tobacco shop and sent him out with the papers every morning. One morning the boy stopped when he came to the Old Canal dock, where he had to deliver a paper at the office. The dock was full of barges of rusty scrap iron, moored close to an old-style barkentine.

"What wouldn't I give to get into the dockkeeper's boat," he thought, "and go on a great voyage to the nearest barge!" The wish was too strong to be put off. He ran quickly down the steps, got into the boat, pushed it out to the length of its rope, three or four yards, and then let it drift slowly back. Each time he did this he drew a deep breath and said: "That's fine; I might be in Valparaiso harbor, at the other end of the world!"

Presently the dockman came along "Hi there," said he, "you clear out of that." The boy had to clear out then and make off, but the breath of adventure and the taste of the sea were on him, and one winter night he managed to run away and hide himself in a cargo-boat and shipped for the Black sea.

After that he sailed right out round the world, and saw all its wonders—black men, red men, yellow men, the earthquake at St. Pierre, the Chinese fighting at Peking, the sharks in Delagoa bay; and once his ship ran into a French whaler 500 miles S.S.E. from Newfoundland and the men had to take to the boats, and twice he was wrecked.

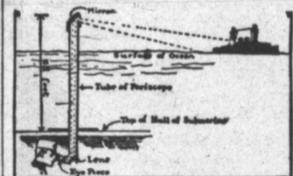
Well, at the end of it all he shipped on a steamer that was docked as luck would have it at the Old Canal dock. Next day he stood on the wharf steps and looked at the boat.

"By gum!" he said, "I have sailed round the world and seen sights, but never had such a grand voyage as that I took to the end of the boat chain and back when I was a paper boy."—London Fables by Ernest Rhys, in the Sphere.

AID FOR MODERN SUBMARINE

Periscope Enables Operator to Observe What is Passing on Surface of Water Above Him.

The modern submarine is effective only because those within the vessel are able to look over the surface of the sea in all directions, even though the submarine is beneath the surface of the water. The periscope makes this possible and so it deserves to be called the eye of the submarine. The periscope is a straight, hollow tube that rises from the steering compartment of the vessel and reaches above



The Submarine's Eye.

the water when the submarine is lying just beneath the surface. As the periscope is but six inches in diameter and rises but 18 inches above the water, it is almost invisible. The rays of light enter the opening in the side of the tube at the top and are reflected downward to a lens at the bottom, which focuses them and gathers the rays into an eye-piece through which the operator is enabled to see what is passing on the surface above him. The total length of the periscope on the ordinary submarine is about 15 feet.—American Boy.

"Something Else Beautiful."
A little girl named Hilda and her mother stood one cold winter morning looking out upon the landscape, in which everything was covered with an icy armor that sparkled with glittering beauty in the sunshine.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Hilda.

"Yes," answered her mother, "but it will be all gone before noon time."

The little girl was quiet for a moment as she gazed upon the fairylike scene that lay stretched out before her. Then she looked up and said brightly, "Never mind, mother; there'll be something else beautiful tomorrow."

What a charming thought was uttered by that little girl in those words! What a comfort it is to know that though some beautiful things may pass away, God will send others just as beautiful to take their place.—Selected.

Learning by Seeing.
There is no better way to learn than observation. That is what 29 of the farmer boys living near Altoona, Pa., thought when they set out to visit some model farms. They were from fourteen to eighteen years of age, and walked four days visiting model farms. One day they walked 24 miles. They boarded themselves and lived on an average of 80 cents a day.—Boys' World.

A Case of Necessity.
Ethel used to play a good deal in Sunday school, but one day she had been so good that the teacher said in praise:
"Ethel, my dear, you have been a very good girl today."
"Yeth'm," responded Ethel, "I couldn't help it. I dot a tiff neck."

Hints to Farmers

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

As you sell your grain, stock or produce, place your money on open account with a reliable Bank.

Pay your bills by check which makes the best kind of a receipt, and avoid the worry and danger attending the carrying of large sums of money.

Our offices are always at the disposal of our customers and friends.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CANYON

CAPITAL, \$50,000. SURPLUS \$10,000.

SEE THE

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For the superior kind of

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Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds

Best Grades of Nigger Head and Maitland Coal

TERMS CASH

Plainview Nursery

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

Agents Wanted to Sell on Commission

Plainview Nursery

PLAINVIEW TEXAS

TOO MANY CHILDREN

are under-size, under-weight with pinched faces and poor blood; they do not complain but appetite lags, they have no ambition and do not progress.

Such children need the rich medicinal nourishment in Scott's Emulsion above everything else; its pure cod liver oil contains nature's own blood-forming, flesh-building fats which quickly show in rosy cheeks, better appetite, firm flesh and sturdy frames.

If your children are languid, tired when rising, catch cold easily or find their studies difficult, give them Scott's Emulsion; it supplies the very food elements that their systems lack.

Scott's Emulsion contains no alcohol and is so good for growing children it's a pity to keep it from them.

14-47 Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. Y.

The Home Merchant

The home merchant. Who is he? He is the chap who gives you credit when you are financially broke, and carries your account until you are able to pay.

He is the chap who gives you back your money or makes exchanges when you are not satisfied with what you have bought.

He is the chap who stands behind his guaranty, and makes restoration of all losses you may sustain on the goods you buy.

He is the chap who meets you at the door with a handshake, and lets you out with a message to the "kids," and a real come again goodbye.

He is the chap who meets and greets you on the street every day in the year, and takes a neighborly interest in your family and affairs.

He is the chap whose clerks and bookkeepers and other employees live in Canyon and spend their money with you and with other Canyon people.

He is the chap who pays heavy taxes to help support Canyon schools, and build Canyon streets, and maintain fire and lighting and water service.

He is the chap who helps support Canyon churches and charity organizations, and Canyon lodges and commercial club, and talks for Canyon and boosts for Canyon every day in the year.

He is the chap who visits you when you are sick, sends flowers to your family when you die, and follows your body out among the trees and tombs as far as human feet may travel with the dead.

He is the home merchant—your neighbor—your friend—your helper in time of need.

Don't you think that you ought to trade with him, and be his friend and his helper in the time of his need?

Don't you know that every dollar that you send out of Canyon for merchandise, is sent to strangers—to men who never spend a dollar in Canyon, to men who would not trust you for a box of matches, to men who would turn you over to the police if you should enter their offices?

You don't save much, frequently nothing, when you send your money out of Canyon and you take all the risk yourself of getting damaged or inferior goods. And don't you know that the growth and prosperity of Canyon depends very largely upon the growth and prosperity of the home merchants? And our home merchants cannot succeed unless home folks give them loyal support.

The members of the Baptist Ladies Aid met at the parsonage Monday afternoon in a social meeting to get acquainted with their new pastor and his family. Mrs. Sydow sang during the afternoon. The young people of the church met from eight to ten for a social meeting. Punch was served.

J. M. Burkhalter of Happy was in the city Tuesday and shot the date tag on his paper up a year. He says that the News just suits him and he doesn't wish to miss a copy.

Editor J. C. O'Bryan of Thalia attended the Powell recital in the city last night and made the News office a pleasant call yesterday.

W. O. Hopper of Spring Lake, was in the city Sunday.

Miss Cass of Hereford visited this week at the McIntire home.

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 can never without it in the house for I know it is a positive cure for croup." writes Mrs. W. B. McClain, Bismarck, Pa. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

AS A SUPPORT for exhausted, nervous, overworked women, nothing can do so much as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It regulates and assists all the natural functions, never conflicts with them, and it strengthens and builds up the female system in a way of its own.

Nursing mothers and women generally will find it exactly fitted to their needs. It lessens the pains and burdens, and ensures healthy, vigorous offspring.

Mrs. Lizzie Brownson, of 1220 Gould Avenue, Fort Worth, Texas, says: "I can recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to any woman suffering from female trouble or nervousness. I was very nervous and being unable to do my household work, I tried it and began gaining in weight at once."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (1000 pages) cloth binding sent for 21 cents. Address Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

CLASSIFIED ADS

For Sale—Some alfalfa seed. A. Ernest Brown, postoffice box 484. tf

For Sale—1000 pounds Sudan grass seed, 25c pound. Government inspected. Will trade for good hogs. Rector Lester. 43tf

For Sale—A nice home, three blocks east of court house, easy terms. Box 464. 46p4

1000 Agents wanted to sell a self heating and iron. Labor and fuel saver. Pay salary or commission. Agents make \$10.00 to \$15.00 per day. Ladies make good representatives. Imperial Sad Iron Co. Ft. Worth, Texas. Box 285. 46p4

Wanted to Buy—A 3 or 4 room home without lot, also small barn and windmill. Apply to M. Hollenstein, Umbarger, Texas. 47p2

Attention farmers—How about those work teams, isn't it better to have one horse or mule extra than to be one short, in most promising season in last ten years for both crop and good prices. I have for sale one pair geldings 6 and 8 years old both No. 1 farm horses, Wgt. about 1400 lbs. each, price \$300. One span mules coming 4 years old, extra good mules, are broke, wgt. about 2200 lbs. price \$325. One pair mules 4 years old, wgt. about 1800 lbs. are gentle, partly broke, price \$235. One gelding coming 3 years old, gentle, wgt. about 1000 lbs., price \$135. One gelding coming 3 years old, partly broke, price \$125. R. G. Bader, Canyon, Texas. 47p3

For Sale—Bred sows, Paul Flugel, 5 miles northeast of Canyon. 47p3

Wanted to rent—Quarter or half section farm. See Paul Flugel. 47p3

For sale or trade for Umbarger property—Quarter section near Shamrock, Wheeler county, Texas. Apply Leo Stoker, Umbarger, Texas. 47p2

All of Survey No. 104 Certificate No. 898 Block M. 8. for sale. Price \$9000.00, one-half cash, balance 5 years at 6 per cent interest. Inquire of J. M. Bricker, Nevada, Iowa. 47p4

For Sale—Half dozen pure blood Cormish Indian Game cockrels from prize winners in three states. P. O. box 133 Phone 57. tf

LOST—Small square watch fob locket with two photographs. Return to S. B. McClure —48-p2

FOR SALE—Tank and tank house. Phone 176 or address P. O. box 31, Canyon, Texas. —tf

FOR SALE—Incubator. Call News office. —tf

FOR SALE—Three iron safes. Canyon Lumber Co. —tf

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.

Suits Tailored

TWO FOR A QUARTER

With an overstock of woollens, my tailoring house has given me the rare privilege of putting on a great suit sale of two guaranteed all wool suits for \$25. This is the biggest tailored suit value the men of Canyon have ever been offered.

They are hand tailored by Harry R. Clancey, Wholesale Specialty Tailors, of Chicago.

Come and see my line. It costs you nothing to look.

Also a line which sells two for \$33.

Sale Opens Saturday, Feb. 20

Canyon Tailor Shop

J. W. BATES, Prop.

Opposite Post Office

Notice of Loss

The public is hereby notified that fire insurance policy of the St. Paul Fire & Marine Insurance Co., of St. Paul, Minn., Nos. 35301 to 25325 have been either lost or stolen from the office of A. H. Page, Umbarger, Texas, and no liability for loss under above numbered policies will be recognized by the Saint Paul Fire & Marine Insurance Co.

Cravens & Cagle, Managers, 43x3 Houston, Texas.

Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure
The worst cases, no matter 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.

Y. W. C. A. Program for Feb. 21

- Song.
- Prayer.
- Special Music.—Miss Ada Terrill.
- Scripture.—Miss Cora Trowbridge.
- Business Meeting.
- Report on Convention.—Miss Edna Key.
- Group study.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Rev. J. W. Mayne returned home Tuesday from Seymour where he had been attending a meeting of the missionary board. He reports a very pleasant and profitable trip.

Ray McReynolds has been quite ill for the past week but is now recovering.

SEEDS! SEEDS! SEEDS!

Just arrived, a full line of bulk garden seeds. 25 bushels of onion sets; 3 gallons for \$1.00. When the garden fever strikes you come and see our line. It will do you good. More for the money. D. N. REDBURN.—tf

W. J. Wilkerson passed through the city this week on his way from New Mexico to Lindsey, Okla. It will be remembered that he lived here three years ago and his wife died. Mr. Wilkerson had a tomb stone erected at her grave this week.

Roy Moreland returned home yesterday morning from St. Louis where he has been consulting a specialist regarding his eyes. They are much improved.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect The Head
Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXATIVE BROMO 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 R. W. GROVE. 25c.

"A Southern Cinderella"

in 3 acts with
Vaudeville and Specialties
between each act

BY HOME TALENT

Under Auspices of Rebeckah Lodge
At Opera House -- Feb. 20

Curtain Promptly 8:15

Children under 12 - 15c
Adults - - - 25c
Reserved seats - - 35c

Effect of Great Kidney Remedy Is Soon Realized

I feel it my duty to let you know what Swamp-Root did for me. I was bothered with my back for over twenty years and at times I could hardly get out of bed. I read your advertisement and decided to try Swamp-Root. I used five bottles, and it has been five years since I used it, and I have never been bothered a day since I took the last bottle of it. I am thoroughly convinced that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cured me and would recommend to others suffering as I did.

My husband was troubled with kidney and bladder troubles and he took your Swamp-Root and it cured him. This was about five years ago. You may publish this letter if you choose.

Very truly yours,
MRS. MATTIE CAMFIELD,
R.F.D. No. 3 Gobleville, Mich.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th of July, 1908.

ARVIN W. MYERS,
Notary Public.

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

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

(Advertisement)

Attention Investors.

In order to close up an estate I have the following lands for sale in Randall county 166 1-3 acres being the N. W. 1-4 of Sec. No. 63, 1-2 mile south of the public school in Canyon Texas, consisting of 20 acres of up land and 146 acres of valley land. 130 acres of which are now in alfalfa. This would make an ideal location for any one wanting a good farm close to town, and one that will pay a good return on the money invested each year. Price \$80.00 per acre. Also the south half of Sec. No. 74, Block B 5. This land is about 2 miles southeast of the town of Umbarger. Price \$8.00 per acre, bonus. This is a bargain for some man. For further information write,
J. E. BELL,
Waynesville, Ill.

Excursions

Panhandle and S. W. Stockmen convention, El Paso, Texas, March 2 to 4. Tickets on sale Feb. 28, March 1-2-3. Limit March 15. Round trip \$20.35.

Fourth general convention Laymen Miss Movement, Dallas, Texas, Feb 23 to 25. Tickets on sale Feb. 21 and 22. Limit Feb. 27. Fare and one-third round trip.

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

Political Announcements.

For City Marshal—

D. THOMAS
B. T. JOHNSON
J. H. JOWELL

Invigorating to the Pale and Sickly
The old standard general strengthening tonic, Chamberlain's Tablets, drives out the impurities of the blood and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 25c.

I do all kinds of light hauling hauling on quick notice. J. A. Harbison, phone 101.

See Mrs. Hunt at the Leader for plain and fancy sewing. Satisfaction guaranteed; prices reasonable. —48p4

Mrs. Elizabeth Bowen of Lipscomb, is visiting with her daughter at the W. C. Turner home for several weeks.

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

Miss Frankie Gober left Sunday for St. Louis to buy new goods for the Leader.

O. N. Gamble returned Sunday from St. Louis where he has been buying goods for the Supply Co. He reports a very pleasant and profitable trip.

My business is moving. Moving is my business. J. A. Harbison. —tf

Miss Sula Eakman spent Sunday in the city. She is teaching in Amarillo.

Call BOB'S Transfer, phone 79 for bus to trains or any part of the city.

The News has a card from M. S. Park who is spending the winter at Valdosta, Ga., complimenting the stand this paper has taken on the state division proposition.

Light and heavy hauling. Hughes Transfer. Phone 88. 46p4;

J. A. Harbison has taken his moving outfit down by Pete Myers' to move a house for C. O. Keiser to the Black camp.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Steen left Tuesday for California where they will spend three months with their two sons.

See Harbison for moving van, draying, baggage and house moving. Prompt and reliable service. —tf

The Presbyterian church officials have had trees set out on Evelyn street along their church property.

A. S. Starrett of Springfield, Mo., visited with his niece, Miss Betts, who is attending the Normal.

Call 88 for prompt deliver. Hughes Transfer. 46p4

The house M. J. Holloway recently bought has been moved by J. A. Harbison to the Holloway farm west of the city.

J. E. Rogers is in Happy this week assisting in the Happy Hardware Co., while Manager White is taking a vacation.

Mrs. J. E. Rogers was called to Washburn Sunday by the illness of her daughter, Miss Gladys.

Y. M. C. A. Program for Feb. 21

Song—Association.
Scripture—Guy Holt.
Song—Association.
Sentence Prayers.
What the Y. M. C. A. Work is Worth to the Individual—Ira Allen.
How the Y. M. C. A. will Prepare the Students to Help Their Community Upon their Return—Pres. Cousins.
Group study.

Cane Yields Good

E. A. Oberst reports that he rented a piece of ground last year which he planted in cane and has just sold the crop for \$14 per acre. He gave one-third of the crop for rent. The land had been bought by the present owner for a price but slightly over the yield of this year, and only a couple of crops like this will pay for it. Come to the Panhandle this year before land raises more in value.

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.

SEVERE PUNISHMENT

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

—Ml. Airy, N. C.—Mrs. Sarah M. Chappell of this town, says: "I suffered for five years with womanly troubles, also stomach troubles, and my punishment was more than any one could tell. I tried most every kind of medicine, but none did me any good. I read one day about Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I decided to try it. I had not taken but about six bottles until I was almost cured. It did me more good than all the other medicines I had tried, put together."

My friends began asking me why I looked so well, and I told them about Cardui. Several are now taking it. Do you, lady reader, suffer from any of the ailments due to womanly trouble, such as headache, backache, sideache, sleeplessness, and that everlasting tired feeling? If so, let us urge you to give Cardui a trial. We feel confident it will help you, just as it has a million other women in the past half century. Begin taking Cardui to-day. You won't regret it. All druggists.

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



Mesdames Cousins and Terrill entertained the Merry Maids and Matron club at the Cousins home Thursday afternoon from three to six. The house was decorated with valentine decorations. Refreshments of marshmallow salad, olives, sandwiches and coffee were served. The guests of the club were Mesdames Marquis, Reid, Stilwell, Allen, Hill, Harrison, Blaine, Clements, Sydow, Lester, Stewart, Mayne, Hanna, Reeves, Stafford and Misses Rambo, Ritchie, Cofer, Hudspeth, Lamb, Malone, Harrison, Thompson, Hibbetts, Kline. Mrs. Luke and Miss Kline sang several beautiful selections during the afternoon.

The members of the Methodist Senior League had a social meeting at the Park home Saturday evening. Valentine decorations were used and valentine games were played. Punch, nut sandwiches, tea and coffee were served.

The members of the Thimble Club met with Mrs. Nixon Wednesday afternoon. The afternoon was spent with needle work. Mesdames L. S. Carter and Buckingham were guests of the club.

Mrs. Craig entertained the 1915 Needle Club yesterday afternoon. The afternoon was spent very pleasantly at fancy work.

Refreshments of hot chocolate and wafers were served. The club will meet in two weeks at the home of Mrs. Bertha Thomas, with Mrs. M. F. Garner and Mrs. A. E. Haney entertaining.

R. McGee was in Amarillo Saturday.

Mrs. Long of Sweetwater has been visiting the past week with her sister, Mrs. Winn, who is ill.

Hughes Transfer handles all kinds of heavy draying. 46p4

Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne arrived from Hereford with their household goods and will live in the Oscar Hunt house on East Houston Street.

J. L. McReynolds is driving a new Overland car, of which he is as proud as a little boy with his first pair of red topped boots.

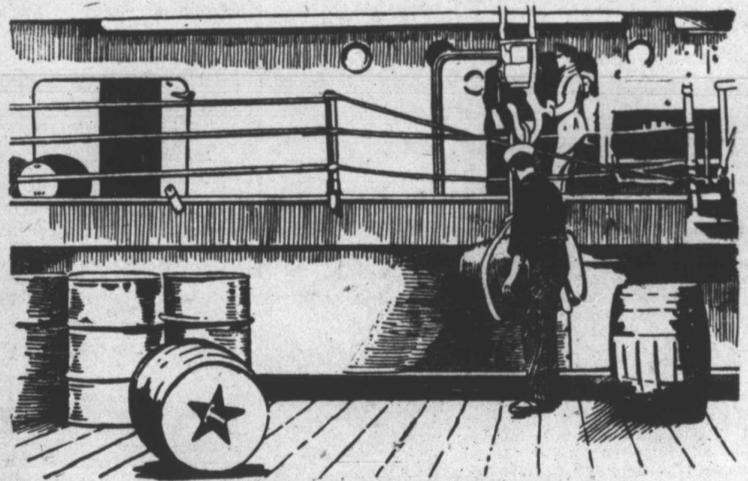
Brightening up time! Get your paint, glass and wall paper of S. V. Wirt. Best line in the city. —tf

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Schiee are here from Iowa, where they were married Dec. 28.

New Goods New Goods New Goods
COMING IN EVERY DAY

By the last of the week our stock of merchandise will be complete. We have purchased a much larger stock this season than has been our custom to carry, and are exceptionally proud of the bargains we have to offer you. Competition in the markets this season was much keener than heretofore, owing to the enormous stocks and the limited demand for merchandise in most parts of the county, which enabled us to buy at greatly reduced prices. In fact the prices we can make you this season will put Sears & Roebuck off the map, and we expect a nice business out of Amarillo, Umbarger and other neighboring towns this season. Please compare our prices with theirs. All we ask is a chance to show you our goods. We appreciate your business.

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



Outside Evidence

A newspaper photographer was busy at the Boston Navy Yard securing photos of the battleships getting ready for Mexican service, and the picture above is one he secured for his paper.

It would have been impossible for us to get such evidence of Texaco quality and service, so we secured one of the pictures from the photographer.

Naturally, active service means hard usage, difficulties and dangers. So there is keener inspection of stores and more microscopic examination of goods.

It is quite natural, therefore, for the photographer to have snapped his camera just as Texaco Products were being hoisted aboard the U. S. S. "Nebraska."

Texaco Quality and Service are known where the demand is for high quality and careful, prompt service.

Look for the Texaco Products in your own town. You can recognize them by the Red-Star-Green-T emblem of "made in Texas" fame.

They are just as valuable for you as they are for the navy. See our agent.

The Texas Company
General Offices, Houston, Texas



BC
SCARLET PLAGUE
 BY **JACK LONDON**
 COPYRIGHT 1914 BY PULCHER NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATE

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"But I am ahead of my story. When the great exodus from the cities around San Francisco bay began, and while the telephones were still working, I talked with my brother. I told him this flight from the cities was insanity, that there were no symptoms of the plague in me, and that the thing for us to do was to isolate ourselves and our relatives in some safe place. We decided on the Chemistry building, at the university, and we planned to lay in a supply of provisions, and by force of arms to prevent any other persons from forcing their presence upon us after we had retired to our refuge.

"All this being arranged, my brother begged me to stay in my own house for at least twenty-four hours more, on the chance of the plague developing in me. To this I agreed, and he promised to come for me next day. We talked over the details of the provisioning and the defending of the Chemistry building until the telephone died. It died in the midst of our conversation. That evening there were no electric lights, and I was alone in my house in the darkness. No more newspapers were being printed, so I had no knowledge of what was taking place outside. I heard sounds of rioting and of pistol shots, and from my windows I could see the glare on the sky of some conflagration in the direction of Oakland. It was a night of terror. I did not sleep a wink. A man—why and how I do not know—was killed on the sidewalk in front of the house. I heard the rapid reports of an automatic pistol, and a few minutes later the wounded wretch crawled up to my door, moaning and crying out for help. Arming myself with two automatics, I went to him. By the light of a match I ascertained that while he was dying of the bullet wounds, at the same time the plague was on him. I fled indoors, whence I heard him moan and cry out for half an hour longer.

"In the morning my brother came to me. I had gathered into a handbag what things of value I proposed taking, but when I saw his face I knew that he would never accompany me to the Chemistry building. The plague was on him. He intended shaking my hand, but I went back hurriedly before him.

"Look at yourself in the mirror," I commanded.

"My God!" he said. "I've got it. Don't come near me! I'm a dead man."

"Then the convulsions seized him. He was two hours in dying, and was conscious to the last, complaining about the coldness and loss of sensation in his feet, his calves, his thighs, until at last it was his heart and he was dead.

"That was the way the Scarlet Death slew. I caught up my handbag and fled. The sights in the streets were terrible. One stumbled on bodies everywhere. Some were not yet dead. And even as you looked you saw men sink down, with the death fastened upon them. There were numerous fires burning in Berkeley, while Oakland and San Francisco were apparently being swept by vast conflagrations. The smoke from the burning filled the heavens, so that the midday was a gloomy twilight, and, in the shifts of wind, sometimes the sun shone through dimly, a dull red orb. Truly, my grandsons, it was like the last days of the end of the world.

"There were numerous stalled motor cars, showing that the gasoline and the engine supplies of the garages had given out. I remember one such car. A man and a woman lay back dead in the seats, and on the pavement near it were two more women and a child. Strange and terrible sights there were on every hand. People slipped by silently, furtively, like ghosts—white-faced women carrying infants in their arms; fathers leading children by the hand; singly, and in couples, and in families—all fleeing out of the city of death. Some carried supplies of food, others blankets and valuables, and there were many who carried nothing.

"There was a grocery store—a place where food was sold. The man to whom it belonged—I knew him well—a quiet, sober, but stupid and obstinate fellow, was defending it. The windows and doors had been broken in, but he, inside, hiding behind a counter, was discharging his pistol at a number of men on the sidewalk who were breaking in. In the entrance were several bodies—of men, I decided, whom he had killed earlier in the day. Even as I looked on from a distance, I saw one of the robbers break the windows of an adjoining store, a place where shoes were sold, and deliberately set fire to it. I did not go to the groceryman's assistance. The time for such acts had already passed. Civilization was crumbling, and it was each for himself.

"I went away hastily, down a cross street, and at the first corner I saw another tragedy. Two men, of the working class had caught a man and a woman with two children, and were

robbing them. I knew the man by sight, though I had not been introduced to him. He was a poet whose verses I had long admired. Yet I did not go to his help, for at the moment I came upon the scene there was a pistol shot, and I saw him sinking to the ground. The woman screamed, and she was felled by a flat blow by one of the brutes. I cried out threateningly, whereupon they discharged their pistols at me, and I ran away around the corner. Here I was blocked by an advancing conflagration. The buildings on both sides were burning, and the street was filled with smoke and flame. From somewhere in that murk came a woman's voice calling shrilly for help. But I did not go to her. A man's heart turned to iron amid such scenes, and one heard all too many appeals for help.

"Returning to the corner, I found the two robbers were gone. The poet and his wife lay dead on the pavement. It was a shocking sight. The two children had vanished—whether I could not tell. And I knew, now, why it was that the fleeing persons I encountered slipped along so furtively and with such white faces. In the midst of our civilization, down in our slums and labor ghettos, we had bred a race of barbarians, of savages; and now, in the time of our calamity, they turned upon us like the wild beasts they were and destroyed us. And they destroyed themselves as well. They inflamed themselves with strong drink and committed a thousand atrocities, quarrelling and killing one another in the general madness. One group of workmen I saw, of the better sort, who had banded together, and, with their women and children in their midst, the sick and aged in litters and being carried, and with a number of horses pulling a truckload of provisions, they were fighting their way out of the city. They made a fine spectacle as they came down the street through the drifting smoke, though they nearly shot me when I first appeared in their path. As they went by, one of their leaders shouted out to me in apologetic explanation. He said they were killing the robbers and



All Fleeing Out of the City of Death.

looters on sight, and that they had thus banded together as the only means by which to escape the prowlers.

"It was here that I saw for the first time what I was soon to see so often. One of the marching men had suddenly shown the unmistakable mark of the plague. Immediately those about him drew away, and he, without a remonstrance, stepped out of his place to let them pass on. A woman, most probably his wife, attempted to follow him. She was leading a little boy by the hand. But the husband commanded her sternly to go on, while others laid hands on her and restrained her from following him. This I saw, and I saw the man also, with his scarlet blaze of face, step into a doorway on the opposite side of the street. I heard the report of his pistol, and saw him sink lifeless to the ground.

"After being turned aside twice again by advancing fires, I succeeded in getting through to the university. On the edge of the campus I came upon a party of university folk who were going in the direction of the Chemistry building. They were all family men, and their families were with them, including the nurses and the servants. Professor Badminton greeted me, and I had difficulty in recognizing him. Somewhere he had gone through flames, and his beard was

singed off. About his head was a bloody bandage, and his clothes were filthy. He told me he had been cruelly beaten by prowlers, and that his brother had been killed the previous night, in the defense of their dwelling.

"Midway across the campus, he pointed suddenly to Mrs. Swinton's face. The unmistakable scarlet was there. Immediately all the other women set up a screaming and began to run away from her. Her two children were with a nurse, and these also ran with the women. But her husband, Doctor Swinton, remained with her.

"Go on, Smith," he told me. "Keep an eye on the children. As for me, I shall stay with my wife. I know she is as already dead, but I can't leave her. Afterward, if I escape, I shall come to the Chemistry building, and do you watch for me and let me in."

"I left him bending over his wife and soothing her last moments, while I ran to overtake the party. We were the last to be admitted to the Chemistry building. After that, with our automatic rifles we maintained our isolation. By our plan we had arranged for a company of sixty to be in this refuge. Instead, every one of the number originally planned had added relatives and friends and whole families until there were over four hundred souls. But the Chemistry building was large, and, standing by itself, was in no danger of being burned by the great fires that raged everywhere in the city.

"A large quantity of provisions had been gathered, and a food committee took charge of it, issuing rations daily to the various families and groups that arranged themselves into messes. A number of committees were appointed, and we developed a very efficient organization. I was on the committee of defense, though for the first day no prowlers came near. We could see them in the distance, however, and by the smoke of their fires knew that several camps of them were occupying the far edge of the campus. Drunkenness was rife, and often we heard them singing ribald songs or insanely shouting. While the world crashed to ruin about them and all the air was filled with the smoke of its burning, these low creatures gave rein to their bestiality and fought and drank and died. And after all, what did it matter? Everybody died anyway, the good and the bad, the efficient and the weak, those that loved to live and those that scorned to live. They passed. Everything passed.

"When twenty-four hours had gone by and no signs of the plague were apparent, we congratulated ourselves and set about digging a well. You have seen the great iron pipes which in those days carried water to all the city dwellers. We feared that the fires in the city would burst the pipes and empty the reservoirs. So we tore up the cement floor of the central court of the Chemistry building and dug a well. There were many young men, undergraduates, with us, and we worked night and day on the well. And our fears were confirmed. Three hours before we reached water, the pipes went dry.

"A second twenty-four hours passed, and still the plague did not appear among us. We thought we were saved. But we did not know what I afterward decided to be true, namely, that the period of the incubation of the plague germs in a human body was a matter of a number of days. It slew so swiftly when once it manifested itself that we were led to believe that the period of incubation was equally swift. So, when two days had left us unscathed, we were elated with the idea that we were free of the contagion.

"But the third day disillusioned us. I can never forget the night preceding it. I had charge of the night guards from eight to twelve, and from the roof of the building I watched the passing of all man's glorious works. So terrible were the local conflagrations that all the sky was lighted up. One could read the finest print in the red glare. All the world seemed wrapped in flames. San Francisco spouted smoke and fire from a score of vast conflagrations that were like so many active volcanoes. Oakland, San Leandro, Hayward—all were burning; and to the northward, clear to Point Richmond, other fires were at work. It was an awe-inspiring spectacle. Civilization, my grandsons, civilization was passing in a sheet of flame and a breath of death. At ten o'clock that night, the great powder magazines at Point Pinole exploded in rapid succession. So terrific were the concussions that the strong building rocked as in an earthquake, while every pane of glass was broken. It was then that I left the roof and went down the long corridors, from room to room, quieting the alarmed women and telling them what had happened.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Remembered Toast.

In the '50s I was in Washington at a dinner given by Senator Dawson of Georgia, writes a correspondent of the New York Sun. A number of guests were present, among them being the noted actor, James A. Murdoch. Toasts were given, and the host requested that Murdoch recite Richard Brinsley Sheridan's toast, viz.:

The World:
 We came into it, naked and bare;
 We go through it with sorrow and care;
 When we die, we go, God knows where;
 If we are thoroughbreds here,
 We'll be thoroughbreds there;
 If we are scoundrels here,
 We'll be scoundrels there.

This toast was recited with his unsurpassed elocutionary power and graceful manner, and left a memory that has been with me for years.

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

FIGURE OF GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS OVERSHADOWS CZAR



THE CZARINA



GRAND DUCHESS OLGA



GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS



THE CZAR AND THE CZARVITCH

THE war has made the czar a changed man. Instead of the invisible aristocrat, concealed from his people behind great palace walls, enormous parks and files of Imperial guards, protected with infinite care from the assassin, he has become almost a democratic ruler.

Everywhere he appears among his people and among his soldiers, returning their greetings, blessing them and encouraging them. Discretion is thrown to the winds. Several times he has penetrated to the battlefields of Poland and would have exposed himself to the shrapnel of the Prussians had not his entourage skillfully rendered this impossible.

His dress is simple and he is often seen in peasant garb—that is a suit of some fine material cut in peasant blouse style, a manly-looking costume of which the true Russian is very proud.

More remarkable still, the queen, always before the most exclusive of royalty, has gone among her people, visiting the sick and wounded. The Russians scarcely knew her before.

There is in all this ostensible activity a little more than the desire to arouse and encourage the fighting nation. There is more, for instance, than inspired the visit of King George to his troops in Flanders. This extra element is anxiety, a lively fear and not of German howitzers. The victories of Russian arms have their sweetness mixed with bitterness for the czar and his family.

Why? The reason is none other than the majestic figure of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholavitch, the commander in chief of the Muscovite forces. The czar has long suffered by physical comparison with his soldier cousin—now he suffers in a more serious way.

If ever there was a king in looks it is Nicholas Nicholavitch. He is full six feet six inches in his stockings, lean but graceful, with a head in which the keenest intelligence is combined with vast dignity and force.

When he is with the czar the latter by comparison is weak and insignificant looking, a coddled monarch. In secret the czar's subjects are not slow to speak of this and many avow history of the past twenty-five years would have been far different if this tall Mars had been in his cousin's place, that the humiliation of the defeat by Japan would have been spared the proud Russians.

It has to be remembered that the commander in chief has taken his commission to make him dictator of Russia. The proclamations to the Poles and the Jews promising liberties in exchange for loyalty during the war were not signed by the czar, but by Nicholas Nicholavitch. This was astonishing in itself and many have maintained made the promises null and void because the promising party would never have the power, if he had the wish, to carry out his obligations to the oppressed peoples.

Yet, would the czar dare to oppose his victorious general by refusing to grant a request to carry out these promises? Such an issue might prove a popular one for Nicholas Nicholavitch.

The history of Grand Duke Nicholas begins in an unhappy youth. He clung to his German mother, whose Russian husband had woefully wronged her and ruined the family fortune. But come to manhood, he followed straight in his father's footsteps, for the parent was one of Czar Alexander I's famous field marshals, who many times had scourged the enemies of Russia.

Alexander III was not especially fond of the young Grand Duke Nicholas, for noble and peasant alike consciously or unconsciously gave more homage to this splendid giant than to the three sprawling, dull sons of the ruler. He ordered that the grand duke's army activities must be limited to the cavalry—but the only result was seen to be told that his horsemen, thanks to

Nicholas Nicholavitch, were now the best in Europe!

Meantime the Nicholas' family life was not free from the scandal which so often has made the title "grand duke" a reproach. He first married the middle-aged widow of a wealthy trader. He did not bring her to court, but left her at Moscow, where she would be safe from the slights her extraction might earn her in higher company. She died and her husband, now a rich man, only too quickly wedded the Princess Anastasia of Montenegro, with whom he had long been in love. It was while she was the wife of another man, the duke of Leuchtenberg, that Nicholas Nicholavitch wooed and won her. She persuaded Czar Nicholas to permit her divorce.

Anastasia is a large-framed, vigorous, ambitious woman, devoted to the cause of the Slavs. She is a firebrand and unscrupulous in methods to further her husband's progress to the position of natural leader of the Russian Slavs. It is said her husband is altogether too intimate with a certain lady of the Imperial ballet, but this does not seem to affect the relations between the wedded couple. She is always magnificently clad and is as regal in figure as her husband.

Throughout the Japanese war the soldiers hoped Grand Duke Nicholas would be their leader and he was again and again promised to them. Many believed final disaster would have been averted if the czar had conquered his jealousy of his popular cousin. After the war, when the throne was threatened by the revolutionists, the czar was forced to fall back on the man he had slighted and the grand duke restored order by stern means. He was in danger of assassination, and commanded admiration by constantly going about the streets unattended.

Just what happened when the present war broke out remains to be told. It will be an interesting story. It is known that the czar aspired to follow the kaiser's example, take the field with his soldiers, and "be his own field marshal." What pressure was brought to bear to dissuade him from this purpose and to force his acceptance of Grand Duke Nicholas is hard to say. But there are rumors that the mobilization was well along before the czar knew of it.

It is to be remembered there is a Junker party in Russia as well as in Prussia. And this party claims the grand duke as leader.

The present situation is this: The cabinet council of the empire meets every day at Peterhof. Its resolutions are outwardly submitted to the czar for confirmation, but as a matter of fact, the cabinet simply O. K.'s the orders of the all-powerful commander in chief and the czar then also attaches his signature. In time of war the cabinet does not dare defy the army head, nor does the czar.

If all this is concealed from the mass of the Russian people, it is entirely clear to that astute German, the czarina. Supposed to be a nervous invalid, she has suddenly donned the garments of the Sisters of Charity with her daughters and entered the hospital ward. She is even present at operations and has bound up the soldiers' wounds with her own hands. Anyone who knows the almost religious attitude of the Russian peasant to the "Little Father" can realize the wild enthusiasm aroused among those whom the czarina thus visits.

Can the czarina be striving to win back for her family the personal popularity the grand duke is taking from her husband? It may be so.

Her little son, now ten years old, is suffering from an obscure ailment and may never grow to maturity. If he lives he might have hard work in gaining the throne, for the tradition of blood inheritance is not any too strong in Russia. Many times in her history Russia has seen inheritance by might instead.

If the czarvitch dies the succession would fall to the Grand Duchess Olga, eldest daughter of the czar. To bolster up her claims the czarina is said to be working for a marriage with the Grand Duke Dmitri. Dmitri is closer to the succession than Grand Duke Nicholas. But he is little of the soldier—a handsome fellow, yet too elegant and irresponsible.

If the betrothal were announced of Olga and Dmitri with the proclamation that Olga is to ascend the throne in the event of her brother's death, the party of the Grand Duke Nicholas would know what that meant. It might be well followed by a conflict. Would the army stand by the czar or by their leader of the great war?

WORK ON THE FIRING LINE

Monk Went into Twelve Battles With Bavarians and Was Wounded in Foot.

A South German monk who entered the First regiment of the Bavarian Royal Guards as a volunteer officer at the beginning of the war, is now lying wounded in the hospital at Freiburg. He described his experiences when he was interviewed:

"On August 10 our battalion was sent direct to the frontier. Then we proceeded in forced marches as rapidly as possible to the Vosges mountains, where the French had already taken up their positions.

"The French had entrenched themselves so securely and firmly that they could hardly get out again. All who fled we shot down. At nine o'clock their positions were ours. They threw away everything they had—rifles, blankets and knapsacks—in the panic of fear. All their trenches were full of dead and wounded.

"Our artillery had come up meanwhile; their shrapnel tore fearful gaps in the ranks of the fleeing Frenchmen, as they could not scatter in the narrow valley through which they had to retreat.

"The French prisoners we took seemed to regard us as monsters. Everywhere we went afterward the French terrified the people by crying, 'The Bavarians are coming!' They remember us still from 1870.

"I took part in twelve great battles. The last was near Epinal, where we were lying three days under fire. I was wounded about four o'clock in the afternoon of the third day. That was the worst day of all. The shrapnel burst over us from two sides at once. We sought protection even behind the dead.

"It was the fiercest fire I ever saw. I pushed my way back through the hail of bullets, and a piece of shrapnel tore my knapsack open. Finally I reached a dismantled battery and lay down under cover of the timbers. The bullet which passed through my leg was buried in the sole of my shoe, and the shrapnel was found in the meat tin. I have them both as souvenirs."

THE WIDOW'S HINT.

"Is it true that the widow proposed to Tompkins?"

"Yes, in a way. Tompkins was calling there one evening, when she handed him a novel to read entitled 'Put Yourself in His Place.' Tompkins took the hint."

PLAYED A DUAL ROLE.

"Now," said a newly-made husband, "I am your captain, and you must let me command you through life."

"You have a dual capacity," replied the former widow, "because you are my captain and my second mate, also."—London Telegraph.

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

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RANDALL COUNTY NEWS

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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.

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Quit your old ways and follow the crowd to The Leader
 Under no circumstances will you ever regret it, pay your accounts
 And get out from under this old obligation wagon.
 Lend just one minute of your time, and listen to what we are saying
 It will pay you, it has many others;
 Then why not profit by your neighbors experiences? Or are
 You one of the kind that has to be shown.

Some people trade with a house through friendship to some
 Employ, or through obligations to the house for extensions granted.
 Right now just commencing a new year will be a
 Very good time for you to right your self, by trading with The Leader.
 If is one thing sure no one trades with The Leader because they
 Consider themselves under obligations. We don't want a customer to feel
 Even for one minute that he is under obligations to us.

People of this day and time, must be independent.
 Right to all of our customers, and when it is not we make it so.
 If a customer does not receive the proper attention in our place
 Come and report same to us. We are going to see that you have
 Every consideration when trading with us, especially Quality, Service, Price.

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WHEN YOU USE OUR HARDWARE ONCE YOU WILL
 COME BACK TO US AGAIN AND AGAIN FOR THE SAME
 SORT OF GOOD STUFF.
 THERE IS "STYLE" IN OUR BUILDERS' HARDWARE
 ALSO;
 AND THE "PRICE" IS AS LOW AS GOOD STUFF CAN
 BE SOLD FOR.
 REMEMBER, OUR HARDWARE STANDS HARD WEAR.

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"A Southern Cinderella" In Three Acts

Presented by the Ladies of Rebeckah Lodge
 At the Opera House, Saturday, February 20
 A few Reserve Seats now on Sale at
Holland Drug Co.

Macaroni Spring Wheat Seed

This wheat once rejected as being unfit for bread
 is now bringing a premium over the highest grades
 of winter or spring varieties. Every farmer should
 sow from 20 to 100 acres. We have good seed and
 are selling just about cost to us.

Neff Grain Co. Happy, Texas.

The current is on in the mornings from 5:15 until 8

Why not use an
ELECTRIC TOASTER
 at the breakfast table?
 Make the toast as needed and eat it piping hot from
 the grill.
 The "El Tosto" at \$3.50 is the best toaster we know
 of. You can see it at our store. Come in.
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In making money. Everyone wants to succeed
 in life and rise both socially and financially. It's
 a duty we owe ourselves and our family.

THERE IS NO BETTER WAY

Than to begin now and make a resolution that
 you will save so much this year. Don't wait
 until January 1st to begin. Commence today,
 We will help you save.

The First State Bank

THE GUARANTY FUND BANK

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

The Baptist pastor and his
 family desire to say through the
 News to the Baptist and other
 good people of Canyon, that they
 greatly appreciate the kindly
 welcome, friendliness and confi-
 dence expressed toward them in
 the reception given them at the
 pastors home on Monday after-
 noon and evening of the 15th
 inst., and that the pastor appre-
 ciates, even more, the sympa-
 thetic hearing he has been given
 when he has preached, and that
 he will ever be glad to see in the
 church services not only every
 member of his church, but every
 other person who may attend.

How To Give Quinine To Children.
 FEBRILINE is the trade-mark name given to an
 improved Quinine. It is a Tasteless Syrup, pleas-
 ant to take and does not disturb the stomach.
 Children take it and never know it is Quinine.
 Also especially adapted to adults who cannot
 take ordinary Quinine. Does not nauseate nor
 cause nervousness nor ringing in the head. Try
 it the next time you need Quinine for any pur-
 pose. Ask for 5-ounce original package. The
 name FEBRILINE is blown in bottle. 25 cents.

Notice of Loss

The public is hereby notified
 that fire insurance policies of
 the American Central Insurance
 Co., of St. Louis, Mo., Nos.
 984201 to 984225 have been either
 lost or stolen from the office of
 A. H. Page, Umbarger, Texas,
 and no liability for loss under
 above numbered policies will be
 recognized by the American Central
 Insurance Co.
 Cravens & Cage, Managers,
 48x3 Houston, Texas.

**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, Revivifies the Blood and
 builds up the Whole System. 25 cents.

Notice of Loss.

The public is hereby notified
 that the following numbered fire
 insurance policies of the Detroit
 Fire and Marine Insurance Co.,
 of Detroit, Michigan, Nos. 4855
 to 48600 have been either lost or
 stolen from the office of A. H.
 Royle, Umbarger, Texas, and the
 Detroit Fire & Marine Insurance
 Co., will not recognize any li-
 ability for loss under above num-
 bered policies.
 Cravens & Cage, Managers,
 48x3 Houston, Texas.

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

Christian Services.

Elder Battenfeld announced
 last Sunday that he had arrang-
 ed to go into business here and
 will preach every Sunday morn-
 ing and night for the next two
 months and rally forces for a
 grand revival to be held probably
 in May.

Attendance at Bible School
 and all services shows a fine in-
 crease.

The orchestra is doing fine
 work and we are promised a vi-
 olin solo for Sunday night.

Bible school 10 o'clock.
 Communion and sermon 11
 o'clock, subject: "True Prosper-
 ity."
 Orchestral opening 7:30.
 Sermon 8 p. m.—"If Christ
 Should Come to Canyon."

**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.—Adver-
 tisement.