

PANHANDLE TEACHERS HERE FOR CONVENTION

The Panhandle Teachers Association will meet at the Normal tomorrow morning. Prof. H. W. Stilwell is president of the association and states that he has received word from more than fifty teachers who are coming. The city schools of Amarillo will probably close in order that the entire faculty of fifty teachers may attend.

The following is the program:
FRIDAY, 9:00 A. M.

Address of welcome in behalf of the city—Mayor F. M. Wilson.
Address of welcome in behalf of the city schools—Superintendent E. F. King.
Address of welcome in behalf of the Normal—Professor B. A. Stafford.
Response—Superintendent W. R. Silvey, Clarendon.
Organization.
The New freedom in education—Professor J. A. Hill.
Adjournment for noon.

FRIDAY, 2:30 P. M.

How may a teacher fulfill his mission as a leader in the community?—Superintendent B. M. Harrison, Plainview.

A few things accomplished in our own community.—Superintendent O. S. Miller, Hughlett.

In making the school house a center for community activities: How can a Teacher secure, and succeed in lectures on civic subjects—Mr. J. K. Wester, Plainview.

Lectures on home improvement—Mrs. Vince Reeves, Canyon.

Lectures on agricultural subjects—Superintendent Chas. Smith, Floydada.

Boys' and girls' clubs—Superintendent S. L. Rives, Hale Center.

Continuance schools—Superintendent M. B. Johnson, Sweetwater.

FRIDAY, 8:30 P. M.

Vocational education—President R. B. Cousins.

Libraries for country schools—W. B. Lewis, County Superintendent of Hale County.

The Old Field school professor and the modern rural school leader—Superintendent B. F. Sisk, Childress.

Appointment of Committees.

SATURDAY, 9:00 A. M.

The Gary School System—Superintendent M. H. Duncan, Amarillo.

SATURDAY 10:00 TO 12:30 A. M.

Visits to the Training School: A schedule will be prepared showing the classes which may be visited and the time of the meeting of the class.

Section meetings: In order to divide the crowd, during the time of the visits to the training school, section meetings will be held at the following times.

THE SCHOOL GROUNDS, room 4, West building, 10-11.—J. G. Pace, Chairman.

Importance and means of keeping up school play grounds—Principal J. G. Pace, Amarillo.

What apparatus is necessary—Superintendent R. A. DeFoe, Channing.

What Adornment is Possible—Miss Sula Cook, Miami.

How can the grounds be kept up in vacation times—Mr. Linhart, Hereford.

PLAY AND GAMES, Room 7, West building, 11-12. W. A. McIntosh, Chairman.

Inter-scholastic contests—W. McIntosh, Amarillo.

What games can be played in rural schools—Superintendent G. W. Thurman, Higgins.

VOCATIONAL SUBJECTS, Room 12, East building, 10-11. Superintendent W. G. Seers, Silverton, Chairman.

Place in rural school. Superintendent W. G. Seers.

Manual Training—Mr. Robert Donald, Silverton.

Sewing and Cooking—Miss Loretta Wiggins, White Deer.

Agriculture—Superintendent W. P. Bright, Panhandle.

HYGIENE, Music Room, 11-12. Superintendent O. K. Story, Tullia, Chairman.

Importance of attention to Hygiene—Superintendent O. K. Story.

What are the Unsanitary Conditions—Miss Annie Wilson, Estelina.

What can be done to improve them—Superintendent D. M. Laurence, Shamrock.

How should we handle sick children—Superintendent W. B. Bishop, O'Donnell.

SATURDAY, 2:00 P. M.

Business Meeting.

What recognition should be given for work done out of school during the school term—Superintendent N. M. Dupre, Lubbock.

What recognition should be given for work done out of school during the vacation—Superintendent J. N. Anderson, Dalhart.

SATURDAY, 8:30 P. M.

Music in the country schools—Miss Jessie Kline.

Practical directions about buying books—Miss Tennessee Malone.

Historical and literary slides—Professor J. W. Reid.

District Court Adjourns.

The spring session of the district court came to a close Saturday night, the following cases having been disposed of during the last few days:

Mrs. Bertie Strain was cited to appear at the next term of court for having married a few days after a divorce was granted during this term of court. Under the law she could not have married within one year's time.

Price Taylor and Anna P. Taylor vs. Newt J. Reeves, the judgment granted during this term was set aside and a new trial granted.

Chas. J. Seeds vs. E. Van Metre et al was continued.

Three young men were fined \$10 and costs for contempt of court and one is held under a \$100 fine to appear next term on the same charge.

Violin Recital Tuesday.

Miss Louise Ball will be in Canyon next Tuesday night to give a violin recital. She was at Plainview last week and received very high praise in her work. She will be accompanied by Miss Vera Newton. Both ladies are both graduates of Kidd-Key. Ross Wingo is in the company, singing baritone. He has an excellent voice. Don't miss the recital. Admission 25c and 35c.

LISTEN.

A sane ambition is a thing that yields with the use of your powers to get to a place into which your individuality will fit. This is a case of following your star beams to your own star, not of clutching idly at soap bubbles—**BUILD YOU A HOME** Canyon Lumber Co.

Political Announcements.

For City Marshal—

D. THOMAS

B. T. JOHNSON

J. H. JOWELL

Come to Canyon to live.

SECOND GRAND JURY REPORT

The following is the report of the grand jury which was in session three days last week, at which time one indictment for misdemeanor was returned.

A considerable portion of our time has been consumed in efforts to discover violations of the gambling laws, in which efforts we have been to a large extent defeated in our purpose, as we believe, because we have been unable to establish the truth. We are satisfied that there was perjury committed by witnesses before us with reference thereto, and yet because of such perjury we have been unable to find evidence sufficient upon which to warrant us in presenting indictments for either gambling or perjury. The offenders have the moral support and sympathy of a small number of persons in the county who are no better than they are; but we are satisfied that the respectable citizenship of the county unanimously disapprove of this situation and are determined that gambling shall be stopped and the gambler and perjurer shall be brought to justice. What is needed is that a few gamblers' dives shall be rudely broken upon in the midnight by a sheriff's six-shooter and the participants caught red-handed in their crime, so that the ubiquitous falsehood, "I don't remember" can not avail, and we urgently recommend special activity of our peace officers and prosecuting officers to suppress the gambling nuisance.

The grand jury had its attention directed to the rendition and assessments of property in the county for taxes. We believe that the laws providing for a full rendition and assessment of property for taxes should be faithfully observed by both the assessor and the property owner, so that the burden of taxation may be equally and fairly borne by all in proportion to the amount and value of the property owned. The two offences defined by the statutes to which we especially refer here is a failure of the tax assessor to swear each person rendering a list of property for taxes to the correctness of such rendition, and false swearing with reference thereto by the person making such rendition. We are making this report to call attention to these offences to the tax officers of the county and to persons rendering property for taxation, so that the collection of any taxes not rendered and which may be justly due to be paid under the law may be enforced, and so that if thereafter any officer or other person shall be indicted for any offence with reference to the rendition and assessment of property for taxes, it may be after they have been duly warned of the provisions of the law and of the determination to enforce same. We believe consideration of these matters have heretofore to some extent been overlooked in this county, and we respectfully suggest that hereafter these matters should be given specially in charge by the court to the grand juries for close scrutiny and investigation.

J. A. WILSON, Foreman.

Appropriation Failed to Pass.

The \$69,000 appropriation to complete the wings of the Normal failed to pass the house in representatives. The legislature adjourned Saturday and will be called in special session April 29. This item will be placed in the appropriation bill and it is believed that it will pass.

The legislature passed a bill creating three new normals.

J. S. Harrison was in Amarillo Saturday.

Urges Sweet potatoes and Onions.

Judge Hugh L. Umphres is not only a good lawyer and jurist, but he is also a close observer and student of agricultural problems. In discussing the Panhandle country one day last week he remarked that this country ought to be noted for at least two of its crops—sweet potatoes and onions. These crops have been found to be very profitable and make splendid productions every year. Therefore, Judge Umphres would have the farmers devote more of their land to these crops. He believes that ten acres properly cultivated and taken care of with these crops will make more for the Panhandle farmer than a quarter section in most other places. Some farmers refrain from planting a large acreage of these crops owing to the market, but a good market can always be found by shipping, and with the farmers cooperating in their shipments, Mr. Umphres believes these two commodities will soon be recognized as among the best Panhandle productions.

Annual Congregational Meeting.

The officials of the Presbyterian church have announced the annual congregational meeting of the church for next Sunday morning at which time the officers for the coming year will be elected and to discuss the calling of a new pastor.

Before this meeting Fred Hope, a returned missionary from South Africa, will speak. All members and friends are urged to be present.

C. S. Whittier, who lived here three years ago, died in Amarillo last Wednesday and was buried Thursday. He ran a poultry ranch in the north part of town.

Normal Defeats Hereford.

The Normal baseball team easily defeated the Hereford high school team Saturday afternoon on the local grounds by a score of 18 to 4. The locals had everything their own way. Chambers, Clevenger and Boulton pitched for the Normal. The material showed up fine for a strong Normal team this year.

New Phone Line West.

A new telephone line west to Umbarger is being put in this week. There are sixteen subscribers to the line. It is a mutual and will be connected with the central at Canyon. Manager H. Prichard states that another new line is contemplated to go west. If it is put in there will be about ten subscribers placed on each line, thus giving better service.

At Methodist Church.

Rev. J. W. Mayne announces that beginning Sunday night he will give a series of sermons specially for the young people. The first subject will be "Elysses and Orpheus, a study in temptation." He also announces that a number of out of town speakers have been secured to appear at various times to address the young people, the first being Dr. E. E. Rotinson of Amarillo who will come here the second Sunday in April.

The ladies of the church are planning a social meeting at the church one week from Monday night, which will be especially for the new members.

STRUCTURAL STEEL IS GOING UP FAST

Work was started Tuesday erecting the steel for the two top stories of the Normal building. Considerable of the steel for this section has not been received but Mr. Rau stated he expected it by next Monday. The air compressor riveting tools arrived yesterday. As soon as half of the section of the steel has been erected, the work of riveting will commence. Several car loads of new material were received this week and are being unloaded.

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"HOBBIES"



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

Maybe you have a fondness for shirts, for scarves, or some other one interest in clothes that amounts to a hobby. If so, you'll find that we have specialized in that particular line.

Young men who think "style's the thing" in clothes, regard this as a specialty station for smart, snappy garments.

Men of serious years with conservative tastes consider this essentially a store specializing in dignified styles.

We have a hobby ourselves—it's to carry the best and widest selection of good things to wear that can be found.

The fact that we sell Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes is a pretty good indication of our quality standard.

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

Some Practical Remedies for Common Cold

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D., Chicago

A dose of salts, next to an adequate supply of moving, cold, night air in the shape of a draft blowing steadily over the bed, is among the most essential remedies for acute coryza. It works by depleting the portal blood vessels and emptying the liver. And since these veins directly communicate with the veins of the stomach, esophagus, throat and nose, it follows that engorgement or congestion of the nasal lining is relieved by the action of the salts.

Now if it helps an acute congestion of the nasal lining to take a saline laxative, it also helps a chronic congestion or inflammation, or catarrh. And if depleting an engorgement of the liver is good for catarrh, preventing the engorgement or congestion of the liver should be even better for the chronic nasal trouble.

To prevent congestion of the liver you must reduce the amount of protein food you are consuming, cut down on meat particularly, but on other hearty foods as well. The full-blooded individual with chronic nasal trouble can do nothing better for his "catarrh" than to adopt the fruit breakfast plan with a more or less rigid vegetarianism for his other meals.

It goes without saying that alcohol in any form must be interdicted before a chronic catarrhal trouble in the head can possibly be cured. Likewise tobacco. These narcotics are contributing causes of chronic inflammation of the muscles and permanent relief cannot be obtained while their use is continued.

Overeating is very obviously one of the chief predisposing factors of chronic "catarrh" of the head. Stuffing and snuffing are simply cause and effect.

Everyone who has ever had an acute attack of the great indoor plague, coryza, or "common cold," knows that an active cathartic is great medicine to clear the head.

Dime Is Irritating Piece of Currency

By F. ELLIOTT, Des Moines, Iowa

Why the dime? There never was so absurd a piece of currency. It serves no useful purpose in our monetary scheme. It is small and easily lost. It has a habit of concealing itself in the most awkward places, such as crevices in one's pocket, in the bowl of one's pipe, between leaves of paper and everywhere except where it ought to be.

When lost, it is so small as to be recovered with difficulty—and seldom, indeed, recovered at all. The fact of losing one, like losing anything else, is a prolific source of worry and annoyance, costing in wasted time and energy far more than the value of the coin.

Besides, the coin in itself is stupid and objectionable. The self-satisfied smirk of the goddess of liberty upon all of our fractional silver is rather rasping, but when the lady is reduced to a mere shadow of herself—so to speak—as is the miniature upon the dime, she goes beyond endurance.

Now, the nickel—especially those that display the noble "buffalo" contemplating his native plains—is a virile, upstanding coin, a credit to its kind. It has substance, stability, an honest volume that predisposes favorably toward it. The possession of two nickels gives a feeling of ownership of something worth while, which the irritating little dime never warrants.

The dime dates back to the days when men were properly suspicious of token currency, of clipped coins and "shinplasters," of unstable money of all sorts, of the late and unlamented "three-cent piece" and "gold dollar," relics of semibarbaric reverence for precious metals and distrust of government.

It is anachronistic, atavistic, impish, inconvenient, absolutely unbearable.

The dime should go.

American Art and Some of Its Needs

By R. J. McBRIDE, Cincinnati, Ohio

It is the general belief that American art now has the best opportunity it has ever had. There is the chance for American artists such as has never before existed. However, will this give permanence and stability to artistic development in America?

Individual creators in any branch of art must have their public or they cannot thrive. No nation without appreciation of art can take high rank artistically and culturally.

Commenting upon the difference between the English and the French in art, Thackeray called attention to the fact that while England had produced a few great painters, France had produced many, and the French painters were better appreciated by their public.

We have infinitely better facilities for the dissemination of worthy artistic work than had the French of the nineteenth century. We have cartoonists and painters of higher attainments than Philipon or Daumier, whom Thackeray extolled. The trouble with us is that art has been aristocratic—for the dilettante and the wealthy—while the so-called "masses" have had little of it. We have fine galleries and institutes, where the public is admitted free, it is true, but these are not enough.

We must make our popular pictures, sculptures and music better, and through such means wean the people from the meretricious in art. When we have succeeded in doing this we shall become a really artistic nation, and not before.

Equal Distribution of Happiness on Earth

By Joel B. Carlson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

While reading some lectures recently I came across a striking assertion on "The Evolution of the Tramp." It was this: "The American tramp came in the same day that the American millionaire was born." It reminded me of what I saw in New York city. Nowhere else can you see such splendor, such finely dressed people, or such magnificent private buildings, and nowhere else can you see such squalor, such wretched-looking people, or such dirty, offensive-smelling, overcrowded living places.

New York is the city in which the rich society people of America meet, and it is the city in which the bread line meets every night on Broadway.

Everywhere today and everywhere in the past, where some enjoyed enormous privileges and luxuries, at least a corresponding number were in misery.

Only in places where there is none excessively rich is there none extremely poor.

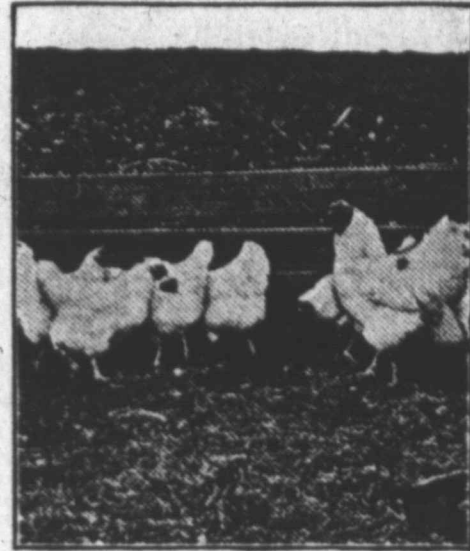
Let us hope and work for a day when there will be no rich and poor, but when we will have equality of happiness on earth.

POULTRY FACTS

ORIGIN OF WHITE WYANDOTTE

White Cochon Blood Was Introduced in Making of Breed as Feathers on Legs Would Denote.

A question has been asked relative to the Wyandotte breed, and why the White Wyandotte will sometimes show a dark feather and even show a faint ruff of feathers on its legs? There are several varieties now of the Wyandotte, but the first to be admitted to the standard was the Silver Wyandotte. From the first the Silver Wyandotte had the rose comb. The next



Flock of White Wyandottes.

variety of Wyandottes to be admitted was the White Wyandotte. The Towle and the Briggs Wyandottes were the first to be shown, each of these fanciers stating that the White Wyandottes kept by them came as sports from the Silver Wyandotte, and yet claim is made that no one can tell exactly where the first Wyandotte originated, as several breeders must have been breeding for this type of fowl at about the same time, and that all the early White Wyandottes were sports from the Silver variety is not likely to be true. It is thought that White Cochon blood was introduced in the making of the White Wyandotte at the beginning, as the size, shape and color of the eggs not only denotes this, but that feathers appear at times on the legs makes this seem probable. Why dark feathers often appear in certain of these birds good enough to show is often a mystery to the breeder. These seldom appear in such numbers that they cannot handily be pulled out. The purest blood may show these. However, White Wyandottes are improving away from most of their early tendency to reversion.

HOME-GROWN POULTRY FEED

Not a Difficult Task to Get Eggs During Winter if Ordinary Horse Sense is Exercised.

To get eggs in winter under the conditions obtainable on a general farm is, I find, no difficult task if ordinary horse sense is used in the matter of feeding and housing, writes W. K. Moore in an exchange. As far as possible I use the food grown on the farm, feeding as soon after daylight as practicable a mash composed of fine corn chop and alfalfa meal, half and half by measure. Feed all that the birds will clean up by noon, then give about one gallon of oats to each 100 hens, scattering it in straw litter in the scratching shed or hen house. At noon, or shortly after, I give all the ear corn they will clean up by night, and let them shell it.

For a meat food I get good results from the cracklings obtained from the local butcher for one cent per pound, of which I give about two pounds to every hundred hens three times a week. I find that a good way to do this is to mix the cracklings in the mash when steaming it; this softens them so that the fowls will get every part that is not bone. I keep oyster shell and dry cracked bone before them at all times.

The mash referred to is mixed dry, and boiling water is poured over it and it is left to steam for at least two hours—or better, over night. For variety, I mix with the mash potatoes, beets or anything of the kind that is obtainable; however, a diet of oats, corn and alfalfa, with a little meat, will give good profit in eggs.

The poultry house must be air-tight and water-tight on four sides, the top, north, east and west. The floor may be of earth if proper drainage is arranged so that it will always be dry, and most of the south side may be made of common unbleached muslin.

Get Incubator Ready.

It's none too early to make sure that the incubator is in good repair and ready for business. If buying a new one, don't wait too long before ordering it.

Best Sellers in Poultry.

At the time when the prices for market poultry are best the cost of production is the greatest. Consumers soon learn what quality is in fowls, and then they demand it. Buyers of dressed poultry do not prefer the big, rough, coarse fowl when they are selecting for their tables. This class of fowl is pushed aside and the plump, solid ones are sold instead.

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.

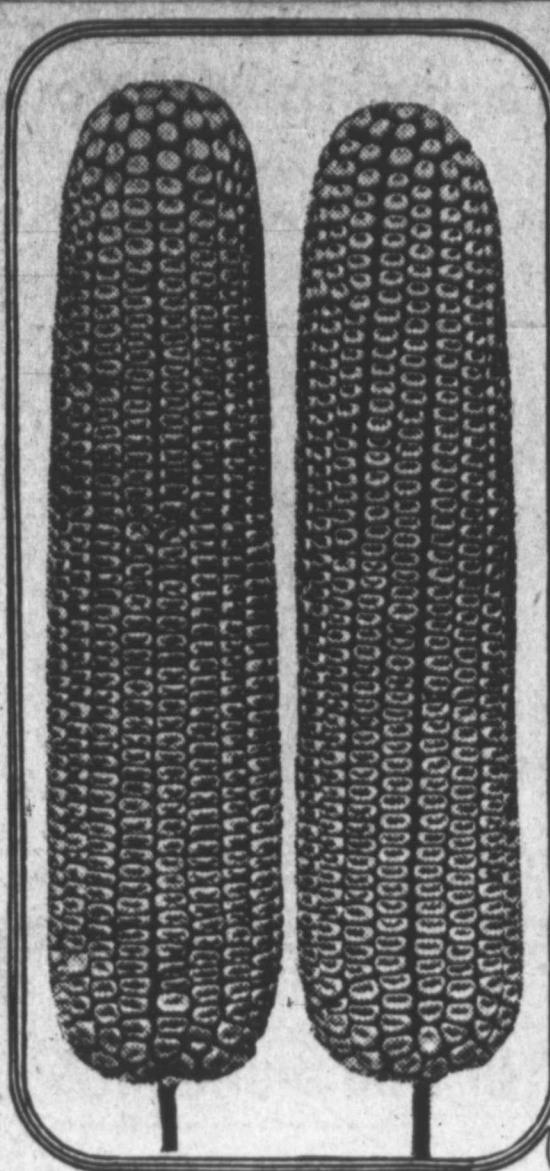
C. O. KEISER

Canyon, Texas

Keota, Iowa

IMPROVING THE CORN CROP

By HORACE MARKLEY



CORN READY FOR THE HARVEST

IT IS surely an amazing fact that the corn crop of the states should average year after year only about 30 bushels to the acre. The acreage planted is increased by millions from year to year; vast areas of virgin territory are constantly being brought under cultivation; it is a matter of record that many farmers raise 100, 200, some as high as 300 bushels to the acre, yet the average for the entire crop is never increased.

Is it likely that there is anything wrong with the government figures? I do not think so. There is as much care given as is possible to insure accuracy, and I dare say that many farmers, even if they raise more than 30 bushels to the acre, will feel satisfied that the figures are correct from his knowledge of what the average yield is in his district.

The farms are tilled by a pretty good type of farmer, on the whole, hard working and intelligent. The best that we have been able to produce of the true American, and for the most part the best of the sturdy sons of the soil from many foreign lands. We have a national department of agriculture that has been the envy and the copy of the world, which is in a sense a farmers' university, and the sole aim and purpose of which has been, and is, to make better farmers. For a generation or more it has striven by study, experiment and printers' ink lavishly disseminated, to educate the farmer and bring him to a higher level as an efficient tiller of the soil. Through the work of its many professors it has presumably told the farmer much about seeds and soils and methods of cultivation, and of protection from insect pests, an infinite variety of details about the vital facts concerning his business, yet the result remains the same, so far as corn is concerned, year after year—30 bushels to the acre.

In almost every state in the Union there is now, and has long been, an agricultural experiment station, working in co-operation with the federal department of agriculture and hand in hand with the farmers of the state, to educate him. The stations are equipped with professors and experts, many of them of the highest authority in the land, vast tracts are under experimental cultivation, they have been planning, working, testing soils and seeds, fertilizers, to aid the farmer in the exercise of economy and the growing of better crops. The net results of their labors they are constantly disseminating by means of lectures, correspondence and bulletins, free, for all who would profit by such—yet the net result after all these years is an average of 30 bushels to the acre for corn.

The agricultural colleges have gone even farther than this. In many instances they have not been content to work and lecture and print the results of their labors for the benefit of progressive farmers; they have been militant in their work, have instituted campaigns of education by sending out some of the professors on special trains, right in the heart of farming districts, and giving the farmer heart to heart talks and object lessons in better farming methods; telling him about soils, methods of cultivation, seed selection, inviting him freely to ask questions, to the end that he may become a more enthusiastic worker and raise better crops. Although this has been going on for years and beyond question many have profited by it, yet the average yield of corn the past year was just the same—30 bushels.

Is it possible that the present type of farmer has reached the limit of his capacity to improve? It may be so. At any rate, besides all this there is an agricultural press, of vast proportions throughout the states, working to educate the farmer and keep him posted on everything that may be of help to him in his business. Many farmers take several such publications. Then again, the tools that are available to the farmer for his work are far superior to what they have been in the past, and are improved every year. Is it possible that the farmer is not as a class taking advantage of the best tools for his work?

What is the first thing to be done in the growing of better corn crops? I think, in seed selection. There is nothing startling or original in this, I admit; it is the doctrine that has long been preached, but I would simply add my testimony from the results of my experiments with the hope that it may lead others to try along the same lines. There is nothing difficult about it, there is certainly nothing costly; it amounts to simply a little more thorough and intelligent heart interest in one's labor.

To secure a corn that will yield tenfold what he has been accustomed to getting the farmer must breed for results. He has got to improve the corn in the same way that he would raise the standard of his stock or his flocks. And once he has secured a type of corn that shows increased productiveness, he must try to keep it pure, avoid inbreeding and maintain its stamina, with the same watchfulness and care that all breeding demands.

It does not require a scientific education to grow more and better corn, or better crops of any kind. It does require brains. One of the first things to be done is to get out of the slipshod ways of working. Corn, especially, is one of the most abused crops of the farm. Because it will



THIRTY-FIVE EARS FILL A BUSHEL BASKET

grow and give some returns with a lot of neglect—it gets it.

In no one respect is the average farmer more careless than in his choice of seed, and this may be said to be the prime essential. The farmer is plowing, manuring, performing all the operations from planting time to harvest, year after year, and with some of these he takes considerable pride; for instance, I know farmers who are perfect plowmen; they know it and are proud of their skill, but these same farmers are hidebound in an old custom of throwing their corn in their crib just as it is husked, and when they want seed in the springtime they go to the crib and pick out sufficient likely ears from what are left to meet their needs, and let it go at that.

It is an enigma how a man can be so skilled as a workman in many respects, and yet absolutely inert to one of the most vital phases of securing perfection in that work. It needs no argument, for it has been demonstrated over and over again that the breeding of plants can be followed with as much certainty as to results as the breeding of animals. Then why not do it? The only added equipment which nine out of ten require is the exercise of more intelligent care and precision in some of the details.

It seems strange, but it is nevertheless a fact, that most farmers are aware of what may be done in plant breeding, and know the general principles, but they will not wake up to a practice of them in their own interests.

If we are to increase the corn yield we have got to get it in the breed. It is not in the soil, or fertilizer, or the weather, or in any other factor, important though each may be. The first essential is to breed up corn for points with the same care given to animals or fowls. Type, quality, stamina, productiveness, etc., must be known, must be sought for and improved with each season. It is not enough to pick out perfect ears or such as may be attractive at harvest time. It is necessary that one shall know the plant that produced the ear, and all the conditions of its growth and environment.

There are many mysteries to be solved in this question of seed selection with the view to breeding up a more productive type of corn. My own experiments in this direction will indicate some of the difficulties to be met with. In husking the corn in the fall I came across just one stalk containing two ears. It was the first I had ever met with, though upon inquiry I find that farmers do frequently come across such two-eared stalks, though they never pay any attention to them, but throw them in the crib with the others.

It occurred to me, however, that it would be well to plant from these two ears and endeavor to raise a two-eared crop. One ear was of good size and the other about two-thirds as big. Weighing them, the large one weighed 14 ounces and the small one 9½ ounces. The large ear was an average ear such as every stalk carried. Thus this particular plant gave 9½ ounces more than any other plant. This gain would mean almost a ton more to the acre if the corn could be bred to yield two ears. It would mean even more if the two ears could be made to attain a good size instead of one being large and one small, as in this case.

The corn was of a variety called yellow flint, obtained originally of a nearby farmer. From these two ears I selected 630 kernels, discarding the butts and tips. The field in which this was planted was fall plowed and dressed during the winter with a liberal application of a high quality of stable manure, as I keep such in a cement-bottomed pit. The two-eared seed was planted at one end of the main corn field. It should of course have had a separate plot, and it may be that the tendency to revert to one ear was due in part to its contiguity to the ordinary corn.

The 630 kernels made 210 hills. Fourteen failed to come up, probably being eaten by worms or mice. The germination showed very strong vitality. However, of the 616 stalks, all from the two-eared seed, only 136 stalks produced a double ear. About one-fifth.

Another interesting point, showing clearly the tendency to reversion to remote ancestors, is found in the fact that while the two-ear seed were of 12 rows about 75 per cent of the yield was of one eight-rowed cob. Although this variety of flint corn will show frequent ears of 12 and 14 rows, it may be considered properly an eight-rowed type of corn. Thus we see that after throwing the sport of a two-eared stalk, there is not sufficient stamina in all the seeds to reproduce like the parent. The corn reverted not only to the one-eared but to the eight-rowed type.

This is one of the mysteries that will have to be solved, no doubt, before a highly productive two-eared type of corn can be raised with the qualities of the parent so fixed that it can be relied upon to maintain a big average yield. It may be due to a weakness of inbreeding.

Some of the ears weighed over a pound each, making over two pounds to the stalk. If this could be averaged for an entire corn field it would yield over ten tons to the acre.

Such may seem an exaggeration or an impossibility, but it is so only in comparison with what we have been accustomed to. Even if by judicious selection of two-eared seed each year still the type could not be fixed so as to produce even yields of the maximum amount, yet if it gave an increase of 20 per cent, as it did in my experiment, the return would be a big one for what is involved. It does not imply added cost in the production, but only a greater care and interest in one's work.

Another thing to be kept in mind in breeding up a type of corn for higher productiveness is that the number of kernels to the ear and their size has an important bearing on the yield of grain.

A corn expert once figured out that if the productiveness of corn could be increased by only one kernel to each ear, on the entire crop it would mean a gain of 50 tons of grain! Even though the figures be not absolute, there is no gainsaying that the increase of yield would be a very big amount in the aggregate. The point is made very clear in the accompanying photographs, which show eight, ten and twelve-rowed ears of corn. Each ear was exactly the same in weight, being 11 ounces each. The eight-rowed ear gave seven ounces of grain, and had a cob weighing four ounces; the ten-rowed ear weighed eight ounces of grain and had a three-ounce cob; the twelve-rowed ear gave eight and one-half ounces of grain. A difference of an ounce and a half to the ear of actual grain is an appreciable gain worth striving for. But that does not mean that such is the limit of the gain to be obtained. It would be quite within reason to obtain tenfold that increase.

The chief requisites to substantial progress in the growing of a more productive corn must be the skill and judgment of the worker. The first essential is no doubt seed selection, but this does not merely mean the picking out of the best looking ears at harvest time or in the husking. It is necessary that the grower shall watch the corn from the first start of the seed and through the growing.

Vigor, productiveness and early ripening should be noted, not merely in the mind, but in a book, and the stalks should be marked so that they can be identified at any time. My method is to snip out little bits of tin; punch a hole through them at one side and put a bit of thin wire through and twist this loosely about the stalk when marking it. On the tin I scratch a number with a sharp awl. There is not likely to occur any accident that can destroy this tag or erase the figures.

A LEARNER.

"Is your new cook willing to learn?" asked the visitor.

"Yes," replied the weary housewife. "She has already learned to embroider, and I think if she stays a few months longer she will know how to play the piano."

SIGNIFICANT.

"Don't say you don't believe in signs any more. There's Marie gone to Europe, and now she can't get back."

"What have signs to do with that?"

"Well, she would insist on traveling there in a maroon suit."

OUT AND OUT.

Bill—How long was the jury out?
 Jill—Just two hours.
 "And how did you come out?"
 "Just forty dollars."

INSURANCE

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

J. E. Winkelman

WE PRINT
 EVERYTHING
 BUT

Greenbacks and postage stamps

SEE US
 ABOUT THAT NEXT
 ORDER

RANDALL COUNTY NEWS

V-AVA

V-AVA cleans anything
 but a guilty conscience

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

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

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

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

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

OUR GUARANTEE

Satisfaction Guaranteed
 Or Your Money Back
 COULD WE MAKE IT STRONGER

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

For Sale Exclusively by
 Randall County News

NERVOUS PEOPLE... Scott's Emulsion corrects nervousness by force of nourishment...

The Randall County News... C. W. Warwick, Managing Editor.

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

The legislature passed a bill creating three new normal schools in the state. At the same time, these gentlemen are doing their best to run the existing schools on little or no expense.

Last week it looked very much like spring—but we changed our minds on the subject Friday morning. There has been a cold north wind most of the time since.

The Texas Industrial Congress has notified the News that there are no contestants from this country for the \$10,000 they are offering in crop production.

One year ago today the building of the West Texas State Normal College burned.

The News is nineteen years old today.

A Wonderful Healing Influence in Kidney Troubles.

A year and a half ago I was taken with a severe attack of kidney trouble that pained me to such an extent that morphine had to be given me. Was attended by a doctor who pronounced it as Stone in the Bladder and prescribed Lithia Water...

Personally appeared before me this 16th day of August, 1909, H. W. Spinks, who subscribed the above statement and made that the same is true in substance and in fact.

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

Please What Swamp-Root Will do for You... Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. for a sample size bottle.

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, Waukegan, Pa. "It always helps them and is far superior to any other cough medicine I have used."

Ralph News. Farmers are again able to be at work in the fields after the past three weeks of disagreeable weather. J. B. Gamble has been unloading a car of calves from the Ralph switch this week.

Mrs. Otto Byars was called to Mangum, Okla., by the illness of her father. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Gamble were in Amarillo Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Bruce and Mr. and Mrs. Otto Byars spent Sunday with Mr. Wells at the E. C. Prichard home. Mr. Wells is some better after his recent illness.

Joe Gamble is having a fine fence placed around his lawn.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schroeder visited at the E. C. Prichard home Thursday.

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.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

Whereas, By a certain deed of trust, dated the 28th day of August, A. D. 1911, acknowledged the 9th day of September, 1911, executed by William Sheddow, of Tippecanoe County, Indiana, the said William Sheddow did convey to Howard T. Wilson, as trustee, the northwest one-quarter (N. W. 1/4) of section twelve (12), block eight (8), B. S. & F. C. Cir. 1-628, containing one hundred and sixty acres of land, situated, lying and being in Randall County, Texas, together with all and singular the rights and appurtenances thereto...

Fifteen Years Ago

Henry Ford, the automobile manufacturer, was engineer in an electric light plant at Detroit. Charley Murphy, the base ball millionaire, was a reporter on the Cincinnati Enquirer. Thomas H. Ince, the motion picture magnate, was a comic opera comedian, glad to get \$50 a week. Charlie Weegham, owner of the Chicago Federal base ball team and a string of restaurants, was a waiter in a quick-lunch room.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

Whereas, By a certain deed of trust dated the 21st day of May, 1909, executed and acknowledged on the same date, by Della Rexroat, of McDonough County, Illinois, the said Della Rexroat did convey to Howard A. Wilson, as trustee, the southeast one-quarter (S. E. 1/4) of Section Three (3), Block Z-Five (5), containing one hundred and forty-one acres of land, lying and being situated in the County of Randall, State of Texas, together with all and singular the rights and appurtenances thereto in any wise belonging, for the purpose of better securing to James E. Wilson, the beneficiary named in said notes, all dated Amarillo, Texas, January 8, 1909, numbered 1, 2 and 3, each for the principal sum of \$575.00, Note No. 1 being due one year after date, Note No. 2 being due two years after date, and Note No. 3 being due three years after date, payable to the order of said James E. Wilson, at Amarillo, Texas, bearing interest from date until paid at the rate of six per cent per annum, interest payable semi-annually, on January 8th and July 8th of each year as it accrues, said notes being given in part payment for the land above described, and each of said notes so reciting, each of said notes providing that past due interest shall draw interest at the rate of eight per cent per annum, and that default in the payment of either of said notes, or the interest thereon due, should at the election of the holder of said notes, or either of said notes, mature all of them, so that they shall at once become due and payable, and each of said notes further providing for 10 per cent on the principal and interest as attorney's or collection fees; each of said notes being executed by the said Della Rexroat, all of which will full appear from said deed of trust, which is of record in Book 5 at page 273 of the Deed of Trust Records of Randall County, Texas, to which reference is here made; and

Whereas, It is provided in said deed of trust that in case of default in payment of said notes, or any of them, or any installment of interest on said note or notes when the same shall become due, such default shall at the option of the holder thereof mature the same, and said Howard A. Wilson, trustee, shall be and is hereby empowered, when requested to do so by the legal holder of said note, or notes, or any of them, after such default, to sell said property at public auction, for cash, after giving notice of the time and place of such sale as provided by law, and the proceeds of such sale, as provided by law, to receive the proceeds of such sale, applying the same to the payment of all necessary costs and expenses incident to the execution of said trust, including a fee of 5 per cent to said trustee, to be deducted upon the amount realized at said sale, then to the payment of the principal of said notes, and the balance, if any there be after the payment of all said costs and expenses, and the principal and interest of said notes, shall be paid to the said William Sheddow; and

notes and accrued interest, and the balance, if any there be after the payment of all of said costs and expenses, and the principal and interest of said notes, shall be paid to the said Della Rexroat; and

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.

More Trains on the Santa Fe.

Wellington, Kansas—Reliable information comes from the Panhandle headquarters of the Santa Fe road that the road will restore Nos. 118 and 118, that were abolished several weeks ago when the "Missionary", the fast train to California, was installed. The train will be put back April 1, and will operate between Newton and Albuquerque, N. M., doing local business. They will be scheduled at about the same time that they were before taken off.

The reason for restoration of Nos. 113 and 118, says the superintendent's office at Wellington is that the "Missionary", loses too much time west of Wellington making stops. It has been compelled to do the local business since it was inaugurated and sometimes, when the train is composed of fifteen or sixteen cars with a doubleheaded engine equipment propelling it, the stop every five and six miles consume too much time.

When Nos. 113 and 118 are put back the "Missionary" will stop only at Wichita and Wellington regularly before reaching Amarillo. No small stops will be made at all but there will be flag stops at the more important smaller points. Runs of 35 and 40 miles without stopping will put the "Missionary" in the hummer class and give the train a chance to make more speed.

HELPLESS AS BABY

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

Summit Point, W. Va.—Mrs. Anna Belle Emey, of this place, says: "I suffered for 15 years with an awful pain in my right side, caused from womanly trouble, and doctored lots for it, but without success. I suffered so very much, that I became down in mind, and as helpless as a baby. I was in the worst kind of shape. Was unable to do any work."

I began taking Cardui, the woman's tonic, and got relief from the very first dose. By the time I had taken 12 bottles, my health was completely restored. I am now 48 years years old, but feel as good as I did when only 16.

Cardui certainly saved me from losing my mind, and I feel it my duty to record in its favor. I wish I had some power over poor, suffering women, and could make them know the good it would do them."

If you suffer from any of the ailments peculiar to women, it will certainly be worth your while to give Cardui a trial. It has been helping weak women for more than 50 years, and will help you, too.

Try Cardui. Your druggist sells it.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," in plain wrapper. N.C. 131



"BELL" Connection

Brightens Farm Life... A telephone, on a line connected to the Bell System, adds much pleasure to life on the farm.

Over the Long Distance Bell Telephone lines, you may visit with friends or relatives, near or far, without leaving home.

Summit Point, W. Va.—Mrs. Anna Belle Emey, of this place, says: "I suffered for 15 years with an awful pain in my right side, caused from womanly trouble, and doctored lots for it, but without success. I suffered so very much, that I became down in mind, and as helpless as a baby. I was in the worst kind of shape. Was unable to do any work."

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CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE.—Incubator. Call News office. —tf
FOR SALE—Three iron safes. Canyon Lumber Co. —tf

For Sale—Sudan grass seed. 20c per lb. Herman Kuhlman. —50p8

For Rent—400 acre pasture against the town. Running water, natural protection. Also 50 acres to rent to put in Sudan grass as a hay proposition. W. E. Bates. 50tf

Sudan grass seed for sale—1000 pounds at 25c. Inspected Will trade for good hogs. Rector Lester. —tf

For Sale—Four yearling thoroughbred Hereford bulls, good size and good bone. Will Cage, Canyon. 51p5

For Sale—14 two year old steers; a good two year old white face full blood bull. Also two old cows. C. Friemel, Umbarger. —tf

For Sale—One 2 year old short horn bull, solid red, weight about 1000 lbs., nice individual, full blood not registered. Will sell at a bargain or trade for good beef. Welton Winn. —tf

For Sale—A few good mules, work horses, mares, milch cows and stock cattle. Cash or credit. C. R. McAfee. 52t3

For Sale—A beautiful little new upright piano, mahogany case. Inquire at News office. —tf

For Sale—Team work mares, worth the money. J. A. Harbison. —tf

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

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Brightens Farm Life... A telephone, on a line connected to the Bell System, adds much pleasure to life on the farm.

Over the Long Distance Bell Telephone lines, you may visit with friends or relatives, near or far, without leaving home.

Have you a Telephone connected to the Bell System?

THE SOUTHWESTERN TELEGRAPH & TELEPHONE COMPANY.

The Misses Taylor Invite You

to attend the Display of the Easter Brides Trousseau on Living Models. Showing the wedding gown and accessories made of our exclusive line of laces and flowers. The going away suit and hat. (Suit furnished by the kindness of D. W. Owen)

The reception gown, hat, parasol, bag and scarf created of our embroidered organdies, chiffons and laces. The Brides Grandmother will appear showing the styles of her youth are the styles we have this season.

Monday Evening, March 29 11:11 Thursday, April 1 HOURS 8:00 till 10:00 603 Polk St., Amarillo, Texas

The Feeling of Independence

COMES to the man who has saved a good reserve fund and is on the road to Independence and Prosperity.

ARE YOU PREPARED FOR A CONTINGENCY?

Are You in This Class

OR are you toiling each day and not getting any ahead? Every one can save something if they will make an effort to save. It's not hard; start with us today.

The First State Bank

THE GUARANTY FUND BANK

Canyon Automobile Painting Company

We have opened an automobile painting shop on the south side of the square in the American Restaurant building. We handle all kinds of automobile painting and guarantee first class work.

Call and See Us.

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

The ADVERTISER is the LIVE Merchant—Trade only with Him

Every Woman Should Know

There are three entirely different kinds of baking powder, namely:

- (1) Cream of Tartar, derived from grapes,
- (2) Alum, a mineral acid, and
- (3) Phosphate of Lime.

(1) Baking Powders made of Cream of Tartar add to the food the same healthful qualities as exist in the ripe grapes from which Cream of Tartar is derived.

(2) Baking Powders made of Alum add to the food some form of Alum or Aluminum, a heavy metal, wholly foreign to any natural article of food.

(3) Phosphate of Lime is made from rock or by burning bones which by chemical action are changed into a white powder. It is used in baking powder only because it is a cheaper substitute.

A Cream of Tartar powder never contains Alum or Phosphate.

Every housekeeper should read the ingredients printed on the label and know what she is using.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
Made from Cream of Tartar

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Dolcater on Tuesday of last week.

For reading in bed, a little device to fasten the electric lamp to the bed-post has been invented. A patented shade throws the light down on the book and at the same time protects the eyes. The light company has one on display. *tl*

Mrs. John Knight returned Monday from a week's end visit with her daughter, Miss Driscilla, who is teaching at Claude.

Do not miss the recital Tuesday night. *tl*

C. N. Harrison and T. H. Rowan returned Saturday from a business trip to Dallas, Waco and Mineral Wells.

I have a special man and outfit for plowing gardens. Greatest of care in plowing around trees. First class work guaranteed. J. A. Harbison. *tf*

Glen McGahey arrived this week from his home in Jamesport, Mo., and will work again this year for H. C. Roffey. He has been at home three months.

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

Mrs. Howard and son from Plainview were here this week to visit their brother and son who has been quite ill with pneumonia.

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

Mrs. Tucker spent Sunday at her home in Hereford.

How To Give Quinine To Children.
FEBRILINE is the trade-mark name given to an improved Quinine. It is a Tasteless Syrup, pleasant to take and does not disturb the stomach. Children take it and never know it is Quinine. Also especially adapted to adults who cannot take ordinary Quinine. Does not nauseate nor cause nervousness nor ringing in the head. Try it the next time you need Quinine for any purpose. Ask for 2-ounce original package. The name FEBRILINE is blown in bottle. 25 cents.

Lee Saterwhite of Tulia was a business caller in the city Tuesday.

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

Frank Bukoviny of Amarillo has opened the Canyon Automobile Painting Co. on the south side of the square.

Go to the Canyon Bakery for pies, cakes and good bread. 514

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Warwick and Mrs. Myrtle Hoff were in Amarillo Saturday.

The Eastern Star chapter will meet Saturday afternoon at 8 o'clock. All visiting brothers and sisters cordially invited.

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

The Shakespeare program at the Normal was postponed from last week until Saturday of this week.

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

Eight Thousand Miles Without Trouble

Here is some real evidence from a man who knows. Having tried all kinds of products, he chooses the "Made in Texas" products, distinguished by the Red-Star-Green-T emblem.



Stamford Motor Company

Stamford, Texas 5/25/14

The Texas Company,
Stamford, Texas.

Gentlemen:-

The more I have to do with Texaco Motor Oil the more I become convinced of its superiority over other oils. Last year we sold about one hundred cars and tried all the leading brands of Lubricating oils and Gasoline but finally centered on TEXACO. It's good enough for us.

I have in mind one car in particular which has used Texaco Motor Oil and Texaco Auto Gasoline exclusively. This car has been in use seventeen months and has traveled 8000 miles. Yesterday we took the spark plugs out for the first time just to see what condition they were in; finding them remarkably clean, they were replaced without any cleaning. The condition of this motor more than anything else prompts me to write this letter. Most of this car's service has been slow running, which all Automobile people know to be harder on a motor than the country roads.

If all the TEXACO products come up to the high standard set by MOTOR OIL and AUTO GASOLINE you should have no trouble in winning the trade.

Yours truly,

H. M. Harbison

All Texaco products are manufactured at the same high standard. They are available for you in your own town. Order from our agent.

The Texas Company
General Offices, Houston, Texas

No. 29

TEXACO

TEXACO

"GLAD TO Show You Week"

at

Jones

MARCH 29 to APRIL 3

Over 1000 Suits, Coats and dresses from which to make your selection.

We have made arrangements with some of the biggest Ready to Wear manufacturers in the East to send us these garments for one week only, at which time we can return what hasn't been sold. Come let us SHOW YOU.

"Quick Sales Small Profits"

Write us for samples of New Spring Dress Goods.

Send us your Mail Orders. We pay parcel post charges.

Jones Dry Goods Co.

Amarillo, Texas

Corner Sixth and Polk "Fighting Prices Down"

Make Your Own Gas

THE DETROIT COMBINATION GAS MACHINE
provides the home, school, college, church, store or other buildings with a satisfactory gas supply—
Gas to light with—Gas to cook with—Gas for heating rooms—Gas to heat water for the bath, laundry and all other uses common to city coal gas at no greater cost.
On the market over 46 years. Over 30,000 in daily use. Absolutely safe. Entered in (Class A) National Fire Underwriters. Not a drop of gasoline brought into the building.
Ask today for estimate and copy of catalog—No obligation
R. L. WAGNER, Plumber, Agent
Canyon, Texas
Machine in basement

Book Club Elect Officers.

Yesterday afternoon the officers for the Woman's Book Club were elected for the coming year the following, being the ladies named:

- President—Mrs. R. B. Cousins.
Vice Pres.—Mrs. C. W. Warwick.
Sec'y—Mrs. I. C. Jenkins.
Treas.—C. E. Coss.
Librarian—Mrs. T. V. Reeves.

Epworth League Program.

Program for next Sunday:
Leader—Claude King.
Subject—Our Nations wards or a White man's chance for Red men and Black men.
Special Music—Lottie Lofton.
Messages from three Indian chiefs:
Message from Chief Hiamovi—Ross Craig.
Message from Chief Canestogo—Chas. Lofton.
Message from Chief Runningbird—John Thompson.
Story—John Sunday's appeal to Mr. Gold—Prudia Prichard.

Miss Louise Ball, who comes here next Tuesday for a violin recital, is a niece of Mrs. A. B. Ellis. She is from Corsicana and in her recital at Plainview recently she received very high praise.

Mrs. Walter Johnson was in Amarillo Saturday.

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

All men are my brothers, not just those who belong.

It's hard to get good home dressed beef this time of the year, but the best is none too good for Canyon. I will have pork, beef veal and lamb for Friday and Saturday. Vetesk Market. *tf*

That man only is great who utilizes the blessings that God provides; and of these blessings no gift equals the gentle, trusting companionship of a good woman.

Attend the recital Tuesday night. *tl*

God only calculates on each man being himself, and the presumption originally was that he would be honest. The universe is not planned for duplicity.

Strayed—From Plainview to ward Amarillo, one brown horse branded "L" on left shoulder. Will pay liberal reward. L. G. Wilson, Plainview, or see L. G. Conner, Canyon, "City". *p1*

Plowing—I want to do your plowing with my steam outfit. Also want to rent 500 or 600 acres to put in sod crop. J. A. Harbison. *tf*

Election Notice.

By virtue of an order of the City Council dated March 2nd 1915, Notice is hereby given that the regular City Election will be held on the first Tuesday in April, A. D. 1915 the same being the 8th day of said month, at the Court House of Randall County, in Canyon City, Texas for the purpose of Electing a Mayor, Tax Assessor and Collector, City Marshal and one Alderman from each of the three wards of Canyon City, Texas. 5014
F. M. Wilson, Mayor.
Attest: C. R. Flesher, Sec'y.

Excellent violin and baritone recital Tuesday night. *tl*

B. Frank Buie was in Plainview this week on business.

Loose-Wiles candy is the best. Holland Drug Co. *tf*

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McReynolds and Miss Zerah drove to Amarillo Tuesday.

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

Mark Foster visited in Tulia over Sunday.

There is not a person in Canyon who doesn't know the famous Loose-Wiles Company. Holland Drug Co. has put in a full line of their candies. Purity and quality are the most important features of this company. The candy will please you. Get some today. *tf*

F. A. Weber was in Amarillo Saturday.

Henry Gamble returned Sunday from a visit with his sister at Chillicothe.

THE ONWARD MARCH OF Bronchitis, and deep seated Coughs is arrested by Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In those scrofulous conditions of the blood which invite Consumption; in severe, lingering Coughs, and Weak Lungs, which threaten you with this fatal disease, and when other help has failed—this medicine is a proved remedy. As a blood-cleanser, strength-restorer, and tonic it is sure to benefit. In all lingering Bronchial and Throat affections, and in every disease that can be reached through the blood, it never fails to benefit or cure. In tablet or liquid form.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take.

Dr. J. T. Richards, of No. 614 Watter Street, Waco, Texas, says: "I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for a cough that followed measles. This medicine cured me when other remedies had failed. My husband also took the 'Discovery' with good results for throat trouble and catarrh."

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.**

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.

The Call of the Cumberlands

By Charles Neville Buck

With Illustrations
from Photographs of Scenes
in the Play

(Copyright, 1924, by W. J. West & Co.)
CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"Dear Samson: The war is on again. Tamarack Spicer killed Jim Asberry, and the Hollmans have killed Tamarack. Uncle Spicer is shot, but he may get well. There is nobody to lead the Souths. I am trying to hold them down until I hear from you. Don't come if you don't want to—but the gun is ready. With love,

"SALLY."

Slowly Samson South came to his feet. His voice was in the dead-level pitch which Wilfred had once before heard. His eyes were as clear and hard as transparent flint.

"I'm sorry to be of trouble, George," he said, quietly. "But you must get me to New York at once—by motor. I must take a train south tonight."

"No bad news, I hope," suggested Lescott.

For an instant Samson forgot his four years of viceroy. The century of prenatal barbarism broke out fiercely. He was seeing things far away—and forgetting things near by. His eyes blazed and his fingers twitched.

"Hell, no!" he exclaimed. "The war's on, and my hands are freed!"

For an instant, as no one spoke, he stood breathing heavily, then, wheeling, rushed toward the house as though just across its threshold lay the fight into which he was aching to hurl himself.

CHAPTER XIV.

Samson stopped at his studio and threw open an old closet where, from a littered pile of discarded background draperies, canvases and stretchers, he fished out a buried and dust-covered pair of saddlebags. They had long lain there forgotten, but they held the rusty clothes in which he had left Misery.

Samson had caught the fastest west-bound express on the schedule. In thirty-six hours he would be at Hixon. There were many things which his brain must attack and digest in these hours. He must arrange his plan of action to its minutest detail, because he would have as little time for reflection, once he had reached his own country, as a wildcat flung into a pack of hounds.

From the railroad station to his home he must make his way—most probably fight his way—through thirty miles of hostile territory, where all the trails were watched. And yet, for the time, all that seemed too remotely unreal to hold his thoughts.

He took out Sally's letter, and read it once more. He read it mechanically and as a piece of news that had brought evil tidings. Then, suddenly, another aspect of it struck him—an aspect to which the shock of its reception had until this tardy moment blinded him. The letter was perfectly grammatical and penned in a hand of copybook roundness and evenness. The address, the body of the missive and the signature were all in one cigraphy. She would not have intrusted the writing of this letter to anyone else.

Sally had learned to write. Moreover, at the end were the words, "with love." It was all plain now. Sally had never repudiated him. She was declaring herself true to her mission and her love.

"Good God!" roared the man, in abjectly bitter self-contempt. His hand went involuntarily to his cropped head, and dropped with a gesture of self-doubting. He looked down at his tan shoes and silk socks. He rolled back his shirt-sleeve and contemplated the forearm that had once been as brown and tough as leather. It was now the arm of a city man, except for the burning of one outdoor week. He was returning at the eleventh hour—stripped of the faith of his kinsmen, half-tripped of his faith in himself. If he were to realize the constructive dreams of which he had last night so confidently prattled to Adrienne, he must lead his people from under the blighting shadow of the feud.

He must reappear before his kinsmen as much as possible the boy who had left them—not the top with new-fangled affectations. His eyes fell upon the saddlebags upon the floor of the Pullman and he smiled satirically. He would like to step from the train at Hixon and walk brazenly through the town in those old clothes, challenging every hostile glance. If they shot him down on the streets, as they certainly would do, it would end his questioning and his anguish of dilemma. He would welcome that, but it would, after all, be shirking the issue.

He must get out of Hixon and into his own country unrecognized. The lean boy of four years ago was the somewhat filled-out man now. The one concession that he had made to Paris life was the wearing of a closely cropped mustache. That he still wore—had worn it chiefly because he liked to hear Adrienne's humorous denunciation of it. He knew that, in his present guise and dress, he had an excellent chance of walking through the

streets of Hixon as a stranger. And, after leaving Hixon, there was a mission to be performed at Jesse Purvy's store. As a thought of that mission a grim grin came to his pupils.

All journeys end, and as Samson passed through the tawdry cars of the local train near Hixon he saw several faces which he recognized, but they either eyed him in inexpressive silence or gave him the greeting of the "furriner."

As Samson crossed the toll bridge to the town proper he passed two brown-shirted militiamen, lounging on the rail of the middle span. They grinned at him, and, recognizing the outsider from his clothes, one of them commented:

"Ain't this the hell of a town?" "It's going to be," replied Samson, enigmatically, as he went on.

Still unrecognized, he hired a horse at the livery stable, and for two hours rode in silence, save for the easy creaking of his stirrup leathers and the soft thud of hoofs.

The silence soothed him. The brooding hills lulled his spirit as a crooning song hulls a fretful child. Mile after mile unrolled forgotten vistas. Something deep in himself murmured:

"Home!"

It was late afternoon when he saw ahead of him the orchard of Purvy's place, and read on the store wall, a little more weather stained, but otherwise unchanged:

"Jesse Purvy, General Merchandise." The porch of the store was empty, and as Samson flung himself from his saddle there was no one to greet him. This was surprising, since, ordinarily, two or three of Purvy's personal guardsmen loafed at the front to watch the road. Just now the guard should logically be doubled. Samson still wore his eastern clothes—for he wanted to go through that door unknown. As Samson South he could not cross its threshold either way. But when he stepped up on to the rough porch

stolical voice. "I tell ye I ain't quite through with ye yet. In due an' proper time I'll see that ye get yer ticket." Then he added, with conciliating softness: "We've been friends a long while. Let's talk this thing over before we fall out."

"Thar hain't nothin' to talk over," stormed Aaron. "Ye're jest tryin' ter kill time till the boys gets hyar, and then I reckon ye 'lows ter have me kill like ye've had me kill them others. Hit ain't no use. I've done sent 'em away. When they gets back hyar, either you'll be in hell, or I'll be on my way outen the mountings."

Samson stood rigid. Here was the confession of one murderer, with no denial from the other. The truce was off. Why should he wait? Cataclysts seemed to thunder in his brain, and yet he stood there, his hand in his coat pocket, clutching the grip of a magazine pistol. Samson South the old, and Samson South the new were writhing in the life-and-death grapple of two codes. Then, before decision came, he heard a sharp report inside, and the heavy fall of a body to the floor.

A wildly excited figure came plunging through the door, and Samson's left hand swept out and seized its shoulder in a sudden vise grip.

"Do you know me?" he inquired, as the mountaineer pulled away and crouched back with startled surprise and vicious frenzy.

"No, damn ye! Git outen my road!" Aaron thrust his cocked rifle close against the stranger's face. From its muzzle came the acrid stench of freshly burned powder. "Git outen my road afore I kills ye!"

"My name is Samson South." Before the astounded finger on the trigger could be crooked, Samson's pistol spoke from the pocket, and, as though in echo, the rifle blazed, a little too late and a shade too high, over his head, as the dead man's arms went up.

Except for those two reports there was no sound. Samson stood still, anticipating an uproar of alarm. Now he should doubtless have to pay with his life for both the deaths, which would inevitably and logically be attributed to his agency. But, strangely enough, no clamor arose. The shot inside had been muffled, and those outside, broken by the intervening store, did not arouse the house. Purvy's bodyguard had been sent away by Hollis on a false alarm. Only the "women-folks" and children remained indoors, and they were drowning with a piano any sounds that might have come from without.

Now Samson South stood looking down, uninterrupted, on what had been Aaron Hollis as it lay motionless at his feet. There was a powder-burned hole in the butternut shirt, and only a slender thread of blood trickled into the dirt-grimed cracks between the planks.

Samson turned to the darkened doorway. Inside was emptiness, except for the other body, which had crumpled forward and face down across the counter. A glance showed that Jesse Purvy would no more fight back the coming of death. He was quite unarmed.

Samson paused only for a momentary survey. His score was clean. He would not again have to agonize over the dilemma of old ethics and new. Tomorrow the word would spread like wildfire along Misery and Crippleshin that Samson South was back and that his coming had been signalized by these two deaths. The fact that he was responsible for only one—and that in self-defense—would not matter. They would prefer to believe that he had invaded the store and killed Purvy and that Hollis had fallen in his master's defense at the threshold. Samson went out, still meeting no one, and continued his journey.

Dusk was falling when he hitched his horse in a clump of timber, and, lifting his saddlebags, began climbing to a cabin that sat back in a thicketed cove. He was now well within South territory and the need of masquerade had ended.

The cabin had not for years been occupied. Its roof-tree was leaning askew under rotting shingles. The doorstep was ivy-covered, and the doors of the hearth were broken. But it lay well hidden and would serve his purposes.

Shortly, a candle flickered inside, before a small hand mirror. Scissors and safety razor were for a while busy. The man who entered in impeccable clothes emerged fifteen minutes later—transformed. There appeared under the rising June crescent a smooth-faced native, clad in stained store clothes, with rough woolen socks showing at his brogan tops, and a battered felt hat drawn over his face. No one who had known the Samson South of four years ago would fail to recognize him now. And the stranger, part, he told himself, was that he felt the old Samson.

At a point where a hand bridge crossed the skirting creek, the boy dismounted. Ahead of him lay the stile where he had said good-by to Sally.

He was going to her, and nothing else mattered. He lifted his head and sent out a long, clear whippoorwill call, which quavered on the night much like the other calls in the black hills around him. After a moment he went nearer, in the shadow of a poplar, and repeated the call.

Then the cabin door opened. Its jamb framed a patch of yellow candle light, and, at the center, a slender silhouette figure, in a fluttering, eager attitude of uncertainty. The figure turned slightly to one side, and, as it did so, the man saw clasped in her right hand the rifle, which had been his mission, bequeathed to her in trust. She hesitated, and the man, invisible

in the shadow, once more imitated the bird note, but this time it was so low and soft that it seemed the voice of a whispering whippoorwill.

Then, with a sudden glad little cry, she came running with her old feet grace down to the road.

Samson had vaulted the stile and stood in the full moonlight. As he saw her coming he stretched out his arms and his voice broke from his throat in a half-hoarse, passionate cry: "Sally!"

It was the only word he could have spoken just then, but it was all that was necessary. It told her everything.

For a time there was no speech, but to each of them it seemed that their tumultuous heartbeating must sound above the night music, and the telegraphy of heartbeats tells enough.

But they had much to say to each other, and, finally, Samson broke the silence:

"Did ye think I wasn't a-coming back, Sally?" he questioned, softly. At that moment he had no realization that his tongue had ever fashioned smoother phrases. And she, too, who had been making war on crude idioms, forgot, as she answered:

"Ye done said ye was comin'." Then she added a happy lie: "I knowed plumb shore ye'd do hit."

After a while she drew away and said, slowly:

"Samson, I've done kept the old rifle-gun ready for ye. Ye said ye'd need it bad when ye come back, an' I've took care of it."

She stood there holding it, and her voice dropped almost to a whisper as she added:

"It's been a lot of comfort to me sometimes, because it was your'n. I knew if ye stopped keerin' fer me ye wouldn't let me keep it—an' as long as I had it I—"

She broke off, and the fingers of one hand touched the weapon caressingly.

After a long while they found time for the less wonderful things.

"I got your letter," he said, seriously, "and I came at once." As he began to speak of concrete facts he dropped again into ordinary English and did not know that he had changed his manner of speech.

For an instant Sally looked up into his face, then with a sudden laugh, she informed him:

"I can say 'ain't' instead of 'hain't' too. How did you like my writing?"

He held her off at arm's length, and looked at her pridefully, but under his gaze her eyes fell and her face flushed with a sudden diffidence and a new shyness of realization. She wore a calico dress, but at her throat was a soft little bow of ribbon. She was no longer the totally unself-conscious wood nymph, though as natural and instinctive as in other days. Suddenly she drew away from him a little, and her hands went slowly to her breast and rested there. She was fronting a great crisis, but, in the first flush of joy she had forgotten it. She had spent lonely nights struggling for rudiments; she had sought and fought to refashion herself, so that, if he came, he need not be ashamed of her. And now he had come and, with a terrible clarity and distinctness, she realized how pitifully little she had been able to accomplish. Would she pass muster? She stood there before him, frightened, self-conscious and palpitating, then her voice came in a whisper:

"Samson, dear, I'm not holdin' you to any promise. Those things we said were a long time back. Maybe we'd better forget 'em now and begin all over again."

But again he crushed her in his arms and his voice rose triumphantly: "Sally, I have no promises to take back, and you have made none that I'm ever going to let you take back—not while life lasts!"

Her laugh was the delicious music of happiness.

"I don't want to take them back," she said. Then, suddenly, she added, importantly: "I wear shoes and stockings now, and I've been to school a little. I'm awfully—awfully ignorant, Samson, but I've started, and I reckon you can teach me."

His voice choked. Then, her hands strayed up, and clasped themselves about his head.

"Oh, Samson," she cried, as though someone had struck her, "you've cut yore hair."

"It will grow again," he laughed. But he wished that he had not had to make that excuse. Then, being honest, he told her all about Adrienne Lescott—even about how, after he believed that he had been outcast by his uncle and herself, he had had his moments of doubt. Now that it was all so clear, now that these could never be doubt, he wanted the woman who had been so true a friend to know the girl whom he loved. He loved them both, but was in love with only one. He wanted to present to Sally the friend who had made him, and to the friend who had made him the Sally of whom he was proud. He wanted to tell Adrienne that now he could answer her question—that each of them meant to the other exactly the same thing; they were friends of the rarer sort, who had for a little time been in danger of mistaking their comradeship for passion.

As they talked, sitting on the stile, Sally held the rifle across her knees. Except for their own voices and the soft chorus of night sounds, the hills were wrapped in silence—a silence as soft as velvet.

"I learned some things down there at school, Samson," said the girl, slowly, "and I wish—I wish you didn't have to use this."

"Jim Asberry is dead," said the man gravely.

"Yes," she echoed, "Jim Asberry's

dead." She stopped there. Yet, her sign completed the sentence as though she had added, "but he was only one of several. Your vow went farther."

After a moment's pause, Samson added:

"Jesse Purvy's dead." The girl drew back, with a frightened gasp. She knew what this meant, or thought she did.

"Jesse Purvy!" she repeated. "Oh, Samson, did ye—?" She broke off, and covered her face with her hands.

"No, Sally," he told her. "I didn't have to." He recited the day's occurrences, and they sat together on the stile, until the moon had sunk to the ridge top.

Capt. Sidney Callomb, who had been dispatched in command of a militia



"I Have No Promises to Take Back."

company to quell the trouble in the mountains, should have been a soldier by profession. All his enthusiasms were martial.

The deepest sorrow and mortification he had ever known was that which came to him when Tamarack Spicer, his prisoner of war and a man who had been surrendered on the strength of his personal guaranty, had been assassinated before his eyes. In some fashion, he must make amends. He realized, too, and it rankled deeply, that his men were not being genuinely used to serve the state, but as instruments of the Hollmans, and he had seen enough to distrust the Hollmans. Here, in Hixon, he was seeing things from only one angle. He meant to learn something more impartial.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WAR TERMS NOT UNDERSTOOD

"Forlorn Hope," for instance, has not the meaning with which it is credited.

In the course of every war one hears a great deal about "forlorn hopes." The term is one of the most misused in the vocabulary of war. It is commonly misunderstood to mean "lost troop"—that is "detached troop." The word "hope" in the phrase is not an English but a Dutch word, "hoop," meaning literally "heap," and secondarily body of troops. The word "forlorn" represents the Dutch "verloren"—lost. A "verloren hoop" was a detached body of troops thrown out in front of the main line of battle to find the enemy and engage them first. This was the regular sixteenth and seventeenth century practice, and though it was one of the more dangerous kinds of service it was not desperate or, in the English sense, forlorn. Nowadays much the same work is done by the detached bodies of cavalry which are thrown out before the main line to find the enemy.

"Capitulation" is another term of war, which is very loosely used. It does not mean surrender, but surrender on terms; in fact, it means the terms, not the surrender. It is from the Latin "capitulum" or "heading" (from which is derived our word "chapter"), and a capitulation is a formal treaty of surrender drawn up under a series of headings or chapters, embodying the terms on each point.

Woman's Logic.

You sometimes wonder about the logic of the feminist mind.

A man was to meet his wife at her office at one o'clock to take luncheon with her. He was 20 minutes late. She had gone out.

He sat down and waited. At 1:20 she arrived.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I'm waiting for you."

"Didn't you know I wouldn't come back after I'd given you up and gone out?"

"But you did come back, didn't you? You are back now, aren't you?"

"Yes, but you might have known that when I did come back I would have had my lunch, and there would be no use in waiting to have it with me."

"Well, have you had it?"

"No."—Denver News.

Japanese a Patient People.

Impatience among the Japanese is a thing you will rarely observe as you travel through their strange and beautiful country. If, on the other hand, you yourself, in touring Japan, might upon occasion grow somewhat impatient, you will only become the quiet laughing stock—behind your back—of the little Japs themselves.

An hour, or even a day, more or less in this oriental country is of little account, and matters cannot be made to move any the quicker because of any irritability.

Horticultural Points



PICKED UP IN THE ORCHARD

If Trees Are Not Protected Against Mice Much Damage Will Result—Sort and Pack Apples.

As we look out over the orchard these days, everything seems to be quiet and peaceful on the surface; but if there is deep snow on the ground thousands of mice are probably busy making their tunnels from their nests to the young trees to breakfast off their tender bark. If you have not protected the trees by putting paper or wire screens about them your reflections will not be altogether pleasant.

If you have apples to sell and they have not yet been properly sorted and packed, now is a good time to do this work. Sort according to size and color and pack in small boxes with paper between the layers, particularly if you have private customers, as most peo-



Good Way to Use Dead Trees—Fine Work for the Winter.

ple like them better that way than when packed loosely in barrels.

Be particular to select good apples of the same size for the top layer, but be just as particular to see that those in the middle and the bottom of the box are equally good.

Second quality apples should be packed in the same way, in boxes by themselves, and the culls can either be made into cider or worked up for family use or sold in the market for just what they are. If the second grade apples and the culls are packed in along with the best you will get nothing more than the price for culls, as buyers always base their offering on the poorest quality of fruit.

If the fruit is stored in the cellar, it must be well ventilated and perfectly dry, although we have found that apples stored on a cement floor become too dry and are apt to shrivel. We believe that there is nothing better than an earthen floor for storing apples or fruits of all kinds, providing the drainage is perfect.

If the cellar becomes damp at sudden thaws the fruit should be looked over carefully and all imperfect specimens sorted out and the fruit elevated two or three feet above the floor.

If you are going to plant a new orchard next spring make your selections now and give your order to the nursery along in February so that it may be delivered to you when wanted. By getting in your order early you are more likely to get good trees and shipments will be made to reach you at planting time.

Best Time for Pruning.

There is a lot of truth in the old saying that one should prune when the knife is sharp. Spring is the best time for pruning, as at that time the wounds heal up most quickly. If the trees are making excessive growth a pruning early in July is good, as there is not likely to be any new growth starting as the results of cutting out the old. There is also little danger of recurring growth if just the water-sprouts are cut out now.

Best Keeping Qualities.

For best keeping qualities, apples should be picked as soon as they are well colored and before they are over-ripe. However, if picked too green they will shrivel, while if allowed to become too ripe they will become dry and mealy.

Vaccination a Fake.

If any tree doctor offers to vaccinate your trees to repel insects and diseases set the dog on him and drive him off the place in a hurry. He is a faker and his treatment is no good. It may hurt the tree; it certainly will not be of benefit.

Fear Trees Run High.

Young pear trees are inclined to be high. They should be headed severely every year while young. Big pear trees need but little pruning.

Fundamental Principles of Health

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M.D.

(Copyright, 1914, by A. S. Gray)

PROTECTIVE SUBSTANCES.

Sir Almroth Wright, the discoverer of opsonins, speaking before the Chelsea Clinical Society of London, asserted that, while their origin in the body was unknown, "all the protective substances which were involved in the cure of disease were to be regarded as produced by the internal secretions."

Naturally the mind of thinking man instinctively turns to the search for this "appropriate stimulus." Other things being equal, it is quite significant that the highest degree of immunity to infection is generally to be found among those people most closely approximating primitive living conditions, and it is among this class that the highest number of breast-fed infants will be found.

Inasmuch as we all begin as a single cell and every particle of change beyond that state, must come as the result of the absorption of external matter, we are inevitably forced to a consideration of the building material out of which the body must be constructed as being the only logical point of departure from the normal state of health.

In the past the value of a food has been estimated by its contents in fats, carbohydrates and proteins, as estimated by rather crude chemical analysis and the calorific equivalent of the food.

The work of Hoist, of Funk and of the later investigators of the different deficiency diseases gives to medicine an entirely new conception of food requirements. The discovery of these substances (the vitamins) is certain to produce a revolution in existing theories of metabolism and of disease, because such substances have been undreamed of by physiologists and pathologists.

The discovery of these substances (the vitamins) is certain to produce a revolution in existing theories of metabolism and of disease, because such substances have been undreamed of by physiologists and pathologists.

It is in the elimination from our grain foods of the nitrogenized mineral molecule bearing its store of latent but easily secured energy that we may expect to find the source of the many thin little legs, the many pale, pinched little cheeks and the lusterless eyes. It is in the elimination of these "inorganic, insoluble" elements we shall undoubtedly find the cause of the lack of material for the manufacture of the protective materials secreted by our wonderful ductless glands which control all our involuntary vital functions and insure our immunity against invading protoplasmic enemies.

No protein bodies, such as bacteria are, can live except in favorable chemical solutions; they, like ourselves, are dependent on a constant flow of food energy, and the adjustment in the normal human body makes it impossible for bacteria to exist therein. Hence it must be disturbance in this vital flow, in our chemical balance, that makes us subject to infections as well as to those deficiencies falling under the head of "neurotics" and around which are grouped our neurasthenics, our hay fever and other similar victims.

light that will reflect red. The analogy holds good in every department; it is a universal principle. And in this principle we shall find the key to the solution of most of our ills. Under the exigencies of trade vital parts of the energy stream are diverted and as a consequence we suffer what we call disease.

Sajous holds that millions of infants die solely because they are deprived of what nature provided for them, the maternal milk, which not only nourishes them, but protects them against disease. Human milk contains vitamins, and we have yet to demonstrate the ultimate result of civilization's substitutes for the normal maternal milk, which do not contain these vital principles, on those infants that survive the unnatural feeding. We have yet to establish the relationship between commercially processed foodstuffs and many of our distressing functional diseases.

PROTEIN MATTER.

Every living cell, be it animal, vegetable or bacterial, must feed or cease to exist. The one phenomenon always manifested by living matter and never by nonliving matter is metabolism. Metabolism consists in a constant traffic in energy by means of a certain persistent interchange of energy bearing elements by barter among the individual cells composing the living body.

Nitrogen seems to be the master element within the living molecule, because in all cases the living organism is found to consist of one or more nitrogen-containing cells. The nitrogen cell content is known as protoplasm and exists as a wonderfully complex molecule generally in the form of a colloid.

The only essential and constant difference between living and nonliving matter is that within the molecules of living matter there is this constant metabolism making for a continuous interchange of flow of energy, while in the nonliving no such process operates.

In all instances protein or protoplasm is capable of growth and multiplication, but to do this it must assimilate and eliminate; that is to say, it must receive and discard. The living molecule not only absorbs, but it chemically alters what it absorbs. That is to say, it adapts the atoms to its needs by rearranging them into new combinations; or, in other words, it assimilates and eliminates. In effect, it feeds and excretes exactly as does any human individual. Obviously, then, a cell is limited in its food supply to that which lies within its reach, and there must, therefore, be a certain relationship between the cell and the medium in which it exists.

When matter becomes endowed with life it does not cease to be matter, neither does it lose its inherent properties. It simply becomes exceedingly active or unstable, but it is never released from the laws that govern its structure, its attractions and reactions. No animal has the ability individually directly to assimilate the energy or heat locked up in elemental mineral matter. First groups of energy-bearing mineral molecules are torn from nonliving matter by the chemical activity and affinities of the lower forms of life, the primitive forms of protein matter existing in plants and in the interior of these protein bodies the mineral molecular atoms are rearranged by ferments and thereby quickened. Thereafter their interchanges and reactions are very rapid. It is quite certain that these ferments have their origin in the nitrogenous metabolism of the living molecule, and that each living molecule has many of these nitrogenous groups known as receptors, which are in effect hands-atom groups in a cell by means of which foreign substances, toxins, food molecules and the like are anchored to the cell.

It is these nitrogenous bodies, enzymes, ferments or catalyzers that bridge the chasm between the non-living sources of energy and the living cell; and it is a break in this chain and the consequent disturbance in our relationship with the sources of energy that interferes with the free flow of energy or life through our tissues, thereby creating those conditions of functional disturbance and the chemical conditions necessary for that state known as disease and which sooner or later are quite certain to develop into some form of infection or organic disease.

It is in the elimination from our grain foods of the nitrogenized mineral molecule bearing its store of latent but easily secured energy that we may expect to find the source of the many thin little legs, the many pale, pinched little cheeks and the lusterless eyes. It is in the elimination of these "inorganic, insoluble" elements we shall undoubtedly find the cause of the lack of material for the manufacture of the protective materials secreted by our wonderful ductless glands which control all our involuntary vital functions and insure our immunity against invading protoplasmic enemies.

No protein bodies, such as bacteria are, can live except in favorable chemical solutions; they, like ourselves, are dependent on a constant flow of food energy, and the adjustment in the normal human body makes it impossible for bacteria to exist therein. Hence it must be disturbance in this vital flow, in our chemical balance, that makes us subject to infections as well as to those deficiencies falling under the head of "neurotics" and around which are grouped our neurasthenics, our hay fever and other similar victims.



JACK RABBIT LEARNS MORE

"Yes," said Mister Fox, "that was a very good example of the evil of being a glutton. The wolf, if he had been satisfied with enough, would have had a good meal and avoided a sore leg. He hasn't been out of his den for a week, and Mrs. Wolf told me that she thought he would always be lame."

Mister Fox and Jack Rabbit were walking along the road together, or rather the fox was walking and the rabbit was running because his legs are so much shorter, while this conversation was going on. Jack Rabbit had arrived at Mister Fox's house just as the latter was going out for a morning's stroll. The rabbit had told the fox the story of the wolf and was patiently waiting for Mister Fox to tell him the bit of wisdom which he had come to learn.

At length they came to a pond and sat down to rest for a moment in the shade of some bushes, which shielded them from the sight of any passer-by. They had been sitting there for only a minute or two when, from the other side of the bushes, there came a loud quacking, and as the fox and the rabbit peeked through the leaves they saw a fat old duck standing by the side of a frog which seemed to be in great distress. He lay on his side in the sun, gasping for breath and holding on to his head in a most distressing manner.

The old duck who stood beside him was quacking loudly. "You are a very sick frog," she said, "and except that I am very learned in medicine and a doctor of wide experience, your chances for getting well would be very poor."

"I am going to give you a very careful examination, and when I have decided what is the matter with you and have given you the proper treatment, I may be able to save you. Open your mouth and put out your tongue."

The poor frog did as he was ordered, although he was so weak that he could hardly hold his mouth open long enough for the duck to get a good look. When the duck had seen his tongue she shook her head wisely, as much as to say, "Just as I thought."

"Then she felt of the frog's legs just above his feet, or what would be just above where his hand is, and counted the frog's pulse or at least pretended to. Then she shook her head again. "Turn over," she said to the frog, and put her head down on the frog's stomach, as if she was listening to his heart.

"A very bad case," said the duck; "a very bad case, indeed. You have eaten something that has poisoned you; you have a very high fever and your heart is very weak. I shall have to go to the wood and gather some herbs that I know there and feed them to you," and off she started for the wood, leaving the poor frog in the hot sun on his back.

"That duck is a quack, I believe," said the fox. "I haven't any idea that she knows anything about medicine or what is the matter with the frog. I intend to set matters right by going to the edge of the pond and getting another frog to come and attend to this sick one," and so saying Mister Fox stole down nearer the edge of the pond.

He soon found another frog, and told him of the illness of the frog on the bank, and within a few minutes half a dozen frogs were hopping up from the water to where their sick friend lay.

It was not half a minute before they had decided what was the trouble.

"He has been out of the water too long," said one big friend.

"And he has been lying in this hot sun," said another.

"All he needs," said another, "is to be helped down to the water and five minutes after he has been in the pond he will be as well as ever."

So one frog got on one side and another frog got on the other, and in half a minute they had helped the sick frog down to the edge of the pond and pushed him in, and in a minute more he was swimming about as well as ever.

"What did I tell you?" said the fox, as he came back to Jack Rabbit, "but here comes the duck; let's see what she will do." The duck was waddling along with her bill full of pine needles, which she had picked up in the wood. When she arrived where she had left the frog she was very much surprised to find him gone, but just at that moment the fox stepped out from the bushes and said, "Good morning, Doctor Duck, are you looking for your patient?"

"Yes," said the duck, "I left a very sick frog here only a few moments ago, and have just returned with medicine for his treatment."

"I see," said the fox; "and what called the frog?"

"Oh, he was suffering from a very dangerous disease, and unless he has

attention from me very soon he will be dead."

"I scarcely think so," said the fox, "for he is already swimming around in the pond as well as ever. If he had waited here in the hot sun for you to treat him he would never have seen his family alive again. I have always thought you a quack, and now I know it, and since you are no good to your kind and are likely to do much harm, I think I shall be giving a great service to everyone else by eating you," and taking the duck by the neck, he started off for the side of the hill.

"The lesson of this ought to be very plain to you," said the fox to the rabbit, "and perhaps you can tell it to me."

"Well," said the rabbit, "whether it be the lesson or not, it is plain that it does not pay to pretend to be something which you are not."

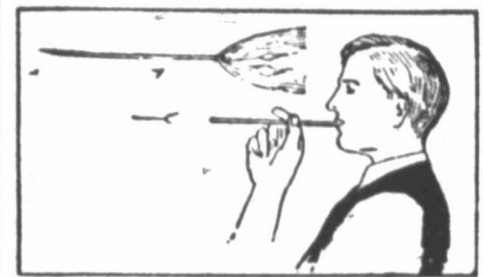
"You are right," said Mister Fox, as he entered the door of his house.

BLOWGUN IS EASY TO MAKE

Piece of Bamboo or Curtain-Rod Tubing May Be Used—Dart Travels Accurately for 20 Feet.

Either a 12-inch length of a small curtain-rod tubing or a straight piece of small bamboo pole, cut off between the joints, can be used for the gun part of this simple device, writes C. C. Fraser of Saginaw, Mich., in Popular Mechanics. If bamboo is used, see that it is cleaned out smoothly on the inside.

The dart used in the gun in shown at A in the illustration. It is made by threading the eye of a darning needle full of yarn, clipping all the strands off to a uniform length of about three-fourths inch, and then picking out the fibers into a brushlike mass above the needle's eye. Another needle or pin can be used for fuzzing the threads. The point to observe is that the brush is of somewhat larger diameter than



Blowgun for indoors.

the bore of the gun, so that when the needle is pushed into the mouth end the brush will be compressed and make an air-tight plug.

After thus inserting the dart, hold it as shown and give a quick, sharp blast of the breath into the gun. The dart will travel with great speed and accuracy for 20 feet or more, and stick wherever it strikes. The point being so small, it can be used in the house for shooting at a paper target pinned to the wall without injury to the plaster or woodwork.

BIG GIFT OF APPRECIATION

Helen Always Sees Glean of Gold Somewhere in Someone That No One Else Ever Detected.

"There is one thing about Helen," says a writer in the Christian Guardian. "She has a genuine gift of appreciation. Whenever you speak of anyone she always seems to bubble over with some kindly appreciation of her. When someone remarked the other day that Miss — was not at all pretty, she broke out with 'Yes, but then some people don't need to be pretty; they're nice enough without it.' It is always that way with her; she has seen the gleam of gold somewhere in someone that no one else ever detected or thought of looking for. Her older sister is a splendid musician and her younger is quite a brilliant elocutionist, but I don't know but I'd rather have Helen's talent of appreciating people than to have the gifts of either of the others. I believe she gets more joy out of it and perhaps gives more joy with it."

It is a talent toward the acquiring of which we can do a great deal by practice, even if we seem to be lacking in it by nature.

A Bright Boy.

"Now, boys," said the schoolteacher, "I want you to bear in mind that the word 'stan' at the end of a word means 'the place of.' Thus we have Afghanistan—the place of the Afghans; also Hindustan—the place of the Hindus. Can you give me another example?"

Nobody appeared very anxious to do so until little Johnny Snags said proudly:

"Yes, sir, I can. Umbrellastan—the place for umbrellas."

Easy to Find.

"Do you know where Johnny Locke lives, my little boy?" asked a gentle-voiced old lady.

"He ain't home, but if you give me a penny I'll find him for you right off," replied the lad.

"All right, you're a nice little boy. Now, where is he?"

"Tanks—I'm him."—Kansas City Times.

Expression Mised Him.

Mother—Why didn't you run for home when you heard that a shower was coming up?

Willie—Cause I knew I wouldn't get wet unless it came down.

Expensive Establishment.

First Small Boy—My mamma keeps a coachman and a footman.

Second Small Boy—Huh! That's nothin'. My mother keeps six board-

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

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

SEE THE NEWS PRINTERY

For the superior kind of

COMMERCIAL JOB PRINTING

Randall County News

S. A. Shotwell & Co.

Wholesale and Retail

Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds

Best Grades of Nigger Head and Maitland Coal

TERMS CASH

Plainview Nursery

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

Agents Wanted to Sell on Commission

Plainview Nursery

PLAINVIEW TEXAS

Canyon Grocery Comp'y

So many order groceries from parties representing large houses in the big cities, or order direct from Sears & Roebuck, that we conclude they get closer prices (or think they do) than from the home merchant. Considering quality we doubt if the big houses can do as good a part by the customer as we do. Till further notice we make the following prices For Cash.

15 lbs. cane sugar	\$1.00
Sea flour per sack	2.00
Blue band flour	1.90
Hercules flour	1.90
Orient flour	1.75
Cream meal per sack	
17 1/2 lbs.	.55
Pearl meal per sack	
34 lbs.	.80
Pearl meal per sack	
17 1/2 lbs.	.45
1 gal. pure country sorghum	.70
1 1/2 " " " "	.40
1 " " " " "	.65
1 " " " " "	.40
1 1/2 " " " " "	.40
1 " " " " "	.55
1 1/2 " " " " "	.35
1 " " " " "	.25
1 1/2 " " " " "	.25
1 gal. onion sets	.30
1 " " " " "	.30
Spuds (Irish) per cwt.	1.75
Bulk crackers by box per lb.	.07
3 one lb. package crackers	.25
3 " " " " "	.25
7 bars Claret soap	.25
7 " Swifts white soap	.25
7 " Crystal " "	.25
6 " Carbo Naphtha soap	.25
6 " Clean Easy " "	.25
7 pkgs. Gold Dust	.25
7 " Pearlina " "	.25
Brooms (old price 50c)	.40
" " " " "	.35
10 lbs. Cottolene	1.40
4 " " " "	.55
10 " Snow Drift	1.10
4 " " " "	.45
1 " Arbuckle coffee	.20
High grade bulk " 8 lbs.	1.00
2 pkgs. spices	.25
3 " Cream of Wheat	.25
2 " Kelloggs Flakes	.25
2 " Post Toasties	.25
1 lb. dried peaches	.09
1 " Raisins bulk	.09
1 " Prunes	.10
1 " dried Calif. apples	.11
1 doz. cans Green Feather peaches	1.75
1 doz. cans Calif. Club peaches	2.00
2 doz. cans White Swan peaches	2.50
1 can Logan berries	.20
1 doz. cans Wapco Kraut	1.20
1 " " " " " " "	.90
1 " " " " " " "	.90
1 " " " " " " "	.90
1 " " " " " " "	1.00
1 doz. cans Sun Vale string beans	1.20
1 doz. cans Beauty peas	1.30
1 " " " " " " "	1.50
1 " " " " " " "	2.00
1 can Calumet Baking Powder old price 25c	.20
1 can Calumet Baking Powder old price 50c	.45
1 can Calumet Baking Powder old price \$1	.90
1 can K.C. Baking Powder old price 25c	.20
1 can K.C. Baking Powder old price 50c	.45
1 can K.C. Baking Powder old price 75c	.65
1 can K.C. Baking Powder old price \$1	.90
1 gal. coal oil	.10
5 " gasoline	.65

Our Stock of Groceries is Fresh.

CANYON GROCERY CO.

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WELL?

Many Canyon People Know the Importance of Healthy Kidneys.

The Kidneys filter the blood. They work night and day. Well kidneys remove impurities.

Weak kidneys allow impurities to multiply. No kidney ill should be neglected.

There is possible danger in delay. If you have backache or urinary troubles.

If you are nervous, dizzy or worn out. Begin treating your kidneys at once.

Use a proven kidney remedy. None endorsed like Doan's Kidney Pills.

Recommended by thousands. Proved by Canyon testimony. George Reynolds, Canyon, says: "I had pains across my back and sides and my kidneys became weak. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and was soon cured. Another of my family had still worse trouble and Doan's Kidney Pills quickly cured that case."

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

(Advertisement)

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

Whereas, By a certain deed of trust dated the 10th day of May, A. D. 1910, executed and acknowledged the same day by Thomas Gallahue, of Ford County, Illinois, the said Thomas Gallahue did convey to Howard Wilson, as trustee, the north one-half (N. 1/2) of section thirteen (13), block eight (8), B. S. & F. land, containing 320 acres of land, situated in Randall County, Texas, together with all and singular the rights and appurtenances thereto belonging, for the purpose of securing James E. Wilson, the beneficiary named in said deed of trust, in the payment of three certain promissory vendor's lien notes, dated Amarillo, Texas, January 8, 1910, numbered "1", "2" and "3", payable to the order of James E. Wilson, at Amarillo, Texas, each bearing interest at the rate of six per cent per annum from date until paid, interest payable semi-annually on November 8th and May 8th, of each year as it accrues, Note No. 1 being for the principal sum of \$1396.67, due May 8, 1911; Note No. 2 being for the principal sum of \$1396.67, due May 8, 1912, after date; and Note No. 3 being for the principal sum of \$1396.67, due May 8, 1913, after date; each of said notes reciting that in consideration of the sum of \$4190.01, paid by the holder of said notes matured or to mature, or any of them, mature all of said notes, so they shall at once become due and payable, said notes further providing for 10 per cent attorney's or collector's fees, each of them being executed by said Thomas Gallahue; all of which will fully appear from said deed of trust which is of record in Book 5, a page 522 of the Book of Trust Records of Randall County, Texas, to which reference is hereby made; and

Whereas, It is provided in said deed of trust that on default in the payment of said notes, or any of them, or any installment of interest thereon provided when the same shall become due, such default shall at the option of the holder of said notes matured or to mature, and said Howard Wilson, trustee, shall be and is thereby empowered, when requested to do so by the legal holder of said note, or notes, or any of them, after such default, to sell said property at public auction, for cash, after giving notice of the time and place of such sale as provided by law, and after such sale made as aforesaid to make a good and sufficient deed to the purchaser, to receive the proceeds of said sale applying same to the payment of all necessary costs and expense incident to the execution of said trust, including a fee of 5 per cent to said trustee, to be estimated upon the amount realized at said sale, then to the payment ratably of said notes and accrued interest, and the balance, if any there be, after the payment of all of said costs and expenses, and the principal and interest of said notes, shall be paid to the said Thomas Gallahue; and

Whereas, Default has been made in the payment of said notes, and each of them, all of which are now past due and unpaid, as well as in the payment of the interest thereon due, and the owner and holder of said notes, James E. Wilson, has elected to declare the same due, and in accordance with the terms of said deed of trust, after such default in the payment of the principal and interest due on said notes, has requested the said Howard Wilson, trustee, to proceed to sell said property at public auction for cash, and as stipulated in said above described deed of trust;

Now, Therefore, Notice is hereby given that I, Howard Wilson, trustee, as aforesaid, will sell the above described property to the highest bidder for cash, at the court house door of Randall County, Texas, at Canyon, Randall County, Texas, at public auction between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., on the first Tuesday in April, 1915, the same being the 6th day of April, A. D. 1915.

Witness my hand this 8th day of March, 1915.

HOWARD WILSON, Trustee.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

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

GUARANTEED SEEDS
Catalogue Free
C. E. WHITE SEED CO
 Plainview, Texas

NORMAL NOTES

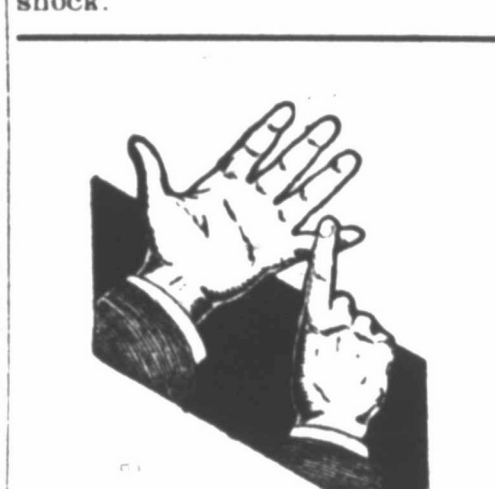
Y. M. C. A.
 Program next Sunday:
 Song—Association.
 Scripture Reading and Prayer.
 Thessalonians third chapter—Vernon Parker.
 What our YMCA. at Canyon can do by visiting Rural communities. Mr. Griffith
 Quartet—Messrs. Marquis, Baker, Haney and Hale.
 Business session.
 Bible study.

Y. W. C. A.
 Program next Sunday:
 Song
 Prayer
 Special music—Miss Fronabarger.
 Address—Rev. B. F. Fronabarger.
 Group study.
 Mr. John L. Hunter, State YMCA. secretary, will arrive in Canyon Tuesday and will remain until Saturday. His intention is to cooperate with the young men in conducting a campaign at the meetings of which school and life problems will be discussed.

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 the head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. 25c.

Hurt in Runaway.

Mrs. T. C. Simms was thrown from her buggy and dragged for some distance last Monday, when the Leader delivery team ran away and struck her buggy. She sustained three broken ribs, many bruises on her body and has been suffering since that time from a severe nervous shock.



FIVE REASONS

why you should make a habit of attending Moving Picture Shows.
 First: It is a CLEAN and HIGH-CLASS form of entertainment.
 Second: It is highly educational, furnishing as it does, actual views of scenes, life, and conditions all over the world.
 Third: It is broadening in its effects, giving a larger view of life.
 Fourth: It furnishes you an opportunity to see the products of the very best Theatrical Talent.
 Fifth: It is a most economical form of pleasure, being within reach of all.
 Don't fail to take advantage of all that Motion Pictures offer you.

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.

SOCIETY NOTES

Mrs. D. A. Shirlev gave a St. Patrick party Wednesday afternoon in honor of the wives of the faculty and lady teachers of the Normal. A contest printed in green and decorated with shamrocks was used. The house was decorated with shamrocks. Refreshments were served of tea, sandwiches, pressed chicken and olives. Little silk Irish flags were given as favors.

Mrs. S. R. Griffin entertained the Merry Maids and Matron club Thursday afternoon from three to six. The afternoon was spent at the usual game of 42. The house was decorated with pink and white carnations and geraniums. Refreshments were served of chicken salad, pickles, sandwiches, potato chips, cinnamon rolls and coffee. The guests of the club were Mesdames Morrel, Haynes, Cousins and Miss Charelotte Ingham.

Dr. and Mrs. S. R. Griffin entertained the Cosmos club Thursday night. The evening was spent at the usual game of 500. Refreshments were served of cherry whip, coffee and angle food cake. The guests of the club were Mrs. Shaw and Mr. Figh.

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

Spring Style Show Week

We Cordially Invite You to View Our
STYLE SHOW DISPLAY
 on LIVING MODELS of
 Springs Most Exclusive creation of Patterns. Semi Dress and Tailored Hats, Gowns made of our exclusive line of laces, taffetas, organdies and violes. **Beginning Mon. evening March 29, and Continuing till Thurs. April 1.**
 Hours 8:00 till 10:00

603 POLK ST. **Misses Taylor** AMARILLO, TEXAS

The Easter Brides Trousseau will be shown during the week.

Wayside Items
 The revival services at Beula closed Wednesday night. About 40 professions, 6 uniting with the Baptist and 6 with the Methodist churches. Baptism to be administered later.
 A cold wave struck these parts Thursday and has been quite cold since, falling to 10 below freezing Sunday. High winds for two days, ground still too wet for farm work in many places.
 Miss Edith Franklin is spending some time with Mrs. W. I. Lane.
 The many friends of J. E. Rogers of Canyon, were glad to welcome him at Bulia Wednesday. With the preachers he took dinner with Mrs. Wm. Payne also Misses Lena Helms, Edith Franklin and Alta Beasley, Jim Sluder and Mrs. Ida Sluder.
 A narrow escape last Wednesday when Wm. Payne's car ran into Jim Sluder's buggy completely demolishing the front wheels. Fortunately no one was injured.

GREEN GLASS SHADES

Heavy glass, Green outside, White inside, Best for reading, Attach to any socket.
 Special price this week . . . 75c
 Canyon Power Company

P. & O. and JOHN DEERE

ONE AND TWO ROW LISTERS

That will work perfectly in all kinds of land to list and re-list. Easy to handle and will do perfect work. One man can do the work of two with a two row lister. Equipped with either shovel or disc covers. Can adjust rows any width. See these listers before you buy.

Thompson Hardware Co.