

## PRESIDENT COUSINS MAKES GOOD REPORT

TO THE STATE BOARD OF NORMAL  
SCHOOL REGENTS.

Report Covers Work of the Past Year,  
Giving General Review of  
the School.

The following report of President R. B. Cousins has been sent to State Superintendent F. M. Bralley, president of the board of regents for State Normal School:

The year closing August 31, 1912, witnessed a satisfactory improvement over the previous year in many ways.

### THE ENROLLMENT.

During the regular session ending May 13, 1912, the enrollment was 350 students. The Summer Quarter enrolled 450 students, a total of 800, about twenty-five of whom were duplicates. This is an increase of 25 per cent over the preceding year.

### CERTIFICATES.

In May there were issued certificates and diplomas as follows: Second grade certificates, 54. First grade certificates, 52. Diplomas or permanent certificates, 32.

At the close of the Summer Quarter there were issued certificates and diplomas as follows: Second grade certificates, 17. First grade certificates, 29. Diplomas or permanent certificates, 10.

### Grand Total:

Second grade certificates, 71. First grade certificates, 81. Diplomas or permanent certificates, 42.

### THE STUDENT BODY.

The student body represented 198 counties and four states. While the Panhandle or Plains country furnished a large number of the students, probably eighty per cent, those sections of the state having lower altitude and warmer climates contributed an increasing number. Owing to the sparse settlement of a large part of the territory immediately surrounding the Normal School, it is probable that the attendance in the school will not reach the limit for several years yet.

### STUDENT ACTIVITIES.

These include two literary societies for men, and two for women. Through the kindly ministrations of Miss Helen Knox, the Student Secretary of the State organization of the Y. W. C. A., the young ladies enjoy a flourishing Y. W. C. A. chapter in the Normal school. Choruses and clubs take care of the musical interests.

### ATHLETICS AND SPORTS.

The usual football, baseball and basketball, together with tennis teams and clubs, furnish recreation for the usual number and entertainment for many of the students.

### THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

In 1911-12 the training school consisted of seven grades of public school children beginning with the first. These were taught by two teachers furnished by the City School Board, and two furnished by the state. The course of study and the discipline were looked after and supervised by the city authorities, while the instruction or professional interests of the school

(Continued on page 3.)

## PREVENT SMUT IN WHEAT.

All Seed Wheat Should be Treated  
Before Sowing—Mr. Bainer Writes  
About Smut.

It will pay every farmer who sows wheat this fall to treat the seed for smut before sowing it. The 1912 wheat crop was badly damaged with smut and on account of this we must exercise every precaution to keep it out of the 1913 crop.

The most of us know that the smut spores adhere to the wheat kernels and are sown with the seed. When the seed begins to grow, the smut also grows. It lives in the wheat plant and is ready to destroy the wheat kernel as soon as it forms.

On account of the large amount of smut in the country this year, it will pay to treat all wheat seed whether it shows smut or not.

Either the "Blue Stone or Formalin Treatments" will do the work, the latter being considered best.

Use one pound of a 40 per cent solution of Formalin in 40 gallons of water, which is enough to treat from 2000 to 2500 pounds of seed. Thoroughly wet the seed either by sprinkling or dipping. Pile the wet grain and cover with blankets or sacks for two hours, then spread out to dry. Thoroughly disinfect the sacks in which the seed is to be replaced, also see that the grain drill is washed out with the solution. Don't treat the seed too long before sowing it.

H. M. BAINER,

Agricultural Demonstrator,  
Santa Fe System, Amarillo,  
Texas.

### School Notes.

Mrs. Wray was unable to be at school Friday and Monday on account of sickness. We are glad however that she is able to be with us again.

The goals for the girls were put up the first of the week and basketball seems to be the chief amusement.

Last week in chapel Mr Yoe tried an experiment from an article in the Ladies Home Journal entitled, "Is the Public School a Failure?" The object of the experiment seems to be to find out whether we live in B. C., or A. D. Mr. Yoe has not yet stated what conclusion he has drawn from the trial of the experiment.

The girls basketball club of the tenth and eleventh met last week and decided on their suits. The committee was not ready to report on the name for the club, but will do so in the near future.

Addie and Jessie Hicks were unable to be at school Tuesday on account of their brother being ill.

The volleyball net has just been put up and the girls are enjoying the game for the first time.

Irene Turner is a new pupil in the second grade, having entered Tuesday.

A number of the pupils of the elementary grades took part in the circus parade Friday.

### Remodeling Residence.

W. S. Melroy, of the Hoffman community, has bought the building formerly occupied by the St. James hotel, one block from the southeast corner of the square, and is remodeling it into a modern dwelling. Mr. Melroy has moved his family into the city to take advantage of the schools.

J. C. Pipkin transacted business in Amarillo Tuesday.

## SELECT KAFFIR AND MILO MAIZE SEED

"DO IT NOW," SAYS MR. H. M.  
BAINER.

"Now is the Time to Start Your Next  
Year's Crop."—Good Seed is  
all Important.

As farmers we can increase the yield of our kaffir and milo maize crops at least one-fourth, by the use of the right kind of seed. It would be a hard matter to estimate the actual loss to our farmers in the seed planted last spring, which did not even start to sprout. Not only was this seed lost, but the small percentage, which often came up, made a poor stand which could not produce a maximum crop.

Poor seed often produces such a poor stand, that it has to be plowed up and replanted, this making all of the first planting and sometimes the second planting a total loss. Why not feed this poor seed to the hogs or cattle and plant seed, that has been secured from the field and is known to be good.

We cannot afford to wait until spring and take our seed from the bundle or out of the threshed seed from the granary. It may have become heated in storage, or the freezing and thawing of winter may have damaged the germinating qualities.

The time to begin our 1913 kaffir and maize crops is in September and October. By selecting the best heads from the field at this time, the farmer can secure the earliest and best formed heads. A selection of these earliest heads will insure a seed that will mature uniformly earlier than the seed from the later heads.

The farmer who will go through his field and select the best heads before the crop is harvested has an opportunity to see the type of stalk which produces the seed. A big head grown on a stalk by itself is not as good for seed as a uniform size head which grew on a good stalk, which was surrounded by other good stalks.

Again, if the crop from which seed is being selected is somewhat mixed with other sorghum crops, the selected heads should be taken as far away from the foreign heads as possible.

Remember that now is the time to start our next year's crop. Let us select the best heads we produced and store them away in a good dry place, out of the reach of mice. The heads can be stored in sacks or tied in bundles and can be hung from the rafters until spring. Shortly before planting time, these heads can be threshed out by hand. This method of selection will insure us very much better yields than we have been getting.

H. M. BAINER,

Agricultural Demonstrator,  
Santa Fe System, Amarillo,  
Texas.

### Sells Dray Line.

C. P. Shelnett has sold his light dray line to J. A. Harbison, possession to be given October 1st. Mr. Shelnett expects to move to his farm in Floyd county next spring. Mr. Shelnett has been in the dray business for a number of years.

Henry McCandless, of Happy, was a business caller in the city Tuesday and added his name to the News subscription list.

## BIG CROP REPORT OF COUNTY FARMER

H. J. WEBBER HAS A VERY FINE  
CROP.

Scientific Farming Brings Big Crops  
in Dry Year to Randall County  
Farmer.

Two hundred and eighty acres in kaffir and milo maize, with assured net returns of \$19 per acre, is the farming record of H. J. Webber for the present season. Mr. Webber, whose home is located in Randall county, eight miles from Canyon, proved last year the market worth of these two crops under intelligent cultivation, and the yield this year demonstrates conclusively the paramount value of these two king products of Panhandle soil.

"My success with kaffir and maize is attributable to a study of conditions in part, and in the main to hard work," said Mr. Webber. "I have this year 100 acres in milo maize and 180 acres in kaffir, and the crops are a show for visitors for miles around. I have never seen such heavy heads or so many of them, and timely rains will assure an even heavier yield of kaffir. I believe this will be the record year for me since I came to the Panhandle.

"The results, as I have said, are attributable in greatest measure to intense cultivation. I prepared a deep seed bed and during the growing season cultivated shallow and very often. "Any man who says that farming cannot be made to pay in the Panhandle, and pay handsomely, is mistaken or wilfully distorting facts," added Mr. Webber.

"As an evidence of what can be done with the two crops of maize and kaffir alone, will state that during 1911, not so good a year as this, I marketed bundle, stuff and grain to the amount of \$2,222. On the shocks afterward I fed eleven head of horses, charging \$2 per head per month, grain feeding them in severe weather at \$4 per month for three months.

"In addition to this, I fed thirteen horses on the 1911 crop, fattened seven home porkers, fed five cows, and raised between 400 and 500 chickens, realizing some \$13 per week on eggs and butter. My wife sold \$40 worth of garden stuff during the season.

"The work of the farm was done by myself and son."

What Mr. Webber has done may be done by any other industrious and intelligent farmer in this section. The Webber farm has given this section publicity over the entire southwest, and is used as a sort of demonstration farm for the edification of home-seekers and prospective investors in Randall county. It affords a practical demonstration of the fertility of the soil of this section, and an ocular evidence of the wealth of production which might be expected under intensive cultivation.

### Petit Jury.

The following list of petit jurors has been drawn to appear for county court on the 21st of October: L. T. Lester, L. G. Conner, A. J. Slack, S. C. Whitman, L. G. Allen, J. T. Coffee, J. D. Key, Joe Foster, S. C. Moon, John Knight, More Mesley, B. F. Bennett, R. L. Campbell, J. E. Winkelman, H. R. Blazar and C. C. Doniphan.

## 322 ARE NOW ENROLLED.

Increase at the Normal Has Been  
Good During the Past Week  
—Other Normal News.

The third week of the Normal shows an increase in registration of 19, making a total of 322 now enrolled. This number is 70 more than attended at the close of the third week last year. It is interesting to note that the increase for the third week last year was 12, while this year it was 19. The faculty are pleased with the increase and are expecting that the attendance will be 400 before the close of the year as there are many students now teaching who lack part of the year only to complete the course and who will come in later.

### Normal Notes.

Class work is now under full swing and every student seems to be enjoying the work which promises to end in a successful year.

Rev. Kilbourn conducted chapel exercises Saturday morning.

The Athletic Association met Saturday afternoon and elected a secretary and treasurer. A few plans were suggested but no business of importance was transacted.

The different societies of the school have been busy among the students, soliciting membership. The four societies have decorated their two halls, making them as attractive as possible.

Regular football practice began last Friday. Twenty-five men are appearing on the field for practice every day and the boys are working for the championship of the Panhandle. Coach Miller and Manager Turner have not given out the schedule of games for publication as yet.

The conduit for carrying the electric wires to the manual training department was completed this week and the students in that department will soon have use of all of the machinery.

The Physical Education class began its work Tuesday and every student is required to take this or some other form of physical exercise.

Miss Stella Owsley, of Amarillo, rendered a selection from "Madam Butterfly" at the chapel period Tuesday.

It will be the effort of those in charge to keep the floors well oiled and the building in perfect sanitary condition during this year. Work to that effect is going on at the present.

The trees on the campus have been cultivated and will be trimmed before frost. Very few of them have died during the summer and these will be supplanted by others of the same variety.

### Cold Wave.

Another cold wave struck the Plains Tuesday night and the cool weather continues, but with good prospects of great moderation today. There was a little frost last night but it is thought that no damage will be done. If heavy frosts do not come within two weeks all of the feed crop will be safe.

### 2's Sold at \$55.

C. T. Word sold his two-year-olds last week to June T. Smith, of Amarillo, for \$55 per head. Mr. Word reported that the grass had been fine on his ranch this year and that the cattle were in fine condition. There were 375 in the herd.

## L. C. LAIR PASSES TO GREAT BEYOND

DIED LAST SUNDAY MORNING AT  
8:20 O'CLOCK.

One of the Most Prominent Men in the  
City and County—Friends Num-  
bered by Scores.

The sad news of the death of L. C. Lair was quickly spread over our city last Sunday morning and every man, woman and child was made sad in the realization that one of the most prominent business men and one of the most gentlemanly gentlemen had passed from our midst to the great beyond.

There is hardly a man or woman in the county who does not personally know Judge Lair. His friends are numbered by the score. No man could have business dealings with Mr. Lair without becoming his friend.

Mr. Lair came to Texas with his parents when he was but nine years old. They drove through from Kentucky. Twenty-one years ago he came to Randall county where he engaged in stock farming until fifteen years ago when he moved into the city. Of his family there are yet living three brothers, T. C., of McKinney; J. B. and W. P., of Anna, and a sister, Mrs. Slaughter, of Anna.

Mr. Lair had been active in politics for a number of years. His first office was that of county surveyor which he held a number of years ago for one term. He was later elected to the office of county judge, which he held for three terms. For the past number of years he was chairman of the county executive committee. In every official capacity he was faithful to his trust and always made a most excellent official.

Mr. Lair has been a member of the Baptist church since 1866. He has always been active in the work of the church and was a devout Christian. On coming to Canyon he placed his church membership in the First Baptist church and was a faithful member until his death. He was deacon for a number of years and later was made treasurer, which position he held until death called him.

Mr. Lair's name has been linked with a number of prosperous business institutions in the city. He was vice-president of the First National bank and president of the Canyon Supply Company. He owned the fine stone building on the west side of the square and had many other valuable property holdings.

There are left in his immediate family eight children, his wife having died eleven years ago, and three children preceeding him in death. All of the children excepting H. C. Lair, live in Canyon, and are Mrs. Jett, W. E., Mrs. Davis, Tom, Thad, Lillian and Lewis. To these is extended the sympathy of a host of friends.

Mr. Lair has been rapidly failing for the past two years but during the past few months his friends have witnessed with alarm his rapid decline. His suffering has been intense but at no time has he ever complained with his lot. On August 4th he was down town for the last time and speaking with a number of friends on the street said: "Boys, I have been suffering greatly for the past two years. I've stood it alright, but if I

(Continued on page 4.)



## Bank With the Growing Bank

We are at the North-east corner of the square. We are in the Banking business "a little." You like to get money when in need do you not? We make some loans occasionally. We are the little, but the GROWING BANK :

THE GUARANTY FUND BANK  
**The First State Bank**

## Beautiful "Alba" Shades

Creamy "Alba" shades, come in and look at them. An electric iron is convenient if you have only a small amount of ironing to do. Try one and if you do not want it bring it back. Throw away your old carbon globes and get the "Mazda" lamp. It will pay you in money and comfort.

"Alba" shades for 25 and 40 watt lamp.....	\$ .80
"Alba" shades for 60 watt lamp.....	.85
Mazda lamps, 60 watt.....	.75
Mazda lamps, 15, 20, 25 and 40 watt.....	.65
Electric Iron.....	5.00

**Canyon Power Company**  
Office in First National Bank

## PLUMBING

Parties wishing plumbing and repairing will find me at the Thompson Hardware Co. in the future. Call upon me there or phone. Repair work looked after promptly.

**PAT THOMPSON**

L. N. Dalmont      N. J. Sechrest      M. S. Kellr  
Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention. Ask for Catalog

## The Plainview Nursery Co.

Growers of Native Trees from the best selected varieties on the Plains. Fruit, Shade and Ornamental Trees: Evergreens, Privet Hedge, Roses, Flowering Shrubs, Bulbs; all kinds of Berries, Grapes, Rhubarb, Asparagus, Tomato, Potato and Cabbage Plants in season. Largest and best equipped Nursery in West Texas, supplied with plenty of water, a necessity for handling Nursery stock. Investigation solicited.

PLAINVIEW, TEXAS

### Says County is Fine.

H. C. Lehman, of Linn, Kans., is in the city visiting at the home of his old friend and schoolmate, J. B. Kleinschmidt. Mr. Lehman says that he was agreeably surprised at the Plains country. He had been told by a number of his friends to stay away from here as it was no good for farming. He has spent two weeks here now and says he likes the country fine. He has been reading the News for a number of months and highly complimented the paper for the efficient manner of handling the news of the city and for so correctly stating the conditions to be found in this county. He says his visit here has been made very pleasant by having become familiar with the town through reading the paper.

### No Calomel Necessary.

The injurious effect and unpleasantness of taking Calomel is done away with by Simmon's Liver Purifier, the mildest known liver medicine, yet the most thorough in action. Put up in yellow tin boxes only. Price 25c. Tried once, used always.

### Wayside Items.

Slight frost in these parts Saturday the 21st. No damage, however, resulted.

Rev. Chas. Knight conducted the services at Beula Sunday morning and night. The Young People's Union was led by Hester Gilliam just before night services.

Mrs. Mary Hollabaugh is able to go to church, thinks she will soon be well again.

Mrs. Malissa Bryan, of near Rhome, Texas, is visiting her son, Peter Bryan, near Ceta. Mrs. Serena Bryan will probably accompany her home next month.

Mrs. Tom Davis and daughter, Miss Nora, returned home last Sunday after nearly a year's sojourn in Iowa.

Mrs. Reeves Evans and daughter, Miss Gladys, of Kenna, N. M., are visiting Crawford Evans and family.

Geo. Cook has been suffering with rheumatism for several weeks, confined to his room. He has been at Crawford Evans' for several weeks.

### Tax Rolls Complete.

Tax Collector Worth A. Jennings reports that he has the tax rolls for Randall county and will be ready to begin collecting taxes by October 1st, the time set by state law.

### Weather Forecast.

Cooler with rains causing rheumatic pains. Hunt's Lightning Oil stops all aches and pains whether from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Burns or Bruises. The Quickest Liniment known. 25 and 50c bottles. All Druggists.

### Legal Blanks.

Get them at the News office:  
Warranty deed.  
Deeds of trust.  
Notes with vendor's lien.  
Chattel mortgages.  
Transfer of vendor's lien notes.  
Leases.  
Releases.  
Bills of sale.  
Notes.  
Receipts.  
Notary Acknowledgements.  
Contract for sale of real estate.  
Contract for sale of cattle.  
Scale books.  
Threshing machine books.  
Butcher's bill of sales.

If you knew of the real value of Chamberlain's Liniment for lame back, soreness of the muscles, sprains and rheumatic pains you would never wish to be without it. For sale by all dealers.

Scale books at the News office

## Are You Going to Build?

We carry the most complete stock of **Lumber and Building Material** in the country. Everything found in a first class lumber yard. We want to figure with you on your bill, be it a full house or barn pattern, or only repairs. :: ::

## The Citizens Lumber Co.

### Cold Blooded and Death Dealing.

Chills: Rev. James Reed, Gainsville, Texas, wrote: "I have used your Cheatham's Chill Tonic in my family and can recommend it to everyone affected with Chills and Fever. It cured when various other remedies failed." As a tonic for invalids and feeble persons it has no equal. Any one buying this medicine and not pleased with it will get their money back on request. Price 50c. Sold by all dealers. Prepared only by A.B. Richard's Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas.

Running up and down stairs sweeping and bending over making beds will not make a woman healthy or beautiful. She must get out of doors, walk a mile or two every day and take Chamberlain's Tablets to improve her digestion and regulate her bowels. For sale by all dealers.

Come to Canyon to LIVE.

## MONEY TO LOAN

### ON FARM LANDS

**C. P. HUTCHINGS**

## See the News Printery

FOR THE SUPERIOR KIND OF  
**Commercial Job Printing**

## Our Business Is Banking Banking Is Our Business

The sign "Bank does not make a bank and is often misleading. It requires time, energy, close attention to business, a substantial capital and ripe experience in banking to make a bank. We claim, without blushing, all the essentials necessary to make our business that of banking, and tender our patrons a service thoroughly seasoned by years of experience, backed by a substantial capital and a large surplus.

"The Bank That Does Things"

**The First National Bank  
of Canyon**

Capital \$100,000      Surplus and Profits \$50,000

# Furniture Stock

We wish to announce to the people of Canyon and Randall county that we have brought a new stock of furniture to your city and will conduct a first class furniture stock in the building formerly occupied by the Thomas Furniture Co.

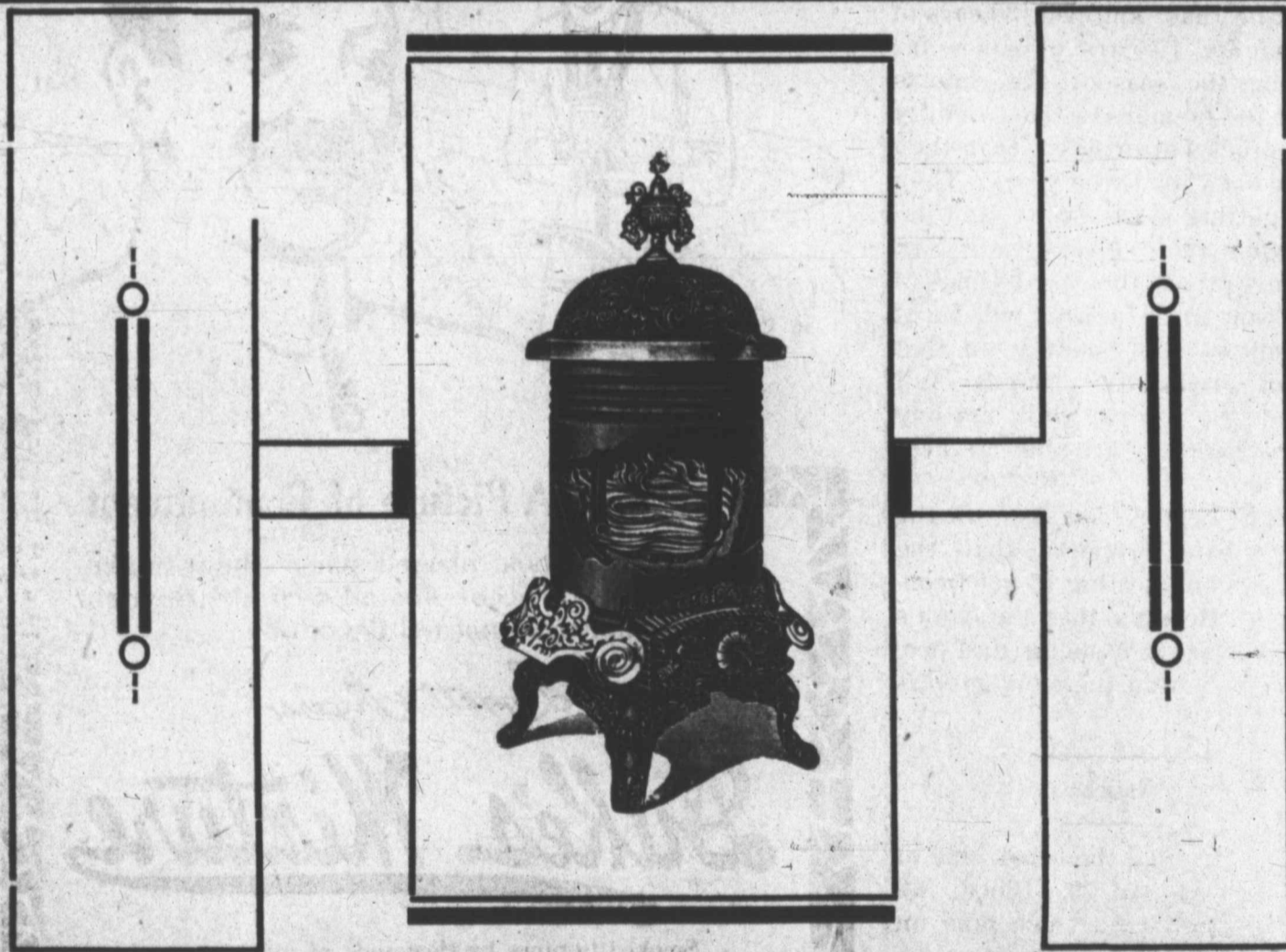
We are going to keep a stock that we believe the people of Canyon desire and every article will be strictly up-to-date in style.

We wish to have you come in, get acquainted and inspect our stock. You will find our prices right for we intend to sell you better goods at a lower price than you have ever bought in this city.

## DeVault & Grundy

# COAL MAN'S ENEMY

For Soft Coal, Slack, Lignite, Hard Coal, Crushed Coke, Wood and Lighter Fuel



These stoves have 20-gauge, velvet-blue steel bodies, nickel-plated steel top rim, urn, drop knob, foot rails, and screw cap. All have double seamed, 19-gauge steel bottoms, heavy cast fire-pot, cast lining extending 7 inches above fire-pot, and heavy steel lining from top of cast lining to top of stove; heavy cone grate. A combined poker and shaker is furnished free with each stove; a quarter joint of pipe fitted with star check draft is furnished with each stove.

## THOMPSON HARDWARE CO.

EAST SIDE OF SQUARE.

### PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

(Continued from page 1)

were directed and supervised by the Department of Education in the Normal School. The training school sustained the relation of a district school to the City School Board. At the close of the Spring Term, 1912, the relations with the city school were severed and the Normal school authorities assumed entire control.

### MATERIAL PROPERTY.

The main building is 161 feet deep, 300 feet long, three stories high, complete and equipped. Those who are in position to know, and hundreds have visited the school, pronounce the building one of the best in the Southwest. Every room of the forty-seven is heated by steam and lighted by electricity, while the heating, lighting and ventilating employs all that is best and modern in school architecture. The buildings are situated on forty acres, beautifully located, plated into parks, walks and drives, ornamented with shade trees and flowers best suited to the soil and climate. Water is furnished in abundance from an inexhaustible supply, a well 400 feet deep. This is as clear as crystal, chemically pure and free from all possible contamination. After passing through the fountains, pools, laboratories and lavatories in the building, the water is septicized and emptied into porous tiles for irrigating the trees and flower beds. This part of the plant has been completed during the year 1911-12, and hence comes appropriately in this report.

### HEALTH OF THE STUDENT BODY.

We have not had a death among the students and no serious illness except in the case of one young man, who came here seeking health, bringing the disease with him.

The early part of the year brought the loss and sorrow of J. A. Crawford, our secretary, one of our brightest and best. The State lost one of its most promising young citizens and our beloved institution sustained an irreparable loss. A fatal disease fastened its relentless tentacles upon him during his summer vacation and in spite of all that loving hearts and skillful hands could do, death claimed him early in September, 1911.

### THE FUTURE.

The State's youngest educational institution, resting upon a broad basis, vitalized by the highest ideals and aspirations, faces a future pregnant with the largest possibilities of usefulness to our beloved commonwealth.

Respectfully,  
R. B. COUSINS, President.

J. H. Broders and son, of Durant, Iowa, were in the city last week looking over their land in the southern part of the county. They were well pleased with conditions they found in the county.

### A MEDICINE AS GOOD AS YOUR MONEY.

Money Promptly Refunded if Dodson's Liver-Tone Fails to Take Place of Calomel.

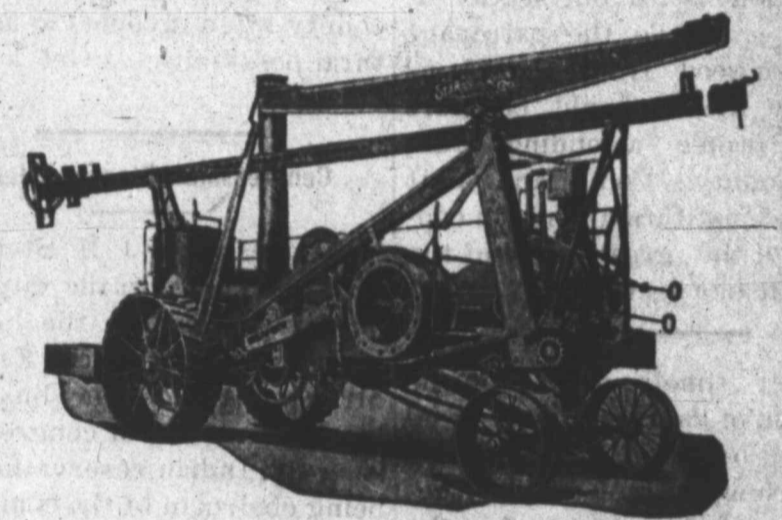
The City Pharmacy sells Dodson's Liver-Tone as a perfect substitute for calomel. If you try one bottle and find that it is not just as sure in its action as calomel and at the same time gentler and without the bad after-effects of calomel, please call and get your money back. It will be given you promptly. Dodson's Liver-Tone is a vegetable liquid with a pleasant taste, that livens up the liver, mildly but surely, instead of whipping it into action as the strong chemical calomel does. It is used by both children and grown-ups for constipation and inactive liver.

That is why the City Pharmacy is willing to guarantee it absolutely, not with another bottle, but with your money back. Isn't a medicine with a guarantee like this worth a trial?

Special at The Leader  
**SATURDAY and MONDAY ONLY**

Speckled Mexican  
Beans 20 Pounds for  
**\$1.00**

**WATCH THIS CORNER.**  
Something doing here  
every week.



Estimates Given Material Furnished

**EDWARD HYATT**  
Contractor For Drilled Wells

Any depth. Pumping Plants  
Installed. General Windmill  
repair work. Steam plowing,  
house moving and general  
contract work of any kind  
where steam power is used.

CANYON, TEXAS

## MOLES AND WARTS

Removed with MOLESOFF, without pain or danger, no matter how large or how far raised above the surface of the skin. And they will never return and no trace or scar will be left. MOLESOFF is applied directly to the MOLE or WART, which entirely disappears in about six days, killing the germ and leaving the skin smooth and natural.

MOLESOFF is put up only in One Dollar bottles.

Each bottle is forwarded postpaid on receipt of price, is neatly packed in a plain case, accompanied by full directions, and contains enough remedy to remove eight or ten ordinary MOLES or WARTS. We sell MOLESOFF under a positive GUARANTEE if it fails to remove your MOLE or WART, we will promptly refund the dollar. Letters from personsages we all know, together with much valuable information, will be mailed free upon request.

Please mention this paper when answering Florida Distributing Company Pensacola, Florida.

**MRS. LUCY A. THOMAS**  
EXCLUSIVE UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER

All details carefully attended to.  
Calls answered day or night.

PHONE 91---TWO RINGS

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

Entered at postoffice at Canyon, Texas, as second class matter. Office of publication: We" Houston street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One year, in county	\$1.50
Six months	.75
Three months	.50
Two months	.40
One month	.35

Few schools only two years old can make as fine a report of conditions as the one of the West Texas State Normal college to be found in this issue of the News. President Cousins can justly be proud of the work of the local institution and of the excellent report he is making to the president of the board of regents, State Superintendent, F. M. Bralley. Located in a thinly settled district, the school has been started with such high ideals and operated under the most modern methods that it has drawn students from all sections of the state and has been instrumental in revolutionizing the normal school system of Texas and has been the leader of the new era of prosperity that these schools are now going to enjoy. The citizens of the great Plains of Texas should be proud of this great institution, and truly great it is. Very few outside of Canyon realize how important the institution is to our section of the state. While the patronage has been good from the Plains country, there should be more young people attending from every county. Come and visit the local institution and be convinced of the great value of the school to our section.

A very timely article on the selection of kaffir and maize seed now will be found in this edition of the News. H. M. Bainer, agricultural demonstrator for the Santa Fe, gives good advice to the farmers and it is to be hoped that every farmer in the county will profit thereby. The selection of good seed is of great importance and plays a most important part in scientific farming.

The big rains of last week will do great things for the Plains. The late crop has been benefited wonderfully and the condition for wheat could not be better.

We note that a number of our good republican newspaper friends in Iowa say that Roosevelt is going to make a poor third in the presidential race, but fail to state their views concerning the first place. Too bad boys, but be good losers. You have rode the old hobby horse so long that we know it will hurt you to be bucked into the ditch, but you are sure "goners" this time. Woodrow is going to be "it".

Many readers of the News in other states have been considering moving to Randall county for a number of years, but have put it off from time to time. There is no need putting it off longer. With the excellent season already started, 1913 promises to be a very prosperous year and you should be in Randall county to profit by it.

Senator Culberson says that Wilson is a sure winner. Culberson usually knows which way the wind is blowing and before uttering a political prophesy is usually sure of the outcome.

The democratic party is asking for a dollar from each voter. Invest a dollar if you can and help along the cause.

No country equal to Randall county when it comes to agricultural possibilities. Get a home here.

**Congressman Stephens Here.**

Congressman J. H. Stephens, of Vernon, was in the city Wednesday visiting at the home of his sister, Mrs. Cyrus Eakman. Mr. Stephens is very busy during the sessions of congress visiting the Indian reservations, he being chairman of the committee having the Indian affairs in charge.

**How's This?**

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

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

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

**L. C. LAIR PASSES AWAY.**

(Continued from page 1)

thought I'd have to stand it for another two years, I'd pray the good Lord to come and take me home now."

The funeral services were held Monday morning from the Baptist church under the auspices of the Masonic fraternity, of which he was a member. Rev. Holmes Nichols preached a very beautiful sermon and praised the example of such lives as Mr. Lair lived.

The pall bearers were: W. T. Moreland, L. E. Cowling, L. T. Lester, S. V. Wirt, I. L. Hunt and L. L. Monroe. The body was laid to rest in Dreamland cemetery.

**Life's Lessons.**

By Miss Fannie Jackson, Winchester, Tenn.

After all, this world is but a college.

And from it, we gain much knowledge.

As its book we scan, page by page,

From the past to the present age.

Some lessons, we would fain forget

With their many sorrows, but yet

We find life would be incomplete

Without the bitter mixed with sweet.

We see, as we drift life's limpid stream,

Our fondest hopes fade like a dream.

And the hardest lesson, we are told

Is "All that glitters is not pure gold."

Thus we pass through various schools

With all their lessons—all their rules;

Be the lessons long or be they brief,

Regrets are written on the last leaf.

Our sifted souls, a beauteous dawn

Will find, and forever on and on.

Float on Zephyr wings, far above

Where the only language known is Love.

**Society Notes.**

G. G. Foster, superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school, highly entertained the members of the school Tuesday afternoon at his home by a big water melon feast. The attendance was large and the supply of big fine melons inexhaustable.

A birthday dinner was given Sunday at the C. T. Word home in honor of Mr. Word and Mrs. W. H. Gray, of Wildorado. It was discovered last week that Mrs. Gray and Mr. Word would both be 55 years old Sunday and the dinner was arranged in their honor. Another feature of interest was the discovery that Mr. Gray's birthday was on Monday, being 65 years old. The Gray family are from Chicago, and own a ranch adjoining Mr. Word's ranch west of Amarillo. Those present to enjoy the occasion were C. T. Word and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Will Word and A. S. Howren.

**Rebekah Lodge.**

The members of Canyon Rebekah Lodge No. 350 initiated two new members Thursday night. Mrs. Waldrop, of Plainview Lodge, and Mrs. Baird were visiting Rebekahs. The members of the lodge will serve refreshments for their new members Thursday night.

FOR SALE—The very best grade of home grown home canned Elberta peaches in two and three pound cans. T. S. Minter, Canyon, Texas. 254

W. J. Flesher was a business caller in Amarillo Monday.

**Public Sale**

We will sell at the Lester place  
1-2 miles northeast of Canyon  
**Wednesday, October 2**

Beginning at 1:30 p. m., the following property

**4 MULES**—1 span mules, 6 and 7, weight 1200; 1 span mules, 8 and 9, weight 900 and 1200.

**11 HORSES**—1 span gray horses, 4 and 5, weight 1450; 1 span bay horses, 8 and 9, weight 1200; 1 span buckskin horses, 8 and 9, weight 1000; 1 span driving horses, 8 and 9, weight 1000; 1 roan mare, 5 year, weight 900; 1 bay horse, 7 year, weight 800; 1 standard bred horse, 3 year old, 16 1-2 hands high; good single driver and saddle horse, weight 1250.

**IMPLEMENTS**—3 wagons, I P. & O. Lister, single new I P. & O. gang, new, I Eagle sulkey, 16 in., I double disc, tandem attachment, 14-16, new, I two-row planter, I two-section harrow, I McCormick mower, new, I 10-foot Deering sulky rake, self-dump, new, I 4-wheel push rake, new, I 3-stroke self-feed Admiral hay press, new, I go-devil, 2 good sets wagon harness, 2 sets farm harness, almost new buggy, 2 sets buggy harness, saddle.

Other articles too numerous to mention.

**TERMS**—6 months time will be given with 10 per cent. interest. All sums under \$10.00 cash. Bankable paper must be given before any property is removed.

**J. A. HARBISON, FOSTER BROS.**

A. A. McNEIL, Auctioneer, W. E. LAIR, Clerk

**Wheat Shipped at Happy.**

P. J. Neff at Happy reports that he has shipped 30 cars of wheat and 10 cars of oats so far during the season. He reports that the farmers in that vicinity are much better fixed than they have been for three years. They are getting more stock and improving their places. Mr. Neff believes that the hard times of the past three years will be of benefit to the country in that when prosperity returns full force the people will not buy more than they are able to handle.

W. F. Lester, cashier of the Happy bank, reports that the farmers are getting in good condition. He says that the bank's deposits are increasing and people are meeting their obligations promptly.

**Notice.**

I have fenced the east line of my section, No. 79, Block M9 and all parties must use lane on south, as I will not permit crossing the premises.

JAMES MAXWELL,  
Happy, Texas.

**A Certain Shot on Chills.**

I have been using your Cheat ham's Chill tonic in my family for some time and can say it is a certain shot on Chills, says J. B. Blackshear, Lewisville, La. Money promptly refunded if it fails to cure. Price 50c. Sold by all dealers. An excellent tonic for invalids and feeble persons. Prepared only by A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas.

Mrs. A. S. Cochran left Tuesday for her home at Mineola, after spend a few days at the B. A. Stafford home.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Muldrow visited Tuesday at the home of Mr. Muldrow's brother in Amarillo.



**A Picture of Contentment**

All men look pleased when they smoke this choice tobacco—for all men like the rich quality and true, natural flavor of

Liggett & Myers

**Duke's Mixture**

Smoked in pipes by thousands of men—everywhere known to cigarette smokers as "the makings."

We take unusual pride in Liggett & Myers Duke's Mixture. It is our leading brand of granulated tobacco—and every sack we make is a challenge to all other tobacco manufacturers. Every 5c sack of this famous tobacco contains one and a half ounces of choice granulated tobacco, in every way equal to the best you can buy at any price, and with each sack you get a book of cigarette papers FREE.

If you have not smoked the Duke's Mixture made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. at Durham, N. C., try it now.

**Get a Camera with the Coupons**

Save the coupons. With them you can get all sorts of valuable presents—articles suitable for young and old; men, women, boys and girls. You'll be delighted to see what you can get free without one cent of cost to you. Get our new illustrated catalog. As a special offer, we will send it free during September and October only. Your name and address on a postal will bring it to you.



Coupons from Duke's Mixture may be secured with tags from BROWN SHOES, I. T. TINSLEY'S NATURAL LEAF, GRAN GER TWIST, coupons from FOUR ROSES (10c tin double coupons), PICK PLUG CUP, PIEDMONT CIGARETTES, CLIX CIGARETTES, and other tags or coupons issued by us.

Premium Dept.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

**S. A. Shotwell & Co.**

Wholesale and Retail

Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds.

Best Grades of Nigger Head and Maitland Coal.

**TERMS CASH**

**CANYON LUMBER CO.**

Everything in the way of building material.....

The House Of High Quality.



**Costs Less Bakes Better CALUMET BAKING POWDER**

**ECONOMY**—that's one thing you are looking for in these days of high living cost—Calumet insures a wonderful saving in your baking. But it does more. It insures wholesome food, tasty food—uniformly raised food. Calumet is made right—to sell right—to bake right. Ask one of the millions of women who use it—or ask your grocer.

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

*You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to your milk and soda.*

**Social and Personal Notes**

Remember the sale next Wednesday. 1t

S. B. McClure was a business caller Monday in Amarillo.

LOST—Parker Lucky Curve fountain pen. W. J. Flesher. 1t

Mrs. Tucker was in Amarillo last night to see "The Rosery" played.

Read Harbison and Foster's sale ad in this issue. 1t

A. S. Rollins, of Amarillo, was a business caller in the city Monday.

Phone the Supply Company for groceries. They carry the best and freshest always. 1t

A son was born Friday, Sept. 21st, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Ernest Brown.

Public sale—Wednesday—read the ad—in this issue. 1t

F. Davie Griffin, of Temple, visited Friday at the home of his cousin, Dr. S. R. Griffin.

White Crest flour sold only by the Supply Co. Every sack guaranteed. 1t

James Vetesk, of Amarillo, was a business caller in the city Saturday evening.

Buy your dry goods, clothing, shoes, millinery and groceries from the Supply Co. 1t

Wayne Cousins left Tuesday evening for Austin where he will attend the State University this year.

FOR SALE—30 head Hereford cows. See or write M. O. Meeks, 3.1-2 miles southeast of Wildorado, Texas. 27p2

Mrs. Luther Brown returned Saturday to her home in Roswell after visiting a few days at the home of her brother, M. P. Garner.

Just received at the Racket store shipment of fresh candies.

We carry the largest stock of dry goods in town. Supply Co. 1t

C. Eakman and family were in Amarillo Sunday to attend a family reunion.

STRAYED—Spotted sow, Monday, Sept. 16. Notify Wilford Taylor for reward. 1t

The Supply Company sells everything. Trade with them. 1t

Mrs. N. E. McIntire visited last week with her parents in Hereford.

WANTED—Two young men or two lady boarders, \$17. Hall House or phone 223. 27p2

Miss Julia McLure, of Amarillo, spent Sunday at the T. P. Turk home.

Everybody trades with the Supply Co. Why don't you? 1t

Carl Sears and Willmore Bivens, of Amarillo, visited with friends in the city Sunday.

The Supply Company wants your business. Trade with them. 1t

Mr. and Mrs. McCune and Miss Milburn, of Tulia, visited Saturday in the city with Miss Wade.

Rev. M. E. Hawkins, of Canadian, and brother, Will, of Ft. Worth, visited in the city Monday at the D. A. Park home.

R. S. Pipkin has accepted a position with the Furthenworth Novelty Co., of Kansas City, and will travel over West Texas and Oklahoma. Mrs. Pipkin will continue to make her home in the city.

**AGENTS WANTED**

It costs you nothing to give our line a trial, as we furnish you book of samples, catalogue, etc., FREE, and pay all express charges on your orders: dress goods, embroideries, suits, skirts, etc., now is the time to begin—WRITE NOW.

EMERGENCY AND IMPORT COMPANY.  
1911 P. O. St., St. Louis, Mo.

These cool spells call for sweaters. See the line at The Leader.

L. T. and Rector Lester were business callers in Amarillo Tuesday.

Blotters free at the News office. Desk blotters only 5 cents each.

Handsome line of ladies' misses and children's coats in the leading colors, styles and materials at The Leader. 1

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Bower, of Woodland, Calif., and Miss Annie Cobb, of Reno, Nevada, are visiting at the home of their cousin, R. A. Campbell and family.

Mrs. W. B. Dare, the Nu Bone Corsetier, will visit the ladies of Canyon on or about the first, and will be pleased to have them call and see her, giving her their orders as she has a beautiful line of samples. 1t

W. W. Kuehn, of Happy, was in the city Wednesday on business and made the News office a pleasant call. Mr. Kuehn had one of the best wheat fields reported on the Plains, making 20 bushels to the acre. He reports that the row crops are much better than last year. The wheat acreage will be much greater than last year, says Mr. Kuehn.

S. B. Lofton and H. F. McNeill returned Friday from San Antonio where they went two weeks ago with J. E. Rogers in his car. J. A. Wallace remained a few days longer, getting home Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Warwick were Amarillo callers Tuesday evening.

Ask your dressmaker about about the style and fit.

Ask your doctor about the healthfulness.

Ask any wearer about the comfort.

Ask me about the price of Spirella Corsets.

Calls by appointment.

Mrs. Mathews,  
Phone 69.

A. Phillips was a business caller in Amarillo Tuesday evening.

A new and complete line of ladies' misses and children's coats that will certainly interest you. The Leader. 1

Mrs. John Huston was a business caller in Amarillo Tuesday.

Mighty good horses, mules and farm implements will be sold at the Harbison and Foster sale next Wednesday. Be sure to attend this sale. 1t

Let Phillips Transfer move your baggage. Always on time. Phone 88. 24tf

Hubert Thomas, of Mineola, is visiting at the J. P. Winder home in this city and with relatives near Happy. Mr. Thomas' father is editor of the Mineola Monitor. The News received a pleasant call from Mr. Thomas Monday.

Miss Audrey Harshberger, of the University of Kansas, will receive pupils in piano. Call at Rowles boarding house, or phone 31. 26t2

An article that has real merit should in time become popular. That such is the case with Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been attested by many dealers. Here is one of them. H. W. Hendrickson, Ohio Falls, Ind., writes "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best for coughs, colds and croup, and is my best seller." For sale by all dealers.

**Ceta Items.**

Quite a number of people from this community attended the big show at Canyon Friday.


Mr. Prouty has gone to different parts of the country to look for land.

A number of the neighbors enjoyed themselves in the canyon's Sunday.

Harvest hands are awful scarce around here.

W. B. Walters got a load of seed wheat from J. Duff Monday.

# Our Clerks Know How



To serve any and all kinds of cold drinks as well as how to flavor to please. Try a glass of our grape juices, coco-cola, limeade or cherry, and test the truth of the above statement. We serve all kinds of egg drinks that are so refreshing in summer. Our drinks and cream tickle the palate.

**Holland-Jarrett Drug Company**  
Phone 90 Phone 90

**Filling Silos.**

The Silos on the C. O. Keiser farm northwest of the city are being filled this week. The three that Mr. Keiser built last year will soon be filled and the new concrete one will be finished this week so that it can be filled during next week. The crops are reported good.

**The Baptist Church.**

The pastor will preach at usual hours. Topics: 11:00 a. m., "A Serpent Behind the Hedge," and at 8:00 p. m., "The Value of Doubt." All are cordially invited. Strangers welcomed.

HOLMES NICHOLS, Pa\*tor.

We need more farmers.

**Woman's Book Club.**

The first meeting of the Woman's Book Club was held at the rest rooms yesterday afternoon at three o'clock. The Club will study Shakespeare's Othello during the year with meetings twice a month. Mrs. J. A. Hill has been chosen leader for the year and the work promises to be very interesting.

**Weather Forecast.**

Cooler with rains causing rheumatic pains. Hunt's Lightning Oil stops all aches and pains whether from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Burns or Bruises. The Quickest Liniment known. 25 and 50c bottles. All Druggists.

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## This is the Piano We Give Away

ON MARCH 10, 1913, VALUE \$400



WHAT SEEMED TO US TO BE A QUESTION IS NOW A GRATIFYING SUCCESS. IT PAYS TO BE LIBERAL WITH OUR TRADE

Since we first announced that we should give away this Beautiful Upton Parlor Grand Piano to some one of our customers on March 10, 1913, our business has shown a Big Increase in every department. Of course the unusual values which we are offering have helped to make this increase and we shall continue along these lines. We are daily receiving New and Attractive Offerings from the Fashion Centers and you will find our stocks complete in all lines regardless of the heavy daily demand.


Be Sure to Ask for Your Piano Votes With Every Purchase.

**RULES OF CONTEST**

- 1 Name of Contestant will be unknown.
- 2 Name of Contestant will not be published.
- 3 Every Contestant is credited with 2,000 votes to start with.
- 4 Every Contestant gets a number.
- 5 Standing of Contestants' numbers published weekly.
- 6 All votes must be brought in for recording on Wednesday.
- 7 Votes must not be written upon.
- 8 Tie Votes in packages with Contest's number and the amount on top slip only.
- 9 Color of Votes will change and must be recorded weekly.
- 10 Votes are transferable only before recording.
- 11 Contestant having the largest number of Votes on the 10th of March wins the Piano.
- 12 Candidates not bringing in personal Votes will be dropped.

# CITY PHARMACY

**REMINGTON UMC**  
**ARROW and NITRO CLUB**  
**Steel Lined SHOT SHELLS**



The Remington Club cut into a good one.

**Each and Every One a Speed Shell**

The speed that breaks your targets nearer the trap. That's why Remington-UMC Steel Lined Shells have won 13 out of the 15 Handicaps held in the last three years.

The speed that gets that mile-a-minute "duck" with a shorter lead—that's why it takes over 50,000 dealers to handle the demand for Remington-UMC Steel Lined Shells.

The Shooting fraternity are speed wise. They know loose smokeless powder won't drive shot. They know that the drive depends on the compression.

The powder charge in Remington-UMC shells is gripped in steel. This lining is designed to give the exact compression necessary to send the lead to the mark quickest. It insures speed—the same speed in every shell.

The steel lining is moisture proof—no dampness can get through. Jar proof—no powder can get out. Waste proof—no energy is lost.

Shoot Remington-UMC Arrow and Nitro Club Steel Lined Expert factory loaded shells for Speed plus Pattern in any make of shotgun.

**Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.**  
 299 Broadway New York City

**Crop Improvement**

Robbing the soil should be a crime in law as it is a crime in fact.

**WHEAT CONFERENCE.**

A Meeting of Farmers to Consider Ways and Means to Obtain More Bushels of a Better Quality—How to Grow the Best Variety So That All Wheat Shipped from Any One Station Will Be Free From Mixture of Weeds or Other Seeds.

Meetings are being arranged throughout the entire wheat belt around each mill and elevator to hold a conference of all the farmers in each community to discuss the grain problem and to agree upon a line of procedure which will improve the quality and quantity of the crop.

Applications are being made to the Agricultural Colleges to furnish speakers and demonstrators to attend these meetings. When the line of procedure is decided for each community every farmer is requested to sign an agreement to carry out the methods upon his own farm.

A wheat meeting covers the following subjects:

1. Methods of preparing ground.
2. What rotation and what should wheat follow.
3. Building up soil.
4. Preparation of seed bed.
5. How to select one best type of seed.
6. Where and how to get it.
7. How to induce neighbors to grow one variety.
8. When to apply manure and fertilizer.
9. Experiences with seeding.
10. Depth of plow and when.
11. Spring working.
12. Grading and fanning mills.
13. Hot water and formaldehyde for smut.
14. How much seed to acre.
15. Best time for seeding.
16. Effect of frost and ice.
17. When to harvest.
18. Threshing.
19. A graded price at elevator according to quality.
20. Milling value of wheat.
21. Marketing and shipping.

If you are interested and wish to arrange for a Wheat Conference to be held around your mill or elevator, address

Bert Ball, Secretary Crop Improvement Committee, Chicago.

**QUALITY IN WHEAT.**

Food Value Depends Upon Amount and Quality of Flour It Will Produce—Care After Harvesting.

[National Crop Improvement Service.]

Practically all the wheat produced is used in the manufacture of flour. Price nowadays prevents the use of any considerable amount as feed for stock. Consequently the value of our wheat depends upon the amount and character of flour it will produce.

Quality of wheat depends upon:

First, selection and treatment of seed.

Second, proper rotation of crops.

Third, thorough preparation of the soil.

Fourth, sufficient moisture and plant food to insure maturity.

Take Care of Your Wheat.

The responsibility of the farmer does not cease when he has matured a good quality of grain in the field. Exposure, while standing in the shock causes bleaching, sprouting, increase in moisture-content and consequent decrease in test weight per bushel. This means a lower commercial grade and, hence, a lower price.

Sprouted wheat cannot produce good, sound flour that will make good bread. Also, taking up moisture while in the shock or in poorly built stacks may cause heating to take place, and the result will be "biz burnt" or "stack burnt" wheat, which is unfit for flour making.

The presence of smut balls from "bunt" or stinking smut, imparts a disagreeable odor and a dark color to the flour as well as to the wheat. All these facts serve only to emphasize the importance of thoroughly good farming to produce quality as well as quantity.

**PURE SEED WHEAT.**

Do not Mix Hard and Soft Wheat and Expect to Grow One Variety.

[National Crop Improvement Service.]

"Those of you who grow wheat should make every effort to have what you grow pure; all of it of one variety or type. If you grow hard wheat, sow only that in which every grain sown is hard wheat," said John Field, of the Oklahoma Farm Journal. "Millers who are equipped to grind hard wheat want it all hard, not just half of it or three-fourths or even ninety-nine per cent. And they will pay more for wheat which is all hard than they will for wheat which is mixed with soft."

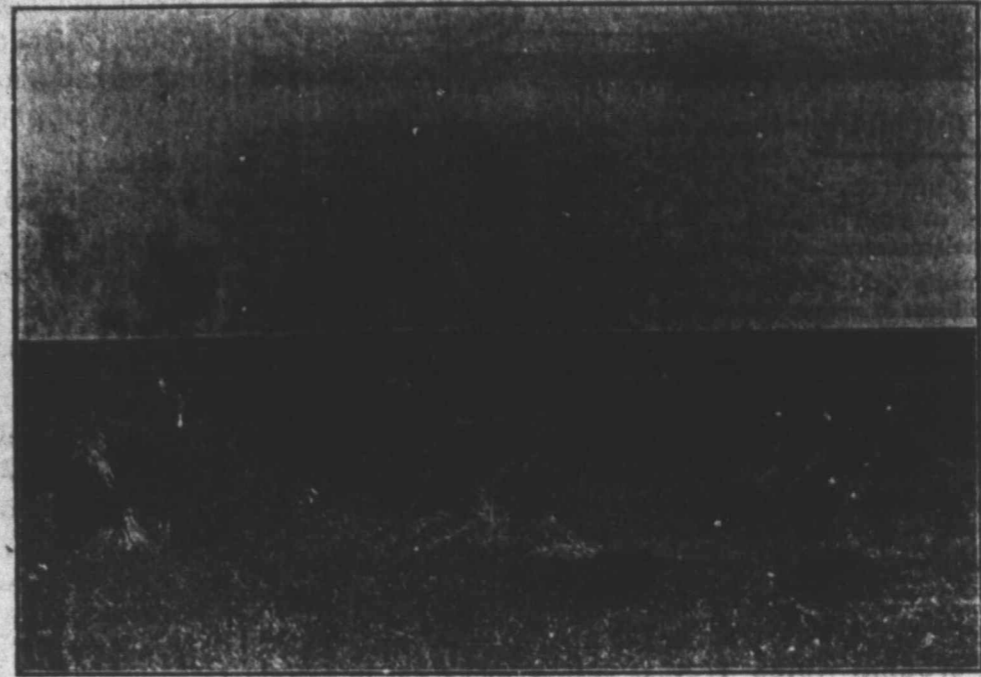
"The man who offers mixed wheat for sale hereafter will have to take a lower price than if the wheat was all pure, hard wheat."

**WHEAT STEM MAGGOT.**

Wheat stem maggots bore into the wheat straw and cause the heads to turn white. These pests are killed by burning or plowing under stubble as quickly as possible after harvest.

Of course, where grass is seeded with wheat it is not practicable to burn the stubble or plow it under.

**M**AN 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.

The successful outcome of flax culture, demonstrated last year under conditions much less favorable than can confidently be reckoned on in the future has added another to the list of our resources.



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.

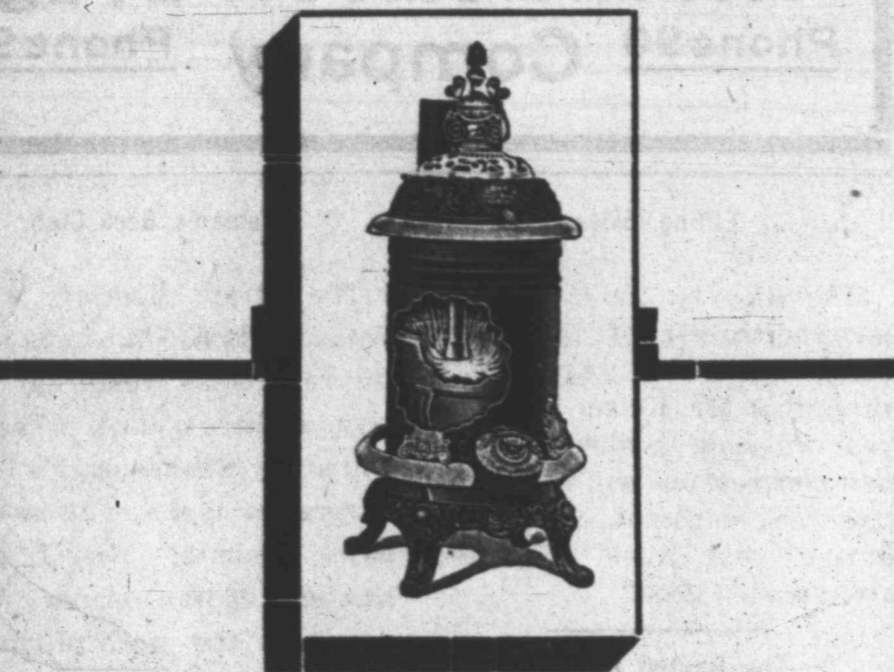
My farms are all favorably located, as regards towns and railroads and give the buyer a wide range in selection. All the improved farms are rented to good farmers and will produce a substantial revenue this year.

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

**C. O. KEISER**

CANYON, TEXAS

KEOTA, IOWA



**Winter Coming**

GET READY FOR ITS COMING BY HAVING A GOOD HEATING STOVE PUT UP NOW. WE HAVE THE CELEBRATED "OLIVER" AND OTHER GOOD MAKES. DON'T FAIL TO SEE US BEFORE BUYING. FULL LINE OF OIL BURNERS FOR THOSE NOT IN NEED OF A HEATER : : : : : : : : :

**B. T. Johnson & Co.**

West Side of Square

A factor for pure food ante-dating all state and national food laws

**DR. PRICE'S**  
 CREAM BAKING POWDER

No Alum—No Phosphates

Be on your guard. Alum Powders may be known by their price—10 or 25c. a lb., or one cent an ounce.

**Dr. Claude Wolcott**  
Eye—Ear—Nose—Throat  
GLASSES FITTED  
Suite No. 2 Fuqua Block  
AMARILLO

**S. L. Ingham,**  
Dentist  
Canyon National Bank building. All work  
warranted.

**B. Frank Buie, Attorney,**  
CANYON, TEXAS  
Will practice law in all Courts of Texas; ex-  
amine titles; write wills, contracts, deeds and  
all other commercial papers; represent non-  
residents, executors, guardians and adminis-  
trators. Give us a trial. Office room 25, First  
National Bank.

J. W. Crudginton F. P. Works H. L. Umphres  
**Crudginton, Works & Umphres**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law  
Are specially equipped for handling dewan-  
g suits, land litigation and cases in U. S. Courts  
and Appellate Courts of Texas.  
Postoffice Building AMARILLO, TEXAS

**The Canyon City**  
**Abstract Company**  
Work Promptly Done  
**FLESHER BROS.**  
Managers  
Office in Court House. Phone 210

**Estate of John H. Knically.**

The State of Texas, County of  
Randall. In probate court. Estate  
of John H. Knically, a minor.  
To all persons interested in  
the welfare of John H. Knically,  
a minor, and the guardianship of  
said estate:

R. H. Caler, guardian of the  
estate of John H. Knically, minor,  
has filed his application to resign  
said guardianship, and with it  
his account of final settlement.

Said application will be heard  
at the next term of the County  
court, setting in Probate, on the  
14th day of October, A. D., 1912,  
at the court house in the city of  
Canyon, at which time all persons  
interested in the welfare of  
said John H. Knically, a minor,  
will appear and show cause why  
such application should not be  
granted.

WITNESS:  
M. P. GARNER,  
Clerk of the County Court,  
Randall County.

Given under my hand and seal  
of said court at office, this 17th  
day of September, A. D., 1912.  
[SEAL] M. P. GARNER,  
Clerk of the County Court, Ran-  
dall County, Texas.

To the Sheriff or any Constable  
of Randall County—Greeting:  
You are hereby commanded to  
serve the above and foregoing  
Citation by publishing the same  
in a news paper published in  
Randall county, Texas, for three  
consecutive weeks, and make  
due return as required by law.

Given under my hand and seal  
of office this, the 17th day of  
September, A. D., 1912.  
[SEAL] M. P. GARNER,  
County Clerk, Randall County,  
Texas. 2618

Few, if any, medicines, have  
met with the uniform success  
that has attended the use of  
Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and  
Diarrhoea Remedy. The remark-  
able cures of colic and diarrhoea  
which it has effected in almost  
every neighborhood have given  
it a wide reputation. For sale  
by all dealers.

The implicit confidence that  
many people have in Chamber-  
lain's Colic, Cholera and Diar-  
rhoea Remedy is founded on  
their experience in the use of  
that remedy and their knowledge  
of the many remarkable cures of  
colic, diarrhoea and dysentery  
that it has effected. For sale by  
all dealers.

For Sale—Pony, family broke.  
24tf H. C. Roffey.

**EXCUSE ME!**  
**RUPERT HUGHES**  
NOVELIZED FROM THE  
COMEDY OF THE SAME  
NAME. T. T. T.  
ILLUSTRATED FROM  
PHOTOGRAPHS OF  
THE PLAY AS PRODUCED  
BY HENRY W. SAVAGE.  
COPYRIGHT 1911 BY H. K. FLY CO.



**CHAPTER XVI.**  
Good Night, All!  
The car was settling gradually into  
peace. But there was still some mur-  
mur and drowsy energy. Shoes con-  
tinued to drop, heads to bump against  
upper berths, the bell to ring now  
and then, and ring again and again.  
The porter paid little heed to it;  
he was busy making up number five  
(Ira Lathrop's berth) for Marjorie,  
who was making what preparations  
she could for her trousseauless, bus-  
bandless, dogless first night out.  
Finally the Englishman, who had al-  
most rung the bell dry of electricity,  
shoved from his berth his indignity  
and undignified head. Once more the  
car resounded with the cry of "Paw-  
tah! Pawtah!"  
The porter moved up with notice-  
able deliberation. "Did you ring,  
sah?"  
"Did I ring? Paw-tah, you may  
draw my tub at eight-thirty in the  
mornning."  
"Draw yo'—what, sah?" the porter  
gaped.  
"My tub."  
"Ba-ath tub?"  
"Bahth tub."  
"Lawdy, man. Is you allowin' to  
take a ba-ath in the mawnin'?"  
"Of course I am."  
"Didn't you have one befo' you  
stahed?"  
"How dare you! Of cawse I did."  
"Well, that's all you git."  
"Do you mean to tell me that there  
is no tub on this beastly train?"  
Wedgewood almost fell out of bed  
with the shock of this news.  
"We do not carry tubs—no, sah,  
There's a lot of tubs in San Fran-  
cisco, though."  
"No tub on this train for four days!"  
Wedgewood sighed. "But whatever  
does one do in the meanwhile?"  
"One just waits. Yassah, one and  
all waits."  
"It's ghastly, that's what it is,  
ghastly."  
"Yassah," said the porter, and  
mumbled as he walked away, "but the  
weather is gettin' cooler."  
He finished preparing Marjorie's  
bunk, and was just suggesting that  
Mallory retreat to the smoking room  
while number three was made up,  
when there was a commotion in the  
corridor, and a man in checked over-  
alls dashed into the car.  
His car was slightly red, and he  
held at arm's length, as if it were a  
venomous monster, Snoozeleums. And  
he yelled:  
"Say, whose darn dog is this? He  
bit two men, and he makes so much  
noise we can't sleep in the baggage  
car."  
Marjorie went flying down the aisle  
to reclaim her lost lamb in wolf's  
clothing, and Snoozeleums, the returned  
prodigal, yelled and leaped, and told  
her all about the indignities he had  
been subjected to, and his valiant  
struggle for liberty.  
Marjorie, seeing only Snoozeleums,  
stepped into the fatal berth number  
one, and paid no heed to the dangling  
ribbons. Mallory, eager to restore  
herself to her love by loving her dog,  
crowded closer to her side, making a  
hypocritical ado over the pup.  
Everybody was popping his or her  
face out to learn the cause of such  
clamor. Among the bodiless heads  
suspended along the curtains, like  
Dyak trophies, appeared the great  
mask of Little Jimmie Wellington. He  
had been unable to sleep for mourn-  
ing the wanton waste of that lovely  
rice-trap.  
When he peered forth, his eyes  
hardly believed themselves. The  
elusive bride and groom were actu-  
ally in the trap—the hen pheasant  
and the chancier. But the net did  
not fall. He waited to see them sit  
down, and spring the infernal ma-  
chine. But they would not sit.  
In fact, Marjorie was muttering to  
Harry—tenderly, now, since he had  
won her back by his efforts to con-  
sole Snoozeleums—she was muttering  
tenderly:  
"We must not be seen together,  
honey. Go away, I'll see you in the  
mornning."  
And Mallory was saying with bit-  
terest resignation: "Good night—my  
friend."  
And they were shaking hands! This  
incredible bridal couple was shaking  
hands with itself—disintegrating!  
Then Wellington determined to do at  
least his duty by the sacred rites.  
The gaping passengers saw what  
was probably the largest pair of pa-  
jamas in Chicago. They saw Little  
Jimmie, smothering back his giggles  
like a schoolboy, tiptoe from his  
berth, enter the next berth, brushing  
the porter aside, climb on the seat,  
and clutch the ribbon that pulled the  
stopper from the trap.  
Down upon the unsuspecting elop-  
ers came this miraculous cloudburst  
of ironical rice, and with it came Lit-  
tle Jimmie Wellington, who lost what  
little balance he had, and catapulted

But this bridal couple's two berths,  
standing like towers among the seats,  
had provided conversation for every-  
body, had already united the casual  
group of strangers into an organized  
gossip-bee.  
Mallory got into his shoes and as  
much of his clothes as was necessary  
for the dash to the washroom, and  
took on his arm the rest of his ward-  
robe. Just as he issued from his  
lonely chamber, Marjorie appeared  
from hers, much disheveled and  
heavy-eyed. The bride and groom ex-  
changed glances of mutual terror, and  
hurried in opposite directions.  
The spickest and spannest of lieu-  
tenants soon realized that he was re-  
duced to wearing yesterday's linen as  
well as yesterday's beard. This was  
intolerable. A brave man can endure  
heartbreaks, loss of love, honor and  
place, but a neat man cannot abide  
the traces of time in his toilet. Lieu-  
tenant Mallory had seen rough serv-  
ice in camp and on long hikes, when  
he gloured in mud and disorder, and  
he was to see campaigns in the Phil-  
ippines, when he should not take off  
his shoes or his uniform for three  
days at a time. But that was the  
field, and this car was a drawing  
room.  
In this crisis in his affairs, Little  
Jimmie Wellington waddled into the  
men's room, floundering about with  
every lurch of the train, like a cannon  
loose in the hold of a ship. He fum-  
bled with the handles on a basin, and  
made a crazy toilet, trying to find  
some abatement of his fever by filling  
a glass at the ice-water tank and  
emptying it over his head.  
These drastic measures restored  
him to some sort of coherence, and  
Mallory appealed to him for help in  
the matter of linen. Wellington ef-  
fusively offered him everything he  
had, and Mallory selected from his  
store half a dozen collars, any one of  
which would have gone round his  
neck nearly twice.  
Wellington also proffered his safety  
razor, and made him a present of a  
virgin wafer of steel for his very own.  
With this assistance, Mallory was  
enabled to make himself fairly pre-  
sentable. When he returned to his  
seat, the three curtained rooms had  
been whisked away by the porter.  
There was no place now to hide from  
the passengers.  
He sat down facing the feminine  
end of the car, watching for Marjorie.  
The passengers were watching for  
her, too, hoping to learn what un-  
heard-of incident could have pro-  
voked the quarrel that separated a  
bride and groom at this time, of all  
times.  
To the general bewilderment, when  
Marjorie appeared, Mallory and she  
rushed together and clasped hands  
with an ardor that suggested a desire  
for even more ardent greeting. The  
passengers almost sprang their ears  
to hear how they would make up such  
a dreadful feud. But all they heard  
was: "We'll have to hurry, Marjorie,  
if we want to get any breakfast."  
"All right, honey. Come along."  
Then the inscrutable couple scur-  
ried up the aisle, and disappeared in  
the corridor, leaving behind them a  
mighty riddle. They kissed in the  
corridor of that car, kissed in the ves-  
tibule, kissed in the two corridors of  
the next car, and were caught kiss-  
ing in the next vestibule by the new  
conductor.  
The dining car conductor, who flat-  
tered himself that he knew a bride  
and groom when he saw them, es-  
corted them grandly to a table for  
two; and the waiter fluttered about  
them with extraordinary considera-  
tion.  
They had a plenty to talk of in prospect  
and retrospect. They both felt  
sure that a minister lurked among the  
cars somewhere, and they ate with a  
scent to prepare for the ceremony, ar-  
guing the best place for it, and quar-  
reling amorously over details. Mallory  
was for one of the vestibules as  
the scene of their union, but Marjorie  
was for the baggage car, till she re-  
alized that Snoozeleums might be unwill-  
ing to attend. Then she swung round  
to the vestibule, but Mallory shifted  
to the observation platform.  
Marjorie had left Snoozeleums with  
Mrs. Temple, who promised to hide  
him when the new conductor passed  
through the car, and she reminded  
Harry to get the water to bring them  
a package of bones for their only  
child, so far.  
On the way back from the dining  
car they kissed each other good-bye  
again at all the trying places they  
had sanctified before. The sun was  
radiant, the world good, and the very  
train ran with jubilant rejoicing. They  
could not doubt that a few more hours  
would see them legally man and wife.  
Mallory restored Marjorie to her  
place in their car, and with smiles of  
assurance, left her for another pas-  
sion-hunt through the train. She wait-  
ed for him in a bridal agitation. He  
ransacked the train forward in vain,  
and returned, passing Marjorie with  
a shake of the head, and a sour  
countenance. He went out to the ob-  
servation platform where he stumbled  
on Ira Lathrop and Anne Gattie, en-  
gaged in a conversation of evident  
intimacy, for they jumped when he  
opened the door, as if they were guilty  
of some plot.  
Mallory mumbled his usual, "Ex-  
cuse me," whirled on his heel, and  
dragged his discouraged steps back  
through the Observation Room, where  
various women and a few men of evi-  
dent underclericalty were draped across  
arm chairs and absorbed in lazy con-  
versation or bobbing their heads over  
magazines that trembled with the mo-  
tion of the train.  
Mrs. Wellington was busily writing  
at the desk, but he did not know who  
she was, and he did not care whom  
she was writing to. He did not ob-  
serve the baleful glare of Mrs. Whit-  
comb, who sat watching Mrs. Well-

ton, knowing all too well who she  
was, and suspecting the correspond-  
ent—Mrs. Whitcomb was tempted to  
spell the word with one "r."  
Mallory stumbled into the men's  
portion of the composite car. Here  
he nodded with a sickly cheer to the  
sole occupant, Dr. Temple, who was  
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an embroidered skull cap. The old  
rascal was sitting far back on his  
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mere ginger ale. The other hand  
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smoke curled round the old man's  
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face was one of Oriental luxury.  
Mallory's eyes were caught from  
this picture of beatitude by the en-  
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who had evidently swung aboard at  
the most recent stop—for Mallory had  
not seen him. His gray hair was  
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His soft gray eyes seemed to search  
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"Excuse me—you look like a clergy-  
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Mallory pursued the question no  
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**CHAPTER XVIII.**  
In the Composite Car.  
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to miss his guess. He bent over the  
chair into which Mallory had flopped,  
and said in a tense, low tone: "You  
look like a thoroughbred sport. I'm  
trying to make up a game of stud  
poker. Will you join me?"  
Mallory shook his heavy head in re-  
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"Will you join me?"  
"Join you in what, sir?" said Dr.  
Temple, with alert courtesy.  
"A little game."  
"I don't mind," the doctor smiled,  
rising with amiable readiness. "The  
checkers are in the next room."  
"Quit your kiddin'," the stranger  
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out?"  
"Freeze-out?" said Dr. Temple. "It  
sounds interesting. Is it something  
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The newcomer shot a quick glance  
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suspected. But he merely drawled:  
"Well, you play it with cards."  
"Would you mind teaching me the  
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The gambler was growing suspicious  
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He whined: "Say, what's your little  
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Dr. Temple, bringing along his glass,  
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"Go on, it's beautiful to see," he  
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The stranger stared at him wonder-  
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"You know all right," the conductor  
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"Me, too?" the preacher gaped.  
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**DECIDE YOURSELF.**  
The Opportunity is Here, Backed by  
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Don't take our word for it.  
Don't depend on a stranger's  
statement.  
Read Canyon's endorsement.  
Read the statements of Can-  
yon citizens.  
And decide for yourself.  
Here is one case of it:  
George Reynolds, grocer, Can-  
yon, Texas, says: "I can recom-  
mend Doan's Kidney Pills to  
anyone suffering from kidney  
complaint. I had suffered from  
this trouble for a long time. I  
had pains in my back and sides  
and my kidneys became weak. I  
got Doan's Kidney Pills and was  
soon cured. Another member  
of my family had still worse  
trouble and Doan's Kidney Pills  
quickly cured that case. I con-  
sider this preparation the best  
one for kidney complaint on the  
market."

For sale by all dealers. Price  
50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co.,  
Buffalo, New York, Sole Agents  
for the United States.  
Remember the name—Doan's  
—and take no other.

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**Santa Fe EXCURSIONS**  
**One Way Fall Colon-  
ist Fares**  
To Alberta, Arizona, British Colum-  
bia, California, Colorado,  
Idaho, Mexico, Montana, Nevada,  
Oregon, Saskatchewan, Utah,  
Washington, Wyoming, will be  
effective on Santa Fe lines Sept.  
25 to Oct. 10, inclusive.  
Hale County Fair, Plainview,  
Oct. 2-4, ticket sale Oct. 1-4,  
limit Oct. 5. Round trip \$2.30.  
Fifth Annual County Fair and  
Picnic, Clovis, N. M., Sept 27-28.  
Ticket sale Sept. 25-27-28, good  
until Sept. 29. Round trip \$3.60.  
Swisher County Fair, Tulsa,  
Oct. 2 and 3, ticket sale Oct. 1,  
2, 3, limit Oct. 4. Round trip  
\$1.35.  
State Council W. C. T. U.,  
Austin, Oct. 5 to 12, ticket sale  
Oct. 3 and 4, limit Oct. 14, round  
trip \$21.35.  
Grand Chapter Order Eastern  
Star, Waco, October 8 to 11,  
ticket sale Oct. 6 and 7, limit  
Oct. 12, round trip \$15.30.  
Pacos Valley Fair and Produce  
Exposition, Roswell, N. M., Oct.  
1 to 4. Ticket sale Sept. 30, Oct.  
1, 2, 3, limited Oct. 6. Round  
trip \$7.80.  
Texas State Fair, Dallas, Oct.  
12 to 27. Sale Oct. 11 to 27, limit  
Oct. 28. Round trip \$13.25. On  
Oct. 18 and 19, and Oct. 24 and  
25, a very low rate of \$6.55 will  
be made for round trip. For  
further particulars phone or call  
upon  
**R. McGee, Agt.**

**Classified Ads**  
Ads in this column are 1 cent per  
word for first insertion and 1-2 cent  
per word for succeeding issues. No  
ad taken for less than 15 cents.

FOR RENT—Five room nicely  
furnished house, \$25. Call No. 3.  
2414

FOR SALE—26x1 1-2 Hartford  
bicycle tire, Regular \$4.50 will  
sell for \$3.00. C. O. Keiser Auto  
Co. 26p2

FOR SALE—Five room house  
one block of Normal campus, price  
\$850. C. M. Thomas. 25tf

WANTED—The Cosmopolitan  
Group requires the services of a  
representative in Canyon and  
surrounding territory, to look  
after subscription renewals, and  
to extend circulation by special  
methods which have proven un-  
usually successful. Salary and  
Commission. Previous experi-  
ence desirable but not essential.  
Whole time or spare time. Ad-  
dress, with references, Charles  
C. Schwer, The Cosmopolitan  
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**EXCUSE ME!**

Novelized from the Comedy of the Same Name

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED From Photographs of the Play as Produced By Henry W. Savage

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(Continued from page 7)

Into Dr. Temple the glare of two basilisk eyes. The old man put out a beseeching hand and began:

"My good man, you do me a grave injustice."

The conductor snapped back: "You say a word to me and I'll do you worse than that. And if I spot you with a pack of cards in your hand again, I'll tie you to the cow-ketcher."

Then he marched off again. The doctor fell back into a chair, trying to figure it out. Then Ashton and Fosdick and little Jimmie Wellington and Wedgewood strolled in and, dropping into chairs, ordered drinks. Before the doctor could ask anybody to explain, Ashton was launched on a story. His mind was a suitcase full of anecdotes, mostly of the smoking-room order.

Wherever three or four men are gathered together, they rapidly organize a clearing-house of off-color stories. The doctor listened in spite of himself, and in spite of himself he was amused, for stories that would be stupid if they were decent, take on a certain verve and thrill from their very forbiddenness.

The dear old clergyman felt that it would be priggish to take flight, but he could not make the corners of his mouth behave. Strange twitches of the lips and little steamy escapes of giggle-jets disturbed him. And when Ashton, who was a practiced raconteur, finished a droloric adventure with the epilogue, "And the next morning they were at Niagara Falls," the old doctor was helpless with laughter. Some superior force, the devil no doubt, fairly shook him with glee.

"Oh, that's bully," he shrieked. "I haven't heard a story like that for ages."

"Why, where have you been, Dr. Temple?" asked Ashton, who could not imagine where a man could have concealed himself from such stories. But he laughed loudest of all when the doctor answered: "You see, I live in Ypsilanti. They don't tell me stories like that."

"They—who?" said Fosdick.

"Why, my pa—my patients," the doctor explained, and laughed so hard that he forgot to feel guilty, laughed so hard that his wife in the next room heard him and giggled to Mrs. Whitcomb:

"Listen to dear Walter. He hasn't laughed like that since he was a medical student." Then she buried her face guiltily in a book.

"Wasn't it good?" Dr. Temple demanded, wiping his streaming eyes and nudging the solemn-faced Englishman, who understood his own nation's humor, but had not yet learned the Yankee quirks.

Wedgewood made a hollow effort at laughter and answered: "Extremely—very droll, but what I don't quite get was—why the porter said—"

others drowned him in a roar of laughter, but Ashton was angry. "Why, you blamed fool, that's where the joke came in. Don't you see, the bridegroom said to the bride—" then he lowered his voice and diagrammed the story on his fingers.

Mrs. Temple was still shaking with sympathetic laughter, never dreaming what her husband was laughing at. She turned to Mrs. Whitcomb, but Mrs. Whitcomb was still glaring at Mrs. Wellington, who was still writing with flying fingers and underscoring every other word.

"Some people seem to think they own the train," Mrs. Whitcomb raged. "That creature has been at the writing desk an hour. The worst of it is, I'm sure she's writing to my husband."

Mrs. Temple looked shocked, but another peal of laughter came through the partition between the male and female sections of the car, and she beamed again. Then Mrs. Wellington finished her letter, glanced it over, addressed an envelope, sealed and stamped it with a deliberation that maddened Mrs. Whitcomb. When at last she rose, Mrs. Whitcomb was in the seat almost before Mrs. Wellington was out of it.

Mrs. Wellington paused at another wave of laughter from the men's room. She commented petulantly: "What good times men have. They've formed a club in there already. We women can only sit around and hate each other."

"Why, I don't hate anybody, do you?" Mrs. Temple exclaimed, looking up from the novel she had found on the book shelves. Mrs. Wellington dropped into the next chair: "On a long railroad journey I hate everybody. Don't you hate long journeys?"

"It's the first I ever took," Mrs. Temple apologized, radiantly, "and I'm having the—what my oldest boy would call the time of my life. And dear Walter—such goings on for him! A few minutes ago I strolled by the door and I saw him playing cards with a stranger, and smoking and drinking, too, all at once."

"Boys will be boys," said Mrs. Wellington.

"But for Dr. Temple of all people—" "Why shouldn't a doctor? It's a shame the way men have everything. Think of it, a special smoking room. And women have no place to take a puff except on the sly."

Mrs. Temple stared at her in awe: "The woman in this book smokes!—perfumed things!"

"All women smoke nowadays," said Mrs. Wellington, carelessly. "Don't you?"

The politest thing Mrs. Temple could think of in answer was: "Not yet."

"Really!" said Mrs. Wellington. "Don't you like tobacco?"

"I never tried it."

"It's time you did. I smoke cigars myself."

Mrs. Temple almost collapsed at this double shock: "Cigarettes?"

"Yes; cigarettes are too strong for me; will you try one of my pets?"

Mrs. Temple was about to express her repugnance at the thought, but Mrs. Wellington thrust before her a portfolio in which nestled such dainty shapes of such a warm and winsome brown, that Mrs. Temple paused to stare, and, like Mother Eve, found the fruit of knowledge too interesting once seen to reject with scorn. She hung over the cigar case in hesitant excitement one moment too long. Then she said in a trembling voice: "I—I should like to try once—just to see what it's like. But there's no place."

Mrs. Wellington felt that she had already made a proselyte for her own beloved vice, and she rushed her victim to the precipice: "There's the observation platform, my dear. Observe on out."

Mrs. Temple was shivering with dismay at the dreadful deed: "What would they say in Ypsilanti?"

"What do you care? Be a sport. Your husband smokes. If it's right for him, why not for you?"

Mrs. Temple set her teeth and crossed the Rubicon with a resolute "I will!"

Mrs. Wellington led the timid

neophyte along the wavering floor of the car and swung back the door of the observation car. She found Mrs. Lathrop holding Anne Gattie's hand and evidently explaining something of great importance, for their heads were very close together. They rose and with abashed faces and confused mumbblings of half-swallowed explanations, left the platform to Mrs. Wellington and her new pupil.

Shortly afterward little Jimmie Wellington grew restive and set out for a brief constitutional and a breath of air. He carried a siphon to which he had become greatly attached, and made heavy going for the observation room, but reached the door in fairly good order. He swung it open and brought in with it the pale and wavering ghost of Mrs. Temple, who had been leaning against it for much-needed support. Wellington was stupefied to observe smoke pouring round Mrs. Temple's form, and he resolved to perform a great life-saving feat. He decided that the poor little woman was on a fire and he poised the siphon like a fire extinguisher, with the noble intention of putting her out.

He pressed the handle, and a stream of victory shot from the nozzle. Fortunately, his aim was so very wobbly that none of the extinguisher touched Mrs. Temple.

Wellington was about to play the siphon at her again when he saw her take from her lips a toy cigar and emit a stream of cough-shaken smoke. The poor little experimentalist was too wretched to notice even so large a menace as Wellington. She threw the cigar away and gasped:

"I think I've had enough."

From the platform came a voice very well known to little Jimmie. It said: "You'll like the second one better."

Mrs. Temple shuddered at the thought, but Wellington drew himself up majestically and called out: "Like second one better, eh? I suppose it's the same way with husband's."

Then he stalked back to the smoking room, feeling that he had annihilated his wife, but knowing from experience that she always had a comeback. He knew it would be good, but he was afraid to hear it. He rolled into the smoking room, and sprawling across Doctor Temple's shoulders, dragged him from the midst of a highly improper story with alarming news.

"Doc, your wife looks kind of seedy. Better go to her at once."

Dr. Temple leaped to his feet and ran to his wife's aid. He found her a dismal, ashen sight.

"Sally! What on earth ails you?"

"Been smok-oking," she hiccupped. The world seemed to be crashing round Dr. Temple's head. He could only gurggle, "Sally!"

Mrs. Temple drew herself up with weak defiance: "Well, I saw you playing cards and drinking."

In the presence of such innocent devilry he could only smile: "Aren't we having an exciting vacation? But to think of you smoking!—and a cigar!"

She tossed her head in pride. "And it didn't make me sick—much." She clutched a chair. He tried to support her. He could not help pondering: "What would they say in Ypsilanti?"

"Who cares?" she laughed. "I—I wish the old train wouldn't rock so."

"I—I've smoked too much, too," said Dr. Temple with perfect truth, but Mrs. Temple, remembering that long glass she had seen, narrowed her eyes at him: "Are you sure it was the smoke?"

"Sally!" he cried, in abject horror at her implied suspicion.

Then she turned a pale green. "Oh, I feel such a quail."

"In your conscience, Sally?"

"No, not in my conscience. I think I'll go back to my berth and lie down."

"Let me help you, Mother."

And Darby and Joan hurried along the corridor, crowding it as they were crowding their vacation with belated experience.

CHAPTER XIX.

Foiled!

It was late in the forenoon before the train came to the end of its iron furrow across that fertile space between two of the world's greatest rivers, which the Indians called "Iowa," nobody knows exactly why. In contrast with the palliades of the Mississippi, the Missouri twists like a great brown dragon wallowing in congealed mud. The water itself, as Bob Burdette said, is so muddy that the wind blowing across it raises a cloud of dust.

A sonorous bridge led the way into Nebraska, and the train came to a halt at Omaha. Mallory and Marjorie got out to stretch their legs and their dog. If they had only known that the train was to stop there the quarter of an hour, and if they had only known some preacher there and had had him to the station, the ceremony could have been consummated then and there.

The horizon was fairly saw-toothed with church spires. There were preachers, preachers everywhere, and not a dominie to do their deed.

After they had strolled up and down the platform, and up and down, and up and down till they were faint of their cramped quarters, again, Marjorie suddenly dug her nails into Mallory's arm.

"Honey! look—look!"

Honey looked, and there before their very eyes stood as clerical a looking person as ever announced a strawberry festival.

Mallory stared and stared, till Marjorie said:

"Don't you see? stupid! It's a preacher! a preacher!"

"It looks like one," was as far as Mallory would commit himself, and he

was turning away. He had about come to the belief that anything that looked like a parson was something else. But Marjorie whirled him round again, with a shrill whisper to listen. And he overheard in tones addicted to the pulpit:

"Yes, deacon, I trust that the harvest will be plentiful at my new church. It grieves me to leave the dear brothers and sisters in the Lord in Omaha, but I felt called to wider pastures."

And a lady who was evidently Mrs. Deacon spoke up:

"We'll miss you terrible. We all say you are the best pastor our church ever had."

Mallory prepared to spring on his prey and drag him to his lair, but Marjorie held him back.

"He's taking our train, Lord bless his dear old soul."

And Mallory could have hugged him. But he kept close watch. To the rapture of the wedding-hungry twain, the preacher shook hands with such of his flock as had followed him to the station, picked up his valise and walked up to the porter, extending his ticket.

But the porter said—and Mallory could have throttled him for saying it: "Scuse me, posson, but that's yo' train ova yonda. You betta move right smart, for it's gettin' ready to pull out."

With a little shriek of dismay, the parson clutched his valise and set off at a run. Mallory dashed after him and Marjorie after Mallory. They shouted as they ran, but the conductor of the east-bound train sang out "All aboard!" and swung on.

The parson made a sprint and caught the ultimate rail of the moving train. Mallory made a frantic leap at a flying coat-tail and missed. As he and Marjorie stood gazing reproachfully at the train which was giving a beautiful illustration of the laws of retreating perspective, they heard wild howls of "Hi! hi!" and "Hay! hay!" and turned to see their own train in motion, and the porter dancing a Zulu step alongside.

CHAPTER XX.

Foiled Again.

Mallory tumbled Marjorie under his arm and Marjorie tucked Snoozleums under hers, and they did a sort of three-legged race down the platform. The porter was pale blue with excitement, and it was with the last gasp of breath in all three bodies that they scrambled up the steps of the only open vestibule.

The porter was mad enough to give them a piece of his mind, and they were meek enough to take it without a word of explanation or resentment.

And the train sped on into the heart of Nebraska, along the unpoetic valley of the Platte. When lunch-time came, they ate it together, but in gloomy silence. They sat in Marjorie's berth throughout the appalling monotonous afternoon in a stupor of disappointment and helpless dejection, speaking little and saying nothing then.

Whenever the train stopped, Mallory watched the on-getting passengers with his keenest eye. He had a theory that since most people who looked like preachers were decidedly lay, it might be well to take a gambler's chance and accost the least ministerial person next.

So, in his frantic anxiety, he selected a horsey-looking individual who got on at North Platte. He looked so much like a rawhided ranchman that Mallory stole up on him and asked him to excuse him, but did he happen to be a clergyman? The man replied by asking Mallory if he happened to be a flea-bitten maverick, and embellished his question with a copious flow of the words ministers use, but with a secular arrangement of them. In fact he split one word in two to insert a double-barrelled curse. All that Mallory could do was to admit that he was a flea-bitten what-he-said, and back away.

After that, if a vicar in full uniform had marched down the aisle heading a procession of choir-boys, Mallory would have suspected him. He vowed in his haste that Marjorie might die an old maid before he would approach anybody else on that subject.

Nebraska would have been a nice long state for a honeymoon, but its four hundred-odd miles were a dreary length for the couple so near and yet so far. The railroad clinging to the meandering Platte made the way far longer, and Mallory and Marjorie left like Pyramus and Thisbe wandering along an eternal wall, through which they could see, but not reach, one another.

They dined together as dolefully as if they had been married for forty years. Then the slow twilight soaked them in its melancholy. The porter lighted up the car, and the angels lighted up the stars, but nothing lighted up their hopes.

"We've got to quarrel again, my beloved," Mallory groaned to Marjorie.

Somehow they were too dreary even to nag one another with an outburst for the benefit of the eager-eyed passengers.

A little excitement bestirred them as they realized that they were confronted with another night-robeless night and a morrow without change of gear.

"What a pity that we left our things in the taxicab," Marjorie sighed. And this time she said, "we left them," instead of "you left them." It was very gracious of her, but Mallory did not acknowledge the courtesy. Instead he gave a start and a gasp:

"Good Lord, Marjorie, we never paid the second taxicab!"

"Great heavens, how shall we ever pay him? He's been waiting there twenty-four hours. How much do you

suppose we owe him?"

"About a year of my pay, I guess."

"You must send him a telegram of apology and ask him to read his meter. He was such a nice man—the kindest eyes—for a chauffeur."

"But how can I telegraph him? I don't know his name, or his number, or his company, or anything."

"It's too bad. He'll go through life hating us and thinking we cheated him."

"Well, he doesn't know our names either."

And then they forgot him temporarily for the more immediate need of clothes. All the passengers knew that they had left behind what baggage they had not sent ahead, and much sympathy had been expressed. But most people would rather give you their sympathy than lend you their clothes. Mallory did not mind the men, but Marjorie dreaded the women. She was afraid of all of them but Mrs. Temple.

She threw herself on the little lady's mercy and was asked to help herself. She borrowed a nightgown of extraordinary simplicity, a shirt waist of an ancient mode, and a number of other things.

If there had been anyone there to see she would have made a most anachronistic bride.

Mallory canvassed the men and obtained a shockingly purple shirt from Wedgewood, who meant to put him at his ease, but somehow failed when he said in answer to Mallory's thanks: "God bless my soul, old top, don't you think of thanking me. I ought to thank you. You see, the idiot who makes my shirts, made that by mistake, and I'd be no end grateful if you'd jolly well take the loathsome thing off my hands. I mean to say, I shouldn't dream of being seen in it myself. You quite understand, don't you?"

Ashton contributed a maroon atrocity in hosiery, with equal tact: "If they fit you, keep 'em. I got stung on that batch of socks. That pair was originally lavender, but they washed like that. Keep 'em. I wouldn't be found dead in 'em."

The mysterious Fosdick, who lived a lonely life in the observation car and slept in the other sleeper, lent Mallory a pair of pyjamas evidently intended for a bridegroom of romantic disposition. Mallory blushed as he accepted them and when he found himself in them, he whisked out the light, he was so ashamed of himself.

Once more the whole car gaped at the unheard of behavior of its newly wedded pair. The poor porter had been hungry for a bridal couple, but as he went about gathering up the cast-off footwear of his large family and found Mallory's shoes at number three and Marjorie's tiny boots at number five, he shook his head and groaned.

"Times has suitably changed for the wuss. If this is a bridal couple, gimme divorcees."

CHAPTER XXI.

Matrimony to and Fro.

And the next morning they were in Wyoming—well toward the center of that State. They had left behind the tame levels and the truly rural towns and they were among foothills and mountains, passing cities of wildly picturesque repute, like Cheyenne, and Laramie, Bowles, and Medicine Bow, and Bitter Creek, whose very names imply literature and war whoops, cowboy yelps, barking revolvers, another redskin biting the dust, cattle stampedes, town-paintings, humorous lynchings and brochures in epileptic frenzy.

But the talk of this train was concerned with none of these wonders, which the novelists and the magazine writer have perhaps a trifle overpublished. The talk of this train was concerned with the eighth wonder of the world, a semi-detached bridal couple.

Mrs. Whitcomb was eager enough to voice the sentiment of the whole populace, when she looked up from her novel in the observation room and nudged Mrs. Temple, drawled: "By the way, my dear, has that bridal couple made up its second night's quarrel yet?"

"The Mallorys?" Mrs. Temple flushed as she answered, mercifully. "Oh, yes, they were very friendly again this morning."

Mrs. Whitcomb's countenance was cynical: "My dear, I've been married twice and I ought to know something about honeymoons, but this honeyless honeymoon—" she cast up her eyes and her hands in despair.

The women were so concerned about Mr. and Mrs. Mallory, that they hardly noticed the uncomfortable plight of the Wellingtons, or the curious behavior of the Wellingtons, or the curious behavior of the lady from the stateroom who seemed to be afraid of something and never spoke to anybody. The strange behavior of Anne Gattie and Ira Lathrop even escaped much comment, though they were forever being stumbled on when anybody went out to the observation platform. When they were dislodged from there, they sat playing checkers and talking very little, but making eyes at one another and sighing like furnaces.

They had evidently concocted some secret of their own, for Ira, looking at his watch, murmured sentimentally to Anne: "Only a few hours more, Annie."

And Anne turned geranium-color and dropped a handful of checkers. "I don't know how I can face it."

Ira growled like a lovesick lion: "Aw, what do you care?"

"But I was never married before, Ira," Anne protested, "and on a train, too."

"Why, all the bridal couples take to the railroads."

"I should think it would be the last place they'd go," said Anne—a sensible

woman, Anne! "Look at the Mallories—how miserable they are."

"I thought they were happy," said Ira, whose great virtue it was to pay little heed to what was none of his business.

"Oh, Ira," cried Anne, "I hope we shan't begin to quarrel as soon as we are married."

"As if anybody could quarrel with you, Anne," he said.

"Do you think I'll be so monotonous as that?" she retorted.

Her spunk delighted him beyond words. He whispered: "Anne, you're so gold-darned sweet if I don't get a chance to kiss you, I'll bust."

"Why, Ira—we're on the train."

"Da—darn the train! Who ever heard of a fellow proposing and getting engaged to a girl and not even kissing her?"

"But our engagement is so short."

"Well, I'm not going to marry you until I get a kiss."

Perhaps innocent old Anne really believed this blood-curdling threat. It brought her instantly to terms, though she blushed: "But everybody's always looking."

"Come out on the observation platform."

"Oh, Ira, again?"

"I dare you."

"I take you—but" seeing that Mrs. Whitcomb was trying to overhear, she whispered: "Let's pretend it's the scenery."

So Ira rose, pushed the checkers aside, and said in an unusually positive tone: "Ah, Miss Gattie, won't you have a look at the landscape?"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Lathrop," said Anne, "I just love scenery."

They wandered forth like the Sleeping Beauty and her princely awakener, and never dreamed what giggles and nudgings and wise head-noddings went on back of them. Mrs. Wellington laughed loudest of all at the lovers whose heads had grown gray while their hearts were still so green.

It was shortly after this that the Wellingtons themselves came into prominence in the train life.

As the train approached Green River, and its copper-basined stream, the engineer began to set the air-brakes for the stop. Jimmie Wellington, boozily half-awake in the smoking room, wanted to know what the name of the station was. Everybody is always eager to oblige a drunken man, so Ashton and Fosdick tried to get a window open to look out.

The first one they labored at, they could not budge after a biceps-breaking tug. The second flew up with such ease that they went over backward. Ashton put his head out and announced that the approaching depot was labelled "Green River." Wellington burbled: "What a beautiful name for a station."

Ashton announced that there was something beautiful still on the platform—"Oh, a peach!—a nectarine! and she's getting on this train."

Even Doctor Temple declared that she was a dear little thing, wasn't she?

Wellington pushed him aside, saying: "Stand back Doc, and let me see; I have a keen sense of beautiful."

"Be careful," cried the doctor, "he'll fall out of the window."

"Not out of that window," Ashton sagely observed, seeing the bulk of Wellington. As the train started off again, little Jimmie distributed alcoholic smiles to the Green Riverers on the platform and called out:

"Goodbye, everybody. You're all absolutely—ow—ow!" He clapped his hand to his eye and crawled back into the car, growling with pain.

"What's the matter?" said Wedgewood. "Got something in your eye?"

"No, you blamed fool. I'm trying to look through my thumb."

"Poor fellow!" sympathized Doctor Temple, "it's a cinder!"

"A cinder! It's at least a ton of coal."

"I say, old boy, let me have a peek," said Wedgewood, screwing in his monocle and peering into the depths of Wellington's eye. "I can't see a bally thing."

"Of course not, with that blinder on," growled the miserable wretch, weeping in spite of himself and rubbing his smarting orb.

"Don't rub that eye," Ashton counseled, "rub the other eye."

"It's my eye; I'll rub it if I want to. Get me a doctor, somebody. I'm dying."

"Here's Doctor Temple," said Ashton, "right on the job." Wellington turned to the old clergyman with pathetic trust, and the deceiver writhed in his disguise. The best he could think of was: "Will somebody lend me a lead pencil?"

"What for?" said Wellington, uneasily.

"I am going to roll your upper lid up on it," said the Doctor.

"Oh, no, you're not," said the patient. "You can roll your own lids!"

Then the conductor, still another conductor, wandered on the scene and asked as if it were not a world-important matter: "What's the matter—pick up a cinder?"

"Yes. Perhaps you can get it out," the alleged doctor appealed.

The conductor nodded: "The best way is this—take hold of the winkers."

"The what?" mumbled Wellington.

"Grab the winkers of your upper eyelid in your right hand—"

"I've got 'em."

"Now grab the winkers of your lower eyelid in your left hand. Now raise the right hand, push the under lid under the overlid and haul the overlid over the underlid; when you have the overlid well over the under—"

(Continued Next Week)

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