

ACTIVITIES AT NORMAL COLLEGE

LIVE NEWS OF WEEK FURNISHED BY NORMAL REPORTERS.

Hallowe'en Party, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Organization and Other Notes.

A Hallowe'en party was given by the senior class at the Normal Friday evening.

At the front door we were met by a witch and told to follow the rope which led to the gymnasium. Everyone followed the rope as best he could for there were many objects in the dark corridor which caused one to falter. On entering the gymnasium we saw and heard some things which caused us to have a horror for the inhabitation of Hades; the devil with his archangels were there and gave us a cordial welcome.

From the gymnasium we were directed to the auditorium where we saw an interesting picture show, given by the devil his archangels and the witches.

Next we went to see what our fate would be in the future.

We then went to the Y. W. C. A. hall and were delightfully entertained by a reading of the "Black Cat" by Mr. Morelock.

The devil requested us to go to the gymnasium next to have our pictures made.

Apples and popcorn were served after which we went home to dream of goasts and witches

Y. W. C. A.

The Young Women's Christian Association recently met for re-organization. The following officers were elected:

President—Jessie Green
Vice Pres.—Mrs. Davis
Secretary—Lula Atkinson
Asst. Sec.—Addie Brown
Treasurer—Mable Dennis

The following committees were appointed by President.

Program Committee, Lucilla Whitlow, Rebecca Reavis, Ona Lee Travis.

Committee on visiting the sick Pearl Travis, Dannie Lee Sears, Dollie Branson, Pearl Rice, Love Atkinson.

The course of study for this year will be city, home and foreign missions.

Y. M. C. A.

J. L. Hunter, State Sec. of Y. M. C. A. for colleges spent two days at the Normal last week giving two very instructive talks on association work among the young men and young ladies of the colleges of the state.

An organization was effected among the young men of the Normal with A. L. Tarleton President, Sidney J. Woodruff Vice Pres., J. S. Jackson Secretary and Cleveland Baker Treasurer. The Y. M. C. A. is rapidly taking final form and will undertake all the usual forms of Y. M. C. A. work.

Our Y. W. C. A. is in good working order and it extends the sister's hand to the baby brother.

Mr. Hunter complimented the clean, pure atmosphere of the normal school and predicted a successful Y. M. C. A. We hope to send four delegates, our full quota, to the International meeting at Kansas City December 31-January 4.

OTHER NEWS.

Mias Lamb and the teachers in the training school gave the children a great time on Saturday following Hallowe'en. The "youngsters" wish to cater

pleasure than to be "turned loose" in the gymnasium for half an hour or more. Having enjoyed this exhilaration for about an hour they were conducted to the faculty room which had been darkened and prettily decorated for them. There they enjoyed refreshments.

The illustrated lecture on the Holy Land given by Mr. Hunter last Friday night was most helpful and most enjoyable. The pictures and explanations gave one a very clear idea of the land of the life of the Christ.

A number of new students enrolled Tuesday.

The basketball girls are taking great interest in their practice work and will soon be ready to play any team that will venture out.

Frank M. Lock is absent from school on account of illness.

New books for each department are coming in rapidly, as well as supplies for each. The English department received busts of Shakespeare and Longfellow last week.

Celebrate Golden Wedding.

Monday of last week was the Golden Wedding day of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cowart. This excellent couple were married in Alabama and came to Texas in 1873. They have lived on the Plains for 18 years and in Canyon 8 years. They are the parents of two children, both of whom are dead and the nearest relative they have living is a granddaughter, Miss Birdie Lee Burkhalter, who makes her home with them. Mr. Cowart is 74 years of age and is in excellent health. Mrs. Cowart is 70 years of age but has been ill with rheumatism for several years and is not able to walk much.

Mr. Cowart is a veteran of the Civil War. He enlisted with Company H, 15th Alabama and fought under General Stonewall Jackson. He responded to the first call of the war and was in the entire four years, surrendering at Appomattox. He was captured during the third days battle at Gettysburg but was released after six days and immediately went back to the army.

Mr. and Mrs. Cowart are most highly esteemed among the citizens of the city and have the wishes of their friends for many more wedding anniversary days.

Calves Sold High.

C. O. Keiser delivered to McDonald & Edward of Hereford 306 calves last week which these gentlemen will feed for baby beef. 121 calves averaged 463 and brought \$35.94 each and 443 and brought \$34.45 each. There was one ten month old heifer in the bunch that brought \$50.75. The entire bunch was sold at \$7.75 per hundred.

Mr. Keiser also delivered 100 cows to P. C. Rogers of McLean at \$48.00 each.

Eleventh Wedding Anniversary.

Sunday was the eleventh wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. McAfee and they celebrated the occasion with a big turkey dinner. Mr. and Mrs. McAfee were married in Corsicana, but have lived in Canyon for a number of years. Mr. McAfee has not been at home on their wedding anniversary for seven years. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Harrison were guests at the anniversary dinner.

A typographical error in the News last week gave the Normal girls a score of 9 to 48 against the Hereford girls, while it should have read 21.

WINNERS OF SECOND PRIZE IN BIG STOCK SHOW



Hereford yearling steers awarded second prize at American Royal. Bred and owned by C. T. Word, Canyon. Averaged 710 and sold for \$8.30 by Clay, Robinson & Co.

ANOTHER FINE RAIN MONDAY

THREE-FOURTHS INCH COMES IN SLOW STEADY FALL.

Warm Weather Follows and the Wheat is Making a Better Growth than for Number of Years.

Another good rain started Monday afternoon and continued throughout the night, a little better than 3/4 an inch falling altogether. The roads and streets have been quite muddy ever since. Warm weather has followed, making almost the appearance of spring time.

The wheat is making a wonderful growth. The rains of a few weeks ago put the ground in excellent condition. This rain together with the warm weather that has followed is making the wheat grow fine. Many farmers have been planting wheat recently and others are contemplating small acreage.

David Keiser Dead.

The following is taken from the Keota, Iowa, Eagle regarding the death of David Keiser, father of C. O. Keiser of this city. Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Keiser attended the funeral services.

David Keiser died at his home in Keota, Tuesday night about 12 o'clock, aged 85 years and a few months. Mr. Keiser had been feeble for a long time. On Monday night about 12 he fell from his bed to the floor, and gradually sank from that time until the end came, twenty-four hours later. The funeral will be held at the M. E. Church Saturday, November 1, at 2 o'clock p. m., conducted by Rev. H. B. Scoles; the Masonic order to have charge at the grave. The body will lie in state at the home from 10:30 to 12:30 Saturday.

Tiling Court House Lawn.

Judge C. E. Coss is having porous tiling placed in the east sections of the court house lawn so that these sections may be seeded to blue grass and may be excellently irrigated. The south-west section was seeded first and is doing nicely. The northwest section was recently seeded and is looking nice and green. The entire east section will now be seeded with blue grass.

A Model Publicity Writer.

Glazier Review.—As a publicity man, J. L. Pope, with the Santa Fe, is hard to beat. The bulk of the "free publicity" matter from a dozen enterprizes which reaches the Review office goes in the waste basket for three reasons: Often the sheet is a blurred carbon copy; it is written in a style wholly foreign to that employed by readable newspapers; and then we like to have original matter, not the same thing about a subject that will appear for the next week in every paper you pick up.

Mr. Pope's stuff scatters our three reasons to the four winds. His copy is the top sheet from the typewriter; he employs a style suitable to the paper to which it is sent; he prepares different copy for each paper in a given district. As a specific example the publicity write-ups for the Educational Train are forceful on these points; Mr. Pope has the advantage too of a wide acquaintance with the editors in Texas; in five papers picked up in the Panhandle, where we know the editors every article on this subject differed in composition and gave evidence that the publicity writer in each instance had carried in thought the personality of the editor and the character of his paper.

The result is that scarcely a paper turns down his matter. The editors may be chumps to publish it for it gives to the Santa Fe free, an enormous amount of the best kind of advertising, but when Mr. Pope writes a story in a better style than you yourself could and it elaborates a coming event in which one's subscribers should be interested, it is pretty hard to say: "No, this will cost you regular advertising rates," and throw it into the waste basket.

County Court Adjourns.

The final business of the October term of the county court was transacted last Thursday and court adjourned. The following was the business of the day.

C. R. McAfee vs L. T. Lester, judgment for the plaintiff for \$272.50

J. L. Prichard vs Joe Foster, continued by agreement.

J. A. Grundy and L. T. Davault vs The P. & N. T. Ry. Co., et al, a motion of the defendant for a new trial was sustained.

Don't buy your Christmas goods before you come and look ours over, will be on display one month before Christmas. City Pharmacy "The Rexall Store."

NORMAL DEFEATS WAYLAND 6 TO 0

SETH WARD TEAM COMES FOR GAME NEXT MONDAY.

Game Played on Muddy Field Allows for Little Open Play—Heavy Line Smashing.

The Normal football team defeated Wayland college Monday afternoon at Plainview by a score of 6 to 0. The game was played on a muddy field and few open plays were tried during the contest as the ball was heavy. The team depended on line smashes and long gains were made in this manner.

Wayland was able to make first down four times. The team that played Monday was a hundred per cent better than when they played in Canyon a few weeks ago. However, they were entirely outclosed. Of the 44 minutes played 33 minutes of the time the ball was in Wayland's territory. At no time were they nearer the Normal goal than the 20 yard line. The Normal boys said that had the day been pretty so that they could have used the open play they would easily have defeated their opponents 30 points.

Seth Ward will come here Monday and will put up a strong fight against the locals. The game will be called at 4 o'clock.

Presbyterian Church.

Next Sunday being Worlds Temperance Sunday our subject at the morning service will be The Mockery and Deception of Wine. At the evening service, at 7:15, Rev. W. M. Baker will speak concerning the needs of Trinity University. There will not be any collection taken so don't be afraid to come to hear Mr. Baker. It will be worth hearing.

Rev. A. B. Haynes.

Clarendon's Record.

Clarendon now holds the world's record for number of telephones according to population. Our sister town has more telephones, per capita, than any town in the world. The decision was made at a national meeting of the telephone men at Chicago recently.

Read the beginning of the story on page 7.

WILL TEST ENSILAGE AND GRASS FOR CATTLE

EXPERIMENT TO BE MADE ON RANCH NEAR AMARILLO

Government Expert Coming at Once To Superintend Feeding of Herd On Needy Ranch.

J. M. Neely received a telegram from Washington Friday afternoon, which stated that T. P. Metcalf would report at Amarillo immediately to take up the work of feeding cattle in the Neely ranch, in accordance with agreement between Mr. Neely and an agent of the Bureau of Animal Industry, who was here recently.

The feeding experiment will provide for test between grass and ensilage, in connection with cake and other forage crops. The Neely herd is composed of 200 steers. One hundred of these will be put on grass and cake, the other hundred on ensilage, meal etc.

Later in the season cattle will be shipped to the market from each herd, and their sale value will furnish satisfactory test as to the value of ensilage feeding. An ear tag will be placed on every steer in the herd so that each may be identified readily, and weighing tests will be made periodically during the process of the feeding.

Mr. Neely has just completed a concrete silo measuring 16x40 feet 7 feet underground, 32 1-2 above. Kaffir and maize, grown on the Neely ranch, have been put in the silo, to the extent of 150 tons.

Feeding will begin as soon as the government expert arrives, and plans perfected. The result of the experiment will be awaited with interest, inasmuch as it will have shaping influence upon feeding methods in the future. Mr. Neely is keenly interested in the feeding trials, and will co-operate to the fullest extent with the government agent in charge.

Farm Women Should Organize.

By Mrs. E. P. Turner, Chairman, Homes and Schools, Texas Farm Life Commission.

Men have organized and made their voices a unit, and their organizations have been fruitful of much good.

Woman's voice has been weak and almost unheard, but organization on her part in every community can also be productive of much good. The time is long past when woman's sphere is confined to the four walls of her home. The home is a very vital part of the community, and this being the case, everything from the construction of roads to the arrangement of the school house is of concern to every woman, and she must realize that the welfare of the community depends on her as well as on her husband.

Clubs composed of farm women of every neighborhood in Texas, organized for the purpose of studying home problems farm life, the economic problems of everyday life, and to co-operate with the men in their efforts for the upbuilding of the State, would accomplish much and lasting good.

Let the farm women organize clubs in every community.

One week only—we will sell any article in our window for 98 cents. Holland Drug Co. if



YE EDITOR:

Please tell the public; Our latch-string hangs on the outside, and their deposits are protected on the inside, by CONSERVATIVE, Sound Banking, as well as THE STATE GUARANTY FUND, as additional security.

We are too full of business to write an ad this week.

The Boys at The
FIRST STATE BANK.

First State
Bank

MORE LIGHT!!!
CHEAPER LIGHT!!!
BETTER LIGHT!!!

We have some 10 15 and 20 watt mazda lamps. These lamps are 7, 12 and 16 candle power, respectively. They are ideal for hall and porch lights. The 10 watt may be burned continuously at a cost, for current, of thirty five cents per month. If you have fixtures you may use two or four small lamps at no greater cost for current than with one lamp.

We now have a sixty watt Mazda lamp that sells for forty five cents. This lamp is 50 candle power and consumes no more current than the old 16 candle power carbon lamp.

10, 15 and 20 watt Mazda lamps \$0.35
25, 40 and 60 watt Mazda lamps45
Hot Point electric irons, 5 and 6 lbs. . . 3.50

Canyon Power Company
Office in First National Bank

CANYON LUMBER CO.

THE HOUSE OF HIGH
QUALITY, COURTEOUS
TREATMENT, AND
PRICES THAT ARE
RIGHT--

CANYON LUMBER CO.

A VALUABLE SUGGESTION
IMPORTANT TO EVERYONE

It is now conceded by physicians that the kidneys should have more attention as they control the other organs to a remarkable degree and do a tremendous amount of work in removing the poisons and waste matter from the system by filtering the blood.

During the winter months especially, when we live an indoor life, the kidneys should receive some assistance when needed, as we take less exercise, drink less water and often, eat more rich heavy food, thereby forcing the kidneys to do more work than nature intended. Evidence of kidney trouble, such as lame back, annoying bladder troubles, smarting or burning, brick-dust or sediment, sallow complexion, rheumatism, may be weak or irregular heat action, warns you that your kidneys require help immediately to avoid more serious trouble.

Many physicians claim that an herbal medicine containing no minerals or opiates has the most healing influence. An ideal herbal compound that has had most remarkable success as a kidney and bladder remedy is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention the Canyon Weekly - Randall County News.

Umbarger Notes.

The farmers have nearly all finished gathering their row crop. Considering the drouth, they are well pleased with the yield. The roughness is in great demand and the big price makes good for the decrease in yield.

Everybody busy. No complaint on business. The weather holds good since our little norther of last Saturday.

Mrs. Walter Johnson who has been quite ill is very much improved in health. We hope to see her out among her friends soon.

Dr. Bow of Hereford was doing veterinary work at the Bader farm Monday.

Fifteen car loads of steers were shipped out of the Hall ranch last week.

Mrs. Ida Cooper of Omaha, Nebr., came last Wednesday for a visit with her sons, W. H. and Roy Russell. She spent several days at the Bader and Lichtwald homes but found it necessary to return home Saturday morning.

Cage Bros. shipped five car loads of cows to Kansas City last week. Roy Cage went with the stock.

Walter Dunlap visited at the Brodie home over Sunday.

Miss Mary Schultz is at home on a vacation for a week or so.

Married, at Amarillo Tuesday Oct. 28, William Erdman Jr. to Miss Mary Hellman, of Amarillo. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Erdman of this place. Tuesday evening a dancing party was given at the Erdman store, for the happy young couple and a very pleasant time was enjoyed by all. The bride and groom will make their home in Illinois.

Misses Agnes Meyers, Margaret Simms and Minnie Otto came home with Miss Eva Bader last Friday evening. A party was planned for, Saturday evening, but was delayed on account of the inclemency of the weather.

The Union S. S. is progressing nicely under the leadership of C. E. Moore.

Miss Mary Pickens is assisting Mrs. Walter Johnson during her illness.

The hunters in our vicinity are having great sport hunting ducks. Those who are fortunate in having a good hunter in the family are having some tasty meals these days.

Miss Ethel Bader and Mrs. W. M. Lichtwald and little Leroy spent Sunday at the parental home.

The weather of the past week reminds us that it is time to get

out the good warm clothes, also to get an ample supply of coal on hand. What good appetities a cold wave does give us.

The correspondent for the Umbarger items is very sorry about the absent marks opposite her name. She pleads guilty of being very busy and will try to do better in the future.

Advertising in The Home.

By W. Holt Harris, Fort Worth, Chairman, Mercantile Committee, Commercial Secretaries Assn.

The study of advertising is no longer confined to the men who write ads, but has extended into the homes of the purchasers. When the paper arrives, the family eagerly scans its columns not for the progressive or sensational news of the day, but for the message of the merchant, as well. They comment on the bargains offered and criticize or commend the styles or goods displayed. Every purchase that enters the home is discussed pro and con. Mother's dress, sister's bonnet, father's tie and brother's shoes are commented on. The advertising columns are becoming the most popular reading section of the local paper. They have always been the most profitable. Good advertising is a modern force that must be used by institutions that intend to grow.

A Night of Terror.

Few nights are more terrible than that of a mother looking on her child choking and gasping for breath during an attack of croup, and nothing in the house to relieve it. Many mothers have passed nights of terror in this situation. A little forethought will enable you to avoid this. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a certain cure for croup and has never been known to fail. Keep it at hand. For sale by all dealers.

(Advertisement)

One Heaping Teaspoonful

LAYTON'S HEALTH CLUB BAKING POWDER

25 OUNCES ONE SPOON

Only One Cent An Ounce

of Health Club Baking Powder will do all that you could expect any baking powder to do—no matter what its price.

For Pies, Biscuits, Cakes, Waffles or Muffins—for any kind of home baking in fact—you'll find Health Club to be the strongest, purest and most economical Baking Powder obtainable at any price.

Order a trial can today for tomorrow's baking—then judge.

Sold in 10c, 15c & 25c Cans By all Good Grocers

Weather Summary.

The meteorological summary for the month of October, issued Saturday by observer T. J. Conside of the Amarillo Weather bureau, contains data of interest.

The report shows that twenty-two clear days were granted during the month, nine partly cloudy, with a precipitation of .81 with .07 of snowfall.

Mean temperature, 55.2; maximum of 85 being reached on October 14, a minimum of 24 on October 29. The greatest daily range was 46 degrees on October 25, least range of 12 degrees on October 22. Normal temperature for the month was 56.1.

Mean atmospheric pressure of 30.04 was recorded, highest of 30.46 on October 31, lowest of 29.64 on October 6.

Prevailing direction of the wind for the month, southwest. Total movement 8492 miles, average

hourly velocity 11.4, maximum velocity of 42 miles per hour being attained for a period of five minutes on October 28.

Of miscellaneous phenomena light frosts were noted on October 11 and 21, heavy on October 20, killing on October 26. Thunderstorms occurred on October 18.

Cause of Insomnia.

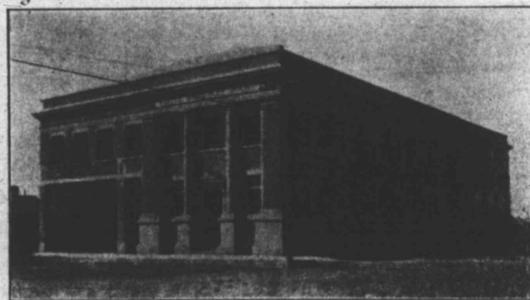
The most common cause of insomnia is disorders of the stomach and constipation. Chamberlain's Tablets correct these disorders and enable you to sleep. For sale by all dealers.

(Advertisement)

Tonight.

Tonight, if you feel dull and stupid, or bilious and constipated, take a dose of Chamberlain's Tablets and you will feel all right tomorrow. For sale by all dealers.

(Advertisement)



L. T. LESTER
President

D. A. PARK
Cashier
NO. 5238

S. C. WHITMAN
Asst. Cashier

The First National Bank

Canyon, Texas

At Close of Business Oct. 21st, 1913.

Statement Condensed from Report to Comptroller.

RESOURCES:		LIABILITIES:	
Loans and Discounts	\$185,871.06	Capital Stock	\$100,000.00
Overdrafts	2,258.95	Surplus	10,000.00
U. S. Bonds	100,000.00	Undivided Profits	628.72
Judgments	4,719.41	Circulation	100,000.00
Banking House, Fixtures	34,530.00	Bills Payable	37,500.00
Other Real Estate Owned	18,998.00	Deposits	163,106.35
Cash and exchange	64,859.65		
Total	\$411,235.07	Total	\$411,235.07

I certify that the above is correct.

D. A. PARK, Cashier.

A BRONCHIAL COUGH
is wearing and dangerous because the inflamed, mucus-filled tubes interfere with breathing and the fresh air passes through that unhealthy tissue.



Probably no other remedy affords such prompt and permanent relief as **Scott's Emulsion**; it checks the cough, heals the linings of the throat and bronchial tubes and strengthens the lungs to avert tuberculosis. This point cannot be emphasized too strongly—that **Scott's Emulsion** has been suppressing bronchitis for forty years and will help **you**.

Be careful to avoid substitutes and insist on **SCOTT'S**.
 AT ANY DRUG STORE. 13-77

More Politics.

Quanah Tribune-Chief.—Seven Texas congressmen, Jno. H. Stephens among them, missed roll call Tuesday while important public business was to come up; they were absent on "private business." Great public servants these who run off rather than express their honest sentiments. Only pap hunters are expected to admire that style of statesmanship.

Vernon Record.—The Hereford Brand and a few other publications have been trying for some weeks to induce someone to announce against Hon. Jno. H. Stephens for congressman, but so far have not succeeded. With his splendid record in Congress, Mr. Stephens would receive twice as many votes as any man who would offer against him, and they all know it. He will not likely have an opponent.

Hereford Brand.—Jeremiah Ray would certainly not call Harry Koch of the Great Quanah Tribune-Chief a "few." The Brand thought that Harry was more than a few all by "hissself," and then when you add such papers as the Lockney Beacon, Childress Post and a "few others," the opposition looks up a little. It must be understood right here that the Brand does not oppose Mr. Stephens because he is a "good man;" far from it; the Brand is glad to know that he is. But goodness alone does not make a suitable soldier; he should be active in the line of battle when the fight is on. The great opportunity for the Democratic is here and Texas needs men in Congress who can get into the fight and who are not afraid of the smell of powder.

Sunset Signal.—Congressman Jno. H. Stephens seems to have queer ideas about the appointment of postmasters. He has endorsed the plan of holding pri-

WORDS FROM HOME.

Statements That May Be Investigated.
Testimony of Canyon Citizens.

When a Canyon citizen comes to the front, telling his friends and neighbors of his experience, you can rely on his sincerity. The statements of people residing in far away places do not command your confidence. Home endorsement is the kind that backs Doan's Kidney Pills. Such testimony is convincing. Investigation proves it true. Below is a statement of a Canyon resident. No stronger proof of merit can be had.

George Reynolds, grocer, Canyon, Texas, says: "I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone suffering from kidney complaint. 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 of my family had still worse trouble and Doan's Kidney Pills quickly cured that case. I consider Doan's Kidney Pills the best remedy for kidney complaint on the market."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.
 (Advertisement)

maries at Decatur and Nocona and letting the Democratic voters name the persons whom he would recommend for postmaster at those places. At Childress his policy was exactly the reverse; he would not endorse the primary and, even after the primary was held, he flatly refused to recommend the choice of the voters, but, instead, secured the appointment of one who did not even enter the primary.

Will Feed Russian Thistle.

J. W. McDaniel, who lives near Rock Island, this county, has cut, cured and stacked several hundred loads of Russian thistles. He will procure a feed mill and grind the hay into meal which he intends to feed to milk cows. His experiment will be watched with a good deal of interest by farmers in this part of the country.—Rock Island Tribune.

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

Sunny Hill Items.

Still cold and windy this week. G. N. Caler returned from Oklahoma City last week where he had been in a sanitarium. He is much improved and seems to be well on the road to recovery.

Mrs. T. S. Trowbridge and Miss Florence are visiting home folks this week.

Misses Novella and Birtie Knox are visiting homefolks over Sunday.

R. H. Caler left Friday for Kansas City with a car of cattle for the market. He will visit in Nebraska before returning home.

Elza Guest moved into the Jameson place this week.

J. B. Knox made a business trip to Canyon Friday night, returning home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Rusk visited in Canyon the last of the week.

J. A. Currie had a light stroke of paralysis Thursday night.

Claude Hamblin, who is living on the J. O. Turner place, has put in a telephone.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Currie spent Friday night at the home of J. A. Currie.

To Prevent Blood Poisoning.
 apply at once the wonderful old reliable DR. PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL, a surgical dressing that relieves pain and heals at the same time. Not a liniment. 25c, 50c, \$1.00. (Advertisement)

C. I. C's. Entertain.

The C. I. C. Class of the M. E. Sunday School entertained their friends with a Halloween party Friday night, at the home of their teacher, E. F. Miller. The evening was pleasantly spent, playing appropriate games, and an apple biting contest afforded much fun. The house was beautifully decorated with Halloween colors, jack-o'-lanterns, black cats and witches. Refreshments of chocolate and cake were served.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, (ss. Lucas County).
 I, Frank J. Cheney, make oath that I am a partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
 FRANK J. CHENEY.
 Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1936.
 A. W. GLEASON,
 Notary Public.
 Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
 F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
 Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
 Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

City Building Notes.

By L. M. Ward, Sherman, President, Texas Commercial Executives' Association.

Co-operation is the law of city building.

Health, harmony and happiness breed content.

A town knocker is the product of the Devil's industry.

A pessimist is a bane to the community in which he lives.

A successful commercial organization must be telescopic in its vision.

Perpetual plodding pays profitably. Cities are not built in a day.

You cannot dream your town into a city, you must build and boost it into one.

If you can't say a good word for the town in which you live, it's time for you to move.

The raising of more and better stock by the farmers is as much a factor in community development as are manufacturing industries.

If every man in your community was doing as much for his community as you are, how long would it take to build the city in which you live?

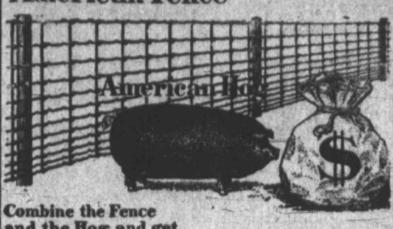
The three-thirty juvenile parade from the school house means more to the future development of your community than does the noon-day dinner bucket brigade.

Some cities are spending millions to widen streets today that could have been widened a few years ago at comparatively no cost. Are you building your city for today or for the year to come?

M. F. Slover and family left Monday for Whiteflat where Mr. Slover has traded a section of Swisher county land for a stock of dry goods and groceries. Mr. Slover will conduct the business for a few months but will probably return to Canyon some time next year.

For Weakness and Loss of Appetite
 The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILI TONIC, drives out Malaria and builds up the system. A true tonic and sure Appetizer. For adults and children. 50c. (Advertisement)

American Fence



Combine the Fence and the Hog and get the Dollars
American Dollars

We have this American Steel Wire in all sizes, 20 to 49 inches in height, in hog, poultry, rabbit fence, both light and heavy.

It will be profitable to fence a wheat hog pasture on account of the shortage in the grain crop.

We also have a complete line of genuine Baker Perfect Barbed Wire, Stoves, Ranges, Glassware, Queensware, Harness, Buggies and everything kept in a first-class hardware and implement store. Our harness is made in our own harness shop.

THOMPSON HARDWARE CO.

EAST SIDE SQUARE

!! Auction Sale!!
SATURDAY, NOV. 8th

Beginning at 3:30 p. m. we will sell at public auction, FOR CASH, about \$1000.00 worth of merchandise, consisting of—

Men's and Boys Suits.
 Men's & Boys Odd Pants.
 Men's and Boys Hats.
 Men's and Boys Bootes.

Ladies & Misses Coats.
 Ladies Tailored Suits.
 Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes.

and dozens of other thing.

Positively no goods exchanged or returned which are sold in this sale.

Sale begins promptly at 3:30 p. m.

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

The Randall County News.

Incorporated under the laws of Texas.
C. W. Warwick, Managing Editor.
 C. O. Keiser, President
 Oscar Hunt, Vice President
 C. W. Warwick, Sec'y-Treasurer
 Directors: C. O. Keiser, Oscar Hunt, C. W. Warwick, J. E. Winkelman.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

A patent medicine ad tells a lot when it says, "if the kidneys bother, drink more water and eat less meat and" of course it recommended the remedy advertised, but it gave good advice up to that point. Drink plenty of water and eat less meat is good advice. Half the ills of humanity are due to not drinking enough water and to overeating.

We wish to call your attention once more to the fact that the News is like an automatic shotgun. Your name goes off the subscription lists the minute your time expires unless you come around and make arrangements to continue the same. The only successful method of running a subscription list is strictly cash in advance.

A man who works toward an ideal with might and man will reach the goal no matter what the obstructions may be.

Lest we forget, Dr. Carrick said during his visit here that he might find it necessary to return

to Canyon before the contest closed. Keep on the firing line until the contest closes. We may be inspected again.

The meeting at Dallas last Saturday to decide upon the proper method of pursuing the coming campaign by the pro forces proved rather a flash. None of the announced candidates for governor would submit his name to the pro caucus and so they simply marched up the hill and marched down again. In as much as there are already no less than four ants and two pros in the race it looks like no elimination was pressing necessary at this time in the race.—Hall County Herald

The News is surprised that no Canyon citizen has anything to say regarding the future cleanliness of the city. Two weeks ago we asked the people to express their opinions in the columns of the News. Does silence mean that we are to keep the town clean, or let it go back the way it used to be?

There are fools and fools, but the biggest of them all is the one who breaks into an editor's home with the hopes of finding anything valuable. Some one tried that stunt in Canyon last week, but went away empty handed, so far as yet discovered.

Many exchanges coming to the News office are urging the citizens to burn the weeds. In Canyon this is not necessary. Like the little boy's apple core, "there ain't none" to burn. Canyon people cut the weeds in the city limits during the summer.

Lest you forget, pay your poll tax this year as there will be red hot politics in Texas next year.

Thursday, November 27th, is Thanksgiving day.

Do your Christmas shopping early.

Take Out the Roosting Closet.

A number of experiment stations, particularly that of Maine, have advocated the use of a roosting closet or more particularly a canvas curtain in front of the roosts in poultry houses. This curtain, together with the back wall of the house and the dropping board under the roosts, formed a closet in which the birds were shut up at night during cold weather. Poultry experts at first believed this was essential in order to conserve the body heat of the birds during the cold nights when the temperature might go well below zero. Experience, however, has shown that the roosting closet is of no advantage. Actual tests by the Orono farm of the Maine experiment station shows that the roosting closet is of no advantage even in the severe climate of our farthest northeastern state. On the contrary it was found that the birds certainly thrive better without the roost curtain than with it—they are not so susceptible to colds. The air in a roosting closet when opened in the morning is bad on account of the lack of oxygen and an excess of carbon dioxide, ammoniacal vapors and other exhalations from the bodies of the birds.

During the winter of 1910-11 closets were taken out of the poultry houses on the Orono farm and although the weather was unusually severe, the temperature occasionally dropping to 30 degrees below zero, the mortality among the fowls was exceptionally high. The roost curtains will not again be used by the Maine poultry raisers.—Kansas Farmer.

Sell your turkeys now while the holiday demands are on. We have positive information that the prices will be lower after this week. The Leader.

Write as You Talk

By HOLLAND.
MR. ADVERTISER, you should make your advertisements representative of yourself. They should embody your personality, your reputation and your aims. Do not say anything in an advertisement that you would not say face to face with a customer. Your advertisements are a part of your business, and they should harmonize with your business methods. If the goods you are going to sell are part cotton don't advertise them as all wool unless you intend to misrepresent and are willing to look your best customer in the face and insist that the goods are all wool. If you are building your business on deception—well, that is your affair. But if your word is recognized as good in your neighborhood then your advertisements should sustain your reputation, and you will lose nothing by telling possible customers in cold type that the bargain you offer is only half as good as it looks. One of the most successful advertisers in the country once advertised an article that he was selling at an absurdly low price as being "as poor as can be made for the money." He may not have sold many of those articles, but any that he did sell did not make him any enemies, and the advertisement frankly stating that the cheap article was of little value made his declarations of the high quality of other goods sound effective.

Pen Picture of Mayes.

J. H. Lowery, one of the great level-headed editors of Texas, gives the following pen picture of Will H. Mayes, candidate for governor: "Speaking from an acquaintance of nearly twenty years the writer gives this as his picture of Will H. Mayes: A man of small stature, large brain rather homely features, rich in energy, careful, yet progressive in business, sound in judgment courteous always yet firm in purpose, quiet and rather timid, a despiser of spotlight and gallery-playing methods, a prohibitionist who always votes the ticket and never drinks intoxicants, a christian gentleman who goes to church every Sunday, supports the church's enterprise and lives righteously all the week. In our opinion Will H. Mayes, as Governor of Texas, would take to the chief executive's office a dignity, poise, ability, energy, fairness and patriotic impulse that would quite disturbed conditions and conduce to the peace and prosperity of the people and to the development of the States many interests."

See page 7.

"The Gimlet."

When you speak of your home paper as, "the gimlet" remember

HELPLESS AS BABY

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

Summit Point, W. Va.—Mrs. Anna Belle Emey, of this place, says: "I suffered for 15 years with an awful pain in my right side, caused from womanly trouble, and doctored lots for it, but without success. I suffered so very much, that I became down in mind, and as helpless as a baby. I was in the worst kind of shape. Was unable to do any work. I began taking Cardui, the woman's tonic, and got relief from the very first dose. By the time I had taken 12 bottles, my health was completely restored. I am now 48 years years old, but feel as good as I did when only 16. Cardui certainly saved me from losing my mind, and I feel it my duty to speak in its favor. I wish I had some power over poor, suffering women, and could make them know the good it would do them." If you suffer from any of the ailments peculiar to women, it will certainly be worth your while to give Cardui a trial. It has been helping weak women for more than 50 years, and will help you, too.

Try Cardui. Your druggist sells it. Write to Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," in plain wrapper. R.C. 181

that the size of a country newspaper is gauged to fit the size of the town and the number of its readers. You can't bore an auger hole through a splinter.—Crosbyton Review.

Lubbock Avalanche.—Never mind friend White. It is only the fellow that has not even the "thimble-full" of brains that refers to his local paper in such a manner, or else he is not a subscriber, and does not contribute a five-cent piece to the support of the much needed "sheet," but you always notice that the same fellow always wants to be mentioned prominently in the columns of the "gimlet" every time he comes to town or boards the train for the next station down the line. You can easily size 'em up if you will only take a little notice.

See page 7.

Farm Facts.

(By Peter Radford, president, Farmer's Union.)

The silo is prosperity's trademark.

Plan while you plow and give a lot of thought to seed selection. The thoughtless farmer is a bane to his community; think as you farm.

The economic value of the silo has been demonstrated and proved to the farmer.

The highest attainments of science are yet to be learned, and they will come from the soil.

Cotton will continue to be our money crop as long as we buy our feed-stuffs in other states and countries.

The highest duty of the State and Federal governments is to place agricultural education within reach of all.

The farmer cannot be helped until he organizes and the government cannot help the farmer except through organization.

Co-operation among farmers in gathering, grading and marketing their products will enable them to secure better prices.

Statistics show that the cost of a plow is twice as much as 50 years ago, while cotton and other farm products are not twice as high.

The prosperity of the farmer is coincident with the prosperity of the state, and fundamentally, the welfare of the people depends upon the cultivation of the soil.

TURKEYS wanted at the Leader this week. It

Weaning Pigs.

W. J. Duffel, well known livestock breeder and special agent of the state department of agriculture, writes us from his home at Claude as follows:

"I am often asked at what age to wean pigs. I would not wean them under 10 weeks old. I have made it a rule for more than forty years to let them stay with their mother until they get the milk fat on them. This is where the regular breeder gets the foundation for the nice form in the pig. If the pigs are last summer's pigs I let the dam wean them herself. I do not breed the sows in the fall or winter until usually Jan. 1. This management gives the pigs a fine start. The man who weans pigs at 6 to 7 weeks can never expect to make anything like a success of hog raising. I never take the pigs off at once. More than fifty years of experience has taught me it is better to separate them a few hours at a time each day for four or five days and gradually check the flow of milk. In this way the sow will last much longer and her udder will not spoil. Remember if the sow is neglected at the time of weaning the pigs she will soon be ready for the pork barrel."

The Ft. Worth Record and the Randall County News one year for \$6.05.



EXPERT WATCH REPAIRING WE KNOW THE BUSINESS

No tinkering with your valuable time piece. WE GUARANTEE OUR WORK. Let our expert repair man examine your watch or clock. He will tell you what is needed and what the cost will be.

When your watch has been repaired by us, you can depend upon it everytime to catch a train or meet an engagement. Watches cleaned, oiled and regulated. Engraving of all kinds.

CITY PHARMACY THE REXALL STORE

Musings of a City Builder.

By L. M. Ward, Sherman, President, Texas Commercial Executives' Assn.

- They took a little hustle
- And they took a little grit.
- A little optimism
- And some get up and git,
- A little thought and patience,
- A little effort too,
- A little get-to-gether,
- A little work to do.
- They took some perseverance
- And some persistency,
- Some firm determination,
- Some real consistency,
- Tenacity and courage
- They added to the rest:
- A little public spirit,
- Some nerve to stand the test.
- A little unremitting,
- Unswerving confidence;
- A little plucky plodding,
- A bit of good horse sense;
- A little careful planning,
- A little civic pride.
- They said, "We'll build a city
- Where this old town died."
- They organized their forces,
- Put everyone to work.
- They pushed the live ones forward
- Ignoring those that shirk.
- They got a lot of members,
- The kind that work and pay,
- And they built a thriving city
- That is growing day by day.

See page 7.

Happy Items.

D. G. Groves and family left for Kansas City Friday afternoon where they expect to make their future home.

N. McKinney came in last week from Dallas after spending several days in that city.

Dick Allen has moved his jewelry shop and gallery to main street adding one more business house to our busy little city.

Wm. Cann and son, Clifford were in Canyon last Monday and Tuesday.

Dr. McElroy returned Friday from a several days visit in Dallas.

Miss Gladys Neff spent Sunday at home. Miss Neff is attending the Normal at Canyon.

Herbert Baggarly came up from Plainview Saturday, returning Sunday.

Wayside Items.

A gentle rain is falling November 3, after several days of cloudy and threatening weather. This will be fine on the wheat crop.

A small attendance at Sunday School Sunday led by M. L. McGehee.

Wm. Payne made a business trip to Lockney latter part of last week.

A most enjoyable affair was the Halloween party Friday evening at the home of Mrs. J. W. McCrery. Quite a large crowd in attendance. An abundance of the nicest homemade candies was dispensed. Ghosts and Black cats abounded. Miss Crawford rendered delightful music.

Mark Wesley and Bill James of the Ceta community are on the sick list this week.

Claude Hamblin and wife have moved into the summer home of Jas. Turner in Ceta canyon where Claude will feed cattle for Mr. Turner this winter.

Bill James and wife have moved into the old Bowen home.

Jno. McGehee bought of Heter Bryan lately 60 heifers, coming twos, we understand at \$50 each.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
 Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine. It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 3c (Advertisement)

Read the beginning of the story on page 7.

Ceta Items.

Gus Lawson and family, Edd Moore and wife took dinner with the Schaeffer family last Sunday.

The Fairview school teacher made a trip to Canyon Saturday returning Sunday accompanied by two of her pupils.

Mrs. J. A. Currie and daughter took dinner with Mrs. J. Duff Sunday.

Geo. Schaeffer finished hauling his maize home from the Davis place Friday. He expected to thrash it Monday, but on account of the rain he will have to wait a few days.

WHENEVER YOU NEED A GENERAL TONIC - TAKE GROVE'S

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is Equally Valuable as a General Tonic because it Acts on the Liver, Drives Out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. For Grown People and Children.

You know what you are taking when you take Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic as the formula is printed on every label showing that it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It is as strong as the strongest bitter tonic and is in Tasteless Form. It has no equal for Malaria, Chills and Fever, Weakness, general debility and loss of appetite. Gives life and vigor to Nursing Mothers and Pale, Sickly Children. Removes Biliousness without purging. Relieves nervous depression and low spirits. Arouses the liver to action and purifies the blood. A True Tonic and Sure Appetizer. A Complete Strengthening. No family should be without it. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50c.



Better cookies, cake and biscuits, too. All as light, fluffy, tender and delicious as mother used to bake. And just as wholesome. For purer Baking Powder than Calumet cannot be had at any price. Ask your grocer.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS
 World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill.
 Paris Exposition, France, March, 1889

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

LOCAL NEWS.

Hudson Prichard was in Happy on business Wednesday.

W. H. Pyeatt who has been visiting in Silverton for the past two weeks returned Sunday.

Remember that someone will get a sewing machine free at our store at 3 o'clock Saturday. It The Leader.

Welton Winn will go to Coleman the latter part of the week on court business.

The best laughing show booked at the G. & L. this season is "Sis Perkins," Nov. 14.

J. L. Prichard was a business caller in Amarillo Monday.

Jim Redfearn was a business caller in Plainview the first of the week.

Sell your turkeys while the price is good. The Leader. It.

Commissioners court will open the regular November session next Monday morning at the court room.

O. J. Clapp and Miss Nellie N. Sitterding of Crosbyton were married Monday at the court house by Judge C. E. Coss.

Only 98 cents. It

W. L. and M. P. Garner returned Friday from a business trip to Colorado Springs.

See the 98 cent window at the Holland Drug Co. It

Mrs. Tucker spent Sunday at the home of her mother in Hereford.

The new grocery store nearest the Normal is now open to the public. Deliveries made to all parts of the city after school hours. Call and get prices. J. B. Younger. It

B. T. Johnson was in Amarillo on business Saturday.

Miss Avent of Hereford visited in the city Saturday and Sunday.

Those heaters ought to be up if you haven't one, we have. Dunlap Hwd. Co. It

Misses Ruth and Rose Stewart visited Miss Oscie Mills in Amarillo Saturday and Sunday.

Captain Howren was in Amarillo Friday and Saturday on business.

The holiday demand for turkeys by the big produce houses is now on and the price is the highest it will probably be this year. Sell your turkeys now. It The Leader.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Winn and daughter were in Amarillo Monday.

Mrs. C. A. Hitchcock of Amarillo was in the city Monday.

The Leader will give someone a fine sewing machine at 3 o'clock Saturday. It

Col. Champ Traylor left Thursday for a business trip to Phoenix Arizona.

MONEY REFUNDED WITH A SMILE.

Leading Drug Store Will Give Money Back Should There be a Case Where Dodson's Liver Tone Fails.

Dodson's Liver Tone is a mild vegetable Liver Tonic which operates so successfully in cases of constipation, torpid liver or biliousness that it has practically taken the place of calomel—the drug which is so often dangerous. The City Pharmacy who sells Dodson's Liver Tone, recommends it as a reliever of constipation, sour stomach, biliousness and sluggish liver. It works gently, surely and harmlessly. If a bottle should ever fail to give satisfaction the City Pharmacy will refund the price paid without question. The price of Dodson's Liver Tone is 50c per bottle. Be sure you get Dodson's Liver Tone and not some medicine put up in imitations that is not backed up by a guarantee and that may contain harmful drugs. (Advertisement)



Hereford heifer calves sold in Kansas City by C. O. Keiser. Averaged 465, sold at \$8.50 by Clay, Robinson & Co.

Spend that 98 cents where it will get the biggest returns. It Mark Foster is attending the Dallas Fair.

C. C. Mitchell of Clarendon has accepted a position with the City Pharmacy as watchmaker and jeweler.

The Leader wants all your turkeys at the highest—market price. It

Misses Geneva Redburn and Imogene Cummings visited friends in Amarillo Friday until Monday.

F. P. Guenther was in Amarillo on business Saturday.

It's an old saying, the more you laugh the longer you live. See "Sis Perkins" at the G. & L. Friday Nov. 14, and you will never die.

Dud Pyeatt of Silverton visited friends and relatives here Sunday and Monday.

We have the best line of trunks, suitcases and hand-bags ever handled in West Texas. Call and see them. The Leader. It

Robert Campbell attended the Dallas Fair over Sunday.

Mrs. Lottie Edwards of N. M. who is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. J. D. Knicely, is quite ill. Her son, Charles King, will arrive today.

We have china for hand painting. Dunlap Hwd. Co. It

J. T. Holland was in Amarillo on business Thursday.

L. A. Pierce left Friday for Dallas, Ft. Worth and Waco on a two weeks business trip.

Inspect our new line of trunks suit cases and handbags. It The Leader.

W. J. Flesher was in Amarillo on business Friday.

B. A. Stafford was in Amarillo Monday on business.

If you want good pure, cheap, fresh candy, chocolate and all other kinds, call at the Candy Kitchen. It

Mrs. Murry and daughter, Miss Delma, returned home to Corbon Tuesday after visiting her son, G. G. Murry.

Eastern Star Chapter will meet Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The Worthy Matron will make a report of the Grand Chapter at Dallas.

Any article in our window for 98 cents. Holland Drug Co. It

Miss Sadie Winkelman returned Thursday to Dalhart to resume her duties at her school.

J. H. Stephenson was in Tulsa Saturday on matters of business.

D. N. Redburn is in Hillsboro on matters of business.

The Flat Iron pant at The Leader. It

Rev. M. E. Hawkins of Canadian visited Thursday and Friday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. D. A. Park.

"The Higher Law" will please you.

Rev. A. B. Haynes preached in Hereford Sunday in the interest of Christian education.

Have just received a full line of Cameos and Cameo "Lavefers" and Cameo Broaches, also a full line of everything in the Jewelry. Don't go away to buy, get your goods at home and save money. City Pharmacy "The Rexall Store." It

C. C. Hughes has bought the transfer business of Avery Phillips.

The Amarillo News and the Randall County News one year for \$5.90. It

T. C. Herriott left yesterday with his family for Mohamet, Ill., where they will make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Arnold are visiting in Ft. Worth.

Phone your meat order to the City Meat Market, phone 172. Always the best meats. It

Mrs. F. M. Neal had an operation last Thursday on her nose and has been quite sick ever since.

Pres. R. B. Cousins occupied the pulpit at the Methodist church Sunday night on the occasion of the regular union service of the churches.

C. C. Hughes solicits your baggage and transfer business. Phone 88. (Formerly Phillips transfer). It

Miss Mallisa Young of Lockney is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. P. J. Green.

You will find just what you want in the suit case line at our store. The Leader. It

Messrs. R. E. Culp and R. B. Kenny of Coleman were prospecting in the city Tuesday.

J. N. Haney of Amarillo was in Canyon on business Wednesday.

The drawing for the sewing machine takes place at our store Saturday at 3 o'clock. It The Leader.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Kleinschmidt returned Thursday morning from a two months visit in Illinois and Kansas. Mr. Kleinschmidt says that during that whole time there wasn't a week of pleasant weather, it was either raining or snowing all the time. Much of the late corn is rotting in the field.

Fresh meats of all kinds at the City Meat Market. It

The Panhandle Steam Laundry caters to those who are satisfied with nothing but the very best in laundry work. Paul W. Bell local agent. Phone 12. 3113

For alfalfa pasturage for horses, phone 57. It

We have just received a large shipment of Flat Iron pants at The Leader. It

S. V. Wirt carries a full line of paints, oils, glass and wall paper. It

Watch out for the cyclone of fun-makers and a big company of clever people with "Sis Perkins."

"The Higher Law" will please you.

The News is in receipt of a letter from former county judge W. D. Scott ordering his paper to be changed from Siloam Springs, Ark., to Pulaski, Tenn., where he will go to practice law. Read the beginning of the story on page 7.

A clean and refreshing comedy that has made more people laugh than any play ever produced. Bring the old folks. They enjoy a good laugh, and they will enjoy more fun looking at Sis Perkins than any show they have ever seen at the G. & L.

Clyde T. Chamberlain of Roswell, N. M. was in the city Tuesday and Wednesday in route to Coleman and paid the News a pleasant call.

The Dallas News and the Randall County News one year for \$7.95. It

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 SALE—Milk and butter Phone 78. L. S. Carter. It

Wanted—If you have a good piano to rent cheap write or phone Jesse Smyth. It

In the next few days I will have a car of mixed meal and hulls in 100 pound sacks, thoroughly mixed by machinery in scientific proportions. Is an excellent feed for milch cows, convenient for handling. See or phone me for prices. It Welton Winn.

For Sale—Two horses and one mule on time. Apply First National Bank. 3314

Lost—A black feather boa Sunday evening between Service's residence and the Methodist church. Miss Rambo. It

For Sale—Hard coal stove, almost new. Enquire of News office. It

For Sale—Maelzel Metronome, used only six months. A bargain. Call News office. It

Lost—A search light gas tank off automobile. If found, return to C. M. Thomas and receive reward. It

For Rent—Five room house 1 block from Normal campus, electric lights and city water \$10 per month. C. M. Thomas. It

For Exchange—Quarter section fine, smooth clear, Patented plains land in Eastern New Mexico, for residence in Canyon. P. O. Box 487. 32p4

Dunlap Hardware Company



In running up our first months business we are delighted to find that we have exceeded our expectations.

Coming here at the time of the year that we did and the stock being disarranged and not being acquainted with the people, we naturally did not expect a great amount of business.

We thank you for your patronage and ask a continuance of same.

Our stock is becoming more complete every day.

Call and see us.



DUNLAP HARDWARE

THE PEOPLES STORE

SANTA FE "EDUCATIONAL SPECIAL" TRAIN



AT CANYON, TUESDAY, NOV. 18 9:00 to 11:00 A. M.

SPECIAL FEATURES: Domestic Science, Poultry, Dairying, Silos and Better Farming. EQUIPMENT: One coach for ladies' meetings, equipped and handled by representatives of the Extension Department Texas University, Austin, Texas. One car with poultry, including chickens, turkeys, geese and ducks and poultry equipment. One car with dairy cows and dairy equipment. Three flat cars with silo models and silage machinery. One extra coach for meetings. Two extra cars, making a train of nine cars. EVERYTHING FREE: Every man and woman is invited. The train will come, rain or shine.

3.25 By Mail Only 1 Year (No part year.)

AGENTS Wanted EVERYWHERE During BARGAIN DAYS December 1-15 (This Period Only) You can subscribe, renew or extend your subscription to

FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM

and get this big modern Daily and Sunday newspaper, using ASSOCIATED PRESS, TEXAS NEWS SERVICE, NATIONAL NEWS ASSOCIATION, giving complete Markets with ALL the news. EVERY DAY from EVERYWHERE—over our own "leased wire"—12 to 24 hours ahead of any other newspaper.

\$3.25 A Year—DAILY and SUNDAY—By Mail (No part year.) (Only.)

Send in your subscription before DEC. 15. After this date the regular price—50 cents per month—will strictly prevail.

AGENTS Wanted EVERYWHERE



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

Steel Lined Speed Shells for Fast Birds

BIRDS have a right, of course, to flush up wherever they please and fly off at any unexpected angle! What you want is the nearest thing to point-blank aim—the shortest possible lead.

Shoot the speed shells—Remington-UMC Steel Lined Arrow and Nitro Club. They get your load to the bird quicker than any other shell known to the shooting fraternity. Their steel lining grips the powder, giving your shot charge the full benefit of the explosive force.

It's a Remington-UMC idea—that steel lining—so if you want speed you must see that you get Remington-UMC Arrow or Nitro Club.

You will find a full assortment in the store of the most alert dealer of this section. Identify them by the Red Ball mark on the box.

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
299 Broadway 12 New York

C. N. HARRISON & CO.

All Kinds of INSURANCE

Don't wait until you have had a fire before insuring. Only the very best companies are represented through our agency. Here they are.

Amazon	New York Underwriters
American Central	North River
Continental	National Union
Commercial Union	Northern Assurance
Detroit Fire and Marine	North British and Mercantile
Firemen's Fund	Providence of Washington
German American	Phoenix of Hartford
Hartford	Phoenix of Brooklyn
Home	Queen
Insurance Co. of North America	Royal
Liverpool, London & Globe	Springfield
Mechanics and Traders	St. Paul Fire and Marine
	Westchester

J. E. Winkelman

Read the ads in this issue.

S. A. Shotwell & Co.

Wholesale and Retail

Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds.

Best Grades of Nigger Head and Maitland Coal.

TERMS CASH

PLAINVIEW NURSERY

Has the best stock of home grown trees they have ever had. Propagated from trees that have been tested and do the best; are hardy and absolutely free from disease. We have no connection with any other nursery.

L. N. Dalmont, Manager N. J. Seerest, General Agent
Roy Terrell, Salesman Jeff Pippin, Salesman Jim Celsor, Salesman

If you want trees that will give satisfaction and good results send in order or see salesman.

See the News Printery

FOR THE SUPERIOR KIND OF

Commercial Job Printing

Watch the Parcels Post.

The railroads and the express companies being naturally dissatisfied with the new parcels post extension, are seeking in various ways to destroy it.

They are using the press, more or less, to destroy it, and in Washington they are doing all that they can to prevent Congress from in any way extending it, and to induce Congress to invoke the orders of the Postmaster General improving and extending the service.

If the farmers want the parcel post to continue and to grow in usefulness they should let their Senators and Representatives know that they will not endorse any backward steps such as are now advocated at Washington by the hostile interests.

It is hardly probable that they will succeed with Mr. Bureson at the head of the postoffice department with Mr. Wilson to back him, but as Congress has power to revoke a law or a resolution giving him the power to make the changes needed after consulting the Interstate Commerce Commission, it will be well for the people to let Congress know that they, the people, are watching them and will hold them responsible for any backward step they may take in the interests, not of the people, but of the big interests.—Texas Farm Co-Operator.

Notice.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Canyon City Independent School District, held Thursday evening, October 16th 1913, an order was passed to have the Delinquent Tax List for said School District published, November 10th 1913, and immediately thereafter the County Attorney will begin suit to collect all Taxes due said District.

All parties knowing themselves indebted to said district for delinquent taxes, and who do not want their names to appear on said list will please call at the office of the Tax Collector and pay said Taxes before said date.

D. M. Stewart, President School Board.

E. F. King, Sec. School Board.
W. J. Flesher, County Attorney.
3113

The Old Hen.

The old hen still lives! Drouths cannot dry her up nor floods drown her. The calamities of others, prove blessings to her. The farmers' pests, grasshoppers and bugs, she turns into a product that pays his grocery bills. A product that is the quintessence of delicacies, as well as one of the main staples in the sustenance of man.

She is the farmer's savings bank, picking up a lost grain here, and saving a waste bit there, and while adding continually to the principal, pays interest every day in the shape of a fresh golden egg.

No banquet table is complete without her presence thereon, while her products disdain not to adorn the breakfast table of the humble workingman.

She is queen of a billion dollar industry, and if she indulges in the feminine prerogative of cackling over her achievement let her cackle. Her achievement is worth the cackle. Singly an egg is a small commodity, but collectively richer than the mines of Ophir.

All hail! The hen; The helpful hen;

Both rich and poor, All hail! Amen.

Thomas Owen

Mrs. M. A. Brown of Ark., who has been visiting at the W. E. Brown home for the past week returned Wednesday.

Come to Canyon to live.



Improved and Unimproved Farms

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Location and Quality of Farms Cannot be Excelled

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Canyon, Texas
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WHEN there is sickness or an accident on the farm, haste in calling the doctor is vital. Life may rest on minutes—Don't wait until sickness occurs, and THEN wish you had a telephone. Order it NOW from our nearest manager, or write. THE SOUTHWESTERN TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE CO.

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AUCTIONEER

J. W. McCrerey, General Auctioneer, will call auction sales of any kind, anywhere in Northwest Tex. Terms reasonable, and services as good as the best. Write for date and terms. Address me at Wayside, Texas.

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Holland Magazine, Farm & Ranch and the Randall County News for one year only \$2.25. If

WITHIN THE LAW



By MARVIN DANA FROM THE PLAY OF BAYARD VEILLER

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PROLOGUE.

This is a story of a brave girl who suffered a great wrong. She went to prison for three years for a crime that she did not commit, and when she left prison her record stood between her and a living earned honestly. She gained more than a living, and she got it legally. She met bad men and good men, and she pitted her wits against those of men trained in the intricacies of the law and in the plans of criminals.

Mary Turner is good or bad according to the way you look at her. The police and the representatives of law and order that had condemned her to a felon's cell called her bad. One young man believed her to be good, and he stood by her through storm and stress, through circumstances that tried his soul.

This story gives an accurate if fleeting view of the methods of work of the police and the criminals, and it shows the finish of a brave crook who followed undeviatingly the course he had mapped out.

CHAPTER I. The Panel of Light.

THE lids of the girl's eyes lifted slowly, and she stared at the panel of light in the wall. Just at the outset the act of seeing made not the least impression on her numbed brain. For a long time she continued to regard the dim illumination in the wall with the same passive fixity of gaze. Apathy still lay upon her crushed spirit. In a vague way she realized her own inertness and rested in it gratefully, subtly fearful lest she again arouse to the full horror of her plight. In a curious subconscious fashion she was striving to hold on to this deadness of sensation, thus to win a little respite from the torture that had exhausted her soul.

Of a sudden her eyes noted the black lines that lay across the panel of light, and in that instant her spirit was quickened once again. The clouds lifted from her brain. Vision was clear now. Understanding seized the full import of this hideous thing on which she looked. For the panel of light was a window set high within a wall of stone. The rigid lines of black that crossed it were bars—prison bars. It was still true, then. She was in a cell of the Tombs.

Crouching miserably on the narrow bed, she maintained her fixed watching of the window—that window which was a symbol of her utter despair. Again agony wrenched within her. The girl was appalled by the mercilessness of a destiny that had so outraged right. She was wholly innocent of having done any wrong. She had struggled through years of privation to keep herself clean and wholesome, worthy of those gentlemen from whom she drew her blood. And earnest effort had ended at last under an overwhelming accusation, false, yet none the less fatal to her. This accusation after soul wearying delays had culminated today in conviction. The sentence of the court had been imposed upon her—that for three years she should be imprisoned.

There had been nothing in the life of Mary Turner before the catastrophe came to distinguish it from many another. Its most significant details were of a sordid kind, familiar to poverty. Her father had been an unsuccessful man as success is esteemed by this generation of Mammon worshipers. He was a gentleman, but the trivial fact is of small avail today. He was of good birth, and he was the possessor of an inherited competence. He had as well intelligence, but it was not of a financial sort.

toward maturity in an experience of ever increasing penury. The girl was in the high school when her father finally gave over his rather feeble effort of living. At his death the father left her a character well instructed in the excellent principles that had been his own. Of worldly goods, not the value of a pin.

Yet, measured according to the stern standards of adversity, Mary was fortunate. Almost at once she procured a humble employment in the Emporium, the great department store owned by Edward Gilder. To be sure, the wage was infinitesimal, while the toil was body breaking, soul breaking.

Mary nevertheless avoided the worst perils of her lot. She did not flinch under privation, but went her way through it, if not serenely, at least



It Was True, She Was in a Cell in the Tombs.

without ever a thought of yielding to those temptations that beset a girl who is at once poor and charming.

Among her fellows were some like herself, others unlike. Of her own sort in this single particular were the two girls with whom she shared a cheap room. Their common decency in attitude toward the other sex was the unique bond of union. In their association she found no real companionship. Nevertheless they were wholesome enough. Otherwise they were illiterate, altogether ungenial.

In such wise, through five dreary years, Mary Turner lived. Nine hours daily she stood behind a counter. She spent her other waking hours in obligatory menial labors, cooking her own scant meals over the gas, washing and ironing, for the sake of that neat appearance which was required of her by those in authority at the Emporium, yet more especially necessary for her own self respect.

With a mind keen and earnest she contrived some solace from reading and studying since the free library gave her this opportunity. By candid comparison of herself with others about her she realized the fact that she possessed an intelligence beyond the average. The training by her father, too, had been of a superior kind. There was as well, at the back vaguely, the feeling of particular self respect that belongs inevitably to the possessor of good blood. Finally she demurely enjoyed a modest appreciation of her own physical advantages. In short, she had beauty, brains and breeding, three things of chief importance to any woman.

There had been thefts in the store. They had been traced eventually to a certain department, that in which Mary worked. The detective was alert. Some valuable silks were missed. Search followed immediately. The goods were found in Mary's locker. That was enough. She was charged with the theft. She protested innocence, only to be laughed at in derision by her accusers. Every thief declares innocence. Mr. Gilder himself was emphatic against her. The thieving had been long continued. An example must be made. The girl was arrested.

The crowded condition of the court calendar kept her for three months in

the Tombs awaiting trial. She was quite friendless. To the world she was only a thief in dress. At the last the trial was very short. Her lawyer was merely an untried practitioner assigned to her defense as a formality of the court. At the end twelve good men and true rendered a verdict of guilty against the shuddering girl in the prisoner's dock.

That which was the supreme tragedy to the broken girl in the cell merely afforded rather agreeable entertainment to her former fellows of the department store. Mary Turner throughout her term of service there had been without real intimates, so that now none was ready to mourn over her fate. Even the two roommates had felt some slight offense, since they sensed the superiority of her, though vaguely. Now, they found a smug satisfaction in the fact of her disaster as emphasizing very pleasantly their own continuance in respectability.

On the day of Mary Turner's trial there was a subtle gaiety of gossipings to and fro through the store. The girl's plight was like a shuttlecock driven hither and yon by the battle-axes of many tongues. It was the first time in many years that one of the employees had been thus accused of theft. Shoplifters were so common as to be a stale topic. There was a refreshing novelty in this case, where one of themselves was the culprit. Her fellow workers chatted desultorily of her as they had opportunity, and complacently thanked their gods that they were not as she—with reason.

Smithson, a member of the executive staff, did not hesitate to speak his mind, though none too forcibly. Yet his comment, meager as it was, stood wholly in Mary's favor. And he spoke with a certain authority, since he had given official attention to the girl.

Smithson stopped Sarah Edwards, Mr. Gilder's private secretary, as she was passing through one of the departments that morning to ask her if the owner had yet reached his office.

"Been and gone," was the secretary's answer. "He went downtown to the court of general sessions. The judge sent for him about the Mary Turner case."

"Oh, yes, I remember now," Smithson exclaimed. "I hope the poor girl gets off. She was a nice girl—quite the lady, you know, Miss Edwards. Will you please let me know when Mr.



"Hello, dad!" Gilder arrives? There are one or two little matters I wish to discuss with him.

"All right," Sarah agreed briskly, and she hurried on toward the private office.

The secretary was barely seated at her desk when the violent opening of the door started her and as she looked up a cheery voice cried out:

"Hello, dad!" At the same moment a young man entered with an air of care free assurance, his face radiant. But as his glance went to the empty armchair at the desk he halted abruptly, and his expression changed to one of disappointment.

"Not here," he grumbled. Then once again the smile was on his lips as his eyes fell on the secretary, who had

now risen to her feet in a flutter of excitement.

"Why, Mr. Dick?" Sarah gasped. "Hello, Sadie!" came the genial salutation. The young man advanced and shook hands with her warmly. "I'm home again. Where's dad?"

Even as he asked the question the quick sobering of his face bore witness to his disappointment over not finding his father in the office. And in the patent chagrin under which the son now labored was to be found a certain indication of character not to be disregarded. Unlike many a child, he really loved his father. The death of the mother years before had left him without other opportunity for affection in the home, since he had neither brother nor sister.

In that simple and sincere regard which he bore for his father, the boy revealed a heart ready for love, willing to give of itself its best for the one beloved. Beyond that as yet there was little to be said of him with exactness. He was a spoiled child of fortune, if you wish to have it so. Certainly, he was only a drone in the world's hive. Thus far he had enjoyed the good things of life without ever doing ought to deserve them by contributing in return, save by his smiles and his genial air of happiness.

In the twenty-three years of his life every gift that money could lavish had been his. If the sum total of benefit was small, at least there remained the consoling fact that the harm was even less. Luxury had not sapped the strength of him. He had not grown vicious, as have so many of his fellows among the sons of the rich.

Sarah explained that Mr. Gilder had been called to the court of general sessions by the judge.

"But what is dad doing in court?"

Sarah explained the matter with her usual conciseness: "One of the girls was arrested for stealing."

"And dad went to court to get her out of the scrape. That's just like the old man."

"She was tried today and convicted. The judge sent for Mr. Gilder to come down this morning and have a talk with him about the sentence."

There was no lessening of the expression of certainty on the young man's face. He loved his father, and he trusted where he loved.

"It will be all right," he declared in a tone of entire conviction. "Dad's heart is as big as a barrel. He'll get her off."

Then of a sudden Dick gave a violent start. He leaned toward the secretary's desk and spoke with a new seriousness of manner: "Sadie, have you any money? I'm broke. My taxi has been waiting outside all this time."

"Why, yes," the secretary said cheerfully.

Dick eagerly seized the banknote offered him.

"Mighty much obliged, Sadie," he said enthusiastically. "But I must run. Otherwise this wouldn't be enough for the fare." And he darted out of the room.

CHAPTER II. Only Three Years.

WHEN at last the owner of the store entered the office his face showed extreme irritation.

"What did they do with the Turner girl?" his secretary inquired in an elaborately casual manner.

Gilder did not look up from the heap of papers, but answered rather harshly.

"I don't know—I couldn't wait," he said. He made a petulant gesture as he went on. "I don't see why Judge Lawlor bothered me about the matter. He is the one to impose sentence, not I. I am hours behind with my work now."

Edward Gilder was a big man physically, plainly the possessor of that abundant vital energy which is a prime requisite for achievement in the ordering of modern business concerns. Force was indeed the dominant quality of the man. His tall figure was proportionately broad, and he was heavily fleshed. In fact the body was too ponderous. Perhaps, in that characteristic might be found a clew to the chief fault in his nature. For he was ponderous, spiritually and mentally, as well as materially. The fact was displayed suggestively in the face, which was too heavy with its prominent jowls and aggressive chin and rather bulbous nose. But there was nothing flabby anywhere.

It was with his accustomed blandness of manner that he presently acknowledged the greeting of George Demarest, the chief of the legal staff that looked after the firm's affairs.

"Well, Demarest?" he inquired.

"Judge Lawlor gave her three years," Demarest replied gravely. It was plain from his manner that he did not altogether approve.

"Good!" Gilder exclaimed. "Take this, Sarah." And he continued, as the girl opened her notebook and poised the pencil: "Be sure to have Smithson post a copy of it conspicuously in all the girls' dressing rooms and in the reading room and in the lunchrooms and in the assembly room." He cleared his throat ostentatiously and proceeded to the dictation of the notice: "Mary Turner, formerly employed in this store, was today sentenced to prison for three years, having been convicted for the theft of goods valued at over \$400. The management wishes again to draw attention to the part of its employees to the fact that honesty is always the best policy. Got that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take it to Smithson," Gilder continued, "and tell him to post it at once."

Gilder brought forth a box of cigars from a drawer of the desk, opened it

Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the Honorable District court of Armstrong County, Texas, on the 9th day of October 1913, in the case of T. K. Jones vs J. H. Altizer, et al, No. 200, to me directed and delivered, I did on the 11th day of October, 1913, at 9:45 o'clock a. m. levy upon the following described real estate, situated in Randall County, Texas, as the property of the defendant, J. H. Altizer, to-wit:

All of section No. 30, Block No. 1, Tyler Tap Ry Co., patented to H. E. Foster. That said land is situated about three (3) miles north of Canyon City, in Randall County, Texas, consisting of about 640 acres of land, and is generally known as the "Foster place."

I will proceed under said levy and execution to sell said real estate at public auction at the court house door of Randall County, Texas, on the first Tuesday in December, 1913, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., same being the 2nd day of December 1913, in satisfaction of the judgment upon which said execution was issued, and which is described therein, to-wit:

Being a judgment originally rendered on the 8th day of October 1912, for the sum of \$12,988.74, in favor of T. K. Jones vs J. H. Altizer, and W. S. Roberts, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, from its date on which judgment a remitter was filed by the plaintiff on the 11th day of October 1912, for the sum of \$850.48, and which judgment, less said remitter, remains in full force and effect, wholly unpaid; and the proceeds of said sale will be applied to the payment of said judgment, less said remitter, together with the interest and cost of suit and the further cost of executing said writ of execution.

Witness my hand on this the 24th day of October 1913.

Worth A. Jennings Sheriff of Randall County Texas. 3213

Sheriff's Sale.

The state of Texas, county of Randall.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a certain order of sale issued out of the honorable District court of Randall county, of the 8th day of October 1913, by the Clerk of said court for the sum of three hundred forty-nine, & 14-100 dollars under a judgment, in favor of H. T. Sheluitt, in a certain cause in said court, No. 688 and styled H. T. Sheluitt vs J. D. Key et al, and, placed in my hands for service, I, Worth A. Jennings as Sheriff of Randall county, Texas, did on the 10th day of October 1913, levy on certain real estate, situated in Randall county, Texas, described as follows: to-wit: Lots 9, 10 and 11, in Block 15, in Canyon City, Randall county, Texas, as shown by the plat of said town, on record in the County Clerk's office of said Randall county, and levied upon as the property of J. D. Key, and that on the first Tuesday in December 1913, the same being the 2nd day of said month, at the court house door, of Randall county, in the city of Canyon, Texas, between the hours of 10 a. m. 4 p. m., by virtue of said levy and said order of sale I will sell said above described real estate at public vendue, for cash, to the highest bidder, as the property of said J. D. Key.

Witness my hand, this 4th day of November 1913.

Worth A. Jennings Sheriff Randall county, Texas. 3343

Declare War on Colds.

A crusade of education which aims "that common colds may become uncommon within the next generation" has been begun by prominent New York physicians. Here is a list of the "don'ts" which the doctors say will prevent the annual visitation of the cold:

- "Don't sit in a kraughty car."
- "Don't sleep in hot rooms."
- "Don't avoid the fresh air."
- "Don't stuff yourself at meal time. Overeating reduces your resistance."

To which we would add—when you take a cold get rid of it as quickly as possible. To accomplish that you will find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy most excellent. Sold by all dealers. (Advertisement)



Don't be deceived with cheap imitations. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the only one that will cure your cough, cold, croup, whooping cough, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs. It is the only one that is safe for children. Sold by all dealers. Chamberlain Medicine Co., Lowell, Mass.

WITHIN THE LAW

By MARVIN DANA FROM THE PLAY OF BAYARD VELLER

Copyright, 1913, by the H. K. Fly company.

(Continued from Page 7)

and thrust it toward the waiting lawyer, who, however, shook his head in refusal and continued to move about the room rather restlessly.

"Three years—three years! That ought to be a warning to the rest of the girls," Gilder looked toward Demarest for acquiescence.

"Most unusual case, in my estimation," Demarest replied. "You see, the girl keeps on declaring her innocence. That, of course, is common enough in a way. But here it's different. The point is somehow she makes her protestations more convincing than they usually do. They ring true, as it seems to me."

"The stolen goods were found in her locker," Gilder declared in a tone of finality. "Some of them, I have been given to understand, were actually in the pocket of her coat."

"Well," the attorney said, with a smile, "that sort of thing makes good enough circumstantial evidence, and without circumstantial evidence there would be few convictions for crime. Yet as a lawyer I'm free to admit that circumstantial evidence alone is never quite safe as proof of guilt. Naturally she says some one else must have put the stolen goods there. That is quite within the measure of possibility. That sort of thing has been done countless times."

"And for what reason? It's too absurd to think about."

"In similar cases," the lawyer answered, "those actually guilty of the thefts have thus sought to throw suspicion on the innocent in order to avoid it on themselves when the pursuit got too hot on their trail. Some-



"What she said rang true."

times, too, such evidence has been manufactured merely to satisfy a spite against the one unjustly accused."

"A court of justice has decreed her guilty."

"Nowadays," Demarest shot out, "we don't call them courts of justice; we call them courts of law."

"Anyway," Gilder declared, becoming genial again, "it's out of our hands. There's nothing we can do now."

"Why, as to that," the lawyer replied, with a hint of hesitation, "I am not so sure. You see, the fact of the matter is that, though I helped to prosecute the case, I am not a little bit proud of the verdict. I am not sure that Mary Turner is guilty—far from it, in fact! Anyhow, the girl wants to see you, and I wish to urge you to grant her an interview."

"What's the use?" Gilder stormed. "I can't have her crying all over the office and begging for mercy," he protested truculently. But a note of fear lay under the petulance.

Demarest's answer was given with assurance. "You are mistaken about that. The girl doesn't beg for mercy. In fact, that's the whole point of the matter. She demands justice—strange as that may seem in a court of law—and nothing else. The truth is, she's a very unusual girl, a long way beyond the ordinary salesgirl, both in brains and in education."

"The less reason, then, for her being a thief," Gilder grumbled in his heaviest voice.

"And perhaps the less reason for believing her to be a thief," the lawyer retorted sardonically. He paused for a moment, then went on. There was a tone of sincere determination in his voice. "Just before the judge imposed sentence he asked her if she had anything to say. You know, it's just a usual form—a thing that rarely means much of anything. But this case was different. Let me tell you, the only

prised us all by answering at once that she had. It's really a pity, Gilder, that you didn't wait. Why, that poor girl made a fine speech!"

"Pooh, pooh!" came the querulous objection. "She seems to have hypnotized you." Then, as a new thought came to the magistrate, he spoke with a trace of anxiety. "There were always the reporters looking for spare to fill with foolish vapourings."

"Did she say anything against me or the store?"

"Not a word," the lawyer replied gravely. "She merely told us how her father died when she was sixteen years old. She was compelled after that to earn her own living. Then she told you she had worked for you for five years steadily without there ever being a single thing against her. She said, too, that she had never seen the things found in her locker. And she said more than that. She asked the judge if he himself understood what it means for a girl to be sentenced to prison for something she hadn't done. Somehow, Gilder, the way she talked had its effect on everybody in the courtroom. I know! It's my business to understand things like that. And what she said rang true. What she said and the way she said it take brains and courage. The ordinary crook has neither. So I had a suspicion that she might be speaking the truth."

There was a little pause, while the lawyer moved back and forth nervously; then he added, "I believe Lawlor would have suspended sentence if it hadn't been for your talk with him."

"I simply did my duty," Gilder said. "You are aware that I did not seek any consultation with Judge Lawlor. He sent for me and asked me what I thought about the case—whether I thought it would be right to let the girl go on a suspended sentence. I told him frankly that I believed that an example should be made of her for the sake of others who might be tempted to steal. Property has some rights, Demarest, although it seems to be getting nowadays so that anybody is likely to deny it." Then the fretful, half-alarmed note sounded in his voice again as he continued, "I can't understand why the girl wants to see me."

"Why, she just said that if you would see her for ten minutes she would tell you how to stop the thefts in this store."

"There," Gilder cried, "I knew it! The girl wants to confess. Well, it's the first sign of decent feeling she's shown. I suppose it ought to be encouraged. Probably there have been others mixed up in this."

"Perhaps," Demarest admitted. "At least it can do no harm if you see her. I thought you would be willing, so I spoke to the district attorney, and he has given orders to bring her here for a few minutes on the way to the Grand Central station. They're taking her up to burning, you know. I wish, Gilder, you would have a little talk with her." The lawyer abruptly went out of the office, leaving the owner of the store fuming.

"Hello, dad!"

Gilder sprang to his feet, his face suddenly grown younger, radiant. "Dick!" The big voice was softened to exquisite tenderness. As the eyes of the two met the boy rushed forward, and in the next moment the hands of father and son clasped firmly. Presently Gilder spoke, with an effort toward harshness in his voice to mask how much he was shaken. But the tones rang more kindly than any he had used for many a day, tremulous with affection.

"What brought you back?" he demanded.

"Why, I just wanted to come back home," he said lightly. "And, for the love of heaven, give Sadie \$5. I borrowed it from her to pay the taxi. You see, dad, I'm broke."

"Of course!" With the saying Edward Gilder roared gargantuan laughter. In the burst of merriment his pent feelings found their vent. He was still chuckling when he spoke, sage from much experience of ocean travel. "Poker on the ship, I suppose."

"No, not that, though I did have a little run in at Monte Carlo. But it was the ship that finished me at that. You see, dad, they hired Captain Kidd and a bunch of pirates as stewards, and what they did to little Richard was something fierce. And yet, that wasn't the real trouble either. The

owner of the store half rose from his chair, then threw himself back with an exclamation of disgust.

"God bless my soul!" he cried. Again he fell silent, considering the situation which Smithson had presented. At last, however, he mastered his irritation to some degree and spoke his command briefly. "Well, Smithson, apologize to her. It can't be helped."

When Smithson had left the office Gilder turned to his secretary.

"Take this," he directed, and he forthwith dictated the following letter:

J. W. Gaskell, Esq., Central National Bank, New York.
My Dear Mr. Gaskell—I feel that I should be doing less than my duty as a man if I did not let you know at once that Mrs. Gaskell is in urgent need of medical attention. She came into our store today, and—

He paused for a moment. "No, put it this way," he said finally.

We found her wandering about our store today in a very nervous condition. In her excitement she carried away about \$50 worth of rare lace. Not recognizing her, our store detective detained her for a short time. Fortunately for us all, Mrs. Gaskell was able to explain who she was, and she has just gone to her home, Hoping for Mrs. Gaskell's speedy recovery, and with all good wishes, I am yours very truly.

Smithson again entered the office, even more perturbed than before.

"What on earth is the matter now?" Gilder spluttered suspiciously.

"It's Mrs. Gaskell still," Smithson replied in great trepidation. "She wants you personally, Mr. Gilder, to apologize to her. She says that the action taken against her is an outrage, and she is not satisfied with the apologies of all the rest of us. She says you must make one, too, and that the store detective must be discharged for intolerable insolence."

Gilder bounced up from his chair angrily.

"Anyhow, it doesn't matter much," Dick replied, quite unabashed. "Tell me, dad, how goes it?"

"Pretty well, pretty well, son. I'm glad to see you home again, my boy." There was a great tenderness in the usually rather cold gray eyes.

"And I'm glad to be home, dad, to be"—there was again that clearing of the throat, but he finished bravely—"with you."

The father avoided a threatening display of emotion by an abrupt change of subject to the trite.

"Have a good time?" he inquired casually.

"The time of my young life. I tell you, dad, it's a fact that I did almost break the bank at Monte Carlo. I'd have done it sure if only my money had held out."

"It seems to me that I've heard something of the sort before," was Gilder's saucy comment. But his smile was still wholly sympathetic. He took a curious vicarious delight in the escapades of his son, probably because he himself had committed no follies in his callow days. "Why didn't you cable me?" he asked, puzzled at such restraint on the part of his son.

"Because it gave me a capital excuse for coming home."

"You clear out of here, boy!" Gilder commanded brusquely. "I'm a working man. But here, wait a minute," he added. He brought forth from a pocket a neat sheaf of banknotes, which he held out. "There's carfare for you," he said, with a chuckle. "And now clear out. I'll see you at dinner."

"You can always get rid of me on the same terms," Dick remarked slyly. In the doorway he turned with a final speech, which was uttered in splendid disregard for the packet of money he had just received. "Oh, dad, please don't forget to give Sadie that \$5 I borrowed from her for the taxi."

The owner of the store returned to his labors with a new zest, for the meeting with his son had put him in high spirits. Perhaps it might have been better for Mary Turner had she come to him just then, while he was yet in this softened mood. But fate had ordained that other events should restore him to his usual harder self before their interview. Smithson entered with an expression of discomfiture on his rather vacuous countenance. He walked almost numbly to the desk and spoke with evident distress as his employer looked up interrogatively.

"McCracken has detained a lady, sir," he said feebly. "She has been searched, and we have found about \$100 worth of laces on her."

"Well?" Gilder demanded impatiently. "Such affairs were too common in the store to make necessary this intrusion of the matter on him. 'Would you come to me about it?'"

"I'm very sorry, sir, but I think it wiser, sir, to bring the matter to your personal attention. It just happens to be the wife of J. W. Gaskell, the banker, you know."

CHAPTER III. The Victim of the Law.

YES, Gilder did know. The mention of the name was like a spell in the effect it wrought on the attitude of the irritated owner of the store. Instantly his expression changed.

"How extremely awkward!" he cried, and there was a very real concern in his voice. He regarded Smithson kindly, whereat that rather puling gentleman once again assumed his martial bearing. "You were quite right in coming to me." For a moment he was silent, plunged in thought. Finally he spoke with the decisiveness characteristic of him. "Of course there's nothing we can do. Just put the stuff back on the counter and let her go."

But Smithson had not yet wholly unburdened himself. He again cleared his throat nervously.

"She's very angry, Mr. Gilder," he announced timidly. "She—er—she demands an—er—an apology."

The owner of the store half rose from his chair, then threw himself back with an exclamation of disgust.

"God bless my soul!" he cried. Again he fell silent, considering the situation which Smithson had presented. At last, however, he mastered his irritation to some degree and spoke his command briefly. "Well, Smithson, apologize to her. It can't be helped."

When Smithson had left the office Gilder turned to his secretary.

"Take this," he directed, and he forthwith dictated the following letter:

J. W. Gaskell, Esq., Central National Bank, New York.
My Dear Mr. Gaskell—I feel that I should be doing less than my duty as a man if I did not let you know at once that Mrs. Gaskell is in urgent need of medical attention. She came into our store today, and—

He paused for a moment. "No, put it this way," he said finally.

We found her wandering about our store today in a very nervous condition. In her excitement she carried away about \$50 worth of rare lace. Not recognizing her, our store detective detained her for a short time. Fortunately for us all, Mrs. Gaskell was able to explain who she was, and she has just gone to her home, Hoping for Mrs. Gaskell's speedy recovery, and with all good wishes, I am yours very truly.

Smithson again entered the office, even more perturbed than before.

"What on earth is the matter now?" Gilder spluttered suspiciously.

"It's Mrs. Gaskell still," Smithson replied in great trepidation. "She wants you personally, Mr. Gilder, to apologize to her. She says that the action taken against her is an outrage, and she is not satisfied with the apologies of all the rest of us. She says you must make one, too, and that the store detective must be discharged for intolerable insolence."

Gilder bounced up from his chair angrily.

"I'll not discharge McCracken," he vociferated, glaring on Smithson, who shrank visibly.

"But about the apology, Mr. Gilder," he reminded, speaking very deferentially, yet with insistence.

"Oh, I'll apologize," he said with a wry smile of discomfiture. "I'll make things even up a bit when I get an apology from Gaskell. I sincerely suspect that that estimable gentleman is going to eat humble pie of my baking from his wife's recipe. And his will be an honest apology, which mine won't." And he left the room.

It was on this same day that Sarah, on one of her numerous trips through the store in behalf of Gilder, was accosted by a salesgirl, whose name, Helen Morris, she chanced to know.

"What on earth do you want?" Sarah inquired snappishly.

"What did they do to Mary Turner?"

"They sent her to prison for three years."

"Three years?" The salesgirl had repeated the words in a tone that was indefinable, yet a tone vehement in its incredulous questioning. "Three years?" she said again, as one refusing to believe.

"Yes, three years."

"Good God!" There was no irreverence in the exclamation that broke from the girl's lips. Instead only a tense horror that touched to the roots of emotion.

"Say," Sarah demanded, with the directness habitual to her, "why are you so anxious about it? This is the third time you have asked me about Mary Turner. What's it to you, I'd like to know?"

The salesgirl started violently, and a deep flush drove the accustomed pallor from her cheeks. She was obviously much disturbed by the question.

"What is it to me?" she repeated in an effort to gain time. "Why, nothing—nothing at all, only—she's a friend of mine, a great friend of mine. Oh, yes!"

There was a monotone of desolation as she went on speaking in a whisper meant for the ears of no other. "It's awful—three years! Oh, I didn't understand! It's awful—awful!" With the final word she hurried off, her attitude one of wondering grief.

Sarah was thinking intently of Mary Turner after her return to the office. As she glanced up at the opening of the door she did not at first recognize the figure outlined there. She remembered Mary Turner as a tall, slender girl, who showed an underlying vitality in every movement, a girl with a face of regular features, in which was a complexion of blended milk and roses, with a radiant joy of life shining through all her arduous and vulgar conditions. Instead of this, now she saw a frail form that stood swaying in the doorway, that bent in a slithering fashion which told of bodily impotence, while the face was quite bloodless.

A man stood beside her, one of his hands clasped around the girl's wrist. It was Cassidy, from headquarters, who spoke in a rough, indifferent voice.

"The district attorney told me to bring this girl here on my way to the Grand Central station with her."

"Mr. Gilder will be right back. Come in and wait."

The two went forward very slowly, the officer, carelessly conscious of his duty, walking with awkward steps to suit the feeble movements of the girl. Sarah at last found her voice for an expression of sympathy.

"I'm sorry, Mary," she said hesitatingly. "I'm terribly sorry, terribly sorry!"

The girl did not look up. She stood still, swaying a little, as if from weakness.

"Are you?" she said. "I did not know. Nobody has been near me the whole time I have been in the Tomb."

"Why," Sarah exclaimed, "there was Helen Morris today! She has been asking about you again and again. She's all broken up over your trouble."

"Who is Helen Morris?" the lifeless voice demanded. There was no interest in the question.

Gilder entered the office with the quick, bustling activity that was ordinarily expressed in his every movement. He paused as he beheld the two



"The district attorney told me to bring this girl here."

visitors, then he spoke curtly to the secretary.

"You may go, Sarah. I will ring when I wish you again."

There followed an interval of silence.

while the secretary was leaving the office and the girl with her warder stood waiting on his pleasure. Gilder cleared his throat twice in an embarrassed forego to him before finally he spoke to the girl.

"My girl," Gilder said gently—his hard voice was softened by an honest regret—"my girl, I am sorry about this."

"You should be!" came the instant answer.

"Come, come!" Gilder exclaimed testily. "That's no tone to take with me!"

"Why? What sort of tone do you expect me to take?" was the retort in the lifeless voice.

"I expected a decent amount of civility from one in your position."

Life quickened swiftly in the drooping form of the girl. She stood suddenly erect, and her face lost its bleakness of pallor. The eyes opened wide and looked straight into those of the man who had employed her.

"Would you be humble," she demanded, and now her voice was become softly musical, yet forbidding, too, with a note of passion, "would you be humble if you were going to prison for three years for something you didn't do?"

"Don't mind her, sir," Cassidy said. He meant to make his manner very reassuring. "They all say that. They are innocent, of course! Yep, they all say it. It don't do 'em any good, but just the same they all swear they're innocent. They keep it up to the very last, no matter how right they've been got."

The voice of the girl rang clear. There was a note of insistence that



"I tell you I didn't do it!"

carried a curious dignity of its own. The very simplicity of her statement might have had a power to convince one who listened without prejudice, although the words themselves were of the trite sort that any protesting criminal might utter.

"I tell you I didn't do it!"

Gilder himself felt the surge of emotion that swung through these moments, but he would not yield to it.

"What's the use of all this pretense?" he demanded sharply. "You were given a fair trial, and there's an end of it."

"Oh, no, I wasn't! Why, if the trial had been fair I shouldn't be here. Do you call it fair when the lawyer I had was only a boy—one whom the court told me to take, a boy trying his first case, my case, that meant the ruin of my life? My lawyer! Why, he was just getting experience—getting it at my expense!"

There followed a few seconds of silence. Then Gilder made an effort to shake off the feeling that had so possessed him, and to a certain degree he succeeded.

"The jury found you guilty," he asserted, with an attempt to make his voice magisterial in its severity.

"Yes, the jury found me guilty. Do you know why? I can tell you, Mr. Gilder. It was because they had been out for three hours without reaching a decision. The evidence didn't seem to be quite enough for some of them, after all. Well, the judge threatened to lock them up all night. The men wanted to get home. The easy thing to do was to find me guilty, and let it go at that. Was that fair, do you think? And that's not all either. Was it fair of you, Mr. Gilder? Was it fair of you to come to the court this morning and tell the judge that I should be sent to prison as a warning to others?"

"You know!" he exclaimed in momentary consternation.

(Continued next week)

Rural Route Notes.

N. H. Baldwin who has been running the Canyon dairy the past year traded the dairy business to A. D. Dooley and moved back to the Dr. Thompson farm southwest of Umbarger, where the Dr. is putting in an irrigation plant. The old neighbors all welcome Baldwins back to our community.

J. A. Wilson who has over 600 acres of wheat in and has been running his Avery Tractor day and night, will soon have in 1000 acres.

"The Higher Law" will please you.

Came to Canyon to live.

Hallow'en Parties.

On last Friday night, Misses Clyde Winn and Pearl Oldham entertained the "Spring Chick- en" bunch with a Hallow'en party. At an early hour the guests began to arrive at the Winn home. After about an hours entertainment the girls, leaving the boys to entertain themselves, retired to another room. In a few minutes each girl was dressed in a sheet and masked. The hostesses conducted us back to where the boys were growing impatient and each was to select the girl he wished. Then we walked to the Oldham home. The girls were not to talk on the way. But the journey was made pleasant by the boys laughing and talking, trying to make "his" girl talk. At our destination parties registered, and much amusement was caused, when the boys learned with what girl they had come. Three black cats each holding a candle, constituted the light for witchy looking rooms. The witch took each, separately into a dark room and gave him a candle and furtane, which we were to read before the guest. At a late hour delicious refreshments were served. The time for departure arrived, accompanied by our hostesses, we serenaded several several in town. Those present were: Misses Jordan, Hix, Craig, Eakman, McReynolds, Rose, Cook, Pickens, Pickens, Neff, Winn, Winn, Messrs. Allen, Younger, Holland, Arent, Muldrow, Thompson, Winn, Boston, Boston, McLauffen, Black, Campbell, Baucam, Tarlton, Winn.

A Guest

Mrs. D. M. Stewart entertained her S. S. class on Friday night. Each boy was given the pleasure of inviting his best girl. The entertainment was in keeping with the time. At a late hour lemons and cake were served.

A Guest

Duffel a Hog Specialist.

J. W. Duffel, Claude, says the following about hog raising:

I know of no section comparable to the Texas Panhandle and Plains for the production of hogs. I have grown hogs during the past fifty-two years, in various portions of the country, and without any desire to boast, will say that I have made a success of the venture from the ownership of the first pig.

It is probable that my most notable success, when measured from the standpoint of cash returns from one animal, is shown in a record recently closed on a Poland China sow bought five years ago. I have kept books on this sow, and the receipts growing out of her possession aggregate \$1,535.85. This includes the price of the sow herself, sold only a few days ago as a porker her season of usefulness as a breeder being at an end.

Nothing has been more helpful to the Panhandle county than the agricultural demonstration department of the Santa Fe System. Even those who are not so located that they can co-operate directly with the department, gain an incidental or indirect benefit by reason of the work that is being accomplished. The crop production of Panhandle lands has been greatly increased during the past three years, and the application of scientific methods will lead us into the high road of farm process.

An Iowa man was soundly thrashed by his wife for not paying his newspaper bill with the money which she had given him to pay it with. Now if more wives would only emulate that example and the husbands of the balance lick their wives for not giving them the money, the country newspaper business would be one continuous round of pleasure—Ex.