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The cost of the old building was practically \$112,000. The advance in cost of material would make such a building cost at the present time about \$125,000. Mr. Cousins believes that to make a building of this size fire proof it would require at least \$175,000.

Mr. Cousins furthermore expressed his opinion that it is very advisable and necessary to build a new heating plant away from the main building. This would be necessary as soon as other buildings were erected on the campus, and a heating plant in the main building is not only dangerous but also the source of much dirt and some noise. Mr. Cousins believes that this kind of a plant will cost about \$25,000.

The money available as soon as the insurance is paid, amounts to \$80,000, the other \$20,000 being on the equipment. This would not be sufficient to meet the demands of a fire proof structure of the size Mr. Cousins wishes and the school demands. He feels that the Governor will be willing to issue deficiency warrants to put up this kind of a building.

Mr. Cousins is going to use his influence that the building be started at once. He is in correspondence with a number of architects, some of whom will likely come to Canyon immediately to make estimates of the cost of a new building.

Marquis' Easter Bonnet.

On Sunday morning Prof. R. L. Marquis will have an Easter hat in the window of the Green Hardware. Mr. Marquis states that all of the colorings he uses on the hat will be obtained from candies he bought at the local stores. He wishes every person in town to see the hat. He states that he does not wish to reflect upon the merchants of Canyon as to the cheap quality of candy handled, but wishes to show the people the deadliness of cheap candy so they will buy something better.

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The News believes that there is no man in the legislature who would think so little of his honor and that of the great state as to even consider for one moment the advisability of maliciously breaking a contract into which the state went freely and openly and which has proven so beneficial to the young people of the state.

Clarendon fully explaining the position of the school authorities.

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The prospective summer students may rest assured that the course offered during the summer will be unequalled in the state of Texas and that the physical comforts of the students will be looked after as well as if the building was standing.

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Making Tomorrow's World

By WALTER WILLIAMS, LL.D.
(Dean of the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri)

THE HIGHER COST OF LIVING



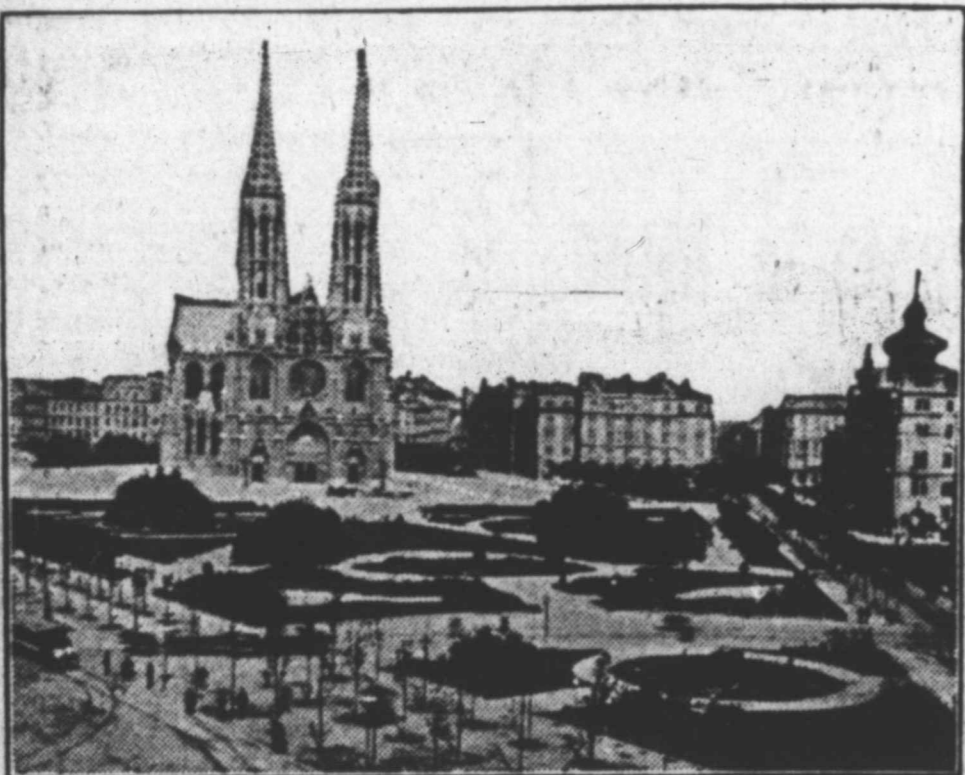
Vienna, Austria.—The world today may be growing better. Upon that point there are differences of opinion. The cost of living in the world, however, is higher today than yesterday. Upon this there are no differences of opinion. The discussion of this higher cost—which is confined to no one country or continent but is world-wide—of the causes and of the possible cures is general. In parliaments and in chambers of commerce, in pulpits and on the streets, in shops and factories, in workmen's homes and international hotels, one hears the discussion on every hand. The very skies of the European continent rain pamphlets on the subject and in response to inquiry, at any national or municipal bureau, there is a deluge of statistics. In the major countries, where the government reports are comprehensive in their scope, official figures showing the cost of living in smallest detail may be obtained. Even government figures, however, may be untrustworthy. Let us confirm or correct them in shop, market, savings bank and average home.

The "sights" of travel do not appeal to me. It is of far more interest to learn how the Egyptians live than to see the Sphinx by moonlight, to observe the customs of the Frenchman or German in his real home than to look down on Napoleon's tomb in Paris or look up at the Schloss in the most un-German city of Berlin. Just this personal note as preface to and explanation of the homeliness of a letter, for the figures of which, gathered in several countries and a dozen German towns from actual prices paid, have been supplemented by those

eating more and dressing better than they did ten or fifteen years ago. It is a question of supply and demand—we always get back to that. To sum the matter up in an instance, you can say that because the Poles, who formerly lived on rye bread, are now demanding wheat bread, the world has to pay more for its wheat. Which, being interpreted, means that living is higher because more people want more things. But do they get them? Here are some replies that each may interpret for himself.

German Metal Workers' Budget.
The German workman, better situated than his comrades in industry in other countries of the continent of Europe, is shown at his best in a report issued by the Metal Workers' union. This report gives the actual budgets of income and expense of 320 of the workmen in this best-paid industry. The average was an income of \$480 a year, of which \$375 was from the workman's own labor, the rest from that of his family and aids and benefits. His annual expense was \$475, divided \$255 for food, drink and tobacco, \$65 for rent and taxes, \$55 for clothing, \$35 for sick, trades and other subscription, \$70 for sundries, and, leaving a saving of about \$5 a year.

Budget of Unskilled Laborer.
The figures of the unskilled laborer are not so favorable, of course. They are also more difficult to obtain. A case of a factory laborer's home at Dusseldorf is not exceptional, however, and serves for testimony. In this case the flat which was the workman's home was on the third floor and consisted of three rooms. The occupants were a laborer and his family, a wife and eight children. His wages were \$5 a week of 60 hours. The rooms were 14 by 10 feet in size, the rent \$7 a month and the local taxes \$6 a year. In this case, therefore, the laborer received \$260 a year and paid in rent and taxes more than one-third. His wife said that they bought a little meat for Sundays—about two pounds; children never ate the meat but they had the soup. She would like, she said, to get the children milk and eggs but could not afford to buy



Scene in Vienna.

of official reports, particularly an illuminating one by George H. Roberts, a British member of parliament, a representative of the Typographical association, and his colleagues.

Prices of Necessities Increased.
How does the other fellow, assuming that he works for his daily bread, live? The disputed Sauerbeck figures for England and Wales show a gradual increase in wages, but in the last ten years a much greater increase in prices of necessities. The consumption of wheat and wheat flour—a mark of a standard living in western lands—has remained about the same in Great Britain, decreased in France, and increased in Germany and the United States. As to the amount of consumption, France comes first, the United States and Great Britain second, and Germany last. The importations of meat, coffee, tea, sugar and rice into northern European countries have necessarily increased in the last ten years. This shows an increase in the standard of life of the people which, to a degree, explains the higher cost which the other fellow must pay.

"More People Want More Things."
"The question of the increased cost of living," said Harold Cox, the British authority, "is an extraordinarily difficult problem. I believe, however, the general explanation is to be found in the fact that wages have been rising throughout the world, especially among the poorer classes and, the more backward races, for example, in India and in eastern Europe. The result is that the labor cost of production has been increased. This may have been offset to a limited extent by the increased use of machinery and the wider cultivation of the new countries of the world, but the improved economic position of the poorer classes—their increased demand and increased consumption—is the root cause of the rise in prices. It must be remembered that those classes are

them. She earned a little money by selling fruit on the streets, sometimes as much as 75 cents a week. She complained bitterly about prices of food and goods rising. There was a loaf of black, rye bread on the table. For it she said she paid 3 1/2 cents a pound.

Hard Lot of a Molder's Family.
Another case is from Chemnitz, up the concrete stairs of a row of dull tenement houses to the third story. The father, mother and eight children had three rooms, 15 by 8 feet in size, kitchen, living room and bed room. The rent was \$65 a year. The father, a moulder, was paid 12 cents an hour and worked 56 hours a week. The ten members of the family occupied the one bed room. Among the children were three girls, aged seventeen, sixteen and fifteen years. The few beds and the baby's cot took up nearly all the available floor space, leaving only about 15 inches for the occupants to walk to their beds. The mother evidently endeavored to keep the place clean—but what a struggle. She wondered if the prices of food kept going up, what would happen.

The workman's wife in Germany, as elsewhere on the continent, has little to spend but she makes that little go a long way. Her home is small but it is generally well-kept. She frequently supplements her husband's income by working for pay at home or outside, washing, sweeping the streets or at other employments, while at the same time she keeps house. Her children are many but, despite terrible overcrowding, are clean and orderly.

Food Prices.
Prices of foodstuffs vary somewhat in different markets. Those usually paid by the average mechanic or German of the middle class may best serve as typical. In the meat diet, pork is a large item. It ranges from 20 to 25 cents a pound. Beef may be bought from 15 to 30 cents, veal at 20 cents. Horse meat is eaten for

cheapness, advertised in some shop windows at 8 to 10 cents a pound. Dogs are eaten to a small extent, not for cheapness, but as a fancied cure for certain ailments. The bread ordinarily consumed among the working classes is of two kinds. The most general is a heavy, close kind made up in shape not unlike an ordinary American brick but larger. It is of a dark brown color, baked of rye, ground wet, and costs about 3 cents a pound. The other bread is lighter in color, a larger and differently shaped loaf, and costs 4 cents a pound. Good coffee costs from 30 to 50 cents a pound. Many workmen buy a mixture of cheap coffee and chicory at 20 cents to 25 cents a pound, or what is called malt coffee at 6 to 8 cents. Butter is little used at ordinary meals. A substitute, butter oil, sells at 16 cents a pound, and oleomargarine from 10 to 25 cents. Sugar sells for 5 to 6 cents a pound. It is a beet sugar, granulated and weak sweet stuffs, if they are really sweet—which is not often in Germany—are dear. Milk, sold from central dairies, is about 3 cents a pint.

Vegetables are cheap, potatoes, a common food, particularly so. The onion and the cabbage, German favorites, are inexpensive and, as might be expected in a land of highly organized education, a delicious cauliflower, which Mark Twain called a cabbage with a college education, is sold for three cents. Wood is bought in small bundles, a few cents worth at a time, and coal, usually in the form of briquettes, coal dust moulded into brick shape, is not of high cost, except near the mines, but is of small heating value.

All these prices are 20 per cent. or more higher than ten years ago. Clothing, a rather inferior grade, is 10 to 15 per cent. higher and rents, except in favored localities, are 20 to 30 per cent. higher. Official figures on file in the Rathaus or Town Hall at Munich show increases in five years of from 10 to 20 per cent. in the prices of all foodstuffs.

Savings Deposits Increasing.
The standard of living is increasing. The average man in Germany, France, Austria-Hungary and Great Britain, as in America, is not content to live on the same level of expenditure as did his fathers. Despite this higher standard and the increased cost, he is each year saving more money. Ten years ago the savings deposits in postal and other banks in Great Britain averaged \$1.25 per capita less than today. During the same period the savings deposits in German savings banks increased from eight to fifteen million marks, two million to three and three-fourths million dollars, and the number of depositors from 8,670,709 to 12,362,140.

What is true in this regard of Great Britain and Germany is true of France, Austria-Hungary, Holland, Belgium. In all these countries the cost of living has increased to a marked degree, but at the same time there has been a measureable increase in the savings of the people as well as in the standards of living. Over against this must be considered the 40,000 unemployed in Berlin, the strikes in Belgium, and Great Britain and the wide-spread and ill-concealed distress for lack of food that every great European city shows as cold weather comes. "Yer ain't so 'ungry w'en it's 'ot," said a crippled workman in a London park.

Plea for New Economic Science.
A British scientist, discovering the complicated economic problem of the cost of living, argues that the time has come for the establishment of a new constructive science, the aim of which would be to evolve and teach the principles under which economic equilibrium in the life of communities might be attained. Congestion of population in the towns, the desertion of the farm, low wages and the increasingly high cost of living are, in his view, all related. The world is capable of supporting all its inhabitants in abundance. Its failure to do so is due to the non-emergence of an organizing science. Every individual is entitled to secure an economic place in the world and every normal individual is capable of filling such a place. Poverty is not really, therefore, necessary. We need not have the poor always with us. There is something wrong with a world where cost of living becomes to any people oppressively high. Resources, even in these old countries of Europe, as in the newer United States, are undeveloped. Countries which now import goods and export food will in time consume their own food and manufacture their own goods. Development of the nation's resources, adequate and comprehensive transportation, and an equitable distribution of the profits of labor and capital, may not bring prices down, but will accomplish what is more to be desired, an increase of the average man's income to keep pace with the increased cost of his food and clothing.

Living in the world today costs more, but it is worth more. The average European is willing, though not anxious, to pay the extra price, if he has the means to do so—extravagance is not a common trait of Europeans, but with German thrift and French frugality, he wishes to get his money's worth. And, more, he is becoming concerned as to who or what is responsible for the high increased prices and why the benefits, if any, of high prices, as well as their burdens, should not fall to his share. That is the meaning of the unrest in Europe which manifests itself today in many ways, political party platforms, parliamentary discussion, legislation, street talk, home conversation, newspaper discussion, and too often hunger strikes and riots. It is the disturbance which the underdog makes in struggling for a bigger bone.

(Copyright, 1914, by Joseph B. Bowles.)



Improved and
Unimproved Farms
PRICES REASONABLE
Terms to Suit Purchaser
Location and Quality
of Farms Cannot
Be Excelled

C. O. KEISER

Canyon, Texas
Keota, Iowa



The Highest Priced Texas Cattle Ever Sold on the Kansas City Market. Bred and Fed by C. O. Keiser, Canyon, Texas. Fattened on Randall County Products.



DON'T DREAD WINTER'S COLD

Prepare to enjoy its exhilarating frosts by making your blood rich, pure and active to prevent colds, grippe and rheumatism.

Good blood prevents sickness and Scott's Emulsion will energize your blood and create reserve strength to endure changing seasons.

Scott's Emulsion is not an experiment but has served humanity faithfully for forty years; it contains the purest cod liver oil—free from alcohol or stupefying drugs.

Scott's Emulsion is nature's greatest blood-maker and furnishes the elements necessary for body warmth, rich blood and healthy circulation.

Shun alcoholic substitutes and demand the genuine Scott's Emulsion AT ANY DRUG STORE

Kafir Club Meeting Saturday.

The following is a circular letter sent out by H. M. Bainer of Amarillo, director of the Boys' and Girls' Kafir and Milo Maize club of Randall and Potter counties:

In order that all members of the Club may have a clear understanding of the work, we are scheduling two meetings for Saturday, April 11. One of these will be held at Canyon in the Court House at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and one in the Court House at Amarillo at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon.

It is important that you attend the meeting most convenient to your home. You should be present at the hour set, as we will want to talk to you about planting the seed and growing the crops. If you have no good seed we will furnish you enough to plant your acres, and you should come prepared to take it home with you.

We now have a membership of about 110 in the club representing approximately 160 acres in the contest. There are ten prizes for the best ten acres of Kafir and ten prizes for the best ten acres of Milo Maize, the total sum offered being \$675.00.

We expect big crops this year and strong competition. The boys and girls winning these prizes will have to work hard. The lands for your acres should have been prepared before now, as indicated in the bulletin that you have already received.

We have Dwarf White Kafir, Red and White Milo Maize from which you may choose.

Your Friend,
H. M. Bainer.

FIX UP YOUR LIVER AND FEEL GOOD

Why Risk Being "All Knocked Out" by Calomel? Dodson's Liver Tonic Takes its Place and is Safe.

When you are constipated and your liver is sluggish it is no longer necessary to try to fix yourself up with calomel, which everyone now knows to be poison that sometimes remains in the system and causes evil after-effects—and is often very dangerous to many people.

Dodson's Liver Tonic is guaranteed to take the place of calomel, to be a pleasant-tasting, easy-acting vegetable liquid, with no bad effect and causing no pain nor gripe nor interference with your regular duties, habits or diet. If you are not entirely satisfied with Dodson's Liver Tonic, go back to the store where you bought it and get your money back. It belongs to you and Dodson wants you to have it.

Holland Drug Company sell and recommend Dodson's Liver Tonic and they will cheerfully refund purchase price (50c.) instantly without question if the remedy fails to please you in every way. Its use has proved beneficial to many thousands and probably will to you.

Public School Report.

To the Hon. Board of Trustees Canyon Public Schools,

Your attention is hereby directed to the following report of your schools for the month ending March 28.

Boys Girls Totals			
No. scholastics enrolled to date	122	121	243
No. under scholastics are enrolled to date	2	6	8
Av. daily attendance	101.6	105.9	207.6
No. tardies this month	28	29	57
No. of visitors	2	10	12
Amount of tuition collected this month	\$11.15		

From the above report, you will notice that the enrollment for the present scholastic year has come within twenty-three of the number of pupils enrolled in the whole district. The scholastic enrollment for 1913-14 is two hundred and seventy-four. This is a splendid showing, when one considers the fact that the Normal training school has enrolled more than a hundred.

The work and interest on the part of pupils is good. A number of pupils who have fallen below the required averages are gradually overcoming the deficiency and will probably, by the time school closes, have grades that will justify promotion.

The teachers and pupils are preparing some extra work to be used on Patrons' day, which will be May 8th.

There will be a declamation contest among the pupils of the school sometime during the month of May, date not fixed yet. Six boys will contest for two prizes, first prize will be \$10.00 cash for best declamation by a boy, and second prize will be \$5.00 cash for second best declamation by a boy. There will be two cash prizes offered to the girls, first prize \$10.00 and second \$5.00 for best, and second best declamations, respectively, by girls. There will be no contest between boys and girls. There will be six girls contesting for the girls' prizes. Any number may enter either contest, the only requirement being that each contestant must be more than twelve and less than twenty years of age.

Following are the names of pupils making the highest averages in their respective grades during the month:

Ninth grade, Pauline Burnett; Eighth grade, Lueila Heatly; fifth grade, Cass McGee and Verna Reid; Fourth grade, Rosa Stewart; third grade, Maurine Abbott; second grade, Lillian Thompson; first grade, Herschel Coffee.

Following are the names of pupils who were neither tardy nor absent during the month and were perfect in department.

Eunice Steen, Sue Smith, Ethel Gilstrap, Margaret Thomas, Ruth Jennings, Thelma Prichard, Marguerite McAlee, Edgebert Hollandsworth, Mary Holl, Mary Lou Holland, Lila May, Lillian Thompson, Tracy Service, Mabel Steen, Bertha Rusk, Eunice Service, Ruth Burnett.

Respectfully,
E. F. King.

Presbyterian-Christian S. S. Officers.

The following officers have been chosen for the Presbyterian and Christian union Sunday school:

D. A. Shirley, Supt.
J. W. Reid, Asst. Supt.
Miss Lola Word, Secy.
Miss Avis Baird, Asst. Secy.
Organists for Sunday school and Church — Misses Charolet Ingham, Edith Eakman, Faire Wiggins, Grace Winder.
R. L. Marquis, choir leader.

The organists and choir leader together with Dr. Ingham and Mrs. W. G. Word compose the music committee.

Escaped!

**Bite—Sting—Dryness—Heaviness—
Parched Throat—you escape them all
when you smoke STAG.**

And in their place you find
**Fragrance — Freshness — Mildness —
and Eternal Contentment.**

"Better than I imagined tobacco could be."

Thousands are saying it. You will say it.

Convenient Packages: The Handy Half-Size 5-Cent Tin, the Full-Size 10-Cent Tin, the Pound and Half-Pound Tin Humidors and the Pound Glass Humidor

STAG

For Pipe and Cigarette
"EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD"
P. Lorillard Co. Est. 1760

"No Bite,
"No Sting,
"No Bag,
"No String."

More New Goods

Men's Oxfords
Howard & Foster's name is enough. We can fit you

Men's and Boys' Straw Hats
All here. Prettiest selection ever.

Boys' Clothing.
100 new suits this week. We have an elegant selection and can fit them from the "yearling" up.

Shipment of Ladies Oxfords and Pumps in Patents, Gun Metals, Vici's and Canvass, all the new ones.

Benjamin Clothing
Our stock is complete. Our new spring shipments are all here. Never before have we had the pleasure of showing so beautiful an assortment of patterns. Let us show you.

Stylish and Attractive Millinery
Perhaps you have been worrying about what kind of hat to buy for Easter. Let us solve the problem for you. With our large assortment and exceptionally low prices its an easy matter.

New Spring Coats
We have a nice assortment in the SUNSHINE LINE.

New Dress Goods
Fifty pieces just in.

In every department our stock is spiced with exceptionally low prices.

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

DO YOUR TRADING WITH CANYON MERCHANTS

BACK TO THE BAR ROOM WITH LIQUOR LEADERS

Farmers' Union Officials Censor Dallas Constructionists.

All Candidates for the Legislature Will be Asked to Endorse the Radford Platform.

Fort Worth, Texas.—We want to say to the Dallas convention of so-called constructionists, "Back to the bar-room with the representatives of the liquor interests who are in your midst," and we want to warn the farmers to give that movement the same silent contempt they gave the prohibition convention. That movement, to justify consideration of the farmers, must purge itself of those who are or have been on the pay-roll of the liquor interests in any capacity. An anti for revenue and a prohibitionist for fame are twin curses that have been riding the state like a pestilence for the past decade and peace can only be secured by eliminating these battle-scarred veterans of the pro-tempera arena from public affairs.

The liquor question cannot be sidetracked unless we first sidetrack pro and anti leaders. That a majority in the legislature of either pro or anti will not suppress strife, has been abundantly demonstrated. The leaders must be struck down by the bludgeon of public wrath. Nothing else will stop them from fighting.

Vote for Sally and the Babies.

The suggestion that the liquor question can be easily settled is a myth. We will have it as long as we have a civilization, but we think there are other issues of greater importance at this time.

The prohibition question in one form or another has been a whirlpool of political dissension in Texas for the past quarter of a century. It was voted upon in 1911, was the paramount issue in the gubernatorial campaign four years ago and again two years ago, and did the leaders, either pro or anti, abide by the results? Recent legislatures have done practically nothing but wrangle over the liquor question and whenever it comes up for consideration, they will do nothing at future sessions. Shall we wage another battle at the bidding of the bosses? In the name of the Farmers' Union we raise a flag of truce and insist upon a cessation of hostilities until we forage a while for Sally and the babies.

The Farmers' Union for Peace.

The platform of principles given to the press by Peter Radford was unanimously adopted by the State convention of the Farmers' Union at Ft. Worth, January 14-15, attended by six hundred delegates, representing approximately a quarter of a million members, and its provisions became the authorized policy of the Farmers' Union. This platform contemplates a cessation of strife during the next administration in order that constructive legislation for the farmers may be secured. No effort has been or will be made to commit the Farmers' Union for or against either pro or anti candidates, but all farmers are urged to support only candidates in the July primary who favor the elimination of the liquor question from this campaign and to make agricultural legislation par-

mount in importance to all other issues.

Conventions Slaughter Pens.
We deplore the return to the convention method of selecting candidates. These conventions, as usually conducted, are scarcely more than slaughter pens where the bosses butcher the "undesirables" and they are offensive to true democracy and a nuisance to good government. They are in direct violation of the spirit of the Terrell election law and are political bandits that should be banished from free government.

These conventions are called, according to the confession of some of the leaders, to eliminate small men and to call a great warrior to lead the battle. But why all this hue and cry about great men needed to run for Governor? We have had great men running government for a long time and is any one satisfied with the result? In the sight of the bosses a common man seems vulgar, but we think a little horse-sense is more needed in government today than any other substance and that well known element is the property of the common people.

Then, too, we object to politicians rounding up aspirants for public office and dehorning them of ambition, shearing off their patriotism and wielding the branding iron of greatness. Has it come to pass that the man who plows can render no service to government except to pay taxes and vote? Is the man who toils incapable of serving his country except in time of war? Is a common man a dangerous thing?

May we inquire of what substance greatness is made and who is the authorized custodian? Can it no longer thrive on the hearthstone of the common people and must we teach our children to search for it only in law offices?

Too Many Lawyers.

The Farmers' Union in its last state convention passed a resolution suggesting that too many lawyers were at the helm in governmental affairs and asking farmers who create the wealth and business men who conserve it to run for office. The political lawyers feast upon strife, thrive upon misunderstanding and prosper upon ignorance and they, more than any other influence, are responsible for the present state of affairs. Their profession requires destruction of conscience and they are the only class of people to whom civilization has issued a permit to sell their opinions. They produce nothing and know only one way to make money, and that is to get yours. The fewer we have of them in government the better it will be for the common people.

We Will Meet You at Phillip.

To the leaders of strife, both pro and anti, we want to say we will meet you at Phillip. The July primaries are in the hands of the voters and the farmers who have become disgusted fighting battles made to order by men who fatten upon dissension and who depend upon the fortunes of war for a livelihood, will register their disapproval at the ballot box.

Fortunately for the common people, the constitution wisely provides for electing members of the legislature in a manner that cannot be controlled by machine rule, and it is in the power of the farmers to send to the legislature men who favor a temporary cessation of strife. The Farmers' Union, as an organization, will endorse no candidate for any office, but through the local unions every candidate who announces for the legislature, will be asked to publicly endorse the Radford platform and if that be politics, then make the most of it.

W. D. LEWIS, President.
PETER RADFORD, Ex-President.
Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union of Texas.

TALE OF A PLUME

By CLAUDINE SMYTHE.

"All my life," began the stout girl, as she removed her hat and held it up to undergo a critical survey, "I've had a wild longing to possess a hat with a plume. I've been possessed with envy of every girl I saw with a real plume on her hat. I've stood hours long in the shop windows—but I never felt that I could get one!"

"You see, when I was a baby an uncle of mine died, and his wife gave my mother the white plume from his helmet; for he belonged to some uniformed order or other and had a plume to march with, you know."

"Well, mother packed that plume away in blue tissue paper, so it wouldn't turn yellow, and waited for me to grow up."

"When I became old enough to think about pretty hats, mother brought out the plume, and we looked it over."

"Just then, however, everybody was wearing little clusters of fat short tips, and that long straggly ostrich feather of mine, no matter how you curled it, never could have been worn on the street without attracting unpleasant attention. So we sorrowfully wrapped it up again, and I dreamed of the next year, when styles would change, while mother pressed out some plaid ribbon and tied it around my hat!"

"Well, when the next year came, behold the plume! Even mother had to laugh when we looked at it. Every one had a willow plume, if she had anything, and the willow plumes were thick and long and thrillingly exquisite. The helmet plume, flat and scrawny, looked in comparison like a little alley cat beside a big blue ribbon angora!"

"I remember I shed real tears that year over the disappointment. But mother had some cast iron or india rubber or something—equally strong, that resembled a bunch of black feathers, and we tucked those on my hat, where I had imagined the plume would wave, and I went out in the world and pretended there was no skeleton in our closet!"

"Of course, mother and I agreed that it would be perfectly silly for me to buy another plume so long as we had one in the house not in use! For we have always been taught to use what we have and finish using it before buying more. It's rather difficult sometimes to realize the logic of this system, but in the long run it's very economical. Why, I'd have had several expensive hats during those years of waiting if it hadn't been for that perfectly good, mused plume up in the closet!"

"Then last year, when I read the willow plumes were quite out of the swim, and ordinary plumes would be used again, I got out my long slim natural feather, feeling very righteous in the knowledge that there was nothing artificial about it, as there was about all willow plumes. It was strictly as the ostrich had presented it to the public!"

"I curled up the plume and had my hat selected to appear early in February, when low and behold! They weren't wearing plumes at all! And those who dared to ignore the styles bought very rich expensive plumes to show they could afford newer styles if they wished, but that they preferred ostrich feathers."

"Of course I couldn't even pretend that my feather was of the expensive sort. No one would have been so glib. It would have had to be awfully stylish to be possible at all! So I wrapped it up again!"

"But now has come my reward! There isn't one of you who can beat my plume for style. See, I've pushed half of it up and tied it with a little bow and half of it down and tied it with another little bow; and behold, a French creation!"

"Sweet!" exclaimed the thin girl, reaching for the hat and trying it on. "I think my father belongs to some society or something, and I'm going home and see if he has a plume."

Then she departed in eager haste.—Chicago Daily News.

Seeking Harmony.
"This song is not suited to my voice," said the prima donna.
"Well," said the discouraged manager, "I suppose I'll have to get you another song. There's no use of trying to have your voice rewritten."

"But now has come my reward!"

"Sweet!"

"I think my father belongs to some society or something, and I'm going home and see if he has a plume."

The Farmer the Master of Civilization. All Other Occupations His Servants.

Fort Worth, Texas.—The Farmers' Union in asking for legislation for the agricultural interests is not unmindful of the legislative requests of all other lines of industry. All other occupations grew out of the necessity of agriculture and when the interests of the farmer are fully conserved in all their ramifications the business of all legitimate industries will be fully promoted and protected.

The farmer is the rightful master of civilization. The railroad magnates are his teamsters; the millionaires his pawnbrokers; the capitalists of industry his mechanics; the merchants his clerks; the bankers his bookkeepers; the skilled artisans his laborers, and the teachers and preachers his humble servants. They are all on the pay-roll of the farmer.

Our Prodigal Sons.
These big concerns are in most instances run by prodigal sons who left the farm and who have sown wild oats in civilization and in many cases they have been compelled to "water stock" for a living. have been chased by "bulls and bears" and with tattered reputations they are coming "back to the soil" for succor and protection.

It is true many of these lines of industry have been able to fix their own compensation; some have even conspired to pilfer from their masters by combining to increase the prices of their service. They have quarreled among themselves and fought over a division of profit until the courts have become clogged with their pleadings and the legislature stifled with their greed.

Our statutes have much to say on the rights of individuals and on property rights and we have so perfect an organization that the entire machinery of government can be set instantly in motion to catch an embezzler and the nation will go to war to avenge the rights of a single citizen, but the crops of millions of farmers can rot on the ground and the government is as motionless as the sphinx of Egypt. The farmer can be robbed of the sale of his crop by ignorance of the needs of the consumer and market-murdered by helpless competition and the law-making bodies have not one word to say.

The Rights of Products.

To the well-defined laws we now have governing the rights of individuals and the rights of property let us add a code of laws on the "Rights of Products." It is seldom that the personal or property rights of a farmer are trespassed upon and he has very little occasion to use such laws, but his production he must sell each season. His necessary transactions in relation to producing and selling his crop, are the most intricate known in commerce and they are the least legislated upon. It has become customary to solve the problems of the farmer by concluding that they are impossible of solution, but there is small comfort in such a situation. It is difficult we confess and one that requires superior statesmanship to master.

If a fire starts in a worthless shack in a city the fire department will rush to the rescue and make every effort to save the property, but a trainload of farm products can rot on the railroad track without receiving municipal attention. Products have no rights that city councils feel bound to respect.

When a storm is approaching, the Federal Government, through the weather bureau, will set in motion every agency known to science and the atmosphere from ocean to ocean is analyzed daily and notices are posted in public places and given prominent display in the press, but a tempest of products can gather from the harvest fields of the Nation and range through the market places, destroying values and wrecking prices, and the government does not so much as raise a flag of warning.

In this state, if men with money care to combine their capital to buy and manufacture farm products for the market there are laws perfected by centuries of experience covering every feature of their transactions, but if farmers want to co-operate in purchasing and operating farm machinery to prepare their products for the market there are no laws on the statute book authorizing or protecting them.

The enactment of a code of cooperative laws adapted to the business of farming and stimulating co-operation between all lines of industry is the work for the next legislature.

W. D. LEWIS, President.
PETER RADFORD, Ex-President.
Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union of Texas.

DEMOCRATIC OLD SEA DOG

According to Dewey, Admiral Farragut Was by No Means a Strict Disciplinarian.

Admiral Farragut's methods were always simple. There was a saying that his principal place for filing papers was his coat pocket. Generally he wrote his orders himself, perhaps with his knee or the ship's rail as a rest. Admiral Dewey in his autobiography recalls that one day when Farragut was writing he looked up and said: "Now, how in the devil do you spell Appalachicola? Some of these educated young fellows from Annapolis must know." Dewey adds: "A man who had such an important command could hardly have been more democratic. One night I had given orders for a thorough cleaning of the ship the next morning. I was awake early, for it was stifling hot. Five o'clock came and I heard no sound of the holy-tones on the deck."

"So I went above to find out why my orders were not obeyed and my frame of mind for the moment was entirely that of the disciplinarian. There was no activity at all on deck. I looked around for the officer of the deck. He was an old New England whaler, brown as a buccaneer, who had enlisted for the war from the merchant service. I recollect that he wore small gold rings in his ears, a custom with some of the old-fashioned merchant sailors who had traveled the world over. I found him seated up in the hammock netting where it was cool, with Farragut at his side."

"Why aren't you cleaning ship? I asked. 'I think I am to blame,' said Farragut with his pleasant smile. 'We two veterans have been swapping yarns about sailing-ship days. The old whaler did not see how he could leave Farragut when Farragut wanted to talk and inwardly, perhaps, he did not fall to enjoy his position as superior to the young executive officer's reprimands.'

'FATHER' AND 'MOTHER' BEST

No Other Names for Parents Carry the Same Deep Meaning of Reverent Love.

"Father" and "mother" are difficult words to improve upon when one thinks of the associations they convey, and the dignity of their meaning, remarks London Answers.

Many, however, have been the offshoots of these appellations. "Papa" and "mamma" have been in use in England for at least three centuries, and it is generally accepted that they are of Italian origin, as Dante uses the word "mamma" in the Purgatorio.

Among middle class folk "dad" or "daddy" is a favorite nickname. "Dad" is of pure Welsh extraction, and is derived from, or is a corruption of, the word "tad."

"Pater" and "mater" make their appearance when students are in the throes of Latin grammar. "Poppa" and "momma" have appealed to the young American.

None of these nicknames, or terms of endearment, can, however, approach the beautiful Anglo-Saxon definition of parents—"father" and "mother," and it is these terms that cling to us when childhood's days are over.

Jewel in a Serpent's Head.
We none of us place much credence in Shakespeare's toad, which—

Ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.

But the natives of India have a firm belief that a certain variety of snake which they call shesh nag, forms a precious stone within its head after it has attained the ripe old age of 1,000 years. This jewel has the reputation of drawing forth the most deadly venom of any other snakebite, if applied at once to the wound. A certain Parsee gentleman is supposed to possess one of these jewels at the present time.

This gentleman in his early manhood happened upon a snake, which he killed. Afterward he found the jewel in its head, and he is said with its aid to have saved several lives. The stone is said to possess a thin crescent-shaped fiber which moves in the center continuously. Many of the native princes of India have offered fabulous sums for this jewel, but the owner refuses to part with it.

Busman's Holiday.

Recently I came across a really happy omnibus conductor, who knew me by sight, and remarked that it had been a splendid day. He had almost a whole day off, and looked jolly. What had he done? Why, what he always does when on a day off! I had never believed in the phrase, "The busman's holiday." It's true. For that man always gets on the top of another man's bus and has a good long ride into the country and back. It cured him of insomnia, he said. Working days mean going to bed at all kinds of hours, and a conductor is often too tired to get to sleep at will. But a day off with no tickets to punch—and you can sleep till six tomorrow! —London Chronicle.

Comparison With Cave Man.

Everything considered, it is possible that the cave-man had an advantage over us. For though his words were few in number he had few ideas to voice, few thoughts to express, few activities to advance, and these were all of such a nature that his grunts were encyclopedic in its ability to explain. On the other hand, life is now so complex that with all our words, inflections, accents, mimicry, postures and gestures we are often unable to make our meaning perfectly clear.

ROBBER ROBBED HIMSELF

By H. H. BRANDON.

The bishop of Cashel, having occasion to visit Dublin accompanied by his wife and daughter, determined to perform the journey by easy stages, in his own carriage.



At the foot of a hill, however, he decided to "make the ascent short, and so his family and servants were far in advance when he decided to hasten. At a wild point in the road a fellow leaped from behind some stones, flourished a club, and demanded "Money!"

The bishop gave the robber all the silver he had loose in his pocket, hoping that it would satisfy him; but he was mistaken.

"And is it with the likes of this I'm after letting you off?"—a few patry th-pennies! Arrah, don't stand shivering and shaking there, but pull out your purse immediately, or I'll bate you as blue as a whetstone."

His lordship most reluctantly yielded his well-filled purse, saying in tremulous accents: "My good fellow, there it is; don't ill-use me; I've forgiven you all; pray let me depart."

"Fair and softly, if you please; as sure as I'm not a good fellow, I haven't done with you yet. I must search for your note-case, for I'll engage you have a few bits of paper payable at the bank; so hand it over or you'll sup sorrow tonight."

It was given up. The bishop made an instinctive movement as though anxious to escape from further pilage.

"Wait a while, or maybe I shall get angry with you; hand over your watch and seals, and then you may trudge."

"Surely you have taken enough; leave my watch, and I'll forgive all you have done."

"Who ax'd your forgiveness, you old varmint? Don't force me to do anything I'll be sorry for—but without any more bother, just give me the watch."

And he jerked the bludgeon from his right hand to his left, spat in the hony palm of the former, and re-grasped the formidable weapon; this action was not unheeded by his victim—he drew forth the golden time-piece, and with a heavy sigh handed it to the spoiler.

It needed no persuasion to induce the bishop to turn his back upon the despoiler of his worldly goods, and, having no weight to carry, he set off at what equestrians term—"a hard canter." Scarcely, however, had he reached the middle of the precipitous road when he perceived his persecutor running after him.

"Stop, you nimble-footed thief of the world!" roared the robber—"stop, I tell you. I've a parting word with you yet."

The exhausted and defenseless clergyman, finding it impossible to continue his flight, suddenly came to a standstill. The fellow approached, and his face, instead of its former ferocity, was lit up with a whimsical roguishness of expression as he said: "And is it likely that I'd let you off with a better coat on your back than my own? and will I be after losing the chance of that elegant hat and wig? Off with them this moment, and then you'll be quit o' me."

The footpad quickly divested the bishop of his single-breasted coat, laid violent hands upon the clerical hat and full buttoned wig, put them on his own person, and then insisted on seeing his late apparel used in their stead, and with a loud laugh, ran off.

Thankful of having escaped with unbroken bones, this lordship was not long in overtaking his carriage. "My dear William," exclaimed his affable wife, after listening to the account of the perils to which her husband had been exposed, "for heaven's sake, take off that filthy jacket and throw it out of the window. You can put my warm cloak over your shoulders till we reach the next stage, and then you will be able to purchase some habit much better suited to your habit and calling."

"That is more easily said than done, my love," he replied; "I have lost all the money I possessed; not a single guinea is left to pay our expenses tonight—My watch, too, that I so dearly prize. Everything gone! Miserable man that I am!"

"Never mind your watch or anything else just now; only pull off that mass of fluff, I implore you; who knows what horrid contagion we might all catch if you persist in wearing it?"

"Take it off, dear papa," observed the daughter, "but don't throw it away; it may lead to the detection of the wretch who robbed you."

The obnoxious garment was removed. The young lady was about to place it under the seat when she heard a jingling noise that attracted her attention, and on examination found secreted in various parts of the coat not only the watch, pocketbook, purse and silver of which her father had been deprived, but a yellow canvas bag such as used by farmers, containing about 30 guineas.

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 Pa's, 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 Strengthener. No family should be without it. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50c.

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Civilizing Influence of Music on Mankind
By NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

As music appeals to the emotions, different kinds of music must naturally arouse various passions. This was recognized by the ancients, who had an elaborate system of modes. The orgies of Dionysius, the hot lust for battle, the soft enticements of love found expression in Phrygian, Dorian and Lydian modes, with their appropriate instruments.

We all have heard music that tended to put us to sleep. Probably most of us have heard music that kindled sudden anger, so that it required considerable self-control not to murder the perpetrator. That appeal to the calmer judgment was found in the placard in the western barroom, where the patrons were requested not to shoot the pianist, because he was doing the best he could.

There are seven chief virtues: Faith, hope, charity, prudence, temperance, chastity and fortitude. Pure music (apart from words accompanied by musical sounds) certainly may sustain faith, encourage hope and help fortitude. It might be even conceived that by superinducing a comfortable frame of mind one would give an extra penny for sweet charity's sake. But one would get no great lift in prudence from any music, however slow and solemn, and "the great thirst" is quite independent of lofty emotions.

Now there are seven deadly sins: Pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy and sloth. The musical performer may be exposed to pride and envy. Jealousy is undoubtedly a great failing among artists of all kinds; perhaps especially among singers and instrumentalists, but Frau Musica ought not to be held responsible for these faults.

There are some kinds of music that would naturally lead to sloth—the music which Odysseus heard as he went by the land of the lotus eaters.

This sensuous music made more swift and exciting causes the blood to flow more eagerly, sets the heart to beating and undoubtedly kindles to love. But so do moonlight, a buggy and a well tempered horse and the right girl. But would we do away with the moonlight? Would we people wooded solitudes with dragon-eyed chaperons? No, we would educate our young men and women to know the risks of freedom and opportunity, to exercise self-control and mutual respect. Most immorality, one might say all sexual immorality, comes from ignorance, and while music, in its exciting, stimulating, sensuous combinations of sounds, as for instance in languishing waltz rhythms, fills the heart with voluptuous longings, it could never break down the solid dyke of "Thou shalt not" founded on right principles and true knowledge.

The value of music as a civilizing influence, its power to bring people into harmony, its marvelous capacity for giving men and women pleasure, a million times outweigh its potentiality for arousing evil passions. If it did not have its elements of risk, it would be vastly less valuable. All good things may be perverted and be all the more dangerous because of their very virtues. A man who should swallow a cupful of liquid air would die of a sudden stomach ache, and the person who should give loose reins to even his loftiest passions would become dangerous in any community.

Music undoubtedly sweeps some unbalanced people off their feet, but its general tendency is for the good of mankind. This seems to be the consensus of opinion in modern times.

Nathan Haskell Dole

Busy Squirrel Is No Weather Prophet
By R. PRESTON BRADLEY

Superintendent of Parks C. C. Laney of Rochester, N. Y., is the Little Jack Horner to the discovery that the activity of squirrels in gathering nuts for storage has nothing to do with the question of a long or short, mild or warm winter.

He might have gone further and stated that the squirrel has not even the instinct to let the nut ripen properly on the tree. Anyone who has observed the habits of squirrels and, for that matter, any other animal that lays up a winter store of provender, will agree that the instinct for harvesting is impractical and unbalanced in operation.

Not only will a squirrel industriously gather green nuts from the tree that is yet in full leaf, but he will hide them where he never thinks of them again. Watch any park squirrel dispose of peanuts after he has gorged himself. His instinct prompts him to hide what he cannot eat and, with great show of economy, he buries his treasure, patting it down and leveling the earth over the hole.

Does he ever return to this cache? Not your "provident" squirrel. Like the "Bandarlog," he is capable of not more than one process of mentality.

Every spring house-cleaning activity in the parks discloses thousands of these buried hoards, put by with much display and forgotten the next moment.

General Standard of Honesty Being Raised
By ROBERT W. MASON, Chicago

It is very hard these days for a man to be crooked and get away with it for any length of time. Public sentiment has changed remarkably with reference to moral rectitude in the last few years. After years of observation and experience with men whose capital is their character I have come to the conclusion that it all depends upon the man.

If he has got it in him he will have no trouble in keeping straight; if he hasn't, it is only a question of time until someone has to fall back upon his bondsmen. But either because of the change in public sentiment or because of the greater restrictive agencies, or both, there is a little less crookedness in business every year, and some day the business of the bonding companies is going to yield bigger dividends because the general standard of honesty will be raised.

Idle Gossips Cause of Bitter Quarrels
By J. SCOTT MORRISON, Indianapolis.

Gossip is at the bottom of most family troubles that lead to divorce. When a couple have a bitter quarrel they would forgive and make up again if they were let alone, but when the neighborhood gossip gets down to work they might as well give up at once, unless they are good fighters. The gossip never gives up.

The victim can say the most innocent thing; the gossip leaves a little bit off here and adds a little there, and when it goes the rounds its own mother wouldn't know it again.

Then there is the male gossip, but usually he says little. When a woman passes all he has to say is, "I know her," and give a smirk and a wink.

There ought to be a law made to punish gossips.

OUTLOOK PLEASES PITTSBURGH FEDERALS



Manager "Doc" Gessler.

The backers of the Pittsburgh Federal league club are highly pleased over the outlook for the team. Doc Gessler is the manager of the outfit and is declared to have gathered together one of the strongest teams in the outlaw circuit. There is plenty of money behind the club, if all reports about it are true. Henry C. Frick, the former steel king, and T. Hart Given, a well-known Pittsburgh banker, are two of the men who are backing the team, it is said. Frick and Given are both multimillionaires.

STORIES OF THE DIAMOND

The Cleveland Naps have a player named Jack Frost. He is trying to land a slab job.

Joe Sugden has been signed to help Branch Rickey coach the young pitchers of the Browns.

Connie Mack is said to be very sympathetic and yet he refuses to permit Eddie Plank to retire.

Jake Daubert once was sold for a dollar. Think how many iron men Jake would bring today.

If, as reported, Pitcher Steen broke his trapezoid bone, it's a cinch Dave Altizer never even cracked his.

Dave Fultz denies that organized baseball has the authority to promulgate player fraternity bulletins.

Eddie Collins has gone on record as saying he hopes the Federal league will succeed for the good of the players.

Flame Delhi, who is to be with the Pirates the coming season, is regarded as a promising star by the Pittsburgh fans.

Hank O'Day has had the necessary hardening process to stand a season as Chicago's manager, says Jimmy Isaminger.

Reb Russell may be given an occasional day off this coming season. Report has it that Ed Walsh is as good as ever.

Hank O'Day has set the limit on the poker game. The games must stop at 11 o'clock, and the highest stake will be two shillings.

Six class AA teams have filed claims for First Baseman Hellman, who was drafted by Detroit from Portland of the Northwestern league.

Manager Clark Griffith is trying to arrange two practice games with Johnny McGraw's Giants to be played in Washington April 8 and 9.

The offer from the Feds to Vic Saier worked wonders on Charley Murphy's pocketbook. Vic's salary hopped from \$2,700 to \$5,600.

Walter Johnson will be the only experienced member of Clark Griffith's pitching squad next summer now that Groome has jumped to the outlaws and Tom Hughes has gone to the Los Angeles team.

Manager Del Howard of the San Francisco team, who tried to reform Tub Spence, has now signed Benny Henderson and is quite sure that Benny will keep a promise to stay on the water wagon.

M'GINNITY STILL IS GOING

Manager Wilbert Robinson Tells How He and McGraw Deceived Hanlon Regarding Pitchers.

"I will never forget Iron Man McGinnity as one of the greatest pitchers of the game," said Manager Wilbert Robinson of the Brooklyn Dodgers, the other day during a fanning bee. "When McGraw and I were left with the Baltimore club in 1899, after Ned Hanlon had taken the management of the Brooklyn, we had McGinnity. We trained at Augusta and the Brooklyn got ready at Atlanta. Hanlon brought his Superbas over to play us one day and McGinnity, in great form, shut them out with ease. We joshed Hanlon that night and he seemed peeved, but the next day he asked us what we really thought of McGinnity.

"Afraid that we would lose the Iron Man, we told Hanlon that our best pitcher was a man named McFarland, and we praised the kid so much that Ned finally took him, leaving McGinnity. McFarland didn't last long with



Iron Man McGinnity.

Brooklyn, while McGinnity continued to pitch wonderful ball for us all season. Then Hanlon shifted him to Brooklyn, and he helped to win the championship.

"When McGinnity was with the Giants he was a jewel. He never was commanded to relieve a pitcher in distress, for he used to warm up of his own accord, and McGraw knew that he was eager to go in. McGinnity, I hear, took part in more than sixty games in the Northwestern league last year. Do you know why? Because he used that old underhand delivery, which is easy on the shoulder and upper arm. Beside, McGinnity, who is perhaps thirty-seven years old, never dissipates. He is a typical iron man, and his wonderful record proves it."

Funds for Olympic Team.
The initial move in the campaign to collect funds for the American Olympic team of 1916 was made the other day. Secretary James E. Sullivan of the Amateur Athletic union called for a mail vote on the proposition to give \$3,000 of the union's funds to the American Olympic committee.

TO STOP SUMMER BASEBALL

Secretary Sullivan of the A. A. U. Says College Athletes Will Risk Their Amateur Standing.

James E. Sullivan, secretary-treasurer of the A. A. U. and president of the rules committee of the International Amateur Athletic federation, advises those college baseball captains who are again trying to make it possible for an undergraduate to play summer baseball without the risk of losing his amateur status to direct their energies into more profitable channels, for they are wishing for something that they will never, never get.

"For 31 years I have been fighting to keep amateur and professional sport strictly apart," said Mr. Sullivan recently, "and I must admit that it is somewhat discouraging to learn that so many college men should still be in favor of allowing undergraduates to earn money during the summer by working as professional ball players.

"There is no such thing as summer baseball. What these young men call summer baseball is nothing more or less than professional ball.

"I note that Bernard K. Rhoades, the Princeton captain states that he cannot see why a man whose talent runs to baseball should not help himself through college by using that talent just as well as a man whose abilities are more scholastic and who earns money by tutoring.

"I remember, when this point was raised some four years ago at Harvard, that somebody wrote to the Harvard Lampoon, pointing out that while a man was at college learning was his profession, and that if he needed it he should pick up all the money he could



James E. Sullivan.

get hold of in following that profession. And when a man had finished his day's work and turned to sport for recreation he should look upon the hours spent on the track, in the gym or in the tank as hours of play.

"The prime object of college athletics was defeated when a man tried to turn his athletic prowess into dollars and cents.

"Every sport in every civilized country has an amateur rule along the same lines as that of the A. A. U. and at a time like this, when the International Athletic federation is proposing for the Olympic games an even stricter amateur rule than that which now exists, I can assure our college friends that there is not one chance in a million that they will ever be permitted to play professional baseball in the summer and retain their amateur standing.

Modest if Nothing Else.

George Chip disclaims the middleweight championship. The conqueror of Frank Klaus chanced to encounter a party of sports who hadn't witnessed the combat. Chip modestly assured these men that he didn't claim to be a champion.

"But," he added, "I have a good punch, can take some hard wallops without going over and box some. However, I'll be fair to you, and say that my legs are not speedy. Ever since I got into the game, that's been my handicap. Hard work hasn't helped much. I have played baseball and run races in hopes of getting more speed, but everything fails. Slow feet and all, I am ready for the big guns in the middleweight bunch."

Big Athletic Stadium.

Michigan university is the latest of the big educational institutions to announce plans for a big athletic stadium. Plans for a steel and concrete structure for Perry field, to be built as needed, have been drawn. The first section will be a new stand to replace the present south stand. It will be built before the next football season, and will increase the seating capacity about 6,500 to 22,000. When the entire structure is completed it will seat 46,000.

Quakers Expect National Regatta.

Philadelphia rowing men are hopeful of being awarded this year's annual national rowing association regatta when the executive board meets in New York in March. The Schuylkill Navy course is one of the best in this country.

Qualified to Write It.

Josh Devore says he is going to write a book to be called "Around the League in Sixty Days," as he played on nearly every club in that length of time.

BEAUTIFUL CITY OF HAVANA

Cuban Metropolis Built by "Old Chaps" Who Certainly Knew Their Business.

New York.—You must leave Havana just after sundown to get her full beauty, says a New York writer. I shall never forget one night ten years ago, we slid out of the harbor in the early evening, by grim old Morro castle to the moon-silvered gulf.

The long tree-ranked vista of the Prado, ablaze with light, stretched from the Malecon to Central park. The piled-up masses of old Spanish architecture, the color harmony of soft



In the Suburbs of Havana.

yellows and grays picked out in cobalt blue, cerise and red under the tropic night, made a picture never to be forgotten.

The old chaps who built Havana certainly knew their business. They may have been a bit stingy in the matter of streets, but they put walls that will stand till the crack of doom, and they knew color.

I prowled for hours through the gaunt old narrow streets, rarely more than wide enough for two coaches to pass. Iron balconies overhang nearly to the middle of the highway. Sidewalks there are none, or only a little 18-inch shelf. Frequently bright colored awnings are stretched across the street from house to house. The heavy doors of iron or oak are always open through the day and early evening. You get glimpses back into dim patios set with dwarf palms, frequently with a naked baby rolling on the floor and somersaulting, a chicken or two—the feathered kind, of course. You get whiffs of garlicky cookery that make you want to explore.

Being Sunday, Havana was taking her simple pleasures. Up around the middle of the town there is one of the open-fronted cafes on pretty nearly every corner, and through the afternoon it seems that the entire population sit at the little iron tables sipping their coffee or cognac and playing dominoes. And what fun they do get out of dominoes! What a chattering in soft Spanish and what a waving of eloquent hands! And over it all there is a constant spicy haze produced by the famous all-wool cigarettes of the country.

On Sunday anyone who isn't sitting in a cafe walks on the Prado or on the Malecon, the wide esplanade down by the sea wall where the band plays all the day. The parade from the lower end of the Prado to the park will furnish samples of a whole lot more than 57 varieties of Cubans. They are mighty badly graded as to color, running from pale lemon to patent leather shine.

There is always a scattering of tourists, but fewer this year than usual. I wonder why. The hotels are good and Havana is a fine place to rest, and if one really wants a taste of feverish tropical entertainment, it may be had at any time after 9 p. m. Everything else aside, Havana is worth a trip just for a look.

Did I say that Havana is wicked? Well, there's the Zaza motion picture show, and—and—oh, the Zaza motion pictures are enough for any town.

CHECK FLAMES WITH SNOW

Shovel Brigade Effective in Ending Fire in Town Without Water System.

Albany, N. Y.—A snow shovel brigade did much toward saving the village of Berne, 16 miles southwest of here, from destruction by fire.

After a hotel, a business house and two residences had been destroyed it appeared that the efforts of the bucket brigade to stop the fire would be futile and many volunteer firemen turned to shoveling snow on the burning buildings.

The fire soon was checked. The village is without a water system.

Lives on Ten Cents Per Day.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Dr. Henry S. Tanner, aged eighty-five, is living on ten cents a day to show the way to overcome the high cost of living. Doctor Tanner once fasted for 40 days.

Postmaster Resigns His Job.
Evanston, Ill.—Mathew Larkin, postmaster of Evanston for 12 years, resigned because the pay of \$1 a day is too small.

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.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

Randall County Schools.

(C. E. COSS.)

As County ex-Officio Superintendent of Randall County, it becomes my duty as well as pleasure to make the following report of the condition of the public schools of this county as I found them while visiting the various schools.

With one, and possibly two, exceptions I find the school buildings in good condition. The heating, lighting and ventilation of the school buildings are above an average of the country schools. Each school is provided with good maps and some with globes. Quite a number of the schools have an organ, and nearly all of them have a small library and a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. Several of the districts have their school buildings inclosed with a good fence and have good outhouses. Some few have set out trees, which give the school grounds a home-like appearance. I also noticed that a few of the teachers have the walls of their school houses adorned with beautiful pictures, the effect of which is to make one feel as though he were entering the parlor of some well-to-do and up-to-date farmer. A large majority of the school buildings of this county are supplied with all the blackboard surface they have room for and which is very commendable of the trustees. Every district is supplied with a sufficient number of good seats.

The laws of sanitation in all the districts should be adhered to more closely than they are. This defect is chargeable not only to the teacher, but also the parents as well. Individual drinking cups should be provided by the parents and the teacher should enforce their use by the children. Teachers should also

enforce the habit of having the children sit down at the noon hour to eat their dinner, after which to put away their things in order and get ready for the noon play. "Whatever is done, should be done decently and in order." There should be a system in everything a teacher does.

I noticed a few instances in which a broom could have been used to good advantage, and also where soap and water and comb would have made some folks better looking, and no doubt would have made them feel better. Every district should be provided with a wash basin and small mirror, and each family should provide their children with a clean towel, and the teacher should enforce its use. Cleanliness is next to Godliness. I call attention to these things because it is as essential to enforce habits of cleanliness as it is to enforce habits of truthfulness. I am glad to be able to say that the teaching power of Randall County teachers is above the average. They seem to have caught the spirit of the times. They are adopting up-to-date progressive methods. Teaching the same principles that have always been taught, but in a new and more attractive way. They seem to have no trouble in creating and holding fine interest in their schools.

Teachers are maintaining splendid discipline without any seeming effort on their part. The parents, however, are largely responsible for poor or good discipline in any school. If parents will back the teacher in matters of discipline, three-fourths of this problem will have been solved, and solved correctly. I wish to congratulate the teachers of this county one and all on the splendid discipline they are maintaining in their schools, and the parents too for their part in this matter. I do not remember of having heard a complaint from any patron along this line this winter.

Quite a number of teachers are teaching agriculture in their schools, and I wish to suggest that you emphasize this subject. The subject of agriculture and reading, to my mind, are the essentials. The thing we use most in life is the most essential. Mother Earth is the primal source of all wealth. How essential then is it to learn how to draw from her rich storehouses the finest fruits and ores she holds in store for us. If we ask her in an intelligent way for these things, she will give them to us, and if we seek for the key of knowledge which will

Political Announcements.

For Representative 123rd District.
 T. J. TILSON.

For District Judge.
 JNO. W. VEALE.
 JAMES N. BROWNING.

For District Attorney.
 HENRY S. BISHOP.
 A. S. ROLLINS.

For County Judge.
 C. E. COSS.

For Sheriff and Tax Collector.
 WORTH A. JENNINGS.

For County Clerk.
 C. N. HARRISON.
 T. V. (Vince) REEVES.
 JOHN W. BATES.

For Assessor.
 J. C. BLACK.
 G. G. FOSTER.
 J. A. TATE.

For Treasurer.
 W. T. GARRETT.

For County Attorney.
 W. J. FLESHER.
 RECTOR LESTER.

For Hide and Animal Inspector.
 T. V. YOUNG.

open this treasure house, we will find it. If we will only knock at her door in a scientific way, it will open unto us. Therefore, taking into consideration a comparison of the values of the different studies composing our school work, the study of agriculture must be accorded a place along with the first of the essentials; and I hope every teacher in this county will qualify herself to teach this subject intelligently. Upon the attention given to this subject depends the future welfare of millions of human beings.

In conclusion, I wish to say that upon the whole I am well pleased with the work that is being done in the schools of this county, and I hope that all teachers will realize that there is no profession that stands higher than the profession of teaching. You are either moulding vessels into honor or dishonor. You are either building this nation upon a firm foundation or a sandy foundation. How are you going to build?

Ladies low shoes just received at the Canyon Supply Co. It

CLASSIFIED ADS

Lost—Sack of alfalfa seed between Lair place and Younger place Monday, March 23. Tom Lair. 2p2

Pasture for Rent — Adjoining city, running water, good shade. 5c per day for horses, \$1 per month for cows. W. E. Bates. 2tf

Plowing wanted for gasoline traction outfit with capacity of 30 acres per day. John A. Wilson. 2t2

For sale— Good windmill pump, tank and tank house. C. W. Warwick. tf

For Sale—P. & O. two row lister, one row McCormick harvester, 5 1-2 Foot broadcast binder, 1 row go-devil. G. G. Foster tf

Pasture for cattle—Fifty cents per month for cows, 35c for yearlings, 75c for horses. Will take up to 75 head. Henry F. Miller. 2p3

Dust Proof Windows—The one and only practical flexible metal weather strip. Never binds, rattles or rusts. J. W. Turner, Agent, Umbarger. tf

For Sale at a Bargain—Windmill and tower, tank and tank house, all to gether or separately, also three galvanized flues. Phone 88 or address Mrs. Adra Garrison, Canyon. tf

For Sale—Young white-faced bull C. Friemel, Umbarger.

R. B. Corbins Dehorning Pencil for sale by S. A. Shotwell & Co. Every pencil will dehorn fifty calves from one day to one year old for one dollar Phone No. 4. 52p 4

Miss Thomas Gets Leader Piano.

We beg to report that we have carefully canvassed the votes cast in the "Piano Contest", and find as follows:

Miss Mollie Thomas	1,130,140
Miss Blanche Harter	693,525
Mrs. J. Grady Holland	440,890
Miss Exa Heatley	430,070
Miss Lockie Mae Myers	315,190
Sesame Society	293,395
Miss Jewell Laughery	244,045
Miss Beulah Shotwell	201,995
L. O. O. F. Lodge	80,930
Miss Stella Rusk	76,970
Miss Mamie Dunaway	57,775
Miss Viola Knox	51,140
Miss Prudie Prichard	30,015

We cast out one box that shows illegal votes.

Respectively,
 Joe Foster
 C. N. Harrison
 John A. Wallace.

Appreciation.

I wish to thank every contributor who so kindly favored me with their votes in the "Piano Contest" just closed at the Leader. I cannot fully express my appreciation for these kindnesses, which won for me the highest premium, the piano.

I also wish to thank the entire force at the Leader for their courteous and fair dealing throughout the entire contest. And I would not forget to thank the committee, who counted the votes, for their long, patient and faithful work completing their task.

Mollie Thomas.
 Ride an "Indian". T. V. Reeves, Agent. tf
 Debate Called Off.

On account of all the material of the Normal debaters being burned with the building, the West Texas State Normal will not compete with the other three Normals in the annual debate Saturday night of this week. The boys are very sorry to have to give up these debates as they were excellently prepared, but must have had all of their references used in the debate.

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.

For Pies, Biscuits, Cakes, Waffles or Muffins

Or anything else that is generally difficult to bake with economy and success — you'll find one heaping teaspoonful of **HEALTH CLUB** more efficient, purer and easier to use than any other Baking Power obtainable at any price.

Only One Cent an Ounce

In 10, 15 & 25 Cans At all Good Grocers

See the News Printery

FOR THE SUPERIOR KIND OF

Commercial Job Printing

ANDY GREEN

The 1250 lb. Hambeltonian Stallion will make the season of 1914 at H. C. Roffey's residence in north Canyon.

Terms—\$12.50 to insure colt to stand and suck. See tabulated pedigree on posted bills, or apply to owner for further particulars. Phone 15.

H. C. ROFFEY

It is our purpose to handle any and all business entrusted to us in such a fair and liberal manner as to make patrons' relation with our bank satisfactory and profitable. We invite you to call

The First State Bank
 THE GUARANTY FUND BANK

Mazda Lamp Prices Reduced

25 and 40 watt Mazda lamps formerly sold at 45c now

35c

Canyon Power Co.

Play Ball

We have every article you need for the game

BALLS BATS MITS MASKS

All kinds of athletic goods

Biggest stock in town

Holland Drug Company

"The Living and Leading Druggists"

Phone 90 Phone 90

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder

Indispensable to best results—saves worry—saves work—saves money—saves health—saves complaints at table

Miss Kline was an Amarillo caller Monday.

Save money by trading at home. We need your business. Canyon Supply Co. It

Mrs. John Hudson was in Amarillo Monday to visit her mother Mrs. Hewins and daughter Byna Gamel who are going to spend the summer in Amarillo.

500 pounds of pure lard at 12¢ cents per pound. City Meat Market. It

H. E. Muldrow was in Amarillo on business Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. J. P. Greer of Missouri was in the city this week on business.

Count the "Indians" on the road. There's a reason. It

Rev. C. A. Clark, field secretary for the Methodist Orphans Home at Waco, preached Sunday at the Methodist church and took a collection for a new building soon to be erected.

Who deserves your business, Canyon or Amarillo merchants? Of the \$100,000.00 paid for the Normal in 1910 stockholders in the Canyon City Supply Co. gave \$18,000.00. Trade with us. We want your business. It

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Keiser returned Wednesday morning from Iowa.

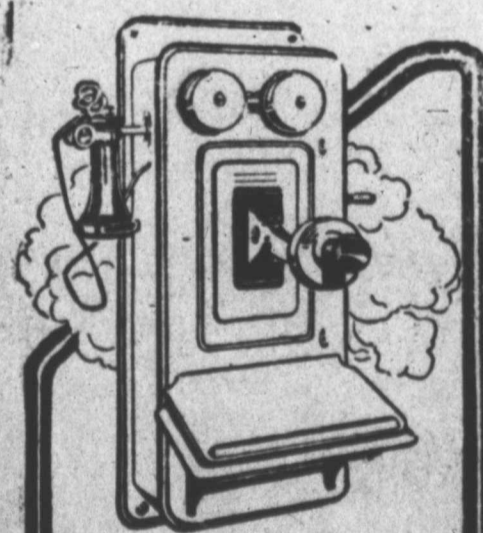
It is easy to clean furniture of dust with V-AVA.

Seeds

Have just been admitted to the mails on Parcel Post rates. Take advantage of the low rates and order your seed of the

ROSWELL SEED COMPANY
ROSWELL, NEW MEX.

The nearer home the cheaper postage



**THE
MODERN
WEATHER
PROPHET**

Recollect last spring when that late frost struck your orchards and produce? You'd have given a mint to have had fair warning.

A Rural Bell Telephone will summon help when frosts threaten, besides being profitable in countless other ways. Our nearest Manager will cheerfully furnish information or write to.

**THE
Southwestern
Telephone and
Telegraph Co.**
DALLAS - TEXAS



CAP and BELLS



DRANK POLLYWOGS AND ALL

Thirsty Father Imbided All the Inhabitants of Aquarium He Had Presented to Young Son.

One night last week papa got home late. There had been so many things to attend to at the office, and after that a customer from out of town arrived and—well, papa got home awfully late. He hated to disturb the family, so he camped in the dining-room. And in the morning, being thirsty, he arose, drank water and retired under the table again.

Then came his little son, the earliest to arise. Little son viewed the situation in the dining-room, then lifted up his voice and wept.

"What's the matter?" groaned papa.

"You've gone and drank up all the water in that glass aquarium you gave me for Christmas."

"Well, never mind that. You can put some fresh water in it, and it'll be all the better."

"Yes, but who's going to put fresh goldfish and pollywogs and mud turtles in it?"

Then papa sat up and took notice.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Other Way Round.

Mrs. Sourpate—When I gave you that solemn warning against marrying I said that some day you would regret it. That time will come, mark my words!

Mrs. Newed—The time has come. Mrs. Sourpate (gleefully)—I thought so. Then you regret your marriage?

Mrs. Newed—Or, no! I regret the warning you gave me. It kept me from marrying for nearly a year.—Puck.

No Occasion to "Call" Him.

A teacher in a school in a Yiddish section of New York was trying to find from a tiny boy the name of his father. He seemed quite unable to think of it, so to help him she asked: "What do you call him?"

"I call him 'father,'" was the reply.

"Well, what does your mother call him?" And the response, an eloquent comment on domestic relations in the neighborhood, was:

"She doesn't call him anything—she likes him."

Ominous Announcement.

"We'll have to get another advertising man," said the county fair manager.

"This one seems to be right energetic."

"Yes. But he's thoughtless. He shouldn't have taken it on himself to adopt grand opera methods. I don't know what this great aviator is going to think when he finds we have advertised his farewell appearance."

A Roland for an Oliver.

A young Baltimore man, who is quick to see a point and somewhat of a wit himself, walked into a shop the other day and asked for a comb.

"Do you want a narrow man's comb?" asked the attendant, all unconscious of his terms.

"No," said the customer, gravely; "I want a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."

STUNG.



"Gimme yer candy, Edwin, an' I'll tell you your character."

"All right, wot am I?"

"You're a sucker!"

In the Wrong Shop. Countryman (at the national gallery)—Why, them's the very same pictures I saw here the day before yesterday!

Attendant (dryly)—Quite likely. Countryman—Then that clerk at the hotel is an awful liar. He told me that the pictures was changed daily in all the leadin' picture houses.—London Opinion.

Students are cordily invited to loaf with us while up town. Canyon Supply Co. It

Rev. and Mrs. A. B. Haynes left Monday for Quanah to attend the Amarillo Presbytery. Mrs. Haynes will visit for two weeks with her parents before returning home.

Why go to Amarillo to spend your cash when you get the same merchandise cheaper at home on credit. Canyon Supply Co. It

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Park were Sunday visitors at the M. S. Park home near Amarillo.

Shipment of Oxfords and Pumps just in at the Supply Co. It

Grady Holland returned home Friday from Vernon but was called again Saturday by the death of his father-in-law. Mrs. Holland returned home with him Monday.

The Baptist Ladies Aid will hold a bake sale at Thompson Hardware store Saturday. Light lunch served all day. It

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Snook of Iowa visited from Saturday till Thursday with friends in the city.

Our auto contest closes April 25. The Leader. It

G. W. Avent returned Saturday from Hamilton where he had been on a three months business trip.

D. N. Redburn—Headquarters for bulk garden seeds. It

Joe Gentry of Cordell, Oklahoma visited in the city Tuesday.

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

Boys get busy. We are going to give that big fine auto away April 25 th. The Leader. It

Note to Correspondents.

The News is very sorry that for the past three weeks we have had to omit your good letters, but the extra rush of the Normal news has been all we could get into type.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. P. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

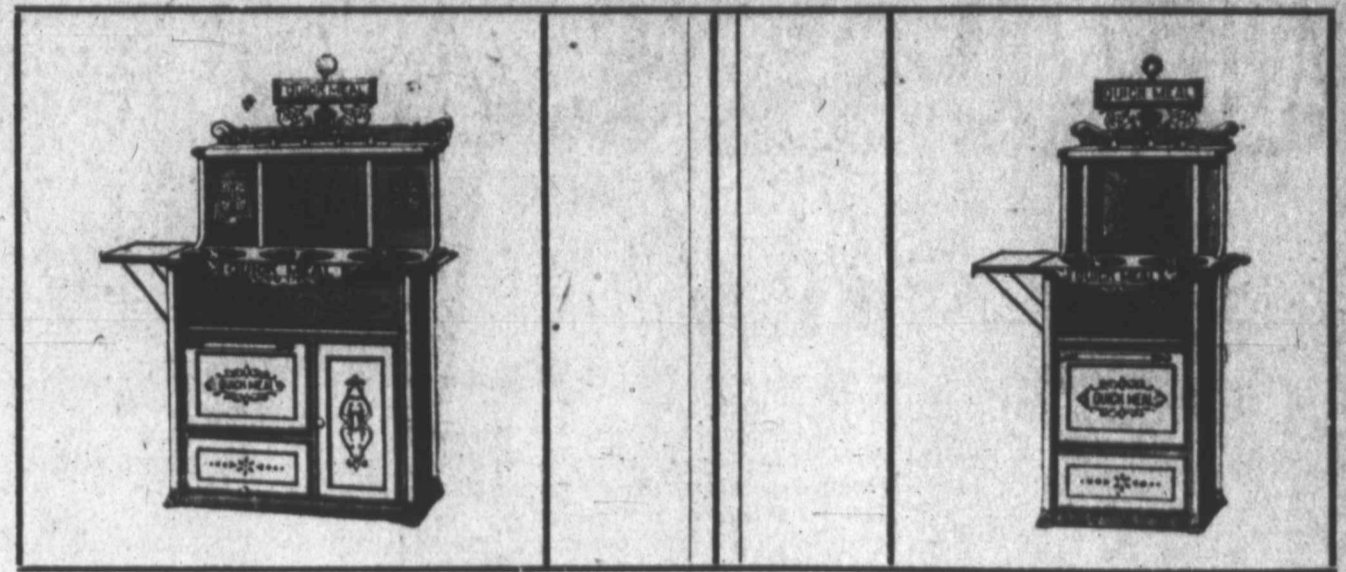
Will Plant Indian Corn.

J. O. Turner told the News man Friday that he would plant some Indian corn this year. He says that the last time he planted it—six years ago—he made 40 bushels to the acre.

The Baptist Ladies Aid will hold a bake sale at Thompson hardware store Saturday. Light lunch served all day. It

V-AVA at the News office.

Quick Meal Gasoline Ranges HAVE NO EQUAL



For cooking and baking in the summer time. Easy and safe to operate. Does not require generating when starting. Ready for use immediately when lighted. Will bake as perfectly as any range stove. Will bake and cook with less expense of fuel than any other stove on the market. We have a full stock on hand.

One of our customers bought a Quick Meal Range two years ago for \$32.50. She kept accurate account of what it cost to run a cook stove and found it was \$4.00 per month for coal, while the Quick Meal range cost only \$1.00 per month for gasoline. She uses the gasoline range exclusively for six months of the year, costing for fuel \$6.00. If she had used her coal stove all the time the cost of coal would have been \$24.00. She has saved in two years in fuel \$36.00. She has more than paid for the stove in two years through the saving of fuel AND THE STOVE IS JUST AS GOOD AS NEW. It will be a good stove for many years yet, and she has used it almost daily for quick hot fires during the winter time. GET ONE OF THESE STOVES THIS YEAR. You can do as well as this customer.

Thompson Hardware Company

Selecting Kafir Seed.

The American Steel & Wire Association of Texas is putting out posters regarding the selection of kafir seed which is of interest to every farmer of Randall county. The following points are made which are worthy of note:

Seed from kafir producing 15 bushels per acre tends to keep on producing 15 bushels per acre.

Seed from kafir fields producing 80 bushels per acre tends to keep on producing 80 bushels per acre.

Unless stalks are fairly uniform in height, with one high stalk or less for every hundred, do not use for seed.

Select plants where the stand is uniform and fairly thick, and the largest heads under these conditions.

Select not the largest head, but the largest possible head on the smallest stalk.

Select heads which show no tendency to "gooseneck."

Select heads from stalks having no branches at the "nodes," or joints.

Select heads from stalks having no suckers.

Select heads well out of the boot.

Buy your groceries from the Supply Co. They have the cleanest and freshest stock in town. It

Electrically equipped motorcycles, "The Indian." T. V. Reeves, Agent. It

The Last Days of Pompeii

At The

G. & L. THEATRE

Wed. April 15th

In a Five Reel Feature

Showing the Eruption of

"Vesuvius Complete Destruction of the City, Etc."

Don't Miss This Feature

One of the World's Greatest Productions.

Admission 10c and 20c

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE NEWS

FRAN

BY JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS

(COPYRIGHT 1912 BOBBS-MERRILL CO.)



SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the night at a camp meeting. She repairs thither in search of him, laughs during the service and is asked to leave. Abbott Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran tells Gregory she wants a home with him. Gregory's secretary must go, and Gregory takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory in agitation asks Grace to leave the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college and then deserted her. Fran is the child of that marriage. Gregory had married his present wife three years before the death of Fran's mother. Fran takes a liking to Mrs. Gregory. Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend who is dead. Fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her room. Fran begins nagging tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory home. Abbott, while taking a walk alone at midnight, learned of Fran's presence. Fran offers her services to Gregory as secretary during the temporary absence of Grace. The latter hearing of Fran's purpose, returns and interrupts a touching scene between father and daughter. Grace tells Gregory she intends to marry Clinton and quit his service. He declares that he cannot continue his work without her. Carried away by passion, he takes her in his arms. Fran walks in on them, and declares that Grace must leave the house at once. To Gregory's consternation he learns of Clinton's mission to Springfield. Clinton returns from Springfield and, at Fran's request, Ashton urges him not to disclose what he has learned. On Abbott's assurance that Grace will leave Gregory at once, Clinton agrees to keep silent. Driven into a corner by the threat of exposure, Gregory is forced to dismiss Grace.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"All! You can prove she's no fraud!"

"My pockets are full of proofs," Robert exclaimed, looking significantly at Gregory.

"Dear Fran!" murmured Mrs. Gregory with a sweet smile of reminiscence.

"Abbott," Mr. Gregory gasped, as he began to realize the compromise that was offered, "you have always been my friend—and you have been interested in my charities—you know how important my secretary is to my work. It is true that I did wrong, years ago—very wrong—it is true that I bitterly—what shall I say?—antagonized the interests at Springfield. But that was long ago. Am I to be punished now—"

"Mr. Gregory," said Abbott, clearly and forcibly, "I have nothing to do with any punishment, I have nothing to do with demanding the release of your secretary. I am a mere agent of the interests, sent to you to demand that your secretary be dismissed in the morning; and if you cannot see your way to promise me now that you will dismiss her, my office is ended. If you can promise to send her away, I give you my word the transactions shall be forever hushed up, so far as we are concerned. If you cannot promise, all will be revealed at once."

"In just ten minutes," said Robert Clinton, consulting his watch.

Grace stood looking at Gregory as if turned to stone. She had listened in-



"In Just Ten Minutes."

tently to every word as it fell from Abbott's lips, but not once had she turned her head to look at him.

"You are cruel," Gregory flared out, "you are heartless. If I send away the only one who is in perfect knowledge and sympathy with my work—"

"Then you refuse?"

"Of course I refuse. I'll not permit the work of years to perish because of an unreasonable and preposterous demand. You wouldn't exchange your position here for Bob's grocery, would you?"

"Yes—if you dismiss me," Grace answered, her eyes smoldering.

"Lacy"—Gregory was almost beside himself—"tell her she must stay—tell

these men we cannot go on with our work, without her."

Not for worlds would Mrs. Gregory have betrayed her eagerness for Grace to go, but for no consideration would she have asked her to stay. "Mr. Gregory," she responded, "I cannot conceive of your being in the power of business interests—to such an extent as to drive you to anything that seems like taking your heart's blood."

"I refuse!" cried Gregory, again.

"Of course I refuse."

"Very well," said Abbott, turning.

"But what are you going to do?" Gregory asked shrilly.

"I shall go now; my endeavor to straighten out things—or rather to keep everything peaceful and forgotten—comes to nothing, it seems. Good evening, Mrs. Gregory."

"But wait! Wait! Let us discuss this alone—"

"It is useless now, for the time has expired."

"That's right," Clinton confirmed, clicking to his watch.

"And all of it is going to be told? Everything?"

"Unless you will dismiss your secretary."

"But you insult Miss Grace to speak in that way. Good heavens, Abbott, what are you doing? How can you insult that—the best woman in the world?"

There was a moment's silence. Then Mrs. Gregory turned to her husband and said quietly, "If Miss Noir is the best woman in the world, you should be the last man in the world to say so."

He covered his face with his hands. "Everybody has turned against me," he complained. "I am the most miserable man on earth because for mere caprice, for mere spite, for no earthly good, it is the determination of people who have lost positions and the like, to drive me wild."

Robert Clinton thumped the keys of the piano with one hand.

"Why, hello, Mr. Bob!" cried Fran, dancing into the room. "So you're back, are you?" She shook hands breezily.

"Come back, Abbott, come back!" called Gregory, discovering that the young man was indeed going. "You know what I must do, if you drive me to the wall. I am obliged to do what you say. State the condition again if you have the courage to say it aloud."

"The past will be forgotten," said Abbott solemnly, "if you give your word that your secretary shall go in the morning."

"And you'll take me in her place," spoke up Fran decidedly.

"The time is up," said Clinton harshly. "It's too late now, for I shall tell—"

"I promise, I promise!" Gregory cried out, in an agony of fear. "I promise. Yes, I'll dismiss her. Yes, she shall go! Yes, let Fran have the place."

"Do I understand you to dismiss me, Mr. Gregory?" asked Grace, in a low concentrated tone, leaning slightly forward.

Fran turned on the lights to their fullest extent, and looked about with an elfish smile.

Hamilton Gregory was mute.

"I have your promise," said Abbott, bowing gravely. "That's enough."

"Yes," groaned Gregory, "but it is infamous."

Fran looked at Abbott inscrutably.

"Third time's the charm," she said in a whisper. "I'm proud of you this time, Abbott."

Grace turned with cold dignity, and moved slowly toward the hall door.

Fran slipped between Clinton and the piano, and began to play softly, carefully with one hand, while she watched the retreating figure.

In a very short time, Gregory found himself alone in the parlor. Abbott and Clinton had withdrawn rather awkwardly, Mrs. Gregory had melted away unobtrusively, and Fran, last of all, had given the piano a final bang, and darted out of the house.

Gregory stood pale and miserable. It seemed as if all the world had deserted him. The feature without Grace would be as dreary as now seemed his past with Fran's mother. He suffered horribly. Was suffering all that life had left for him? Perhaps he was reaping—but is there no end to the harvest? One sows in so brief a time; is the garnering eternal?

A bell rang, but he was not curious. Voices sounded at the front door, footsteps passed, then silence once more—silence and despair. Gregory went to the open window, and leaned heavily on the sill, taking great breaths, staring dully.

Footsteps were heard again. They were near by. They stopped at the door—they were here. Gregory started up with a low cry of reanimated

hope. Whatever happened—he was about to see Grace Noir once more.

CHAPTER XIX.

The First Victory.

When Grace re-entered the parlor to find Hamilton Gregory alone, her eyes were full of reproach without tenderness. As she came straight toward him; an open letter in her hand, his body grew erect, and his brown eyes, losing their glazed light, burned from the depths.

"Read it," Grace said, in a thin, brittle voice.

In taking the letter, Gregory touched her hand. With recaptured alertness, he held the missive to the light, and read:

"My Dear Miss Noir:

"This is to officially offer you the position of bookkeeper at my grocery store, now that Hamilton Gregory has decided to make Fran his secretary. Come over early in the morning and everything will be arranged to your satisfaction. I am,

ROBERT CLINTON."

Gregory looked up, and marked the fixedness of her gaze. It seemed



He Sank Upon His Knees and Caught Her Hand.

to call upon him to avenge an insult. He could only bluster, "Who brought this thing here?" He flung the note upon the table.

"A messenger," Grace's look did not waver.

"The impudence!" he exclaimed.

"The affront!"

"However," said Grace, "I presume it is final that I am dismissed?"

"But his unseemly haste in sending this note—it's infamous, that's what I call it, infamous!"

"And you mean to take Fran in my place, do you not?"

"You see," Gregory explained, "Bob Clinton came back to town this evening from Springfield, you understand, and Abbott came with him—and Mrs. Gregory was in the room so they could not speak exactly openly, and Abbott made the condition—I can hardly explain so delicate an affair of business—but you see, Bob is evidently very much in love with you, and he has it in his power to demand—"

Grace calmly waited for the other to lapse into uncertain silence, then said, "This note tells me definitely that I am offered another position, but you tell me nothing. It was I who sent Mr. Clinton to Springfield to look into the private record of that Fran."

"You see," Gregory explained, "he was afraid I might think it presumptuous of him to do that—it was like doubting my word, so he came to me—however, he is back and there is nothing to reveal, absolutely nothing to reveal."

"Is he sure that the girl is no impostor?"

"He knows she isn't. His pockets are full of proofs. I know you saw Bob on my account, Grace, but alas! Fran is a reality—she can't be dismissed."

"It seems I can be. But of course I am nothing."

"Grace, you are everything."

She laughed. "Everything! At the word of an Abbott Ashton, a disgraced school-teacher, you make me less than nothing!"

He cried out impetuously, "Shall I tell you why we must part?"

Grace returned with a somber look. "So Fran is to have my place!"

Gregory interposed passionately, "It is because I love you."

"So Fran is to be your secretary!" she persisted.

"Grace, you have read my heart, I have read yours; we thought we could associate in safety, after that—but I am weak. You never come into the room that I am not thrilled with rapture. Life hasn't any brightness for me except your presence. What can I do but protect you?"

"Mr. Gregory, Fran hasn't any interest in your work."

"I love you, Grace—I adore you. Beautiful darling—don't you see you must go away because you are so inexpressibly precious to me? That's why I mustn't have you under my roof." He sank upon his knees and caught her hand. "See me at your feet—should this thing be?"

Grace coldly withdrew her hand.

"In spite of all you say, you have engaged Fran in my place."

"No one can take your place, dear. Grace's voice suddenly vibrated; "You tell me you love me, yet you agree to hire that woman, in my place—the woman I hate, I tell you; yes, the spy, the enemy of this home."

"Yes, Grace, I do tell you that I love you—would I be kneeling here worshipping you, otherwise? And what is more, you know that you love me—you know it. That's why I must send you away."

"Then send Fran away, when you send me away."

"Oh, my God, if I could!" he exclaimed, starting up wildly. "But you see, it's impossible. I can't do that, and I can't help you."

"Why is it impossible? Must you treat better the daughter of an old college friend, than the woman you say you love? What are those mysterious Springfield interests?"

"And you are the woman who loves me!" Gregory interrupted quickly. "Say it, Grace! Tell me you love me before you go away—just those three words before I sink back into my lonely despair. We will never be alone together in this life—tell me, then, that you love me—let me hear those words from your beautiful lips—"

"It makes me laugh!" Grace cried out in wrath that could not be controlled, "to hear you speak of love in one breath and of Fran in the next. Maybe some day you'll speak both in the same breath! Yes, I will go and you can hire Fran."

"But won't you tell me goodbye?" he pleaded. "As soon as I have become complete master of my love for you, Fran shall be sent unceremoniously about her business. I fancy Abbott Ashton wants to marry her—let him take her away. Then she will be gone. Then my—er—duty—to friendship will be fulfilled. And if you will come back again then, we might be happy together, after all."

She stamped her foot violently. "This need not be, and you know it. You speak of being master of your self. What do you mean? I already know you love me. What is there to hide?"

"But others would see. Others would suspect. Others would betray. Good heavens, Grace, all my life has been made horribly miserable because I've always had to be considering what others would think and do!"

"Betray? What is there to betray? Nothing. You are what you have always been, and so am I. We didn't commit a crime in speaking the truth for once—you are sending me away forever, and yet you try to temporize

on this eternity. Well—keep your Fran! It's fortunate for me that I have one friend." She snatched up the open letter, and hurried toward the door.

"Grace!" Gregory followed her imploringly, "not Bob Clinton! Hear me, Grace. If you ever marry that man, I shall kill myself."

She laughed scornfully as she snatched open the door.

"Yes!" exclaimed the other, her voice trembling with concentrated anger, "let that be the last word between us, for it is that, and that only which separates us. Yes—that Fran!"

CHAPTER XX.

The Enemy Triumphant.

Old Mrs. Jefferson would long ago have struck a blow against Grace Noir had she not recognized the fact that when one like Grace wears the helmet of beauty and breastplate of youth, the darts of the very angles of justice, who are neither beautiful nor young, are turned aside. Helplessly Mrs. Jefferson had watched and waited and now, behold! there was no more Dragon. Fran had said she would do it—nothing could have exceeded the confidence of the old lady to the new secretary.

Mrs. Gregory's sense of relief was not so profound as her mother's, because she could not think of Grace's absence except as a reprieve. Surely she would return—but the present was to be placidly enjoyed. Grace was gone. Mrs. Gregory's smile once more reminded Fran of the other's half-forgotten youth. When a board has lain too long on the ground, one finds, on its removal, that the grass is withered; all the same, the grass feels the sunshine.

Fran thanked herself that Grace was no longer silhouetted against the horizon, and Gregory, remarking this attitude of self-congratulation, was thrown more than ever out of sympathy with his daughter. Fran was indefatigable in her duties as secretary, but her father felt that it was not the same. She could turn out an immense amount of work because she was strong and playing for high stakes—but she did not have Grace's methodical ways—one never knew how Fran would do anything, only that she would do it. Grace was all method, but more than that she was as Gregory phrased it to himself—she was all Grace.

Gregory missed her every minute of the day, and the harder Fran tried to fill her place, the more he resented it. Fran was separated from his sympathies by the chasm in his own soul.

The time came when Gregory felt that he must see Grace again and be alone with her. At first, he had thought they must not meet apart from the world; but by the end of the week, he was wondering what excuse he could offer to induce her to meet him—not at Miss Sapphira's, where she now boarded, not at the grocery where Bob was always hovering about—but somewhere remote, somewhere safe, where they might talk about—but he had no idea of the conversation that might ensue; there was nothing definite in anything save his fixed thought of being with her. As to any harm, there could be none. He had so long regarded Grace as the best woman in the world, that even after the day of kisses, his mind continued in its inertia of faith—even the gravitation of material facts was unable to check its sublime course.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HISTORIC SPOT IS UNMARKED

Location of Nation's First White House, in Philadelphia, Known, but That is All.

Excepting for a few months, Washington lived in Philadelphia during his entire administrations as president of the United States, and John Adams did likewise during his term. There was no White House, but a brick house, and, as quite generally known, it stood on the south side of Market street between Fifth and Sixth streets. The house itself long since disappeared, and it seems strange that Philadelphia has never taken the trouble to make in a suitable way the spot where the nation's executive mansion stood when occupied by the Father of His Country.

When Washington came to Philadelphia to attend the continental congress before taking command of the army, he lived in the smallest boarding house in the city. It was kept by Mrs. Trist, at the southwest corner

of Fifth and Market streets. But while more-fashionable, the house has been far less famous than the more modest one, two blocks farther west, at the southwest corner of Seventh and Market streets. It was in the latter that Jefferson boarded, and on the second floor, corner room, in which he wrote the Declaration of Independence.

According to John Adams, who could have qualified as chief gossip at any quizzing party, Philadelphia was then away ahead of Boston and New York as a fashionable center. The great patriot told his impressions in those voluminous letters to his wife. He was quite awed by the local splendor.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Work for Men and Women.

After all, you know, there is room for both men and women in this world. Men have their work to do and women have theirs. It is the woman's work to provide for the inner man and it is the man's to provide for the outer woman.

GAMBLER'S PARADISE

Writer Classifies Votaries of Casino at Monte Carlo.

Puts Them into Three Classes, the System Players, Hazy Players and Punters, the Latter Largely Predominating.

Monte Carlo—It seems to me that people who put their money on the green baize at the Casino of Monte Carlo fall into three categories, says Valentine Williams in New York Press. There are system players, the hazy players who come in for an hour or two and who know enough about the intricacies of the game to systematize their play to some extent, and, lastly, the punters.

One sees so many of the last class. They hover about from table to table, risking a louis here and a louis there, getting more and more crestfallen as their pockets empty, then, their last louis gone, making a resolute bolt for the door.

A caricaturist would find it well worth his while to make some sketches of "Les Sorties du Casino." The whole gamut of the human emotions is to be seen depicted on the faces of the people emerging from the swing doors into the brilliant Riviera sunshine.

The real picturesqueness of gaming at Monte Carlo, however, I have found in the luxurious establishment whither it is the chic thing to proceed after the Casino is closed. Here are the rich furniture, the elegant surroundings, the beautiful frocks, the hectic atmosphere bred of high stakes, to meet the demand of the most blasé of rakes as a setting for his "Progress."

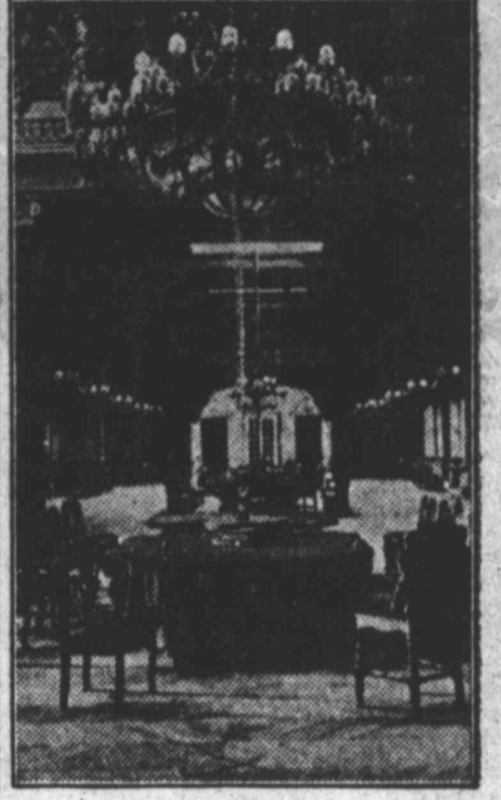
The voice raised above a whisper is silenced by reproachful glances, piles of golden louis, of large hundred-franc gold pieces or flat green, hundred-franc counters and wads of pinkish-blue bank notes are scattered over the smooth green baize, and there is a grim intensity about the proceedings which acts like a tonic on jaded nerves.

The croupiers are majestic and dignified, the waiters soft-footed and discreet in their movements; the band in

the adjoining supper-room is pianissimo. The men are all in evening clothes, the women in décolleté, and I doubt if the bank could pay for even one or two of the necklaces that glitter on the necks of some of the women around the table.

There is one human emotion which gamblers seem to banish. That is mirth. As the light in the Casino rooms is artificial, so is the atmosphere. People do not laugh much.

It is the contrast between the artificial atmosphere within the Casino and the natural beauty of its surroundings without that constitutes the charm of Monte Carlo—a charm that deadens the pain of many of the wounds inflicted by the spinning roulette wheel.



Roulette Room, Monte Carlo.

the adjoining supper-room is pianissimo. The men are all in evening clothes, the women in décolleté, and I doubt if the bank could pay for even one or two of the necklaces that glitter on the necks of some of the women around the table.

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"SKEETER" WAR IS ASSURED

New Jersey Commissioners Organize the Mosquito Extermination Association.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Permanent organization of all the counties in New Jersey under the head of New Jersey Mosquito Extermination association was effected by the members of the mosquito commissions of each county created under a legislative act. Ralph Hunt of East Orange was elected president. Dr. Joseph O'Connell, health officer of the port of New York, and Dr. W. E. Barton, Connecticut state entomologist, reviewed the work and possibilities of mosquito extermination in territory under their jurisdiction.

Churches Must Care for Poor.

Chicago.—Addressing a meeting in the interest of the ousting of saloons, Rev. A. J. Francis said: "Until the churches take in the thousands of homeless, hungry, jobless men that throng our streets, it ill behooves us to say the saloon must go."

\$4,000 for Washington's Pistol.

New York.—A pair of pistols carried by George Washington throughout the revolution were sold to K. H. Litchfield for \$4,000 by the Nerwin Sales company.

**Important to all Women
Readers of this Paper.**

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer a great deal with pain in the back, bearing-down feelings, head-ache and loss of ambition. Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be despondent; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

A good kidney medicine, possessing real healing and curative value, should be a blessing to thousands of nervous, over-worked women.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy will do for them. Every reader of this paper, who has not already tried it, by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottle at all drug stores.

(Advertisement)

Notice of Sheriffs 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, on the 3rd day of April A. D. 1914, by the clerk of said court, for the sum of Three Thousand, One hundred thirty five and 77/100 (\$3135.77), and costs of Suit, under a Judgment rendered on the 24th day of February A. D. 1914, in a certain cause of said court, No. 732, and styled Lon D. Marrs vs. F. R. Cook, et al, and placed in my hands for service, I, Worth A. Jennings as Sheriff of Randall County, Texas, did on the 6th day of April A. D. 1914, levy on certain Real Estate situated in Randall County, Texas, described as follows to-wit:

The South one half (1-2), of Survey No. Eighty One (81), in Block M-6, Certificate No. 183, Stone Kyle & Kyle land, situated in Randall County, Texas, about twelve miles south from the center of said county, and containing 320 acres, more or less.

And levied upon as the property of F. R. Cook, Frank L. Casky and Florence E. Casky, and on the first Tuesday in May 1914, the same being the 5th day of said month, at the Court House door, of Randall county, in the City of Canyon, Texas, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock 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 F. R. Cook, Frank L. Casky and Florence E. Casky.

Witness my hand, this 7th day of April A. D. 1914.

Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff Randall County, Texas. 313
By T. V. Reeves, Deputy.

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)



Annual Convention of Panhandle Press Association, Amarillo, Apr. 10-11, limit April 11. Fare and one-third for round trip.

Texas State Dental association, Ft. Worth, April 13-17. Fare and one-third for round trip. Tickets on sale April 11-12, limit April 19.

Woman's Missionary Council M. E. church South, Ft. Worth Apr. 8-16. Fare and one-third for round trip. Tickets on sale Apr. 7-8-9-11-12, limit April 17.

Democratic State convention, Ft. Worth, April 14. Fare and one-third for round trip. Tickets on sale April 12-13, limit April 17.

One way second class colonista excursion to the west and north-west on sale March 15 to April 15 Fare approximately \$30.

**R. McGee, Agt.
P. & N. T. Ry. Co.**

Seniors Win Meet.

A field meet of the different classes of the Normal was held on the athletic field Monday afternoon, which was won by the senior class. The idea of the meet was to get a line of the strongest men in the school for the different events in order to choose the team which will represent the school in the Panhandle Track Meet to be held in this city April 21.

Invitations have been sent to every school in the Panhandle to send teams for the meet and it is very likely that there will be a large number of entries.

The Normal baseball team will play Lowrey Phillips here Saturday if the weather is favorable. The games with Plainview were called off last week owing to the rain.

County Court Monday.

The regular term of the county court will convene next Monday at the court house. There are only a few cases on the docket. An agreement has been reached to continue the trial of Mrs. V. Edna Henson, charged with practicing medicine without a licence, until the next term of court.

Hauling Contract.

I will let contract for hauling for the Normal School on April 14. See me for specifications.
R. B. Cousins,
President.

Rev. F. M. Neal is in Miami this week conducting a union meeting of the churches of that city.

Sheriff's Sale.

The state of Texas, county of Randall: Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a order of sale issued out of the honorable District court of Randall county, on the 27th day of March 1914, by the Clerk of said court for the sum of Six Thousand Seven Hundred Sixty Six and 10/100 Dollars and costs of suit under a Judgment, in favor of H. B. Ayres in a certain cause in said court, No. 746 and styled H. B. Ayres vs. Wilhelm Erdmann et al and placed in my hands for service, I, Worth A. Jennings as Sheriff of Randall county, Texas, did on the 28th day of March 1914, levy on certain Real Estate, situated in Randall county, Texas, described as follows, to-wit:

Survey No. one hundred and five, Block B-5, Certificate No. 15-5022, H. & G. N. R. R. Co. land, containing 640 acres, more or less, in Randall County, Texas, and situated about six miles in a southwesterly direction from the town of Canyon, the County Seat of said Randall County.

And levied upon as the property of Wilhelm Erdmann, B. E. J. Peacock, Richard C. Peacock and the First National Bank of Canyon, Texas, and that on the first Tuesday in May 1914, the same being the 5th day of said month, at the court house door, of Randall county, in the town of Canyon, Texas, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 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 Wilhelm Erdmann, B. E. J. Peacock, Richard C. Peacock and the First National Bank of Canyon, Texas.

Witness my hand, this 28th day of March 1914.
Worth A. Jennings,
Sheriff Randall county, Texas. 313

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, on the 28th day of March, A. D. 1914, by the Clerk of said court for the sum of Five Thousand, Seven Hundred and Twenty-five Dollars, with 7 per cent interest from the 9th day of March, A. D. 1914, and costs of suit, under a judgment in favor of Sarah J. Hewitt, joined by her husband R. R. Hewitt, in a certain cause in said court, No. 748, and styled Sarah J. Hewitt et al vs. Anna P. Taylor et al:

And whereas, in said judgment a second lien was established against the land described herein below, for two notes, one for Six Hundred dollars, the other for Two Thousand dollars, executed by Anna P. Taylor and Price Taylor, January 30, 1913, said notes being owned by Newt Reeves, George Reynolds and Smith & Monroe;

And, placed in my hands for service, I, Worth A. Jennings, as Sheriff of Randall County, Texas, did on the 27th day of March, A. D. 1914, levy on certain Real Estate, situated in Randall County, Texas, described as follows, to-wit:

All of School Section No. Thirty-six (36), Block No. One (4), located by virtue of Certificate No. Sixty-six (66) issued to the Tyler Tap-Rs. Co. containing 640 acres, situated about four miles north of Canyon City, in Randall County, and levied on as the property of Anna P. Taylor and Price Taylor, and on the first Tuesday in May, A. D. 1914, the same being the 5th 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. and 4 P. M., by virtue of 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 Anna P. Taylor and Price Taylor.

Witness my hand, this 27th day of March, 1914.
Worth A. Jennings,
Sheriff Randall County, Texas. 313

DECIDE YOURSELF

The Opportunity is Here, Backed By Canyon Testimony.

Don't take our word for it. Don't depend on a stranger's statement.

Read Canyon endorsement. Read the statements of Canyon citizens.

And decide for yourself. Here is one case of it.

G. R. Turner, Canyon, Texas, says: "I am quite free from lumbago and every sign of kidney trouble since I used Doan's Kidney Pills. I procured this remedy at Thompson's Drug Store, (now Holland Drug Co.), and heartily recommend it."

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

Tilson for the Legislature.

In this issue of the News Capt. T. S. Tilson of Plainview announces his candidacy for representative from the 123rd district. Mr. Tilson will soon visit Canyon to discuss the issues of the campaign. The following from the Plainview News will introduce Capt. Tilson to the Randall county voters:

Capt. Tilson has been a citizen of Texas for forty years and of the Plains country for the past twelve years. He has been all this time and is now a farmer and stockraiser, and in every effort to promote the agricultural interests of the people of the Plains he has been a leading factor. He has the interests of the farmers and stockmen at heart, and as this district is essentially an agricultural district there is no man in the district that is better able to represent them in the Halls of the legislature. He has had experience as a legislator having served as a member from Hunt county in the eighteenth and twenty second legislatures. He is a close student of political affairs and is a real progressive democrat.

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

Publisher's Statement of Ownership.

As required by law, the News makes the following report to the Third Assistant Postmaster General, Washington, D. C., regarding its ownership:

Editor, Business Manager, Managing Editor, C. W. Warwick, Canyon, Texas.

Publisher, Randall County News, Canyon Texas.

Owners:
C. O. Keiser,
Mrs. Daniel L. Keiser,
Oscar Hunt,
C. W. Warwick.

Known bondholders, mortgages and other security holders: None.

(Signed) C. W. Warwick,
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day March 1914.

(Seal) D. A. Park.

Notary Public for Randall County, Texas.

(My commission expires June, 1915.)

Elders and Deacons Installed.

The installation services of the elders and deacons of the Presbyterian church was held Sunday morning. The following were installed as elders: W. F. Heller, J. W. Reid, T. C. Thompson, T. C. Word, J. M. Black and E. F. King. The following were the deacons installed: F. E. Chamberlain, W. G. Word, and Joe Black.

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. 2c.

Piano Contest Closed

We wish to thank our many friends who have patronized us during this contest. We also wish to thank the contestants who have assisted us and we especially want to thank you for your honesty and your fair dealing during the contest.

We hope that each and every one feels like they have had fair treatment and that you will still be as loyal a customer as you have been in the past. Our motto will still remain as it always has been: A Fair and Square Deal to One and All.

THE LEADER

JOE & JIM

Farmers' Business

We give particular attention to the business of farmers.

A checking account with a bank is a convenience no farmer should be without.

Our savings department is another excellent feature, affording, as it does, the privilege of withdrawals, together with the advantage of interest on your funds.

Our commodious offices always at the disposal of our customers.

We cordially invite the farmers to make this their Banking Home.

The First National Bank of Canyon

Capital : : \$100,000
Surplus : : \$ 10,000

A NEW BUILDING For The West Texas State Normal College.

Every man, woman and child in Randall and other counties is interested in a new building. Therefore, you wish to keep posted as to the progress being made by the officials in whose hands the matter is entrusted. The Randall County News will tell you each week how the matter stands.

75 CENTS

will bring you the News until January 1, 1915. This offer is good for NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY. Renewals not accepted at this price.

POLITICAL YEAR

This is also political year in Texas. Keep up with the local and state campaign through the News.

This exceedingly low offer is made for ONLY ONE WEEK. Send in your money at once and get started with the next issue.

Randall County News

CANYON, TEXAS

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AMONG the GLACIERS BY E. W. PICKARD

By some it is called the "Switzerland of America." True, it has the majestic, snow-topped mountains crowded closely together, the glittering little lakes lying cupped between the heights, and the magnificent forests of pine and fir. But not, as in Switzerland, are there towns and hamlets and scattered cottages; the visitor must gain the summits afoot or on horseback, without the aid of "funicular" or cog railway; over and through and about it there are not the immense swarms of "trippers" that infest the old world country; hordes of guides do not dog your footsteps, and ravenous hotelkeepers are not found at every turn.

Others have dubbed it "Uncle Sam's Newest Playground," and so it is, but it will not be that very long. So some writer with a vivid imagination must find a new name for the Glacier National Park.

About 14,000 persons visited Glacier park last summer, and in the coming season it is probable fully twice as many will view its beauties and wonders. Although as a national park it is only three years old, its name is already familiar in this country because of the extensive advertising it has received and of the enthusiastic accounts of those who have seen it; and it seems destined to become one of the most popular regions for persons who like to spend their holidays in a somewhat unconventional way and at moderate expense.

Occupying 1,400 square miles near the northwest corner of Montana, Glacier park is right in the heart of the Rockies and in the matter of mountain scenery it yields to no place. Dozens of magnificent peaks crowd the landscape, some towering to heights of more than 10,000 feet. On the upper slopes of many of them shine the glaciers that give the park its name, and from these everlasting beds of snow and ice are born scores of torrents that dash down the mountain sides and hurl themselves over tremendous cliffs. Scattered all about among the mountains are deep lakes that lie like burnished mirrors in the calm of a sunny day or are lashed into black rage when the storm sweeps down on them from the heights.

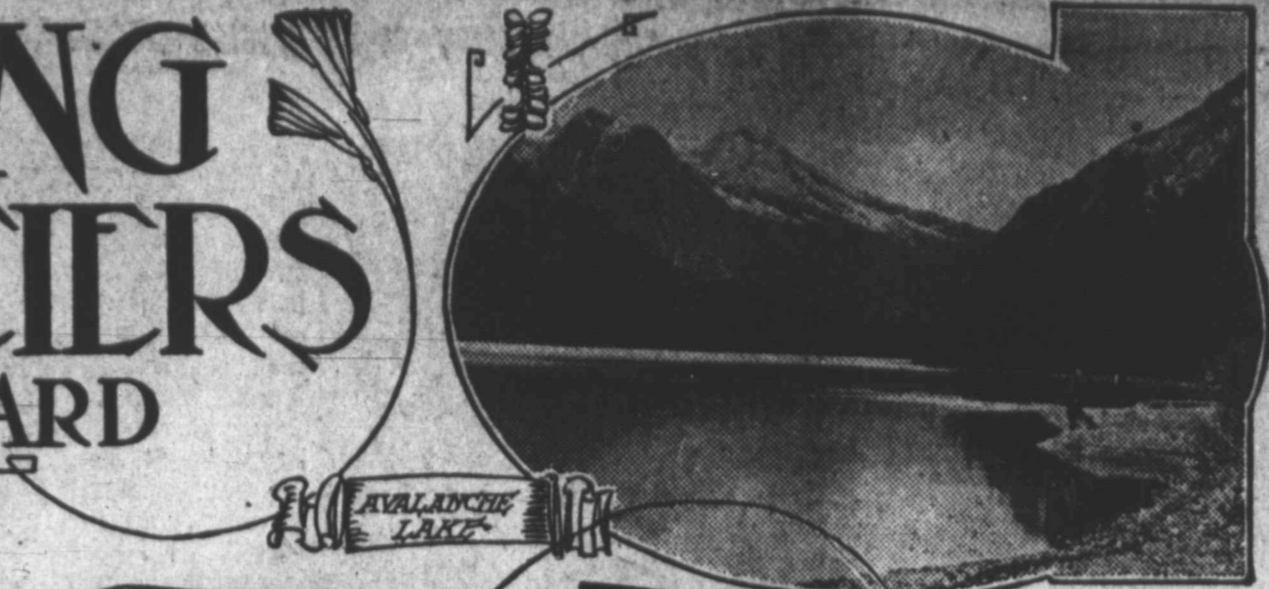
Perilous passes, steep and rocky climbs, slippery scrambles across glaciers and miles of dense forest are there for those who like the more strenuous life. For the others there are automobile, coach, launch and horseback trips, rest and recreation in an excellent hotel and delightful "chalet camps," and always mellow days and cool nights.

If one wishes to get away from hotel life entirely he can have camping trips in the wilderness, and it is really wilderness, in which he can wander for weeks without seeing a human habitation. Big game is there in abundance—bears, mountain sheep, mountain goats and various kinds of "varmints"—but of course it is strictly protected by Uncle Sam. But fish are there, too, especially trout, and the visitor is free to catch them if he can. Adding their own touch of picturesqueness are the Indians of the Blackfoot tribe, whose home is in the reservation immediately east of the park.

The usual entrance to the park is at its southeast corner where, at Glacier Park station, is one of the most remarkable and attractive hotels in the country. The main building is constructed largely of immense logs from Washington and Oregon and the spacious lobby is flanked by these natural pillars which tower three stories to the roof. Enormous fireplaces, scores of pelts of wild animals and the heads of buffalo and deer add to the attractions; and more comfort and better food cannot be obtained in metropolitan hotels. Tourists, guides and Indians mingle here, and formality is discarded.

I haven't the slightest intention of writing a guidebook to the Glacier National Park, but I do wish to tell of some of its wonders and beauties that can be seen in a visit of a few days. So first let's climb into this big touring car and go to Lake St. Mary. Our chauffeur is a "breed," capable, courteous and well educated, who knows the country as you know your back yard. For some 20 miles our route lies through the Indian reservation and we skim along the boulevard road across sweeps of prairie, up hills and along the edges of precipices, now dipping down into lovely valleys, now crossing rushing streams, with the mountains ever growing more imposing and more fascinating. Twisting up a long climb and swinging to the west, we come to the continental watershed near Triple Divide, mountain. Thence the waters flow on one side to Hudson bay, on another to the Pacific and on the third to the Mississippi valley and the gulf. "This is truly the roof of the continent. Now for 16 miles the road runs through the great pine forests and winds gradually downward, on the slopes of the mountain, until with a loud honking our motor car draws up beside the charming log chalets of St. Mary camp that cling to the steep shores of the lake, whose waters sparkle and ripple under the midday sun. Dinner awaits in the biggest chalet—plain food, well cooked and plentiful, served by attractive waitresses. It is eaten with a relish and without formalities, and then, after a few minutes in the "recreation" chalet with its player piano and dance floor, we all pile aboard a powerful gasoline launch and head up the lake for Going-to-the-Sun camp.

On the right stretches the long ridge of Single Shot mountain, and on the left rise Citadel, Almost-a-Dog (lovely name) and other fine peaks. But our eyes are fixed forward to where Going-to-the-Sun mountain rears its magnificent snow-topped head. It is one of the most picturesque mountains in America, and hanging near its summit is a large glacier whose stream, falling headlong, is constantly blown upward into spray by the never ceasing winds. From the camp, built high on a promontory that projects far into the



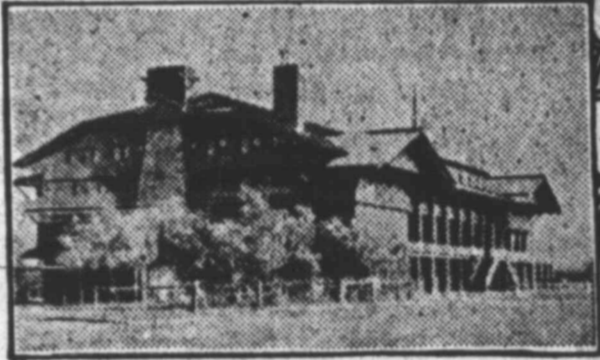
HAZARDOUS LAKE



FISHING ON HORSEBACK



MANY-GLACIER CAMP



GLACIER PARK HOTEL



GOING TO THE SUN MOUNTAIN

lake, the view of this mountain, of Blackfoot glacier, of Citadel, Reynolds, and Fusillade mountains and of the heights about Gunsight pass far beyond is most impressive.

While we linger here marveling at the "upside down" waterfall, the vivid colors of the mountains, and the ice-green lake spread at our feet, the sharp peak of Fusillade is veiled by clouds that pour swiftly over and about the nearer heights, and away up there a snowstorm is raging. For us it is rain, however, and driven to shelter, we crowd into the cabin of the launch and hustle back to St. Mary camp.

From St. Mary camp the automobile road has just been extended some 20 miles to Many-Glacier camp on Lake McDermott. This place, in itself fine enough, is the headquarters from which we make short trips to some of the park's greatest attractions—Morning Eagle falls, Cataract creek, Swift Current pass and, most wonderful of all, Iceberg lake. This little body of exquisitely blue water is almost wholly surrounded by serrated, splintered ridges that tower 3,000 feet above its surface. On a kind of shelf lies what is left of the ancient glacier that scooped out this basin ages ago, and from its edges icebergs, large and small, are continually breaking off to go floating lazily about in the lake. Iceberg lake is the habitat of the polar trout discovered by Hoke-Smith, who says they have fur instead of scales.

Now back to the Glacier Park hotel for mail and a little rest, for we are seeing the park in a lazy, leisurely fashion. And what next? Well, suppose we give at least one day to Two Medicine lake, a region that for sheer beauty can hold its own with any in the park. The trip is made by stage in about three hours, and on the way up the lovely valley we tie up the horses and are led through the forest to the Trick falls. Here in high water times Two Medicine river plunges over the edge of a mass of rocks down among huge boulders; but in the dry season it drops into a hole above and emerges more quietly through a cavern in the rocky wall. The mountain that especially dominates Two Medicine lake is Rising Wolf, and it is almost as handsome as Going-to-the-Sun. Here, too, is another of those delightful chalet camps, and what with the view, the food and the air, it is hard to tear one's self away from it.

If there are any real fishermen in our party the best thing they can do is to go to St. Mary's camp again, and from there by trail to Red Eagle lake, three hours distant. This beautiful green lake, only a mile long and half a mile wide, is from 200 to 500 feet deep, and fairly swarms with cut-throat trout, while in the streams that flow into and out of it the Dolly Varden trout is found in great numbers. These fish are good fighters and the angler who gets one on his hook and undertakes to yank it from its ice-cold home has a task that delights his soul. Since there is a stretch of shallow water in front of the camp, the fisherman often rides out on horseback to deeper water and there, still astride his steed, casts for the trout. The first time you sit on a horse and try to land a ten-pound cut-throat you will forget there is anything else on earth except that little lake surrounded by a dozen magnificent mountains, that horse and that trout.

Being still somewhat averse to strenuous exercise, we are now going to board the train at Glacier Park station and ride luxuriously over the continental divide, in itself a trip well worth tak-

ing. Alighting at the village of Belton, we have a delicious meal in the Great Northern's pretty Swiss chalet hotel and climb aboard a stage coach for the ride to Lake McDonald. For an hour we travel a boulevard cut through a dense forest of pine, spruce and balsam, and then, where a group of cottages are clustered on its shore, the lake opens out before us. This 11-mile stretch of water is so beautiful, in setting and color, that no words are adequate to describe it. Lake McDonald was a popular resort long before the national park was established, and there are several hotels and camps about its northern end. To one of these, the Glacier hotel, we are taken by launch to be greeted cordially by its proprietor, J. E. Lewis, who for years has been taking care of fishermen and other folk who wanted to spend a week or a summer in the open. So near that it seems but a moment's walk from the shore, the mountains of the park tower to the skies, casting their jagged reflections in the still waters of the lake. A ten-mile ride through the forest that clothes their lower slopes brings us to Avalanche lake. Pea green in color, reflecting the spruce and pine and hemlock that crowd to its very edge, it lies like a precious gem in a deep basin that is a veritable mountain garden. At one end the rock wall rises almost perpendicularly for 6,000 feet, and over its edge and down its face dash four torrents discharged from Sperry glacier, two miles away.

Not very easy of access, but wonderfully impressive when you get to it after some five hours of climbing, is Sperry glacier. Just a great field of ice and snow, about three miles in extent and of unknown depth, it lies glittering and sparkling under the midsummer sun. Crevasses cross its expanse here and there, and the tourist must be exceedingly careful if he ventures out on its surface. Indeed, the authorities do not permit this, unless with guides and ropes, on any of the glaciers in the park. The wind is always high up there, and snow and rock slides are frequent.

The mountains and glaciers and lakes and passes we have seen are only a few of the wonders of this wonderful park—only a few, indeed, of that part that is open to ordinary sight-seers. Almost half of the park, the northern part, is known to few except forest rangers, guides, Indians and some scientists. Doubtless before many years the whole region will be opened up, and the remarkably satisfactory system of camps established by the Great Northern Railway company will be extended to the Canadian border. Within the last year these accommodations have been enlarged greatly to meet the demands of the rapidly increasing stream of visitors.

One more thing must be said for Glacier National Park: It is a pleasure ground for the people, not for the millionaire. No fine clothes, no expensive luxuries there. All charges are regulated by the government, and it is the ambition of Louis Hill, chairman of the board of directors of the Great Northern, to keep the necessary expenses of visitors down to the minimum. Glacier park is his hobby and his pride, and he is as familiar with its trails and passes as are the guides and the Indians. Of course, tourist travel to the park helps his railway, and at some time in the far future the company may begin to break even on its lavish expenditure of money to make things comfortable for those who go all the way to Montana to see the Switzerland of America—I haven't yet devised a better name for it.

There is No Feeling More Gratifying Than to Know You Can Get

What You Want
When You Want It
At the Right Price

You Can Enjoy That Feeling by Giving
US Your Business

Canyon Lumber Co.

The House of Quality and Courteous Treatment

Use Electric Light
Everywhere

Why not have a light placed on your front and back porch or under the eaves of the house? It is useful when you do the chores after dark. Let us wire your barn or put a light just outside of it.

At this time of year people naturally use two or three times as much light as in the summer. Often, however, it will be found that much current is being consumed unnecessarily. We sell three sizes of lamp at forty-five cents. The larger size is good for a reading lamp where several people are congregated, but furnishes more light than most people require for other places. If your current consumption is greater than you like you can often greatly decrease it by using a smaller size lamp in many places and without sacrificing any needed light. It does not pay to use a lamp so dim as to strain the eyes. Use Mazda lamps to get the best light at the least cost.

Canyon Power Co.

Office in First National Bank.

INSURANCE

Fire, Tornado, Hail, Automobile,

Burglar, Plate Glass, Bonds, Life,

Health, Accident.

None but the best companies, repre-

sented.

J. E. Winkleman

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, Mgr.

N. J. Secrest, Gen. Agt.

Salesmen—Roy Terrell, Jeff Pippin, Jim Celsor.

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

Subscribe for The News

OPEN LETTER TO THE NEWSPAPERS

The following statement, prepared by Prof. J. A. Hill, is being sent to each newspaper in the Panhandle regarding the condition of the Normal College:

In response to numerous and varied inquiries from all parts of Texas, and particularly from West Texas, concerning the present and future work and plans of the West Texas State Normal College, whose main building was destroyed by fire on March 25, the following letter is given to the public.

A conservative estimate of the loss from the fire is \$225,000. There was \$80,000 insurance on the building and \$20,000 on the furniture. It is practically certain now that the entire \$100,000 will be paid. The estimated value of property saved, consisting of books, scientific apparatus, desks, chairs, etc., is \$5,000.

While the fire was the hottest the faculty met and took initial steps toward the continuation of the year's work, and in less than twenty-four hours after the building was destroyed, classes were meeting as usual in quarters provided in the Court House, in the churches and in a few vacant business houses. The property which was saved was brought into immediate use, and orders are being placed as rapidly as possible for all necessary additional equipment. The institution was fortunate in having to its credit a few thousand dollars from the last legislative appropriation. To this amount the students have added a \$2 book fee each, and the Alumni have undertaken to raise \$500, and the public school children and teachers of Hartley have made a small but generous donation. With these resources the school will not seriously suffer for lack of equipment.

Perhaps the most gratifying thing about the situation is the unflinching loyalty of the students and Alumni. Not one student has left on account of the fire, and many have signified their intention to remain through the Summer. Not the least encouraging incident is the fact that five students have enrolled since the fire, three of them having come more than 200 miles. Moreover, dozens of letters are coming in daily in regard to the Summer Normal and Summer School.

In this connection it should be said that our Summer session will open on June 2 and continue until August 22 (three months). This Summer quarter is equal in all respects to any other quarter of the year and enables student-teachers to complete in three summers, the

STOMACH TROUBLES

Mr. Ragland Writes Interesting Letter on This Subject.

Madison Heights, Va.—Mr. Chas. A. Ragland, of this place, writes: "I have been taking Thedford's Black-Draught for indigestion, and other stomach troubles, also colds, and find it to be the very best medicine I have ever used."

After taking Black-Draught for a few days, I always feel like a new man. Nervousness, nausea, heartburn, pain in pit of stomach, and a feeling of fullness after eating, are sure symptoms of stomach trouble, and should be given the proper treatment, as your strength and health depend very largely upon your food and its digestion.

To get quick and permanent relief from these ailments, you should take a medicine of known curative merit.

Its 75 years of splendid success, in the treatment of just such troubles, proves the real merit of Thedford's Black-Draught. Safe, pleasant, gentle in action, and without bad after-effects, it is sure to benefit both young and old. For sale everywhere. Price 25c. N. C. 121.

work of an entire regular session. Likewise, on June 2, the Summer Normal will open for the purpose of preparing teachers for the State's Summer Normal examinations on July 14-17 and July 28-31. Teachers may prepare for one or both of these examinations. For housing these two schools the commodious public school building, the beautiful and comfortable Randall County Court House, and the various churches of Canyon, will be used. A Training School will be maintained, supervised by experts and affording opportunity for observation and practice teaching. For this purpose five critic teachers have been employed, and Canyon will furnish the children.

A number of special educational lectures have been secured, most of the members of the regular faculty will remain, and several strong additions will be brought from the public schools of the State.

As to the rebuilding of a house for the school, little can be said with absolute definiteness at this time. The matter is in the hands of the Governor and Board of Regents, and every effort will be made to protect the interests of the institution. It is believed by the friends of the institution here that a fire-proof building after the model of the one that burned will be erected at the earliest practicable moment.

The tremendous growth of the

school would seem to indicate that the State can afford to deal liberally with it. Beginning in September, 1910, with 135 students, we have today on our rolls for this session 494 student teachers and 135 children in the Training School—a total of 630 pupils. Our enrollment last Summer reached 680, representing every section of the entire State. We have issued in the four years about 200 diplomas and many more first and second-grade certificates. Our present Senior class consists of approximately 150 members, representing preparation for almost all kinds of public school work.

In order to help its graduates and undergraduates to find the places which they are best prepared to fill, and in order to serve as efficiently as possible the schools of Texas by giving to school administrators specific and reliable information about some of those who make application to teach, the West Texas State Normal College conducts a teacher's bureau. This service is performed free of charge to all concerned, and every reasonable effort is made to protect the confidence of those with whom the bureau has dealings. Up to date the institution has been unable to supply the demand made upon it for trained teachers.

City Election Tuesday.

Tuesday was city election but only 78 votes were cast. The only ticket in the field had the names of Dr. S. R. Griffin, C. S. Dison and J. E. Winkelman, all of who were elected.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank our many friends for their kindly sympathy and help since the loss of our home by fire on March, 25. Jim Foster and Family.

Wanted—Clean cotton rags at the News office. Please don't bring us old overalls, pants, lace curtains, etc., for rags. We can't use them. Such trash makes printers cuss. If

In Your Skin
Clear as a
Baby's?

Don't be deceived with Florida, Florida, Florida. Black heads on be cleared with some NERVELL'S more soaping silmally—Lemon, Orange, and all the rest. We can save you. Read for months best of Cream and best "Health and Beauty." Regular size 50c a box. All Druggists.

HOUSTON, BELLWAY & CO.
1720 Spring Garden St. Philadelphia

Harley-Davidson



Remember these exclusive features—Double clutch control. Double brake control. Harley-Davidson Free Wheel Band brake Shuttle shift Two speed gear, etc.

Bowen Brothers

PRESIDENT COUSINS URGES CLEANING UP

In conversation with a representative of the News yesterday, Mr. Cousins stated that the citizens of Canyon should continue to push sanitary measures until all the unsightly toilets are connected with the sewer, and all the public buildings, back yards, dairies and markets are made clean and entirely sanitary.

Canyon made a great record last year toward a perfectly sanitary town but there are many things to be done yet. Should any town attempt to move the Normal, one of the first things enquired into would be the sanitary condition of Canyon, and the citizens should see that the town is in perfect condition. The citizens should organize at once and start a clean up campaign such as we had last year, but on a larger and more scientific scale.

The city council ought to pass an ordinance compelling all owners of horses and cows to clean their barns and lots once a week and haul all the manure away in order to eliminate the breeding places of flies.

Agricultural Club Meeting.

Friday night was held the regular meeting of the Normal Agricultural club. Misses Jessie Green, Clarice Angel and G. H. Marley gave a dialogue of an interview they had with a Randall county farmer, in which were expressed his opinions of the country. C. W. Warwick discussed the relation of the newspaper and the farmer. Prof. H. W. Geller gave a very interesting illustration lecture on his work in Illinois and closed with illustrations of dairy cows.

Easter Next Sunday.

Next Sunday is Easter and it will be observed in the churches of Canyon.

President Cousins will speak at the Methodist church. There will be an extensive musical program.

At the Baptist church, Rev. Netherton announces there will be an Easter sermon and special music.

Rev. Haynes will return from Quanah in time for his regular appointment at the Presbyterian church.

Society Notes

The Merry Maids and Matron club was delightfully entertained Thursday afternoon from three to six o'clock by Mrs. D. A. Park the afternoon was spent at the usual game of 42. Delicious refreshments were served of tomato salad, brown bread sandwiches, cheese balls, olives and iced tea.

The guests of the club were Mesdames Geller, Harrison, J. D. Gamble, McIntire, Anthony, Stafford, McAfee, Shirley, J. M. Mount of Amarillo and Miss Harrison.

The Presbyterian ladies will hold a bazaar Saturday, April 18.

DEBATING AND ATHLETIC CONTESTS.

That people of Anglo-Saxon breed continue to enjoy contests, athletic and intellectual, is well illustrated by the success of the Debating, Declamation and Athletic League among Texas schools that has been fostered by Professor E. D. Shurter of the University of Texas. The old-fashioned tournament that flourished until recently in Texas was but a survival of the knightly contests



Prof. E. D. Shurter

of the days of the Crusades. In these days, instead of winning a ribbon to present to his lady love as in days of old, the young debater, or declaimer, or athlete wins a golden medal which may also soon be worn by his sweetheart.

The fourth annual meeting of this League will be held at Austin on May 1 and 2. Preparation is being made to entertain six hundred persons interested in declamation, in debating and in the various forms of out-door athletics, such as jumping, running, hurdling, throwing the hammer, putting the shot, and pole vaulting. In preparation for this final contest, county meets have been held in more than one hundred counties in the State.

We carry your account longer than Amarillo merchants do. Trade with us. Canyon Supply Co.

SILOS IN RANDALL COUNTY

There are twenty silos in Randall County, according to the figures obtained by Harman Benton and T. P. Metcalfe, who have charge of the government agricultural work in Randall, Potter, Oldham and Carson Counties. Potter has fifteen silos, Carson fifteen and Oldham five. The following are the owners of silos in Randall County, the number of cattle being fed with the silo, the kind of silo, and the size:

- M. A. Bingeman, 35 head of dairy cattle, one Pit Silo, 18x30.
- O. R. Blankenship, 40 head of stock cattle, one Wood Stave Silo, 12x28.
- William H. Boehning, 20 head of dairy cattle, one Pit Silo.
- R. A. Campbell, 30 head of steers, one Pit Silo, 15x25.
- S. M. Downing, 30 head of steers, one Wood Stave Silo, 19x25.
- J. P. Glover, 30 head of stock cattle, one Pit Silo, 12x30.
- P. D. Hanna, 17 head of stock cattle, one Wood Stave Silo, 16x30.
- W. H. Hicks, 26 head of dairy cattle, one Pit Silo, 14x30.
- Oscar Hunt, 40 head of stock cattle, one Pit Silo, 15x30.
- C. O. Keiser, 40 head of stock cattle, three Wood Stave Silos, 15x30.
- Jim Levitt, 40 head of stock cattle, one Pit Silo, 15x30.
- E. A. Oberst, 40 head of stock cattle, one Pit Silo, 15x30.
- Dr. D. M. Stewart, 40 head of stock cattle, one Pit Silo, 15x30.
- E. S. Saunders, 130 head of stock cattle, two Pit Silos, 8x22 and 12x25.
- William Schmitz, 63 head of stock cattle, one Pit Silo, 17x20.
- Adam Walker, 60 head of stock cattle, one Wood Stave Silo, 16x32.
- J. A. Wallace, 150 head of steers, one Pit Silo, 20x32.
- J. F. Montgomery, 40 head of steers, one Wood Stave Silo, 13x35.

Lost—Two \$5 bills on the public square Monday afternoon. Return to Normal Secretary's office.

Midnight

A black Jack with white points will make usual stand at the Bader farm 8 miles west of Canyon. Terms: \$10.00 to insure colt to stand and suck. Parties disposing with mares or moving them out of the county forfeit insurance and bill becomes due. Care will be taken to avoid accidents but will not be responsible to customers losses. Services noons and evenings only.

R. G. Bader Owner

My jack will make the season at my place one mile southwest of Canyon. Fees \$10.00 insurance. Amount due when mare is known to be in foal or is traded or sold. This is less than we ever charged for the service of this excellent jack. He is finely bred, is 14 1-2 hands, standard measure, black with white points, an excellent breeder. Mules to show. For particulars see or write me.

Welton Winn

Mammoth Tennessee Jack
Stands 15 1-2 hands high, large bone and young



Terms: \$10 to insure a colt to stand. Parting with your mare or removing same from county forfeits insurance and payment becomes due. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible if any occur. Good pasture can be furnished if wanted, free of charge during season. Will make the season at the Von Holt farm 7 miles southwest of Canyon.

JIM JOHNSON
R. F. D. Canyon, Tex.

"VICTOR"

Dappled Grey Percheron Stallion 16 1-2 hands high, weighing 1500 pounds will make the season at my farm 2 miles east of Canyon.

Terms: Owing to the hard times I will cut the price to \$10 this year to insure a colt. Will handle with care but will not be responsible for accidents. For particulars see me.

J. D. KEY

8% Money

On Improved Farms. No Commission Charged For Placing Loans
C. P. Hutchings
AMARILLO, TEXAS

FIRE

Insure before it is too late

Better be safe than sorry.

J. E. Winkelman