Canyon City News.

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PRAISES FOR CANYON CITY.

A Missourian Tells His People of the Great Panhandle.

A BEAUTIFUL TOWN.

Canyon City, a Town of One Thousand People-no whiskey to be found and even the Barbers Read the Bible in Their Places of Business.

Hon. James C. Gillespy, who is the present representative of Boone county, Mo., in the legislature, was here the latter part of November visiting his son, James B. Gillespy, who is a citizen of our town and who purchased a residence some time ago from L. G. Wilson. While here he was interviewed by a representative of the News and he praised the Panhandle and Canyon City very highly. He said that he intended to write his impressions of the town and country for the Columbia, Mo., Herald, he being a special correspondent of that great weekly. The article was published in the Christmas edition of the Herald and was given a position on first page. It was dated as a letter from Roswell. N. M., Dec. 8, 1903. The Columbia Herald is the paper that bears the reputation of being the best edited and best printed country weekly in the United States. Its Christmas edition was a special illustrated magazine edition, and next to the frontis piece was the article "From the Panhandle to the Pecos Valley."

Mr. Gillespy wrote at some length on the Pecos Valley and had the following to say in regard to the Panhandle and Canyon City:

"You can see on the map that Amarillo is situated almost in the center of the "Pan Handle" of Texas, and a further examination and comparison of the area, the statistics and proportions of the territory termed the "Pan Handle" will probably astonish you. For the vastness of the southwest cannot be realized by any superficial view nor its attractions appreciated except by personal inspection. Think of it; the "Pan Handle" of Texas is a little over one hundred and fifty miles square, which gives twenty-two thousand, five hundred sections of land, or fourteen million, four hundred thousand acres. Then consider that it is in latitudes 34 and 35, and at an average elevation of about 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and you have your climate probably unsurpassed on this continent or the globe.

"This country was little known until of recent years, and only about 25 years ago was the hunting ground and home of the Comanche Indian. It's present name is modern and was given to it that its vastness should only be a compliment to that still greater empire that the Texan loves so well. Its old name came with it from the Mexican, and is down on the old map as "Llano Estacado" or "Staked Plains."

"The panhandle of Texas began to be appreciated by stockmen only about fifteen years ago, since which time it has been rapidly taken up, until now it is nearly all under fence, mostly in large pastures, too large, however, for the advancement and development of the resources of the country. Some cattle ranches containing nearly a million acres, through which and over which none must pass. The ground everywhere in the Panhandle and in Eastern New Mexico has a thick covering of buffalo grass, with a few streams of beautiful, clear water running through, but what seems strange at this altitude, water plentiful is found everywhere at a depth of from thirty to sixty feet, and a greater flow and better water, is found at about three hundred feet. And one is never out of sight of windmills, for if it is not the stock farmer just settling the sections (none of them take less) it will be some one of the many erected on the greater ranches.

"In order that your readers may properly appreciate the openings and opportunities for business and agreeable surroundings, will suggest a comparison. Boone county has about nine hundred square miles, with a population of about thirty-three persons to the section, or square mile. While the Panhandle of Texas, with its 22,500 sections of land, has as yet only about two persons to the square mile. This includes the total population of Boone county, city, country and town, as it also includes the total population of the thirty odd counties of the Panhandle, with their towns and villages. Some of these counties are just now organizing and inaugurating their county government.

"The thirty odd thousand people in the Panhandle, Texas, are mostly of the same origin and blood as the people here described. A description of one of their thriving towns will sufficiently describe all:

"Canyon City, eighteen miles southwest of Amarillo on the Pecos Valley railroad, has a population of 1,000. It has four churches, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Christian. One graded school, every branch of business being successtully carried on, some on a large scale, and as yet there is no incorporation, no city government. It is the county seat of Randall county; has court house and jail, but there has been no one committed to jail during the past six months. Another is, not a drop of whiskey to be found in the town, not even in the drug stores. And walking into a barber shop I found the barber deeply absorbed in reading the Bible. How is this for western Texas? I am informed that there are over one hundred counties in Texas that have to go dry and that it must soon sweep the whole state.

"The friends of James Boggs Gillespy in Boone county, will be glad to know that he with his estimable wife and bright, sweet, twenty months old Texas baby boy are well and settled in so charming a place as Canyon City, Texas.

JAMES C. GILLESPY.

Great Magazine Offer.

The Cosmopolitan—known throughout the world—and The Twentieth Century Home Magazine, equally as good, with the Canyon City News—all three, one year for $2.10.

Everybody interested in growing cotton in Randall county is invited to come to the meeting to be held at the court house Saturday January 23rd.

NO TALK OF HARD TIMES.

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"It is indeed delightful to live in a country where the chronic talk of hard times is not resorted to," said a new comer to the News man the other day, "and such can be said of the people in the Panhandle. It makes no difference to the people here, apparently, as to whether it rains, the wind blows, or what not, and it is not a lack of energy either, for they evince about as much life as any body." This remark caused the News man to reflect and recall that the spirit of contentment is contagious and has been known to revolutionize even the most hardened fault-finders. This is a most remarkable condition of affairs for it is a well known fact by all who have studied human nature, that since the garden of Eden went out of business, man has ever been disposed to give vent to his feelings for shortcomings in chronic kicking. Optimism is the faith that leads to achievement. The old residents of this country—the great Panhandle—have been of good heart, or their standards of optimistic views would have stood naked in the field without a defender. Through the night of despair he has said, "All is well," and the newcomers rest in his confidence. He sees success for our country and by strenuous hope, by hoping against hope, inspires those who feel less secure in their positions. This is the best view of life anyway and we should turn a dull ear to the lamentations of the habitual Jeremiah.

Once let pessimism take hold of the mind, and life is all topsy-turvy, all vanity and vexation of spirit, why, the pessimist cannot think with any degree of pleasure about the hereafter because he is told that he will live on milk and honey in the Celestial home above and he is afraid that particular diet will give him dyspepsia. But they don't make any complaint in the Panhandle. Down! with the kicker, and let us have more of the marching orders of those who look on the bright side of life.

Pointed Paragraphs.

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The business index of a town is its newspapers or newspaper as the case may be. It always tells the tale, the same tale everywhere—a good newspaper, used by the business men of its home as one of the mediums through which to reach their patrons, a live progressive town. Energetic go-a-head men of every calling in life recognize this and in seeking a place in which to live or do business frequently consult the local papers to determine from their pages the progressiveness of the town they represent and then act accordingly. Stop and think one minute and see if this is not so.

Good local papers cannot from the very nature of things, long remain such without the co-operation of the business men of the town in which they are published. And when from lack of that co-operation there is a "falling away" about the paper it is a sure sign that the town is going with it—the newspaper man is dying with his town.

Advertising through the local papers always pays; it pays more now than it ever did; it pays the business man, it pays the farmer; it's money to the consumer; it makes a good local newspaper and is proof of a good town and a prosperous surrounding country.

One of our carpenters, L. A. Robeson has leased the Joe Service two sections three miles south of Umbarger for five years and will move there.

Texas Says "Aye."

The time has come when the federal government ought to quit nursing the Indians and quit allowing them to be looted by rascally agents and officials. The time has also come when the Indian should be allotted a homestead, divorced from tribal government and made to undertake the position and duties of normal citizenship. In the Indian Territory there are 600,000 whites and 80,000 Indians, and yet the Five Nations and their customs, with added special statutes of the United States congress, control the affairs of that oasis of America and those unevenly divided peoples. The anomaly of minority domination appears under our republican form of government. The whole scheme of Indian reservations is out of date. The solution of the situation that commends itself to all sane men, including those specially organized to safeguard the rights of the Indians, is the throwing of the tribes into the body of the people, giving them the advantages of the free ownership of a homestead and their per capita of Indian funds. Then they will have to work, pay taxes, live like other citizens and take their common chance in the full tide of the national order of civilization. The Indian is far better fitted today for this test of his capacity to survive than the negro was in 1867, when the work of citizenizing him began. He will always be a loafer as long as there are reservations and agencies, as the negro was as long as there was a freedman's bureau, and as millions of white men would be if national socialism were established. The plain justice of the case is with those who plead the cause of equal, and not special, rights for the Indians.—Atlanta Constitution.

It is easier to whip some men than it is to keep them whipped.

Garza Man Makes Money on Peas.

T. A. McGalliard, a well-known farmer of Garza, had the following to say in regard to raising peas:

"Last spring I bought ten pounds of whippoorwill peas and planted about an acre with them. I gathered thirty-two bushels of peas and about two tons of hay off the patch when the time for harvest came.

"The peas were planted early and received a thorough cultivation. Peavine hay is the finest hay in the world. When it is saved and cured well there is none better. There were probably several bushels of peas wasted in gathering my little patch. There ought to be more peas planted than there are in this country.

"I also have in about two and a half acres of alfalfa, off of which I have already gathered four crops this year, and it is about ready for another cutting. I think alfalfa can be raised in this country, especially in the low, flat lands."

Denton Is Happy and Prosperous.

Denton county farmers will have little complaint to make this year, after all. The present outlook for a much better cotton crop than they had last season is good and there is a better demand for the staple, which makes the market higher. This section has also enjoyed an immunity from the ordinary cotton pests this year that other sections have had to put up with, suffering in many instance great loss and discouragement. The Denton county farmer is provided for, at least, and although he may not come out with quite as fat a pocket book as he had hoped to, yet he will be able to buy the children a few presents for Christmas and still have enough money left to tide him over until the next season.—Denton Record and Chronicle.

Murphy's Only Job.

Charles F. Murphy, head of the Tammany organization, and since Nov. 3 one of the most important political personages in the country, has held but one public office—that of dock commissioner. It is understood that those who care to do so are able to make a good deal of money while holding that office. At one time a Tammany man gave up a place paying $8,000 a year salary to accept that of dock commissioner at $5,000. On being asked why he did so he answered more or less ambiguously: "Well, you see, in the dock department most of the work is done under water."

Russell as a Decliner.

John E. Russell, the prominent Massachusetts Democrat, who died a few days ago, was a fine type of the public spirited citizen whose powers are devoted to the service of his fellow men without stipulation of reward. Within nine months, at the height of his political importance, Mr. Russell is known to have refused a nomination as governor of Massachusetts, the collectorship of the port of Boston, the Spanish mission, the Italian mission and the post of secretary of the navy. Nor did he decline these tenders in the expectation of receiving one more agreeable. It was his deliberate determination not to take public office. "It would chill my influence with people," he said.

An Exasperated Composer.

Mr. Maude, the London theatrical manager, tells this story of the composer who furnished the music for Mr. Barrie's play, "The Little Minister:" "Sir Alexander Mackenzie, I fear, found the rehearsals of his charming music not a little trying. All rehearsals, let me hasten to add, are tests of temper, and musical rehearsals especially so. What made our musical rehearsals particularly tedious was that, our orchestra being under the stage, it was extremely difficult to get the proper effect and very hard for Sir Alexander to explain what he wanted to our conductor. One day the great composer was especially exasperated. He came up to me, despair written all over his face. 'I say, Maude,' he stammered, "do you do you—d—— it, do you mind if I smash my hat?'"

Black Buttons on White Vests.

The style of wearing black buttons with white figured vests was established by an exquisite in an accidental manner. Dressing in a desperate hurry to go to a matinee with his wife, he broke a white pearl button off his blue-specked waistcoat and began to call for his better three-quarters to sew on another one. She had none to match. The garment demanded seven buttons. "Any old thing'll do," he cried. "Give me seven of another kind," he cried. "Give me seven of another kind," he beseeched. "Give me red buttons," he pleaded. Any old vest buttons would have pleased him then, but there were none in the house of any kind. A happy thought! "I'll use shoe buttons; I've plenty in my desk, and a fastener." In a little while he had clamped on seven black shoe buttons. Betwen the acts some of his chums expressed admiration. "Black buttons are all the go in London," he said, "Made of jet; quite expensive, but we've got to have 'em." Thus are styles set.

Appropriate Monument to Le Conte.

A memorial to Professor Joseph Le Conte, who died two years ago has been constructed by the Sierra Club, of San Francisco, in the Yosemite valley. It is a building of granite, erected under the walls of Glacier point. Everything except the roof is of solid granite. The building is divided into three parts, the main room measuring 28x38 feet. Above the main room a gothic roof rises to the height of thirty-five feet. Inside are a large reading table, comfortable wall seats and a large bookcase in which are kept books and papers pertaining to travel and research and maps and papers furnished by the Sierra Club. The entrance is through a Dutch door on northern exposure of the building, while at the other side is a fireplace, walled in with solid granite. It cost $8,000.

Hadn't Verified It.

"I met Bifkins down the street a little while ago, and I took occasion to tell the cur what I thought of him."

"So? And what did he do?"

"Oh, he swelled up right away and wanted to lick me whether or no. What do you think of that? Ha-ha!"

"I think from the looks of that black eye and swollen nose and bloody ear that perhaps he did lick you."

"Do you, really? Well, maybe he did. I haven't seen a looking glass yet."