

THE RANDALL COUNTY NEWS

New Teacher Elected.

Miss Kearse of Rosebud has been elected to the position in the high school faculty caused by the resignation of Mrs. Wray last week. Miss Kearse is a graduate of the Peabody college and also of Valparaso. She has been teaching this year in Wyoming. She is very highly recommended for the position. She will arrive in the city in time for the opening of school next Wednesday.

Dunlap Hardware to Hereford.

The Dunlap Hardware Co. has made a deal whereby they will move their store to Hereford today. Mr. Dunlap bought the stock of P. J. Green in September and has enjoyed a good trade since that time. The company owned a stock in Hereford at the time and the Canyon stock will be added to the one in Hereford.

Fine Christmas Day.

Christmas day was most ideal in every respect. The clouds of the previous day cleared away and the sun shown warm and bright. The Christmas trees on Christmas eve were largely attended and all of the churches had very fine programs.

Miss Zella Vaughn of Amarillo spent Xmas with Miss Flossy Hensley.

Political Announcements.

The News will place the names of candidates for the following offices at the rates given below. CASH must accompany announcement. This carries your name up to the primaries and should you be the successful nominee your name will appear in the proper column up to the general election:

District	\$12.50
County	10.00
Precinct Officers	2.50

For County Clerk.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of District and County Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

C. N. HARRISON

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of District and County Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries, July 25, 1914.

T. V. (Vince) REEVES.

For Assessor.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of Tax Assessor subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

J. C. BLACK.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Entertain.

A most delicious dinner and party were given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Thomas on Christmas.

The guests began to arrive early in the morning. They were met at the door by Mrs. Dohrman. After being ushered into the parlor, all soon became engaged in eating different kinds of Christmas delicacies, in "cracking" jokes and listening to piano numbers.

At noon the guests retired to the dinner room. And here, Oh my! What a dinner! One such as only Mrs. Thomas can prepare. The salads, vegetables, pickles, bread, turkey, the mince pies, fruit cake, custards and everything else there was to be eaten would make the occupants of the White House ashamed of themselves.

The day passed quickly indeed. As night drew on, other guests came in. The evening's entertainment was begun by playing a game of Poor Pussy, which was very amusing. This was followed by a pleasant contest, which consisted of seeing who could carry the greatest number of peanuts on the blade of a silver knife across the room within a given time. Mrs. Dohrman was the winner in this contest. Then came a merry game of Magic Music.

In the midst of all this amusement, a whistle was heard, and in stepped Santa Claus. Before leaving he remembered each one present with a stocking full of pop corn, fruit, and candy, or some other pleasing gift.

Immediately after his departure the guests again retired to the dining room, keeping time as they went to a march which was played by Miss Greenwade. Refreshments consisting of coconut cake, fruit cake, fruit salad and hot chocolate were served to the following: Mr. and Mrs. Dison and children, Grandpa Dison, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield, Mr. and Mrs. Rusk and family, Mr. and Mrs. Greenwade and Misses Shannon, Madison and Greenwade.

When the guests prepared to depart, each declared this to be the most pleasant Christmas day that he had ever spent and all were loud in praising Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Dohrman as charming entertainers.

A Guest.

Notice

All persons between the age of 21 and 45 years are liable to street duty, except ministers of the gospel in the active discharge of their ministerial duties, invalids, and members of the voluntary fire company. All persons liable to work on the streets can secure exemption therefrom for the year 1914 by paying to the city tax collector before the first day of February, the sum of three dollars, after February 1st you must pay \$5.00. I am now ready to collect and receipt for such tax.

J. H. JOWELL,
City Tax Collector.

Rev. Neal Entertains Stewarts.

Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Neal gave a four course dinner Monday evening for the members of the board of stewarts of the Methodist church. It was a very enjoyable affair and highly appreciated by the members of the board. Covers were laid for Rev. Neal, Drs. Wilson, Stewart and Thompson, Messrs. Harrison, Garner, Flesher, Park, McReynolds, Kleinschmidt, Service, Rogers, Foster, Christian and Warwick. After the dinner the regular monthly business meeting was held.

Society Notes.

Mrs. D. A. Park entertained twenty-five girls Wednesday afternoon from four until six for Misses Hazel and Sarah. The home was decorated in evergreens, red and white paper bells and holly. A beautifully trimmed Christmas tree occupied the center of attraction. The girls first enjoyed a game of making mice out of chewing gum. They were next introduced to a musical contest. Each one was then required to make a drawing of one of the business men of Canyon. Refreshments were served of turkey salad, sandwiches and orangeade.

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Garner entertained Friday night in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Flake Garner of Plainview. Forty-two was played during the evening.

Refreshments were served of punch, fruit cake and fruit salad. The guests of the evening were: Messrs. and Mesdames Flake Garner, Harrison, Winkelman, McAfee, Terrill, Conner and Ingham.

Miss Margaret Guenther entertained about twenty of her friends Saturday evening. The evening was spent at progressive games. Refreshments were served of hot tea, chicken salad, pickles, sandwiches and potatoe chips.

Mr. and Mrs. Guenther gave a Christmas dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Morelock, Mr. and Mrs. Denman of Houston, Misses Denman and Kline.

C. D. Hensley of Littlefield spent the holidays at the home of J. B. Hensley.

Mrs. A. J. Smith of Amarillo spent the week end at the home of Mrs. M. S. Fewell.

Mrs. X. C. Umphres and daughter of Amarillo visited at the G. R. Reid home during the holidays.

Atwood Croson was an Amarillo caller Saturday.

Mrs. J. A. Wallace is making a two months visit with her father Joe Sharp in Okla.

Clay Cook of Denton spent Christmas at the home of Will Meyers.

Mrs. Jim Rogers left Wednesday for Okla., on receiving a message of the death of her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Burnett of Amarillo spent Xmas with his brother in the city.

J. E. Rogers attended a family reunion in Clarendon Christmas.

Misses Sutie and Mattie Bell of Amarillo visited from Saturday till Monday with Neva Reynolds.

G. R. Reid returned to Colo. Monday.

Miss Mabel Gass of Hereford returned Wednesday after a two weeks visit with her sister Mrs. N. E. McIntire.

Misses Clara and Lottie Huke of Amarillo visited from Tuesday until Wednesday at the D. A. Park home.

Mrs. Joe Foster and Miss Dixie are making a 10 days visit in Ft Worth and Mineral Wells.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Shotwell of Roswell spent Christmas holidays in the city.

Miss Ora Cage of Wildorado spent the holidays in the city.

Mrs. John Hudson spent Xmas in Amarillo. She met her two sons from Virginia.

A. F. Angel of Groom spent the holidays with his parents in the city.

Happy Items.

C. C. Bradenbough of Kansas City is spending the holidays at his parents home in this village.

Misses Della and Minnie Goettech of Plainview came up last week to visit at home a few days.

Herbert Baggarly was a Sunday visitor at home this week.

Jan. 7 is the date set for installation at O. E. S. lodge.

Several of our citizens expected to spend Christmas in Canyon. But were unable on account of snow and cold weather.

The Union Sunday School and German School gave programs last week both enjoyed by all.

Rev. J. G. Parson left for Pampa, Saturday.

Agency for Moon Car.

John Guthrie has received two Moon cars which he has in his garage.

Mr. Guthrie was recently given the agency for 38 counties in this section of the state and he and J. A. Grundy will open the territory during the coming year. The Moon car is a beauty and is of high class. Mr. Guthrie has a four and a six cylinder on hands.

A Rabbit Hunt.

Bob Wagner, C. C. and B. T. Johnson were invited Friday to J. L. Prichard's for a rabbit hunt. Arriving at 11 a. m. the fun began, 125 were killed when at 2 p. m. they were invited into the generous house of Mr. and Mrs. Prichard, where a large turkey and every thing else good tempted the appetite of a hungry hunter.

Methodist Reunion Successful.

The attendance at the Methodist reunion last night was large in spite of the deep mud and all enjoyed a very pleasant evening. All brought their suppers which was served in picnic style.

Write it 1914 today.

J. T. Burnett was an Amarillo caller Wednesday.

E. D. Condon who who is attending the state university, spent the holidays in the city.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred V. Friemel Dec. 22.

Cowling for Comptroller.

The News is in receipt of marked copies of the Mineral Wells Index and also of the Carthage Watchman wherein is stated that the friends of L. E. Cowling are trying to persuade him to make the race for state comptroller. Mr. Cowling is spending the winter in Mineral Wells but still retains his residence in Canyon. He was in the city a few weeks ago but did not state whether or not he had political aspirations. However, if he should decide to make the race and should be elected, Mr. Cowling would make a splendid state official.

Best Cough Medicine for Children.

"I am very glad to say a few words in praise of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, writes Mrs. Lindy Dewey Milwaukee, Wis. "I have used it for years both for my children and myself and it never fails to relieve and cure a cough or cold. No family with children should be without it as it gives almost immediate relief in cases of croup." Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is pleasant and safe to take, which is of great importance when a medicine must be given to young children. For sale by all dealers. (Advertisement)

Baraca-Philatheas Entertained.

In the home of B. T. Johnson the Baraca and Philatheas were entertained Friday night. The home was beautifully decorated in Christmas colors and mistletoe. A hearty reception was given to all. Special music was given. Mr. Reynolds president of Baraca class announced that special business had called and that the host and hostess were the center of attraction. They were ushered into the parlor and seated in the midst of the class. Mr. Lester came forward and made an impressive and inspiring talk concerning the work of the two classes for the past year and expressed heart-felt appreciation of what their teachers had done for them and as a token of appreciation a beautiful carving set was presented. After words of gratitude from Mr. and Mrs. Johnson for the gift and expressing a desire for larger classes and great interest for 1914, a "cat" contest was given and refreshments were served.

Snow Melting Slowly.

There is still considerable snow on the ground. It has been melting slowly during the past week and caused the worst mud Canyon has seen for a number of years. A few more warm days and all the snow will be gone.

Normal Opened Wednesday.

The Normal vacation came to an end Wednesday morning. A large part of the students were back in time for the opening but a few will be coming in during the next few days.

Rev. Haynes Resigns.

Rev. A. B. Haynes tendered his resignation Sunday as pastor of the local Presbyterian church to take effect February 1st. The resignation was very regretfully accepted by the church officials. Rev. Haynes contemplates quitting the ministry for the present. He bought a fine half section of land south of the city two weeks ago and will make improvements this spring. He says that he has great confidence in the future of Randall county and will devote his time to farming.

Rev. Haynes has been pastor of the local Presbyterian church for the past year and six years ago also served the congregation. He is an able preacher and the members of the church are very sorry to have him resign but are glad he has decided to make Canyon his home.

New Years Greetings.

To my friends, though legion: We all have just passed through a year that tried men's nerves. Let us all, today, start into the New Year with re-enforced pluck and energy. There are better times just ahead. DON'T DOUBT IT. No charge for this advice.

B. FRANK BUIE, Attorney.

J. D. Pyeatt and Miss Eula Fewell were married Monday morning at the St. James hotel by Rev. A. B. Haynes. They left immediately for Silvertown where they will visit relatives.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Orton on Christmas night.

NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS

Please be advised that all taxes not paid before February 1st., will take 10 per cent penalty, this will only take care of them for two months, if not paid by April 1st., they will go on the Delinquent tax record which will make an additional cost of \$2.50 for each assessment.

Come early so you won't have to wait.

WORTH A. JENNINGS,
Tax Collector,
Randall County.



Where There's a Farm There Should be a Bell Telephone

The progressive farmer surrounds himself with modern advantages. He, too, appreciates that convenience ministers to health, happiness, progress and wealth. What does he do? With other neighbors he starts a Rural Telephone line. Enough said.

Apply to our nearest Manager for information or write to

THE SOUTHWESTERN TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE CO. DALLAS, TEXAS

INSURANCE

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

J. E. Winkleman

CANYON LUMBER CO.

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

CANYON LUMBER CO.

S. A. Shotwell & Co.

Wholesale and Retail
Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds

Best Grades of Nigger
Head and Maitland Coal

TERMS CASH

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

We have some 10, 15 and 20-watt Mazda Lamps. These lamps are 7, 12 and 16-candle-power, respectively. They are ideal for hall and porch lights. The 10-watt may be burned continuously at a cost, for current, of thirty-five cents per month.

If you have fixtures you may use two or four small lamps at no greater cost for current than with one lamp.

We now have a 60-watt Mazda Lamp that sells for forty-five cents. This lamp is 50-candle-power and consumes no more current than the old 16-candle-power carbon lamp.

10, 16 and 20-watt Mazda Lamps. . . . \$0.35
25-40 and 60-watt Mazda Lamps.45
Hot Point Electric Irons, 5 and 6 lbs. . . 3.50

Canyon Power Company
Office in First National Bank

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. Daimont, 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



FRAN

BY
JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
O. EDWIN MYERS

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CHAPTER I.

A Knock at the Door.
Fran knocked at the front door. It was too dark for her to find the bell; however, had she found it, she would have knocked just the same.

At first, no one answered. That was not surprising, since everybody was supposed to be at the Union Camp-meeting that had been advertised for the last two months, and that any one in Littleburg should go visiting at half-past eight, and especially that any one should come knocking at the door of this particular house, was almost incredible.

No doubt that is why the young woman who finally opened the door—after Fran had subjected it to a second and more prolonged visitation of her small fist—looked at the stranger with surprise which was, in itself, reproof. The lady in the doorway believed herself confronted by a "camper"—one of those fitting birds of outer darkness who have no religion of their own, but who are always putting that of others to the proof.

The voice from the doorway was cool, impersonal, as if, by its very aloofness, it would push the wanderer away: "What do you want?"

"I want Hamilton Gregory," Fran answered promptly, without the slightest trace of embarrassment. "I'm told he lives here."

"Mr. Gregory"—offering the name with its title as a palpable rebuke—"lives here, but is not at home. What do you want, little girl?"

"Where is he?" Fran asked, undaunted.

"He is at the camp-meeting," the young woman answered reluctantly, irritated at opposition, and displeased with herself for being irritated. "What do you want with him? I will attend to whatever it is. I am acquainted with all of his affairs—I am his secretary."

"Where's that camp-meeting? How can I find the place?" was Fran's quick rejoinder. She could not explain the dislike rising within her. She was too young, herself, to consider the other's youth an advantage, but the beauty of the imperious woman in the doorway—why did it not stir her imagination?

Mr. Gregory's secretary reflected that, despite its seeming improbability, it might be important for him to see this queer creature who came to strange doors at night-time.

"If you will go straight down that road"—she pointed—"and keep on for about a mile and a half, you will come to the big tent. Mr. Gregory will be in the tent, leading the choir."

"All right." And turning her back on the door, Fran swiftly gained the front steps. Half-way down, she paused, and glanced over her thin shoulder. Standing thus, nothing was to be seen of her but a blurred outline, and the shining of her eyes.

"I guess," said Fran inscrutably, "you're not Mrs. Gregory."

"No," came the answer, with an almost imperceptible change of manner—a change as of gradual petrification. "I am not Mrs. Gregory." And with that the lady, who was not Mrs. Gregory, quietly but forcibly closed the door.

It was as if, with the closing of that



"I guess," said Fran inscrutably, "you're not Mrs. Gregory." door, she would have shut Fran out of her life.

CHAPTER II.

A Disturbing Laugh.
The sermon was ended, the exhortation was at the point of loudest voice and most impassioned earnestness. A number of men, most of them young, thronged the footpath leading from the stiles to the tent. A few were smoking; all were waiting for the pretty girls to come forth from the Christian camp. Fran pushed her way among the idlers with admirable nonchalance, her sharp elbow ready for the first resistive pair of ribs.

The crowd outside did not argue a scarcity of seats under the canvas. Fran found a plank without a back,

loosely disposed, and entirely unoccupied. She seated herself, straight as an Indian, and with the air of being very much at ease.

The scene was new to her. More than a thousand villagers, ranged along a natural declivity, looked down upon the platform of undressed pine. In front of the platform men and women were kneeling on the ground. Some were bathed in tears; some were praying aloud; some were talking to those who stood, or knelt beside them; some were clasping convulsive hands; all were oblivious of surroundings.

From the hundred members of the choir, Fran singled out the man she had been seeking for so many years. It was easy enough to distinguish him from the singers who crowded the platform, not only by his baton which proclaimed the choir-leader, but by his resemblance to the picture she had discovered in a New York Sunday Supplement.

Hamilton Gregory was clean-shaven except for a silken reddish mustache; his complexion was fair, his hair a shade between red and brown, his eyes blue. His finely marked face and striking bearing were stamped with distinction and grace.

It was strange to Fran that he did not once glance in her direction. True, there was nothing in her appearance to excite special attention, but she had looked forward to meeting him ever since she could remember. Now that her eyes were fastened on his face, now that they were so near, sheltered by a common roof, how could he help feeling her presence?

The choir-leader rose and lifted his baton. At his back the hundred men and women obeyed the signal, while hymn-books fluttered open throughout the congregation. Suddenly the leader of the choir started into galvanic life. He led the song with his sweet voice, his swaying body, his frantic baton, his wild arms, his imperious feet. With all that there was of him, he conducted the melodious charge upon the ramparts of sin and indifference. If in repose Fran had thought him singularly handsome and attractive, she now found him inspiring. His blue eyes burned with exaltation while his magic voice seemed to thrill with more than human ecstasy.

On the left, the heavy bass was singing.

"One think we know,
Wherever we go—
We reap what we sow,
We reap what we sow."

While these words were being doled out at long and impressive intervals, like the tolling of a heavy bell, more than half a hundred soprano voices were hastily getting in their requisite number of half-notes, thus—

"So scatter little, scatter little, scatter scatter little,
Scatter little seeds of kindness."

In spite of the vast volume of sound produced by these voices, as well as by the accompaniment of two pianos and a snare-drum, the voice of Hamilton Gregory, soaring flute-like toward heaven, seemed to dart through the interstices of "rests," to thread its slender way along infinitesimal curves of silence. As one listened, it was the inspired truth as uttered by Hamilton Gregory that brought the message home to conscience. As if one had never before been told that one reaps what one sows, uneasy memory started out of hidden places with its whisper of seed sown amiss. Tears rose to many eyes, and smothered sobs betrayed intense emotion.

Of those who were not in the least affected, Fran was one. She saw and heard Hamilton Gregory's impassioned earnestness, and divined his yearning to touch many hearts; nor did she doubt that he would then and there have given his life to press home upon the erring that they must ultimately reap what they were sowing. Nevertheless she was altogether unmoved. It would have been easier for her to laugh than to cry.

Although the preacher had ceased his exhortations for the singing of the evangelistic hymn, he was by no means at the end of his resources. Standing at the margin of the platform, looking out on the congregation, he slowly moved back and forth his magnetic arms in parallel lines. Not one word did he speak. Even between the verses, when he might have striven against the pianos and the snare-drum, he maintained his terrible silence. But as he fixed his ardent eyes upon space, as he moved those impelling arms, a man would rise here, a woman start up there—reluctantly, or eagerly, the unsaved would press their way to the group kneeling at the front. Prayers and groans rose louder. Jubilant shouts of religious victory were more frequent. One could now hardly hear the choir as it insisted—

"We reap what we sow,
We reap what we sow."

Suddenly the evangelist smote his hands together, a signal for song and prayer to cease.

Having obtained a silence that was breathless he leaned over the edge of the platform, and addressed a man who knelt upon the ground:

"Brother Clinton, can't you get it?"

The man shook his head.

"You've been kneeling there night after night," the evangelist continued; "don't you feel that the Lord loves you? Can't you feel it? Can't you feel it now? Can't you get it? Can't you get it now? Brother Clinton, I want you to get through before these revival services close. They close this night. I go away tomorrow. This may be your last opportunity. I want you to get it now. All these waiting friends want you to get it now. All these praying neighbors want to see you get it. Can't you get through tonight? Just quietly here, without any excitement, without any noise or tumult, just you and your soul alone together—Brother Clinton, can't you get through tonight?"

Brother Clinton shook his head.

The evangelist had already turned to Hamilton Gregory as a signal for the hymn to be resumed, for some times singing helped them "through," but the sound of irreverent laughter chilled his blood. To his highly wrought emotional nature, that sound of mirth came as the laughter of fiends over the tragedy of an immortal soul.

"Several times," he cried, with whitened face, "these services have been disturbed by the ungodly." He pointed an inflexible finger at Fran: "Yonder sits a little girl who should not have been allowed in this tent unaccompanied by her parents. Brethren! Too much is at stake, at moments like these, to shrink from heroic measures. Souls are here, waiting to



"Won't You Go With Me, Little Girl?"

be saved. Let the little girl be removed. Where are the ushers? I hope she will go without disturbance, but go she shall! Now, Brother Gregory, sing."

As the song swept over the worshippers in a wave of pleading, such ushers as still remained held a brief consultation. The task assigned them did not seem included in their proper functions. Only one could be found to volunteer as policeman, and he only because the evangelist's determined eye and rigid arm had never ceased to indicate the disturber of the peace.

Fran was furious; her small white face seemed cut in stone as she stared at the evangelist. How could she have known she was going to laugh? Her tumultuous emotions, inspired by the sight of Hamilton Gregory, might well have found expression in some other way. That laugh had been as a darting of tongue-flame directed against the armored Christian soldier whose face was so spiritually beautiful, whose voice was so eloquent.

Fran was suddenly aware of a man pausing irresolutely at the end of the plank that held her erect. Without turning her head, she asked in a rather spiteful voice, "Are you the sheriff?"

He spoke with conciliatory persuasiveness: "Won't you go with me, little girl?"

Fran turned impatiently to glare at the usher.

He was a fine young fellow of perhaps twenty-four, tall and straight, clean and wholesome. His eyes were sincere and earnest yet they promised much in the way of sunny smiles—at the proper time and place. His mouth was frank, his forehead open, his shoulders broad.

Fran rose as swiftly as if a giant had lifted her to her feet. "Come on, then," she said in a tone somewhat smothered. She climbed over the "stranger" at the end of her plank, and marched behind the young man as if oblivious of devouring eyes.

As they passed the last pole that supported a gasoline-burner, Fran glanced up shyly from under her broad hat. The light burned red upon the young usher's face, and there was something in the crimson glow, or in the face, that made her feel like crying, just because—or so she fancied—it revived the recollection of her loneliness. And as she usually did what she felt like doing, she cried, silently, as she followed the young man out beneath the stars.

CHAPTER III.

On the Foot-Bridge.
To the young usher, the change of scene was rather bewildering. His eyes were still full of the light from gasoline-burners, his ears still rang with the confusion of tent-noise into which entered the prolonged monotones of inarticulate groanings, and the explosive suddenness of seemingly irreverent Amens.

Nothing just then mattered except the saving of souls. Having faithfully attended the camp-meeting for three

weeks he found other interests blotting out. The village as a whole had given itself over to religious ecstasy. Those who had professed their faith left no stone unturned in leading others to the altar, as if life could not resume its routine until the unconverted were brought to kneel at the evangelist's feet.

As Abbott Ashton reflected that, because of this young girl with the mocking laugh, he was losing the climactic expression of the three-weeks' campaign, his displeasure grew. Within him was an undefined thought vibration akin to surprise, caused by the serenity of the hushed sky. Was it not incongruous that the heavens should be so peaceful with their quiet star-beacons, while man was exerting himself to the utmost of gesture and noise to glorify the Maker of that calm canopy? From the weather-stained canvas rolled the warning, not unmusically:

"We reap what we sow,
We reap what we sow."

Above the tide of melody, the voice of the evangelist rose in a scream, appalling in its agony—"Oh, men and women, why will you die, why will you die!"

But the stars, looking down at the silent earth, spoke not of death, spoke only as stars, seeming to say, "Here are April days, dear old earth, balmy springtime and summer harvest before us!—What merry nights we shall pass together!" The earth answered with a sudden white smile, for the moon had just risen above the distant woods.

At the stile where the footpath from the tent ended, Abbott paused. Why should he go further? This scotcher, the one false note in the meeting's harmony, had been silenced. "There," he said, showing the road. His tone was final. It meant, "Depart."

Fran spoke in a choking voice, "I'm afraid." It was not until then, that he knew she had been crying, for not once had he looked back. That she should cry, changed everything.

"I am so little," Fran said plaintively, "and the world is so large."

Abbott stood irresolute. To take Fran back to the tent would destroy the influence, but it seemed inhuman to send her away. He temporized rather weakly, "But you came here alone."

"But I'm not going away alone," said Fran. Her voice was still damp, but she had kept her resolution dry.

In the gloom, he vainly sought to discern her features. "Whose little girl are you?" he asked, not without an accent of gentle commiseration.

Fran, one foot on the first step of the stile, looked up at him; the sudden flare of a torch revealed the sorrow in her eyes. "I am nobody's little girl," she answered plaintively.

Her eyes were so large, and so soft and dark, that Abbott was glad she was only a child of fourteen—or fifteen, perhaps. Her face was so strangely eloquent in its yearning for something quite beyond his comprehension, that he decided, then and there, to be her friend. The unsteady light prevented definite perception of her face. There was, in truth, an element of charm in all he could discern of the girl. Possibly the big hat helped to conceal or accentuate—at any rate, the effect was somewhat elfish. As for those great and luminously black eyes, he could not for the life of him have said what he saw in them to set his blood tingling with a feeling of protecting tenderness. Possibly it was her trust in him, for as he gazed into the earnest eyes of Fran, it was like looking into a clear pool to see oneself.

"Nobody's little girl?" he repeated, inexpressibly touched that it should be so. What a treasure somebody was denied! "Are you a stranger in the town?"

"Never been here before," Fran answered mournfully.

"But why did you come?"

"I came to find Hamilton Gregory."

The young man was astonished.

"Didn't you see him in the tent, leading the choir?"

"He has a house in town," Fran said timidly. "I don't want to bother him while he is in his religion. I want to wait for him at his house. Oh," she added earnestly, "if you would only show me the way."

Just as if she did not know the way!

Abbott Ashton was now completely at her mercy. "So you know Brother Gregory, do you?" he asked, as he led her over the stiles and down the wagon-road.

"Never saw him in my life," Fran replied casually. She knew how to say it prohibitively, but she purposely left the bars down, to find out if the young man was what she hoped.

And he was. He did not ask a question. They sought the grass-grown path bordering the dusty road; as they ascended the hill that shut out a view of the village, to their ears came the sprightly Twentieth Century hymn. What change had come over Ashton that the song now seemed as strangely out of keeping as had the peacefulness of the April night, when he first left the tent? He felt the prick of remorse because in the midst of nature, he had so soon forgotten about souls.

Fran caught the air and softly sang

"We reap what we sow—"

"Don't!" he reproved her. "Child, that means nothing to you."

"Yes, it does, too," she returned, rather impudently. She continued to sing and hum until the last note was smothered in her little nose. Then he spoke: "However—it means a different thing to me from what it means to the choir."

He looked at her curiously, "How different?" he smiled.

"To me, it means that we really do

seed what we sow, and that if you've done something very wrong in the past—ugh! Better look out—trouble's coming. That's what the song means to me."

"And will you kindly tell me what it means to the choir?"

"Yes, I tell you what it means to the choir. It means sitting on benches and singing, after a sermon; and it means a tent, and a great evangelist and a celebrated soloist—and then going home to act as if it wasn't so."

Abbott was not only astonished, but pained. Suddenly he had lost "Nobody's little girl," to be confronted by an elfish spirit of mischief. He asked with constraint, "Did this critical attitude make you laugh out, in the tent?"

"I wouldn't tell you why I laughed," Fran declared, "for a thousand dollars. And I've seen more than that in my day."

They walked on. He was silent, she impenetrable. At last she said, in a changed voice, "My name's Fran. What's yours?"

He laughed boyishly. "Mine's Abbott."

His manner made her laugh sympathetically. It was just the manner she liked best—gay, frank, and a little mischievous. "Abbott?" she repeated; "well—is that all?"

"Ashton is the balance; Abbott Ashton. And yours?"

"The rest of mine is Nonpareil—funny name, isn't it!—Fran Nonpareil. It means Fran, the small type; or Fran who's unlike everybody else; or—Oh, there are lots of meanings to me. Some find one, some another, some never understand."

It was because Abbott Ashton was touched that he spoke lightly:

"What a very young Nonpareil to be wandering about the world, all by yourself!"

She was grateful for his raillery. "How young do you think?"

"Let me see. Hum! You are only about—" She laughed mirthfully at his air of preposterous wisdom. "About thirteen—fourteen, yes, you are more than 14—fifteen, more than 15."

But take off that enormous hat, little Nonpareil. There's no use guessing in the dark when the moon's shining."

Fran was gleeful. "All right," she cried in one of her childish tones, shrill, fresh, vibratory with the music of innocence.

By this time they had reached the foot-bridge that spanned the deep ravine. Here the wagon-road made its crossing of a tiny stream, by slipping under the foot-bridge, some fifteen feet below. On the left lay straggling Littleburg with its four or five hundred houses, faintly twinkling, and beyond the meadows on the right, a fringe of woods started up as if it did not belong there, but had come to be seen, while above the woods swung the big moon with Fran on the foot-bridge to shine for.

Fran's hat dangled idly in her hand as she drew herself with backward movement upon the railing. The moonlight was full upon her face; so was the young man's gaze. One of her feet found, after leisurely exploration, a down-slanting board upon the edge of which she pressed her heel for support. The other foot swayed to and fro above the flooring, while a little hand on either side of her gripped the top rail.

"Here I am," she said, shaking back rebellious hair.

Abbott Ashton studied her with grave deliberation—it is doubtful if he had ever before so thoroughly enjoyed his duties as usher. He pronounced judicially, "You are older than you look."

"Yes," Fran explained, "my experience accounts for that. I've had lots."

Abbott's lingering here beneath the



"Who's Little Girl Are You?"

moon when he should have been hurrying back to the tent, showed how unequally the good things of life—experience, for instance—are divided. "You are sixteen," he hazarded, conscious of a strange exhilaration.

Fran dodged the issue behind a smile—"And I don't think you are so awfully old."

Abbott was brought to himself with a jolt that threw him hard upon self-consciousness. "I am superintendent of the public school," the very sound of the words rang as a warning, and he became preternaturally solemn.

"Goodness!" cried Fran, considering his grave mouth and thoughtful eyes, "does it hurt that bad?"

Abbott smiled. All the same, the position of superintendent must not be bartered away for the transitory pleasures of a foot-bridge. "We had better hurry, if you please," he said gravely.

"I am so afraid of you," murmured Fran. "But I know the meeting will last a long time yet. I'd hate to have

to wait long at Mr. Gregory's with that disagreeable lady who isn't Mrs. Gregory."

Abbott was startled. Why did she thus designate Mr. Gregory's secretary? He looked keenly at Fran, but she only said plaintively:

"Can't we stay here?"

He was disturbed and perplexed. It was as if a fitting shadow from some unformed cloud of thought-mist had fallen upon the every-day world out of his subconsciousness. Why did this stranger speak of Miss Grace Noir as the "lady who isn't Mrs. Gregory?" The young man at times had caught himself thinking of her in just that way.

School superintendents do not enjoy being mystified. "Really," Abbott de-



"Goodness!" Cried Fran, "Does it Hurt That Bad?"

clared abruptly, "I must go back to the meeting."

Fran had heard enough about his leaving her. She decided to stop that once and for all. "If you go back, I go, too!" she said conclusively. She gave him a look to show that she meant it, then became all humility.

"Please don't be cross with little Nonpareil," she coaxed. "Please don't want to go back to that meeting. Please don't want to leave me. You are so learned and old and so strong—you don't care why a little girl laughs."

Fran tilted her head sidewise, and the glance of her eyes proved irresistible. "But tell me about Mr. Gregory," she pleaded, "and don't mind my ways. Ever since mother died I've found nothing in this world but love that was for somebody else, and trouble that was for me."

The pathetic cadence of the slender throated tones moved Abbott more than he cared to show.

"If you're in trouble," he exclaimed, "you've sought the right helper in Mr. Gregory. He's the richest man in the county, yet lives so simply, so frugally—they keep few servants—and all because he wants to do good with his money. I think Mr. Gregory is one of the best men that ever lived."

Fran asked with simplicity, "Great church worker?"

"He's as good as he is rich. He never misses a service. I can't give the time to it that he does—to the church, I mean; I have the ambition to hold, one day, a chair at Yale or Harvard—that means to teach in a university—" he broke off, in explanation.

"You see," with a deprecatory smile, "I want to make myself felt in the world."

Fran's eyes shone with an unspoken "Hurrah!" and as he met her gaze, he felt a thrill of pleasure from the impression that he was what she wanted him to be.

Fran allowed his soul to bathe a while in divine eye-beams of flattering approval, then gave him a little sting to bring him to life. "You are pretty old, not to be married," she remarked. "I hope you won't find some woman to put an end to your high intentions, but men generally do. Men fall in love, and when they finally pull themselves out, they've lost sight of the shore they were headed for."

A slight color stole to Abbott's face. In fact, he was rather hard hit. This wandering child was no doubt a witch. He looked in the direction of the tent, as if to escape the weaving of her magic. But he only said, "That sounds—er—practical."

"Yes," said Fran, wondering who the woman was, "if you can't be practical, there's no use to be. Well, I can see you now, at the head of some university—you'll make it, because you're so much like me. Why, when they first began teaching me to feed— Good gracious! What am I talking about?" She hurried on, as if to cover her confusion. "But I haven't got as far in books as you have, so I'm not religious."

"Books aren't religion," he remonstrated, then added with unnecessary gentleness, "Little Nonpareil! What an idea!"

"Yes, books are," retorted Fran, shaking back her hair, swinging her foot, and twisting her body impatiently. "That's the only kind of religion I know anything about—just books, just doctrines; what you ought to believe and how you ought to act—all nicely printed and bound between covers. Did you ever meet any religion outside of a book, moving up and down, going about in the open?"

He answered in perfect confidence, "Mr. Gregory lives his religion daily—the kind that helps people, that makes the unfortunate happy."

Fran was not hopeful. "Well, I've come all the way from New York to see him. I hope he can make me happy. I'm certainly unfortunate enough. I've got all the elements he needs to work on."

"From New York!" He considered

the delicate form, the youthful face, and whistled. "Will you please tell me where your home is, Nonpareil?"

She waved her arm inclusively. "America. I wish it were concentrated in some spot, but it's just spread out thin under the Stars and Stripes. My country's about all I have." She broke off with a catch in her voice—she tried to laugh, but it was no use.

Suddenly it came to Abbott Ashton that he understood the language of moon, watching woods, meadow-lands, even the gathering rain-clouds; all spoke of the universal brotherhood of man with nature; a brotherhood including the most ambitious superintendent of schools and a homeless Nonpareil; a brotherhood to be confirmed by the clasping of sincere hands. There was danger in such a confirmation, for it carried Abbott beyond the limits that mark a superintendent's confines.

As he stood on the bridge, holding Fran's hand in a warm and sympathetic pressure, he was not unlike one on picket-service who slips over the trenches to hold friendly parley with the enemy. Abbott did not know there was any danger in this brotherly handclasp; but that was because he could not see a fleshy and elderly lady slowly coming down the hill. As superintendent, he should doubtless have considered his responsibilities to the public; he did consider them when the lady, breathless and severe, approached the bridge, while every pound of her ample form cast its weight upon the seal of her disapproving, low-voiced and significant, "Good evening, Professor Ashton."

Fran whistled.

The lady heard, but she swept on without once glancing back. There was in her none of that saline tendency that made of Lot a widow; the lady desired to see no more.

Fran opened her eyes at Abbott to their widest extent, as she demurely asked, "How cold is it? My thermometer is frozen."

The young man did not betray uneasiness, though he was really alarmed, for his knowledge of the fleshy lady enabled him to foresee gathering clouds more sinister than those overhead. The obvious thing to be done was to release the slender hand; he did so rather hastily.

"Have I got you into trouble?" Fran asked, with her elfish laugh. "If so, we'll be neighbors, for that's where I live. Who was she?"

"Miss Sapphira Clinton," he answered as, by a common impulse, they began walking toward Hamilton Gregory's house. "Bob Clinton's sister, and my landlady." The more Abbott thought of his adventure, the darker it grew; before they reached their destination it had become a deep gray.

"Do you mean the 'Brother Clinton' that couldn't get 'through'?"

"Yes . . . He's the chairman of the School Board."

"Ah!" murmured Fran comprehendingly. At Gregory's gate, she said, "Now you run back to the tent and I'll bear the lion by myself. I know it has sharp teeth, but I guess it won't bite me. Do you try to get back to the tent before the meeting's over. Show yourself there. Parade up and down the aisles."

He laughed heartily, all the sorrier for her because he found himself in trouble.

"It was fun while it lasted, wasn't it?" Fran exclaimed, with a sudden gurgle.

"Part of it was," he admitted. "Good-by, then, little Nonpareil."

He held out his hand.

"No, sir!" cried Fran, clasping her hands behind her. "That's what got you into trouble. Good-by. Run for it!"

(Continued.)

Football.

If you are getting on in years—nay, to the time when the young fellows begin to caution you that it is imprudent to run upstairs—it is a good thing to go out to a football game and renew your youth. A perfectly silly thing, a football game, you think as you see the struggling, swaying mass in the middle of the field. And the cheer leader. Did you ever see anything more ridiculous than the utter seriousness of his manner as he solemnly calls for "nine rahs" for so-and-so?

But as the game progresses and you see some thrilling runs around the end and some reckless tackling and some nifty line bucking, all for the honor of the team and the college—well, you begin to warm up. Before the last quarter is over you have picked your team, if you hadn't one to start with, and are pulling frantically for it to get the ball across that stanchly defended goal line.

After all, youth is a great thing. The well-fought college football game, with its fine abandon and its compelling enthusiasm and its fervid admonitions from the rooters to "Hold—that—line!" makes the blood flow faster through the veins of the most sedate person of middle age.—Kansas City Times.

Water in Australia

Over a very large area of Australia, and especially where the rainfall is light, it is possible to tap an apparently inexhaustible supply of artesian water by boring. In this way much has been added to the value of large tracts of country, both for stock breeding and general productive purposes. Late developments indicate that the artesian area is even greater than was at first supposed. For some time the South Australian government has been boring for water on the southern limits of the artesian basin in the neighborhood of Lake Frome and last month a supply of good quality water was tapped, equal to 230,000 gallons a day.



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Improved and
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PRICES REASONABLE
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Location and Quality
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Canyon, Texas
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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.

DR. PRICE'S
CREAM
Baking Powder

Received the highest award
at Chicago World's Fair

Miss Lula Brown of Eldorado has been spending the past two weeks at the Palo Duro Club.

Mrs. Estelle Tacker spent Christmas with her mother in Hereford.

Miss Emily Gorman of Waco spent Christmas in the city.

Miss Pearl Hensley of Rolls is spending the holidays with her parents.

Miss Anna Summer of Dallas is spending the week end with Miss Pearl Hensley.

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

Judge J. C. Compton and wife of Portales spent the holidays at the parental B. T. Johnson home.

Miss Sales, who was a teacher in the normal training school last year is now editing the News—Champion at Gunnison at Colo. She is getting out a very interesting and newsy paper.

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.

C. R. Burrow returned Tuesday from his vacation trip.

Mrs. C. W. Patterson, Misses Chloe, Dabbie and Francis and Herbert Patterson of Amarillo spent Christmas at the E. F. Miller home.

Misses Hudspeth and Green and Messrs A. L. Tarlton and Chas. Smith left Monday for Kansas City where they will attend the Y. M. C. A. students Voluntary Convention.

Miss Ruth Stafford of Memphis spent Christmas at her parental home.

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Reid and baby of Amarillo are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Reid.

Mrs. E. J. Satterfield who has been visiting at the home of her sister Mrs. Tom Coffee left Wednesday for Blum where she will visit her sister.

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.

Newt Reeves was an Amarillo caller Wednesday.

Miss Neva Reynolds spent Friday and Saturday with friends in Amarillo.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Pipkin and daughter of Amarillo spent Thursday in the city.

A. J. Scall of N. M., is visiting at the L. G. Allen home.

L. G. Allen and A. J. Scall were Amarillo callers Wednesday.

R. L. Lester was in Amarillo Thursday on business.

C. C. Johnson of Plainview is visiting Miss Fay Johnson in the city.

Miss Annie Laurie Buie, daughter of Judge B. Frank Buie of Canyon, who has been in the Hollis Sanitarium for surgical treatment for the past eight weeks returned to her home last night. She was accompanied to Sweetwater by a nurse at which place she was met by her father. Abilene Reporter, Dec. 21.

D. A. Park and family spent Christmas in Canadian.

Mr. and Mrs. Denman of Houston are visiting their daughter Miss Denman of the Normal faculty.

Rev. J. A. Cambell was in the city from Hereford Wednesday evening to conduct services at the Guenther home. He made the News office a pleasant call.

R. A. DeFee of Channing spent Christmas with friends in the city.

John Fink is moving to Falls City Neb., where he will make his future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Horn, of Quanah are visiting at the home of their daughter, Mrs. A. B. Haynes

John Knight left Wednesday on a ten days business trip to Dallas.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Mount of Amarillo visited Christmas at the Word home.

Fay Gober of Wichita Falls visited the parental home over Sunday.

Jesse Hicks is home from A. M. college for the holidays.

Bartow Cousins is home from Mineral Wells to spend the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Pipkin were in Hereford Christmas.

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 rumbling 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; plus 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.
F. J. CENEZEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, etc.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

CLASSIFIED ADS

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

For Rent—New five room bungalow near Normal. Bath, city water, cellar, plastered. J. B. Kleinschmidt. tf

Best for Dairy Cows—Fee your cows mixed hulls and meat See Welton Winn. tf

Found—A yearling Hereford heifer with brand (T) on left hip, 4-1-2 miles east of Canyon. P. Flugel. p1

Lost Tuesday—a pair of light tan kid gloves in the business section of town. Leave at News office. 1t

For Sale—I have some fine S. C. R. I. Red cocks and cockerals also Silver Spangled Hamburgs, Guinea roosters and Angora rabbits. If you want quality see me or drop me a card. C. J. Schultz, R. F. D. 1, Box 33, Canyon, Texas. 41p2

Seed Oats—Am looking this week for a car of seed oats, my own raising from Coleman county. These are Texas Red Rust Proof including 200 bushels of Hastings 100 bushel oats. I have grown Texas Reds through the last 5 or 6 winters successfully. Every farmer and stockman should grow oats. See me for prices. Welton Winn. 1t

Poor Blood is Responsible

for much sickness and suffering because its quality determines our resistive power. With poor blood we are languid, susceptible to colds, lack natural energy and ambition, and the gradual decline of strength makes prompt and careful treatment necessary. Drugs or alcohol cannot make blood and must be avoided.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is nature's grandest blood-maker because of its wholesome medical nourishment, so carefully predigested that it assimilates without taxing digestion and quickly increases the red corpuscles of the blood, strengthens the organs and tissues and upbuilds the whole system.

Absolutely nothing compares with SCOTT'S EMULSION to purify and enrich the blood to overcome or avoid anaemia. It is totally free from alcohol or opiates and your health demands the purity of SCOTT'S.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 15-25

J. S. Christian was a business caller in Tulia Saturday

Ed Stearns and John Foltyn of Davis City Neb., were in the city this week on business

G. G. Murray has moved to his old home at Carbon. He has been a resident of Randall county for the past few years.

T. P. Turk of Hillsboro was a business caller in this city from Saturday until yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Flake Garner of Plainview spent Christmas at the M. P. Garner home.

Chronic Constipation Cures.
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.

"Five years ago I had the worst case of chronic constipation I ever knew of, and Chamberlain's Tablets cured me," writes S. F. Fish, Brooklyn, Mich. For sale by all Dealers.
(Advertisement)

175 acres fine bottom land two miles east of the Normal to rent for 1914. See L. G. Conner, or A. M. Smith or write me. L. E. Cowling, Mineral Wells, Texas. 41t3

Call No. 3 and ask about those nice fresh fish and oysters every day. D. N. Redburn. 41t2

For Rent—A nice four room house close to square, cheap. T. F. Reid. 41p2

I have moved my stock of second hand goods to the southeast corner of the square. J. M. Gibson. 1p

Mrs. J. R. Cullum returned Friday from a three days visit at Mineral Wells.

Fred Chapman of Waxahachie, is visiting at the C. T. Word home.

For Sale—Two pair of mules, two red white faced heifers. W. E. Heizer. 41p3

The Randall County News truly trusts that this will be a most prosperous New year for our many readers.

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

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

I began taking Cardui, the woman's tonic, and got relief from the very first dose. By the time I had taken 12 bottles, my health was completely restored. I am now 48 years years old, but feel as good as I did when only 16. Cardui certainly saved me from losing my mind, and I feel it my duty to speak in its favor. I wish I had some power over poor, suffering women, and could make them know the good it would do them."

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

Try Cardui. Your druggist sells it.

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

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WHENEVER YOU NEED A GENERAL TONIC - TAKE GROVE'S

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

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

OUR NEW YEAR'S GREETING

to one and all is, "that the coming year may be the best one of all the years of your life." If you have been our customer in the past, we know that you are satisfied one, and take this means of thanking you for your patronage. If we have not had the pleasure of your patronage, will you not give us a trial this year?

CITY PHARMACY
THE "REXALL" STORE

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

8% Money
On Improved Farms. No Commission Charged For Placing Loans
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P. & O. One and Two Row Listers

The Old Reliable with all modern improvements, making them the most up-to-date listers on the market in every respect. Easy to operate for either single or double listing. Let us show you our listers before you buy.

THOMPSON HARDWARE CO.

Making Tomorrow's World

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

BRITISH SOCIAL REFORM LEGISLATION



Birmingham, Eng.—"What is the most significant movement in British life today?" The question was asked of Aaron Watson, veteran liberal journalist, at the National Liberal club, of H. A. White, editor of the London Daily Standard, an organ of the aristocratic classes, at the Conservative club, of Robert Donald, editor of the London Daily Chronicle, the chief liberal journal, of H. A. Gwynne, editor of the London Morning Post, the journal which all society reads; of journalists, politicians, tradesmen, men in the street. The reply, in one form or another, was everywhere practically the same: "The growing insistence upon social reform legislation."

Ten years ago the Briton talked about world politics almost exclusively. Today, without losing his interest in world-politics, he talks about home affairs, land and labor and life. Ten years ago he made faces at Germany and planned a bigger navy. Today he studies Germany's social program for acceptance or avoidance, and is content with a navy maintained at ordinary strength.

How Britons Talk Back.
Two avenues of approach to the real thought of the British people exist which are not found in other countries, at least not to such marked extent. The Briton has not lost the art of talking back. Building his home behind stone walls, stupidly reserved with strangers, he talks freely in public meetings and he writes letters to the newspapers. Besides other and usual ways of access to public opinion, these are characteristically British. He wrote a letter to the Times in other days. Now he writes also to the Daily Mail, the Daily Telegraph, the

than aliens, criminals or lunatics, is denied an Old Age pension. All the money for the pensions is provided out of the national treasury—no pensioner and no locality have to contribute anything. Nearly one million persons now receive old age pensions—603,380 women and 362,628 men. The number of persons who, as paupers, received outdoor relief from local poor funds, has largely decreased, falling off from 168,096 to 8,563 in six years. Of every 1,000 persons in Great Britain seventy years old and upwards 640 are old age pensioners, nearly two-thirds. The annual cost to the national treasury is about \$60,000,000.

"I think the greatest act of Parliament of the last fifty years, aside from the power of the House of Lords," said John Burns, cabinet minister and labor leader, "is the act which gave Old Age Pensions. It is the boon of the benevolent state at the cost of the bounteous rich for the benefit of the aged poor. It works easily, does not demoralize, solves many Poor Law problems, keeps the old among the young—and that is good for both—and prevents the growth of institutional life, which I do not like. I am for the home as against the institution." That's the opinion of the friends of the measure.

"A system of demoralization will be established among the working classes," said Lord Wemyss. "Thrift will be done away with, families will cease to regard it as an obligation to maintain those of their number whose working days are passed, and self-reliance will be diminished." That's the extreme view of the opposition.

Insured Against Unemployment.
The National Insurance Act, in addition to insurance against the loss of health and for the prevention and care of sickness, provides insurance against unemployment. In state health insurance Great Britain followed the lead of Germany, but in unemployment insurance Great Britain leads the way. It is a far-reaching experiment in social legislation. "The essence of the problem of unemployment is that all work, or nearly all work, is more or less irregular, and will in large part always remain so,"

ter the first week of unemployment. Workmen more than eighteen years old get \$1.75 a week and under eighteen years old, 90 cents a week, up to a maximum of 15 weeks unemployed in any twelvemonth. The cost to the state of unemployment insurance is about \$2,000,000 annually.

Government Employment Agencies.
The Labor Exchange Act is, in every way, a supplement to the Unemployment Act. It provides government labor exchanges to find jobs for workmen and workmen for jobs. In the three years since this scheme became operative 1,500,000 vacancies have been filled and nearly 270,000 jobs of a casual nature found for workmen. A large amount has been advanced by the state for traveling expenses for workmen for whom jobs have been found. The workman who would claim unemployment benefit must first show that he has applied to the Labor Exchange for employment and been unable to obtain it.

Minimum Wage "White List."
The Workmen's Compensation Act is not new, but an extension to other workers, and to include compensation in the case of certain industrial diseases. The Trades Boards Act attacked the industrial and social evil of sweating. It established trade boards, composed of employers and workers in equal proportions, together with members appointed by the Board of Trade. These boards fix minimum rates for wages for time work in certain trades and may also fix general minimum rates for piece work. The trades to which the act has already been made to apply are: Ready-made and custom tailoring; cardboard box making, machine-made lace and net-finishing and chain-making. A "White List" of employers who agree to the minimum wage is made public and no government contracts are awarded to firms not on this list.

Early Closing for Shops.
The Early Closing Act, which bothers some tourists who find shops closed at unexpected and apparently unreasonable times, gives weekly half-holidays all over Great Britain to shopkeepers and their assistants. All shops—American, stores—must be closed one week day not later than one o'clock in the afternoon, except where food or newspapers are sold—which, with letters, constitute the trinity for which man will not willingly wait. Even excepted shops may be closed if two-thirds of those in the district in the trade wish them closed. All classes of shop assistants must be given one half-holiday a week and the general work hours are regulated by law. Other acts prevent the employment of women in industrial occupations during the night, make regulations regarding the protection of health in factories and attack the problem of child labor. The Housing and Town Planning Acts amplify in their provisions earlier acts under which the state acquires land for housing purposes and deals with unsanitary areas and dwellings.

"Rank Socialism?"
These are some of the more striking measures which Great Britain's legislature is using as tools in the construction of tomorrow's British empire. "It is rank Socialism," said one, "but what are you going to do about it? A reaction will come and come soon, but until that does come these laws and more of the same kind will be enacted, weakening private initiative, diminishing self-respect and discouraging self-reliance and thrift. If the state is to be a crutch, we will all grow infirm in time and lean upon it. Contentment, not discontent, should be preached. We are sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind."

"Prosperity should pay a thank offering," said another Britisher. "So much for the new taxes. As for the so-called socialistic legislation, it is not socialism but democracy, the giving to every man a chance, and so far as honest, living wage and fair laws for capital alike with labor, and opportunity for education, leisure and employment can make it so, an equal chance. Is not that the chief business of a democratic state? As for contentment—did you read the White Paper—an official report of the distribution of wealth?"

"The toad beneath the harrow knows Exactly where each tooth-point goes; The butterfly beside the road Preaches contentment to that toad."

"The eyes of the fool are in the ends of the earth," said Solomon. In Great Britain it is a time of introspection, painful but profitable.

Lord Rosebery's Story.
Lord Rosebery told a story the other day of an Aberdeen professor whose youth was properly full of zeal for learning, but who was too poor to gratify it. Through one long fierce winter in Scotland—where winters are winters—he shivered without an overcoat and starved without breakfast, because he had spent the money which might have bought them upon the purchase of a Hebrew Bible. In Lord Rosebery's story, of course, the Aberdeen professor, for being faithful to one book, was made ruler over a whole library. The social reform legislation, result of Great Britain's introspection and tumultuous discussion, seeks to secure to all provision against lack of breakfasts or of coats and, indeed, in the broad-visioned Education bill, to make possible for those who wish it, even the study and, perhaps, also the ownership of a Hebrew Bible. (Copyright, 1915, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Sweet Salt.
Mrs. A.—I told Willie on his way home from school to get me a bar of soap.
Mrs. B.—Oh, he'll forget it; my boy never remembers.
Mrs. A.—No danger; I said he might buy five cents' worth of candy at the same time.

NEW YORK FACES PROBLEM IN ITS RIVAL GANGSTERS

Politicians and High Police Officials Blamed for Existence of This Menace to the Country's Chief City.

PUBLIC ALSO INDIFFERENT TO CRIME AND CRIMINALS

Efforts to Break Up the More Powerful Organizations Have Resulted in the Formation of Smaller Bodies Just as Menacing—Writer Sees Possible Good in the Boy Scout Movement—Lawless Youngsters Mostly American Born and Come From the Tenement Districts.

NEW YORK.—Rival gangsters fought a revolver battle from automobiles on primary day, September 16, in broad sunlight, at the corner of Sixty-fifth street and Broadway, just as the matinee crowds were pouring out of the theaters. The police managed to get four of the combatants, and the car which they had used in the shooting affray was found to contain lists of voters in six election districts, systematically arranged to enable repeating.

It was the gang in the service of the politician, just as in the Rosenthal murder the gang had been in the service of a high police official. The gang serves those who pay it or can protect it against the law. For \$5 it will detail a "kid" to black a man's eyes; for \$50 you can have a man stabbed, and "doing the big job" will cost you more than \$500 or \$1,000 if you are properly vouched for to the gang leader by some one with a "big pull."

The man with the "big pull" is always a politician or a gambler, writes Henry N. Hall in the Sunday New York World. The politician's alliance with the gangster is as close today, if not as open, as when a district leader on the eve of an important election gave an interview to newspaper men with one foot on a box from which his lieutenants were distributing 500 lead-loaded blackjacks to "the boys" for use the next day, or when a political leader—now one of New York's most distinguished representatives in the congress of the United States—went over to New Jersey to testify under oath that "Monk" Eastman was a reputable business man and an otherwise desirable citizen.

Difficult Problem.
There is no more difficult problem in American civic life today than the elimination of the gang. There are three reasons for this. The first is that the American public is indifferent to crime. There is no place in the world where the man in the street goes about his own business and keeps clear of the underworld as safe in his person as he is here, and the result is that unless he himself, or some one he knows personally, is the victim of a crime, he reads about these things in the paper with an interested complacency not unlike the feelings he derives from a thrilling moving-picture show. Gangs, gangsters, Black Hand crimes and bomb outrages are accepted as among the things incidental to life in a big city, and it is impossible to arouse anything like public indignation over their presence.

The second reason is that the interests to which the gangs are useful—the politicians, the gamblers and those who grow rich in the underworld—are so powerful that they are able to protect those who are of service to them. It is only in exceptional cases, when public feeling is outraged by some



The politician's alliance with the gangster is as close today as when a political leader went over to New Jersey to testify under oath that "Monk" Eastman was a reputable business man.

wanton defiance of law, some very spectacular and serious crime, that protection from "above" fails to secure immunity. The third reason is that however effectively you may break up a gang its members will always ally themselves with other gangsters and reform other associations. Breaking up a powerful gang is followed too often

by the appearance of three or four smaller and rival organizations. It is only scattering the trouble.

Catching the Gangster Young.
There is only one way to put down gangs in a city like New York, and that is to cut off their supply of recruits. The gangster has to be caught young. There is no gang in New York today which willingly adds grown men to its ranks. The new recruits all come up from the streets. I have talked with a number of gangsters, and there is such a surprising unanimity about their boyhood days that it is not impossible to picture the upgrowth of the "gorilla."

Watch almost any gang of small boys playing in the streets of the tenement districts. They always have a leader. It matters not what they are doing or to what mischief they are up, there is always one who is braver, stronger, more resourceful than the rest. He will grow into a man of action. He will make a success of life if his home influences and early opportunities give him a fair chance; but if he goes wrong he is the material of which the gangster is made. It is so easy for him to go wrong.

As he gets older he may commit some little breach of the law that other boys will take pride in as a proof of his daring. The corner saloonkeeper patronizes him and marshals him with others of his kind. He gets his introduction into the underworld and meets real gangsters upon whom the women of the streets fawn and who nod knowingly to the "cop" on the corner. If he stumbles into a scrape the saloonkeeper or one of his newly acquired friends will appeal to some ward politician for bail, lawyers and the necessary "pull" to get him out of trouble. Then he sticks to his friends, and gangdom has won another recruit.

Irrepressible Conflict.
All this is perfectly well known to the churches, the settlement workers and all the "reformers," and many and strange are the ways of those who would lead youth in the paths of righteousness. There is going on all the time in this as in every other great city a constant tussle between the forces of good and the forces of evil. Both are reaching down into the struggling mass of upgrowing humanity, seeking for new recruits.

A great deal of perfectly good energy has been wasted in trying to get real live boys to spend their Sunday



Real gangsters upon whom the women of the streets fawn and who nod knowingly to the "cop" on the corner.

afternoons in summer attending Bible classes when they wanted to play ball in the corner lot. That is just an invitation to the daring boy to play truant, and as the rest of "de gang" who lack the initiative to grow up into anything but law-abiding citizens anyhow are not there to play with him he goes off and gets into mischief.

Field for Boy Scouts.
Only one organization really seems to be properly equipped for attracting to itself the boys who but for its existence would grow up to be gangsters, and that is the Boy Scouts. It is just the kind of thing that appeals to high-spirited boys and it is doing a most wonderful work in making them into manly youths who will grow up to be good and useful citizens. There is a striking sameness about the gangster's unwritten code and the laws of the scouts.

"Thou shalt not squeal," is the first law of the gangster. The gangster's honor is to be trusted in gangdom. The first law of the Boy Scouts is "A scout's honor is to be trusted." If he breaks his honor by telling a lie he ceases to be a scout. If the gangster squeals the penalty is death.

Next to not squealing, the law of the gang is that its members shall be "hunky." A scout's second law is loyalty to his country and his friends. "He must stick to them through thick and thin against anyone who is their enemy." And so on. A scout must be brave and daring and must obey orders without question and he must never sulk. All of which things are expected of the gangster.

Mostly American-Born.
A large majority of the gangsters are American-born, mostly of Irish or Italian descent. The young Jew does not make good gang material, or rather what gangs there are in or of the Ghetto differ from the real "gunmen." The young Jew who goes wrong becomes a thief, a "dip," or pickpocket, or else he gambles—generally with more or less success—in which case he hires gangsters to protect his profits. Here and there on the lower East side a gang of young Jews will get up a fake lottery and sell their worthless tickets to the small shopkeepers, who know that refusal to "come across" with the 50 cents demanded would lead

to a stone being pitched through their store window at night, or some wanton damage being done to their goods. It is a cheap form of blackmail.

Leaders Who Play Safe.
There are several gangs in New York with a membership of more than a thousand, but more and more the men at the head of them keep their hands free of actual crime. The leader is the man with brains and money, and above all with the confidence of the politician, who has enough influence to smooth out the serious troubles into which his followers may fall. In case of a murder or killing it is the general rule for the actual murderer to be safely hidden away while the arrest is brought about of some other member of the gang, who, on trial, will be able to put in a perfect



"He Will Attend to That When He Gets Out"

defense, or who will have to be released by the police for lack of evidence.

Although it is literally true that there are in New York today dozens of gangs and thousands of gangsters, the great majority are without real standing in the underworld. At a conservative estimate there are, however, from twenty to twenty-five recognized gangs, with a membership in excess of 5,000 men, from which politicians and gamblers and others requiring their services can get thugs, repeaters and strong-arm men for any purpose, from carrying an election or breaking a strike to securing the commission of crime against the persons or property of citizens.

Settle Their Own Disputes.
Gangdom recognizes this state of outlawry and it always settles its own disputes. The recognized forces of law and order—the police—are never called upon to listen to its complaints. If a gangster falls in any feud, if he has been shot or stabbed, he never gives the name of his assailant. "He will attend to that when he gets out." If he dies he knows that his friends will avenge him, and often in New York hospitals when the police have vainly tried to get a wounded gangster to "squeal" some member of his gang will call at the hospital, bend over the little white cot and only a tightening of his jaw tells the policemen on guard that the visitor has learned the name of the man who is to pay for the gangster's death.

HORSE OUTFRONS A KANGAROO

Men Attack the Big Animals With Only Clubs For Weapons, and Kill Them.

Notwithstanding the kangaroo's popular reputation for speed, he is easily overtaken in the bush by a good horse within half a mile. A capable kangaroo dog—a lean, swift beast, a cross between a greyhound and a mastiff, bred to course and kill—soon runs him to bay. Without dogs it is the custom to kill with a cudgel. This is often accomplished by the sportsman from the back of his horse. Dismounted, however, with the kangaroo waiting alertly for attack, it is sometimes a perilous venture to come to close quarters. A slip—and the sportsman finds himself all at once in a desperate situation. A lumberjack showed scars of an encounter. He had ridden the kangaroo down and, being in haste to make an end of the sport, he had caught up the first likely stick his eye could discover, and he had stepped quickly and confidently in, and he had struck hard and accurately. And the next instant, caught off the ground, he was struggling, breast to breast, in the hug of the creature, frightfully aware that he must escape before the deadly hind foot had devastated him.

"My club broke," he exclaimed, "and the boomer got me."—Norman Duncan in Harper's Magazine.

Not the Same.
Robert W. Chambers, at a literary luncheon in Garden City replied to an attack on publishers made by a young writer.

"If there is a demand for an author's book," said Mr. Chambers, "he will find his publisher anxious to treat him fairly and even generously. Of course there are exceptions—my friend Blank's publisher, for instance, was an exception."

"After a short conversation one day in Fifth avenue, Blank, on taking leave of me, said:

"By the way, do you remember my telling you that my publisher said he would raise my royalties in a month or so?"

"Yes," I replied, "hasn't he?"

"No. I misunderstood him. He meant he'd try and raise the back royalties due on the last year's sales of my book. I haven't had a cent yet."



Group of English Laborers.

News and Leader, the Westminster Gazette, the Pall Mall Gazette, the Edinburgh Scotsman, the Manchester Journal, the Glasgow Herald, or one of a dozen other great journals, and sometimes to all of them. Nor are these letters from any one class. Everybody writes except the king, and he employs a secretary to write for him. At the public meeting the Briton "heckles" or interrupts with questions for information or impertinence. In the theaters he hisses—which Americans do not—as well as applauds. The public political meeting, as well as the letters in the newspapers, afford an interesting index to the questions uppermost in the public mind. Here, again, social reform legislation of every kind, from the far-fung ideas of the Fabians to the most conservative suggestions of Lord Lansdowne, is talked. Yet more significant is the legislation actually enacted, as the program of one party or another.

A Million Old Age Pensioners.
The Old Age Pension Act is perhaps the most far-reaching. Under the provisions of this act, which became law in 1905, every person in the United Kingdom, whose income is less than \$160 a year, is entitled to receive from the government a pension. This government pension varies in amount, depending upon the income from other sources. The smallest is 25 cents a week, the largest \$1.25. No one, other

than Mr. L. G. Chiozza Money, M. P. "Man can never hope to reduce his operations to a machine-like regularity. He can, however, by concerted effort and common rule decide that irregularity of work need not mean irregularity of maintenance. Society can assure, should assure, to every honest man the regular maintenance which it now admits is due the dishonest man."

The Unemployment Act pools risks by insurance. It builds up a fund by contributions from the employer, the employe and society as a whole, in order that when irregularity of work touches a particular man and deprives him of wage, there may be pay to take the place of wage. The act provides for compulsory insurance against unemployment for about 2,500,000 workmen, skilled or unskilled, organized or unorganized, in building, construction of works, ship-building, engineering, construction of vehicles, iron-founding and saw-milling. The workman contributes five cents a week for each period of employment of a week or less, the employer also five cents a week, and the state one-third the total contributions of employers and employes. For workmen less than eighteen years old the contributions are two cents a week from both workman and employer. The benefit provided consists of weekly payments to the insured workman whilst unemployed at-

AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS



WHAT DOES FATHER TIME HOLD IN THE OTHER HAND?

NEW YEAR'S is the oldest and the most widely observed of all the world's festival days. In every country this day has been celebrated from the beginning of civilization. The day does not come simultaneously all over the globe, for some countries have a different calendar from that of America and Europe. All countries, however, aim to have their civil year coincide, in duration, and as far as practicable, with the solar year. The nations which hold their festival in accordance with the Gregorian calendar, comprising the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany and most of the other white countries are those which are leaders in civilization, and give the law to the world.

In its universality this day differs from all the others which have written their names on the world's calendar. Thanksgiving is a strictly American holiday, which did not extend beyond the boundaries of New England until about a generation ago. Nowhere outside the United States does the Fourth of July make any special demand for observance. It had neither a local habitation nor a name until we furnished them. Not until after Yorktown and the adoption of the constitution was this aspiration of 1776 transmitted into fact. By the Puritans Christmas was placed under the ban, and not until a time within the easy recollection of living men was it permitted to cross the boundaries of New England. Moreover, primarily Christmas is dedicated to the children, and in its observance the older members of the family are merely subsidiary. In celebrating it the children hold the center of the stage, with the adults as the properties and accessories which give the spectacle its scenic effects. But New Year's dedicates itself to the grown-ups, especially to those who have the capacity and the inclination for physical and social activity. Particularly does it send out its appeal to everybody who has the freshness of spirits and the enthusiasm which give zest to enjoyment of all sorts, who are capable, when occasion demands, of turning back the hands on time's clock and thus who can, through a child's eyes, look out upon life.

Although this is the oldest of the world's gala days, its especial function is to tell us to look forward and not backward. For the moment the sponge has drawn itself across the desires and the deeds of the year which, a few hours ago, was thrust back into the shadow. A blank tablet rises before us, on which the coming days will write their story. On the world's calendar this incoming cycle figures as 1914, but for the present hour this arbitrary division may be disregarded. And while the hour remains with us we are all privileged to set up our own calendar. While the transition casts its spell upon us everything is new. We are at the beginning of an era. This is day 1 of year 1 in the new dispensation. The uncertainties and the adversities of the dead cycle can no longer molest us or make us afraid. Even where fortune has been kind to us in the recent past, the days which are before us stand ready to hand us choicer prizes. Keeping sunshine in the heart, we can laugh at any tales which the thermometer or the barometer may tell us. While this day lasts hope is the only deity which claims any allegiance from any of us. All are invited to

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind—him shalt thou serve and to him shalt thou cleave."

What, then will be the reward of faithful love and service? Or are we working without the hope of a reward? To be pure and true, love must be disinterested. Granted. Yet, is there not an exquisite joy, a keen incentive to further service, in the encouragement which God in his infinite goodness grants to use from time to time, and that in spite of all the imperfections of our love and service? Why, then, should we not look forward to our great reward—God's approval? If we truly love him, should we not strive with all our might for his final "Well done?" Surely it is not wrong to look forward to the joy of that assurance, even while we are fully aware of our coming short of it, yet, in our best work, for thus we learn to know more, and to think more, of the love which, seeing the intention, gives us credit for the effort, though the result may not be, is not, what we had hoped to offer him.

With such thoughts the New Year begins. As a child tries to please the father he loves so dearly, as a friend who seeks every opportunity to prove his friendship, so may we loving, thankful children of our God, rejoicing in the knowledge of his love, go on our way, full of trust for the future, neglecting no opportunity, however small it may be, to prove our thankful love, and asking him to kindle in us an intense desire to please him, an ardent longing for his blessed words of commendation, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

HEN MISTAKE.

"What is a young man's maiden speech, pa?"
"His first one, my dear."
"Dear me! I thought it was a proposal."

build their air castles without any fear of any disillusionment, "for over the sea lies Spain." We can get all the exaltation which came to Abou Hassan when the amiable deception of Haroun-al-Raschid was played upon him, without any of the ill effects which we may presume came to him when his dream of power dispelled itself. The day and the scene invites us to enjoyment, and to contribute to the enjoyment of others. For this one day, at least, of the year the golden age is no myth. It is here with us, and we must utilize it while it stays. This is the hour when life's wireless telegraph carries greetings of good will between all the individuals and all the peoples of the earth. To every one of us the world stretches forth the glad hand and salutes us with a "May you live long and prosper."

The old prophets conceived the sublime thought that the Creator set the heavenly bodies in their places to mark for man the progress of time. The early leaders of the human race who watched the stars in their courses, and from their movements worked out the division of the days and years, left a blessing behind them for all time to come. For if we are to believe the records of the rocks and clays the first men who lifted their faces to the skies in profound awe and with germs of thought stirring in their brains had little if any more conception of time and of the moving planets than the brutes that shared with these primitive savages the caves or the huts which were all the houses they had. It took long ages to learn that the sun is a fixed body as regards our earth, to divide the globe into degrees and the day into 24 hours. The seasons came and went and savage man had no conception of why beyond the sun's declension below his zenith and the return of the fiery orb to a place high above his head. Then from the crude superstitions of astrology men of high civilization worked out our year and set the day that, as this we now live, marks the beginning of a new circle of the four seasons.

The crudest savage needed no prophet with a message from the skies to teach him that if he desired to prolong his life he must work. He was the man of all generations who knew best that "in the sweat of his face" he must "eat bread" if he ate at all. Stored-up wealth there was none. Each generation began practically where the last did, with no inheritance to profit by. Nor was there a spark of charity to minister to the needs of age or sickness. The child born with low vitality met its fate early in its career. The man who met with an accident sufficient to incapacitate him for the chase or for war was left to perish miserably where he fell. When age dimmed the eye or made the hand nerveless the useless one was not permitted to be a burden on society. As the wounded deer is left, as the aged wolf is abandoned, so was the wounded man or the toothless woman. Parentage or other relationship counted nothing.

As civilization climbed the path of progress to higher levels toll became more constant, more pressing. The savage has few needs and therefore much leisure. He needs no weekly day of rest. With increasing needs to meet man had to bend his back more incessantly and to strain muscle, tendon and ligament. Life had more enjoyment at the cost of longer hours of toil, that made rest seem very sweet. Then arose the leader of men, the reformer, the teacher, philosopher or prophet who ordained that as there were times and seasons so there should be days of rest. If we were to run the world around we would find many Sabbaths. The follower of Mohammed takes his rest on Friday, the Hebrew on Saturday, the Christian on Sunday. And the man of advanced ideas who gave man his Sabbath was a leader and a benefactor in very deed.

The man who stands in the Escorial in Spain and looks on the sepulchers of kings reaching back 300 years, has a span about as long as the most ancient history of America. When he goes to Granada he is face to face with the times of the Moors, whose invasion of the peninsula was centuries before Columbus was born. As he looks on some paved road or some aqueduct he is carried back to the Scipios, to Hannibal, and back to his forefathers who moved about here; and so we go back to Carthage, which was a great city before Rome was founded, and Carthage takes us over the sea to Asia where Moses' people and some Philistines came into combat. And we go back to Egypt and its pyramids, to the Pharaohs and Jacob and his children, and on back to Abraham and the nomad chiefs who fed their flocks in the fat plains of central Asia as long before the Christian era as it is from the year 1911. In these lands, among these races of men, grandfathers and great-grandfathers count for little. One meets men whose ancestors took part in the expulsion of the Moors, with others whose ancestors resisted them when they first invaded Spain, and still others whose forebears were in the armies of the Scipios or of Hannibal. The mind loves to dwell on the memory of these far-away days and to dream of the way of life of men and women who died so long ago, and to whom we owe our being and our civilization. The oldest title lands in the Pacific states do not go back far. There are titles in Spain that date back centuries. Castles here are owned by families who come down directly or collaterally for ages. To these a generation is as short as a year to us in our brand-new civilization. It is all impressive, but after dreaming of such things the mind inevitably returns to our own generation, to our own time,

and the question comes up with spontaneity "What of all this to me?"

In a country so new as ours, where one's great grandfather was about the earliest on record, time does not impress us. It seems as if everything began yesterday. In old lands whose history goes back centuries upon centuries the progress of time seems very impressive.

But say what we will, it is our own life that is the most impressive, and as the years stretch out behind us the memory of our own youth makes a deeper impression on us this New Year's day than all the written history of the world, than all the traditions of all the races, than all the records of the rocks. The individual souls on days like this naturally divide into two classes. On New Year's day youth looks to the future and age to the past. To the young all the paths before the feet look rose-strewn and smooth. So be it. Let the eye brighten as it feasts in anticipation on the good things that must lie everywhere to the end. Youth! Youth! The time when there can be "no doubt of any mystery save that life's longings and its hopes could die." Let youth dream on of roses without thorns, of bright days without a cloud, of hopes that always find fulfillment, of ambitions always fully satisfied. All we need do for youth is leave it alone with its dreams, its hopes, its ambitions. With these it will take care of itself. And let not age, whatever the years may have brought, say a word, shake a head or give a dubious look to dispel the glory of the dream, the brightness of the hope, the vaulting nature of the ambition. Time will do enough of this. So let youth have its undimmed joy today.

But age looks back. The fires of ambition are dimmed. They are all burnt-out ashes now. The hopes that buoyed us up so safely in youth have found what there is of fulfillment all too little, of disappointment all too much. We dream no longer of joys to come, but of grief that has so strewed the path along which we have come. The smell of the woods in early spring when the first violets bloom, or in the heat of summer when all is like the spice islands, or in fall when decay is in the fallen leaves, or in winter when death absorbs all, no matter to the aged, all call back to days long gone. We walk alone now, and all along the far road lie mounds where we stood and confided to the breast of Mother Earth so many that walked with us in the heyday of our life. The mother whose soft touch banished pain, the father whose ripe experience taught us where to walk, the brothers and sisters who were our playmates in those days when the world was all sunshine. Then when the wing of love ceased to brood over us in the paternal nest and we went forth to create a new family under the banner of love, how a day like this calls up all the joy and tenderness of these days of early manhood and womanhood! So we dream of the long-lost clasp of the hand of lover or friend; so we dwell in tender memory on all those days of hope, of joy, of expectancy and fruition. We feel that all will soon be over. This may be our last New Year's day on this earth where we have passed so many eventful years. When those who are left again "ring out the old, ring in the new," we may not be here to ring either chime of bells. So we sit and dream and call up from the treasure-house of memory the faces, words and deeds of those who walked with us in the days of our youth and of our prime. But we would not be gone yet. He is less than a man who thus can sit and dream, think of his departure, and not "cast one longing, lingering look behind." We must go to the poets to interpret this life to us. Not to the great ones of the world, but to those whose verse deals with the common things of life: to Burns and his "banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," his "Highland Mary;" to the man who wrote "Home, Sweet Home;" to the poet of the poor slave in the south and his "Suzanne River." We can go far back in the ages, and all the time the common heart of a common humanity was the same as now. King David would take the aged Barzillai to the capital, to the court. But the plain man of the people would be left alone to dream—the last dreams of life in peace. "Let me go back that I may die in mine own city." And after death "be buried by the side of my father and of my mother." Oh! the tenderness of old age! There are no fierce passions left. Ambition builds no more castles in the air. Just to be let dream of the days that are gone, of the early home and all it contained, and then lie down with the companions of youth and for centuries and centuries, throughout the great eternity, let our ashes mingle with those we loved so well.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

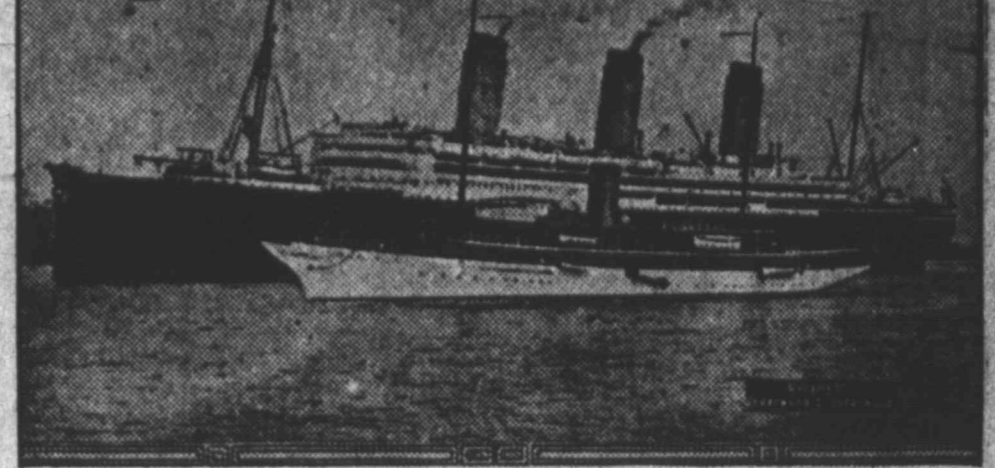
While New Year is only an imaginary line drawn through time to mark its divisions, it possesses a sentiment which moves us all. It marks a definite starting point in our lives every year and we take a fresh hold upon our prospects and renew our faith in ourselves and look out upon the coming year as upon a new, fair field, with promise of better things. I do not much believe in formal resolutions proclaimed loudly from the eminence of our vanity. The man who, on New Year's, "swears off" his bad habits for a definite period and notifies his friends and neighbors, is, from my observation, only hypnotizing himself. He may honestly intend to stick to his good resolutions, and perhaps makes his announcement as a sort of mental and moral prop. But if he is in deadly earnest he only needs to promise allegiance to God and himself. If he does the things he means to do his friends and neighbors will give him credit, and if he fails they will not know of his broken vows. Reforms come from within and deeds, not words, prove a man's sincerity.

The old year has been kindly a one to the farmers of America. They have prospered, and they have made national advancement in social and moral life, better methods of farming, and a broader view of the field of endeavor have been among the achievements of the old year. From the year to come we hope that every one of us may have greater prosperity, larger blessings, and better lives.

AN ABANDONED PROJECT.

"Two hearts that beat as one." The Museum manager mused.
"Oh, well," he went on, continuing his soliloquy, "I suppose we could get up a freak like that, but she wouldn't be in it with the two-headed girl, anyhow."—Puck.

All on One Man's Shoulders



MODERN OCEAN LINER.

WITH the widespread publicity given to details of the loss of the Titanic last year, and the very recent destruction of the liner Volturno in midocean, the great mass of people whose life is restricted to dry land are beginning to be interested in maritime affairs.

The handling of steamers, the dangers of the sea, the duties and responsibilities of the officers and crew of a vessel, are all topics of enlivening conversation after such a disaster as has just been added to the roll of the tragedies of the sea. The great majority of people not directly connected with maritime affairs have a very slight frequently erroneous idea of these matters.

Conflicting reports of well-meaning survivors, who give testimony of a very few facts of the wreck or disaster which they have been through, tend only to confuse the reader who is seeking for reasons and facts. The reticence of surviving officers does not help to make things any plainer.

Another feature which retards the general spread of knowledge about nautical affairs, is the failure of seafaring men to realize that things which seem like a-b-c to themselves are absolutely foreign to the understanding of the average landsman.

Hero or Coward.
According to the reports which circulate after any marine disaster, the captain is either held up as a hero or cursed as a coward. Yet when the majority of people have forgotten the case, a well-informed, sober-minded body of men acting as a board of inquiry and wading through a mass of testimony get down to a few kernels of established facts.

And the truth is usually found that the captain was merely trying to carry out his duty as the master of his vessel. If he holds back a mob of frenzied passengers at the point of a revolver from committing suicide by piling into the small boats in hundreds, he is merely doing what any police officer on our city streets would do if a calamity of similar nature threatened on his beat.

The captain of a vessel is the master in fact as well as in name. On the high seas his orders are law and the courts of the nations uphold him. Any refusal on the part of the crew of a vessel to do their duty as ordered by the master may be construed as mutiny.

In the older days of the sailing vessels and long trips, the powers of the captain were often abused and frequently crews were compelled to endure tremendous and even incredible abuses. In more recent times no captain dares seriously to misuse his authority, for, while a refusal to perform duties on board ship still constitutes mutiny and is severely punished as such, a sailing master can also be made answerable for illegal acts committed at sea.

With much authority the captain of a vessel also has to bear a similar measure of responsibility. No matter what happens on his ship or to it, this one man must answer for it.

On one of the thousand-foot monster steamers which now rip their way across the Atlantic in a trifle over four days, this means not only the navigation of the boat, but also a detailed knowledge of the condition and working of every piece of equipment on board, the executive control of a large force of men and the safety and happiness of a thousand or more passengers.

When a vessel is lost the master, if he happens to come out alive, is pretty sure to lose his license. Although the loss may appear to have been unavoidable, the unfortunate captain is very likely to be sidetracked to some minor berth, if he doesn't lose his papers outright.

This probably explains why so many shipmasters, especially elderly ones, finding their vessels piled up on the shore or sinking, have quietly gone to their cabins and escaped the admiralty court via the 32-caliber method.

Never Touches the Wheel.
The unprecedented growth in dimensions and speed of ocean liners in the past 30 years has greatly increased the burden of responsibility that is placed upon the commanders of these ships. So acute has this situation become that the largest steamship companies are trying to meet it by having several captains under a commander or commodore upon their newest ships.

vessel will finally devolve upon the one man who heads the other three or four.

Having attained the rank of captain in the company's service, the others are perhaps a little better as officers than the usual complement of subordinates, but even this may be disputed.

The routine duties of handling and navigating a big steamer are always a source of the most curious interest to passengers making their first trip on the sea.

On the coastwise steamers which have their navigating bridge or pilot house on the upper passenger deck, the officers are often annoyed beyond the limit of their patience by passengers whose curiosity leads them to crowd about the windows of the pilot-house and ask numberless questions.

On the larger ocean steamers this bother is avoided because the bridge from which the vessel is controlled is built well apart from the passenger accommodations.

In the popular mind the captain's job is to steer the vessel from one port to the other. So it is, in a manner, but not in the way that the landsman believes.

On anything larger than a harbor excursion steamer the captain is seldom seen to touch his hand to the wheel that controls the rudder. Neither does his first officer or other navigating officers. A petty officer ranked as a "quartermaster" is engaged for that particular duty.

These men have practically no other duties and really have little to do with the actual navigating of the ship. They are given a certain "course" to steer, by the senior officers, who know the vessel's position and how she should be headed to reach her proper destination.

This ability to find the way across an ocean absolutely devoid of tracks or guide posts is one of the greatest mysteries to the uninitiated. Navigation is really a highly complicated science, requiring the use of astronomical principles and the higher mathematics.

But it has been so simplified by the use of rules and formulas, and by the publication of elaborate tables that masters are able to find their position at sea with the "sextant" or "hog-yoke," as it is familiarly called, as accurately as an accomplished mathematician could.

The sextant is an instrument of great precision, with which the navigator is able to measure the angle between the horizon and any heavenly body, sun or stars. He also makes use of a very accurate chronometer, or clock, which keeps Greenwich time.

With these two instruments and his tables and formulas he can get the latitude and longitude of his vessel at frequent intervals. In the hours or days between observations the vessel is navigated by compass, and her distance measured by a patent log which records the miles traveled. Her direction and progress from the last "observed" position are plotted on the chart so that her officers can point at any instant to the exact position of the ship.

Worth the Price.

The bore had his feet on the table and was smoking one of the lawyer's good cigars while he discussed various subjects of no particular interest.

"I have heard it said," remarked the lawyer, "that if you loan a man money you make an enemy of him for life."

"Shouldn't wonder," returned the bore.
"That he will avoid you ever afterward."
"That's the way it generally works, I believe."
The lawyer produced his pocket-book.

"I couldn't get you to accept a loan of five dollars could I?" he asked.
But the bore, being a bore, never saw the point, and thus the brilliant scheme went for naught.

Evidently Not a Rover.

Removal day has never troubled Mr. James Smith Woodside of Birse, Aberdeen, Scotland, who is eighty-five years of age, is still in the same house in which he was born, and sleeps on the same oak bedstead on which he was born. He is very active for his age, and is a keen gardener.

Fire!

Harry—They say that Belle has had more proposals than all the other girls in town.


Larry—You see, she fans every spark into a regular old flame.—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

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