

NORMAL NOTES

Three new students enrolled Tuesday.

Misses Hodgson, Harrison and Thompson spent Saturday in Amarillo.

The Junior class has organized for the winter quarter with the following officers:

Pres. Marvin McLaughlin; vice pres. Tom McClure; Secy. Zerah McReynolds; Asst. Secy. Erna Guenther; Treas. Carrys Dodson.

At a call meeting of the Fresh-

THE PRAISE CONTINUES

Everywhere We Hear Good Reports of Doan's Kidney Pills.

Canyon is no exception. Every section of the U.S. resounds with praise of Doan Kidney Pills. Thirty thousand persons are giving testimony in their home newspapers. The sincerity of these witnesses, the fact that they live so near, is the best proof of the merit of Doan's. Here's a Canyon case.

R. E. Hileman, Canyon, Texas, says: "I found positive relief from Doan's Kidney Pills when I took them for lameness across the small of my back and for trouble with my kidneys. I got Doan's Kidney Pills from Holland Drug Company and I can recommend them for lumbago and trouble caused by the kidney secretions.

Price 50c, at all dealers.

Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Hileman had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

(Advertisement)

men Friday, the following officers were elected: Mr. Griffith, Pres; Guy Holt, vice pres; Mary Oage, Secy; Hillard Pathree, Treas; Clarence Luce, Sergeant-at-arms.

Saturday evening at the auditorium, the Seniors were entertained by the Sophmores. After the guests had been introduced to a very formal reception line consisting of the members of the Board of Regents and their wives, they were conducted to a room where they engaged in a number of games. Later they were taken to the "dining room" where they were served hot chocolate and cake. During the entire evening there was music in the auditorium. Mr. and Mrs. Travis Shaw were chaperons for the evening.

The Ellen H. Richards Club of the College furnished a very pleasant afternoon for the ladies of the faculty and the wives of the men of the faculty last Thursday when they celebrated the birthday anniversary of Ellen H. Richards, the pioneer of the Home Economics Movement in America, by giving a program showing the progress in Home Economics during the past hundred years. The girls who appeared in costume were particularly charming. After the program, tea was enjoyed in the art room.

The Y. W. C. A. has received the books for its study and the association has been divided into four study groups as follows: Group 1. Twenty Years at Hull House; 2. The Rural School; 3. The Manhood of the Master; 4. Christ in Every Day Life. Each group can accommodate ten or twelve girls.

The Y. W. C. A. will hold a bazaar and candy sale a few days before the close of school for the Xmas vacation. Any who wish to buy home made candy for gifts will have a good opportunity.

The girls of the school sent a box to Europe. The contents will be distributed under the auspices of the Red Cross Association.

Miss Marguerite Stewart, the



ANOTHER ATTACK BY THE ALLIES.

SOCIETY NOTES

Mrs. F. P. Luke entertained the Merry Maids and Matrons club Thursday afternoon. The afternoon was spent at fancy work instead of the usual game of forty-two. Refreshments were served of scalloped oysters, sandwiches, fruit salad, olives, pickles, coffee, orange ice cream, white and spice cake. The guests of the club were Mesdames Haynes, Thompson, Sy-dow and Hanna.

state Secy. of the Y. W. C. A., visited the school last week and made several helpful talks to the members.

Mrs. Dorothy Dohrman and Miss Charollette Ingham are home from their school work at Lipscomb.

Ten cents buys an \$18 rocker at Henderson & Baird's. t1

Rev. F. M. Neal left Tuesday morning for Sweetwater to attend conference.

I have opened a new meat market in the old Canyon Grocery building east of the post office and will be glad to have all my old friends and customers call. To the people who have moved here recently, I extend an invitation to call and get acquainted. Jim Vetesk. t1

Rev. M. E. Hawkins of Memphis spent Monday at the D. A. Park home. He left Tuesday for conference at Sweetwater.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Roffey were in Amarillo Monday.

Canyon was in darkness last night owing to trouble at the power plant.

M. P. Garner has moved to his father's farm west of the city. M. P. will try "life on the farm" for a while.

NORMAL CONTRACT TO BE LET MONDAY

President R. B. Cousins left Tuesday for Austin where the bids on the new Normal building will be opened Monday and the contract let. On the way Mr. Cousins will stop at Sweetwater and Ft. Worth for teachers institutes.

The last set of plans submitted to the contractors is in such perfect condition that Mr. Cousins feels that the contract will be let with no further delays.

Auto Taxicab.

Auto taxicab, phone 40 for service day or night. From depot to Palace Hotel free. Anywhere in the city 25 cents. J. W. Webb. t1

E. L. Henderson is in Ft. Worth on business.

W. D. Howren ENGINEER

Land surveying, maps, field notes and blue prints. Concrete plain and reinforced. Room 26 First National Bank Bldg. Box 505. Phone No. 1. Canyon, Texas.

For Christmas,

Give her an

ELECTRIC IRON or an ELECTRIC TOASTER

We have them \$3.50 and up.

Order - Early - Please

Canyon Power Company



ALUMINUM TEA POTS

NICKELED COPPER TEA POTS

ALUMINUM COFFEE POTS

NICKELED COPPER COFFEE POTS

ALUMINUM SALT AND PEPPER SETS

EXPRESS WAGONS

CRUMB TRAY AND SCRAPER

ALUMINUM TEA BALLS

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RIFLES AND SHOT GUNS

LAP ROBES

VELOCIPEDES

CARVING SETS

SAFETY RAZORS

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SILVER KNIVES AND FORKS

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CHAFING SETS

BUTTER KNIVES

SUGAR SHELLS

PIE SERVERS

CHILD'S SETS

A BIG ASSORTMENT OF GENUINE HAND PAINTED CHINA, VARIETY OF CUT GLASS AND A NUMBER OF OTHER

THINGS TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION. WE WILL BE GLAD TO SHOW YOU WHAT WE HAVE

AND QUOTE YOU PRICES. WE HAVE THE GOODS AT THE RIGHT PRICE.

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY WHILE THE STOCK IS COMPLETE

Thompson Hardware Company

Means of Keeping Many Infections Away
By JOHN J. MILLAR, Toledo, Ohio

The source of contagion in the so-called epidemics of diphtheria or the spread of tuberculosis, in my experience, has not been, as Dr. W. L. Eraser of Cleveland and others would lead us to suppose, the cat or dog. On the contrary, the very presence of these animals in the home has been the means of keeping the infection-carrying rodent away. It is true that the alley cat and stray dog may, in a measure, help to spread disease, but this is true of the down-and-out, floating population of every large city.

The germs of disease are ever present with all of us and seek only a suitable field for operation. Both the dog and cat are immune from tuberculosis, diphtheria, typhoid, scarlet fever and the like, and consequently cannot be looked upon as very important factors in the spread of those diseases.

A very carefully kept record covering the past seven years proves beyond any doubt that the diseases mentioned have been known to a greater degree in homes where the cat and dog were not present than in those where such animals were part of the family circle.

Let me suggest that instead of our faithful companions being the intermediate carriers of contagious diseases, the physician, too frequently, by not giving heed to the need of absolute cleanliness and by persisting in the ancient custom of carrying a germ field (in the form of beard and mustache), is without doubt the principal contagion carrier.

There is no question in my mind that the exhalations from patients brought in close contact with the physician's whiskers are the means of spreading disease at a tremendous rate.

Cruel Treatment Received by Bachelor
By FRANK SCHENICK, Milwaukee, Wis.

A few days ago I met in the course of business a young woman who had a very handsome form, and what I thought was a fine, frank, open countenance. I naturally took a strong fancy to her. For the benefit of certain kinds of people who place certain kinds of constructions on certain acts, I will state that my intentions were eminently proper.

Being a bachelor, I had a perfect right to entertain such intentions. If men did not entertain such intentions and follow them to their logical conclusion—marriage—they would be taxed as bachelors.

With these intentions I naturally asked this young lady if she were married—not abruptly, nor with a view to making any immediate proposals, but just in the natural course of conversation, and in the most nonchalant manner. She said "Certainly not." She also agreed to make a social appointment with me. The appointment was postponed—as appointments are by women, excepting those which are deliberately broken.

Between the time when we first met and a few days later I learned that the young woman was married. She postponed the appointment twice. Whether she would have kept it the third time I did not try to learn—having learned that she was married.

After fifteen years' experience I wouldn't trust the average woman for unadulterated love any farther than I can throw a bull by the tail.

Respect and Courtesy Given Servant Girl
By B. M. HILL, Portland, Maine

As yet the household problem seems to be unsolved by a great many housewives. Why not put housework upon a business basis and systematize it to such an extent that the maid may have leisure for reading and other diversions?

If the maid were encouraged to go to lectures, see good plays, read the newspapers, books and magazines, it would follow that she would take more pride in her work and herself as well.

She would take an interest in what was going on in the world outside, and could then feel that she was on the same plane as other business women. Does anyone think there would be such a dearth of housemaids if that stigma of "servant" were not fastened on them, and if they had the advantages above set forth?

By putting housework on a business basis, I mean that a housemaid should receive the same consideration and courtesy that is accorded the business woman. Some one may say the class of girls who do housework would not appreciate it but would take advantage of this courtesy. If the standard of housework were raised a higher class of girls would be willing to enter the ranks of domestic servants.

Perhaps, if the truth were known, many a young woman would prefer the quiet of a refined home if she had the assurance of receiving the same respect and courtesy she enjoys in a well-regulated business house.

Proper Ventilation for School Rooms
By C. C. Christensen, Minneapolis, Minn.

A writer criticizes the teachers or those in charge in regard to fresh air in the schoolrooms and says that in order to have fresh air in schools the windows should be opened. The city schools are provided with a ventilating system that pours a current of fresh air into the schoolrooms and in such a way that the health of the pupils is not endangered by their being compelled to sit in a draft and take cold, as is too often the case where windows are open. Whenever a window is opened the ventilating system is put out of commission.

Ventilating a schoolroom with open windows is like disposing of garbage in a clay hole—many years behind the times.

The teachers do not suffer from cold drafts, for they can move around and avoid them; but not so with the pupils, who are compelled to sit still opposite an open window and a cold wind blowing on them. The result is they take cold and are out of school.

Compelling a child to sit opposite an open window in a cold winter day is doing an injustice to the child and is uncalled for and even cruel.

Punish People Who Love to Gossip
By JACOB SCHWARTZ, Cincinnati, O.

There ought to be a law made in our state to punish people, no matter of which sex, that love to "gossip," as they bring trouble and sorrow.

Gossip has broken up many a happy home and many young folks, planning for a happy future, have been separated by some ugly person.

Fundamental Principles of Health
By ALBERT S. GRAY, M. D.
(Copyright, 1914, by A. S. Gray)

PERSONAL RESISTANCE TO DECAY.

Whether the reaction of the saliva is acid or alkaline has been under discussion for a century, and men still differ so widely and so many authorities may be found on either side that the subject is involved in confusion. Without doubt the truth is that the saliva is very feebly alkaline and readily changes either to acid or alkaline with the establishment of various constitutional conditions. No two individuals can possibly be exactly alike and the constitution of the mouth secretions must vary according to time, place and the predominance of one or more of the forms of the many species of micro-organisms known to be found in the mouth; also it must vary in accordance with the individual state of health and mind, so that a physiological saliva, with the biochemical elements in a state of equilibrium, is probably very rare.

If confusion exists concerning so comparatively simple a matter as the reaction of the saliva, it is reasonable to expect difference of opinion in regard to so world-wide and vague a disease as caries, or tooth decay, and its numerous allied conditions. Because they are so very closely identified the same general confusion exists with reference to the subject of decay of the teeth as pertains to the reaction of the saliva. Hence, one authority finds caries due to acidity and another to alkalinity; another declares it to be caused by the absence of a certain element, and still another finds it is caused by the presence of that same element.

When the teeth of children are seen to be decaying badly the general interpretation is that they are soft and poorly calcified. If, on the other hand, the children happen to grow up to maturity without developing decay of the teeth the interpretation is that the teeth are hard and firm and therefore resist decay. Then it has been generally observed that during pregnancy and lactation the teeth of women suffer more from caries than during other periods, and this has been so universal an experience that it gave birth to an old saying: "A tooth for every child."

It is generally held that the teeth of the mother are robbed of the calcium salts to build up the bones of the unborn infant, but this is one of those half truths that are so confusing and misleading.

Caries is essentially a disease of childhood, and childhood has epigrammatically and most truly been designated as "an extra hazardous occupation." Child bearing is an extra hazardous occupation, too; and so, measured by its mortality, is modern business hazardous. We have already noted that typhoid and other fevers frequently and quickly destroy teeth, and so does excessive physical work.

It is only within the last few years with the dawning understanding of the action of catalyzers, the enzymes, and the ductless glands of our bodies, and more especially since Funk's demonstration of the vitamins and their influence on the hormones of the ductless glands—the governors of our bodies—that the matter begins to clear. We begin to suspect that it is not solely the abstraction of the phosphorus, the calcium, the magnesium, the carbon, the iron and the fluorine from our food that is the cause of the universal prevalence of tooth and general physical decay. We begin to suspect that the loss of that part of the eternal energy by which those elements are normally welded into and held in the plants, our ultimate sources of life, precipitates these troubles upon us. We know that animals can be starved on "physiological combinations" of the pure salts of these elements, and we know that they thrive on the natural constituents of the same elements.

With the single exception of the tides, the movements of which are connected with the moon, and the rotation of the earth on its axis, every motion on this earth from the beating of every individual heart to the turning of every windmill may be traced back to one ultimate cause—a sunbeam—and every form of life is a component part of a cycle continually transforming, by means of the sunbeams, dynamic into potential and potential back into dynamic energy. So far as we know man is the only species with sufficient presumption to break the cycle, and the

Various Graces for Various Places. "Of course," said the young husband who is trying to be humble and take instructions, "I'll admit that my ballroom and reception manners are pretty broadgauge and fortissimo." "They are," she commented, severely. "But let me tell you one thing." "What's that?" "Your vere de vere ways at the ball park would queer our hopes of ever winning a game if the home team knew about 'em."

price we pay for our arrogance is loss of our normal resistance to decay.

SOUND TEETH AND BRAINS.

In spite of the prevalence of caries (tooth decay), the matter is generally left to individual initiative, which too frequently becomes operative only for the purpose of securing individual relief from pain. There is little organized effort made to combat the condition as a whole or to understand the enormously destructive effects of its neglect.

We are extremely particular about sanitation of the straps to which we hang in street cars, the ventilation of our public halls, and the like, and such matters are regulated by ordinance and the police power; but little thought is given to the twenty-three inch incubator that each individual carries into every public gathering or of its possible relation to individual and public health and progress. This view of the matter may possibly give peculiar interest to a publication entitled: "A Report of Scientific Experiments Conducted in the Cleveland Public Schools for the Purpose of Ascertaining the Value of Healthy Conditions of the Mouth." The facts set forth in this report are very illuminating, as the following will show:

In June, 1909, by authority of the board of education, the mouths of the 846 children enrolled in the Marion school of Cleveland were examined by competent dental surgeons. Only three were found with teeth in perfect condition—a colored boy eleven years of age, a Slav girl of ten, who had been in America about six months, and an American born child of Russian parentage, aged twelve years.

It was decided to form a test class of the children showing the worst mouth conditions in grades 4, 5, 6 and 7, aggregating 423 pupils, and, accordingly, a group of 40 of the worst mouths were selected as making a unit convenient to handle and representing approximately 10 per cent of these grades.

Before beginning any treatment each of the 40 pupils was carefully tested for memory, accuracy of perception, rapidity of thought and spontaneity of association and differentiation, individual records being made by a competent psychologist.

The following two cases, selected because one made the poorest and the other the best showing in the first psychological tests, are very significant and highly suggestive of a fertile field for practical uplift work.

Case No. 4—Girl, age thirteen. This girl made the poorest showing in the first psychological tests, and in her school record; she was three years behind grade and doing poor work in that grade. The child was dull and very slow to grasp ideas. She was suffering with severe constipation, was stolid, with no animation at all. In fact, there existed a decided mental deficiency. The dentist worked for her most of the winter; 16 teeth were filled, requiring ten amalgam and 15 cement fillings. Her teeth are now in a sound condition. She keeps them beautifully clean, is now healthy and brighter mentally, constipation entirely cured, complexion clearer and skin a good color. There has been a steady mental improvement and decided gain in flesh.

School record—Before the dental work was done her scholarship and attendance were poor; her effort was good and her conduct fair. After: scholarship, fair; effort, attendance and conduct, good.

The psychological record showed that in points of memory, spontaneous association, addition, association by opposites and quickness and accuracy of perception she made after the dental work was done a total average gain of 444.88 per cent.

Case No. 5—Boy, age eleven. Very small for his age, thin, pale and poorly nourished. He stood the highest in the first psychological tests. Three temporary teeth required attention and these were filled with three cement and two gutta percha fillings. The permanent teeth were very slow in erupting. Since his dental work has been completed he shows general improvement and has grown rugged.

School record—Before: Scholarship, good; effort, fair; attendance and conduct, poor. After: Scholarship and attendance, good; effort and conduct, excellent.

In addition to the actual mechanical work done on the teeth and mouth tissues the children were instructed in the use of the toothbrush, also how to eat and in some degree even what to eat. Individual average gains were shown to range from a minimum of 26.102 per cent to a maximum of 913.284 per cent, and the total average gain for the entire class of 40 amounted to more than 99.7 per cent.

Society exists for the benefit of its members and not the members for the benefit of society. It is true then it surely is the duty of society to take steps to give its innocent members at least a fair start by making sure they are each equipped with efficient milling apparatus—a perfect set of teeth.

who has never done you any harm, and whose death means overwhelming sorrow and poverty of widow and orphans, before he gets a chance to kill you and thus leave your loved ones to endure till the end of life the same sorrows and poverty. The larger the number killed the greater the praise won. When you contemplate these things, isn't it a little beneath your manhood to fret over slow business and small profits while you think of the inferno in which Europe is living—no, in which Europe's people are dying?—Manufacturers' Record.

INSURANCE

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

J. E. Winkelman

WE PRINT EVERYTHING BUT

Greenbacks and postage stamps

SEE US ABOUT THAT NEXT ORDER

RANDALL COUNTY NEWS

V-AVA

V-AVA cleans anything but a guilty conscience

V-AVA will not injure the finest most delicate piano or mahogany finish, and is equally practical for cleaning mission, oak and painted surfaces.

V-AVA will thoroughly clean and polish woodwork, furniture, marble, metal, etc., and will not gum or veneer but will remove the dirt and grime, leaving a high grade polish.

V-AVA is an excellent cleaner for leather and burlap, and will not collect dust as readily as other preparations applied with a cloth.

V-AVA is a thorough deodorizer, disinfectant and a bug and germ exterminator.

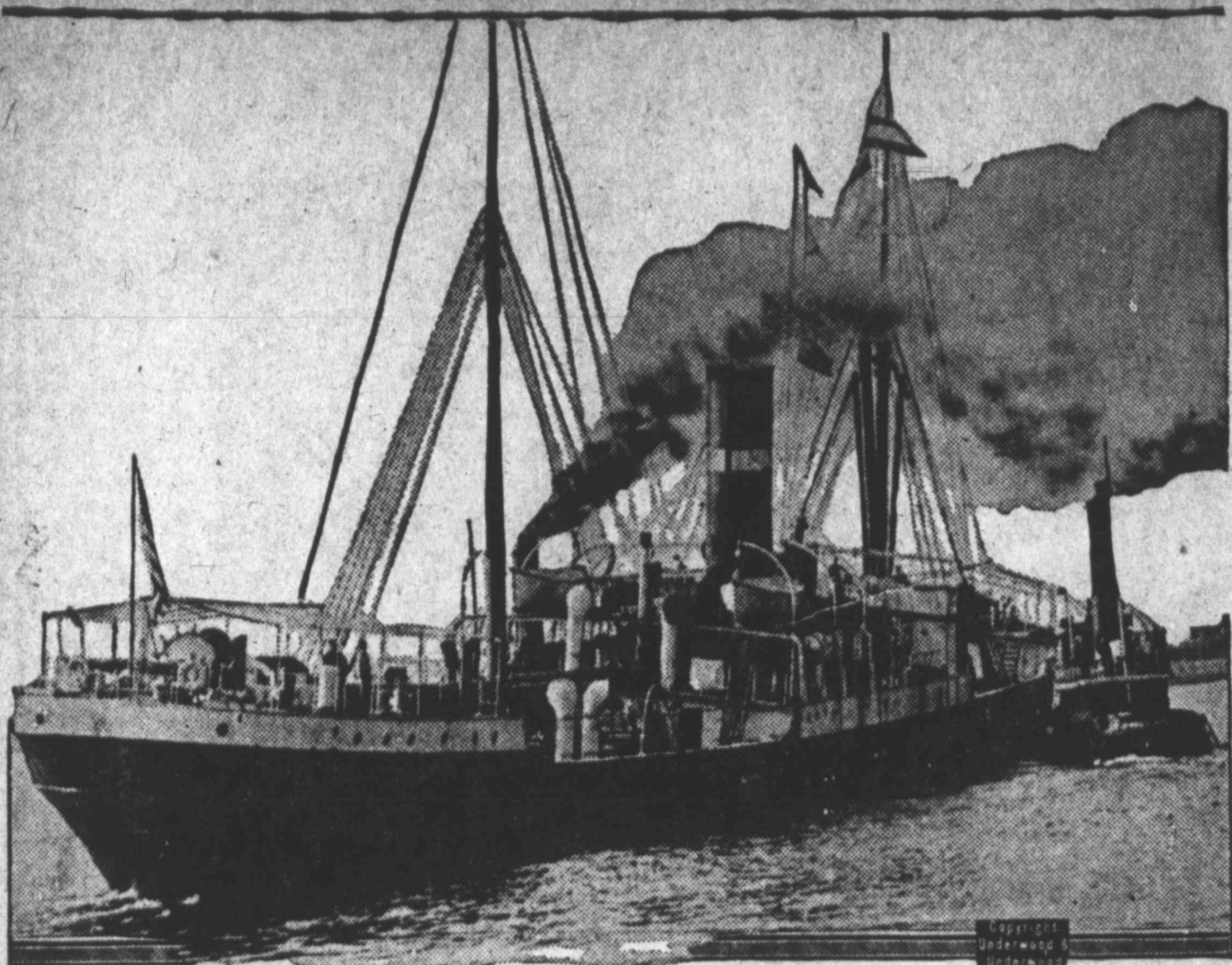
"BRIGHTEN UP YOUR HOME" A LITTLE V-AVA ON YOUR DUSTING CLOTH WORKS WONDERS

OUR GUARANTEE Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Your Money Back COULD WE MAKE IT STRONGER

Once you've tried V-AVA you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. Order a trial can today and your only regret will be that you did not know about it sooner.

For Sale Exclusively by **Randall County News**

FIRST ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION RELIEF SHIP



The steamship Massapequa, sailing from New York with \$300,000 worth of supplies for the Belgian noncombatants, the first installment of the relief provided by the Rockefeller Foundation.

BELGIAN MARKSMEN IN AMBUSH ALONG THE NETHE



EX-EMPRESS GREETES THE WOUNDED



The ex-Empress Eugenie, widow of Napoleon III, greeting one of the wounded British soldiers taken to her beautiful home at Chiselhurst, England, to recover from his injuries. Eugenie has converted her house into a military hospital.

BRITISH USED BOER TRICK

Germans, Thinking They Had Silenced Foes' Artillery, Charged Batteries in Close Formation.

London.—Wounded men in the hospitals of Boulogne related to the Express correspondent these incidents of the fighting between the British and Germans. One of the men, he says, told of a trick which the British learned in the Boer war and which worked well against the Germans. The story of the incident follows:

"The enemy, before sending their infantry against our positions, opened a hot artillery fire. Our artillery re-

plied, at first warmly, and then gun after gun of the British batteries went silent.

"What's up now?" I asked a comrade. There were a few minutes more of artillery firing from the Germans and their infantry came on in solid formation. We received them with rifle fire. Still they came on and still we mowed them down. They were getting closer and we could plainly see the dense masses moving. Then, suddenly the whole of our artillery opened fire.

"You see, they had not been silenced at all and it was a trick to draw the Germans on. They went down in whole fields, for our guns got them

HARD WORK FOR NURSES



Some of the Red Cross nurses serving in the war zone seem to be possessed of the strength of men. Two of them are here seen carrying a wounded English sailor.

In open ground and, of course, they soon had enough. It was impossible for those behind to come up past the dead."

ENGLISH TRACED BY BATHS

British Army Officers at Havre Boost the 'Water Meter Record of the Hotel.

Havre, France.—In the lobby of a hotel the water meter man approached the proprietress.

"Madam," he said, "it is strange that your water meter record is extraordinary high this month. You must have English soldiers here."

It was, indeed, true that the extra use of water in the hotel was caused by English officers bathing so frequently. The proprietress, not used to such prophylactic ardor, is threatening to raise the price of her rooms.

The average man knows as much about war maps as women do about politics.

COME TO THE PANHANDLE THIS YEAR

MAN has acquired a hunger for land which he can call his own. The supply is limited—the demand unlimited! Land values have risen to prohibitive prices in older settled states!

The Panhandle is Ready for the Farmer

Here is a deep, rich soil, ready for the plow. An ample rainfall and a most healthful and splendid climate. Adequate railroad facilities by which to reach the markets of the world.

A return to normal climatic conditions, a greatly increased acreage of winter wheat, spring wheat, oats and barley, an unqualifiedly successful demonstration that Kaffir corn and Milo maize cannot be excelled as material for ensilage, the "better farming" spirit and the results of studying and developing this land assures a prosperous year.

Farms can be bought here now cheaper than they can later on, at prices which are certain of a steady advance as the summer and fall emigration stimulates the demand.

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


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

C. O. KEISER

Canyon, Texas

Keota, Iowa

Strength Past Fifty Years
 can be maintained by adapting the right nourishment, and Nature's own oil—food in *Scott's Emulsion* has strengthened thousands of men and women to continue their work and usefulness for many years.
Scott's Emulsion is a food, a medicine and a tonic to keep the blood rich, avoid rheumatism and throat nervous conditions. It is free from alcohol or harmful drugs. The best physicians prescribe it.



W. D. Howren is visiting at the W. G. Word home. He has decided to locate in Canyon for the winter. He is a civil engineer and has been working with the Capital Syndicate in surveying the grant of land during the past few months.

Milk from Hollabaugh's Dairy is pure and sanitary. That's why our trade is growing so rapidly.

W. J. Flesher was an Amarillo business caller Friday.

Wade Hampton of Odesa, Okla. is in the city on business.

Miss Genevieve Redburn is visiting in Amarillo.

THE REFLECTIONS OF A MARRIED WOMAN—are not pleasant if she is delicate, run-down, or over worked. She feels "played out." Her smile and her good spirits have taken flight. It worries her husband as well as herself.

This is the time to build up her strength and cure those weaknesses or ailments which are the seat of her trouble. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength. It cures those disorders and derangements incident to womanhood.

Mrs. LUCINDA ARMSTRONG, 3512 Dallas Avenue, Dallas, Texas, says: "My mother used Dr. Pierce's medicine over thirty years ago and recommended them to her daughters. I have used the 'Favorite Prescription' during my married life and found the remedy was all that was claimed for it."

RANDALL COUNTY HOGS TOP MARKET

Welton Winn had a car of his hogs on the Ft. Worth market last week and topped the market at \$7.50. This is the highest price paid on the market for several weeks and was a distinct record of plains raised and fed hogs.

Mr. Winn states that the hogs averaged 271. They were fed on his place near the city and received nothing but maize and feterita. The hogs created considerable excitement on the market and many eager questions sought out Mr. Winn regarding his stock and method of feeding.

EXCURSIONS

Christmas and New Year Holiday. To all points in Texas, Fare and one third for round trip. Tickets on sale Dec. 18-23-24-25-26-30-31 and Jan. 1. Limit Jan. 4th.

To any point in Colorado and New Mexico on the A. T. & Santa Fe at one and one third fare for round trip. Tickets on sale Dec. 23-24-25-31 and Jan. 1. Limit Jan. 4th.

Holiday Excursion points in Ala., Fla., Ga., Ky., Miss., N. C., S. C., Tenn., Va., and to Baltimore, Md., Washington D. C., Chicago, Ill., Kansas City and St. Louis, Mo., and Denyer, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, and Trinidad, Colo. Tickets on sale Dec. 20-21-22. Limit Jan. 18th. For rates apply local agent.

R. McGee, Agt.
 P. S. F. Ry. Co.

A WARNING TO MANY

Some Interesting Facts About Kidney Troubles.

Few people realize to what extent their health depends upon the condition of the kidneys.

The physician in nearly all cases of serious illness, makes a chemical analysis of the patient's urine. He knows that unless the kidneys are doing their work properly, the other organs cannot readily be brought back to health and strength.

When the kidneys are neglected or abused in any way, serious results are sure to follow. According to health statistics, Bright's disease which is really an advanced form of kidney trouble, caused nearly ten thousand deaths in 1913, in the state of New York alone. Therefore, it behooves us to pay more attention to the health of these most important organs.

An ideal herbal compound that has had remarkable success as a kidney remedy is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder remedy.

The mild and healing influence of this preparation, in most cases, is soon realized, according to sworn statements and verified testimony of those who have used the remedy.

If you feel that your kidneys require attention, and wish a sample bottle, write to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Mention this paper, enclose ten cents and they will gladly forward it to you by Parcel Post.

Swamp-Root is sold by every druggist in bottles of two sizes—50c and \$1.00.

(Advertisement)

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Hanna left Monday for Galveston where they will visit until after Christmas.

How's This?

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

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

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

Ruth Redus Dead

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Redus are grieved to learn of the death of their only daughter, at their home in Claude. Mr. Redus was principal of the Canyon schools four years ago.

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

For Sale—135 tons kafir ensilage, 200 tons kafir roughness. Will take cattle to feed. Bedenk Bros., Wildorado, Texas. 37p8

For Sale or Trade—My interest in the Rusk place. Mrs. C. P. Shelnutt. 37t4



The Telephone "S. O. S." Saved the Farm

"One day last fall my wife and I started for a drive, leaving the house deserted. A short while after we'd passed Jones' place, Mrs. Jones saw smoke coming from our roof. She ran to the telephone—Got Mrs. Reed who operates the switchboard located in her home. Mrs. Reed called all the nearby people on the line (two long rings—the emergency signal,) and they put the fire out with little damage."

A Telephone on the Farm connected with the Bell System is a protection and safe-guard in all emergencies. Southwestern Tel. & Tel. Co. 4-R-14.

In the Spring-Time of Youth



When everything is bright and with health and vigor you are fighting the rough battles of life, with keen enjoyment; then is the time to prepare for

The Autumn of Old Age which is sure to come.

The best way to provide for the future is by saving while you are making.

LET US HELP YOU SAVE

The First State Bank

THE GUARANTY FUND BANK

For Rent—Six room house three blocks from square. M. P. Garner.

Let Harbison move your piano and household goods with the new spring van. It



SAVE MONEY
 BY COMING TO
HEADQUARTERS

We are ready for you with one of the largest stocks of Cut Glass, Chinaware, Silverware, Jewelry, Toys and Holiday Goods. Our prices must appeal to you; our goods are certainly above the standard. Years of buying has enabled us to give you the choicest goods at prices that are not to be duplicated. We have plenty of help to wait on you patiently. We store goods to be delivered at any time. See our show windows. Inspect our stock, we are anxious to please you. A new line of watch bracelets and the latest in all jewelry. Let us do your engraving.

HOLLAND DRUG COMPANY



A Sixty Year Standby

For sixty years Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder has been the standby of countless housekeepers who have relied upon it for healthful, home-baked food.

Dr. Price's contains no alum or lime phosphate. There is never any question about the absolute purity and healthfulness of the food it raises.

It has stood the test of time. That is why the best informed housewives will use no other.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Made from Cream of Tartar No Alum

Buy Christmas presents that will last for years to come. Furniture is the most appropriate gift. I have just what you want. See the new line of Cedar Chests. L. T. Davault. tf

Mrs. C. M. Thomas is sick in bed with la grippe. Want Stock to Pasture—Good alfalfa pasture, plenty water and protection. 1 mile from town. See Joe Foster. tf

Miss Kline was in Amarillo Monday and attended the rehearsal of the Amarillo choral club which is studying the Messiah. She reports that the club is making excellent progress and that the members are enthusiastic over the work.

If you cannot visit your best friends Christmas time, the best thing you can do is to send them a good photo of yourself. Many are doing so, why not you? The Lusby studio will help you. t1

Dr. Ingham has moved his office across the hall in the post office building. He has fitted up a neat office.

D. N. Redburn will buy turkeys Friday Dec. 11th, Saturday 12th, and Monday 14th. Will pay 11 cents for No. 1 turkeys. No poor, skinny, sick, cripple, sore headed stuff wanted. Old Toms 9 cents. t1

The voice pupils of Prof. F. E. Myers will give a recital at the Methodist church Monday night. The following will appear on the program: Mesdames Luke, Sydow and Lewis, Misses Edith and Sula Eakman, Elsie and Margaret Guenther. A male quartet will close the program. There is no admission charges.

\$18.00 Rocker given away at Henderson & Baird's. t1

Drs. Wilson and Griffin are having their offices painted and fixed up in general.

FIRST AID TO THOSE WHO ARE WORRIED OVER WHAT TO BUY FOR X-MAS.



SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS

- FINE CUT GLASS
- HANDPAINTED CHINA
- IVORY NOVELTIES
- CHAFING DISHES
- TOILET SETS
- JAP BAMBOO
- JEWEL CASES
- TOURIST CASES

SHEET MUSIC
NEW POPULAR BOOKS
SHAVING MUGS AND BRUSHES
PERFUMES AND BOTTLES
HARRISON FISHER BOONE
BIBLES, KODAK ALBUMS
A. B. C. STORY BOOKS
X-MAS BOX CANDY, CIGAR CASES
INITIAL STATIONERY, CLOCKS
SILVER WARE, KNIVES, FORKS
LAVALIERS, WATCHES
MILITARY BRUSHES
VANITY AND CARD CASES
CAMERAS
CELERY SETS
FERN BOWLS
MANICURE SETS.

BURROUGHS AND JARRETT.

Welton Winn has returned from a business trip to Ft. Worth.

Rev. Robeson will preach at Methodist church Sunday morning.

Spend a dime with Henderson & Baird and sit easy the rest of your life. t1

G. W. Cosner of Welsh, La., sent Welton Winn a hundred pound sack of rice recently as an appreciation of a fine Polled Hereford bull which Mr. Winn shipped him. Mr. Winn sent the News man some of the rice and it was certainly the finest we have ever seen.

Lumber—Any kind, any shape, any size, any time. The price is right. Canyon Lumber Co., House of Quality.

Some seed rye for sale. H. C. Roffey, Canyon. tf

The big moving van with springs is at your disposal. J. A. Harbison. It

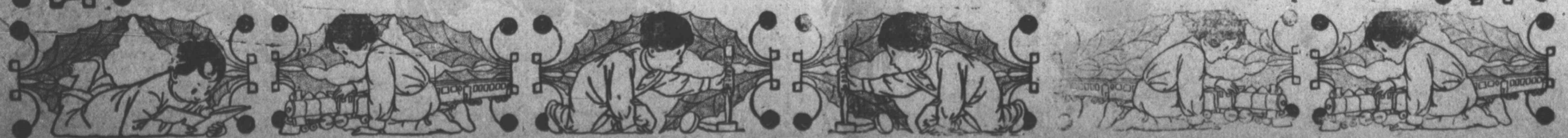
CHRISTMAS HINTS

THE HOLIDAY SEASON

Is upon us again. The merry gift-making time is with us. This season we have surpassed all preceding efforts in our collection of articles for giving purposes. Our windows, shelves and showcases are crowded with them. We have endeavored to eliminate all useless, worthless and shoddy articles from our lines. To those who seek gifts for persons of taste and refinement our store gives a satisfaction found in no other place. We would like very much, to have you come in and look about; you can discuss your gift problems with us. It would be almost impossible for us to mention all of the articles which our line embraces, but we give a partial list which we hope will help you solve that perplexing problem: "What shall I give?"

Gifts for Ladies and Misses		Gifts for Gentlemen and Youths	Christmas Gifts for Children
Diamonds	Bar pins	Diamonds	Baby spoons
Silver mesh bags	Set rings	Watches and chains	Birthing spoons
Silver card cases	Gold belt pins	Gold collar buttons	Bracelets
Silver vanity cases	Chafing dishes	Cuff links	Brush and comb sets
Combination vanity and chain cases	Toilet cases	Rings	Brushes of all kinds
Watches	Albums	Tie clasps	Dress pens
Chains of all kinds	Fancy stationery	Stick pins	Locketts
Books and Bibles	Embroidery sets	Watch charms	Locket chains
Silver knives and forks	Coffee percolators	Manicure sets	Toilet sets
Carving sets	Card receivers	Tourists cases	Gold pendants
Cameo brooch pins	Hat brushes	Shaving sets	Silver cups
Hand Mirrors in Parisian Ivory	Clothes brushes	Collar and cuff boxes	Xmas books
Cut glass	Lavaliere	Collar bags	Dolls
Manicure sets in silver and Parisian	Nail brushes	Books	A large and varied collection of toys of all kinds and descriptions for the little folks. You will save yourself time and trouble by making your selections early—we will hold them for you. We believe we have just what you want.
Bracelets [Ivory]	Nail files	Musical instruments	A large selection of dainty greeting cards and seals for your Christmas packages.
Gold pendants	Veil pins	Fountain pens	
Casserole dishes	Punch bowls	Desk accessories	
Water sets	Salt and pepper boxes	Military sets	
Clocks	Conditment sets	Shirt studs	
Work baskets	Olive sets	Kodaks	
	Kodaks		

CITY PHARMACY THE REXALL Store



The Ambition of Mark Truitt

By HENRY RUSSELL MILLER

Author of "THE MAN HIGHER UP," "HIS RISE TO POWER," Etc.

(Copyright, 1913, by The Bobbs-Merrill Company)

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

"You see," he concluded, "it is critical. I can not understand," he exclaimed strongly, "the present attitude of labor. It is utterly lacking in sense of gratitude, of loyalty, I like to think of the mills as the means to life for thousands of men. And it pains me to see them become hostile and grasping. What have they to complain of?"

"Probably they feel entitled to a little more than a bare existence."

"Didn't we grant the sliding scale three years ago?"

"Perhaps," Mark returned dryly, "they guess from the number of temples to paleontology in prospect that the scale could fairly be raised. It could."

"I don't hold with you."

"What does Henley say?"

"What would Henley say but, Fight. He is mad—utterly mad in his hatred of unions."

"Quite mad."

"In this case he is right. I have not deserved to be compelled to stand and deliver. I have always been fair to labor. I have been willing to compromise our differences, to make concessions. I have felt toward them as a father to his children. They have now no just cause to organize to fight me. And my plans for the future do not admit of a shrinkage in income from raised scales or costly strikes. Oh! Quinby's hands clenched in the stress of emotion. "If I were but as rich as MacGregor! He has been well served by the men he has made."

Quinby, it seemed, had forgotten his late tribute to his young lieutenants.

"Who made him," Mark corrected.

"No," contradicted Quinby sternly. "To whom he gave opportunity. As I have given it to my partners. And never have I been so ill served as in the handling of this dispute." He paused to let the truth of this disservice sink into Mark's heart.

"That is where I need you. Henley is the last man in the world for such a matter. It is not a bully's task. Truitt, I want you to take charge of the situation, stand between Henley and the men, and settle it."

"Humph! Easier ordered than done. I don't hanker for the job, Mr. Quinby."

"You are the only one of the lot who can meet labor in a human plausible manner. It was you, I believe, who saved us from a strike three years ago—I have never voiced my appreciation of that, but I do so now. You can do it. And you owe it to me to try. Be tactful, be firm but gentle. Sauviter in modo sed fortiter in re. Make nomi-

rupted. "But if I pull it through, I'd rather you'd let me build that new city." He laughed queerly. "Strange as it may seem, the notion appeals."

"But that, I fear, is out of the question," Quinby shook his head sadly. "A beautiful dream but—paleontology has claimed me."

They left the matter of reform for future determination.

At Buffalo they left Quinby, whose car was attached to a New York train.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Philanthropy.

The Quinby strike is now history. It is, however, no part of recorded history that during the anxious months preceding one man was toiling, planning, spending himself to avert the tragic outcome he foresaw. It was quite hidden work. Even had it succeeded it would have been no more widely heralded than in failure.

He did foresee the outcome as tragic, but not because a philanthropist's reputation hung in the balance.

There was one man who saw and understood his efforts. He was Henley.

They were together one day, Mark arguing earnestly for a compromise. Henley listened, not because he was impressed by the arguments, but because he was studying the pleader.

"Are you for us," he interrupted a long period to demand sharply, "or for the men?"

"I'm for both."

"You can't be for both. Are you?" Henley jeered, "still trying to play the man of peace?"

"No. I'm trying to obtain a little justice and to save the Quinby company from idle mills."

"They won't be idle long. And we can afford idleness better than the men can."

"They're growing bitter. There will be violence."

"Then let there be violence. I'll know how to meet it." Henley's jaws set. "There'll be no compromise. Let us fight it out now, while we're ready—and the men aren't. The harder the fight the better I'm satisfied, because the longer it'll take the union to recover."

"You're hopeless." Mark eyed him significantly. "I see I'll have to appeal to Caesar."

"Meaning Quinby? Caesar's ghost must feel flattered!"

"He has an interest in the premises. I should think it would be to your interest."

"Is that a kind of a threat?" Henley inquired harshly. "I'm not afraid of Quinby just now. Sooner or later I expect to be kicked out of this company. But he can't kick me out of steel. And I don't propose to see the industry run to suit the whims of tough walking delegates and grafting labor bosses. You seem to be in Quinby's confidence. I'm free to say I don't like it. It looks to me as though you're hedging, so you won't have to go out with me."

"What do you expect?"

"I made you. I've given you all you have. I expect you to stand by me."

"You demand more than you give others. The men give you all they have and you refuse."

"The men work for their living, as men must. Most of them get a good living. When they're worth it they get more. You got more. If they don't like our terms let them find better somewhere else—if they can. As for Caesar, don't count too much on him. There are bigger interests than his vanity at stake just now, and you'll find when it comes to a point they'll hold. Quinby's a blatherskite, but I've never said he's a fool."

Mark said nothing. Henley's words but echoed his own fears. Henley regarded him frowningly.

"What," he demanded abruptly, "has got into you the last year? Before that I could always count on you. Now—I don't understand you."

"When it comes to that," Mark laughed shortly, "I don't understand myself."

Mark had been partly right when he attributed the mood of their return to reaction. A lighter mood followed. Kazia's work allowed them to meet but seldom and then often for only hurried visits; the eagerness bred by separation drove such problems as Quinby and the meaning of their relation into the background. But the shadow never quite lifted. As winter wore on Kazia began to perceive growing up in Mark's heart a new interest, so strong that sometimes it intruded even into the brief hours that should have been given wholly to love.

There was an evening when he came to her apartment, tired and discouraged, but with an air that sent her memory back to a slender youth going doggedly forth each day to labor meant for stronger men. She, too, was tired from a long exacting case whose close allowed them this leisurely-meeting, the first in weeks.

"This week," she told him after he had been there a little while, "I was offered the superintendency of nurses at the Todd hospital."

"That's fine! I'm glad. When do you begin?"

"But if I pull it through, I'd rather you'd let me build that new city." He laughed queerly. "Strange as it may seem, the notion appeals."

"But that, I fear, is out of the question," Quinby shook his head sadly. "A beautiful dream but—paleontology has claimed me."

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"When it comes to that," Mark laughed shortly, "I don't understand myself."

"Have you forgotten? I think it comes through Mr. Quinby."

"Take it anyhow," he answered promptly. "Since you won't let me help you."

"I don't like to be under obligations to him."

"Take it. If he meant mischief, I think we'd have heard from him before now. And it's only fair for somebody to get something out of him. God knows I'm doing enough for him."

"You mean with the men?"

"Yes. Though, if he only knew it, I'm not doing it for his sake. I believe it was for the men I undertook the job." He shook his head gloomily. "But the worst of it is, I'm almost certain to fail."

"Oh, I hope not."

"Yes. Sometimes I think I'm the only sane man left on earth. Each side thinks it's bound to win. One side is—and it isn't the men. But they won't listen to me. It makes me sick to think what they'll have to pay if they go into this hopeless contest. You don't know how the thing is taking hold on me. You think this queer talk from me?"

"I don't find it queer."

"It is queer. I haven't come to the why yet. Do you believe," he asked abruptly, "that love can awaken all the sympathies?"

"I believe that it can."

"Wouldn't it be strange," he went on musingly, "if through Quinby—the philanthropist—I've found my big idea?"

"Your big idea?"

"Yes." He forgot that no Richard Courtney had ever defined it for her. "I'll probably fail in this struggle. But after that—why not?—the happy city, and in Bethel. The thing's getting into my blood. Or am I, after all, the one who is mad?"

If she was white, he laid it to weariness. "If you are, I love your madness."

A silence. When she broke it he, absorbed in the train of thoughts set in motion by mention of the rebuilt city, did not catch the odd strained note in the words.

"Then you think I'd better take the position?"

"Ah!" He came back remorsefully to the subject. "Of course, you must take it."

"Even from Quinby?"

"However it comes, you're fitted for it. You've earned it."

"But," she insisted quietly, "I'd have to live at the hospital. I'd have no excuse for keeping this apartment."

"Oh, no, surely not! You must give it up. I need you, Kazia—these hours—"

Alarm had driven all but love—he still called it love—from his heart for the moment. He leaned over and caught her to him.

"Not at once, perhaps," she murmured weakly. "I could come here sometimes—until the lease expires—"

He laughed. "Do you think love is determined by a landlord's contract?"

"Not by that!" With a little gasping cry she reached up and clung to him.

During the last days of the negotiations Mark almost hoped the strike could be averted. Then men, listening to his persuasions, agreed to accept a merely nominal increase in the wage scale. But the agreement must be signed, not by the men as individuals, but by the union for them; from that stand the young organization, its very life at stake, would not be moved.

Three men were in Henley's office on that last night before the decision was announced. One had just made his final plea for the compromise.

Henley shook his head firmly. "I will not recognize the union."

"But they ask so little."

Both glanced at the other man, a tall stately figure, pacing, hands clasped behind his back, up and down the room. A troubled despairing frown roughened the lofty brow.

"I'm looking ahead," Henley replied. "Labor organizations never go back, unless you catch 'em young and kill 'em off. Recognize them now and three years hence they'll demand a raised scale. Next, it will be the closed shop. Then another raise, and so on. We'll be running our mills for the benefit of men who have no stake in them, never knowing when they'll be after us with new outrageous demands. I will not have it." Henley spoke with feeling.

The pacing figure stopped, looking at Mark. "What have you to say to that?"

"I say, the men are desperate. They'll stop at nothing to win the strike. It will cost us millions."

"Cheaper now than ever," Henley interrupted.

"I say," Mark went on, "this industry, this company, can afford to grant any demands labor will ever make. And there's such a thing as humanity. If that isn't enough—"

He paused, looking steadily at Quinby. "If that isn't enough, I say the public is on the men's side and it hasn't forgotten the Siamese twins of production and other beautiful sentiments publicly uttered by a certain famous philanthropist."

Quinby groaned and resumed his anxious pacing. But he was halted by Henley's next words.

"You had a visit from some men in New York last week?"

"How do you know?" Quinby was visibly startled.

"I advised them to see you," Henley rejoined. "They're men of power. They own newspapers. They can make and unmake men and reputations. They can destroy you as easily as they would a corner grocer. They're interested in the future of steel. They're more interested, as every controller of property must be, in the fight to stamp out this epidemic of labor agitation. I remind you, it isn't safe to disregard their advice."

"What interest have they in my reputation?"

"Humph! They think as I do—damn your reputation!"

Quinby started, glared. His tongue fumbled vainly for words to answer this astounding lease-majesty. He took a step toward Henley, menacingly.

"Humph!" Henley grunted again. "You can save your wind. I'm not afraid of you just now. And I won't let this company be crippled by giving in to the union. The men who saw you won't permit it either—without punishing."

"I suppose you think they can keep you in this company, too?"

"No," Henley answered steadily. "Between you and me they won't interfere. But between you and them—between your expensive reputation and their interest—they will interfere. The labor unions are your common enemy."



Then Men Listened to His Persuasions.

If you let them get a foothold here, you may as well lie down and die. For there isn't a spot on earth where the truth about Quinby—hatred gave savagery to the threat—the pious fraud, the hounder of women, the traitor in business dealings, won't reach."

Quinby's glare had no power now, as at another time, to subdue Henley. He sank into a chair, stretching out his hands to Mark in a helpless gesture. "Can't you say something?"

"If you aren't a coward and a fraud," Mark answered with undisguised disgust, "you'll know what to say. If you are—"

He concluded with a shrug.

It was an intolerable moment for Quinby. He rose, made a pitiable effort to gather the tatters of his vanity around his naked cowardice.

"I leave you in charge. I go to New York tonight. An expedition starts for Tibet tomorrow. I shall join it."

He stalked stiffly to the door. There he stopped for a second, looking back with eyes that were not good to see.

Henley turned to Mark. "As for you," he began sternly, "I've let you play your game, because you could do no harm. But now, having learned that you can't pin faith even to the vanity of a coward—"

Mark met his gaze quietly. "I have learned more than that. But, at least, the feet were of iron, after all."

The next day the failure of negotiations was announced. On the next the strike was ordered.

Henley was ready. On the morning of the third day detached squads of strangers appeared in the vicinity of the mills, trying to saunter along with the air of casual ease. They were Henley's strike breakers, gathered from many cities.

And the strikers were ready, though few of them wot of preparation.

The first squad slipped unnoticed into the mills, and a second. Then along the mile or more of street an electric word passed from watching crowd to crowd: "Henley's strike breakers!" The third squad reached the refuge of the mills only by a sudden overbearing dash. The fourth found its way blocked and itself pressed back by a surging cursing mob. The remaining strike breakers rallied to this point and in a body tried by brute force to drive a lane through the resisting pack of men and women. But the mob grew faster, gathered around the invaders, roughly jostling them and shrieking taunts and blasphemies. Blows were struck, missiles hurled. Then above the clamor a shot was heard.

A cry, "A woman is killed!" answered by a hoarse frenzied bellow. Many weapons flashed from pockets where they had lain hidden. Other shots were heard, fired pointblank at living targets. The melee became a battle. When it was over, the strike breakers had fled and two score and more lay dead on the streets. Through the labyrinth of silent machinery and chilling furnaces a mob that panted with the thirst for blood hunted out and shot down those of Henley's men who had reached the mills. . . . Mad? Mad as though a bastille waited to be taken.

Two days the terror lasted. The mills—sacred property!—were wrecked. Timid posers were driven back. Crazed orators harangued the mob and took for ironic text "the Siamese twins of production."

Then with measured tread and gleaming bayonets came the force of the law, and peace—the peace of the strong—hovered once more over Quinby's mills.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Pressure of Truth.

The strike was broken. Engines crunched and furnaces glowed again. The men, starved out, had crept back to the mill gates, begging for work. The troops marched away and the union, at least in Quinby's mills, never raised its head again.

But at what a cost!

Jeremiah Quinby returned—not,

however, with a blast of trumpets. In fact, he came almost secretly, though not wholly out of modesty; no reporter so bold or so shrewd as to win to his well-guarded presence. The cynical public had lately become deeply interested in the Siamese twins of production and upon the devoted head of their author had heaped its cruel satire.

But Quinby's return was not without its objects. One of them was to unseat the arrogant Henley, and to this Quinby, without concealment or delay, bent his energies. In the other, which seems to prove that in matters of sex are neither prince, priest nor peasant, but only man and woman, more finesse was employed. Only one person had an inkling of this project and she kept well the secret.

There was heard a merry cracking of whips. One by one Quinby won the minor stockholders over to his primary object and approached the point where he could deal the blow. Henley grimly waited. Mark was not approached on the matter, for the sufficient reason that he, too, had been singled out for vengeance.

"Quinby is back," he told Kazia once.

There was a perceptible pause before she answered. "Yes. He visited the hospital the other day."

"Keeping his hand in, I suppose," he said lightly. "Unhappily, Quinby is cut off from public philanthropic exercises until the present cloud passes."

She achieved a smile.

"But humanity's loss isn't our gain," Mark grinned wryly. "He's getting ready to eliminate Henley and me from the company."

"Oh, that's too bad. Will it make you—poor?"

"No. But it will leave me considerably less rich than I'd like to be."

"I thought you didn't care for money?"

"No man cares so little for it that he's willing to lose it. And I'll need every dollar I have."

"She guessed what he had in mind. "You say you will need it?"

"For my happy city." He laughed, then grew serious. "Kazia, I'm going to build it. At least, I'm going to start it."

"Ah!" She turned away with a sharp intake of breath. "It—it would be something worth while."

For an hour, unconscious of cruelty, he discoursed of his plans, eagerly and eloquently. His eloquence was not in vain. She listened without comment, but as he talked the picture he saw grew before her, convincing, real—the happy city rising in the beautiful valley, a place where men toiled and were not consumed, found refuge from weariness not in vice, but in clean contented homes and wholesome sports, gave of their best to the labor because of its earnings they had a just share, living hopefully. . . . She measured it by the life of the steel maker as she had seen it, and him by the quality of his dream.

"Do you see it?"

"I see it."

"One of the things I've learned is to understand men of wealth. Their cruelties are the cruelties of cowardice—the fear of those who have that those who have not will force a distribution of the spoils. They're afraid of anything new or different. Therefore they will fight me as only cowards can—until they're convinced even humanity can pay dividends. That," he frowned, "is where Quinby will pinch me. Every dollar he takes from me will lessen my chances of pulling through the first fight."

"Can't you stop him?"

"As easy stop a mad snake. Quinby has much to take out on Henley and me. And we're helpless."

"Perhaps a way out will be found."

The flat lifeless voice, so unlike hers, recalled him to her.

"Are you disgusted?" he exclaimed remorsefully. "Here I've been clanking away like Quinby himself, never noticing how tired you are. Let me take you back to the hospital."

"No. I arranged to stay here overnight to begin packing my things up."

"But your lease—"

"Even leases," she answered quietly, "don't always run their full course. The agent has a tenant who wants this apartment and I promised to move out next week."

"Kazia!" He found himself flushing. Only by a strong effort could he make his eyes meet hers. "That means you think I'm forgetting you in my new plans."

"I think," she answered, "only that you're a man and that love, especially such love as ours, isn't enough."

He looked at her in silence for a moment. "Kazia," he began very gently, "I could lie to you, but there must be no lies between us. Love isn't enough—even such love as ours. A man must do his work. It's the inescapable law. But that doesn't mean that love—that you—won't always have a big place with me, a place all your own."

He drew her closer, so that her head rested on his shoulder, and smoothed the thick dark hair. "It never occurred to me you wouldn't be as interested as I in my plans. You've given me so much, you've seemed so much a part of what I'm to do—I've thought of it as our work—"

A hand stole over his mouth. She raised her head, and she was smiling.

"Don't! You make me ashamed. . . . And now you must go."

"Can't I stay to help you?"

"A man pack!" she laughed gaily.

"A man," he sighed, trying to be jocular, "has so many limitations. But it's all right, Kazia?"

"It's all right."

But when he was gone the gay manner vanished. The strong—figure drooped wearily. She fell to her knees beside a chair, burying her face in her arms.

"What does he know of love?"

The next evening, returning to his hotel for a late dinner, Mark found a

memorandum to call up the road hospital. From the hospital he received word that Mrs. Whiting had gone to Rose alley and asked him to follow her. Some one was dying. He did not wait for dinner, but hailing a cab, set out on another journey to Rose alley.

He stumbled hastily up the gloomy staircase to Roman's door and rapped lightly. It was opened by an unkempt foreign woman, doubtless a neighbor, and he entered. Save for her the kitchen was empty. But by the light of a smoky lamp that stood on the table near an inner door, he saw a group dimly outlined. On a narrow bed lay a huge draped figure, seeming to Mark already dead. The Matka, more faded than ever, sat at the dying man's side, motionless as he, her gaze fixed rigidly upon him.

"Thank you for coming," Kazia said. "I'm glad you sent for me. Is there anything I can do?"

"Yes, get Piotr. He went away early this morning and doesn't know. It was very sudden. You'll probably find him at—"

She named a corner a mile or more distant. "He makes speeches there every evening."

The cab came to a halt at a corner where many people passed. A small changing crowd had gathered around a man who from his soap box harangued them. He preached a gospel that, beginning with a germ of love, had grown in him into a creed of hate. It was a rambling incoherent harangue, full of bitter denunciation and vague generalities that never came to a point—the grotesque but pitiful outpouring of a feeble mind obsessed by a sense of injury real or fancied and tracking under the effort to inoculate others with its venom. Mark listened a moment.

"The man must be mad," he thought pitifully.

Piotr in his ramblings came to the late strike. He began a roll call of the masters of the Quinby company—Quinby himself, Henley, Higbee, Hare—

"And Truitt!" The hoarse voice became, if that were possible, even more bitter. He fairly writhed as he shrieked out his charges. "Truitt the wife-beater! The rouser! With his women—!" For several minutes he raved on, regaling his audience with an array of disgusting but apocryphal details of Truitt's life that to his diseased fancy must have become proved facts.

"Go tell him to come here," Mark ordered the cabman. "Tell him his father is dying."

"Aw, hell!" growled a big Irishman in the crowd, audible even to the cab. "Shut up! Truitt's the only wan av th' lot wid bowels 't him."

"Fool—fool!" Piotr shook clenched fists at the Irishman. "Are you taken in because he tried to stop the strike? Who was he working for then, you or Quinby? Where was he when Henley's strike breakers came to steal your jobs and shoot down your women? Where was his money when your children were starving for bread? Where—"

But the cabman had reached him with Mark's message. For a moment Piotr stared stupidly, trying to take in its meaning. Then he uttered a wild piercing cry—

"Dying!" He leaned toward the crowd, hands and face twitching in his frenzy. "My father's dying, but he can wait while I tell you about this Truitt. When he was starting out he came to our house, because my father took pity on him. My father loved him, better than he did his own son. He watched over him, cared for him, taught him all he knew of his trade. Then the old man broke. He wouldn't have been old anywhere else, but he had burned himself up trying to make Quinby's furnace bells pay. They threw him out, of course—and Truitt took his job. Truitt—partner of Quinby! The old man's heart broke. Then his mind gave way. And now he's dying—do you know where? In Rose alley!"

The crowd had become very still. To them, too, the tragedy that tortured the madman was clear; infinite repetition could not take away its bitterness.

"And that isn't all." The emotional delirium reached its climax. "In that house was a girl—just an ignorant Hunks girl but the kind men love. And Truitt made love to her. But when he left us, he left her, too—another broken heart! To forget him she married a worthless rummy she had to leave. Then she went out into the city to make her own living—you know the fight and the price women must pay or go down. And she—the girl he wouldn't take up with him—she paid—"

Bewilderment choked back the stream of words. For a man—whose pallor was not due to the garish arc lamp—had leaped from the cab and was elbowing a way swiftly toward him. The crowd fell back to let the man through, then pressed closer. Only Piotr and the Irishman recognized him. Mark caught Piotr by the arm and jerked him roughly from the box.

The Irishman's heavy hand fell on Mark's shoulder. "Let be, sor." Then he fell back before the livid countenance Mark turned on him.

"Keep out. I'll do him no harm. I'm only taking him to his father, where his place is instead of here blackguarding women he isn't fit to touch."

Piotr jerked his arm free. "I won't go with you!"

But the Irishman caught him. "Ye'll go as Mither Truitt tells ye. I'm thinkin' he's just loony, sor."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

One Line of Credit.

"So your grocer refuses to give you credit for another thing?"

"Not exactly; he says he'll give me credit for any cash I pay on account."

—Boston Transcript.



"Truitt—Place Myself in Your Hands."

inal concessions. Even go a little farther than that. But, Truitt, above all things there must be no strike." He leaned forward and put a hand impressively on Mark's knee.

"Truitt—"

There was a hint of nervous haste in the mellifluous voice. "Truitt, a strike would place me in a false position. I am known to have uttered publicly certain views on labor's rights. I still hold firmly to those views—in the abstract. I also hold that they do not apply to this case. But the world would not understand that. It would say—"

He paused again, leaving Mark to imagine what the cruel cynical world would say.

Mark thought he could imagine it.

"Truitt!" Quinby brought his hands in a slow splendid gesture down on Mark's shoulders. "I place myself in your hands. My reputation is dear to me. Not for my own sake, but because of the work to which I have pledged my life."

Mark turned a frowning gaze out of the window. Ten miles or more sped by before he looked at the waiting Quinby.

"I'll try it."

"I knew you would." Quinby smiled once more. "Succeed and you will find me not ungrateful. Henley, I believe, is thinking of retiring—"

Their eyes met.

"Does Henley know it?"

Quinby ignored the question. "He himself has said you are the only man of the broad vision and—"

"It isn't done yet," Mark inter-

THE LOST FRIEND

By H. M. EGBERT.

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Col. Jim Slee sat in his swivel chair and looked at Miss Elizabeth Ray and pulled his drooping mustache.

Colonel Slee was the last man in the world whom one would have associated with a large city store. A little over fifty, perhaps, with a splendid figure and military bearing, there was something chivalrous about the man in spite of his reputation. If there can be grades of fast livers, the colonel undoubtedly belonged to the highest grade. In 50 homes he was regarded as a man of unblemished reputation; and those who knew what his life was somehow exonerated him.

The colonel had fallen heir to the store on his brother's death, and he had not known what to do with it.

His first act was to call all the employees together and raise their salaries. Then he promoted all the pretty girl clerks. The colonel's old-fashioned idea was that the prettier a girl was—and every girl was pretty if she had health and a sweet temper—the less right she had to labor for a pittance. Miss Ray, being the prettiest and most innocent of the lot, was appointed the colonel's private secretary.

That was as far as the colonel got before the departmental managers interfered and told him, with firm politeness, that he would have to leave the charge of affairs to them unless he wished to drive the store into bankruptcy.

The colonel made them agree that the revised salary schedule should stand, and after that he came down to the store for about two hours a day and pretended to answer letters.

It is doubtful whether he would have come more than twice a week but for Miss Ray. She was about twenty, and she came from a little town in



Looked at Miss Ray and Pulled His Drooping Mustache.

Connecticut. She was one of the prettiest girls the colonel had ever seen, with her fluffy brown hair, gray eyes, red lips and unsophisticated ways. The colonel was a little afraid of her at first, but after a while he won her confidence. He knew how to do that; he was always gentle and always a gentleman.

He had employed her as his secretary, at twenty dollars, for about a month when he learned about Tom. Tom was a young farmer in her home town, and they were engaged to be married—perhaps in a year's time, when she had saved her trousseau money and he had begun to make things go better. He had only lately taken over the land, and it was heavily mortgaged.

"Miss Elizabeth," said the colonel, and, though it was the first time he had ever called her by her Christian name, his tone was so respectful that it was impossible to take exception to his words—"Miss Elizabeth, you are much too charming a girl to take up country life. Why, here you could have your pick of a dozen millionaires."

Miss Elizabeth laughed softly and looked at the colonel with that innocent expression that always puzzled him.

"I'll prove it," said the colonel. "I'm going to take you out to lunch with me, and just you watch the men stare at you."

Miss Elizabeth put on her hat and accompanied him. She had never been into a big restaurant before, had never eaten cold jellied consommé or tasted champagne. She sipped about two teaspoonsful of the ice cold wine out of courtesy, although her parents had been prohibitionists. Still, she did not want to hurt the colonel.

"I have had a most delightful time; you are very good to me," she said, when they returned to the office.

"Feel like repeating the experiment?" inquired the colonel, and Miss Elizabeth nodded gayly.

That was the beginning of many luncheons. At times the girl's heart misgave her; she felt that she ought not to accept so much kindness from this friend. But he was always so gentle, so entirely respectful to her. Then one day the colonel invited her to dine with him and go to the theater.

For the first time that night, after she had left him at her door, Miss Elizabeth began to dread that his interest in her was not wholly platonic. There had been an undertone of something

that she did not understand in his demeanor that evening. And, what troubled her most, she had somehow felt that it was not advisable to make any reference to him in her letters to Tom.

Tom was looking forward anxiously to seeing her when her vacation came, the following month. Perhaps then she would tell Tom. Perhaps . . .

She went to bed with a conscience not wholly free from problems.

It was a day or two later that Miss Elizabeth spoke of her vacation to the colonel.

"Why, I have been thinking of that," he said. "I shall want you—at least, I should like to have you help me, if you can. You see, Miss Elizabeth, I am taking a little yachting party to Key West, and I ought to keep in touch with business affairs. If you could accompany us, you can have another holiday when we get back."

The yachting trip was to take about six weeks. Miss Elizabeth had never been at sea; much as she wanted to see Tom again the invitation was irresistible. The colonel told her that there were to be three or four other ladies. They were to go aboard the vessel at the little private dock at seven in the evening, a week thence.

Miss Elizabeth wrote a letter to Tom, explaining the situation and promising to come home as soon as she returned. Then, at the appointed hour, she accompanied the colonel, who called at her boarding house in a taxicab, to the pier.

The yacht lay alongside the wharf. A watchman paced her decks, but, though they inspected her from stem to stern, there was no sign of the others. They had sat down for a moment in the dining saloon. The girl was becoming a little nervous.

"We will have dinner now," said the colonel.

"Wait a minute," said the girl hurriedly. "When will the others be here? Your sister—is she not expected before we dine?"

The colonel pulled his mustache and looked hard at her. Then he stretched out one hand and patted hers gently.

"My dear," he said, "we are going to be the only two passengers aboard this trip."

The girl looked at him with terrified eyes and rose from her chair with a little gasp. To the last day of her life she always pictured the colonel thus, seated before her, pulling his drooping mustache, and smiling at her with such a kind expression on his face.

"I thought you understood, Elizabeth," said the colonel in tones of grave politeness. There was reproach in his voice, but Colonel Slee could never be anything but a gentleman.

"But—you said—you said—" the girl exclaimed; and even then she could not quite believe it. But presently she understood. She was not at all angry. She felt the tears of humiliation rush to her eyes, that he should have misunderstood her so. And there was more than humiliation—there was real sorrow for the loss of a friend, the only friend she had had, except Tom, since her parents died.

"Are you going Elizabeth?" asked the colonel, watching her.

She began buttoning her coat. "You ought not to ask me that—O, what have I done to make you think otherwise?" she pleaded.

"My dear," said the colonel. "I thought you understood the situation. Perhaps I was wrong; I had no wish to deceive you. That is not my way. There are certain conventions . . . why did you think I was taking you out to luncheons and dinners?"

"As a friend," she cried hotly, feeling her cheeks burning.

He shook his head. "Men of fifty do not make friends of their lady employees in that way, my dear," he answered. "I am sorry. Let me help you with your coat."

They went up the stairs to the deck and stood side by side there for a moment. Everything in Elizabeth's life seemed to have crumbled into ashes. She turned.

"I am sorry," she said. "I wish I had understood. Good-by."

For the life of her she could not summon any indignation against him. She did not feel the insult then, only the unbearable loss.

Colonel Slee took her hand in his and bent over it. They strolled up the dock; he called a taxicab and escorted her to her door. Then he raised his hat and left her.

On the following morning a special delivery message arrived for the girl, asking her to hold her position at the store till the colonel's return. They need not meet, he said, but he trusted she would take charge of his interests till he could make arrangements. Elizabeth went back to business.

She did not see him again. The yacht was wrecked in the great storm that ravaged the Florida coast that summer. Colonel Slee never appeared again. He doubtless died, with all the crew. But he had had time to make certain arrangements. The girl found herself the possessor of a substantial legacy. But she never told Tom all the circumstances. That was a page of her life that she tore out of the book.

Keeping Wine Properly.

To keep wine properly, the liquid must actually touch the cork, for any air that is compressed here by corking the bottle is very injurious. Air can be removed by taking a small copper tube about the size of a quill and filling it so as to make a semi-tube, then fixing a thumb ring at the top and sharpening the bottom end. Place the tube in the neck with the flat side against the glass, and the cork is driven in so that the air comes off through the tube. When corked, the tube is withdrawn and no air is left in the bottle.



FOOTBALL GAME IS MODIFIED

Interesting Substitute for Popular Pastime Is Free From All Roughness—How It Is Played.

An interesting substitute for football that retains most of the elements of the popular game, and at the same time is free from roughness, will be welcomed by many boys. Such a game is tag football. It will appeal particularly to the boys who are too young to play regular football, or who have been forbidden to play because of physical incapacity. It is also a good game for older boys when there are not enough players to form two complete elevens. With some adaptations it has also been played successfully by girls.

The game is played with a rugby ball, on a regular football field, by two opposing teams of from five to eleven players each. Scores are made as in football, and football rules hold good except where special rules are prescribed.

After the sides have been chosen, the ball is kicked off, and the receiver runs toward his opponents' goal until an opposing player touches him. The ball is "down" where it touches the ground on an incomplete pass, or at the place where the runner is first tagged, or at the point where he goes out of bounds.

Because of the obvious futility of straight-line plays, the forwards spread out along the scrimmage line. The play is therefore much more open than in the regular game.

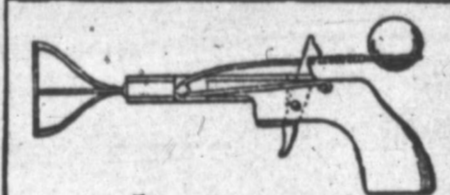
As in football, no player may kick the ball when it is on the ground, except at the kick-off or when making a free try for a goal. Another football rule that applies should be kept in mind. Players must be "on-side" at the kick-off, at the beginning of each down, and at the free kicks for field goals.

An important variation from football is that the side putting the ball in play may have only one man on the scrimmage line if it so chooses. Every man on the team is eligible, at any time, to receive a pass coming in any direction. It is therefore a running, passing, kicking game, and can be played without likelihood of mishaps long after the ground has been frozen.—Youth's Companion.

SHOOTING A PING-PONG BALL.

Toy Weapon Projects a Missile, but a Perfectly Harmless One—Fills Long Felt Want.

There is justly a deep-rooted objection to the toy pistol because of the damage and injury which is likely to be inflicted by it; but, at the same time, there is a period in every boy child's life when he calls for a toy pistol, and one which does not shoot a missile does not seem to fill the bill. Every doting parent knows the difficulty of denying a child such a trifling thing, and the result is that almost invariably the parent waives his objection.



Pistol Shoots Ping-Pong Ball.



jection, for a limited period at least, and the child gets the coveted toy pistol. In order to provide a pistol with the requirement that it should shoot a ball, a nursery weapon of new design projects a ping-pong ball, which can accomplish no disaster under any circumstances. As most everyone knows, the ping-pong ball is made of the thinnest wafer of celluloid. It is molded in two hemispheres, and the two parts cemented together making a perfect sphere and one which is exceedingly lively, the antics of which as it bounds from point to point make much merriment. The pistol which was recently patented is shown herewith, and its mode of operation may be readily observed.

A Spelling Lesson.

What does Goughphtheightteuu spell?

Do you give it up? It spells potato, that is, according to the following: Gh stands for p, as you will find from the last letters in hicough; ough for o, as in dough; ph stands for t, as in phthisis; eigh stands for a, as in neighbor; tt stands for t, as in grissette, and cau stands for o, as in bean. Thus you have p-o-t-a-t-o.



NO ROOM!

Aunt Jane is not all there. Ma said - BUT I don't see - Said Annie - "really I declare where any more could be!"

ENLARGE WITH OWN CAMERA

Rather Fine Lens Obviates Necessity of Carrying Around Large Machine—Cost Is Trifling.

The tendency among amateur photographers at the present time is to make their pictures with a small camera equipped with a rather fine lens and then enlarge the resulting negative to the desired size. This obviates the labor of carrying a large camera around and just as good results are secured. Besides the convenience, it offers an element of economy which is considerable. The enlarging attachment shown herewith permits a pho-



Making an Enlargement.

tographer to make use of his own camera in making the enlargement. That is, he makes the enlargement with the same lens with which the original picture was made. The attachment is made of some light material and has facilities for holding the plate or paper on which the enlargement is to be made. The negative to be enlarged is placed in the back of the camera and the lens is directed into the interior of the attachment. The whole is then placed where a strong light, either natural or artificial, is allowed to shine through the negative and lens and to project the picture into the attachment. This does the work of a rather expensive enlarging apparatus at a trifling cost. The attachment was recently patented.

CREED OF THE COUNTRY BOY

Life Out of Doors and in Touch With Earth Is Natural Life of Man—Square Deal Demanded.

In every school house in Prince Edward county, Virginia, a placard containing a creed for the American country boy and dedicated to the Boys' Corn Club of Virginia has been posted. It reads:

"I believe that the country which God made is more beautiful than the city which man made; that life out of doors and in touch with the earth is the natural life of man. I believe that work with nature is more inspiring than work with the most intricate machinery. I believe that the dignity of labor depends not on what you do, but how you do it; that opportunity comes to a boy on the farm as often as to a boy in the city; that life is larger and freer and happier on the farm than in the town; that my success depends not upon my location, but upon myself; not upon my dreams, but upon what I actually do; not upon luck, but upon pluck. I believe in working when you work and in playing when you play, and in giving and demanding a square deal in every act of life."

A Dog Trainer.

"Hey! What are you doing there?" Little Arthur was caught. He was up in the pear tree, his pockets full of luscious fruit, while below stood a bull terrier trying wildly and frantically to reach him. And the owner of the tree and the dog had just come upon the scene. "What d'ye want up my pear tree, young fellow?" asked the farmer again in gruff and angry tones. "P-p-please, sir, t-trying to teach your d-d-dog to stand on his h-h-hind legs!"—Baltimore Trolley.

Hints to Farmers

Now is the time that you realize on your season's work.

As you sell your grain, stock or produce, place your money on open account with a reliable Bank.

Pay your bills by check which makes the best kind of a receipt, and avoid the worry and danger attending the carrying of large sums of money.

Our offices are always at the disposal of our customers and friends.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CANYON

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Plainview Nursery

Has the largest stock of home grown trees that they have ever had. Varieties well adapted to this climate, hardy and absolutely free from disease. All kinds of garden plants.

Agents Wanted to Sell on Commission


Plainview Nursery

PLAINVIEW TEXAS

STOCK REDUCING SALE

End Season Clean Up
 Dec. 10 **TEN DAYS ONLY** UNTIL Dec. 19


The unusual warm fall and winter has left us with thousands of dollars worth of winter goods, which must go regardless of COST. THURSDAY morning, Dec. 10th will start the biggest selling proposition the people of Canyon and Randall Co., have ever witnessed. A timely event affording a wonderful opportunity to purchase this seasons finest merchandise at prices that are far below their regular values. Our complete stock consisting of this seasons choicest and most desirable offering in Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Hats and Furnishing goods has been ruthlessly sacrificed to effect an immediate clearance. This is entirely different from the ordinary so called sales, we are determined to make this an event of such importance that the extraordinary values you secure will be LONG REMEMBERED. Just think what it means to get the benefit of such values, now as we have cast aside all thought of profit, and are not considering COST in many instances. We are going to smash all previous records, we are going to sell merchandise at prices never before heard of. Remember we reserve nothing. Don't sleep on your rights, an opportunity of your life time. We want nothing but fresh new goods next season, to this end we are willing to suffer the loss. Our stock must be reduced at least ten thousand dollars by invoicing time. SALE WILL START THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 10TH AND CLOSE SATURDAY NIGHT, DEC. 19TH. SALE PRICES POSITIVELY CASH. CHARGED AT REGULAR PRICE.

	Men's Suits Wear a Benjamin. 27.50 suits for 20. 25. " " 16.50 22.50 " " 15.50 20. " " 13.20 17.50 " " 12. 15. " " 10.50 13.50 " " 9. 12.50 " " 8.50	Odd Trousers for Men Dutches pants, 10c a button, \$1 a rip. Entire stock at 25 per cent discount.	Boys' Suits We have a large assortment. Bring the boys in early while we have a wide range of patterns to select from. Our entire stock will go in this sale at a discount of 25 per cent.	 <p>THE "NO NAME" HAT</p>	
	Men's Overcoats Big Assortment. All Sizes. 25.00 Overcoats for 20.00 22.50 " " 18. 20. " " 16. 17.50 " " 12.50 15. " " 11. 12.50 " " 9.	Men's Dress Shirts 2.00 shirts for 1.50 1.50 " " 1.20 1.25 " " .95 1. " " .75 .50 " " .40	Boys' Overcoats 8.00 Overcoats for 6.00 6. " " 4.50 5. " " 3.70 4. " " 3.		Gloves 2.00 Gloves for 1.60 1.75 " " 1.40 1.50 " " 1.15 1.25 " " .95 1. " " .80 .75 " " .60 Large assortment, take advantage.
	Shoe Dept. Howard & Foster shoes for men, Drew shoes for women and Buster Browns for the children. \$6000 stock. 20 per cent off.	Wool Shirts 2.50 wool shirts 1.90 2. " " 1.50 1.75 " " 1.25 1.50 " " 1.10 1.25 " " .95	Furs -At 20 per cent Discount		Hat Yourself 3.00 Hats for 2.15 2.50 " " 1.90 2. " " 1.50
		Corsets Thompson Glove Fitting Corsets. Twenty different styles. Prices 85c to \$5. All at the discount of 20 per cent.	Stetson Hats. 6.00 Stetsons for 4.75 5. " " 3.95 4. " " 3.15		

Millinery Department--Our entire stock of Ladies and Misses trimmed hats will go in this sale at exactly half price.

Ladies Ready-to-Wear Department

The Sunshine Line
 All our suits, coats, skirts and one piece dresses will go in this sale at a discount of 33 1-3 per cent.

Our entire stock of Hosiery will go in this sale at 20 per cent discount.

Calico
 All you want in this sale at 5c.
 Dress goods and silks all go at 20 per cent off.
 200 pieces of Battenburg, fancy work and center pieces at half price.
Handkerchiefs
 Get your supply now while they are going at 20 per cent discount.
Blankets and Comforts
 At 20 per cent off.
Ladies Neck Wear
 33 1-3 per cent off.

Trunks, Grips and Suit Cases
 20 per cent discount.
Over Shoes
 10 per cent off.
Fancy Vests
 33 1-3 off.
Ties
 50 cent ties for 40 cents.
Underwear Dept.
 Large stock of union and two piece suits in wool, cotton fleeced and ribbed. Twenty per cent discount.

All 12 1-2 cent Gingham for 10c
 All 10 " " " 8c
 All 12 1-2 " Domestic " 10c
 All 10 " " " 8c
 \$1 Overalls for 90c
 \$1 Jumpers for 90c

Be sure to come early and get first choice as the stock will move rapidly at these prices. We are making a great sacrifice on these goods and will allow for no alterations at these prices.
REMEMBER TO BRING THE CASH

20 Per Cent Off

- Perales
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- Silk Petticoats
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- Linweave
- Ribbons
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- Mens and Boys Caps
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- Muslin Underwear
- Mens Jerseys
- Shirtings