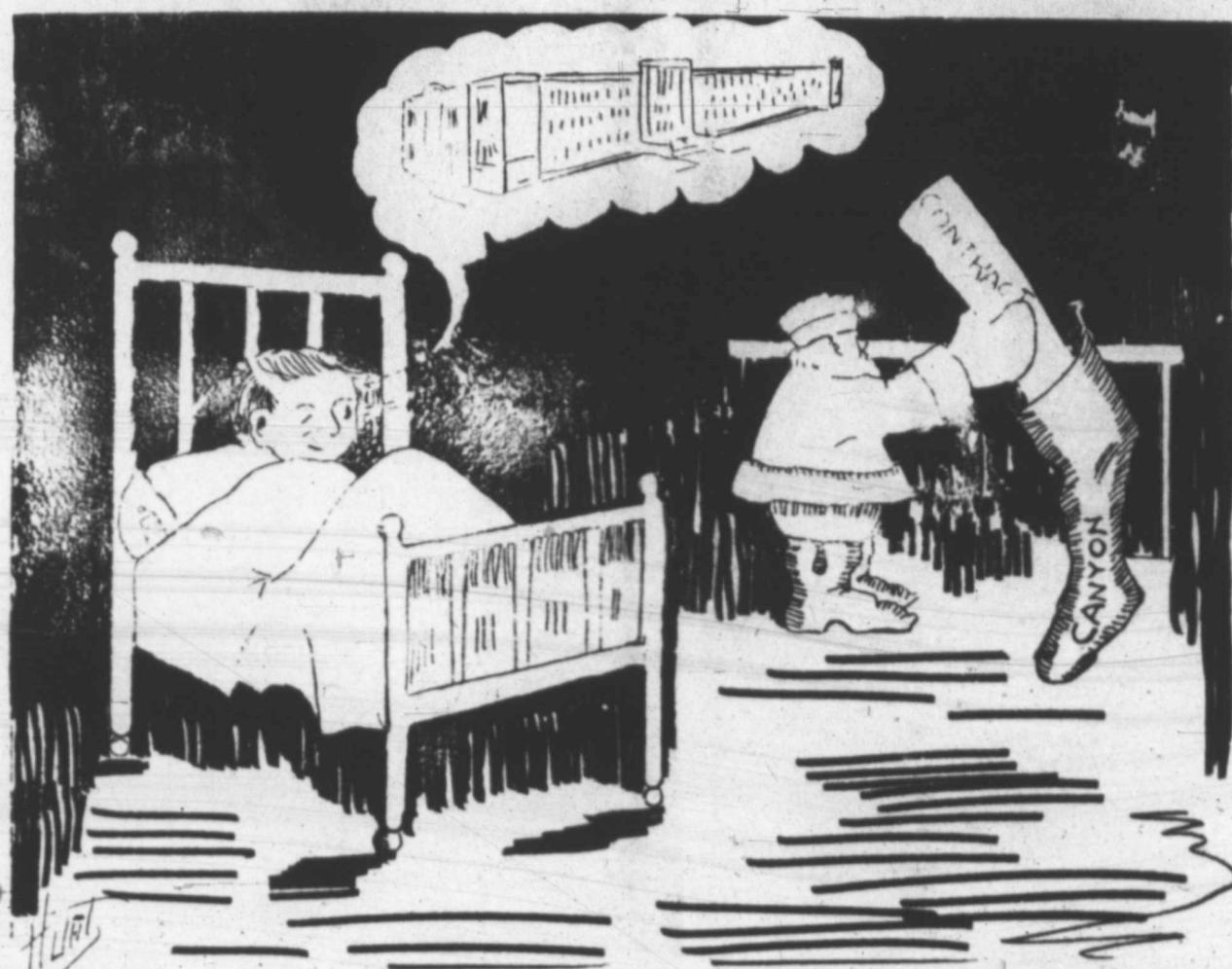


THE RANDALL COUNTY NEWS

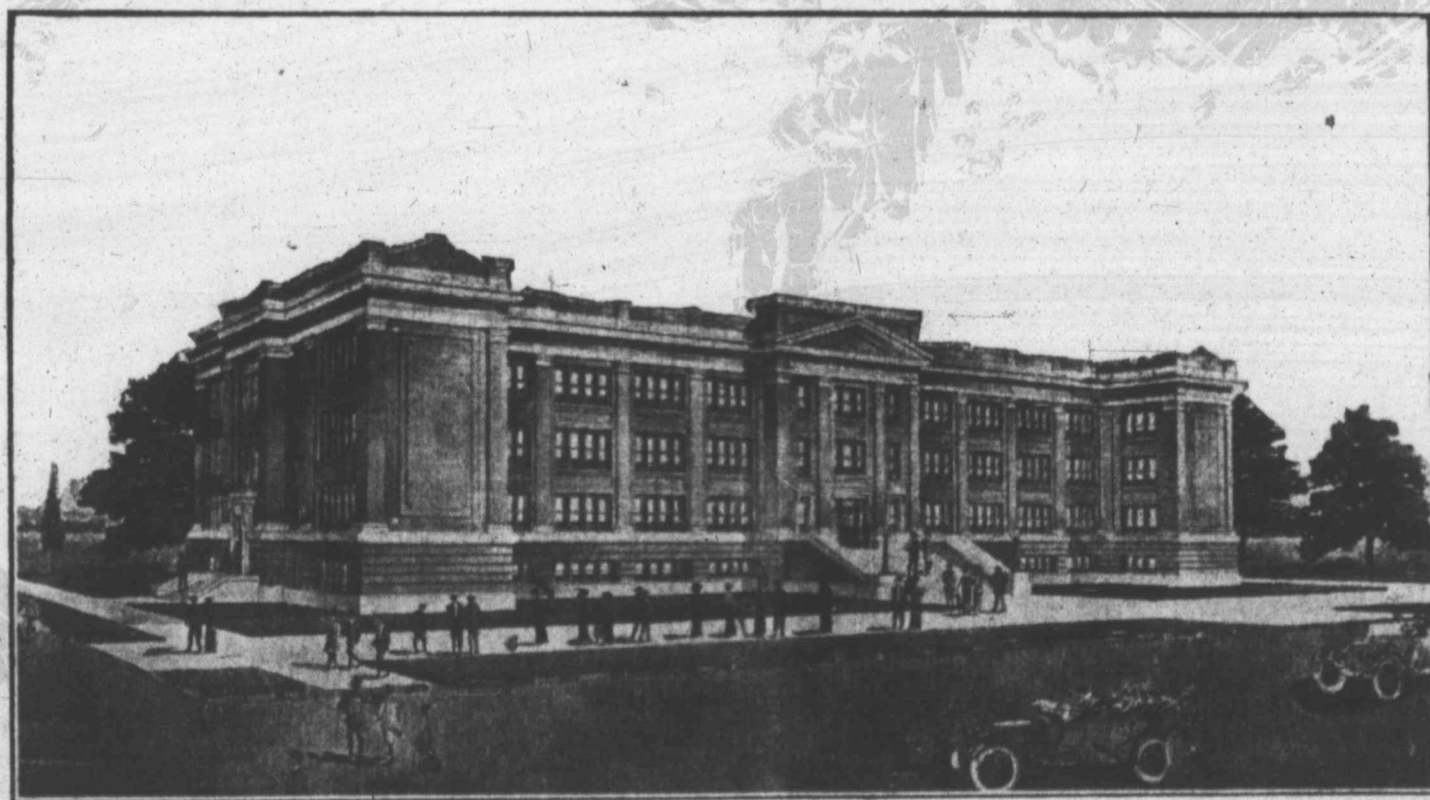
VOL. XVIII.

CANYON, RANDALL COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1914.

No. 39



The contract for the new building of the West Texas State Normal College was let Monday in Austin to the Gross Construction Company of Waco. The building is to be completed by Sept. 1, 1915. The people of Canyon rejoice that work is soon to begin on the fine building as shown below. The old building burned March 25. The school has been conducted since then in temporary buildings.



HOW UNCLE SAM FIGHTS DISEASE

By Edward B. Clark

BETWEEN the people of the United States and disease and death stands the government's public health service. Perhaps it will be urged that the great body of physicians of the United States is the real safeguard of the people. This is in every high sense true, but in support of the first seemingly wide-reaching statement let it be known that the physicians of the public health service engage themselves faithfully and with proved efficiency in the labor of prevention of which, as the time-tried saying has it, an ounce is worth a pound of cure.

The surgeons of the public health service are not only sentinels in the field of warfare against disease, but they are the advance guard of the soldiers engaged in the fight. The campaign records show that on many fields by early victories they have made great battles unnecessary. It is a large part of their duty to overcome the enemy on his first appearance, and in many instances to make impossible his appearance in the field which he seeks to sow with the germs of disease which are his weapons of offense.

In the popular prints one reads columns of the activities of government in preparations for possible war. There seems to be a delight in dreadnaughts and abiding interest in battalions. Of the life-saving functions of the government one reads little.

The work of the medical service is as devoted and more dangerous than that of the soldier. The doctor in his investigations, experiments and ministrations faces death in the time of peace, and in the time of war the surgeon with the soldier is on the battlefield. There is a living interest in the daily work of the public health service of the United States. It is carried on for the benefit of all the people, hundreds of thousands and perhaps millions of whom know too little of the labor in their behalf.

The public health service of the United States is a bureau of the department of the treasury. It falls directly within the office of assistant secretary of the treasury, Byron R. Newton. The surgeon-general of the service is Rupert Blue, whose research work and whose accomplishment in lines of medical endeavor are well known to the profession. There are six assistant surgeon-generals, Doctors A. H. Glennan, W. G. Stimpson, L. E. Cofer, J. W. Kerr, W. C. Rucker and J. W. Trask. They are all stationed in Washington and have direction over the various branches in all parts of the country.

Recently in the medical council there appeared this brief but conclusive statement of the manifold functions of the public health service of the United States government:

"Co-operating through the health authorities of the states, the service collects data upon the prevalence and distribution of disease, administers interstate quarantine, suppresses epidemics, conducts research work, maintains national quarantine, examines immigrants, regulates the manufacture and sale of biologic medicinal products in interstate traffic and furnishes medical treatment to various branches of the government service. Officers of the service may be assigned to duty in any part of the world."

It is the intention in the present article to take up and describe only one of the works and fields of labor of the public health service. The waters of Chesapeake bay and its inlets and tributaries form the field of an enormous industry. It is from these waters that are taken a large part of the shell fish approved as a delectable food by thousands and perhaps millions who never saw salt water. How many Americans nodding with the approval of appetite over their oysters on the half shell know that it has been made a matter of government concern that the shell fish should be a food as safe to the health as it is grateful to the taste?

It has been said that the American people show great interest in a dreadnaught, a big ship built for offensive purposes, and, if it is not putting it too strongly, mainly for the sinking of other ships and their crews along with them—a killing purpose. Is it not to be hoped that an equal if not a greater interest may one day be created in the little ships of the government whose only work and only purpose are saving ones?

In the control of the public health service is a little ship called the Bratton. It bears the name of a surgeon of the service who did commanding work for mankind in a great yellow fever epidemic and who laid down his life for humanity. The scene of the Bratton's activities is on the waters of the great shell fish producing bay which washes Maryland and the tributaries thereto. It is one of the ships helping to guard the lives of ninety millions of people.

The work of safeguarding the shell fish beds from pollution and thereby performing the work of prevention at a source from which danger frequently springs, falls in the field of direction of Assistant Surgeon-General J. W. Kerr, "in charge of the division of scientific research." To give an idea of the immensity of the field of precaution, prevention and cure coming under the direction of one man it may be said that Doctor Kerr's duties as set forth in the organization chart of the service appear as follows: Laboratories; leprosy investigation station, Hawaii; hygienic laboratory, Washington, D. C.; division of chemistry, zoology, pharmacology, pathology and bacteriology. Field investigations: Diseases affecting man, pollution of streams by sewage and industrial wastes, rural hygiene and school hygiene. The services of the good ship Bratton are given

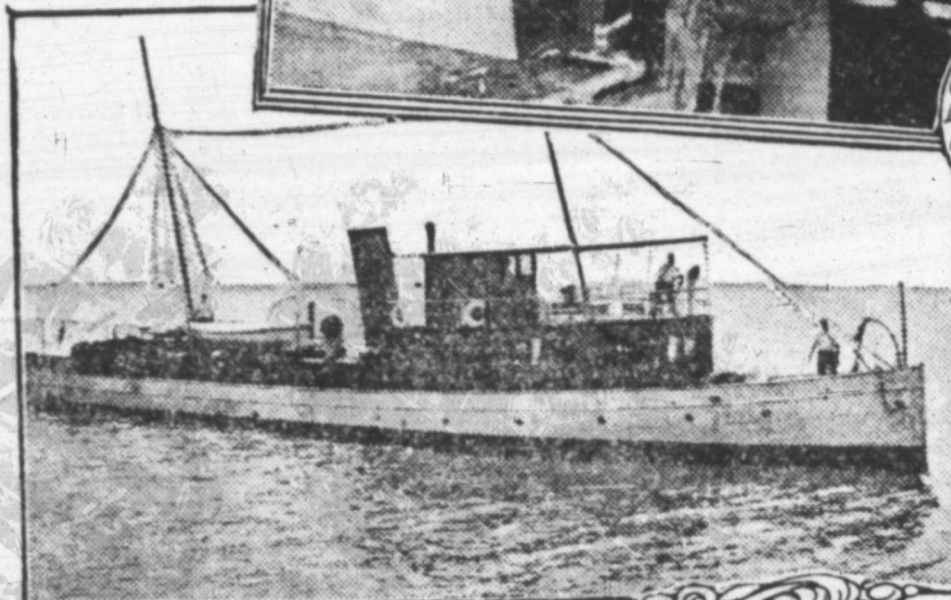


ASSISTANT SURGEON GENERAL J. W. KERR

SURGEON GENERAL RUPERT BLUE



A CORNER OF ONE OF THE LABORATORIES OF THE PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE



THE SHIP BRATTON WHICH GUARDS THE PUBLIC HEALTH



PUBLIC HEALTH EXPERIMENT STATION OFF CAPE CHARLES



SURGEON HUGH J. CUMMING, IN COMMAND OF THE SHIP BRATTON

to the division of scientific research. Dr. H. S. Cumming is in command of the coastal work of this ship which means so much to the public, which perhaps knows little of what is being done in its behalf. This ship's commander is also a doctor, a surgeon and a scientist. On the ship knowledge is trained against the enemy. The Bratton's cruises are made in behalf of the welfare of American citizens and they constitute no menace to the country of any people on earth.

It is the first duty of the Bratton to safeguard the oyster industry of the waters in which the ship sails. Safeguarding the oyster industry means safeguarding the health of the consumers of oysters and other shell fish. In 1912 a law was passed which gave into the hands of the public health service the work of field investigation into the causes of diseases affecting man, and the duty of enforcing rules of safety at the sources of trouble. Under the same law the service was charged with the work of the study of the pollution of streams by sewage and by industrial wastes. The work in connection with the oyster industry falls within the field of the duties imposed upon the service by this law of 1912.

The Bratton steams all through the coast waters of the Chesapeake, making incursions into the inlets, bays and tributary rivers. Under the direction of the surgeon in charge shell fish are taken from the beds at all the sources of supply. With them are taken samples of the water at different depths and also samples of the material which forms the bed of the coastal waters, the bays and the streams at the points where the test is to be applied.

Bacteriological and chemical examinations are made of the shell fish, the water and the bottom material. The bacteriological examination is the most important. It discloses the total number of bacteria and the number of colon bacilli which are present. The presence of colon bacilli in great numbers shows the presence of fecal matter and arouses instant and earnest attention and painstaking examination and report.

The layman probably knows in a general way that typhoid fever through the method of its introduction into the system is one of the grave dangers which threatens the people through its food supply. It must not be supposed for a moment that the work of the scientists on the Bratton ceases when they have taken their samples and have detected the presence of elements which may constitute danger to the public health.

When there is suspicion that the coastal waters, the shell fish bed, or the waters of a beach which are used for bathing purposes by the people, are affected by dangerous deposits, the land whose drainage flows into the suspected waters instantly is studied. All useful information concerning it is obtained and means are taken to correct conditions which have contributed to the pollution of the waters or have wholly produced it.

The study of the section of the land which is suspected of supplying through its drainage the matter which on deposit becomes a menace through the shell fish supply or otherwise to the public health, comprises an inquiry into the pres-

ent and past conditions of health of the community, whether or not typhoid and other communicable disease are or have been prevalent, the number of cases of such diseases and their location, the general sanitary condition of the houses, the land and the inhabitants. It is a comprehensive work and it is carried out in every locality where there is a thought that danger may exist.

At Cape Charles the public health service has an experiment station. It is a well and picturesquely located building, fitted with all the needed appliances for the scientific work which there is prosecuted. At a little distance is a building which is used for a tank house in which are placed all the material which is to be the subject of bacteriological and chemical examination. From the beginning of each working trip until the final results of the examinations of the material collected are known, the work of the service men is most thorough. Nothing is left to chance and nothing is omitted which might in any way help the safeguarding labor.

In this study of possible shell fish bed, or water pollution, the public health service has conducted some work in the Mississippi sound. In the time to come unquestionably the field of labor will be widely extended. The value of the service is unquestionable and it has been so recognized by the scientific world. The shell fish industry is an enormous one and it is of surpassing value. The public health service not only works for the people, but for the industry itself, which, of course, cannot thrive if its product becomes charged with danger to the public health. In a word, one of the great works of the public health service is to see to it that one great part of the food supply of the United States is made and kept safe.

The reports of the public health service are made public and the government and the individual states profit by them. In the agricultural department there are two governmental agencies which make use of the information which the public health service supplies. There are pure food and sanitary laws in the United States and there are means of reaching offenders against them. Three departments of the government, the treasury, agriculture, and, if occasion requires, the attorney-general's department, constitute a partnership of correction and, if the case justifies, of prosecution.

The Bratton is a small ship, but under the direction of the service and of its complement of scientists it is doing a great work for the public health of the people of these United States of America.

PLUTO'S PET.

Cerberus was barking at the gates of hades. "He's all right," Pluto ruminated, "but I do hope they won't tax me for three dogs this year." Even he had his troubles.

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

CAPITOL, \$50,000. SURPLUS \$10,000.

SEE THE NEWS PRINTERY

For the superior kind of

COMMERCIAL JOB PRINTING

Randall County News

S. A. Shotwell & Co.

Wholesale and Retail

Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds

Best Grades of Nigger Head and Maitland Coal

TERMS CASH

Plainview Nursery

Has the 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

Fundamental Principles of Health

By ALBERT S. GRAY, M.D.

(Copyright, 1914, by A. S. Gray)

RIGG'S DISEASE AND VITALITY.

Next in frequency to the most prevalent human disease, caries, or tooth decay, comes one very closely associated with it, known in dental literature as periodontitis, better known as pyorrhoea alveolaris, or Rigg's disease. This disease, characterized by a more or less general infection of the membranes within the tooth socket, is indicated by a slight tenderness during mastication, looseness of the teeth and pulp sensitiveness, or even pain on the ingestion of hot or cold drinks because of the exposure of the cementum, the external shell of the root. The gum is swollen and soft, the tooth may be raised in its socket, and pressure brings relief. There is a discharge of pus from between the tooth and gum on pressure, the teeth become loose, and, in course of time as the disease progresses and the alveolar process (the tooth socket) is destroyed, they fall out.

Efficient mastication is, of course, impossible; hence not only is food bolted partly chewed and more or less mixed with pus, but the tissues in and around the teeth are deprived of exercise necessary to give them an adequate blood supply and they are thereby rendered less resistant to attack. Tooth after tooth is involved and there is established another of those numerous vicious cycles that continually operate to drag us down.

As in so many diseases there is a great diversity of opinion as to its cause. It sometimes follows severe fever and many consider it the result of low vitality and feeble circulation, the result of a gouty diathesis (physical habit), or of chronic rheumatism; but the majority opinion appears to be that the immediate cause of the disease is the accumulation of irritant material in the pocket around the tooth.

The general bacteriology of the disease is by no means confined to one group of organisms, and so far as is known no specific micro-organism has been isolated; the streptococcus, pneumococcus, staphylococcus and others of the bacillary type predominate.

Pyorrhoea is not a new disease; it was recognized by the early investigators, but it has become more prevalent during the last 50 years and it is the rule rather than the exception to find patients with more or less periodontitis. The disease is not confined to man, but is also extremely prevalent among domestic animals.

A class of serious disorders has long been known in which failure of nutrition could be named as the immediate antecedent in the case and in which it has vaguely been assumed that the diet must be at fault. Probably the most generally familiar of these diseases is scurvy. Scurvy has always been associated with a diet containing an excess of salted, smoked, or canned foodstuff, a monotonous diet devoid of fresh vegetables such as cabbage, onions, carrots, potatoes and the like. As the result of experience, these fresh vegetables have been credited with some power to ward off or at least to mitigate the disease, and limes and lemons are universally recognized as anti-scorbutics (scurvy preventives).

Victims of scurvy suffer from severe physical exhaustion, soreness of the gums and looseness of the teeth, and, of course, this opens the way to bacterial invasion and periodontitis. When we note that, as all observers agree, improvement or intensification of the mouth diseases synchronizes with the rise and fall of general health in the individual, it is reasonable to suspect that the disease is not a strictly local infection resulting from local irritation or injury. It does not come from injuries received in chewing grit and sand or from soft food accumulating about the teeth; it comes as the result of lowered vitality from the lack of those organic compounds other than the proteins which Casimir Funk and other investigators prove to be present in fresh vegetables and in lime and other juices, small quantities of which are absolutely essential to normal growth and continued health. The name given these compounds by Funk is well chosen in view of its root meaning: Vitamines. An "amine" is a nitrogenous compound of a certain type, and a vitamine is obviously such a nitrogenous compound absolutely necessary to vitality.

The principles of evolution are universal and constantly at work, even in the minds of men, and we are slowly evolving out of the old idea of "cause" and "cure." The investigations of Soddy in the chemistry of the radio-elements, of Twort, Penfold, Mme. Henri and others in the mutations of bacteria, make it quite clear that if medicine ever takes a place among the sciences it can come only as the result of a general habit of mind such as is found in the advanced sciences. In astronomy and in physics in general scientists have banished the term "cause" and have ceased to look

for specific causes, because there are no such things. What scientific laws do is to state the functional relations between certain events at certain times and certain other events at other times.

We know, for example, that sunbeams are the ultimate cause of the revolving of a windmill, but no man can state the origin of the particular puff of air that causes a wheel to revolve at a certain speed at a certain time. Neither is it possible to put one's finger on the exact point at which we enter or leave the vital current of life. The wise man takes no chances and simply sticks close to nature. This means eating simple, properly prepared, unprocessed foods.

CHANGES IN BACTERIA AND DISEASE.

The universal property of irritability, which is simply the power to respond to stimuli, makes all organisms the result of the interaction of two sets of factors—the factors of inheritance and the factors of environment.

The factors of inheritance cover all the complex association of properties or capacities transmitted from the parents which make up the specific inheritance characteristic of each individual; the factor of environment on the other hand covers all those conditions which are capable of influencing the differentiation, growth and behavior, or, in other words, the general metabolism, of the organism. The inheritance may be compared to everything that leads up to the production of a blank phonograph disk; the environment and stimuli may be compared to everything acting through the needle which cuts the dots and dashes into the surface of the disk. Obviously the final result, or the individual, must be the product of these two sets of factors and in exact accordance with the quality and capacity of the disk, the hardness or softness of the needle and the amount of power behind it.

The same principle applies throughout the universe.

The continuation of any type depends on maintaining all the factors within a certain scale; obviously, then, if either of the sets of factors be altered the resulting organism will be changed and what are known as variations will occur. These facts have enabled man to develop many useful and valuable types of plant and animal.

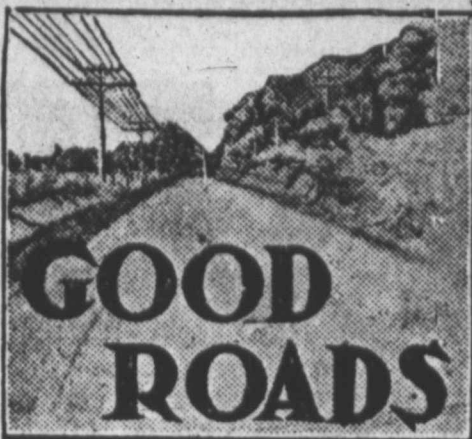
Since the germs of disease are living organisms they also must be subject to the laws of evolution, and in this fact we have proof of the assertion that every man makes his own disease; because no two can be exactly alike, they must vary widely in space and time. Not only does each individual human being vary, but each species of bacteria varies from time to time, so that the well-known diseases cannot be the same in different localities or in different generations. Proof of this has recently been furnished in the work of Twort and Penfold, who have "educated" the typhoid fever bacillus to ferment sugar, which ordinarily it does not do. Revis has obtained varieties of the bacillus coli structurally and physiologically different from the parent by prolonged culture in various media. Very recently Madam Victor Henri has produced marked mutations in a particularly well defined and stable bacterial species, the bacillus anthracis.

The micro-organism, bacterium anthracis, gives rise to an infectious and usually fatal bacterial disease in animals, especially in cattle and sheep, characterized by ulcerations of the skin, enlargement of the spleen and general collapse, a disease generally known as splenic fever. Man occasionally contracts the disease by inoculation from the animal. Carbuncle, malignant pustule and wool sorters' disease are caused by the anthrax bacteria. The normal bacterium is a long rod shaped micro-organism having marked and characteristic reactions. Mme. Henri has modified the organism with the ultra-violet light. The method employed was to expose an aqueous (water) suspension of anthrax spores in a quartz tube to ultra violet radiations for times varying from one to forty minutes and afterward growing cultures from these mixtures.

The majority of the organisms were killed by this treatment because the ultra-violet rays were markedly bactericidal, but a few survived and according to the conditions and the length of the exposure the bacillus underwent modifications and showed characteristics decidedly different from the typical anthrax bacillus. The principal of these were a coccoid form and a thin filamentous form. These two forms constitute two new types which Mme. Henri has isolated, and they remain stable for about three months. They produce anthrax which has characteristics distinct from those of the anthrax produced by the normal bacillus.

The normal anthrax microbe liquefies gelatin, curdles milk and takes definite stains. The filamentous form does not liquefy gelatin, curdle milk or take the same stains, and it produces an infection different from the anthrax on inoculation. This form remained absolutely fixed and stable after a daily subculture for more than eighty days; but though stable in the incubator after passage through an animal, coccoid forms taking a stain similar to normal anthrax bacteria appeared and, after subculture in broth, a certain number of bacillary forms approximating the typical anthrax were obtained.

Inasmuch as all the above points clearly to the fact that diseases are only relative conditions, we should carefully refrain from dogmatism.



MAKING DIRT ROADS BETTER

Foreman Must Know What, How and When to Plow—Avoid Building Up Too Much at One Time.

(By E. VAN BENTHUYSEN.)
With a sandy soil and a subsoil of clay, or clay and gravel, plow deep so as to raise and mix the clay with the surface soil and sand. The combination forms a sand-clay road at trifling expense.

If the road be entirely of sand a mistake will be made if it is plowed, unless clay can be added. Such plowing would merely deepen the sand, and at the same time break up the small amount of hard surface material which may have formed.

If the subsoil is clay, and the surface scant in sand or gravel, plowing should not be resorted to, as it would result in a clay surface rather than one of sand or gravel.

A road foreman must know not only what to plow and what not to plow, but how and when to plow.

If the road is of the kind which, according to the above instructions, should be plowed over its whole width, the best method is to run the first furrow in the middle of the road and work out to the sides, thus forming a crown. Results from such plowing are greatest in spring or early summer.

In ditches a plow can be used to good advantage, but should be followed by a scraper or grader. To make wide, deep ditches nothing better than the ordinary drag scraper has



Virginia Road After Improvement With Top Soil Gravel.

yet been devised. For hauls under 100 feet, or in making "fills," it is especially serviceable.

It is a mistake, however, to attempt to handle long-haul material with this scraper, as the wheel-scraper is better adapted to such work. For hauls of more than 800 feet, a wagon should be used. The machine most generally used in road work is the grader or road machine. This machine is especially useful in smoothing and crowning the road and in opening ditches.

A clay subsoil under a thin coating of soil should not be disturbed with a grader. It is also a mistake to use a grader indiscriminately and to pull material from ditches upon a sandy road.

Not infrequently turf, soil and silt from ditch bottoms are piled in the middle of the road in a ridge, making mudholes a certainty. It is important in using a grader to avoid building up the road too much at one time. A road gradually built up by frequent use of the grader will last better than if completed at one operation.

The foreman frequently thinks his road must be high in the first instance. He piles up material from ten inches to a foot in depth, only to learn, with the arrival of the first rain, that he has furnished the material for so many inches of mud. All material should be brought up in thin layers, each layer well puddled and firmly packed by a roller or traffic before the next is added. A common mistake is to crown too high with the road machine on a narrow road.

The split-log drag should be used to fill the ruts and smooth the road when not too badly washed. The drag possesses great merit and is so simple in construction and operation that every farmer should have one.

Road Building Habit.
The road building habit is confined to no one locality. It has a footing in 48 states. All classes take to it.

For Best Results.
The little attention that the earth road needs must be given promptly and at the proper time if the best results are to be obtained.

Good Roads Advocates.
It is gratifying to observe that every owner of an automobile immediately becomes an advocate of good roads.

The Road Drag.
The road drag is the simplest and least expensive contrivance yet devised for maintaining dirt roads.

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



CHRISTMAS GIFTS

For Every Member of the Family

Christmas and the Holidays are at hand. And our stock is again headquarters for appropriate and lasting gifts at prices which really represent money saving. It is certainly to your advantage to make your selections now while our stock contains such a wide and complete range of suitable presents.

The next ten days will be busy ones with our store. Accept our advice and make your choice now for delivery later on.

Shop Early

Shop Early

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

Our big reduction sale will last until Saturday night, December 19th. Take advantage of these prices.

J. W. MAYNE NEW METHODIST PASTOR

Comes Here From Dalhart—Neal Becomes Conference Evangelist and Moves to Amarillo.

Rev. J. W. Mayne of Dalhart has been assigned to the Canyon church for the coming year. He has served three years at Dalhart and his work has been highly successful. He is well remembered by many of the congregation as having delivered a splendid address before the district conference in this city two years ago.

Rev. Mayne and family will arrive here by Saturday of this week and he will deliver his first sermons Sunday. The people of Canyon feel gratified that so strong a man was sent to this charge and will give him a hearty reception upon his arrival.

Rev. F. M. Neal who has been the pastor for three years was appointed conference evangelist. He will move to Amarillo in order to have better railroad facilities. His work here has been highly satisfactory, and while the church is sorry to lose his services it is glad he has been appointed to the work that he desired and for which he is so highly qualified.

Dr. E. E. Robinson for four years pastor of the Polk street Amarillo church becomes the new presiding elder of this district, Rev. Hicks having been moved to the Clarendon district.

Roy Cullum was in Happy Tuesday.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect The Head because of its tonic and laxative effect. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GEORGE, Etc.

NORMAL NOTES

The girls of the school are working on things for the Xmas bazaar next Saturday. All kinds of hand work appropriate for Christmas gifts will be sold at reasonable prices.

The Seniors met and elected officers for the winter term, as follows: Earl Sparks Pres; Wm. Younger, vice pres; Sadie Winkelman, Secretary; D. A. Payne, Treasurer.

The Sophomore class elected the following officers for the winter quarter: Arthur King, Pres; Mr. Graham, vice pres; Winnie Hodges, Sec; Ira Allen, Treas; and Jack Henson, Sergeant-at-arms.

Messrs. Terrill and Marquis attended Teachers' Institute at Silverton early in the week. Later Mr. Marquis went to Lamesa to deliver an address.

Messrs. Morelock and Guenther are visiting schools in Hemphill county.

Mr. Kirk of the Freshman class, who has been sick is much improved and will soon be back in school.

The Cousins and Guenther Literary societies arranged to have an inter-society debate, the series of debates leading to the selection of their debaters.

Word from Miss Denman indicates that she is slightly improved. She is at her home in Houston and the physicians state that she must spend much time quietly in her bed to avoid an operation.

The vacation of the Normal begins Wednesday at noon.

Word from Mr. Geller states that Mrs. Geller is slightly improved.

Mrs. Clement of Abilene has been procured to take charge of the art department during the

illness of Miss Denman. Miss Ada Terrill entertained the Amarillo High School basket ball team after the game Saturday night.

Miss Margaret Locke spent Saturday night as the guest of Miss Ritchie.

Miss Floye Brown was the guest of Miss Ruth Wakefield Sunday.

The Young Women's Christian Association will have one of their popular candy sales at the old Normal Grocery, Saturday Dec. 19. They will have candy put up in Christmas boxes, all ready to send as gifts and any amount may be purchased in simpler packages for immediate consumption. The girls will also sell all sorts of Xmas gifts and at a Japanese booth, tea and cakes will be served at the nominal sum of five cents per person. The country people are especially invited to come and get acquainted with the girls. The members of the Women's clubs and the business men of the town will be given a hearty welcome.

Now For 1916.

The election, returns of 1914 indicate that the voters approve of the president and his policies. They have given him an increased democratic-majority in the house,—not as much of an endorsement as his splendid record deserved, but enough for all practical purposes.

The republican gains in the house, however, are notice to the party that it must gird itself and begin the campaign of 1916. The progressive republicans have almost disappeared—the membership of the party having largely returned to the regular organization. The fact that men who marched with and shouted for Roosevelt have so quickly returned to the bosom of the standpatners, shows how

incomplete an understanding they had of reform principals. President Wilson has more than fulfilled his promises; his fidelity to the people's cause has been tested, and it has stood the test. Surely he deserved the support of those republicans who profess progressiveness, but he did not receive anything like the number which he might have reasonably expected. A larger percentage of them went over "horse, foot and baggage" to the reactionaries. Cannon was returned to congress from Illinois, and Curtis goes to the senate from Kansas! With the closing up of the breach in the republican party, New York, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and other eastern states have returned to the republican party, and the fight of 1916 must be made on fundamentals. It is evident that the republicans, whether progressive or regular, will not, as a rule, support a democratic president—even when he is laboring under great international burdens. They praise him and express great satisfaction that he has kept the country out of war—but vote for those who pledged to support the president? Well, that is another matter.

Now that the lines of battle are drawn, it behooves democrats to get to work and convert republicans. There never was a better time; the voters are seeing democracy successfully applied to great questions, and democrats should be ready to point out and explain the difference between the politics of the two parties—the difference becomes more plain the longer democratic policies are tried. Get to work. W. J. Bryan.

E. M. Cornwall will leave this week for Cincinnati where he will enter God's Bible School of the Holiness church in order to prepare for the ministry.

After the Xmas trees Thursday Dec. 24 you will have plenty of time to see The Life of Christ in motion pictures consisting of four reels with a special musical program by the Canyon Orchestra "At Picture Show" from 7 to 11 p. m. Admission 10 and 20 cents.

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

R. L. Shotwell has been transferred from Eddy to Marlin as manager of the Southwestern Telephone Co. Roy has been with the company at Moody and Eddy as manager and is fast advancing with the company.

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.

CHRISTMAS TALKS



I will have just what you want during the Holidays.

FULL LINE OF
 Xmas Oranges
 Apples
 Nuts
 Candies

Fresh vegetables and oysters
 Leave your orders here for turkeys
 Everything that is good to eat
 Drop in and see

Wilford Taylor

BAINER APPRECIATES THE PLAINS COUNTRY

Santa Fe Agricultural Demonstrator Praises Plains Country, After Returning from Arizona.

H. M. Bainer, agricultural demonstrator for the Santa Fe System, returned yesterday from a lecturing tour in Arizona. The Amarillo News quotes him as saying, in reply to the question, "How does that country compare with the Panhandle and Plains of Texas?"

"I believe that you will not insist on an answer to that question, in just that way for comparisons of the direct order are not always the better means of giving an estimate of any thing or place.

"But I will say that each time I return to Northwest Texas, after an absence from this portion of the country, its strong points seem to me to appeal with even more telling force. I see to-day, as never before, the inviting possibilities of Northwest Texas.

"When I say Northwest Texas, I speak of its dry-farming as well as its irrigated districts. I view it as one blended and unbroken whole, and am free to say that I know of nothing comparable to it, anywhere in the United States. If the real, unvarnished truth could be known in the congested districts of the

North and East, about this cheap, rich and productive land in the Panhandle and Plains Country of Texas, I am sure that only a limited time would elapse before we would have such an influx of desirable citizens here as the country has never known.

"Unfortunately, this portion of Texas, like many other new sections, has suffered from the over-enthusiasm of its ill-advised friends. I am sufficiently charitable to allow that what has been done here is not more unfortunate than that which has occurred in other sections where vast areas of lands were available. While this is true, many incidents have been recorded that have hurt us in the game of real development. Men have talked of the strong points of this country in such manner as to create the wrong impression, and when these impressions have gone out, they stick in the minds of the people the wrong way. They react against the very section that they were designed to benefit.

"One who has not been absent from this section for a little time at least cannot appreciate, as I can, the allurements and promise of this country. From the very first time I came here, now

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 contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

onto five years ago, I have been convinced that it is the coming section. Every succeeding month since that time has confirmed me in my original estimate of the country. I am glad to be able to say that this is no idle and super-optimistic dream. I know whereof I am speaking, and those who come here in the future and stay, like those who have done so in the past, will be the ones who will gain out grandly.

"Nothing with reference to this country pleases me more than to know that we are acquiring a citizenry that has come to stay. I note with more than passing interest that a number of citizens of this community and that state plainly say that their land is not for sale. They stated, quite a number of them recently to a representative of my department: 'Our land is not for sale. This is our home, and each year our land is growing more valuable. We came here here to live and to raise our families. We like it and are going to stay.'

It is interesting to note that land bought only a few years ago from \$7.50 to \$15 per acre is now worth up to \$80 to \$50 per acre, and, as I have previously indicated, some of the men would not place a price on their holdings, for the very reason that they came here to stay, and are finding their impressions of the country in all things bear out their determination.

"May I be pardoned for say-

ing this thing, in support of a doctrine which I always announce: The men who are staying, and that with the best results, are those who are planting a few cattle, hogs, chickens and other live stock and fowls along with their kafir, milo, feterita, sorghum, millet, alfalfa and other crops. These divisionists are usually men who intensify, having learned the cost of the error of too many acres, especially if these same acres be planted to one crop. They aim to so arrange their products, as to division between forages and grain, that practically everything sold from the farm will be in the form of meat, cream, butter, eggs and poultry. These are the men whose bank accounts receive frequent and substantial inflations, through the sale of high priced choice products from the farms.

"You would be surprised to go with me over this country and see the number of farmers owning and operating automobiles. I was formerly inclined to think that the use of an automobile on the farm was a trifle extravagant, but I have seen them used to such good advantage that I am now convinced that in many cases they are a very economical necessity. But this is only one of the many devices that will come are coming even now to add not only to the profits but the comforts of Panhandle and Plains country farms.

"As I said in the beginning, and now repeat, this country is

For Christmas,

Give her an

ELECTRIC IRON or an ELECTRIC TOASTER

We have them \$3.50 and up.

Order - Early - Please

Canyon Power Company

great, so great, indeed that time will be required to make many of even those who consider themselves well posted realize how great it really is."

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

Mr. Britain, manager of the G. & L. Theatre wishes to announce a six Reel program for Saturday Dec. 19. The regular 3 reel program with a special feature "The Lady of the Lake" in three reels. This is a classic picture any one should not miss. The Canyon Orchestra with Miss Fair Wiggins leader will furnish a musical program for that night. On account of the long program the first show will begin promptly at 6:45 p. m. The second immediately after or 8:15 Admission 5 and 10c.

The Canyon Orchestra with Miss Fair Wiggins leader will furnish special musical programs all during Xmas week at the Picture Show. Extra features and extraordinary good pictures will be shown all that week.

For Sale or Trade—My house and block in the west part of town. Jim Vetesk. tf

Sick Headache.

Sick headache is nearly always caused by disorders of the stomach. Correct them and the periodic attacks of sick headache will disappear. Mrs. John Bishop of Roseville, Ohio, writes: "About a year ago I was troubled with indigestion and had sick headache that lasted for two or three days at a time. I doctored and tried a number of remedies but nothing helped me until during one of those sick spells a friend advised me to take Chamberlain's Tablets. This medicine relieved me in a short time." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

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

- Diamonds
- Silver mesh bags
- Silver card cases
- Silver vanity cases
- Combination vanity and chain cases
- Watches
- Chains of all kinds
- Books and Bibles
- Silver knives and forks
- Carving sets
- Cameo broach pins
- Hand Mirrors in Parisian Ivory
- Cut glass
- Manicure sets in silver and Parisian
- Bracelets [Ivory]
- Gold pendants
- Casserole dishes
- Water sets
- Clocks
- Work baskets

- Bar pins
- Set rings
- Gold belt pins
- Chafing dishes
- Toilet cases
- Albums
- Fancy stationery
- Embroidery sets
- Coffee percolators
- Card receivers
- Hat brushes
- Clothes brushes
- Lavalliers
- Nail brushes
- Nail files
- Veil pins
- Punch bowls
- Salt and pepper boxes
- Condiment sets
- Olive sets
- Kodaks

Gifts for Gentlemen and Youths

- Diamonds
- Watches and chains
- Gold collar buttons
- Cuff links
- Rings
- Tie clasps
- Stick pins
- Watch charms
- Manicure sets
- Tourists cases
- Shaving sets
- Collar and cuff boxes
- Collar bags
- Books
- Musical instruments
- Fountain pens
- Desk accessories
- Military sets
- Shirt studs
- Kodaks.

Christmas Gifts for Children

- Baby spoons
 - Birthmonth spoons
 - Bracelets
 - Brush and comb sets
 - Brushes of all kinds
 - Dress pens
 - Lockets
 - Stick chains
 - Toilet sets
 - Gold pendants
 - Silver cups
 - Xmas books
 - Dolls
- 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.
- A large selection of dainty greeting cards and seals for your christmas packages.

CITY PHARMACY THE REXALL Store

Better Biscuits Baked With

You never tasted daintier, lighter, fluffier biscuits than those baked with Calumet. They're always good—delicious. For Calumet insures perfect baking.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS
World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Illinois.
Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.



Mrs. McClain's Experience With Croup.
"When my boy, Ray, was small he was subject to croup, and I was always alarmed at such times. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy proved far better than any other for this trouble. It always relieved him quickly. I am never without it in the house for I know it is a positive cure for croup." writes Mrs. W. R. McClain, Blairsville, Pa. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.



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 trings—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.

Our Master.
We may not climb the heavenly steep
To bring the Lord Christ down.
In vain we search the lowest deep,
For him no depths can-drown.
Nor holy bread nor blood of grape
The lineaments restore
Of him we know in outward shape
And in the flesh no more.
He cometh not a King to reign.
The world's long hope is dim.
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for him.
Death comes, life goes; the asking eye
And ear are answerless.
The grave is dumb; the hollow sky
Is sad with silentness.
The letter fails, the systems fail,
And every symbol wanes.
The Spirit overbrooding all,
Eternal love remains.
In joy of inward peace or sense
Of sorrow over sin
He is his own best evidence.
His witness is within
No fable old nor mythic lore
Nor dream of bards or seers,
No dead facts stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years.
But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he,
And faith has still its Olivet
And love its Galilee. —Whittier.

STEVENSON'S CHRISTMAS SERMON.
To be honest; to be kind; to earn a little and to spend a little less; to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy. He has an ambitious soul who would ask more; he has a hopeful spirit who should look in such an enterprise to be successful. There is indeed one element in human destiny that not blindness itself can controvert. Whatever else we are intended to do, we are not intended to succeed; failure is the fate allotted. It is so in every art and study; it is so above all in the continent art of living well. Here is a pleasant thought for the year's end or for the end of life: Only self-deception will be satisfied, and there need be no despair for the despairer.

A Christmas Hymn.
Sing, Christmas bells!
Say to the earth this is the morn
Whereon our Saviour-King is born.
Sing to all men—the bond, the free,
The rich, the poor, the high, the low,
The little child that sports in play,
The aged folk that tottering go—
Proclaim the morn
That Christ is born,
That saveth them and saveth me.
Sing, angel host!
Sing of the star that God has placed
Above the manger in the east.
Sing of the glories of the night,
The virgin's sweet humanity,
The Babe with kindly robes bedight,
Sing to all men, where'er they be,
This Christmas morn.
For Christ is born,
That saveth them and saveth me.
Sing, sons of earth!
O ransomed seed of Adam, sing!
God liveth, and we have a King.
The curse is gone; the bonds are free.
By Bethlehem's star that brightly beams,
By all the heavenly signs that be,
We know that Israel is redeemed;
That on this morn
The Christ is born
That saveth you and saveth me.

Lonely on Christmas.
Christmas is a homing season. The wanderer times his roamings so they draw him to the family board for the great birthday.
The first Christmas away from home is a sorry one, and the bride who must decide between spending the day with his or her family has need of much grace to make the break in favor of him.
Because the home ties are so strong at the holidays Christmas day brings some of the loneliest hours of the year to those with whom home is only a memory.
It is not a pleasant thought that there is no one who cares whether our Christ-mas be happy or not. It is a thought that once allowed to root brings bitterness of soul. Instead of watering loneliness with tears smother it with kind thought for others.
Do not sit moping the day away; distract yourself; force content; go into the highways and byways for company rather than sit alone.
You may not have money to spend, you may fear rebuffs from advances to comparative strangers, but there is scarcely one among our acquaintances with whom we cannot come into close Christmas touch if the desire be within us.
The thing is to have the Christmas spirit so strong within us that it soars above unhappy environments.
As Dr. van Dyke has put it in his "Christmas Prayer for Lonely Folks":
"Lord God of the solitary,
Look upon me in my loneliness.
Since I may not keep this Christmas in the home,
Send it into my heart.
Have Christmas in the heart, and the dreared day will be passed, not in sadness and loneliness, but with inward comfort to sweeten it into forgetfulness of a happier Christmas long since gone."

The Christmas Picture.
And they came * * * and found Mary and Joseph and the Babe (Luke II, 16).
So simple was the real Christmas story as recorded by the angel of history. I should like to have heard the innkeeper, whose discourtesy and heartlessness have been assumed rather than proved, tell just what did happen on that first Christmas eve. It is possible to frame a likeness so gorgeously as to divert attention from the face itself. An accompaniment may be so brilliant as to drown the sweetness of a great soul. Not the "song in the air," nor yet the "star in the sky," but rather
A mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry
make the real Christmas story. God did a divine thing for men when he sent redemption by the travail and arms of Mary than if he had reversed the motion of the planets.
By the way of Christmas lesson, then, let us remind ourselves of the simple, human ways in which God comes to earth. To Bethlehem he came as a baby, to Nazareth as a lad, to Jerusalem as teacher and friend. As he came to those cities of old, so he is always coming. I do not forget, of course, that he comes also in sunsets and fields, in storms and earthquakes. Earth's crammed with heaven
And every common bush affame with God.
But the supreme advent is always by a man. The real gospel is not a gospel of beauty, but the gospel of a person. Perhaps if we had spent more time by the Christmas manger we might have sooner ceased expecting salvation to drop from the skies. God comes most and best by men and women.
Appeal has recently been made on behalf of the overworked employees of store and office, suggesting that Christmas purchases be made earlier than usual. In other words, it is suggested that while we are planning for a joyous Christmas of our own we give others a chance to have one. That is precisely the point. The Christmas message must be translated by us in terms of consideration for others. Christmas joy must be borne to the homes of humbler folk, not by angels, but by human hands and feet.

A Christmas Carol.
"What means this glory round our feet,
The magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And angels chanted dear and sweet,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"
"What means that star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky sky?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"
"In eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb
We wait for him like them of yore,
Alas, he seems so slow to come!"
But it was said in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to him.
All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet life which is the law.
So shall we learn to understand
Simple faith of shepherds there,
And clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"
And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel song,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"
—James Russell Lowell.

THE MAGIC OF CHRISTMAS.
It is a wonderful thing—the period of Christmas! I wonder how many hundreds of thousands of parents have discovered at Christmas time under the magic of the season—through some little thing done by son or daughter—that those they thought estranged from them by those things which come between still loved them with a memory more tender than they had dreamed of. I wonder how many sons and daughters have under the magic influence of Christmas had their hearts softened so as to be moved by some little manifestation of love by father or mother, which they would have thought little of, perhaps despised, at any other season.—Charles Dickens.

A Christmas Acrostic.
Many wish you joy and gladness
Everywhere on Christmas day,
Rich and poor, in smiles or sadness,
Reach a hand and good words say.
Yours and mine may be the pleasure,
Care and we our neighbors' share,
Have we not in our heart's treasure
Riches such as we can spare?
Is there not a tender feeling,
Something more than "That's too bad?"
Think how much we need when kneeling
Morn and noon and night, how glad
And joyful is our portion here,
Since overflowing is our cup
Amid our sins of doubt and fear.
Not that we're worthy, but we sup
Daily with our Lord and Saviour,
And how kind are his attentions,
How ungrateful our behavior
And how sinful our inventions,
Pray that he may still show kindness
Pardon us our lack of love,
Yearly blessing us, what blindness
Not to ever faithful prove!
Even now we may start living:
We may live as from the dead,
You and I may live by giving,
Even lift a drooping head,
And we'll have a happy day
Right along through all the way.

The True Christmas Spirit.
Chime on, ye bells! In every clime
The angels' strain uplift.
It is the spirit, not the time
That sanctifies the gift.
The Christ Child with the children comes
To every Christmas tree
To bring the spirit to our homes—
"Ye do it unto me."
Oh, holly branch and mistletoe,
And Christmas chimes where'er we go,
And stockings piled up in a row—
These are thy gifts, December!
—St. Nicholas.

LUMBER--

Any Kind
Any Shape
Any Size
Any Time
THE PRICE IS RIGHT

Canyon Lumber Co.

the Home of Quality

Good Recital Monday Night.
The voice students of Prof. E. F. Myers of Amarillo gave a recital at the Methodist church Monday night which was very fine. Those appearing on the program were Mesdames Luke, Sydow and Lewis, Misses Elsie and Margaret Guenther, Edith Eakman. A male quartet from Amarillo sang a number of selections.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy—The Mothers' Favorite.
"I give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to my children when they have colds or coughs," writes Mrs. Verne Shaffer, Vandergrift, Pa. "It always helps them and is far superior to any other cough medicine I have used. I advise anyone in need of such a medicine to give it a trial." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

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. tf

Thank Bondsmen.
I wish to thank men who were so kind as to go on my bond two years ago when I was elected for the first term of office as county treasurer. I wish to publicly thank very kindly each of them, W. L. Garner, J. E. Winkelman, W. C. Baird, T. C. Simms and A. B. Cage.
W. T. Garrett.

Mrs. T. V. Reeves visited last week in Amarillo.

Notice to Creditors.
Estate of R. E. Pickens Dec'd.
Whereas letters testamentary upon the estate of R. E. Pickens, Dec'd, were granted to me, by the county court of Randall county Texas, on the 20th day of October 1914, all persons holding claims against said estate are required to present the same to me, duly verified, within the time prescribed by law. P. O. Canyon, Texas, this Dec. 16, 1914. D. A. Park, Executor of said estate. 39t3

Sick Two Years With Indigestion.
"Two years ago I was greatly benefited through using two or three bottles of Chamberlain's Tablets," writes Mrs. S. A. Keller, Elida, Ohio. "Before taking them I was sick for two years with indigestion." Sold by all dealers.—Advertisement.

TULLIA DRAMATIC CLUB

PRESENTS

The Road to Arcady

Dramatized by Tullia Talent from Edith Session Tupper's Popular Novel

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JOHN (SHORTY) HAMILTON, an architect	Jim Cunningham
OLIVER GERARD, a banker	Ira Smith
BOBBIE GERARD, his son	Dick Tucker
BENSON CHURCHILL, a multi-millionaire	Roy Ross
WILLIAM BURNHAM, a minister	Tom Johnson
TONY GERARD	Hillard Roscoe
SARAH GERARD	Tola Reid
SUE DENNISON, her friend	
MRS. HAMILTON, a Quakeress	Bob Hogan

High Class Black-face, Dutch and Irish Specialties

BETWEEN ACTS

G. & L. - Monday, Dec. 21

The most interesting love story ever written, showing the deception of a mother to gain money and position.

TICKETS ON SALE AT HOLLAND DRUG STORE

Admission: 25, 35 and 50c.



BEFORE YOU "DECIDE" ON YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS JUST COME INTO OUR STORE AND SEE WHAT SUITABLE, SENSIBLE PRESENTS WE HAVE FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

YOUR CHRISTMAS MONEY WILL GO A LONG WAY TOO, IN OUR HARDWARE STORE.

- ALUMINUM TEA POTS
- NICKELED COPPER TEA POTS
- ALUMINUM COFFEE POTS
- NICKELED COPPER COFFEE POTS
- ALUMINUM SALT AND PEPPER SETS
- EXPRESS WAGONS
- CRUM TRAY AND SCRAPER
- ALUMINUM TEA BALLS
- NUT SETS
- BAKING DISHES

- GRAVY LADLES
- AIR RIFLES
- RIFLES AND SHOT GUNS
- LAP ROBES
- VELOCIPEDES
- CARVING SETS
- SAFETY RAZORS
- PEARL HANDLE KNIVES
- STAG HANDLE KNIVES

- SILVER KNIVES AND FORKS
- BERRY SPOONS
- CREAM LADELS
- SOUP SPOONS
- BOULLION SPOONS
- 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.

Thompson Hardware Company

BEST WAY TO PUT UP A CHRISTMAS TREE

THE best and easiest way to put up a Christmas tree has never been patented or published—in fact, it is so simple that it could not be patented. Having failed one Christmas eve to provide a suitable foot or base for the family tree, necessity compelled me to invent one, because the two youngest members of the family would not bear of Christmas without a tree.

So I sawed the butt of the tree square, then trimmed off a few of the lowest branches and set the tree in a good sized stone jar. The jar was then filled with stones, pebbles, pieces of brick and coal. All this material was packed down firmly and the position of the tree so adjusted that it stood perfectly straight.

When the tree was in position little Gretel had a happy thought. "Let us give the tree some water," she said "just as if it were a big flower." And we filled the jar with water. Then we covered the stones with bits of silver tinsel and artificial snow, and now our tree looked as if it was actually growing in a big jar.

From time to time, as the water was drawn up by the tree, we refilled the jar, and the result was that we kept our tree green and fresh for a month. Since that year our Christmas tree is always put up in that way, and we can keep it as long as we wish. A tin pail, a tub or any deep vessel can be used to take the place of the stone jar, and pieces of coal or coke can be used instead of stones to hold the tree in place.

Because It's Chris'mus

JES because it's Chris'mus
I go smilin' on my way,
An' jes' because it's Chris'mus
I am kindy-like an' gay,
I'm full o' human kindness
An' as thoughtful as can be;
I develop total blindness
To the faults I used to see.

JES because it's Chris'mus
I forgot that I'm depressed,
An' I say whatever happens
Is, by all means, for the best,
An' my thoughts for every brother
That I meet are sweet an' good,
An' I wouldn't skin a rival
Even if I thought I could.

JES because it's Chris'mus
I don't think about my debts,
An' the biggest of my worries
Bring to me no vain regrets,
I am sort o' tuned to gladness,
An' I go upon my way
As though nothin' ever happened
Worth a minute of dismay.

Now, my burdens are no lighter
When I come to Chris'mus day,
An' my troubles are no fewer,
An' no smoother is my way,
Than they were in bleak November,
Yet I seem to think 'em so.

AN' jes' because it's Chris'mus
I am smillin' as I go,
If I can laugh at Chris'mus
An' cheer my fellow men,
Why can't I laugh in April,
Why not be merry then?
If I can bear my burdens
When it gets around to Chris'mus,
Why can't I face my troubles
In the same way all the while?

WHY must I go reppin'
An' whimperin' along,
An' blind to all men's goodness,
Seein' only what is wrong,
Till the year is slippin' from me,
An' then suddenly declare
When it gets around to Chris'mus
That there's goodness everywhere?
—Detroit Free Press

CHRISTMAS IN SYRIA.

THE Rev. Dr. D. G. Howie, the well known Palestine missionary, describes a Christmas celebration at midnight in a mountain village in Syria:

"From different directions men, women and children bearing their flickering hand lanterns wound their way through the muddy, slushy, crooked and dark lanes under the falling sleet and over a thin layer of snow already on the ground. Men and boys entered by a huge door in the middle of the south wall and occupied the body of the church; women and girls entered by another south door and stationed themselves in the western division of the immense building, which is screened from the other divisions by wooden lattice-work. All stood erect, motionless in the cold, comfortless and very dimly lighted and too airy building.

"A few had umbrellas, but waterproofs were unknown, and consequent many of them must have stood in partly wet clothes. The question did occur to me at the time as to whether many British people could be drawn out of their beds, out of their homes, at that hour of night in that kind of weather, fasting, to attend Christmas service amid such dismal, comfortless surroundings." —Tit-Bits

Over the Christmas Cider,
See the steaming stich-bells
Smoking on the plate!
See the delicious icicles
Blazing in the grate!

Oh, the joys of Christmas,
Driving off dull care!
Hear the mince pies ringin'
On the frosty air!

Hear the turkeys chiming
On the distant lea!
Christmas is the season
Best of all for me!
—Success Magazine.

A Christmas Wish.
That love may light the eyes of them
Who keep the season of his birth
Till to the starry hosts our earth
Shall be the star of Bethlehem.
—Edward Eyre Hunt in Atlantic.

Christmas Greens

EVERYBODY knows the Christmas trees, holly, mistletoe and Christmas greens on our markets, but where these cheering plants come from and how they grow is not so well known.

Christmas trees are furnished principally by two families of trees—the spruces and the firs. The spruces are the more bushy looking trees, with numerous small cones near the top. All through northern New England, northern Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota the spruces form vast forests. The black spruce grows in swamps, where few other trees can live, while the white spruce competes with the noble pines for higher and better soil.

Every year millions of young spruces are cut in the northern forests and shipped to the cities and prairie states in carload lots. If the woodsmen can find a stand of young firs they take them also. The firs look more refined and less bushy, and their green leaves often stand away from the slender branches like the teeth of a comb.

While the use of Christmas trees has come to us from Germany, the custom of decorating our houses with holly and mistletoe originated in England.

Holly.
The home of our American holly is in the woods of New England and the Allegheny mountains. In the north it is a small evergreen shrub, but in the south it sometimes grows to be a tree fifty feet high. With its glossy green leaves and bright scarlet berries the holly is an object of beauty in its native woods as well as in our fashionable flats and churches. The hand of man has never cultivated this beautiful shrub, at least not on a commercial scale, but the wild birds are attracted by its bright berries. They eat the scanty pulp and scatter the seeds far and wide. While some species of holly grow as far south as Texas and westward into Missouri and Arkansas, the great forests of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota contain not a single species of these beautiful shrubs.

Mistletoe.
A queer kind of plant is the mistletoe. If one saw it for the first time he might mistake it for the common witch's broom which is familiar to every northern woodsman. In reality the mistletoe is a parasite which grows and lives on other trees, such as maple, poplar and tupelo. Its white fruit is eaten by birds, and the small seeds are accidentally dropped on the branches of trees. The seeds adhere to the bark, and if they happen to have been planted on the right kind of host they germinate and send a kind of sucker-like growth into the bark and wood of their host, and a new mistletoe plant begins its life and grows at the expense of its host, from which it derives nearly all its nourishment. Our Christmas mistletoe is restricted to the middle and southern states, growing from New Jersey to Missouri and south as far as Florida and Texas, but is not found in the northern states. Several species of mistletoe, however, do occur in our western forests.

Christmas Greens.
The most humble plant of this happy season is the small plant known as Christmas greens or ground pines. It is a close relative of the ferns and mosses and, like these, occupies the shady nooks and places of the forest floor, where it trails and twines among the roots of the stately pines. It never produces any flowers or true seeds. Its small heads, which look like tiny ears of grain, are filled with a yellow dust. This dust is carried away by the wind or shaken out and carried off by the gentle touch of squirrels, rabbits and other woodland folk. From this the dust, the new plants grow.

Few of us who enjoy the cheer of these Christmas plants do ever meet them in their native haunts in winter; we can only study them where they grow when we take our summer outing to the northern woods and to the mountains.

THE CHRISTMAS BABY

WE had the nicest Christmas day
We ever had. The tree,
With candy, toys and picture books,
Was full as it could be.
There wasn't room for one thing more,
Which was the reason, maybe,
That Santa Claus in mamma's room
Just had to put the baby

I got a lovely set of furs
(I'm nearly twelve years old),
And Bobby got a soldier suit,
Trimmed up with red and gold,
And Pessie got a lady doll—
It came from Paris, mamma—
But mamma got the best of all,
For mamma got the baby.

A little mite, all pink and white!
They let me take a peep
Where in his satin blankets blue
He cuddled fast asleep.
And mamma says if I am good
When I grow up, then, maybe
Old Santa Claus will bring to me
Some day a Christmas baby.
—Minka Irving in New York American.

Gifts For Children.

It is, after all, the gifts we make children at Christmas that are the most interesting gifts we give. No matter how much our grownup friends may like our choice of gifts, they seldom show the liking and appreciation that our smaller friends show. So buying Christmas gifts for children ought to be a real pleasure.

The Tenth Annual Knockout Sale

Is now going on—full speed ahead with the lowest prices of a year in effect throughout the entire store.

You can save a third to a half on all lines of good seasonable merchandise of first quality and you may choose from a \$60,000.00 stock. Surely the choosing is good and the bargains of the most dependable sort.

If you didn't get a price list, write us, glad to send you one.

We'll exchange or refund the money, if you are not satisfied.

White & Kirk

The Place to Buy Shoes
502 POLK ST. AMARILLO, TEXAS

Bank Balance Inspires Confidence

both in yourself and the people you are dealing with. You are building your future standing. If you are not financially responsible, your credit is all you have.



Your Credit Your Asset

Nothing will build your credit and financial standing like a bank account. We would like to have your banking business, and will treat you right.

The First State Bank

THE GUARANTY FUND BANK

THAT COLD YOU HAVE

may bring sickness, doctors bills and loss of work; you know that serious sickness usually starts with a cold, and a cold only exists where weakness exists. Remember that.

Overcome the weakness and nature creates the cold—that is the law of reason. Carefully avoid drugged pills, syrups or stimulants; they are only traps and braces and whips.

It is the pure medicinal nourishment in Scott's Emulsion that quickly enriches the blood, strengthens the lungs and helps heal the air passages.

And mark this well—Scott's Emulsion generates body heat as protection against winter sickness. Get Scott's at your drug store to-day. It always strengthens and builds up.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

The Randall County News.
Incorporated under the laws of Texas
C. W. Warwick, Managing Editor.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

The lawyers of Amarillo gave Judge James N. Browning a banquet Saturday night in honor of his retirement. Judge Browning has many friends all over the district who are sorry to see him leave the bench, but are glad to know he will reside in Amarillo after his term expires. To the new Judge, Hon. Hugh L. Umphres, the lawyers extend their very best wishes for success and the people of the district join with them. Judge Umphres is a capable young man who will make an excellent jurist.

It is almost too late to do your Christmas early, but you will certainly accommodate the merchants by looking after your shopping this week and first of next. Don't put it off until Thursday of next week.

The suffragettes of Texas will begin their campaign within a short time for the submission of a constitutional amendment giving women the ballot. Equal suffrage is inevitable and the men of Texas had as well pass the amendment now as some later time.

Kennedy Elected Band Director.

The term of office for the band officials expired last week and owing to lack of time to devote to the band work on account of such a large piano class Miss Wiggins refused to accept another term as director of the Canyon band. It was decided to place the entire management of the band in the hands of one person instead of electing a president, business manager and director. A. R. Kennedy of the high school faculty was chosen director of the band.

Mr. Kennedy has had considerable experience in this work. He is an excellent cornetist and last year organized and developed a fine band at Southwestern university from practically raw material.

Miss Wiggins has done excellent work with the band during six months term of office. She began with no experienced players but through diligent work the band has been able to put on a number of concerts, playing numbers of excellent pieces. She will continue to direct the orchestra.

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.

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.

FAMILY AVOIDS SERIOUS SICKNESS

By Being Constantly Supplied With Theford's Black-Draught.

McDuff, Va.—"I suffered for several years," says Mrs. J. B. Whittaker, of his place, "with sick headache, and stomach trouble."

Ten years ago a friend told me to try Theford's Black-Draught, which I did, and I found it to be the best family medicine for young and old.

I keep Black-Draught on hand all the time now, and when my children feel a little bad, they ask me for a dose, and it does them more good than any medicine they ever tried.

We never have a long spell of sickness in our family, since we commenced using Black-Draught."

Theford's Black-Draught is purely vegetable, and has been found to regulate weak stomachs, aid digestion, relieve indigestion, colic, wind, nausea, headache, sick stomach, and similar symptoms.

It has been in constant use for more than 70 years, and has benefited more than a million people.

Your druggist sells and recommends Black-Draught. Price only 25c. Get a package to-day. N. C. 123

D. Steen buys Home.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Steen have moved here from Oklahoma and have bought the house south of the Warwick home. They will have it raised and remodeled in general. The people of Canyon are glad to have Mr. and Mrs. Steen move here. They are the parents of Buford Steen and Mrs. George Foster.

Normal Girls Beat Amarillo.

The Normal girls basketball team had everything their own way Saturday night in their game with Amarillo high. The score was 35 to 4. The visitors made but one field goal and two fouls.

Invigorating to the Pale and Sickly

The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out Malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 50c

MAIZE MAKES 60 BU. FETERITA GOES 45

J. W. Ballard was in the city Monday from his farm near Happy and stated that he has just completed thrashing 20 acres of maize which turned out a full 60 bushels to the acre. His feterita made better than 45 bushels.

Mr. Ballard stated that he thrashed for five days during which time 5000 bushels of grain was turned out and has still 150 loads in the field for feed.

Mr. Ballard is a man who believes in farming right—in fact he is that way in anything he undertakes. His acreage was only large enough to be well handled and the results obtained this year signifies that he is one of the men who have carefully studied the soils and methods of cultivation of the Panhandle country.

The Contract for the Normal is Let.

Realizing the necessity of making another crop, not being able to figure out why coffee costing 8 cents per pound at the big markets should be sold for 35c to 40c a pound in Canyon, after looking over my price reducer I decided to sell coffee by the bushel—it comes cheaper. I bought enough for everybody and will offer for sale on arrival, one peck \$1.00, one-half bushel \$2.00, one bushel \$3.90. All guaranteed to give satisfaction. Not over ten bushels to one family. Fancy oranges \$1.05 per bushel. D. N. REDBURN.

How To Give Quinine To Children.

FERRILINE is the trade-mark name given to an improved Quinine. It is Tasteless Syrup, pleasant to take and does not disturb the stomach. Children take it and never know it is Quinine. Also especially adapted to adults who cannot take ordinary Quinine. Does not nauseate nor cause nervousness nor ringing in the head. Try it the next time you need Quinine for any purpose. Ask for 2-ounce original package. The same FERRILINE is blown in bottle. 25 cents.

The Kenan and Edmonds schools will have a joint program at the former place on Dec. 24. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Blough are the teachers. The children of the schools are making Christmas gifts for their parents, will have a tree on that day. The two schools also had a program for Thanksgiving to which all but one of the patrons were present.

Phone 101 for moving van, baggage and house moving. Prompt and reliable service. tf

Mrs. George Frank returned Wednesday from Illinois where she has been spending several weeks with relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Frank are the parents of a daughter, born while Mrs. Frank was in the north.

Mrs. D. A. Park and son left Monday with Rev. Hawkins for Memphis where she will spend the holidays.

Final Account.

The State of Texas, to the Sheriff of Randall County—Greeting:

S. B. Lofton, administrator De Bonis Non of the estate of L. C. Lair, deceased, having filed in our county his final account of the condition of the estate of said L. C. Lair, deceased, together with an application to be discharged from said administration, you are hereby commanded, that by publication of this writ for twenty days in a newspaper regularly published in the county of Randall you give due notice to all persons interested in the account for final settlement of said estate, to file their objections thereto, if any they have, on or before the January term 1915, of said court, commencing and to be held at the courthouse of said county, in the town of Canyon on the second Monday in January, A. D. 1915, when said account and application will be considered by said court.

Given under my hand and seal of said court, at my office in said town of Canyon this 13 day of November, A. D. 1914.

T. V. Reeves Clerk, County Court, Randall County.

A true copy, I certify: Worth A. Jennings Sheriff, Randall County.

BANISHED—pimples, blotches, sores, humors, and eruptions,

by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For a poor complexion, and for the poor blood that causes it, this is the best of all known remedies.

In every disease or disorder of the skin or scalp, in every trouble that comes from impure blood, the "Discovery" is the only medicine sold that does what it promises.

Scrofula in all its various forms, Eczema, Tetter, Salt-rheum, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Enlarged Glands, and Swellings, and every kindred ailment, are benefited and cured by it.

Cut this out and mail to us with the name of the paper—we will mail you free a medical treatise on above diseases. Address Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

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



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 Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, and Trinidad, Colo. Tickets on sale Dec. 20-21-22. Limit Jan. 18th. For rates apply local agent.

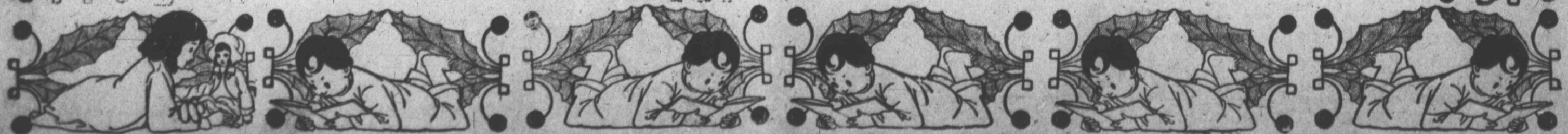
R. McGee, Agt.
P. S. F. Ry. Co.



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



**NO ALUM in
DR. PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING POWDER**

LOCALS

C. R. Flesher will leave Friday to spend Christmas at the home of his parents in Rock Island.

Hand painted china by a Canyon lady is for sale at the Leader.

J. W. Webb has an auto taxi cab which he recently purchased and has put it into service for his hotel patrons and for the public in general. It is seldom that a taxi is found in so small a town as Canyon, but Mr. Webb is a progressive man and believes in progressive ideas for his hotel.

A full line of new ties, the latest out. The Leader.

The commissioners court was in session Monday. They approved the bond of W. A. Jennings as tax collector and allowed a few claims.

20 per cent off on all dishes from now until Jan. 1 at Variety Store.

W. H. Blaine moved Monday to the Oscar Hunt house on east Houston street.

I do all kinds of light hauling hauling on quick notice. J. A. Harbison, phone 101.

Ed Weber returned Sunday from Nebraska where he has been spending the summer and fall.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days
Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. The first application gives Ease and Rest. 50c.

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.

The loan company which owns the J. C. Hunt place has fixed it greatly during the past two weeks. The house has been raised, new porches built, roof and siding fixed up and the house painted.

A new tie will please that husband, brother or friend. We have them in all styles. The Leader.

R. A. Campbell's sale last Thursday was well attended and Mr. Campbell says he is well pleased with the prices. He is going to quit farming. Bob Stratton will move to his place. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell will leave about the first of January for California where they will spend the winter.

See Harbison for moving van, draying, baggage and house moving. Prompt and reliable service.

Sid Coker of Plainview visited last week with J. W. and C. S. Dison.

20 per cent off on all dishes from now until Jan. 1 at Variety Store.

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

The Tullia Dramatic Club will present "The Road to Arcady" Monday Dec. 21, at Canyon Opera house. Dramatized by Jim Cunningham of Tullia from Edith Tupper's popular novel. This is a most interesting love story interwoven with the deception of a mother to gain money and position. Blackface, Dutch and Irish specialties between acts. Tickets on sale at the usual place. Admission 25, 35 and 50 cents.

Rev. Battenfield will preach at the Christian church Sunday. Morning subject, "Peace on Earth". Evening subject, "Prophecies fulfilled in History".

Don't worry about that Xmas Present. Let The Leader do that.

J. E. Younger, son of J. B. Younger, is mentioned by the Daily Texan of the state university as being one of the most likely new men to make the university basketball team this year. He played while in Normal.

I will have a nice fancy line of candies to offer about Dec. 20. Save a little money by visiting us. D. N. Redburn.

John A. Wallace attended the Methodist conference at Sweetwater. He was appointed one of the lay leaders of the conference.

20 per cent off on all dishes from now until Jan. 1 at Variety Store.

Saxon Six, \$755. Saxon run about \$465. Full electrical equipment. Write for literature. A. W. Blough, Canyon, Texas.

J. M. Anderson returned to his home in Colorado Tuesday after visiting at the home of his brother, J. P. Anderson.

Get ready for Christmas. Nuts, cakes, fruits, grapes, seed raisins, currents, candies—everything for the tables. Canyon Grocery Co.

Dr. Lumpkin of Amarillo was in the city Saturday.

NO TOYS OR CHEAP JUNK, BUT WE HAVE AN EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD LINE OF REGULAR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Come in and look 'em over!

BURROUGHS & JARRETT.

BOOK CLUB ADDS 36 NEW VOLUMES

- The Woman's Book Club has received the regular winter supply of new books to be added to the library. They now have more than four hundred volumes. The following are the new books:
- Mark Twain—Innocents Abroad.
 - Scott—The Talisman.
 - Scott—Kenilworth.
 - Dickens—David Copperfield.
 - Dickens—Our Mutual Friend.
 - Elliott—Adam Bede.
 - Elliott—Mill on the Floss.
 - Goldsmith—Vicar of Wakefield.
 - Sienkiewicz—Quo Vadis.
 - Meredith—Lucile.
 - Hawthorne—The House of the Seven Gables.
 - Hawthorne—The Scarlet Letter.
 - Brandes—William Shakespeare, Critical Studies.
 - Tbsen—The Doll's House.
 - Poe—The Gold Bug.
 - London—The Call of the Wild.
 - Johnson—The Witch.
 - Rice—The Honorable Percival.
 - Dalrymple—Diane of the Green Van.
 - Syode—The city of Numbered Days.
 - Manners—Peg O'My Heart.
 - Norris—Saturday's Child.
 - Abbott—Little Eve Egerton.
 - Veiller—Within the Law.
 - Barclay—The Wall of Partition.
 - Wharton—A Mother in Exile.
 - Jorden—May Iverson's Career.
 - Service—The Spell of the Yukon (verse).
 - Antin—They Who Knock at our Gates.
 - Antin—The Promised Land.
 - Schriner—Woman and Labor.
 - Thompson—The Biography of a Grizzly.
 - Tarkington—Penrod.
 - Loring—(Naturalist with Roosevelt expedition)—African Adventure Stories.

Ladies call and see our line of new handkerchiefs. The Leader.

J. H. Waller has had his residence painted white.

Wayne Cousins is home from Longview for the holidays.

Cure 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 Itches at the same time. 50c, 90c, \$1.00.

SOCIETY NOTES

Mrs. W. H. Morelock entertained the Merry Maids and Matrons club Thursday afternoon. The house was decorated with ponsettias, narcissus and lilies. Refreshments were served of chicken salad on pimento, potato chips, cranberry jelly, pickles, sandwiches, coffee and mints. The guests of the club were Mesdames Clement, Cousins, Hill, Stafford, Marquis, Reid, Blaine, Stilwell and Allen.

No Choral Next Week.

There will be no practice of the Choral Club next week owing to the rush of Christmas time. The meetings will be resumed at the Warwick home on Tuesday night, Dec. 29.

The club is making excellent progress with their study of the Messiah but hope to procure more members after the holidays. The singer who does not take part in this study is missing a great opportunity.

Have you seen those ties at The Leader?

T. P. Turk of Hillsboro arrived Saturday to look after business matters.

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

Mrs. J. A. Harbison left Saturday for Honey Grove to look after business matters.

Remember we have a full line of silk hosiery, ladies and gents. The Leader.

C. P. Hutchings of Amarillo was a business caller in the city Monday.

Fill your tank with gasoline at our station. All the free air you want. Canyon Machine & Auto Co.

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

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

CLASSIFIED ADS

For Rent—400 acre pasture with protection and running water. Also a piano to rent from 4 to 6 months. See W. E. Bates.

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

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

For Sale or Trade—My interest in the Rusk place. Mrs. C. P. Shelnett.

Wanted—To rent furnished farm with enough grass to run a car of cows. Chas. Tuell, Panhandle, Texas.

For Lease—9,000 acres, 7 miles front on Pecos river, opposite Ft. Summer. C. T. DeGraffenreid.

Wanted—Maize heads delivered at the creek pasture. C. O. Keiser.

Going away? Well phone the News office and tell us about it.

Go After Business

In a business way—the advertising way. An ad in this paper offers the maximum service at the minimum cost. It reaches the people of the town and vicinity you want to reach.

Try It—It Pays

Bringing Trade to Texas

From many countries scattered throughout the world the demand for the oil products of Texas comes in ever-increasing volume. Month after month large cargoes of oil in cases, barrels and bulk are shipped to ports throughout the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Up among the snows, down on the equator, in the miasma districts of Africa, East of Suez throughout the mysterious Oriental countries; back of the Red Sea into Persia and Asia Minor, in the Balkans and other parts of Europe, from Panama to the Magellan Straits, the money starts back to Texas in payment for the manufactured oil products of The Texas Company.

Conducting all its manufacturing in the State of Texas, giving employment to thousands of workers in Texas and support to a score of industries, the growth of The Texas Company in the export field is bringing trade of many millions to this State from the whole world.

One thing made the growth possible—that one idea established by the founders of The Texas Company and carried out to this day—quality goods and adequate service.

Quality and service are bringing this enormous and rapidly increasing trade to the State. The quality and service which have made the five-pointed star and T emblem of The Texas Company known from the Atlantic Coast of America to the East of China.

You can secure this same quality and service in your town. A Texaco distributing station is at hand, our agent is ready to serve you.

Call on him, quality and service are of value to you as they are to the foreign users of oil. Take advantage of it by ordering from him.

The Texas Company
General Offices: Houston, Texas

No. 13

COME to the Big Sale Big Bargains in Dry Goods Ready to Wear Shoes, Xmas Novelties Men's and Boy's Clothing Men's and Boys' Hats and Caps and in fact everything carried in an up-to-date Dry Goods Store

JONES

The Busy Corner
Amarillo, Tex.

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 XXIV—Continued.

Together he and Mark dragged Piotr to the cab and forced him within. Piotr, dazed by Mark's appearance, resisted but feebly.

Before the grim majesty of approaching death even Piotr's madness was abashed. The supreme consciousness received back the atom that, when imprisoned in flesh, had been Roman. It was Kazia who saw.

"He is dead."

The Matka uttered a low moan, then became silent again, resumed her rigid gazing at the not less still body. Piotr's hand passed over his eyes in a bewildered gesture. The woman who kept the door made the sign of the cross and went quietly out.

Kazia bent over to kiss Roman's forehead. Then Piotr came out of his daze. He caught her roughly and drew her back.

"No!"

"Piotr!"

"You're not fit to touch him."

She turned and went slowly into the kitchen, Piotr followed.

He confronted her and Mark. "You can go now, both of you."

"Oh, Piotr, not now!" Kazia began pleadingly. "The Matka needs me and—"

"We need nothing from you. We weren't good enough for you once. You left us to be a fine lady. Now we don't want you."

"But I came back and you wouldn't let me stay."

"Yes, when you found that Jim Whiting couldn't give you what you wanted. You thought you could use us then—as he did." He nodded toward Mark. "How," his teeth bared in an ugly accusing leer, "how did the Hunky girl get to be such a fine lady?"

"Be still!" Mark stepped close to him, sternly. "Isn't there any decency in that cracked mind of yours? Remember she came to them," he pointed toward the little bedroom, "when they needed some one. You were out filling the streets with your blackguardly rant. And whose money do you think had to keep them alive because you wouldn't do a man's work?"

"A man's work!" Piotr laughed, a horrible startling cackle. "To a cracked brain that isn't to betray and gouge and drive—" He broke off. "Do you mean it was her money?"

"Who else would have cared?"

Piotr went back into the death room, clutched his mother by the shoulder and shook her cruelly. "Tell me," he cried in her tongue, "have you taken money from her—that woman—when I told you what she was?"

The Matka shrank back from his vehemence. "I had to—buy things to keep him alive."

Piotr, releasing her, stared, his mouth working queerly. "Even you're against me."

He went again slowly into the kitchen, taking up his hat from the

table. He did not stop until he reached the door. There he turned, facing Kazia.

"You can have her now. I'm going."

"He's crazy," Mark muttered. "Don't mind him."

With an effort she recalled herself to the situation. "You had better go now. I must take care of the Matka. Will you please telephone to the hospital that I shan't be back tonight?"

"But I can't leave you alone here, while Piotr's at large. I'm going out to arrange for tomorrow. Then I'll come back here."

"It may be best," she agreed.

Two hours later he returned and rapped lightly. Receiving no answer, he tried the door. It opened and he entered quietly.

Hanka lay on a narrow cot, in the sleep of exhaustion. In a chair by the table, head pillowed on one arm, Kazia, too, slept. She stirred uneasily as he entered, then became still. He tiptoed to another chair and began his lonely watch.

The night seemed endless. To sit motionless, looking at the relaxed form figure she made, became impos-

CHAPTER XXV.

It was two days after the funeral. Mark had seen Kazia but for a few minutes, merely long enough to learn her new plans, and then Hanka had been present. Kazia proposed to take care of her, and that they might not have to be apart, to give up her fine position at the hospital; she thought she could obtain a new one that would take up only her days. She had, of course, to find a new apartment.

All day Hanka had been alone in the dismantled flat, thinking not of him who had gone but of the woman who had assumed her protection. Often her head shook in troubled gesture. Hanka had not lost the habit of seeing and understanding many things from her shadowy corner. Not out of grief for the dead, she knew, had the look that haunted her come into Kazia's eyes.

The dinner was over, the dishes washed and put away; this being part of Hanka's share in the new division of labor. She went into the little bedroom whither Kazia had gone to dress. But at the door she stopped, unnoticed, looking at the figure that lay motionless and face downward on the bed. She started to steal away, then turned again and went timidly to the bedside. She laid a gentle hand on Kazia's hair. "Little Kazia," she murmured, half frightened at her boldness, "what is troubling you?"

"Nothing, Matka," came the muffled answer.

"Is it because of me? I don't want to be a burden. I can go."

"No, no! You mustn't leave me. I'm just tired."

"Heart tired. Is it because of him—your lover?"

"I have no lover."

Kazia rose wearily, and going to the mirror, began to take down her hair. The thick soft tresses fell tumbling around her. Hanka, in troubled wonder, watched the round arm that wielded the comb, the smooth firm shoulders. At Kazia's age Hanka had already begun to wither into an uncomeliness that men passed by undeciding. She went over to the dressing woman and touched timidly the firm, still youthful flesh.

"You are like your mother."

"What was she like?"

"She was like you," Kazia did not smile. "Men saw her and wanted her."

The comb became still. "Did she—did she love my father?"

"Such a love I have never seen."

It had been dark almost an hour when the bell rang. Hanka heard Kazia going to the door and a startled exclamation answered by a mellifluous voice Hanka did not know. The visitor was admitted and taken into the sitting room. To the kitchen came the murmur of Kazia's voice and his, chiefly his.

He had been there but a few minutes when his voice changed. It became eager, with an undertone that perturbed Hanka strangely. Once Kazia uttered a low hurt cry. Hanka rose and crept along the little hall she crouched in the darkness near the sitting room door, listening intently and wishing she had not been so stupid about English.

"Am I an ogre?" the mellifluous voice was saying.

"I do not love you."

"It is not a question of love. I am not old, but I have lived long enough to prick that illusion. We scientists know what love is."

"I don't care for you in any way," Kazia answered coldly. "Mr. Quinby, you oughtn't to be here. A man in your position—"

"My dear lady, let me remind you that the interest of a man in my position is not to be rejected lightly. With a word I gave you the best position your profession offers a woman. With a word I can take it away. I can relieve you of the necessity of working at all. I can make it impossible for you to find work in this city."

"My dear lady!" the stranger's voice protested. "I would not do that. I would harm no one. I am a tender-hearted man, I, too, suffer, if by chance others suffer through me." The voice, vibrant with emotion, would have wrung tears of sympathy from a stone. But Hanka, as we have seen, could not weep. "I am only trying to show that those who enlist my interest do not lose by it."

"So you think I am for sale?"

"Forgive me, my dear," said Quinby, "but that is gross. Say rather that, since you have struck a responsive chord in my breast, it will be my pleasure to be guardian of your welfare, to lift you out of the sordid struggle for existence. And have I not proved

that? You lay in the hollow of my hand. With a breath I could have destroyed your reputation. But I kept silence, I advanced your interests, I held you tenderly in my heart. Woman, you have bewitched me. I want you."

Hanka understood at least his last words and she understood his tone. She crept closer and through the crack of the sitting room door saw Kazia elude Quinby's outstretched arms.

At the same moment she heard a halting step on the stairway. She opened the outer door and went out to meet Mark Truitt, whispering excitedly to him in Polish. When he, astonished by her appearance and emotion, would have spoken, she clapped a hand over his mouth, and clutching him by a sleeve, drew him into the hall. She pointed through the crack.

Again Quinby reached toward Kazia and again she recoiled.

"Don't—don't touch me."

"Why do you rebuff me? You're not an ignorant child. You must have known what my interest in the hospital and in you this year has meant. You wouldn't have taken my help unless you were willing to give me what I want."

"What is it—what is it you want?"

"I want you to be to me what you have been to Truitt."

"And if—I refuse?"

"I have never yet told that I caught Truitt and a sun-browned woman alone in an Ottawa hotel under circumstances—I have no reason to love him. I have refrained from telling only for your sake. I—Why do you force me to say this? I have no wish to be brutal to you. Seeing you has turned my head. But you will not—surely you can not refuse."

She dropped back into a chair, covering her face with her hands. When she looked up, she wore again the strange rapt expression.

"You said," she whispered chokingly, "you said—you would pay."

"Yes, yes!" he cried eagerly.

"You are trying to rob Mark Truitt—To force him out of the company. Will you—give that up?" Still in the same broken whisper.

"Even that. You are worth everything."

"And will you give me time—to send him away—and never let him know?"

"It is for you to make conditions. Ah! my dear—"

In triumph Quinby stepped toward her and bent over to take her hand.

"Don't do that!" said a voice behind him.

Quinby whirled. For a long silent minute the trio faced one another.

Then Mark, white of face, hands working convulsively, went slowly to the stupefied Quinby, who seemed turned to stone. He did not resist even when Mark's hand leaped up and caught him cruelly by the throat. He was pressed back until his back met the wall. The grip tightened. Quinby's face grew purple. He squirmed and tried to cry out, but only a hoarse gurgle resulted.

Kazia came to herself. She sprang from her feet and caught Mark's arm, breaking his grip.

"Don't hurt him. He's not worth it."

Gently, without taking his eyes from Quinby, Mark freed his arm from her clasp. But he did not touch Quinby again. The first murderous impulse died. He turned contemptuously away from him.

Quinby, released from the cruel hand and eyes, started across the room. Mark whirled upon him once more.

"Stop!"

Quinby stopped. "This," he said weakly, "is a trap."

"Set by yourself," Mark turned to Kazia with a helpless mirthless laugh. "What is my cue? Shall I kick him down stairs—or spring his dirty trap?"

"Let him go," she answered listlessly.

Mark shook his head. "Not without paying. He said," grimly, "he was willing to pay."

"I'm not afraid of you," Quinby muttered a feeble defiance. "What can you say of me that isn't true of you?"

"Ah!" Mark drew a sharp whistling breath. Quinby shrank back, his hands going protectively to his aching throat. "Now you shall pay. You—" He broke off with a gesture of disgust. "I find I've no stomach for blackmail just now. I'll telephone Henley to come over. He'll know how to handle this situation."

Then Quinby was indeed fear-struck. He clutched Mark's arm tightly. "Don't tell him!" he quavered. "We can settle this ourselves. I didn't really intend to force you out of the company, only—to frighten you a little."

Mark jerked his arm free. "So you're a coward as well as a fraud! But I knew that before. This is too sickening. You'd better go."

Quinby started again to go.

"Wait!"

Quinby waited.

"You seem to be afraid of Henley. You have reason. Tomorrow at ten-thirty you have an engagement to meet him at his office—I have just made it for both of you. At eleven I will meet him. You know best what Henley in his present mood will do if he gets wind of your latest adventure in philanthropy. Now go."

Quinby went. The next morning, prompt on the hour, he kept his engagement with Henley.

A weakness for epigrams has defeated more than one fair project. After a discreet interval—long enough, as he thought, for the interment of the dead past—Jeremiah Quinby sought to revive the paleontological propaganda. He found that for once the public memory was long and laid more stress on the fatal twins of production than on ichthyosauri and kindred monsters. The air was darkened with poisoned bars of satire and derision. There fell a great ph-

lanthrope, pierced to the heart. That is to say, Quinby retired from the realm of beneficence and his rival reigned absolute once more.

A heavy troubled silence was in the little room. Kazia stood passively by the table, waiting for Mark to speak. After a long while he raised his eyes to hers.

"Kazia, you poor romantic fool! Did you think any amount of money was worth that—even if he had kept his word? When I think what—oh, how could you think of it!"

"I wanted," she answered in a queer lifeless voice, as if benumbed by this crisis into which they had stumbled, "I wanted to do one thing for you—and your happy city."

"My happy city! What happiness could it have had, built on that? And I—hadn't you given me enough?"

"I gave you only love."

"Only—!"

"It was all I had to give. It wasn't enough."

"I wish I could have given as much as you." The wistful words slipped out.

He stepped closer to her.

"Kazia, this has got to end."

"Yes."

"You must marry me tomorrow."

Life, and with it pain, flickered once more.

"You are trying to give something now. But I'm glad you said that."

"I'm asking you to give something more. You will?"

"Why do you ask it?"

"Because I've hurt you enough. I did hurt you when I let you—led you to sin, even though we kept it a secret from the world. I want to make you happy—you said yourself we've broken a law. I want happiness—and I can't have it, knowing that for all I've taken from you I've given nothing."

She tried to smile; the sight of it cut to his heart. "Every reason but the one. But I'm glad you wouldn't lie to me now." The smile faded. "You see, I can't."

"Kazia, dear," he pleaded, "we started wrong—let's begin over again. Let's give love a new-birth."

His voice rang with a longing she could not understand, but he could not touch her. She shook her head spiritlessly.

"There can be no new birth so long as there is memory. You could never forget that I—that I am not clean."

"Do you think me so small as to hold my own fault against you? It is my sin, too." He stepped closer, reaching out his arms to take her. "Come, dear, your poor little reasons aren't enough."

She shrank away from his clasp, trembling. Into the tired white face came a look of fear and despair. She glanced this way and that, as though she sought an escape. Her hands went to her face. Then she forced them down and her eyes to his.

"I thought—I thought you understood. . . . I—I wasn't clean—before we sinned. The doctor who helped me. I—" She could say no more.

Suspicion had not prepared him for this. He stared foolishly at her, showing how he recoiled from the fact her broken words had revealed. He did not then think it strange that the shame of a woman he did not love should stab so deeply.

"Kazia, how could you—how could you!"

After a while he forgot his own pain a little in pity for the silent stricken woman. Again his arms reached out for her and would not be denied.

"It must make no difference." His sternness was all for himself. "What am I to blame you? You sold your body to live. I gave my soul to feel others squirming under my feet. You hurt only yourself. I've hurt every one I touched. I hurt you. If I hadn't been a coward years ago when we first loved, you would never have been tempted. Your sin is only a part of mine. It is you who have most to forgive."

Slowly she raised her head to look at him. "And you," came a broken incredulous whisper, "and you would marry me—even now?"

"All the more now!"

For an instant a faint pitiable hope, defying knowledge, shone in her eyes. "Have I been mistaken? Only love could ignore—ah! don't lie to me now. It wouldn't be kindness. Is it just pay—or love?"

He tried to look away from her and could not. Her eyes held his, seeking through them to hunt out the last truth hidden in his soul. With a rough convulsive movement he drew her head down on his shoulder.

"How can I know what it is? It must be love, since I need you and want to make you happy. If it isn't now, surely love will come when we start right. Kazia, don't refuse me this chance to make up to you a little of the harm I've done you."

Her answer was a stifled sob. He felt her body relax; her head rested heavily on his shoulder.

She released herself. He did not try to hold her. They faced each other in a heavy throbbing silence.

His soul quivered with the cruelty of it; it would have been infinitely easier for him if she had been the unfaithful one. His words echoed mockingly in his ears, torturing him with their hopeless futility.

"You will not?"

"You couldn't say it—and I don't want pay."

The sight of her had become more than he could endure. He turned away and dropped into a chair, letting his head fall to the table.

After a little he felt her hand gently smoothing his hair. And soon she began to speak in a voice unsteady at first but gathering strength as she went on.

"You mustn't reproach yourself. I know you'd love me if you could. And you mustn't think I refuse just for your sake. I'd do what you want—since you want it so much—only it

would be misery for me always. You wouldn't want that. . . . And this—it seems I've always known it would come. It was a chance I took for a few months' happiness. I've had my happiness. . . . You haven't harmed me—I beg you to believe you haven't harmed me."

"Kazia—"

But the hoarse cry died away. There was nothing to say. His humiliation was complete. Magdalen that she was, around her. The man made directly for the doctor.

"Do you," he demanded, "know where Mark Truitt lives?"

"Why, yes." The doctor bestowed a friendly smile on the stranger. "I guess I do."

"Can you show me how to find it?"

"Yes," Hedges glanced toward the woman; she was entering the station. "I can do better. I can take you there."

"If you will." And the stranger promptly entered the buggy.

The doctor clucked to his horse and turned hospitably, with conversational intent, to his guest. But the latter forestalled him.

"Live here?"

"Between whiles."

"Ha!" The stranger smiled, a brief wintry smile. "Doctor, I see. Do you know Truitt?"

"Well," Hedges spat ruminatively, "that's a pretty risky thing to say of any man, but I guess—"

"What do they think of him here?"

"They think he's a great man—and it's his own—"

"He's a great mechanic," said the guest shortly.

"I," drawled the doctor, "know more about men than mechanics, but—"

"What do you think of him?" the guest interrupted again.

The doctor, hoping to complete at least one sentence, quokened his drawl. "He's a man who's either losing himself or finding himself, I'm not sure—"

"Meaning?"

"You wouldn't," chuckled the doctor, "have time for the explanation." He drew up before the little cottage. "He lives here."

"Hardly!" the visitor retorted. "I take the three o'clock train. Much obliged." He sprang, more briskly than his rotundity promised, out of the buggy.

The doctor drove away still chuckling. The chuckle would not have died even had he known his passenger to be none other than that Henley whose star, flashing with comet-like swiftness and brilliancy above the horizon of speculation, had in two years achieved full planetary dignity and importance. But the doctor was not a student of Wall street astronomy.

"Humph!" The luminary surveyed the weather-beaten little cottage with its unkempt yard and near-by smithy. "So he lives here. Affectation, of course!"

He strode up the path and saluted the old man on the stoop.

"Mr. Truitt lives here, I believe?"

"I'm Simon Truitt. But I reckon ye want Mark, Mr. Henley."

"Ha! You know me. His father, I suppose?"

"Yes. I saw ye once, years ago, when he was in the hospital."

"I remember," said Henley, who had forgotten that incident completely. "Is Truitt about?"

"He's at church."

"Church! Surely not a habit?"

"He goes generally, since he come back."

"Hm! Something new for Truitt?" Henley frowned. "And my time's short. I suppose I may as well save some of it by going over the plant now. There's no objection, I suppose?"

"No," I, Simon ventured uncertainly, "I was jest about to go over myself."

"I'll be glad of your company," Henley graciously replied. "Shall we start?"

An hour later Henley emerged from the shadowy finishing mill, blinking hard in the midday's sunshine and trying to revise his estimate of the situation.

He followed Simon out on a tiny cape that jutted into the river, whence they could see other evidences of Truitt's lucidity—the hospital, the bank, the store, the cluster of homes gleaming white on the hillside.

And Henley saw—not as the experts had seen, happy if they perceived all that had been reduced to fact—but with the eyes of one whose greatness was to see what might be, what could be. And as he looked part, at least, of Truitt's dream was unfolded before him. The valley a teeming, throbbing citadel of industry. The city clambering over the slopes, capturing the heights, reclaiming other slopes from the forest, until in length and breadth, in numbers and importance, it rivaled that other fastness where he, the master, had been known only as a lieutenant. The creator in him, not yet killed, but only obscured by the madness of exploitation, thrilled at the sight.

"He sees big," he muttered. "He sees big. I didn't think it was in him." He stood on the point, scanning thoughtfully the noble valley, forgetting his silent companion. "He's picked out a great site. . . . And then to Henley came a vision of his own.

That city and citadel, his creature of his genius and might, doing his bidding, yielding him homage and tribute, carrying forth his fame to the palling of lesser men's reputations, capital of an empire—his empire.

"By God!" he breathed aloud. "By God! . . . And it's possible—how did the builders of cities overlook this place? . . . It would be better than doing faker's tricks with stocks and bonds."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



He Felt Her Body Relax—Her Head Rested Heavily on His Shoulder.

He looked up to her from depths of self-abasement she could never know. The voice was growing unsteady again. "When I think how it might have ended—if you hadn't come tonight—I'm glad you came—to save me from—that. . . . And now—I think you had better—go. . . ."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Penitent.

It was a red sunrise, that Sabbath morning, and the ruddy glow lingered in the eastern sky long after the sun had swung clear above the hills. A slanting shaft found his window and fell upon him as he dreamed. He stirred restively.

He awoke slowly, reluctantly, drifting toward consciousness through a golden haze that vibrated with far-away dwindling harmonies.

"Where have I heard that before?"

After a little he remembered—a youth, full of dreams and credulous, joyously facing his great adventure. "And tomorrow I set out on a new adventure. It was a long way from there to here. . . . I wonder, would any man, given the choice, travel his road a second time?"

He rose and went to the window. Two years had passed, crowded with effort, crowned with achievement. From the window where he stood, still seeking to recover the lost harmonies, he could see the beginning of his happy city, all ready for the great experiment.

He bathed and dressed—in the new bathroom that was his one concession to the luxuriousness of the old life—and descended to the kitchen. The pleasant odor of frying ham met his nostrils; there was a hotel in Bethel now at which the Truitts generally had their meals, but sometimes, of a leisurely Sabbath morning, Simon still served as cook.

But the bent old man at the south window had forgotten breakfast. For a little Mark watched him without salutation.

"Good morning, father," he said at last.

"Good morning, Mark." Simon turned reluctantly from the window. "I was jest thinkin' it'll be 20 years tomorrow ye went away—an' now there's that."

"Yes. Your dream has come true. If you live until tomorrow night you'll have seen it all—steel made in Bethel."

Breakfast ready, they sat down and began the meal in silence. Mark ate lightly, absently.

Ever since Mark had returned, Simon had been vaguely sensible of a suffering to which some solacing word might be said. But the word would come to his unschooled lips.

"I wish," Simon thought, "I could give him something."

It was a real suffering Simon sensed, no day without its hour of payment, no hour so heavy as on that Sabbath morning.

From across the town came a mellow clamor, the voice of the new church bell calling the faithful.

The clamor ceased and after an interval resumed for a few last taps before he rose and went into the house for his hat and cane. When he emerged again he found Simon sitting on the front stoop.

"Goin' to church?"

"I guess I'd better."

"Yes. Courtney likes ye to. Do ye, Simon asked suddenly, "still believe what he preaches?"

Mark hesitated a moment. "I suppose I never did. I'd like to, but I can't. It takes a certain quality of mind, I suppose—or early habit. I can't quite see—"

There was that in Mark's tone which made Simon look up quickly. "I can't see the logic of letting another's suffering pay for our sins."

"Ye'll be late," Simon suggested.

Doctor Hedges, driving along the valley road, drew up at the station until the eleven o'clock train, having discharged its Bethel passengers, sped onward. The passengers were two, a man and a woman, strangers to the doctor and therefore alien to Bethel. The woman stood on the otherwise deserted platform, looking uncertainly

around her. The man made directly for the doctor.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gumdrops.

An old man in Indianapolis, who has lost all his teeth, takes his "toothlessness" philosophically.

It is difficult for him to articulate as he did in the days of his youth, and he admits that gums are not quite as useful as teeth when it comes to talking.

In fact his sole dependence on his gums in his old days has led him to refer to his misfortune cheerfully by calling his words "gumdrops."



What Have You Found, Roman? Is It Simple, There?"

table. He did not stop until he reached the door. There he turned, facing Kazia.

"You can have her now. I'm going."

"He's crazy," Mark muttered. "Don't mind him."

With an effort she recalled herself to the situation. "You had better go now. I must take care of the Matka. Will you please telephone to the hospital that I shan't be back tonight?"

"But I can't leave you alone here, while Piotr's at large. I'm going out to arrange for tomorrow. Then I'll come back here."

"It may be best," she agreed.

Two hours later he returned and rapped lightly. Receiving no answer, he tried the door. It opened and he entered quietly.

Hanka lay on a narrow cot, in the sleep of exhaustion. In a chair by the table, head pillowed on one arm, Kazia, too, slept. She stirred uneasily as he entered, then became still. He tiptoed to another chair and began his lonely watch.

The night seemed endless. To sit motionless, looking at the relaxed form figure she made, became impos-

ible. He rose and crept silently into the room where Roman lay. A single candle was burning low in its socket. By its faint flickering glow the waxen face and folded hands seemed not dead, but only at peace. Mark looked long at him, as though Roman held the answer to his questions. Once he leaned over, whispering.

"What have you found, Roman? Is it simple there? Is there a new birth in which mistakes can be paid for? . . . I want to pay."

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"But I can't leave you alone here, while Piotr's at large. I'm going out to arrange for tomorrow. Then I'll come back here."

"It may be best," she agreed.

Two hours later he returned and rapped lightly. Receiving no answer, he tried the door. It opened and he entered quietly.

Hanka lay on a narrow cot, in the sleep of exhaustion. In a chair by the table, head pillowed on one arm, Kazia, too, slept. She stirred uneasily as he entered, then became still. He tiptoed to another chair and began his lonely watch.

The night seemed endless. To sit motionless, looking at the relaxed form figure she made, became impos-

table. He did not stop until he reached the door. There he turned, facing Kazia.

"You can have her now. I'm going."

"He's crazy," Mark muttered. "Don't mind him."

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WAY OF THE WORLD

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE.

(Copyright 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)
"It's settled," announced John Ritchie gloomily, as he entered the humble home kitchen and threw himself into a chair with an abandon that evidenced strong emotion.

His patient-faced wife looked up anxiously, their pretty daughter, Ina, with quick eagerness. Both knew what he referred to, but silently waited for him to explain.

"The lawyer filed the will in court today," proceeded Mr. Ritchie. "It leaves everything to Blanche Morton."

Mrs. Ritchie grew a trifle white about the lips, the hopeful gleam died out of her faded eyes. Ina's face quivered. She was not avaricious, but she had to confess secretly to a severe disappointment. She left the kitchen, passed out into the garden, chose a shaded corner and sat down and cried.

"Hardly right, is it, Nancy?" submitted Mr. Ritchie to his wife.

"It's hard, John, and unjust," responded his helpmeet with a gulp, bitterly. "My own brother, too! I see it all now. My dear sister's folks have been courting favor with Uncle Ralph for over a year in the interests of Blanche. Of course, she's my niece, but we know that she is selfish and scheming. They tell me that she and her father just had Brother Ralph under their thumb or the last year. I don't doubt they poisoned his mind against us and Ina. Poor Ina! Mrs. Ritchie wiped a tear from her eye with the corner of her apron and resumed her drudgery tasks with a hopeless sigh of resignation.

It was, indeed, hard for the Ritchies. Things had gone wrong with John Ritchie for the past year or two, and he was desperately in debt. There was an old mortgage on the little home, held by Uncle Ralph. They had hoped at the least that he would remit this. It seemed not, however. Everything had gone to Blanche, mort-



She inspected it.

gage and all. Knowing the ways and worth of that self-centered young lady, Mr. Ritchie doubted if she would show much mercy.

He came upon Ina as he strolled about the garden. She was not aware of his near presence, and he softly stole back to the house, his face more saddened than ever.

"Nancy," he said to his wife, "I want you to be more gentle with Ina than ever. She's not in the garden crying out her heart. Poor child! You know what that means."

"Disappointment about the fortune, I suppose," observed Mrs. Ritchie drearily. "She had a right to expect something, and we certainly needed it badly."

"I'm afraid it's that young man, Albert Telford," said Ritchie, bluntly.

"Why, I didn't think it had gone that far," remarked Mrs. Ritchie, with a start. "I knew he was friendly to Ina and to Blanche, too. In fact, to half the girls in the village."

"Yes, but lately he has about equally divided his attentions between Ina and Blanche," explained her husband. "And I think he has favored Ina. Of course, that's all over and done with now."

"What do you mean?" questioned Mrs. Ritchie.

"It's the way of the world. Ina poor, Blanche rich. He's a likely chap and can take his pick. It will be Blanche and the fortune, naturally."

However, twice during the ensuing week young Telford called at the Ritchie home, as was his wont. He was courteous as usual, but Ina fancied there was a new subdued air about him. She learned that he also visited her cousin, Blanche. Telford seemed to be studying her. She could not fathom him. No word of love had passed between them. She wondered if, in his generous-hearted way, he was not making an effort to break off their close friendship gracefully.

She heard great news of her fortunate cousin, the heiress. Blanche had started out to make a great spread. She was arranging to sell all the property which she had inherited. She was talking of building a mansion home. She had entered on a career of reckless extravagance. One day she invited Ina to come down to the old home. Ina's heart saddened as she entered the place, to find it dis-

mantled. Blanche was selling off everything. She offered Ina some of the old relics of the family. In tears Ina selected only a framed, faded picture of her dead uncle, which hung in the room where he had died.

A month went by. Blanche was urging the closing up of the estate as speedily as possible. One day Mr. Ritchie came home with a serious, worried face.

"There are some pretty heartless people in the world," he remarked, dejectedly.

"What now?" questioned his wife.

"Blanche. What do you think? Her lawyer notified me today that we must pay up the mortgage on the place here, now owned by her."

A dull blow fell upon all the hearts within the room. It had meant poverty before. It was sheer destitution now. The selfish avarice of Blanche was apparent. The family decided to move to another town. Then came a vast surprise. There came by mail one day a week later a package. It contained the mortgage, the notes and a release deed. The dear old homestead was free of debt!

"Blanche has relented!" cried Mrs. Ritchie joyfully.

"No," dissented her husband. "I have learned positively that Blanche had no hand in this blessed deed. It is some benefactor friend who does not wish his name known," but the next day he found out who it was—Albert Telford.

What did it mean? Should Ina feel humiliated, or glad? She could not analyze the situation, yet she felt it needed an explanation. She went to the Telford home. It was to learn that Albert had gone to the city to fill a new and better position.

"Oh, my dear," said his mother, "don't you understand? It was love that prompted him to give all he had for your sake."

Then it was not the rich Blanche, but the poor Ina whom he loved! What could Ina do but feel happy!

And then a second wonderful thing came to light—unheard of, extraordinary. In cleaning the old picture of her uncle, Ina noticed a sheet of paper folded in its back. She inspected it.

There was the latest will of Uncle Ralph. Practically a prisoner of Blanche and her friends, he had seized a favored moment to make this latter will, just before he died. It had been witnessed secretly by two old servants, whom Blanche had later discharged.

There was a great commotion in the town when the news came out. In shame and chagrin Blanche Morton disappeared, meanly taking with her what money she had been able already to secure from the estate.

"Come home," ran a telegram to Albert in the city, and it was signed by Ina.

"I have sent for you to return the money you so nobly gave to us," she told him. "Your mother misses you, and—"

"You, too, want me to stay?" inquired Albert softly.

And her blushes, her quivering lips, her ardent grateful eyes answered him lovingly.

BOON FOR THE SHIPWRECKED

Life Preserver Invented by a German Enables Person to Remain Afloat For Days.

Hundreds of inventions for the preservation of life in case of shipwreck have recently been tested, but what seems to be the safest is a suit which takes the form of a combination of life-belt and suit made of watertight canvas, which envelops the whole person. The suit has sleeves ending in gloves, and there is a port-hole in the head, which can be closed when the weather is rough. When this port-hole is closed, air enters through a tube above the head, this tube being so constructed that no water can enter.

Furnished with this device, it is claimed that a passenger might be thrown into mid-Atlantic and live in comfort for many days, while waiting to be picked up, for the suit can be equipped with sufficient food and drink to keep a shipwrecked passenger alive for a week or more.

A man or woman using this device stands with feet in a sort of bucket, which forms the base. This bucket takes in a certain quantity of water, which acts as ballast and keep the life-saver and its occupant upright.

Furthermore, the apparatus is provided with a revolver and signal lights with which the shipwrecked passenger can signal for help by day or night. Attached to the apparatus are ropes by which two or three people can keep themselves afloat if they have not the good fortune to have one of these life-saving suits.

The suit is the invention of a German named Gustave Herrich, and he declares that it will deprive shipwreck of all its terrors in all circumstances.

Canine Sagacity.

A remarkable instance of canine sagacity is related at Nuneaton. The owner of the dog some little time since arrived at Nuneaton from Taunton, in Somerset. He came by rail through Birmingham and had his dog (a Pom) with him. The day after he arrived he missed the dog, and diligent inquiries failed to discover anything about the animal's whereabouts. About a fortnight or so afterward he received a letter from Taunton, telling him the dog had "landed there all on its own." Seeing that Taunton is something like 150 miles away, it is a wonderful instance of canine instinct.—London Mail.

SOMETHING for the LITTLE ONES

TO PRODUCE UNIFORM PRINTS

Home-Made Device for Use With Artificial Light Consists of Board With Twelve Marks.

A convenient home-made printing device, or distance marker, for printing photographs by artificial light consists of a smooth board on which 12 one-inch marks are drawn, as shown, writes Harold Davis of Altoona, Pa., in Popular Mechanics. A wall-base electric socket is attached on the first



Distance Marker for Printing.

One and the others are numbered up to 12. A trial test of a negative marks the distance and time of exposure, which should be recorded on the negative. Such a device makes uniform prints possible and provides a means of recording time on negative-storage envelopes.

ORIGIN OF "EAVESDROPPER"

Term Came Into Use Many Years Ago Because Curious People Tried to Discover Lodge Secrets.

Doubtless you have often wondered why a person who listens at a key-hole should be called an "eavesdropper."

Some 200 years ago there existed a very strong and influential secret society which would permit no one not a member to hear or see what transpired at its meetings.

There must have been just as many curious people 200 years ago as there are today if we are to believe history, and they tried all sorts of ways to discover what the society did when it met.

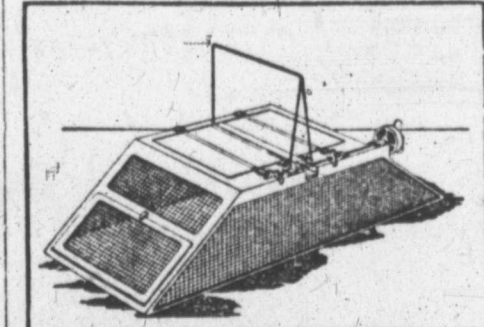
They kept on trying in spite of frequent warnings, until a number of them were caught and severely punished in a way that soon made them cease prowling about and listening outside half-opened doors and through windows innocently raised for air. When a man was caught spying or listening in this way he was sentenced to be suspended for a time under the eaves of a shed during a hard rainstorm until the water ran in under his collar and out over the tops of his shoes. That is how the term "eavesdropper" came into existence.

TRAP FOR RAPACIOUS ANIMAL

Door on Top So Arranged That When Rat Attempts to Eat Bait It Is Thrown Into Cage.

The Scientific American, in describing an animal trap, the invention of T. A. Willard of Port Arthur, Tex., says:

This trap is provided at its top with a trap door so arranged that when a rat or other animal attempts to eat the bait it will cause the trap door to



Animal Trap.

release and drop the rat into the cage. The trap door arrangement automatically resets itself so that any number of rats may be caught in succession before the trap has to be emptied.

When to Lift the Hat.

A man must raise his hat under the following circumstances: When he acknowledges a woman's bow; when recognizing a clergyman or distinguished or elderly gentleman of his acquaintance; when walking with a woman and he salutes his friends or she salutes her friends, whether they are known to him or not; when he passes a man friend who is accompanied by a woman; when offering his seat to a woman in a public conveyance; when drawing to one side in a narrow way to allow her free passage; when giving any information she may ask; when restoring anything she may have dropped; when doing her some slight service, and when a woman under his escort receives some courtesy from a stranger.

DEAD BIRD TEACHES LESSON

Turgenieff, Celebrated Russian Novelist, Tells of Touching Incident of Boyhood Days.

The celebrated Russian novelist, Turgenieff, tells a touching incident from his own life, which awakened in him sentiments that have colored all his writings.

When he was a boy of ten, his father took him out one day bird shooting. As they tramped across the brown stubble, a golden pheasant rose with a low whirr from the ground at his feet and with the joy of a sportsman, he raised his gun and fired, wild with excitement, when the creature fell fluttering at his side. Life was ebbing fast, but the instinct of the mother was stronger than death itself, and with a feeble flutter of her wings, the mother bird reached the nest where her young brood were huddled, unconscious of danger. Then, with such a look of pleading and reproach that his heart stood still at the ruin he had wrought (and never to his dying day did he forget the feeling of guilt that came to him at that moment), the little brown head toppled over, and only the dead body of the mother shielded her nestlings.

"Father, father!" he cried, "what have I done?" and he turned his horror-stricken face to his father. But not to his father's eye had this little tragedy been enacted, and he said:

"Well done, my son; that was well done for your first shot. You will soon be a fine sportsman."

"Never, father; never again will I destroy any living creature. If that is sport I will have none of it. Life is more beautiful to me than death, and since I cannot give life, I will not take it."—Dumb Animals.

SEARCHLIGHT PLACED ON GUN

Concentrated Ray Indicates Exact Spot Where Bullet Will Hit—Intended for Use at Night.

With the recent perfection of the electric searchlight of the pocket variety a great convenience has been conferred on mankind in many directions. The latest adaptation of this device is covered by a patent granted for the combination of one of these lights on a gun so that the weapon may be made

SEARCHLIGHT ON A GUN.

use of at night just as readily as in the day time when there is plenty of light to point out the game or source of danger, whatever it may be.

The light has the most efficient batteries and lamp that can be secured at present and this combination is capable of making a powerfully concentrated light by which it is readily possible to make a sweeping survey of the surroundings. Once the object being searched for is located it is only necessary to point the ray of light on a vital spot and pull the trigger for the light is so set on the gun that the bullet will pass through the center of the circle of light. It is not necessary to aim the gun in the ordinary way for the bullet or charge from the gun will follow the ray of light.



Searchlight on a Gun.

Answers to Questions Put by "Guesser" Must Be Made in Disguised Voice Without Laughing.

This game may be played in the house, very quietly, as indoor games usually are. The "Guesser" stands in the center of the room, blindfolded. Around him the other players are grouped. The "Blindman," or "Guesser," points in some direction and the player he chances to point at comes up in front of him. He asks three questions, anything he pleases, such as "How much do you weigh?" "How tall are you?" or "Have you blue eyes?" The one addressed must answer as correctly as possible, or else say "I do not know," but must disguise his voice, making it high, low, squeaky, or he may answer in a whisper, or sing, or stutter. He may use any means he thinks of to deceive the "Blindman" as to his identity.

BLINDMAN'S BUFF IN WINTER

The player being questioned must not laugh, however, or he will have to pay a forfeit. The "Guesser" may laugh. In fact, he will, probably, do so in order to try to make the other player follow his example and pay a forfeit.

Too Much for Mamma. Mother—What's the matter with your eye, Tommie?
Tommie—That boy next door struck me, mamma.

What for, pray?
He said I struck him first.

And did you?
No; honest, I didn't, mamma.

Well, why didn't you?

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Fire, Tornado, Hail, Automobile,

Burglar, Plate Glass, Bonds, Life,

Health, Accident.

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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

Oyster Supper and Big Ball

There will be an oyster supper and an all night's ball at the Palace Hotel on Christmas eve night. Oyster supper 50c each or \$1 for boy and girl or man and wife. Oyster supper and admittance to the all night's ball together with free music \$2 per couple. Everything will be carried on in decency and order and will have the officers of the town on hand to keep order. Every man and wife are invited and every boy and his girl are invited to come and have the time of your life as Christmas only comes once a year.

(Advertisement)

For Sale—Small tract of land adjoining Normal campus. W. H. Lewis. 399p

Mrs. J. C. Compton and babies of Portales arrived yesterday to spend the Holidays at the parental B. T. Johnson home.

Herman Wragge Married.

The friends of Herman Wragge were very much surprised yesterday afternoon when he returned from Amarillo and pulled out of his pocket a marriage certificate showing that he and Grace L. Shalden were married. Mrs. Wragge came from Pender, Nebr., the former home of Mr. Wragge. They will be at home to their friends within a short time in the house east of Oscar Hunt's. They are receiving the congratulations of Mr. Wragge's many friends today.

The Christmas Angel.

Here comes the Christmas angel,
So gentle and so calm,
As soft as the falling flakes
He comes with glory and psalm.
All in a cloud of glory,
As once upon the plain,
To shepherd boys in Jewry
He brings good news again.
He is the young boy's Christmas,
He makes their eyes grow bright
With words of hope and tender thought
And a song of delight.
Hail to the Christmas angel,
All praise be to him bring
He gathers up the lonely and the sad
Beneath his shining wings.
—Rose Terry Cooke.

FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury and refinement rather than fashion; to think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasion, hurry never—in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common—this is to be my symphony.—Channing.

Peace on Earth.

Peace? Yes; that is after all and above all our Christmas gift. To make joy for others, to behold their joy, to rejoice in it, is the joy unspeakable. And why? Because it is godlike and divine. Even so the Father joys in our joy, and the Son perfects his joy in completing ours. Peace is the product of passing out of the human into the divine element and activity. No man is peaceful who cannot share, in some faint way at least, in the experiences of his Father and his God. That is the only real absorption into the divine, the perfection of which heathen philosophy has dreamed as its highest goal, but which the gospel alone has brought to light and made accessible and attainable.

How much our Christmas Sunday has in store for us? May we all indeed realize its richest treasures and feast our souls upon them. May it be the happiest of happy Christmas days that comes once more to us. As we hear our children sing, may it be the echo of the angel's song, and as we unite with them in praising Christ the Lord may his peace enter into our hearts and abide there forevermore.

Do YOU Know About OUR Prices ?

We are anxious to have you find out about them

They will interest you when you're in need of printing

Still Carry Boar's Head at Christmas

THE medieval Yuletide custom of carrying a boar's head in procession to the Christmas banquet was once common in England. Today it is confined to Queen's college, Oxford, and one or two baronial houses.

The reason for the custom surviving at Queen's is, according to tradition, on account of a valorous deed performed centuries ago by a Queen's scholar. He was walking in the fields studying his Aristotle when a wild boar rushed at him open mouthed. With great presence of mind the student crammed the book down the animal's throat, and it was thus choked to death with philosophy; hence the survival of the boar's head at the college of which this bold scholar was a member.

No fitter setting for a ceremony that links up the twentieth century with the past could be provided than the cloisters and dining hall of Queen's college. Queen's, whose foundation dates back to 1340, was the college of the Black Prince, Henry V., Cardinal Beaufort, Addison, Weyherley and many other famous men.

The procession of the boar's head is formed up at the buttery. At its head walks the soloist, a former scholar of the college. Next comes the boar's head. This is borne on a silver salver upon the shoulders of two stalwart servitors. The great head presents a quaint and handsome appearance, being surmounted by a glittering and jeweled crown and decked with frills of gilded bay and rosemary. Between the tusks is placed a golden orange. Flags bearing the college arms and devices are fixed in the head.

Immediately behind the great dish comes the college organist, wearing the brilliant robes of an Oxford doctor of music, and followed by his surpliced choir of men and boys.

Meanwhile the provost of the college, standing on the dais at the end of the hall in the midst of the principal guests, says a Latin grace, after which the dinner call is sounded in the cloisters upon a trumpet. Then with stately pomp the procession slowly advances from the buttery, through the cloisters and into the great dining hall, and the soloist sings the proclamation:

The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bay and rosemary,
And I pray you, my masters, be merry.

Then the choir sings in harmonious chorus the curious old Latin carol:

Quot exis in convivio
Caput april deferso,
Reddens laudes Domino

By the time the carol is finished the procession has reached the dais, and the boar's head is deposited on the high table. Then the provost, or, in his absence, the senior official of the college who is present, removes the flags, which are used year after year and are of considerable antiquity, and presents to each of the principal guests a portion of the gilded evergreens. The remainder is eagerly scrambled for by the other guests.

After this prelude the dinner is served as ordinarily save that the most valuable and antique silver plate and pewter are used, special sauces are served with the meats, and home brewed ale and queen's own special beer, a liquor of great potency, are served in the valuable old tankards.

CHRISTMASTIDE.

RED, red the holly berries glow,
The crimson beads that fairies blow

At Christmastide
When wonder eyed
The children gather close to hear
Strange tales that move upon the
inner ear

And dim the eyes
With plaintive sighs
Till downward slips the silent tear.

And may no sorrow at the heart
abide

Now that this gracious Christmas-
tide

Moves down the world from shore
to shore

With wonder ships of golden store,
Where every child in fancy seems
The captain of his fleet of dreams.

And may the old forget again
Their unwise wisdom bought of
pain,

And may their voices sweet and
clear

Ring out the notes of festal cheer

Ring, ring the bells with me!
Sing, sing all joyously!

While faith and hope and love still
reign

The world must ever young remain,
So sing and sing and ring the bells
O'er holt and heath and down the
gells,

And may no sorrow at the heart
abide

Now that this is glad Christmastide
—T. Howard Wilson in Los Angeles
Times

Age of the Christmas Card.

Could you say offhand how old is the Christmas card which is now making its annual appearance in the shops? It is younger than most people imagine, for its age is only about seventy years. There would seem to be two claimants (both famous) to the honor of having invented it. According to some, Cuthbert Bede designed the first card when a student at Durham university in 1845, and designs of his circulated among his friends for two years before the printers conceived the idea of offering similar cards for sale to the general public. Others claim the invention for Horsley, the artist, who designed one for Sir Henry Cole in 1846. And a specimen of this card has fetched as much as \$50.

Christmas Gratitude

Do we think enough about saying "Thank you" at Christmas? We hurry and rush through the busy days before Christmas, and then when Christmas actually comes we put off the mood of giving and sit down intent upon the culmination of our effort, which is reached when we receive. We take what comes—sometimes eagerly, sometimes with a disappointed shrug—but we take what comes, do we not, and are we always prompt to give our thanks? A certain benevolent lady said last year, "I gave thirty-eight presents this Christmas and received only nine letters of thanks." This seemed dreadful beyond words. "And what of the others?" I hastened to ask. "Some of them thanked me when we next met," she said carelessly, "and some of them never thanked me at all. You know," she added after a pause, "one of the hardest things to do is to give thanks graciously. Some people can never do it. It is the distinct mark of high breeding. I don't suppose any one but a king or a princess has really the perfect art of saying 'Thank you.'" It is a mark of good breeding to be prompt and gracious in giving thanks. Even if the gift is a pin cushion and you already have ninety-nine others, say "Thank you" sweetly, affectionately and in the spirit of Christmas. Do not let twenty-four hours pass by without taking sufficient time to write an appreciative, affectionate little note to every one who has remembered you at Christmas time. Though this may be looked upon as a duty to others, it is far more than that; it is a duty to yourself, a very real duty, for to be discourteous is to be selfish, and to be selfish is to be outside of many of life's keenest joys. As a matter of self training, if for no other reason, say "Thank you" as quickly and attractively and sincerely as you can.

December.

Oh, holly branch and mistletoe
And Christmas chimes wherever we go
And stockings pinned up in a row—
These are thy gifts, December!
And if the year has made thee old
And silvered all thy locks of gold
Thy heart has never been a-cold
Or known a fading ember.
The whole world is a Christmas tree,
And stars its many candles be.
Oh, sing a carol joyfully
The year's great feast in keeping.
For once upon a December night
An angel held a candle bright
And led three wise men by its light
To where a child was sleeping.
—Harriet F. Blodgett.

Christ the Center.

It is not a mere figure of speech that Christ, the anniversary of whose birth we celebrate, is to our moral and spiritual what the sun is to our planetary system. The dependence in both cases is alike. If the body has appetites the soul has ambition, and both must be satisfied or human equilibrium is lost. We must possess the two-linked together in some mysterious way, or we shall fly to social and moral chaos. Good government, good morals and every orderly, well directed progression rests on that concession.

To be infidel to it is to destroy the ideal, to shrivel the heart of the race, to make might right, to enshrine selfishness and greed and to displace and do violence to the public conscience.

The Man of Nazareth and what he represents are the embodiment of the law of moral gravitation which holds the world in its orbit. He gave us the ideas on which orderly communities base their legislation. He furnished us with the spiritual ideal, created new motives, made quiet, humble endurance a cardinal virtue and placed on the brow of bereavement the radiant coronet of hope.

Others have sought the same end, the same crowning achievement. Confucius, Zoroaster, Mohammed and Buddha were of the royal family of souls, but at most they were mere princes in the presence of the King. They gave much; he gave all.

A Christmas Vision.

At Christmas, when the pealing bells
Ring back our hearts to Bethlehem,
Whence the fair flower of Jesse's stem
Eternally our love compels;

Borne on the pearl my fancy goes,
Far from the Thames and noisy Strand,
To Christmas in that distant land
Where a more ancient river flows.

And there the desert's changeless calm
Is troubled. Gods and goddesses,
All Egypt's monstrous deities,
Gather in fear by well and palm.

The cry is heard: "O Egypt, hark!
We gods must die. Another comes."
Again the unrelenting drums
Shatter the horror of the dark.

Afar, where some oasis, spiced
With palm and lotus, charms the Nile,
The sphinx, with her mysterious smile,
Sees Mary kiss the sleeping Christ.
—R. Ellis Roberts.

A YULETIDE THOUGHT.

Wouldst thou learn thy
Lord's meaning in this thing?
Learn it well. Love was his
meaning. Who showed it thee?
Love. What showed he thee?
Love. Wherefore showed it he?
For love. Hold thee therein
and thou shalt learn and know more
in the same. But thou shalt
never know nor learn therein
other thing without end.—Ju-
liana of Norwich.

Real Meaning of the Day.

What with the happy bustle and planning and working and shopping which Christmas brings, there is real danger that the deepest significance of the day may be overlooked. Superficially, Christmas is the season of evergreens, of gayly decked trees, of Santa Claus, of feasting and of the giving and receiving of presents. But if that is all that it is it is not enough.

The heart of Christmas—the meaning that vitalizes all the observances and perpetuates the festival throughout the centuries—is a rude manger in an oriental khan, wherein lay the Babe who was the son of Mary and Son of God.

In its very name and in its very character Christmas is the birthday anniversary of the Christ Child. They miss the message of this gladdest day of the year who have not eyes to discern in it the cooling, helpless, beautiful Babe who in his complete humanness warms our hearts and who in his divinity sets our spirits to soaring.

Christmas Homecoming

One of the great features of Christmas is the home meeting. How many hundreds of thousands who have been separated throughout the year will now be gathered together once more under the old home roof! It is well that it should be so. It warms the heart to read of the trains to the north and the trains to the south, east and west being filled with people going home for their Christmas holidays. "I am told," said Gladstone once, "that the strain of our commercial life has loosened even the bonds that unite the family; that in the struggle for existence the parents forget the child and the child forgets the parents. Well, I read the other day that some hundreds of thousands of people were leaving London to spend their Christmas holidays at home. That is a pleasing and practical refutation of much of this pessimism." It is. If the parents did not think of the children they would not have them home, and if the boys and girls did not think of the parents they would not go home. Blood is a great deal thicker than water, and nothing will alter it. Go home for Christmas!

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We will give one fifty pound sack of Seal flour free on the following dates, to the party buying the largest bill of goods at our store on these dates:

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Thursday, December 24th.

A careful record of every purchase will be kept and the party buying the largest bill of goods on any of the above dates will receive a sack of Seal flour free.

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