

**WILL S. KEISER DIED TUESDAY IN HIS CALIFORNIA HOME**  
 Brother of C. O. Keiser and a Resident of Canyon Until a Few Years Ago.

A message was received Tuesday morning that Will S. Keiser was in a very critical condition at his home in Long Beach, California, and on Wednesday morning another message came telling of his death Tuesday night at six o'clock.

Mr. Keiser is well known in this

city, having lived here for a number of years, and having moved from here to California in 1910 on account of his health. He is a brother of C. O. Keiser and the two were associated together in business for a number of years. Two years ago he suffered a stroke of paralysis and has been practically helpless since that time.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Keiser have been in Iowa on business for the past two weeks. They were reached at Omaha, and this morning passed through the city on their way to California for the funeral services.

Will Keiser has a host of friends in Canyon who will be grieved to hear of his death.

**NIGHT WATCHMAN FOR THE BUSINESS SECTION**

Will Parole Business Section Every Night from 9:30 Until 5:30 in the Morning.

The government has sent out notice all over the southern states that large numbers of thieves are moving south to escape the cold of the northern

states and suggested that each town employ a watchman to parole the business section every night in order to save the stores from robbery.

A petition was circulated in the city yesterday to procure the services of a man for the next three months. A large number of neighboring towns have suffered great losses on account of burglary during the past two weeks. Canyon is going to try to save her merchants from this loss by the proper means of prevention.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

**RIPLEY INVITED TO CITY BUT COULD NOT COME**

President of the Santa Fe System Passed Through Canyon Sunday Morning at 5:40 O'clock

President E. P. Ripley, of the Santa Fe railroad system, passed through the city Sunday morning at 5:40 on the west bound train, on his way to California. During the past week he had been stopping for several minutes at the various stations along the

line. The citizens of Canyon wished that he would make Canyon a visit and so Friday sent a lengthy message to his special train.

Mr. Ripley replied that owing to his arrangements it would be necessary for him to travel on Sunday and that he did not wish to make any stops on that day. Furthermore, it was necessary for him to go through the city at so early an hour that it would be impracticable for him to stop. He stated that he would return this way in a few months and make us a visit if possible.

**Maximum hot WATER BOTTLE**



The largest selling bottle in the world. The price everywhere is \$2.00 each. Full 2-qt capacity. Guaranteed 2 years

Standard Price, 1 bottle \$2. This sale, 2 bottles, - \$2.01

*The Rexall Store*

**ONE CENT SALE!**

**The Harmony SHAMPOO**



A highly concentrated, cleansing shampoo. A few drops makes a delightful thick foam which cleans hair and scalp thoroughly. Leaves hair soft and glossy and free from stickiness. Daintily perfumed. Standard price 1 bottle 50c. This sale, 2 bottles, - 51c

**Monday Dec. 13<sup>T</sup> Saturday Dec. 18**

Yon ask us, "What is a One cent Sale?"

It is a sale where you buy an item at the regular price---then another item of the same kind for 1c. As an illustration: the standard price of Rexall Tooth paste is 25c. You buy a tube at this price and by paying 1c more or 26c you get two tubes. Every article in this is a high class standard piece of merchandise, just the same as we sell you every day at regular prices, and have sold you for years.

You ask us, "Can you afford to sell Merchandise at These Prices."

Our answer is, "We cannot." This sale was developed by the United Drug Co., as advertising plan. Rather than spend large sums of money in other ways to convince you of the merit of these goods, they are spending it on this sale in permitting us to sell you a full size package of high standard merchandise for 1c. It costs money to get new customers, and the loss taken on this sale will be well spent if the goods please you.

**REXALL SHAVING CREAM**



In hermetically sealed, collapsible tubes. Gives a rich creamy lather. Does not smart or dry on the face.

Standard price, 1 tube 25 cents. This sale, 2 tubes, 26 c

**REXALL TOILET SOAP**



This is positively the finest soap obtainable to retail at 10c. Daintily perfumed.

Standard Price, one cake, - 10 cents. This Sale, Two cakes, - - 11 cents

**LORD BALTIMORE LINEN writing PAPER**

A high-grade, white, fabric-finish writing paper. 24 sheets of paper and 24 envelopes to the package.



Standard price, one Package 25c. This sale, two Packages For - - 26 Cents

**Rexall Cold Cream.**

An antiseptic and healing cold cream, recommended for chapping and roughness of the skin caused by exposure to sun and wind.



Standard price, one Jar 25c. This Sale, two Jars for - - 26c

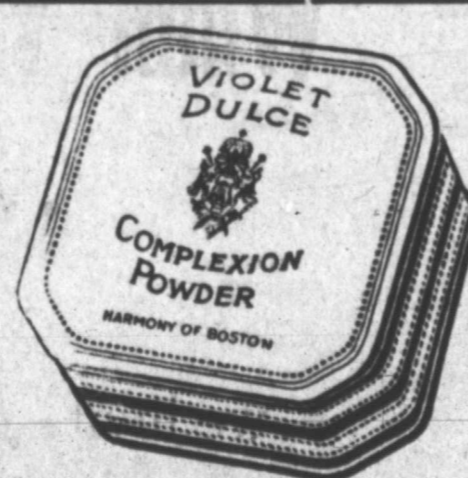


**Rexall Tooth Paste - 1c**

Antiseptic and Deodorant. Cleans and whitens the teeth.

Fragrant and pleasant to use. The perfect dentifrice.

Standard Price ONE TUBE 25Cts. Sale price TWO TUBES 26c



**VIOLET DULCE Complexion Powder**

One of the famous Violet Dulce Complexion Requisites. The name stands for highest quality. One of the best qualities of this powder is that it does not "show" when used moderately. Delightfully scented with the Violet Dulce odor. White, brunette and flesh tints.

Standard Price; 1 box - 50 cents. This sale, Two boxes - 51 cents

**Violet Dulce Talcum Powder**

Made from the finest grade of imported Italian talc. The value of a talcum is the amount of perspiration it will absorb. Only the better grades have this quality. Scented with the Violet Dulce odor.

Standard Price, One box, 25 cents. This Sale, Two Boxes, - - 26c



**PEROXIDE CREAM**  
 (Greaseless) A mild and soothing antiseptic emollient for toning up the skin, keeping it smooth and free from blemish. One Box 25c Two Boxes 26c

**REXAL CARBOLATED WITCH HAZEL SALVE**  
 You should keep a box in the home at all times for use on cuts, burns, insect bites and chilblains. One Box 25c Two Boxes 26c

**REXALL LITTLE LIVER PILLS**  
 A liver pill which wakes up the liver and relieves constipation. Sugar-coated. Put up in a convenient tin box. One box 25c Two boxes 26c

**REXALL WHITE LINIMENT.**  
 We recommend for relieving rheumatic pains, sprains and all muscular pains. One bottle 25c two bottles 26c One bottle 50c two bottles 51c

**PEERAGE CHOCOLATES**  
 A full, one-pound assortment of high-grade chocolate creams, nougats and nut creams. One pound 50c Two pounds 51c

**HARMONY COCOA BUTTER COLD CREAM**  
 A cream which has all the merits of cold cream and cocoa butter. An excellent tissue-building cream. One jar 50c Two jars 51c

**REXALL CHERRY BARK COUGH SYRUP**  
 Contains no habit-forming drugs or dangerous ingredients. One bottle 25c two bottles 26c

**REXALL CORN SOLVENT**  
 Why hobble and suffer from corns when you can get a remedy as easy and safe to use as this one? We guarantee it to be satisfactory to you. One bottle 25c two bottles 26c

**REXALL COLD TABLETS (IMPROVED)**  
 A cold tablet containing a mild laxative; does not contain opiates, and will break up a cold in the shortest possible time. One box 25c Two boxes 26c

**SCHOOL SUPPLIES**  
 10c ink tablets, fabric finish - 2 for 11c  
 5c high-grade Lead Pencils - 2 for 6c  
 Cascade Linen Envelopes 2 packages 25c, (50 envelopes) 4 packages 26c (100 envelopes).

**CASCADE LINEN WRITING PAPER**  
 One full pound, 90 sheets, high-grade, white fabric-finish writing paper. One pound 25c two pounds 26c

**REXALL THROAT PASTILLES**  
 A favorite with singers and public speakers. As pleasant as candy to the taste. One box 25c Two boxes 26c

**VIOLET DULCE LIQUID COMPLEXION POWDER**  
 Perfumed with Violet Dulce (sweet, violet) odor. White or flesh tints. One bottle 50c two bottles 51c

**ALMA ZADA COMPLEXION POWDER**  
 A heavy, smooth complexion powder that can be used to best advantage without a toilet cream under it. Brunette, Flesh and White tints. One box 50c Two boxes 51c

**SOAPS**  
 25c Rexall Medicated skin soap - 2 for 26c  
 25c Harmony Imported soap, Rose - 2 for 26c  
 25c Harmony Imported Soap, Bruyere 2 for 26c  
 25c Harmony Imported Soap, Heliotrope 2 for 26c

**CITY PHARMACY**

*The Rexall Store*

**VIOLET DULCE VANISHING CREAM**  
 This cream is so rapidly absorbed by the pores of the skin that it makes a perfect base for powder, other words a day cream. Daintily perfumed. One jar 50c Two jars 51c

Watch For



Our New Photo Play Serial Story

It Is the Work of EIGHTEEN

Of America's Most Noted AUTHORS

Read the Names:

- IRVIN COBB
- JAMES OPPENHEIM
- LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
- JAMES FRANCIS DWYER
- JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLÉ
- A. M. AND C. N. WILLIAMSON
- REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN
- WALLACE IRWIN. LEROY SCOTT
- ZANE GREY. RUPERT HUGHES
- GEORGE BRONSON HOWARD
- ANNA KATHARINE GREEN
- MRS. WILSON WOODROW
- NINA WILCOX PUTNAM
- FREDERIC S. ISHAM
- HUGH WEIR

Read the Story AND SEE THE Moving Pictures

READ THE OPENING CHAPTER ON PAGE SEVEN OF THIS ISSUE OF THE NEWS. READ THE CHAPTERS WHICH ARE TO FOLLOW.

### The Coal Man

is talking

### To You

And the best thing you can do right now is to TALK TO THE COAL MAN.

Place your order for the winter's supply of coal now and let us fill your bin before the rush of orders begins.

Everybody knows the grade of coal we sell. There is none better and we are keeping the price down.

We've talked to you—now you talk to us. It's good for both.

S. A. Shotwell Phone 4

### Star Barber Shop

- FOUR CHAIRS—NO WAITS
- The Star Barber Shop is the Most Up-to-Date ever run in Canyon.
- Everything clean and Sanitary at all times. If you have not tried our shop, once will convince you that our statements are correct.
- Give us your laundry work. Packages called for and delivered. All work fully guaranteed.

Even yet, the aeroplanes have not reached that acme of perfection calculated to recommend them to egg-shippers.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

#### A Fool There Was.

A play that deals with a phase of life that appeals to all classes.

"A fool there was, and he made his prayer—eyes as you and I—to a rag and a bone and hank of hair". This great photoplay is based upon Kipling's poem and Burnes-Jones' famous painting. Mr. Browne has succeeded in creating in "A Fool there was" a work that for daring originality and sheer power and moving qualities outdoes, in its own particular field of the drama, any play of recent years. It is the tale of a weak-willed man and a woman of sinister beauty and vampire heart.

"The Fool" and "His Wife" are happily married and living in a style commensurate with his large fortune at a country-house at Larchmont. "The Fool", at the beginning of the play, is a virile, fine natured man, fond of his home, his wife and little child and devoted to wholesome sport. Then comes the meeting with the "The Vampire" who is destined to ultimately ruin and drive him to a degraded death. "The Fool" at first resists the wiles of the sinuous, strangely fascinating Vampire. But she bides her time knowing by an experience, miltostoned by blasted careers, that in due course she will be able to bend her victim to her will.

"The Fool" is an emissary on an important foreign mission. On the steamer crossing over "The Vampire," in some strikingly conceived scenes manages to tighten her grip on his already fluctuating nature. By the time Italy is reached "The Man" is completely at her feet and ready to do her bidding in everything. In her arms he forgets his diplomatic duties, his wife and his own career. The Vampire has woven a spell about him that nothing short of death can break. Even his child ceases to exert any good influence over him. With curses and violence he repels all attempts to bring him to his senses. "The Vampire" slugs and smiles as she sees her work progressing.

Drink and drugs still further sap his will till, at "The Vampire's" behest he leaves his wife and child altogether. It is the beginning of the tragic end of the fool. The "rag and a bone and a hank of hair" to whom he has "made his prayer" toys with him like a tigress with her prey. If she frowns he is frenzied with jealousy and weakly violent. His fortune has slipped away and only one friend remains to him, a fine-charactered man who tries in vain, time and time again to break the chains that bind "The Vampire's" miserable victim. She merely laughs at these attempts. She knows too well the strength and tenacity of the web she has woven.

Ruined, broken in body and mind, "The Fool," at the last tries to break away from the association that has wrecked and blasted his life. "But it is of no use. At the end he tries to crawl to the side of his enslaver, while she laughs cruelly at the spectacle he presents. She sees nothing but what is amusing in the pitiful semblance of manhood that begs her to free him.

"Kiss me, my fool," she orders; but as he strives to reach her side he crumples up. His tragedy is over. "The Vampire" with an inscrutable smile looks down at the huddled shape at her feet. Tearing some crimson roses from her corsage she scatters the petals, like crimson drops of blood over all that remains of her wretched, broken victim.

genge. Therefore read widely of public problems that would not seem to be of concern to you. Your knowledge of construction and cost of good roads may inspire some person to build them.

9. If someone will listen to you tell what you have learned, for you really do not know a subject until you can give a clear description of it. Moreover, telling it will tend to fix it in your memory.

10. Do not be discouraged by your ignorance. When you comprehend your ignorance you have half won an education. The more you know the more ignorant you will feel because you will realize what is yet unlearned. However, every day's reading, every thought gained, gives you a satisfaction and deepened sense that nothing can ever take from you.

11. Neglect no honest duty in order to read, but not forget that reading is a duty, especially the study of home problems.

12. To some people novels are an excuse for laziness, mental and physical. Good novels, like those in the "Book Lover's List of Premiums," educate, but the light kind should be indulged in only as a relaxation, for as such they are of real value.—Progressive Farmer.

#### Twelve Rules for Educating Oneself Through Reading.

Now and then someone writes in exploring a lack of education and asking what to read and how to become well informed. I frankly confess that I seldom know what to answer, for each must gain her own knowledge.

I give a few rules that I hope may help some:

1. Remember that the goddess of learning is a jealous mistress and that she gives her gifts only to those who pay homage to her. This may be done by reading, lectures and consideration of the conversation of well read persons.
2. Take up one line of reading and stick to it until you have a working knowledge of the subject.
3. Make each day's work stand out distinctly for some definite information gained.
4. Do not consider even the most trivial subject superficially. If worth studying at all, it is worth studying well.
5. Bring capacity and inclination to your reading.
6. Intense study for five minutes a day will do more for you than an hour's random reading.
7. If reading is not a joy to you, work your selfish ends. It is better to study Shakespeare or Scott to be able to talk intelligently about their work, or to study line and color for the sake of selecting becoming clothes, than to have never read at all. The reward will come surely, but later.
8. The country needs your intelligence.

#### Ask Colquitt's Aid.

New York, Dec. 5.—Formation of state branches has been begun by the League to Enforce Peace which Former President William H. Taft is president, and the object of which is to maintain world peace after the close of the European war. The work will be in charge of a committee headed by Former Judge Alton B. Parker.

O. B. Colquitt, former governor of Texas, has been asked to become temporary chairman for Texas. When national and county organizations are completed resolutions will be adopted for presentation to congressmen and state legislators outlining the objects of the league. Efforts will be made to obtain the insertion in national and state party platforms of planks indorsing the league's aims.

#### Money to loan on Improved Farm Land.

J. S. Uim, Clarendon, Texas.

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# DON'T FAIL TO BRING YOUR TURKEYS IN SATURDAY DEC. 11th. CAR WILL GO OUT SATURDAY NIGHT

Everything is against the law of stagnation. The sun, the moon, the day, the night, the world move. Man must move with them. If he moves a little faster than the things about him he is a leader. If he hangs back

and is yanked along by the coat-tails he is a laggard and a loafer. It is getting so that royal blood is not highly regarded by fathers with marriageable daughters. They are afraid that blood will tell.

Sometimes in after life a woman man she married when he told her he was not good enough for her. No woman can be expected to talk at her best when she is undressing the baby and has her mouth full of pins.

## When You Are In Amarillo -- Shopping --

we invite you to visit our store, where you will find the most complete stock of Furniture and Housefurnishings.

Our goods are of such reliable makes, finishes and styles they possess an individuality all their own.

You will find our prices always right. Freight prepaid on out of town shipments.

**Kendrick Furniture Co.**  
504 POLK STREET AMARILLO, TEXAS

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 St.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 PER YEAR

Every once in a while you hear a man say that he has no time for the preacher or politician who is everlasting harping upon the crime and sins of the human race. He forgets that if it were not for these agitators, whatever their profession may be, that many of us would become so accustomed to seeing things going on all around us, which should not exist, that we would forget that these evils should not exist and most of us would go entirely asleep to our responsibilities as a member of the human family. Given his full allotment of time, man hasn't much time to spend on this old earth, and if he doesn't try to help his fellows as he passes down the road to eternity, better were it have been had he never been born.

Say, who is going to build those needed houses in Canyon? Nearly a dozen families in Canyon are without a home. Many families are coming to the city every week, expecting to find homes and they cannot do so. Furthermore, rooms are becoming very scarce, as the families who come and cannot find houses must room. Yesterday a young man walked from one o'clock until six without finding a vacant room in any part of the city. CANYON MUST BUILD MORE HOUSES AT ONCE.

President Wilson announces that his famous policy of "watchful waiting" in Mexico has been changed to "hopeful waiting." The people of these United States, as a whole, are with him on his policy. Of course, there are many who would have favored this country in war with Mexico and pulled up a debt similar to those suffered by the European countries, and with thousands of our young men either dead or maimed for life.

A billion and a quarter dollars worth of preparation ought to sound better to any man than a six billion debt, like England has today, to say nothing of the millions of men who have been either killed or crippled for life. United States is so situated that she does not have to jump on to another country to obtain needed territory, and at the same time, she is so powerful that with decent protection, which she has not now, no other country would dare attack us.

The merchants of Canyon are taking space in the News this week to tell you about their Christmas goods. The merchants of Canyon are a live bunch and have prepared for your Christmas wants. They have the goods and at reasonable prices. Make out your list of presents today and call on the Canyon stores. Do your Christmas shopping early in order to avoid the rush of the last week.

In some instances we don't blame Santa for leaving empty stockings. Never did like limberger smells.

Our old friend, The Congressional Record, is again due for daily visits.

NOT ENOUGH CHILDREN

ever receive the proper balance of food to sufficiently nourish both body and brain during the growing period when nature's demands are greater than in mature life. This is shown in so many pale faces, weak bodies, frequent colds, and lack of ambition.

Teddy Roosevelt refused to let his name go for the primary ballot of Nebraska as a candidate for president on the republican ticket. Of course, Nebraska is alright as a state, but we don't blame Teddy for the not wishing his name to appear in that particular column of the ticket.

You people of the Plains country who want to move to the educational center of Northwest Texas had better bring your house with you if you don't like tenting out. Canyon's supply of houses is exhausted.

The members of congress who are opposing the President's program for protection will find at the next election that the President's program is also the people's program, and that these same opponents will get a chance to stay at home after next year's elections.

The rumors of peace still come from Europe, but so far the dove hasn't made its appearance.

The Germans ought to paint jokes on their submarines, and then John Bull couldn't see them.

A vacant house in Canyon is similar to hen's teeth.

Yep, only two weeks and three days until Christmas.

Have you asked yourself why you take your home paper or why it is necessary to have a home paper? Do so, and you will start a train of thought that will be illuminating to you. The paper comes to you and the home people are too small for a place in its columns. About its only thought of you is the money it gets of you. It deals in world matters and is of value to you because through it you obtain much of your knowledge of a greater affair in life. But it utterly ignores you and yours. Hence the local paper and likewise your reason for taking the local paper. You cannot exist without a knowledge of the affairs of your community. You must know of the local authorities, the doings of the churches, the lodges and of your neighbors, and the community in general. You cannot obtain the knowledge from the big city paper, but you do find it in the columns of your home paper. You buy the big city daily because you must know of the progress of the world, for your mind is developing day by day and demand this greater fund information. But your mind craves even a more intimate knowledge of affairs that are vital to the interests of you and yours, these things you find only in your home paper. To the big city daily you are but a single pebble on the beach, a drifting sand of the desert. But to the home paper you are one of us an important

factor in the community. A disrupting community means a shrinkage and loss in property values and a stagnant public mind. Hence the home paper has an ever watchful eye to the interests of the community and of yourself, for only in the preservation of the community and of yourself can the home paper hope for a continental existence. The home paper is your friend and you know it. And because you are loyal to your friends and to the community you believe in the home paper and its ceaseless work for home people. Your interests and those of the home paper are identical, and you need it quite as much as it needs you. And the man who recognizes the necessity of a community of interests becomes a builder, and not a destroyer.—Ex.

Lockney Beacon—Considerable criticism is being made of Gov. Ferguson in the matter of his taking part in the Bell county local option election. The criticism is inopportune in as much as the true facts are not known in the case, and it is evident that Gov. Ferguson had reasons known to himself in taking the stand he did, and at the proper time will doubtless take the public into his confidence. In the mean time he chooses to undergo criticism for a season, and in due course of time the matter will be explained in a manner satisfactory to these critics.

Pleasant View Items.

The Bennett and Breckenridge threshers began threshing for Breckenridge Wednesday morning and the crops are turning fine. Maize making 40 bushel and kafir about 52 bushels per acre and is a good yield.

The patrons of the Pleasant View school decided to have a feast on Thanksgiving day and every one was invited, even the Bennet and Breckenridge threshing crew came down at noon to eat the good things that those well filled baskets contained, such as chicken, ham, salads, cranberries, jam turkey, mince pies, cakes of all kinds, until it did not taste good.

A snow storm struck the Gamble Thanksgiving day about noon, but by night it had passed over and the weather is a little cooler.

We most forgot to say something about the excellent program Mrs. W. H. Younger had prepared for us on Thanksgiving. As the storm struck just after noon, the visitors stayed to enjoy the program which was fine.

Donald, the oldest son of L. C. Caswell was very sick last Friday but is able to get back to school.

P. V. school has increased its number of pupils 4 since school started one from Mr. Street's and three from Mr. Muley's.

H. C. Breckenridge sold his grain to C. O. Keiser and is on the way to the Creek ranch with the engine and a trail of loaded wagons.

Cloudy today and a slow rain falling which will be of great benefit to the wheat.

Mr. Cantrell of Jones county arrived last week with his car of household to occupy a part of the Turk section, now owned by Rev. J. J. Cantrell of Hillsboro but he never unloaded his car.

H. G. Breckenridge finished threshing last Friday and had about 2,000 bushels and kept out feed for the summer.

Mrs. Breckenridge is very sick at this writing.

Look Who's Here.

In addition to the big features of the Holiday business, the City Pharmacy is displaying its progressiveness by putting on one of the famous Rexall 1 cent sales. The Rexall people are hustlers and know the value of advertising. Therefore they are going in with the City Pharmacy and the other big Rexall stores of the United States in making their goods more popular through the use of liberal space in the newspapers in advertising these one cent sales. The Rexall goods have become very popular all over the country and this scheme of selling two high class articles for the price of one, plus only a cent is a very unique idea and shows an advertising ability in the big office at Boston.

To Users of Coal Oil Stoves.

In order to get the best results from your stove or heater use an oil which will give more heat and less smoke and practically no odor.

BESTLIGHT OIL, a product of the Magnolia Petroleum Co., gives more heat than any other coal oil, and will not gum nor smoke the burners, and is as near odorless as it is possible to make a fuel oil.

The agent for the Magnolia Petroleum Company, phone No. 1, will be very glad to explain the many advantages to be obtained from the use of BESTLIGHT OIL. Call him up, for it is no trouble to answer questions. BESTLIGHT OIL not only saves money but gives perfect satisfaction.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

NORMAL NOTES

At a meeting of the Juniors last week the following officers were elected: Miss Hazel Weatherly president; Claude Dowlin, vice president; Miss Twiskel, secretary; Miss Hall, treasurer; Miss Roly Benton, Sergeant at arms.

The Senior class met last week for the purpose of organization. The following officers were elected: Freda Griffin, president; Ziba Porter, vice president; Maud Lindsey, secretary; Yveta Snowden, treasurer.

The Sesame society met last week and elected the following officers: Yveta Snowden, president; Louise Hare, vice president; Mary Probasco, secretary; Louise Hare, Miss Leonard, Nina Lewis as programme committee.

Mr. Price Scott has returned to school after a week's visit at home.

The Palo Duro Literary society met for election of officers. The following were elected: Walter Hardin, president; O. L. Huddleston, vice president; Joe Donnelly, treasurer; Norman Cleavenger, Chaplain; John Hessey, chairman of the programme committee.

The Barret-Browning society met Saturday, Nov. 27. The following officers were elected: Mary Cullum, president; Margaret Bass, secretary; Nina Lewelling, vice president; Willie Mills, treasurer; Mae Stilwell, sergeant at arms.

The Cousins Literary society called a meeting Nov. 27, for the purpose of electing officers. The following officers were elected: Price Scott, president; Chas. Keffer, vice president; Mr. Whippo, secretary; C. Y. Dowlen, sergeant at arms; Mr. Miller, Critic.

The following are the officers of the Germania Verein: Erna Guenther, president; Robert Miller, vice president; Estlin Allen, music director; Margaret Guenther, reporter;

The Sophomore class met Dec. 2 for the purpose of electing new officers. The following were elected: Clifford Brown, president; Hillard Fatherson, vice president; Alma Hale, secretary; Marvin Norman, treasurer; Timothy Wells, sergeant at arms; Mary Cain, Critic.

Misses Elva Brown, Abbie Clark, Lawrence and Walter Hardin and Herman Glass went to Amarillo Saturday afternoon to the football game.

"Rhyme in Pictorial Art" is the subject chosen by Miss Denman for her talks in chapel this week.

Money to loan on Improved Farm Land. J. S. Ulm, Clarendon, Texas.

The New Story

In this issue of the News will be found the opening chapter of the great serial story, "GRAFT." You have been reading about graft in every daily newspaper you pick up. Read this series of articles by eighteen of America's greatest modern writers.

The story is more of a series of high classed articles than it is a serial story. For instance, Irvin Cobb, the star writer for the Saturday Evening Post, writes the story appearing in this week's issue of the News. This is the first time Mr. Cobb has ever written for a weekly newspaper, and you will not be able to find this story in any of the magazines. It is exclusive for the newspapers that he is writing this particular story. Other writers will follow, who are just as prominent. See the list in another part of the paper today.

The News trusts that every man and woman who is interested in better government will read these articles and find out what is going on in this country and how it is done.

Coming to Life Again.

There is to be a Progressive national convention next year, there is to be a national ticket and the Progressives expect to make the fight on national issues.

George W. Perkins says so. He also says the Republican party is a party with out a leader or a platform and the Democratic party is not much better off.

George W. has an excellent opinion of himself.

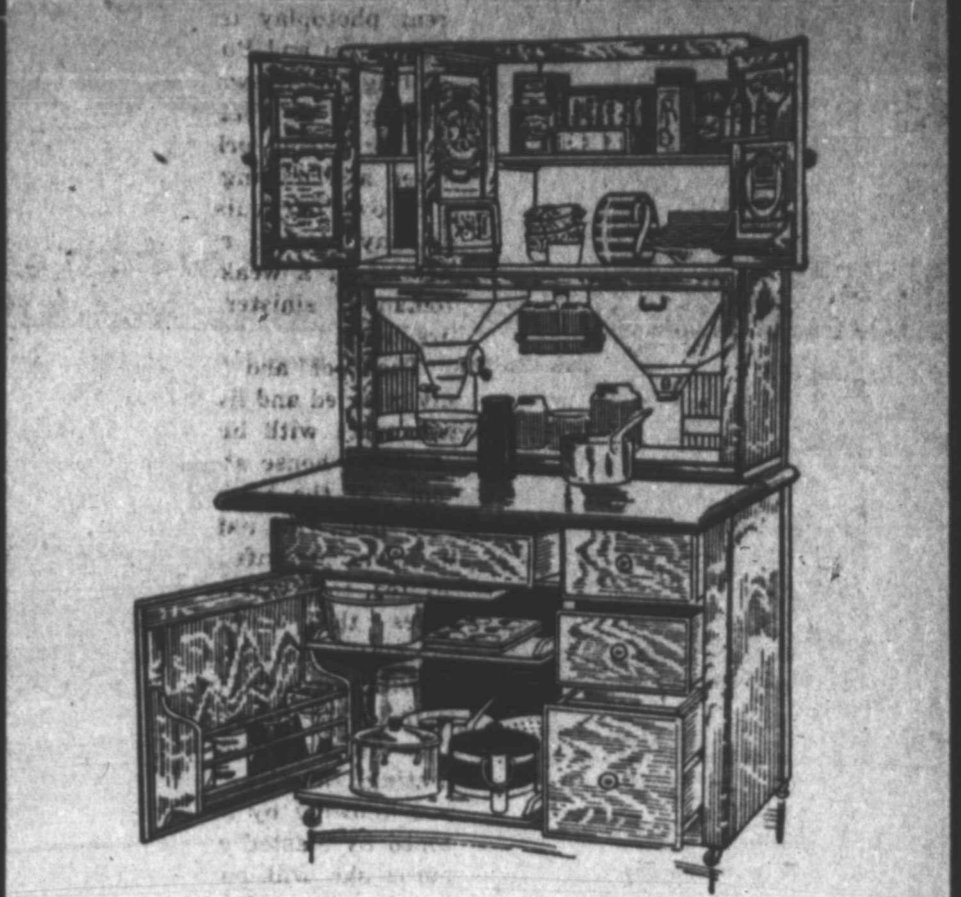
He has enlisted for the war whether it be for four years or eight years or twelve years. For a partner of a century this head of the house of Perkins was a scale on the trunk of the Wall street money devil.

He accumulated a most respectable fortune.

Then he saw a great light and took up the cudgel in behalf of the poor little devil Arthur Brisbane has immortalized in print as "the common people."

—Ft. Worth Record

PUT THE NEW HOOSIER CABINET IN YOUR KITCHEN



It saves miles of steps and hours of time, because it combines the cupboard, pantry and work table in one spot. Get your wife one for Christmas. It will be the most appreciated gift you can buy.

Before you make your Christmas purchases, come to our store. Inspect our stock of furniture, rugs, pictures, etc., and we are quite sure you can find suitable presents for those whom you wish to remember.

L. T. DAVAULT

News of the Day

Champ Clark has been elected speaker of the national house of representatives.

Reports from all over the United States indicate that this Christmas will be the most prosperous the country has seen for a number of years.

Dallas is having her usual large number of winter robberies.

General Villa seems to be on the run. He is reported to have left his men in some of the most important battles, while he sought personal safety.

Lord Northcliffe, publisher of the London Times, is in bad with the government and strong language is being used on both sides. His paper has been threatened with suppression.

The world is still speculating over the visit of the Kaiser to Vienna. But it is likely that only the Kaiser knows and in proper time he will take the world into his confidence. The Kaiser knows the war game to perfection and always has something up his sleeve.

Three members of the Austrian cabinet have quit.

The United States has asked the immediate withdrawal of Capt. Karl Boy-Ed and Capt. Franz von Papen, two of the German attaches. Diplomatic relations between Germany and the United States are in the most serious condition of any time since the war started.

Three or four bank robberies have been committed during the past week.

Memory harkens back to the days of the James Bros.

Charles Bryan, brother of William J. refused to sign the petition to place the name of President Wilson on the democratic primary ticket of the state of Nebraska. The politicians are still guessing what it means.

Greece is still lingering in the list of neutral nations, but they are having a hard time to hold their balance, judging from newspaper reports.

Three high officials of the Hamburg American steamship line were found guilty of conspiracy against the U. S. and were sentenced to terms in the federal prison.

Lee Satterwhite, a former newspaper man of Tulsa, has leased the Panhandle Herald. Mr. Satterwhite made the race for the legislature from this district four years ago.

St. Louis Wins National Convention.

Dallas lost her fight for the next democratic national convention before the meeting of the national committee in Washington Tuesday. St. Louis was chosen.

Efforts are being made by the newly-organized women's section of the Navy League to enlist a million members by Jan. 1 to aid in the movement for national preparedness.

Pennsylvania has nearly 7,000 women been committed during the past week.



YOU ARE INVITED TO LOOK US OVER

First you want Quality—not quantity. Our motto is, "Quality not Limited." We have no toys, no cheap goods. Any article in our holiday line will make a present worthy of the giver. Our display room is limited and we can only show a small part of our goods—If you do not see what you want, "Ask the man." Cut Glass, China, Silver, Ivory, more ivory, Ivory in every form, Toilet sets, Dolls.

JEWELRY JEWELRY JEWELRY SEE OUR STOCK BEFORE YOU BUY

BURROUGHS AND JARRETT "QUALITY NOT LIMITED"

FOR PRIVATE SALE

Having decided to quit farming I will offer my entire herd of Norman mares for sale: 15 head of Norman mares, bred to Registered Norman stallions. 15 mules, coming 2 and 3 years. 10 head of weaning, 7 mules, 3 horses. 1 Percheron registered black, coming 5 year old stallion. 3 Jacks, coming 3 to 8 years. 2 Hereford bulls, 3 years old. 1 fresh Jersey cow, 6 years old.

Will give time on part payment on good bankable notes. For further descriptions, write, phone or come and see them. 3 miles west from depot and 1 mile north of Canyon, Texas.

J. P. ANDERSON



### CONCERNING MY LANDS

Agricultural lands in the eastern and middle states have grown so high in value that their ownership has become an impossibility for the poor man and from the standpoint of rent, they are an unprofitable investment for anyone who is able to own them.

This condition led me to investigate conditions in order that I might serve both the man who wants a home, and the man who wants to invest in land.

If you want a home it is to your interest to see us. If you want to make an investment, I can help you select the most profitable location. Having personally investigated every part of the Panhandle, I know the advantages and the disadvantages of each part over the remaining portions. There is no section better than Randall County and the counties in its vicinity, and there are many other sections which are not so good.

I have a large number of farms, both improved and unimproved, in Randall and adjoining counties. These farms were originally part of the big ranches which I bought several years ago and cut up into smaller properties. I bought direct from the original holders, for cash. I can sell direct, in tracts to suit the purchaser, on the most liberal terms, and at prices which will make him money.

The titles to these lands have all been passed on, approved and accepted by the best attorneys in the state, and complete abstracts of title are furnished with each piece of land sold. I have no series of immigration companies assisting me in disposing of the farms, as these always increase the expense which the buyer must pay in the end. I save my customers the extra commissions. The men who have bought of me appreciate this fact and will be glad to personally testify to the fair and courteous treatment they have ever received.

These lands have been personally selected by me with the greatest care, and with the exercise of my best judgment in prices and quality. The selling prices are as low as the lowest, and the quality is always dependable.

Inexhaustible wells with a sheet water supply, testing by government officials 99.99 per cent pure, and in quality second to none, are available on any of these lands.

The best recommendation for this part of the Panhandle is the fact that those who have become residents usually remain. When they once become settlers they acquire the "staying habit." Many Randall county settlers have lived here for more than twenty years. Nearly all came here poor. The natural resources, coupled with intelligent farming paved the way to success until these "old timers" have put aside enough of the world's goods to provide for

their wants during their old age and have been supplanted on the farms by their sons and daughters. This in itself is the best evidence of the stability and permanence of the Panhandle country.

Alfalfa is one of the staple crops of Randall county. It produces from one to one and one-half tons per acre each cutting, and is cut three and four times annually. There is always a ready market at top prices.

Kafir corn, Milo maize and Feterita constitute the principal row crops. Through scientific tests of the Kansas Agricultural College, it has been demonstrated that these crops for insilage and for dry grain are of as great value as Indian corn. The yield is always sure and the grain heavy. The fact that cattle fattened exclusively on these grains and other native feeds on my farms in 1913 and 1915 topped the Kansas City market has caused dissatisfaction among the feeders of the Mississippi Valley. They realize that they cannot compete with this section, where cheap lands yield crops in weight and feeding value equal to those raised on the high priced lands they were forced to use. The fact is inevitable that the cattle feeding business is moving to the southwest, and that on account of the favorable climate the Panhandle will within a few years produce more fat cattle than any other section.

Wheat yields from twenty to thirty bushels per acre and oats from forty to sixty. The quality of both is fine.

All other crops yield abundantly in these communities and with good profit. All of my lands are adapted to agriculture and anyone with industry and judgment can pay for a first-class farm in a very few seasons.

Canyon has one of the finest schools in the state, while the country schools are first class. The West Texas State Normal College, the leading normal of Texas is located at Canyon. Churches of practically every established denomination are found within this community. Society is good and all of the people are friendly and neighborly. Many of the best farmers from both the northern and southern states are residents of this section.

This land was all created to be farmed. The community has changed from the grazing to agricultural, and the values of real estate have grown and will grow higher until the farm prices of older countries are reached. The man who buys now will reap the benefits, the same as did the earlier settlers in the Mississippi Valley, but in a much shorter time. If you intend at any time to invest in this land, DO IT NOW, delay only brings higher prices.

I will always be pleased to show you just what we are doing and raising to any one, whether prospective buyer or not, as we invite thorough investigation and inspection.

C. O. KEISER, CANYON, TEXAS

Made from Cream of Tartar

# Dr. PRICE'S

CREAM

# BAKING POWDER

Sixty Years the Standard

**NO ALUM—NO PHOSPHATE**

LOCAL NEWS.

H. E. Harrison and wife of Clovis, spent Saturday and Sunday with his brother, J. S. Harrison.

For anything in the photo line go to the New Photo Studio. Special low prices for the holidays. Studio upstairs in First National Bank Building room 27. Work delivered promptly.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Johnson returned Thursday night from their trip to the world's fair.

Keep your hogs in good health.

An Amarillo man has been arrested for giving a bad check at the depot and will be tried at the January term of the county court.

Ladies' and children's hats at one-half price at the Variety Store.

Rev. J. A. Campbell was over from Hereford yesterday in his car to get the linotype metal for the January issue of his paper, The Antidote, which the News is now setting for him.

The New Photograph Studio over the First National Bank, room 27 is offering special inducements on work for Xmas. All work guaranteed to please. Delivered on time. Kodak films developed free, pictures 3c each.

Rev. J. W. Mayne wrote the News from Amarillo that he received a message stating that his wife's sister was not expected to live. He went directly to Wills Point.

BESTLIGHT OIL gives more heat.

A large number of football fans were in Amarillo Saturday to see the game between Amarillo high and the Sherman high school, the latter winning by a score of 13 to 0.

LOCAL NEWS.

HAPPY HOUR promises a grand treat with a big Six reel Broadway feature with JULIA DEAN in Judge Not.

J. E. Rogers left Tuesday for a business trip to Waco.

MADE IN U. S. A. is now the watchword for American progress. The pessimist is no more—the optimist is at the throttle.

BUILD YOU A HOME Canyon Lumber Company.

In last week's issue of the News note was made of the fact of the death of two little children in Clovis, by burning to death on Thanksgiving. At that time we did not know that they were the children of H. S. Burnham, a former resident of Canyon, and well known here.

If you don't think that Mr. Payne, Mgr. of the Happy Hour Theatre has got some music you should just drop in and see one of his shows.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Pipkin, Mrs. Ackley and Mrs. Burrow drove to Amarillo Friday.

Ladies' and children's hats at one-half price at the Variety Store.

J. A. Grundy is on a business trip to Kansas City. He will be gone a couple of weeks.

Better be safe than sorry. Get that hog remedy at Orton's.

W. G. Word and C. H. Jarrett went to Kansas City Friday.

The new Photo Studio for your Xmas photos. All work guaranteed and prompt delivery.

LOCAL NEWS.

It will pay you to come and get your meat and thus save delivery charges. We handle the best fresh and cured meats the market affords. Clean and sanitary shop. Just east of the postoffice, phone 247. Stone's Market.

N. E. McIntire was in Hereford on Sunday.

BESTLIGHT OIL is the best.

Mrs. Carl Coffee was in Amarillo Friday.

You may read about the GRAFT that is going on in the world! Now. You will have a chance to see it in real action FREE at the HAPPY HOUR Dec. 16th.

R. E. Prewitt of Happy was a business caller in the city Thursday. He reports that he has 900 acres of wheat planted and will plant 200 acres more. Mr. Prewitt is one of the progressive farmers of the county and is always a leader with a big wheat crop.

BESTLIGHT OIL costs a little more but gives more heat and does not smoke.

Rev. J. W. Mayne left Monday for Dallas, called by the illness of Mrs. Mayne's sister.

Join the procession. We are headed for the New Photo Studio to have some work done for Xmas. They are making special low prices for the occasion. Over First National Bank, Room 27.

Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Gober and Miss Frankie were in Tulsa Sunday.

For sale—Young fat hogs, 10 cents per pound, dressed. Pure lard in 25 and 50 pound cans, 12½ cents per pound, while it lasts. Vetesk Market, phone 12.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Garner have been in Plainview called by the illness of Mr. Garner's sister.

Photo Playhouse presents popular photo plays pleasing particular people and some that are not particular. We are showing to capacity houses every night, not because we are "good fellows" but upon the MERITS of our show. Always "pictures with a purpose."

A man by the name of Sams, who lives in Omaha, Nebr., will build a new house on his farm east of the city and Herman Kuhlman's father-in-law, Mr. Dinkle of Bushland, will move to the place in the spring.

Henry Baker is quite ill at the home of his brother, J. C. Baker.

The gasoline I sell is carefully filtered so that you will not be troubled with water or other foreign substances. Guthrie Garage.

Herman Kuhlman moved this week into the new house which he has been building on his farm east of the city.

Hog cholera in the country, better get that remedy at Orton's.

Mrs. Dorothy Dohrman was home from her school work at Lipscomb Friday and Saturday.

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

B. Frank Buie was in Happy yesterday on matters of business. He says that all of the business houses of Happy have been newly painted this fall and that a number of new houses are being built.

GRAFT GRAFT GRAFT GRAFT of the liquor traffic EXPOSED Dec. 16th FREE to every body at the Happy Hour Theatre from 4 p. m. to 8 o'clock.

Misses Mary Jones and Dimple Gass of Hereford visited in the city Sunday.

Any one wishing tractor work done see Roffey & McGahey.

J. H. Waller has a new Dodge Bros. car.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. B. Wright of Amarillo were in Canyon last week on business.

BESTLIGHT OIL used once, always used.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Campbell have gone to California where they will spend a greater part of the winter.

Don't miss JULIA DEAN in JUDGE NOT at the HAPPY HOUR THEATRE Saturday night. This promises to be a still better picture than under the Southern Skies.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE

For Sale—23 cows, 1 yearling heifer, one or two calves in the bunch. All young stuff. P. D. Hanna.

For sale—Hard Coal Burner stove. Only used one season. Call News office if you are looking for a bargain.

Why pay 75 cents for typewriter ribbons when you can buy them for ONLY 60 cents at the News office?

For sale—Five room house, quarter block of land, five blocks from the square and three from the high school building. Address box 398, Canyon, Texas.

For Sale—One span of good work horses. J. A. Harbison.

For trade—12 lots in an up-to-date town in Missouri for Canyon property. Parties interested call at Peerless Bakery, Canyon, Texas.

For sale—Good surrey. Call the News office.

WANTED

Wanted—To buy kafir and maize heads. D. N. Redburn.

Wanted—Hauling with team. Apply at the W. E. Bates home, phone 94.

LOST

Stayed—Coming two year old male or steer, white faced, branded, half circle around the tail. G. R. Ward, Hereford.

LOCAL NOTES.

Bill Black is home from school in Tennessee. He does not expect to go back this year.

Buy BESTLIGHT OIL at THE LEADER.

Bob Reynolds is visiting friends and relatives in the city.

Hog cholera remedy, absolutely guaranteed at Orton's.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Blough, who are teaching near the six mile crossing, spent Sunday in Canyon.

Mrs. Allan Score spent Sunday night in Amarillo.

S. V. Wirt has a full line of paint, glass and wall paper. Best line in the city. Always glad to serve you.

Mrs. T. V. Reeves was in Amarillo Friday.

BESTLIGHT OIL will not gum the burner.

W. J. Flesher was a business caller in Happy Thursday.

Why be troubled with dirty gasoline when Guthrie has thoroughly filtered his before selling it to you. The price is right.

V-AVA is the best thing to have in your home of office for cleaning the furniture and to use when sweeping carpets and rugs. At the News office.

The Star-Telegram and the Randall County News for one year, during the period Dec. 1-15 will be only \$4.25 per year. The Star-Telegram alone is \$3.25. Leave your orders at the News office.

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

If you know a news item, call the News office and tell us all the news every week. We need your help in order to get out the very best newspaper, and the best is none too good for Canyon.

**EXCURSIONS**

Christmas and New Year Holiday rate, all parts of Texas. One and one-third fare for round trip. Tickets on sale December 18, 23, 24, 25, 26 and January 1st, 1916, limit until January 5, 1916.

Holiday rates to all points in New Mexico, fare and one-third, date of sale and limit the same as Texas dates given above.

Holiday rates to points in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentuck, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Baltimore, Md., Washington, D. C., Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, Denver, Colorado Springs, Trinidad. Dates of sale, Dec. 21, 22, 23. Limit Jan. 18th. Fare and one-third for round trip.

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



The 1915 Needle Club met with Mrs. M. P. Garner last Thursday afternoon. A very pleasant afternoon was spent in conversation and needle work. A one course lunch was served by the hostess. The club will meet with Mrs. Hainey Dec. 16, at the home of Mrs. E. F. Miller.

Mrs. Luke entertained the Merry Maids and Matron club Thursday afternoon. The house was beautifully decorated with Christmas decorations. A lovely three course luncheon was served. The guest of the club was Mrs. Hugh Goggans of Lubbock.

The Woman's Book Club met yesterday afternoon at the rest rooms for the regular study hour. The leaders were Mesdames Guenther, C. T. Word, and Luke.

The club will meet no more during the month of December. The following will be the lesson for the first meeting in January, January 12th: Roll call: Historic attempts to take the city of Rome, or current events.

Paper—The Roman Ideal of State. Discussions—The Laws of Rome touching the poor. Pauperism of the ages and its problems.

Queries. Leaders—Mesdames Mayne, Warwick, Park.

"Backward, turn backward, oh time in your flight, Make me a child again, just for tonight."

Such was the spirit of the social given at the home of John Guthrie, Monday evening, when Mrs. Guthrie assisted by Mrs. Clarence Smith entertained two classes of the M. E. Sunday School, namely, Claude Harrison's and Mrs. Mayne's.

As each guest arrived they were required to register, general conversation was indulged in until the last guests arrived, when they were given pencil and paper and told to solve the puzzles that were pinned in a confusion of places around the room, they were given a certain length of time, instructed to assist no one, each one to use his own solution; when they were called to order and compared, it was found that Ralph Smith, Jeff Wallace and Effie Weller solved most of the puzzles. Next was two tables of progressive games, followed by a contest of Hat trimming by three gentlemen, patching by three and working button holes by three also writing cake receipts, these games afforded much pleasure, especially the hats trimmed by Ralph Smith and Ira Sanford; the hat trimmed by Ralph Smith was declared the best "Get-up", he is now hunting a job in some millinery store. Also the cake receipts were especially fine. There was not a dull moment during the entire evening and each bid the hostesses goodnight, they declared that one of the best times of their lives, and hoped it would not be long before they would have the pleasure of another such evening. Mesdames Guthrie and Smith are to be complimented on as being such charming hostesses.

A Guest.

On Sunday afternoon the Wesley girls S. S. class and the young Ladies Missionary society were charmingly entertained by Mrs. Guy Baker at her home in the west part of town. A laughable cake contest and instructive readings from foreign missionaries, with much pleasant conversation consumed the afternoon. Delicious hot chocolate and nabiscoes, olives and a salad was served at the conclusion of the enjoyable afternoon.

NOTICE.

Should any reader of the Amarillo papers see a picture advertised at the Virginia Theatre that they would like to see, just wait three days and it will be shown in the Happy Hour Theatre here.

Wurlitzer Orchestrian

Manager Bert Payne, of the Happy Hour Theatre, has bought a Wurlitzer Orchestrian and is not getting it proper adjusted so as to furnish the music all of the time at his theatre. This instrument is a great machine. It has 35 instruments in the box and make music equal in volume to a 35 piece orchestra.

He gets it properly adjusted, he will re-arrange the front of his playhouse so that the machine will set out in front, the music going to the outside, but it will be plenty loud enough so that all of the people in the house can hear the orchestra.

# JONES

Reorganization Sale IN FULL BLAST

A clean Sweep of our entire stock Including Ladies ready-to-wear, Shoes clothing, dry goods and everything to wear at ridiculously low prices

Come or write for one of our big circulars.

# JONES Dry Goods Company

Amarillo, Texas Corner Sixth & Polk

PEEP AT OUR NEW HATS



WHEN YOU MEET ANYBODY THE FIRST THING HE SEES IS YOUR HAT. NO MAN CAN AFFORD NOT TO WEAR A CLEAN, NEW HAT OR CAP. WE'VE GOT JUST THE HAT YOU NEED. COME GET IT. A MAN SHOULD ALSO BE ON GOOD TERMS WITH HIMSELF. NOTHING GIVES A MAN MORE CONFIDENCE THAN WEARING GOOD CLOTHES NEXT TO HIMSELF. COME IN AND LET US SHOW YOU SOME NEW UNDERWEAR, SHIRTS AND HOSE. THIS MEANS WE WILL SELL THEM TO YOU.

Redfearn & Company



The Telephone Saved a Life

When one of our men was badly injured by the threshing machine we telephoned the doctor, who told us how to patch the man up. The doctor then started for our place in a hurry. When he arrived the man was pretty weak, and without the doctor's advice the results might have proved serious. Thanks to the telephone, the man pulled through.

Every farm should have Bell Telephone connection.

Write our nearest Manager for information. The Southwestern Telegraph & Telephone Company



That the peace which prevails between the United States and Mexico is purely a theoretical variety is evidenced again by the considerable battle that was fought the other day between the United States troops and Mexicans at Nogales. Carranza's Japan agrees not to conclude a separate peace. She has it already.—Philadelphia North American.

The Advertised Article

It is one in which the merchant himself has implicit faith—else he would not advertise it. You are safe in patronizing the merchants whose ads appear in this paper because their goods are up-to-date and never shopworn.

The Star-Telegram and the Randall County News for one year, during the period Dec. 1-15 will be only \$4.25 per year. The Star-Telegram alone is \$3.25. Leave your orders at the News office.

365 Copies

One every day is the number you now receive with a year's subscription to

The Fort Worth STAR-TELEGRAM

the popular growing newspaper, which has the largest mailing list of readers in the state. The regular price is \$6.00 a year, but

For \$3.25

during "Bargain Days" you get a full year's subscription to this daily and Sunday metropolitan newspaper. Thus the proper time to subscribe is during the "Bargain Days," because then you

Save \$2.75

Remember, The Star-Telegram is a seven-day-a-week paper, with both day and night full wire service, and is printed at an hour based upon train departures from Fort Worth, the railroad center. This exclusive system assures the reader the

Latest News First

And in addition to the complete daily issue, with its many excellent features you get the big Sunday copy, with its magnificent color section. A paper of unusual interest to every member of the family.

Call at This Office

And we will send your order for \$3.25 and save you the bother. Don't forget the Annual "Bargain Days" date is between—

DECEMBER 1 to 15 Only

A Talk to Merchants.

If the inroads of the mail-order houses on the business of country merchants is to be stopped, publishers must come to the front with their assistance. Some publishers are of the opinion that it is up to the dealers to fight their own battles, but those who are far-sighted realize that a growing community will be beneficial to their own business. No publisher can look much by giving his help to aid his neighbor.

But publishers should remember that they are entitled to the support of those they aim to help especially in the case of opposing mail-order houses. By liberal advertising any dealer who finds that out-of-town concerns are hurting his business can recuperate his losses and turn the trend in his direction. A. W. Cline, publisher of the Davidson at Thomsonville, N. C., talks right from the shoulder to those who allow the business which rightfully belongs to them to go somewhere. In a recent issue he talks to local dealers like this:

"Local merchants wonder why it is that the mail-order business is constantly increasing, when to the mind of a man who knows the first principles of advertising it is perfectly plain. If local merchants, especially furniture dealers, would profit by the experience of the mail-order houses, who have built up their business solely from the proper kind of advertising they would have hauled away from their stores the carloads of furniture that come to the freight offices every month from the mail-order houses.

"The housewife is the one who generally selects the furniture for the home, and if she can pick up a mail-order catalogue and in a few minutes select what she wants, it is a settled fact that she is not going to walk to the furniture store, or if she lives in the country, hitch up and drive in, to select what she wants. Instead, she writes out an order for the goods she wants and have it delivered to her street depot and all the trouble she has to it will be to have it delivered and get it some time later.

"If a merchant would advertise in the local papers, that he regularly and constantly keep the public informed as to what he carries in stock, all the trouble it would be to the housewife when she wanted an article would be to call the merchant over the telephone and tell him to lead the article on the wagon when it came to town. The way the majority of the local merchants carry on their business the public will never know what they have in stock.

"The time is coming when a man who won't advertise will be considered out of the game, or rather will have to get out and make room for progressive men who are building up their business by advertising.

"The above facts are true in every line of the mercantile business and it is encouraging to the newspaper man to know that the majority of the merchants are waking up on this question. However, there are those who are beyond redemption and will be buried so deep that they will never be able to see the light of prosperity that will come to those who are taking advantage of proper advertising methods."—Publishers' Auxiliary.

Short Snatches from Everywhere.

Railroad men certainly have their trials.—Washington Post.

Something tells us that the king of Greece doesn't even carry a latchkey.—Boston Transcript.

If the statement of that former Austrian consul is true that German and Austrian agents have spent since the beginning of the war from \$30,000,000 to \$40,000,000 in this country on their spy system, somebody over there is getting terribly buncoed.—Wall Street Journal.

Now that all the great nations have recognized Carranza, what's delaying Mexico?—Columbia (S. C.) State.

President Wilson will next proceed to hold congress to strict accountability.—Amarillo (Texas) Panhandle.

The general opinion seems to be that where there are so many explosions there must be some Germans.—Chicago Herald.

Maybe the British warships searched that American vessel to discover how it managed to exist under the La Follette Act.—Philadelphia North American.

New York American asks when is the Democratic party going to fulfill its promise and finance the farmer. The farmer could finance the party just now.—Wall Street Journal.

Herald's woman in a restaurant last night complaining that "every bone in her body ached." Struck us that women ought to be thankful she is not a man.—Arizona Gazette.

The ostensible ambassador Thomas Nelson Page's cryptic cablegram was a Washington dispatch "as to utterly confess officials of the state department." That's what becomes of making diplomats of literary men.—Boston Transcript.

Activities of Women.

Over 10,000 women are now employed on war work in England.

The Queen of Siam owns the most costly thimble in the world.

Women of Bulgaria are employed on most all kinds of manual labor.

Not less than 25,000 women are now working on the railroads of France.

Many of the women engaged in industry in England have donned masculine garb.

Missouri has twenty-three women preachers of the Gospel who receive a yearly salary.

A school has been opened in Glasgow where women are taught the art of being car conductors.

London is the only city in the British Isles that so far that so far has held out against women tramway conductors.

Glasgow, Scotland, has a munition factory where over 3,000 women are employed in making eighteen-inch shells.

Princess Henry of Battenberg, Governor of the Isle of Wight is the only British woman ruler.

New South Wales has a farm of 2,500 acres fully equipped for the training of women for agricultural pursuits.

Two energetic young women in Columbus, Mo., Misses Anna Young and Della Rumans, have opened up a large grocery store.

In two Cleveland foundries 300 women run great punching and drilling machines, working side by side with the men mechanics.

In a recent efficiency auto run, Miss Eva Cunningham of Haverhill, Mass., took first prize in the contest with eighty men competitors.

Miss Florence Powdermaker has been made assistant chemist in the Baltimore Board of Health, a position never before held by a woman.

Miss Blanche Ferree, who drives a delivery auto car for a Philadelphia florist, is the only woman holding such a position in that city.

Miss Fung-Hin Liu, who was graduated from Wellesley a little more than a year ago, will assume control of the only woman's college in China.

Of the members of the Women's City Club of Boston, which represents at least thirty-nine professions, it is estimated that nine out of every ten are home-makers.

Dr. Anna-Howard Shaw is to retire after thirty years of continuous suffrage service and eleven years as president of the National American Women Suffrage association.

Art Smith, the automobile racer has engaged Miss Marie Templeton, a San Francisco girl, as his mechanic. Miss Templeton wears a jumper and overalls.

Mrs. Lucette Roberts, Constable and Deputy Sheriff of Santa Cruz county, Arizona, is now in the east, trying to raise money with which to open a tuberculosis hospital in her state.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Ladies Aid society of the Christian church met Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Levi Angel. The meeting was in the nature of a farewell party for Mrs. Lee VanSant, who will soon move with her family to McLean. The association presented Mrs. VanSant with a hand painted bowl.

Lee SanSant has bought a place at McLean and will move there about the first of January.

Mrs. Jeff Wallace left Wednesday for Iowa Park, Texas, where she will spend the Christmas vacation with her parents. Mrs. Thomas accompanied her to Amarillo.

W. D. Morrel was in Amarillo Saturday night to meet President Ripley of the Santa Fe. He was the only man from Canyon to attend the reception. He reports that practically every town in the Panhandle had delegates at the reception.

Chas. E. Waite of Kansas City, president of the Stock Yards National banks, was a business caller in the city Tuesday.

Lost—Child's wide soft black patent leather belt with white piping between Methodist church and G. N. Harrison's home. Finder leave at the News office. \$1

M. P. Garner, C. E. McAfee and Geo. Reynolds left Sunday for the south plains where they will spend this week hunting.

One of the workmen at the Normal was hit in the jaw yesterday by an elevator, and quite badly bruised up.

Good pasture adjoining town. Wheat grass and straw stacks. Phone 57, or P. O. box 133.

For Sale—Few young White, Holland turkey males. Very fine. Must be sold before Xmas. Mrs. E. L. Greer. 282p

Canyon is the educational center of Northwest Texas. Come here to live.

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THURSDAY DEC. 16

The First Episode, "Liquor and the Law."



Each Episode Suggested by a Prominent Author
Serialization by HUGH WEIR and JOE BRANDT
Produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company

FIRST EPISODE

Liquor and the Law
Suggested by IRVIN S. COBB,
Author of "Back Home"
And "Judge Priest Stories"

DUDLEY LARNIGAN, district attorney of New York, was a man who would never be suspected of hysterical fear. His word was good. When he said a thing it was taken for granted that he knew exactly what he was talking about and that he had the facts to back up his statements. And yet he was at this time almost the laughingstock of the city that had swept him into office at the last election by an unprecedented majority. The newspapers, while they did not actually attack him, made fun of him. His own friends looked at him askance. Even his own son, Bruce Larnigan, an unpaid and volunteer assistant in the district attorney's office, shared the prevailing opinion, at least to a certain extent. Father and son were talking.

"I've no doubt that there's a good deal of graft. We all know there is, in fact," said Bruce. "It's not so very long since I was admitted to the bar, and, of course, I haven't been in this office long, but I've seen a few things. Still, to say that there is a syndicate made up of respectable men, big business men, that practically makes a business of crime—I think you went pretty far, dad."

Dudley Larnigan sighed. He wasn't at all angry. He looked at his son patiently and a little wearily.

"You think I went pretty far," he said. "Half the city thinks I'm insane, I believe. And yet I shall prove, if I live, every charge I have made. I shall prove that the most powerful organization this country has ever seen has its center right here in New York—an organization founded on the determination to secure unfair advantages—graft—for its members. I shall prove that this organization will not stop and has not stopped at murder."

Bruce laughed uncomfortably. "Can't you tell me more, then?" he asked. "Why, there must be men in this organization that I know—men who are supposed to be respectable!" "Supposed to be respectable!" said his father bitterly. "Why, they're the leading men of the city—the whole country. They are business men, who



It Was a Yellow, Grinning Skull.

are the leaders of our greatest industries. They control the business of the country as it is, but they want to get everything into their own hands. They want to stifle all competition. They are not content with the fair, legitimate profits. They want to get graft in every line and so double their profits. If they are not checked they will get a strangle hold on the nation. They will control elections everywhere; they will name one of themselves as president, and this country will cease to be a republic."

Bruce hesitated to answer. He saw the wild light in his father's eyes. He knew his father better than the men outside who laughed at him, who had jeered at the speech that had started all the trouble. Never had Dudley Larnigan since his son could remember failed to make good any statement, any promise. Yet this—to believe what he heard now—called for more

faith than Bruce could muster. He was about to say something of the sort when there was an interruption. There was a knock at the door, and an office boy appeared, bearing a parcel, which he handed to the district attorney.

"This came by special messenger, sir," he said. "The boy said there was no answer, and he wouldn't say where it came from."

Bruce took the package and took out his pocketknife, making to cut the string, but his father checked him.

"Let me see that a moment," he said. He studied the writing of the address carefully, and then, with a gesture of dislike and distrust, he shrugged his shoulders. "I thought so," he said. "It's from them."

Bruce laughed again. "What do you mean, dad?" he asked. "Are you afraid they're sending you a bomb?"

"No; I don't think so," said Larnigan quite seriously, and he closed his son's jesting tone. "I don't believe the time has come for that yet. Open it, Bruce. We might as well see what's in it."

Bruce cut the strings, tore off the papers, and then, as the contents of the package were revealed, he started back, filled for the moment with horror. It



"I shall enforce the law," Bruce said, his face pale.

"Let the liquor trust alone," Bruce read. "We will phone for your answer."

Dudley Larnigan looked at him. "You see, Bruce," he said, "there are some who take this business more seriously than you do."

"But—why—this is a joke—a silly, senseless, practical joke!" exclaimed Bruce. "Surely they wouldn't try seriously to frighten you with a stogy old trick like this!"

"Whether they tried seriously or not, they succeeded," said his father, "for I am certainly frightened, Bruce."

Bruce stared at him incredulously. "You are frightened—by this?" said Bruce, looking from his father to the grinning skull. "Dad, you need a rest. Your nerves are upset. You've been overworking. You'd better take a vacation and get back into shape."

Dudley Larnigan shook his head sadly.

"I shall take no vacation until I have beaten the grafters or until they have beaten me," he said. "I have been waiting for the time to come, Bruce, when I could take you into my confidence regarding this. I see that nothing I can say will convince you that this is a real and deadly danger that I face. But the proof will come soon enough. It will be unmistakable when it does come. I know that I can count on you, my boy—that if they succeed in getting me out of the way they will still have to reckon with you."

In spite of himself Bruce was beginning to be affected. His father was so serious, was so evidently in deadly fear, that Bruce could not help being moved. It was impossible for him to believe when he tried to think things out that there was any basis for his father's fear, but it was equally impossible for him to believe that a man like Dudley Larnigan would give way to panic without the very gravest reasons.

"You needn't wait, Bruce," said his father finally. "I have a good deal of work to do, and I shan't need you."

Bruce got up and moved hesitatingly toward the door. Just then the telephone on his father's desk rang out sharply. Dudley Larnigan, before he answered pointed to another instrument, and Bruce, understanding, lifted its receiver to listen to the conversation.

A strange voice, evidently disguised, came thinly to his ear: "Hello! Hello! Is this District Attorney Larnigan?"

"Yes."

"Larnigan, you know who is speaking. If you are in doubt look at the skull we sent you."

"I am looking at it." "Be warned in time. That skull is the symbol of the uncertainty of life. We admire you—we admire any strong and brave enemy. But do not mistake foolhardiness for bravery. You can never beat us, and you will sacrifice yourself if you try. We do not offer you money. Leave us alone—or you will suffer."

"I shall do my duty. You have had before the only answer I shall ever give you. I am sworn to uphold and enforce the law. I shall do so at whatever risk to myself."

"Remember, this is the last chance you will have to save yourself. We bear you no ill will; we do not want to be obliged to move against you, but if you do not yield your blood be on your own head."

"I shall enforce the law. Sooner or later you will pay the penalty for all your crimes."

And on the word Dudley Larnigan, his forehead beaded with heavy drops of perspiration, slammed the receiver into the hook. He rose and stared at Bruce.

"Now do you believe?" he said. "You heard what I said. I think I have one chance in a million to escape them. I am a marked man. It is impossible for me to guard myself effectively. Yet I shall go on."

"You said you were afraid," said Bruce.

"And so I am. I live in deadly fear. But, no matter how much I fear them, I fear my own conscience more. They can never punish me, no matter what they do, as would my own conscience if I betrayed my trust."

For the moment Bruce managed to shake off the depression that his father's mood and all the other circumstances had induced.

"They're trying to frighten you," he said. "Good Lord, this is the twentieth century! They're trying to frighten you with old tricks. They'd never dare actually use violence."

"We shall see," said his father. "At least I shall do my duty, no matter what the outcome may be, as long as I am spared. And I have faith enough in you, my son, to believe that if the men who are opposed to me give the last proof of the truth of my words you will take up that duty and make it your own."

Bruce shook his head sadly as he went out. It seemed to him that he had hit upon the truth—that his father was breaking down from overwork and that he was taking seriously a melodramatic and absurd campaign of blackmail.

"No doubt attempts are being made to dissuade him from doing his duty," said Bruce to himself, "but he is allowing himself to be upset by threats that would only have amused him a few years ago. Poor old dad!"

Bruce himself had a pleasant errand. His steps took him to the home of Roger Maxwell, whose vast interests in the field of insurance had caused him to be known commonly as the head of what was called the insurance trust. But it was not the great financier that Bruce went to see. He seemed to be well known at the house. The servant who answered his ring smiled as she took his hat and stick.

"Miss Dorothy's in the library, sir," she said. "She is expecting you, sir. I'm sure."

Dorothy Maxwell as Bruce entered the room was standing near a window. As she heard his step she turned, with a glad little cry, and came straight to him.

"Bruce," she said, "I'm so glad! You weren't sure that you could come." He took her in his arms and kissed her.

"I usually manage to come, though, don't I?" he said, with a laugh. "Still, it did look doubtful. Dad, you know?"

He stopped, and she frowned a little.

"Whatever is the matter with your father, Bruce, dear?" she said. "Father says he must have gone suddenly mad to make such a speech; that he's antagonized all the solid business men in New York by the wild statements he made. I think—I'm afraid he isn't quite as pleased as he was at the idea of our—of our engagement."

"It's got nothing to do with us!" declared Bruce angrily. "I'm not responsible for my father's actions. I think myself he's wrong about this; that he's been excited by things that have happened. But I can't let your father criticize him to me!"

"Of course not," she said soothingly. "And he won't, I'm sure. And, anyhow, Bruce, dear, we're not going to quarrel, you and I, even if it turns out that our fathers do."

Bruce was about to reply when he looked over Dorothy's shoulder and saw two men in the next room. One was her father, Roger Maxwell; the other was Stanford Stone, and Stone, who did not know that Bruce could see him, was regarding them with such a malevolent expression in his usually inscrutable eyes that Bruce was startled. Stone at this time was reckoned the most powerful man in the great financial world of New York. He was concerned in a hundred great enterprises. Even the Sunday newspapers did not pretend to estimate the size of his vast fortune.

But while Bruce, wondering, was on the very point of saying something to Dorothy, Stone broke into a smile. He took Roger Maxwell's arm, and the two elder men came into the library. Both greeted Bruce in the most friendly fashion, while Stone shook Dorothy's hand, his eyes devouring her.

"I hear I'm to congratulate you, young man," said Stone, and Dorothy blushed becomingly. "By the way, your father's given his friends—and I want you to remember that I'm one of the best of them—a good deal of anxiety lately. Can't you persuade him to

take a rest? He ought to go somewhere and play golf for a week or two—get entirely rid of the strain and worry of his office."

"I suggested something of that sort to him today, sir," said Bruce. "But it's always been very hard for my mother and myself to persuade him to spare himself in any way. He works as hard as if he hadn't a cent in the world, and, as a matter of fact, he's a fairly rich man."

"That's always the way—always the way," said Stone. "Well, do the best you can to persuade him, my boy. He needs the rest."

"I think so, too," said Maxwell. "Dorothy, suppose you take Bruce somewhere else. Stone and I have some business to talk over, and we'll need the papers I have in my desk here in our talk."

Bruce and Dorothy were not at all loath to go. They smiled at one another as they went, and neither turned to see the look that Stanford Stone sent after them, a look that might well have aroused Bruce's fear and wonder had he seen it, knowing what he did of Stone's power.

Meanwhile District Attorney Larnigan had stayed at his office long enough to finish some important work and then had taken his place in his automobile.

"Drive me around the long way home, Jack," he said to his chauffeur. "The air is so beautiful today that I think it will rest me just to ride around. Go up into the country along the river and don't turn back until it's time to get me home for dinner."

"Yes, sir," said the chauffeur.

Bruce got home long before his father's return. In spite of his feeling concerning his father's fears, Bruce was worried. As for his mother, she had always opposed her husband's entry into public life, and she was worried every time he was a few minutes late in getting home. Bruce tried to calm her increasing nervousness, but he himself was worried, and as it grew dark he stood in the hall, looking for the rays from the headlights of the car that would herald his father's coming. At last he saw them, far down the drive that led to the house. His heart leaped happily, and he went back to call his mother.

"Here he comes, mother. It's all right, of course!" he cried. "You were silly to be worried."

She was in the conservatory at the back of the house, cutting flowers for the dinner table, and he had to go well away from the front door to find her. Then he slipped an arm around her waist, and they walked through the great hall together. They heard the car stop outside and heard Dudley Larnigan's voice giving some order. The car started again, and then outside there was a muffled cry. Mrs. Larnigan screamed. Bruce leaped forward. The door burst open, and his father staggered in, clutching convulsively at his side, and fell. Bruce took one look. He saw the blood that stained the floor, and then, as his mother, transformed by the need of action and gaining control of herself, went to work to stanch the flow of blood, Bruce raced for the telephone. He gave a number and waited impatiently for the answer.

"Hello, hello!" he cried at last. "Dr. Morgan? Hurry over here, doctor. Bruce Larnigan talking. My father's been badly hurt. It's very serious, I'm afraid. Yes, bring your instruments."

Then he helped his mother to do what little there was to be done before the doctor's arrival. Together they got the wounded man on a couch and made him as comfortable as they could. He had fainted and was no longer conscious. His breathing was heavy, and a growing, spreading grayness in his cheeks told Bruce, little as he was used to such scenes, that there was little hope, if any.

Then Bruce telephoned to the police. But he could give no clue—he had not taken the time to try to find the assassin. But then, as he heard the doctor's car chugging up outside, Bruce

had imposed upon him—that he would avenge his death and bring his murderers to justice.

Against the advice of his friends, against the pleadings of Dorothy Maxwell, against his mother's urgings even, Bruce stuck to his determination.

The murder of Dudley Larnigan had thrown the reform elements of the city into a panic. This terrible and sinister proof of the powers of the forces of graft had caused a revision of sentiment. Men who had assailed the dead district attorney as a fanatic and a hysterical demagogue for his great speech attacking graft had admitted that there had been some basis for his sensational accusations. But these same men were afraid to move. So it had been easy for Bruce to secure the reform nomination for district attorney. No one else wanted it. The graft syndicate had made it too plain that perils as well as honor went with the office.

Bruce was making a splendid campaign, too, against the forces of graft. All the lower, vicious elements of the city were arrayed against him. From the dives, the gambling houses, the haunts of the drug sellers and the men and women who lived on vice and depravity, on crime and ignorance, the forces of evil sent out their cohorts against him. But Bruce, dwelling always on his father's martyrdom, on his own determination not only to avenge the dead man, but at whatever risk to himself to continue to fight against all the forces that were exploiting the poor and the ignorant, made a great impression and increased his own popularity tremendously.

He developed into an effective speaker, and his bitter, ringing speeches made many converts to his cause. Dorothy Maxwell had opposed his entrance into the campaign since she feared for his safety. Dorothy was beginning to be haunted by frightful suspicions, suspicions she had not dared as yet to communicate even to Bruce.

But once he was in the fight she stood by him. Ungrudgingly she consented to the postponement of their marriage that was made inevitable since it was impossible for him to take the time for his wedding during the campaign. And Dorothy, herself an ardent advocate of woman suffrage, did all she could to array the women of the city on his side.

"Women can't vote," she said in a speech she made to a suffrage organization, "but they can influence the men who can. Let every woman here go to the polls with some man and see that he votes right—for Larnigan and decency, against graft and corruption."

Thousands of women took up that cry, and the graft organization, which had expected a walkover when it had eliminated Dudley Larnigan, began to be worried and to see that it had removed one only to raise up another in his place whose youth made him even more formidable and dangerous.

And meanwhile Dorothy grew more and more suspicious. She learned that

he looked grave. Gently he examined the wound.

"I'm sorry," he said, his voice showing his emotion. "There is nothing I can do—except perhaps to bring him to before—before he—he goes."

Bruce, speechless, nodded, and the doctor bent down and used a hypodermic needle. In a few moments its effect was manifest. Dudley Larnigan's eyes opened, and he reached out a hand gropingly. Bruce took it and bent down to listen.

"You will believe—now—," he said painfully and with a mighty effort. "It is the work of the fifteen—of the graft syndicate. Hunt them down—free this land of this mighty graft trust. Finish my work—finish for the world."

His voice died away; then, with a tremendous effort, he spoke again one word. "Mary!" he said feebly.

With tears streaming down his cheeks Bruce turned to his mother. She leaned over, and it was in her arms that Dudley Larnigan died. And, standing over his body, Bruce swore that he would be true to the trust his father

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Dorothy Tried to Follow Him in Vain.

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her father was bitterly opposed to Bruce's election.

"I won't have you taking part in his campaign," he said. "You make me look ridiculous."

He said this in the presence of Stanford Stone, but Dorothy was not afraid to speak her mind.

"I have a right to live my own life!" she flashed. "Why are you so opposed to Bruce?"

"Because he's a demagogue, a dangerous man," said Maxwell. "He, a rich man, is siding with the poor—the Socialists and the anarchists. He is a traitor to his own class."

"Now, Maxwell, Miss Dorothy is entitled to her own view," said Stone soothingly. But Dorothy had begun to distrust Stone. She refused to accept him as an ally. Bruce had told her of a discovery he had made. Stone, while pretending to be friendly, had secretly contributed heavily to the campaign fund of the opposition.

Election day came. Bruce, in his office, waited, knowing he had done his best. The result was with the voters. "Would they trust him? Would they give him the power he required to do his work? He was waiting for Dorothy. She came at last.

"You're going to win, Bruce," she said as he took her in his arms. "I know it! I feel it!"

And then came Stone.

"Well," he said, "how does it look?"

"Bad for you," said Bruce uncompromisingly.

Stone laughed, with an excellent assumption of amusement.

"My dear boy," he said, "why do you mistrust me? I'm your friend."

Bruce looked at him. And just then there was a scuffle at the door. A rough looking man burst in and made for Bruce, waving a knife. Stone with a quick leap grappled with him, seized his hand and bent the wrist back till the knife dropped. Then quite calmly he pushed him out.

"Just an election rowdy," he said, with a smile. He handed Bruce the knife. "Perhaps you'll believe I'm your friend now. Well, I'll leave you."

"I'm grateful, Mr. Stone," said Bruce. But he was puzzled as he looked at Dorothy. Then his eyes fell on a bit of paper the thug had dropped. He picked it up and cried out in surprise and delight. "Look!" he said.

He gave it to Dorothy, and together they looked at it. It was a typewritten slip and read:

Come alone. For safety we will admit but one man. Will outline plan regarding Larnigan should he be elected. Number 12 Hester street. Rap one, then two, then one.

"It's my chance," cried Bruce, with glowing eyes—"my chance to get on the trail of this secret enemy at last! I'll go!"

"Bruce, there'll be danger!" said Dorothy.

"Then I must face it!" he cried. "My dear, you know I must!"

"Then I'll go with you!" cried Dorothy.

That evening before the count was finished Bruce gave the signal and was admitted to a dive that looked like a fit meeting place for conspirators. Dorothy attempted to accompany him, but was thrust back.

"We thought you'd come," said a man. "Mr. Larnigan, you walked into a trap. Now, you have one chance. Sign this paper agreeing to obey the commands of the fifteen or your political career is at an end; even your life is at stake."

Bruce stared at him, then laughed. "Do you think," he said, "you and your cutthroats can intimidate me?"

"Mr. Larnigan!" he said.

He made for the door.

"Stop him, Bradford!" cried some one near the door. The man who had accosted him struggled with Bruce.

Outside came a pounding on the door. Dorothy in terror called for the police. As the door burst open a shot rang out. The police snatched Bruce from his assailants.

"Mr. Larnigan!" the sergeant said. "Yes, Larnigan!" said he. "Officer, arrest these men and call the coroner. Bill Bradford is dead."

As Bruce and Dorothy left the room Bruce entered Bradford's name on a page of a memorandum book headed, "The Men Who Have Paid."

He looked toward Dorothy, smiled and then said: "I wonder who will be the next to pay the penalty? Thank God, I have rid the community of one of the fifteen!"

[End of First Episode.]

READ NEXT WEEK

"Now Bruce Larnigan Exposes the Tenement and Vice Trusts"



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31-C

Turkey Market 11 Cents.

Turkeys have not been moving as readily this year as the farmers wished, and before Thanksgiving very few farmers sold their flocks. Some of the business men has wired to all of the best markets this week, as the stuff must be shipped by Saturday in order to reach market in time for the Christmas business. It was found that Denver offered the best market. The best offer made there was 12 cents for 20,000 pounds dry picked turkeys. This would be more than Randall county produced this year. Some of the merchants and even some of the farmers tried shipping to the commission men by express. It turned out that received by 8 1-2 cents for their turkeys by this method as the commission men got away with the big end of the deal and the express company took the remainder. Finally a car was procured for Saturday of this week and the price will be in Canyon 11 cents per pound cash to the farmers. The local merchants have been trying to ascertain whether or not the price will be any better after Christmas, but none of the wholesale dealers will give any estimate as to what the price will be or what the market will do. Most of the farmers believe that 11 cents is the highest they can expect this year and will therefore sell their turkeys on Saturday.

A Fool There Was.

A picturization of the Kipling Poem and the great Burns-Jones' painting may be seen at the Photo Playhouse, Saturday, Dec. 11 at 7:00; 8:15 and 9:30 p. m.

THE VAMPIRE.

A fool there was and he made his prayer  
(Even as you and I!)  
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair  
(We called her the woman who did not care)  
But the fool has called her his lady fair  
(Even as you and I!)  
Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste  
And the work of our head and hand,  
Belong to the woman who did not know  
(And now we know she never could know)  
And did not understand.  
A fool there was and his goods he spent  
(Even as you and I!)  
Honor and faith and a sure intent  
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant)  
But a fool must follow his natural bent,  
(Even as you and I!)  
Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost,  
And the excellent things we planned,  
Belong to the woman who didn't know why  
(And now we know that she never knew why)  
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide  
(Even as you and I!)  
Which she might have seen when she threw him aside—  
(But it wasn't on record the lady tried)  
So some of him lived, but the most of him died,  
(Even as you and I!)  
But it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame  
That stings like a white-hot brand—  
It's coming to know that she never knew why  
(Seeing at last she could never know why)  
And never could understand.

—Rudyard Kipling.

Fixing Water Works.

W. D. Howren, who was recently employed by the city to investigate the expense of the city water pumping, was unable to make his report at the meeting of the council Monday night as he had expected to do. The city asked him to stop the examination until certain repairs could be made. Mr. Howren, after a few days work, found that the city pumps were not pumping the water they were supposed handle, and the mayor ordered the pumps fixed up. It is a matter of conjecture as to how long the pumps have been in this condition.

**DR. WOLCOTT, OCUList**  
Expert Eyeglass, Spectacle Fitting  
Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat  
Catarrh. AMARILLO, TEXAS

Uncle Joe Cannon says: "I didn't vote for Mr. Wilson in 1912 and I won't vote for him in 1916, but I will not criticize his attitude in the European matter. It is not a time for partizanship. It is a time for everyone to support the president." And there are some poor souls who regard Col. Bryan as a patriot.

How he Expects to do it.

Dr. Samuel Palmer Brooks has announced his platform. He is a Democrat, and an enthusiastic supporter of President Wilson and all his policies; he is a poor man and began life a wage earner; he believes in all the people and in manufacturing industries; he believes in the newspapers, announcing that he is financially unable to pay for ever legitimate advertising and that he will manage his own campaign; he is opposed to shameful pension legislation, the pork barrel and free garden seed. He believes that the government should manufacture all its warships and military goods. He is for the rule in the senate. He is for a warehouse law, parcels post, nation-wide prohibition, a merchant marine, a neutral convention composed of delegates of all neutral nations, rural credits an efficient army and navy, hundreds of aeroplanes, large storage magazines full of munition of war ready for the citizen soldiers and for punishment for bankers who are usurers. Samuel Palmer makes the interesting announcement he has been a farmer, a ditch digger, a spike driver and a college president, and he abhors the idea of army office going to any man because he happens to have much money. These are to him eminent satisfactory reasons for appearing before the people of Texas as a candidate for the toga now owned by Chas. A. Culberson but not an exhibition often in the halls of the American senate.—Ft. Worth Record.

SEE the greatest of all western plays at the HAPPY HOUR Saturday night. JULIA DEAN in Judge Notor The Woman of Mona Diggings. Admission 10c and 15c.

Threatening Weather.

Monday and Tuesday of this week the weather was cooler and mist and rain fell a greater part of the days. Yesterday was clear and very warm. The weather this fall has been especially good for the farmers as they have had fine weather for threshing the big row crop.

Odd Bits of News.

San Francisco, Cal.—Thomas Thornton, a carpenter, nailed his feet to the floor in church in an effort at self crucifixion. Thornton doesn't feel any pain because, he says, he has the faith. Physicians say he is a religious fanatic, and his diseased brain makes him immune from pain.

Clinton, Mo.—Delmar Gentry and wife have the smallest baby ever born in Missouri. At birth it weighed 16 ounces, and was placed in a quart cup. At two weeks old, it measured 12 inches in height. An ordinary band ring will slip over the hand of the baby and up to its shoulder. It is healthy and thriving.

Hammond, Ind.—Two minutes before Riley Lane died, a noise was heard at the door, and when opened, Lane's old horse walked into the room and stood at the bedside until his master died.

New York.—Fred Kattmerer will be plain Fred Barton after this week. He explained to the court, when appealing for a change of name, that he was in business in China, and that the Chinese characters spelling his name were pronounced Go-da-me. He objected to the profanity.

London—Lord Charlemont, eighth viscount of the Irish noble family of his name, is to join the Tinplaters' union. He has been working in a munition factory earning from \$6 to \$17 a week, and, having learned his trade wants to join the tradesunion.

Once more the Craig prize in dramatic composition at Harvard has been won by a woman—Mrs. Charlotte Barrows Chorpenning of Winona, Mass.

Motorcycles that weigh less than 100 pounds have been invented in England for women.



A MODERN SCIENCE

Until recently it has been a generally accepted theory that eczema was a disease of the blood. Science has taught us that eczema is positively a skin disease and curable through the skin only.



ECZEMA-REMEDY

is applied directly to the skin, absorbed into the pores, for the purpose of killing the germs of this disease. We positively guarantee it to give satisfaction or money refunded by us.

Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00  
HOLLAND DRUG CO.  
Exclusive Agency.



COME IN ALSO FINE CHINA WARE AND SEE OUR SILVERWARE AND ALL KINDS OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS

WHEN IN DOUBT SEND SILVERWARE, OUR SILVERWARE WILL LAST FOR CENTURIES. WE KNOW WHO MAKES IT.

YET IF SILVERWARE DOES NOT STRIKE YOUR FANCY WE HAVE A STORE FULL AND GLEAMING WITH EXQUISITE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

BY ALL MEANS COME IN AND SEE WHAT WE ARE SHOWING BEFORE YOU MAKE YOUR SELECTIONS.

**P. H. SEEWALD**  
The Jeweler

410 Polk Street

Amarillo, Texas

Bryan Advises Congress Act.

Washington, Dec. 5.—In a statement issued here today former Secretary Bryan suggests that congress assure the President of its readiness to support him in any effort which he may see fit to make to hasten the restriction of peace in Europe.

"An offer of mediation," he says, "is not only amply justified on the ground of humanity, but it is demanded. \* \* \* There is abundant reason to believe that the President, either alone or in conjunction with the executives of the other neutral nations, can secure from the nations at war a statement of the terms upon which peace is possible and such a statement would be the beginning of an exchange of views which may lead to a treaty."

Some Spicy Sparks.

A go-cart that won't go, isn't much of a go-cart.

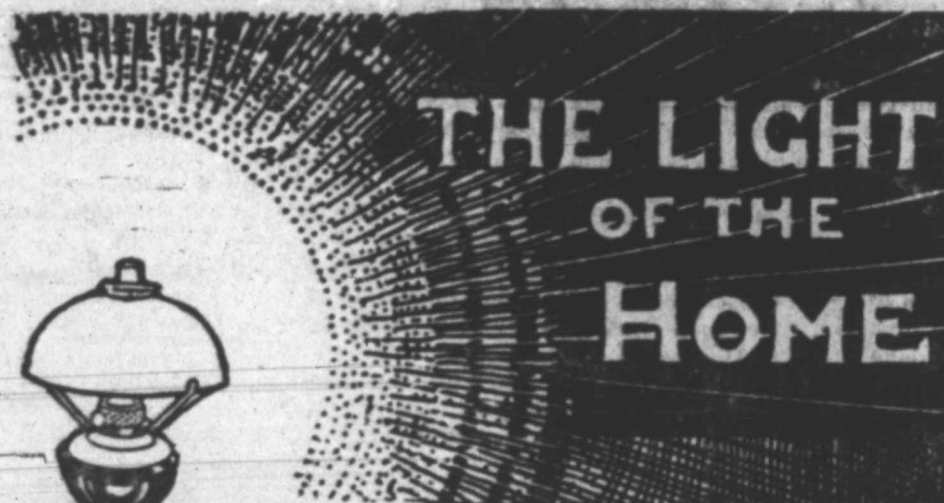
The mosquito's bill always calls for blood money.

A marriageable daughter whose mother is stout is always careful to explain that she takes after pa.

The widow and orphan never question the kind of religion that prompts the churchman to minister to their needs.

Some people are like a bed of nasturtiums. You have to keep picking at them all the time to get the best results.

Greater things for humanity are done by men who wear the crown of thorns than by those wear the crown of empire.



THE LIGHT OF THE HOME

IN countless homes in the United States, in the Philippines, in Africa, Australia, China—the world over, folks of all kinds are reading and working by the clear, pleasing light of TEXACO Familylite.

TEXACO Familylite is an illuminating oil of unusual excellence. Its steady glow, its freedom from smoke and odor, and the absence of wick charring, all combine to make TEXACO Familylite in name and deed, "the light of the home."

In your home the evening paper, the sewing, the school lessons, all cause less fatigue and eye strain when you use TEXACO Familylite.

You can get Familylite at the TEXACO Agent in your neighborhood. Call on him when you need oil for any purpose whatsoever.

The Texas Company  
General Offices: Houston, Texas

An Electric  
Shower  
Fixture

will add beauty to any room in your house. Displace your unsightly cord drops by having us install some of these modern fixtures. These showers are from one to five lights each. Let us show you these beauties and surprise you at their low cost.

Canyon Power Co.  
PHONE 14



IF YOU BUY YOUR GROCERIES FROM US YOU WILL GET CLEAN, FRESH GROCERIES. BECAUSE WE SELL LOTS OF THEM. THAT'S WHY WE KEEP THEM FRESH. WHENEVER YOU WANT ANYTHING TO EAT COME TO US AND GET IT. AND YOU WILL GET GOOD FOOD. YOU OWE THIS TO YOURSELF AND TO YOUR FAMILY. WE WILL NOT SELL POOR FOOD AT ANY PRICE. WE PRICE OUR GROCERIES RIGHT TOO.

**Redfearn & Company**

Try the Want Ads



**BUSINESS MEN MEET ON THURSDAY NIGHT**

Discussion of Various Topics of Mutual Interest and for the Good of Canyon.

In response to a call of the Canyon Business Men's Association, a large number of representatives from the leading business firms of Canyon met at the News office Thursday to discuss the needs of the association and of the city as a whole. It was definitely decided that monthly meetings will be held by the association and the second Thursday night of each month was selected. Without further notice from the officers, it is expected that the members will get together on these nights. Besides the regular business session, a program committee was selected which will submit subjects for discussion at the meetings and appoint members to make the opening talks on the question of the evening.

A new schedule was adopted for the membership dues, and a number of reductions made. It is hoped that the membership committee may be able to enlist every business man in town before the next meeting. The dues are very light considering the great benefits of the association, not only in a business way, but also in a social way, since the monthly meetings alone will be very helpful to each member.

The next meeting will be held in January.

T. C. Thompson, C. W. Warwick and C. N. Harrison constitute the program committee.

J. M. Redfern and Grady Holland is the membership committee.

It was reported by several members that they had more than saved the cost of the association so far through the information received.

The secretary, C. N. Harrison, is looking after the fake advertising grafters who are so plentiful and has "nipped in the bud" all of the schemes which are invented only to separate the business man from his bank roll. C. R. McAfee was appointed the official collector for the association and will handle such accounts and notes that the members may turn over to him.

The meeting was very interesting and the members will redouble their efforts to make the association a great success.

**Cullum's Grandfather 100 Years Old.**

The daily newspapers during the past week have been publishing the picture of R. C. Betty of Mineral Wells, who was 100 years old on Nov. 30. He is the grandfather of J. R. Cullum of this city and lives with Mr. Cullum's mother, who is Mr. Betty's youngest child. He was an Indian fighter in the early day, in fact one of the very earliest settlers in the general part of this state. He has 218 descendants and is proud to say that every one of them has always voted the Democratic ticket.

Mr. Cullum was unable to attend the festivities of the birthday, which was attended by several hundred of the family and close friends.

**Christian Science Lecture.**

The Hon. Clarence A. Buskirk, of South Bend, Indiana, will deliver a free lecture on Christian Science, Sunday, December 12, at 3 o'clock p. m. at the Photo Playhouse. The same gentleman will lecture in Hereford Saturday night, and Bicknell Young C. S. B., of Chicago, will lecture at the Grand Opera House in Amarillo on Tuesday night at 8 o'clock.

The local church invites the public to attend the lecture Sunday. "Some of our good citizens have heard what Christian Science is not. Come to the Photo Playhouse Sunday the 12th at 3 o'clock and learn what it is," says one of the local church members.

**Heavy Steel on Santa Fe.**

The Santa Fe is putting new 90 pound steel on the main line of the road. This is replacing the 75 pound steel which was put down five years ago. On the new steel they are using the Webber joint, which makes it impossible to tell when the cars move from one rail to another. A block of wood is used in the joint caps which deadens all of the noise and gives the effect of riding on a solid rail.

The old 75 pound rails will probably be used on the branch to continue the work done from Canyon to Hale Center last year.

New ties are being put down practically all of the way.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.



The third, fourth and fifth grades, Misses Baird and Fronbarger's classes gave an interesting program Saturday afternoon. The following was the program:

- Story "In Robin Hood's Day"—Frank Harrison.
- Recitation "Mother's Doughnuts"—Tommy Chesser.
- Recitation—Robert McGee.
- Piano solo—Irene Turner.
- Recitation—Erma Berry.
- Recitation—Perry Wilson.
- Piano duet—Dorothy Burrow and Nora Prichard.
- Recitation—Nina Hutchinson.
- Recitation—Maida McAfee.
- Recitation—Brownie Foster.
- Song—Nina Sherer and Lillian Mae Fogarty.
- Piano solo—Dorothy Burrow.
- Recitation—Teddy McCann.
- Recitation—Dorothy Burrow.
- Recitation—Pauline Hood.
- Piano solo—Nora Prichard.
- Recitation—Claude VanSant.
- Recitation—Mark Foster.
- Story—Walter Wolfe.
- Piano solo—Francis Reid.
- Story—Marvin Reid.
- Play—Miss Baird's pupils.

The basketball boys went to Hereford Monday to play a game but it had rained there and the game was postponed. The game will be played at the old opera house Monday night.

There are two more weeks until the Holidays. The school board has decided to give two weeks vacation.

**Wilson Wedding Dec. 18.**

Washington — Extreme simplicity will be observed at the wedding of President Wilson and Mrs. Norman Galt, which the White House announced would be solemnized Saturday, December 18, at the home of Mrs. Galt here. The arrangements virtually have been completed.

The President will have no best man at the wedding and Mrs. Galt will not formally select a maid of honor, although one of her sisters, probably Miss Bertha Bolling of this city will escort her during the ceremony.

The announcement at the White House that only members of the two families and the President's immediate household would attend the wedding and that no formal invitations would be issued surprised official Washington. It had been expected that at least a few of the President's friends would be invited.

The Rev. Herbert Scott Smith, rector of St. Margaret's Protestant Episcopal Church here, which Mrs. Galt has attended in recent months, has been tentatively selected as the officiating clergyman, although it is possible that the Rev. Sylvester Beach, pastor of the President's church in Princeton, may assist. The President is a Presbyterian.

**German Crown Prince is Frequently Killed Man.**

Berlin, Dec. 5, via Wireless to Sayville.—The Overseas News Agency, under the title "Hard to Kill," today gave out what it says is the history of the German Crown Prince during the war as compiled by a Danish newspaper from reports given out by Germany's enemies. The history follows:

- Aug. 5, 1914.—Victim of attempted assassination in Berlin.
- Aug. 16.—Severely wounded on the French frontier.
- Aug. 20.—The second attempt against his life, in which he lost one leg.
- Aug. 24.—Third attempted assassination.
- Sept. 4.—Committed suicide.
- Sept. 13.—Died in Brussels.
- Sept. 15.—Commanded an attack near Verdun.
- Sept. 16.—Wounded by shrapnel in Poland.
- Sept. 18.—Once more wounded on the French front.
- Sept. 20.—Is hastened to his death bed.
- Oct. 24.—Buried in Berlin.
- Oct. 25.—His body found on the battlefield.
- Nov. 3.—Once more buried.
- Nov. 4.—Once more killed by the French.
- Nov. 8.—Insane, taken to a lonely castle.
- Nov. 10.—Appointed chief commander on the eastern front.
- Nov. 17.—Once more killed.
- Jan. 16, 1915.—He is once more wounded.
- Feb. 3.—Sent Home.

The man that has but one pair of trousers don't have to worry about having the other pair pressed.

**Distributing His Presents**



**Ford's Peace Ship Leaves.**

New York, Dec. 4.—Henry Ford and more than eighty peace advocates sailed from here today for Christiania, Norway. The party was accompanied by fifty-seven newspaper correspondents and photographers and more than twenty general assistants, secretaries and stenographers.

Just before the gangplank was pulled up a cable messenger rushed on the ship and it was reported that Ford had received word from King Haakon of Norway stating the Ford party would be courteously received in Norway.

Line officials said that the party would probably total 175, but the exact number will not be known until a wireless is received tonight from the line's representative aboard. It was stated that several persons who had intended to sail had not reached the ship. It was thought that among them were representatives of some western universities.

All the salons and many of the cab-

ins on the steamer were decorated with palms, ferns, flowers, flags and streamers representing the national colors of seventeen countries. Two large white doves, which had been carefully mounted and bearing olive branches, were suspended from the ceiling of the main salon.

**At the Presbyterian Church.**

- The Regular services Sunday, Dec. 11, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m., preaching by the pastor.
- Morning theme—A Man's Place in the Kingdom of God.
- Evening theme—Things to Come.
- Sunday School, 9:45.
- Light Bearers, 3:00.
- Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening 7:00.
- Choir practice, Friday evening, 7:00.
- A cordial welcome is extended to all who attend the services of this church.
- DAVID H. TEMPLETON, Minister.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

**Western Colleges May Drop Baseball.**

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 4.—Members of the Big Nine faculty committee today sounded the death knell of baseball as an intercollegiate sport in the conference. In addition to refusing by a topheavy vote to sanction summer baseball playing by their athletes the committee voted, 7 to 2, to refer to each institution a resolution providing for the abolition of the diamond sport entirely except for intramural contests.

As most of the delegates voted under instructions, it is presumed that the colleges will support their resolution and that intercollegiate baseball will be given up before the spring season starts.

Advocates of the anti-baseball resolution argued that the abolition of the game would do away with 75 per cent of eligibility questions. They declared that baseball has become so commercialized that its retention as a college sport was not desirable. That college baseball teams are rarely wholly amateur was another point they brought up.

Abolition of the game followed as a natural sequence of the committee's refusal to let down the bars on summer baseball. Minnesota this week voted to do away with the sport and Illinois representatives were quoted as saying they would give it up entirely if there were not a more liberal handling of summer ball.

Sentiment was not found strong in favor of the establishment of soccer football and golf as intercollegiate sports, and no action was taken on them.

**New Telephone Pools.**

The Southwestern Tel. & Tel. Co. has a gang of men installing a new cable to the east end of town. Other important improvements are being made around the city on the lines.

The man who strings great words together in perfect unison and displays great knowledge will have been forgotten for centuries before the fame of the one who sings the simple heart throbs of the people has waned.

**PROMINENT LECTURER COMING TOMORROW**

Henry Lawrence Southwick at the Baptist Church, Under Auspices of the Normal.

Henry Lawrence Southwick of Boston will present Shakespeare's Othello at the Baptist church tomorrow night at 8 o'clock. The entertainment is given under the auspices of the Normal lyceum committee. Owing to the small auditorium at the shacks, no lecture course was booked for this year by the committee, but only such high class entertainments as can be brought here for church performances will be booked this year.

Mr. Southwick is president of the Emerson College of Oratory and is a master in his line. During the past two years Miss Brown, of the Expression department of the Normal studied under him, and it is through her efforts that he is coming here.

**Wayside Items.**

Rev. Whistler, missionary from India gave a most interesting lecture Saturday night at Beula. He has been in the U. S. on business for some weeks and will sail from San Francisco in two weeks. He has a wife and two children in India.

Monday was a misty rainy day. Good for the wheat already sown.

Literary Society organized at the school house Friday night with Raymond Potter as president, and Miss Ruby McGehee as secretary. They meet once in two weeks.

M. C. and J. S. Sluder have bought a Saxon car from Payne Bros. this week.

While running after cattle Thursday night, Percy Walters' horse stepped in a hole and fell with him, rendering him unconscious for a while. He has recovered.

Mrs. Fannie Franklin honored herself with an elegant turkey dinner Sunday last Sunday, invited guests, E. M. Beasley and family, W. C. McGehee and family and W. J. Sluder and family. All had a good time.

Do you want \$63.75

Pay to the Order of you

\$63.75 Our Bank

**Next Christmas?**  
**PUT ONLY 5 CENTS IN OUR BANK AND INCREASE IT 5 CENTS EACH WEEK; YOU'LL HAVE \$63.75 NEXT XMAS**

IT COSTS NOTHING TO JOIN OUR CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB. IT IS THE EASY WAY TO HAVE MONEY NEXT CHRISTMAS.

JOIN THE CLUB YOURSELF. TAKE OUT A MEMBERSHIP FOR EACH ONE OF YOUR CHILDREN AND TEACH THEM TO SAVE.

IN 50 WEEKS:

1-cent Club pays	\$ 12.75
2-cent Club pays	25.50
5-cent Club pays	63.75
10-cent Club pays	127.50

YOU CAN DEPOSIT 25 OR 50 CENTS, OR \$1.00 OR MORE EACH WEEK. COME IN WE WILL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT. COME IN AND GET A CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB BOOK FREE.

**The First State Bank**  
 THE GUARANTY FUND BANK

**Are You A Fool?**

photo playhouse presents

**THEDE BARA**

America's Foremost  
**VAMPIRE ACTRESS**

—IN—

**A FOOL THERE WAS**

Three complete shows  
 7:00 8:15 and 9:30 P. M.  
 Admission: 10c & 20c

---

**CHARLIE 'CHAPLIN**  
 and  
**"THE OPIUM SMUGGLERS"**

With a Pathe News  
**FRIDAY**

**HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK**

WILL PRESENT

# OTHELLO

FRIDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 10TH

At eight o'clock at the  
BAPTIST CHURCH

Under Auspices  
NORMAL LYCEUM COURSE

ADMISSION 50 CENTS

Mr. Southwick is president of the Emerson College of Oratory of Boston, Mass. He is being strongly featured by one of the best Lyceum Bureaus of this country.

## PUBLIC Auction SALE

At my farm 8 miles west of Canyon, 2 miles north of Umbarger on Old Palo Duro Road

Wednesday Dec. 15

Commencing at 10 o'clock sharp, the following property:

### HORSES:-

25 head of horses and mules described as follows: 11 mares, 11 spring colts—6 horses and 5 mule colts—; 2 yearlings—1 filly and 1 horse—; 1 Kentucky Jack, eight years old, colts on farm for inspection.

### CATTLE:-

35 head of cattle: 7 cows, 4 of these milch cows; 5 two-yr.-old heifers; 11 yearling heifers; 1 two year old Hereford Bull; and 1 full blooded Durham Bull calf; 10 steer calves.

### HOGS:-

20 head of hogs; 4 full blooded Duroc-Jersey males; 10 gilts; 1 yearling brood sow; 5 summer shoats.

### FARM MACHINERY:-

2 Deering row binders; 1 Hay Press; 1 grain drill, 1 two-row cultivator; 2 one-row cultivators; 1 Disc Gang plow; 1 Disc harrow; 1 two seated surrey.

TERMS of SALE: Horses and machinery, 9 months time on notes with approved security, bearing 10 per cent interest. Cattle, 6 months time on notes with approved security, bearing 10 per cent interest.

LUNCH ON GROUNDS

## R. G. BADER

A. A. McNeil & Jack Rose Auctioneers. C. N. Harrison, Clerk

Burbank, the Wizard.

It is now reported that Burbank, the wizard, has successfully grown a thornless rose. Humanity will not be greatly benefited by his discovery. Somehow we cannot think of the rose without the thorn. The two go together.

When it was announced a few years ago that Burbank was experimenting with the idea of producing the thornless blackberry the news came as a shock. The happiest days of childhood were the days of summer when we used to pick blackberries and came home well scratched. It was half of the pleasure. To pick berries without thorns in the way would be most uninteresting.

Now that Burbank thinks that the cause of society will be uplifted with a thornless rose he is overstepping the limit. His genius should be curbed.

Luther Burbank has supplied the race with better fruits of his experimental mind, fruits which are to be reckoned among the greatest gifts of man.

In the arid desert he found the cacti bristling with thorns and valueless as stock food, although possessing nourishing and life-giving properties; his quick eye could immediately appreciate. However beneficial to the cacti as food, it was impossible to use it in its thorny condition, and the wizard set to work to grow a plant without thorns. He has succeeded where nature was not so generous. He has developed a cacti leaf as smooth as silk and as free from thorns as the leaf of a morning glory.

Burbank has done many other things that will make his name famous among famous Americans, but the thornless rose will be the least benefit he has yet contributed to the cause of humanity.

His garden near Los Angeles is as much a curiosity as the patent bureau of Washington. There are in course of development other wonders which will startle the world. He finds that there is as much of an art in breeding plants as there is in breeding live stock. He seems to know the habits of growing things better than any other man. His genius has been commercialized, for Luther Burbank is now a corporation, and the money of other men buy the results of his discoveries.—Commercial Appeal.

### Short Snatches from Everywhere.

The dogs of war are turning out to be nothing but curs.—Lordsburg (N. M.) Liberal.

It is raining blood in Europe and gold in the United States.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

One thing about Stefansson's report on his Arctic explorations we don't understand. He says nothing about meeting the Germans there.—Los Angeles Times.

By the way, where is General Rosalie Jones during all this suffrage excitement?—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A good navy is to be built within the next five years. Foreign foes will please be patient.—Washington Post.

Our sympathy goes out to the chaps who got the half billion loan. We, also, have borrowed money.—Prescott (Ariz.) Courier.

With the wireless telegraph working nicely the hands across the sea become ears across the sea.—Amarillo (Texas) Panhandle.

Villa has been wounded again, but the German crown prince hasn't been killed for more than a week.—Corpus Christi (Texas) Caller.

There is nothing in a name. Governors Brewer of Mississippi and Rye of Tennessee are both ardent prohibitionists.—Gainesville Register.

Will they compromise on the one term plank in the Baltimore platform by giving the vice president but a single term?—Knoxville (Tenn.) Journal and Tribune.

The war has at least done the public the favor of reducing the service of divorce papers on Evelyn Thaw to a small item on one of the inside pages.—Chicago Herald.

Villa has now entered into the swashbuckling old Carranza.—Houston Post.

Americans can be educated to eat snails, says a food expert. Is there any pressing necessity for adding this to our already overcrowded curriculum.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Texas Socialists want the federal government to manufacture liquor and sell it to the consumer at cost. We gather that the Texas Socialists are not dry drys.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The man who lives for himself alone might just as well crawl off and die.—Chicago News.

The Allies are determined to defend Serbia even if it takes the last Serbian.—Tulsa (Okla.) Democrat.

It is costing William Waldorf Astor a million a year in taxes to live in England these days.—San Francisco Chronicle.

**E. E. PICKERELL**  
Jewelry and Art Store

The Store that Stands Head and Shoulders above all competition in the Panhandle.

The Largest Stock, The Lowest Price,  
For the same goods.

TEN YEARS IN AMARILLO, TEXAS

413 Polk Street



HAPPY HOUR  
THEATRE

Thurs. Dec. 16

OSCAR GRAHAM

And His same WELL-KNOWN COMPANY

IN  
"A Soldier  
of Japan"

Four acts of live pulsing  
Comedy Drama.

Depicting a theme of great  
Present day Importance

Beautiful  
Oriental Scenery



**HOLLAND HAS IT--SAVE MONEY**

BY COMING TO

**HEADQUARTERS**

We are ready for you with one of the largest stocks of Cut Glass, Chinaware, Silverware, Jewelry, Toys and Holiday Goods. Our prices must appeal to you; our goods are certainly above the standard. Years of buying has enabled us to give you the choicest goods at prices that are not to be duplicated. We have plenty of help to wait on you patiently. We store goods to be delivered at any time. See our show windows. Come in to our Christmas Paradise and select your wants. 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.

FREE GUESSES ON THE BIG DOLL IN OUR WINDOW.

**HOLLAND DRUG COMPANY**



**Stephens is Opposed to Defense.**  
Congressman John H. Stephens of this district is going to oppose the president's plan for national defense. The following dispatch was printed in a number of the big dailies this week:  
Washington—The plan of Representative C. H. Tavenner of Illinois for a congressional investigation to ascertain

the source of the sentiment for the preparedness program is warmly indorsed by Representative John H. Stephens of the Texas delegation. "I am willing to join Mr. Tavenner for the investigation," said Mr. Stephens. "It would be interesting to ascertain just how much of the inspiration has come from the makers of war munitions and armor plate. Certainly, if my section of the country reflect the true conditions, it does not come from the people."  
Mr. Stephens is against any enlargement of the army or navy unless it be in the number of submarines, and then he says, he would have to be shown they are necessary.

**The Week in History.**

- Monday, Dec. 6—Carver landed in New England, 1620.
- Tuesday, Dec. 7—Delaware admitted to Union, 1787.
- Wednesday Dec. 8—Washington crossed the Delaware, 1776.
- Thursday, Dec. 9.—Buffalo burned, 1813.
- Friday, Dec. 10—Mississippi admitted to Union, 1817.
- Saturday, Dec. 11.—Pilgrims landed, 1620.
- Sunday, Dec. 12—Pennsylvania admitted to the Union, 1787.

**Don'ts**

Don't attempt to punish all your enemies at once. You can't do a large business with a small capital. Don't say "I told you so." Two to one you never said a word about it. Don't worry about another man's business. A little selfishness is sometimes commendable. Don't imagine that you can correct all the evils in the world. A grain of sand is not prominent in a desert. Don't mourn over fancied grievances. Bide your time and real sorrow will come. Don't throw dust in your teacher's eyes. It will only injure the pupil. Don't worry about the ice crop. Keep cool and you will have enough. Don't borrow a coach to please your wife. Better make her a little sulky. Don't imagine that every thing is weakening. Butter is strong in this market. Don't publish your acts of charity. The Lord will keep the amount straight. Don't color meerschaums for a living. It is simply dyeing by inches.—Mark Twain.

**"I Wonder What's in It"**



**Learn a Little Every Day.**

One horse power is the strength necessary to lift 3300 pounds, per foot, per minute.  
It would require 350 years to make the trip from the earth to the sun, on a railway that ran at the rate of 30 miles an hour, if it ran day and night without stopping.  
40,000 to 50,000 books are published

throughout the world every year.  
The big red wood trees of Calaveras county, California, range in height from 150 to 237 feet, and some of them are 30 feet in diameter. Their ages are from 1,000 to 3,500 years.

**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 tingling in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of H. W. GROVE, Inc.

**Does Your Car Need Repairing or Painting?**

**GO TO**  
**F. BUKOVINY'S Garage**  
(west of S. A. Shotwell's wagon yard) PHONE 169  
**For First Class Work**

**TREES TREES TREES**  
If you want home grown trees that are healthy and propagated from varieties that have been tested and do the best in the West, it will pay you to investigate all that claim to have nurseries on the Plains. Plainview Nursery will pay \$5 a day and expenses to any one who will investigate if they do not find that we have the largest and best stock of home grown trees anywhere in Texas west of Fort Worth or in New Mexico. We are practically the only institution that has a stock of fruit trees ready for the market. For your good and ours too, we solicit your investigation.  
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Plainview, Texas

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Have created a demand that is surprising, even to us—this years sales will show an increase of 300 percent over last year.

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For twenty-five years we have been on the alert—striving to give better results—spending a \$1000 a year in tests.

Is it not, therefore, worth your while to investigate our products?

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**THE REFLECTIONS OF A MARRIED WOMAN**—are not pleasant if she is delicate, run-down, or over worked. She feels "played out." Her smile and her good spirits have taken flight. It worries her husband as well as herself.  
This is the time to build up her strength and cure those weaknesses or ailments which are the seat of her trouble. Dr. Fierco's Favorite Prescription regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength. It cures those disorders and derangements incident to womanhood.  
Mrs. LUCINDA ASHCROFT, 3512 Dallas Avenue, Dallas, Texas, says:  
"My mother used Dr. Fierco's medicines over thirty years ago and recommended them to her daughters. I have used the 'Favorite Prescription' during my married life and found the remedy was all that was claimed for it."



These tires cost more to buy, but less to own. They are built up to a standard, not down to a price. None of the common defects in other tires are found in these which are made slowly and painstakingly by hand in small enough quantities to make them right.  
**J. A. GUTHRIE**

TRY A WANT AD IN THE NEWS

NEAL of the NAVY
By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE
AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE," "RUNNING FIGHT," "CATSPAW," "BLUE BUCKLE," ETC.
NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY THE PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.
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SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee, Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues five-year-old Annette Ilington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Ilington is assaulted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become a blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Ponto, Inez, a female accomplice, and the middle brute that once was Ilington, come to Seaport, where the widow of Captain Hardin is living with her son Neal and Annette Ilington, and plot to steal the papers left to Annette by her father. Neal travels to Anneton to the Naval Academy, but through the treachery of Joey Welcher is defeated by Joey and disgraced. Neal enlists in the navy. Inez's a trap for Joey and the conspirators get him in their power. Annette discovers that heat applied to the map reveals the location of the lost island. In a struggle for possession of the map Hernandez, Annette and Neal each secure a portion. Annette sails on the Casanova in search of her father. The crew mutiny, and are overcome by a boarding party from U. S. Destroyer Jackson, led by Neal. In Martinique Annette and Neal are captured, but are rescued by a sponge diver. Inez forges identification papers for herself as Annette. In an insurrection Neal and Annette are again captured, carried to the Sun City and Annette is offered as a sacrifice to the sun god. They are rescued by miners from the Albany. Landed in Tortuga, Annette and Neal are captured and exposed to yellow fever infection. Hernandez, but are rescued by sailors from the Albany. Inez tries to rob Annette and escapes. On her way to Chantillo Annette is captured. Neal is promoted and leads a party of transferred men toward Chantillo, but is caught in a train wreck on the way.

ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT

THE DREADFUL PIT

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Dangerous Delay.

The tre of Hernandez was now thoroughly aroused. A quicksilver mine on the Lost Isle of Cinnabar—probably unworked for a century or more—meant millions, many millions. Hernandez realized the fact. He was playing for high stakes—very high.

"My ancestors," he told Ponto, "had a coat of arms—a motto. 'Ride through'—that was what it said, friend Ponto. I shall follow it—that injunction. I shall ride through."

They were lounging, breathless, panting, against a tree trunk that had fallen athwart one of the invisible trails of a Central American jungle. With them was Senorita Inez Castro.

"What we want most of all," he continued, "and what we must get—is the Lost Isle of Cinnabar. We have the evidences of ownership—all save the Spanish grant in the hands of the Fathers of the Santa Maria mission. Let us seek at once the mission. Let us get all evidences of ownership. Then, as the crow flies, the four of us will seek Lost Island—yes and find it. Once found—possession may be nine-tenths of the law—we'll have possession. But to us possession will be more than that. We know no law."

At Chantillo—some few miles away, things were happening. Ensign Neal Hardin with his squad of fifty men from the cruiser Albany across the neck, had arrived to board the battleship Missouri, waiting for them in the waters off Chantillo. These were the fifty men who had so nearly lost their lives on the dirt cars of Montada.

Annette was with them—and Neal was at her side. They were grouped on the wharf.

Neal beckoned to the captain of the little coast steamer that was tied up to the wharf.

"Senior," he said, "behind me is the long arm of the United States government. My government protects its citizens. Here is a citizen—Miss Ilington. Here is another—my mother. Here is a third—my friend Welcher. Dire things have happened, senior. Look. Somewhere in that jungle hide three desperadoes and a woman. They have many methods—but one in particular. At night they will come to you and offer money to be taken aboard. He tossed a stern glance at the captain and tapped him on the arm. "Senior," he continued, "cast your eye over the Missouri there—my ship. Think of the long arm of my government. Take these desperadoes aboard at your peril—at your peril, senior. I have warned you. The rest is up to you."

The little captain shivered a bit. "Bl, senior," he returned, swiftly, with a bow, "it shall be as you say."

Meantime the third member of Annette's party, Mr. Joseph Welcher, had strolled behind a convenient shed to find a resting place for his weary bones and to smoke his fiftieth cigarette that day. He struck a match—started to light his cigarette. Then something happened. The match went out—the cigarette was knocked unceremoniously from his lips.

"What tho—" he began. Then he stopped. A stone was lying at his feet. It was this stone that had knocked the cigarette from between his lips—and had almost knocked a tooth or two as well. But there was something else to wonder at. A bit of crumpled paper had fluttered to the ground.

Welcher picked the paper up and

glanced warily about him. Suddenly, he saw—The jungle's edge came down nearly to the water. Something was stirring in this thicket. Joe stared. And suddenly the face of a woman—Inez Castro, peered out from behind the huge leaf of a tropic plant.

"Read." That was the message flashed from the eyes of Inez Castro to the brain of Joe Welcher. Joe read.

The note was brief and to the point: We do not board this steamer. But we must reach Santa Maria first. It is up to you and you alone, to create all possible delays. Do not fail us now.

That night at dusk, Joe Welcher lounging on the deck of the small steamer as it steamed north along the coast—shambled over toward a scuttle, and peered down to see what he could see. What he did see was machinery—the vessel's machinery, working smoothly, well oiled, well cared for—for a steamboat engineer is a steamboat engineer the world over. What he saw was that for the moment, no one was in charge—momentarily the engineer had stepped outside. This was the instant that Joe Welcher had been waiting for. Furtively he drew from his breast pocket a small bar of steel. For one instant he held it suspended over the machinery. Then he let it drop and noiselessly tiptoed away.

Almost immediately there was a terrific grinding noise below, followed by a terrific jolt. Then the engines stopped—and the steamer followed out. Passengers and crew rushed to the captain—Annette included.

"What has happened," she demanded. "Something dropped into the machinery and a connecting rod is broken, seniorita. It will take time—hours to repair."

At midnight the break had not yet been repaired.

At midnight, another small steamer, also bound north along the coast, passed silently along upon her way. She was within hailing distance, but she gave no sign.

CHAPTER XLIX.

False Impersonation.

In the interior of the chart room on board the battleship Missouri, Neal Hardin—ensign—was discussing with his brother officers the possibilities of the Alleanmanian war.

A senior officer was poring over translated wireless messages. Against the wall was a modern Mercator's map of the world.

Finally he rose. "A new coaling station—that's the trick," he said, "and we've got to see somebody in authority at Los Angeles—unless they meet us en route. The state department's got to dicker for a coaling station."

He adjusted his glasses and examined the map. "H'm," he said, "Allemania—here's Allemania." He pondered the map carefully—sizing up all possibilities—measuring distances. Finally he placed his finger tip upon a spot in the Pacific ocean.

"There," he said, "is the spot—somewhere about there."

"What's the latitude," queried another officer, getting out a section of another map. His senior told him. "And the longitude," he asked. His senior told him that.

"Eighteen degrees north," mused the junior, "and 123 degrees west." He pored over his sectional map. He shook his head.

"But," he protested, "there's no land there—there's no island to be seen." Neal almost jumped out of his skin. "There is an island there, uncharted and unmapped," said Neal, "but it's there. It's the Isle of Cinnabar—we call it the Lost Isle."

"Who calls it the Lost Isle?" Neal told them Annette's story, from start to finish.

The commander smiled. "We get our coaling stations by making treaties," he said, "I've never heard of making a treaty with a girl, but I suppose it can be done. We'll have to wireless Washington about that. And I know pretty much what our orders will be now—suppose you guess."

Neal smiled. "Follow the girl," he said. So they followed Annette. But others had preceded her. Even while Annette's journey was but half way through something was happening at the Santa Maria mission in Lower California.

Brother Anselmo was seated at his table, facing Hernandez and his party. Inez Castro leaned a well-rounded arm upon the table and glanced innocently into the eyes of Brother Anselmo.

"I am Annette Ilington," she said. The brother nodded. "I am sending for the papers, child," he said.

"So you are his daughter?" he said at length—and there seemed a note of disappointment in his voice—"the daughter of my old friend Ilington. He was my young friend then. You—his daughter. And you say my old friend Ilington is dead?"

The chin of Senorita Castro quivered. "Dead," she faltered. She dropped her face into her handkerchief.

"When did he die, my daughter?" he asked soothingly.

"In 1902" interposed Hernandez, "I was with him—he was destroyed at the eruption of Mount Pelee. We were his friends, Ponto here and I—his partners. We tried to save him. It was no use. He was engulfed. He died—a horrible death."

"She was a small child then," said the priest.

"Yes," said Hernandez. "Does—does she remember her father—Ilington?"

"Hardly," said Hernandez, "we've tried to make her remember—but no—she hardly does."

The face of Inez Castro was still buried in her kerchief. The priest watched attentively the heave of her shoulders.

Brother Anselmo sighed. "Ah, grief has a long, strong arm—it reaches over decades. And the loss of a father—ah me. Here," he exclaimed, "here are the papers. Let us have a look."

Inez straightened up. Hernandez and Ponto moved forward. So did the Brute. The sudden movement seemed to startle the priest. He looked up hastily. He caught sight of the blank face of the Brute. He rose.

"Who—what is that?" he demanded, pointing toward the Brute's blank countenance.

"A servant," returned Hernandez, "picked up from a shipwreck some three years ago. He had been a longshoreman. He is demented—always so, they told us. He is devoted to us all—particularly to Annette."

The priest stared at the Brute and the Brute returned the stare.

"The eyes," said the priest, "I never forget eyes. I've seen those eyes somewhere before." He tapped his forehead. "Let me think—when—how—"

Finally he shook his head. "It will come to me later," he exclaimed.

The priest shook out an old and faded parchment. "This," he exclaimed, "is the grant—the original grant."

Hernandez in his eagerness, seized a corner of the grant. The priest brushed his hand away.

"Patience, son," he said, "there can be no delivery until I am satisfied. This charge has been handed down to me."

Inez pointed toward a paper on the table. "There!" she exclaimed, "is my photograph—and the letter from the governor of Martinique."

Brother Anselmo picked it up and looked it over. It was Annette's letter—and it had been "vised by the governor of Martinique, and originally

with the whip and the horse ambled off toward town.

At his command the Brute carried Annette across the desert, totally oblivious to her struggles and outcries. Ponto led the way, stopping from time to time to make pleasant remarks to Annette.

By this time they had reached the small, damp, dank oasis with its shading palms and its little pool of water. Ponto led the way into the very depths of this inviting green shelter. Then he struck the Brute on the shoulder.

"Now set her down," he commanded. The Brute obeyed. Annette gasped with surprise. She was not bound—she was free, untrammelled.

"What are you going to do with me?" queried Annette.

"Nothing, seniorita," returned Ponto, bowing low.

Annette, wary, fearful, looked behind her as though she expected an attack from the rear. But there was no one to be seen. Beyond was the desert—there seemed to be no hiding places.

Ponto merely bowed again. "Seniorita," he said, with a leer, "beauty in distress—ah me!—it touches my heart always. See. The mission lies yonder—behind you. Your path lies there. You are free."

Annette turned. Keeping her glance over her shoulder, to be ready for treachery, she slowly proceeded on her way.

Suddenly, without warning, she sank into the pit. . . .

Ponto laughed in glee. "The stakes—they are like knives," he cried—they are deadly—they are for jaguars—and little wildcat heesses—oh, yes—"

With a cry, Annette found herself falling helplessly into the unknown terror underneath.

"Help—help—help," she cried.

will have none. Without the grant—without all the evidence, we will not be believed. With it we will be taken at our face value. Let us get all we can. Let us leave her without proof—she will be help us then."

Hernandez kicked Ponto with his foot. Ponto sat up rubbing his eyes.

"Ponto," said Hernandez, "the party has arrived."

"They will go to the mission and spoil it all," said Ponto.

"No," returned Hernandez, "thank our lucky stars the mission is a good two miles out of the village. They will first put up at the hotel—later they will start out for the mission. It is then, on the way there, we must intercept them—you must, Ponto. You and the Brute. This time he will do his duty—I'll flay his hide. Wake him up. You have no time to lose."

Hernandez was quite right. Annette Ilington, even more eager than had been her enemies, could hardly wait the moment when she might stand before the fathers of the Santa Maria mission and claim her own.

Ponto woke the Brute with a vicious application of the whip lash.

"Spare him not, Ponto," said Hernandez, "if he disobeys this time, cut his hide into strips—I give you leave."

At a half run Ponto and the Brute started across the desert, dodging here and there behind little hillocks of sand. Finally the village was cut off from their sight.

"Now we can run," Ponto cried, "make haste."

No sooner had he spoken than his foot slipped—he sank into the ground up to his waist.

"Help," he cried, "a quicksand—help."

The Brute pulled him back to terra firma. But it was not a quicksand, as Ponto soon found out. It was a trap—a trap for jaguars.

Ponto shivered. Then he replaced the dried brush and grass and earth. Nimbly he climbed into one of the overhanging trees. Then he slid down, nodding to himself with satisfaction.

"She must pass within a hundred yards of this place to reach the mission," he exclaimed, "Beast, we wait here until she comes."

Down in the village, at the little old hotel, Annette ordered out two horses. "I can't wait," she told her foster mother, Mrs. Hardin. "There's no use talking to me. I've got to go."

Annette started for the mission. Half way there two figures darted out from behind a hillock, and one of them seized her bridle and brought her steed to a standstill. Terror-stricken, Annette saw that the two were Ponto and the Brute—two of the band of desperadoes whom she feared.

"Drag her off her horse," commanded Ponto of the Brute. The Brute obeyed. Ponto gave the horse a cut



At the Jaguar Trap.

With a bound the Brute was upon her. He darted to the very edge of the pit and with the surefootedness of an animal crouched there, throwing his entire body forward and catching her by the shoulders just as she disappeared from sight. He drew her back to terra firma. No sooner had he done so, however, than Ponto was upon them both, knife in hand, his teeth literally gnashing with rage.

He hurled a savage knife-thrust at the Brute—and missed. Then he threw himself upon Annette and half tore her in his frenzy from the Brute's grasp, cutting and slashing at them both with his wicked knife.

"I've got you now, you little wildcat," he panted in guttural Spanish "down you go."

He thrust her savagely into the pit. Once more the Brute caught her—and in so doing swung the three of them around, so that their positions were reversed. Ponto, throwing caution to the winds, kept lunging at the two with his sharp weapon.

"I'll get you both," he yelled, "I'll get you both."

A moment later he was clawing at the air—but it was too late. Making frantic struggle to preserve his balance, he tottered over backward. There was the crash of a heavy body falling—a tearing, thudding sound—a ghastly, hideous scream—then silence.

CHAPTER LI.

The Jaguar's Mate.

A lieutenant from the battleship Missouri clapped Neal on the shoulder.

"Well," he said, "ensign, we're still following your girl. Pleasant occupation for you, eh."

"Looks as if I'd do it all my life," said Neal, "but some day I hope to catch up to her."

The officers were in charge of a small squad of men who had landed at Santa Maria in Lower California, under orders from Washington, and under advice from the United States district attorney in California. They were on the track of a coaling station—the United States wanted to make a treaty with a girl. The girl was here—somewhere.

"Hello," said Neal, "look. There's a horse—a riderless horse. Go on boys—get it, double quick."

Three of the squad caught the horse and brought it to Neal.

"A woman's saddle," said Neal. His heart was in his throat. "Look." He drew from the pommel an object that had caught there—one of a pair of woman's gloves.

"Annette's," he cried, "something has happened."

"Forward, double quick," commanded the lieutenant. "We'll see."

At the hotel they found Mrs. Hardin and Joe, gazing anxiously off toward the mission. Neal caught his mother by the arm.

"Annette," he cried, "we caught her horse. Where is she?"

"They told the story of her starting out."

"Not a moment to lose," exclaimed Neal, "come on boys—hurry all you can."

Meantime at the mission, Hernandez and Inez—with full confidence in Ponto's ability to delay the advent of Annette—had once more presented themselves before Brother Anselmo.

"We have been patient, father," said Hernandez, "and we trust that prayer—and sleep—have given you wisdom and enlightenment, and satisfied you of the justice of our claim."

"Ah, you speak truth, son," said Brother Anselmo. He rose and left the room, returning immediately with the iron box containing the documents in question. He set it down upon the table.

There was a hubbub outside in the courtyard. In the midst of it a door was thrust open, and the Brute strode in, carrying Annette in his arms—Annette, still only semiconscious—still suffering from the shock of that writhing figure at the bottom of the jaguar trap back there in the desert. Some instinct had led the Brute back to his master. He laid the figure of Annette upon the table with the air of one who has done his duty well.

"Brothers," cried Brother Anselmo, seeing Annette's plight, "quick—restoratives—succor for this young girl."

Hernandez took advantage of the confusion—though he himself was confused beyond all peradventure. "Listen," he said to Inez, "leave her with the Brute—go at once. I'll do the rest."

Unnoticed, Inez and the Brute obeyed. They left the room, hurried across the courtyard and disappeared. Hernandez watched them go. His coolness returned. Swiftly, with one bound, he was upon Brother Anselmo and had seized the iron box in his iron grasp.

In an instant he was across the room.

But Brother Anselmo had done something more than pray and sleep in his quiet existence. He was an active, well trained individual. With a loud cry he leaped across the intervening space, and bounded upon the shoulders of Hernandez.

"Help, help, brothers," he commanded.

There was help aplenty. Hernandez fought like a madman, but the brothers clung to him like leeches. Slowly, however, he worked his way toward the nearest exit—and then with a mighty wrench, he threw off all his assailants—including Brother Anselmo, and darted, with a mighty leap out through the doorway.

He bounded into the arms of Neal Hardin and his squad.

Neal saw at a glance what had happened. He seized Hernandez's wrist—the wrist of the hand and arm that held the iron box, and twisted it suddenly, painfully. Hernandez dropped the box—but jerked away from Neal, sprang to a window and disappeared.

Behind him he heard the steady plup-plup of many footsteps—the steady lode of marines that eats up the long miles in less time than it takes to tell it.

"Damn them," said Hernandez, "I'll beat them to it yet."

Behind him the footsteps stopped. There was a report—a ping. Hernandez had reached the edge of the green oasis. He screamed with pain. It was as though a red hot iron had seared him. He had been hit in the arm.

"Damn you," he screamed in pain, "I'll beat you to it, yet."

With almost unseeing eyes he tore across the small green space—and then he stumbled, and slid, slid, slid—into what seemed a bottomless pit. He just escaped a stake—a bloody one. And he fell—or rather slumped—upon something soft and yielding.

With another oath he rose to his feet and peered about him. Then he drew back in terror.

There lay Ponto—his mate—dead, distorted. . . .

Hernandez screamed in terror—he was only human. This thing was horrible. A shadow started him. He looked upward. The Brute was peering down—he was doing more—he slowly slid down into the pit and caught Hernandez in his grasp. Then, somehow, using his broad shoulders and his arms and knees he worked his way back again to terra firma, and drew Hernandez—groaning with the pain of his wound—up after him. Then with the nimbleness of a deer, the Brute—after slinging Hernandez upon his back—trotted off into the safety of the beyond.

Back at the monastery, Annette Ilington opened her eyes and looked to the face of Brother Anselmo.

"I am Annette Ilington," she exclaimed, "I am the heiress of the Lost Isle of Cinnabar."

Brother Anselmo turned to Ensign Neal Hardin.

"Does she speak truth?" he queried.

"She does," said Neal, "and my government will back her, to the limit. She is what she says she is. We all will vouch for that."

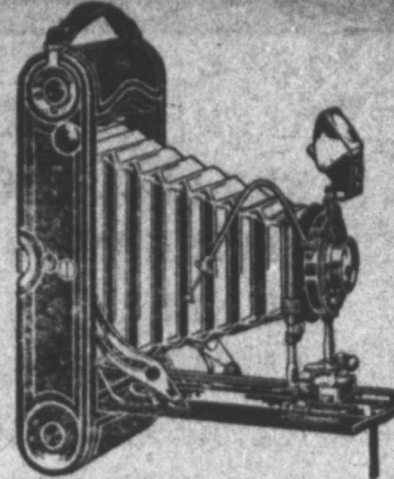
"Ah," mused Brother Anselmo, "what a wonderful thing is prayer—what a wonderful thing is sleep—"

He stopped. "I have prayed," he went on, slowly, puzzled, "but not yet solved the mystery of the eyes of that big man—the eyes—"

He stopped again. For the eyes of Annette Ilington were riveted upon him.

# CHRISTMAS HINTS

## Eastman Kodaks



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 is impossible for us to mention all of the articles which our line embraces, but we give a partial list which we hope will help you solve that perplexing problem: "What shall I give?"

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

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Do not growl or grumble.  
Say a good word for him and let it go at that.  
Do not be a knocker.  
If you see that the city is moving along nicely, feel good about it.  
Help things along.  
Shove a little.  
Push. Try and secure some of the benefit yourself.  
Do not stand around like a cadaver.  
Do not waste time feeling sore because some fellow has a little more sand and senses than you have.  
Do a little hustling yourself.  
If you can say a good word, say it like a prince. If you are full of bile

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Nothing can be done for everything.  
Doing one thing well brings success.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for one thing only.  
For weak or disordered kidneys.

Here is a reliable evidence of their worth.

F. J. Trigg, 805 S. Pierce St., Amarillo, Texas, says: "I have had a satisfactory experience with Doan's Kidney Pills. They relieved me greatly when I was suffering from kidney and bladder trouble and I was convinced of their worth."

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

and disposed to say something mean, keep your mouth closed.  
Do not be a knocker.  
No man ever became rich and happy minding anybody's business save his own.

No man ever helped himself up permanently by knocking his neighbors down.

Give a kind word. Give it liberally. It will not cost a cent, and you may want one yourself some day.

You cannot afford it. It will not pay. There is nothing in it.

If you want to throw something at somebody—throw brickbats, or mud. If you must kick—go behind the barn and kick yourself. For if you feel that way you are the man that needs kicking.

But whatever you do, do not be a knocker.

By watching the advertising columns of a newspaper we are enabled to know the exact condition of mercantile affairs and the general prosperity or depression in the town where that paper is published. We can sit at our desk and pick out the live business towns and the dead towns. There is no better index to a town than its paper; it is better criterion to go by, and is considered so by sagacious men, than a photograph, it is the enterprise of the inhabitants and not the size of the buildings that make the town. You may pick up a paper and read at a glance, "We mean business," or "we're deadier than a stuffed bird," as plain as though it was printed in ten line pica and red ink across every page.

"If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you. This is the principal difference between a dog and a man."—Mark Twain.

### Learn a Little Every Day.

Holland has 6,336,870 population. The trade balance in favor of the United States, as shown by recent figures of export commerce from Washington, is the greatest in the history of the country, being \$1,094,442,792.

The seven Bibles of the world are the scriptures of the Christian; the Tri Retiques of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese; the Three Vedas of the Hindus; the Eddas of the Scandinavians; the Zend Avesta of the Persians and the Koran of the Mohammedans.

The state of Texas has recently bought a ranch of 13,000 acres to be used as a penitentiary farm.

In Russia there is a carnival of kissing at Easter time. From the Czar down to the meanest subject, young and old alike, everybody kisses.

Soldiers in France have recently had their pay increased from 1c per day to 5c.

### Elbert Bede Says

The more worthless, onery and no account a person is, the more he imagines he is being persecuted.

We have never heard of a ghost hurting anyone, but most of us would rather take our chances with a bruiser.

There are folks who spend their time trying to create trouble who imagine that they are of some service in the world.

It is easier for a person who is hopelessly involved financially to come back than it is to escape the breath of a scandal.

The man who is not afraid to face danger must also take the necessary precautions to escape or he won't face many of them.

Experience is one of the few costly things that is always worth just as

is no outright sale.  
much to its owner but for which there

Many a man who is regarded as a sagacious money-maker marries a woman whose ambition is to see that none of that money remains idle.

E. J. Rose at Waupaca, Wis., is experimenting with a process to grow potatoes all salted and peppered. We have heard of the potato season. Presume this it is.

It's funny how hard up a man feels after paying his taxes. The man who has paid \$3.63 into the county ex-

chequer considers that sufficient excuse for standing off all his creditors for two months.

**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.

Of course it is possible to be popular and tell the truth. If you tell it only when it is necessary.—Philadelphia Record.

### Short Paragraphs.

The first charts and maps were made by the Phoenicians as early as the sixth century B. C.

The Hudson Bay Company was organized in 1670.

The Jordan river is about 100 miles long.

The first baseball club in America was the Knickerbocker, founded in New York in 1845.

TRY A WANT AD IN THE NEWS

## Christmas Gifts

should be of such a nature as to remind the recipient throughout the year of the giver. Much money is wasted every year through the gifts of articles of not more than a day's duration.

If you have been giving such gifts in the past, change this year and make your gifts which will not only be appreciated on Christmas day, but will be a reminder throughout the coming year, and will be of service and pleasure to your friend.

Our line of Comfortable chairs and rockers is the best that we have ever seen and we have a size for every member of the family from 'baby' to 'grandpa'.

Our line of small rugs and portiers are appropriate for mother or sister.

A Kitchen cabinet is the best gift you could possibly give wife or mother.

Writing desks, Dressing tables, Chiffoneers, Bookcases, Footstools, Costumers, Coat Racks, Library tables, Dining tables, Pedestals, Mirrors and Pictures are a few of the other articles that we have to offer.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT TO YOUR STATION

CAZZELL BROS.

606 POLK ST.

AMARILLO, TEXAS



ALUMINUM TEA POTS  
 NICKELED COPPER TEA POTS  
 ALUMINUM COFFEE POTS  
 NICKELED COPPER COFFEE POTS  
 ALUMINUM SALT AND PEPPER SETS  
 EXPRESS WAGONS  
 CRUMB TRAY AND SRCAPER  
 ALUMINUM TEA BALLS  
 NUT SETS  
 BAKING DISHES

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

SILVER KNIVES AND FORKS  
 BERRY SPOONS  
 CREAM LADLES  
 SOUP SPOONS  
 BOUILLON SPOONS  
 CHAFING SETS  
 BUTTER KNIVES  
 SUGAR SHELLS  
 PIE SERVERS  
 CHILDS SETS

A BIG ASSORTMENT OF GENUINE HAND PAINTED CHINA VARIETY OF CUT GLASS AND A NUMBER OF OTHER THINGS TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION. WE WILL BE GLAD TO SHOW YOU WHAT WE HAVE AND QUOTE YOU PRICES. WE HAVE THE GOODS AT THE RIGHT PRICE.

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY WHILE THE STOCK IS COMPLETE

# Thompson Hardware Company



## Taking Tea With Dolly



### Railroad President Gives Advice

"Young man, advertise yourself and your business."

This is Nathan L. Amster's paraphrase on Horace Greeley's famous epigram. He couches for the efficacy of his advice from personal experience. Three years old he was a small stockholder in the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific-railroad, who believed that the financial powers governing the system were looting it. Today he is chairman of the executive committee of the road.

How was the seeming miracle performed? Advertising, newspaper advertising, coupled with proper publicity, is Mr. Amster's answer.

Mr. Amster was in Chicago the other day on business connected with the railroad. He told his story in the Stone hotel.

"To what do you ascribe your meteoric rise?" he was asked.

"To advertising, newspaper advertising," was the reply. I am a firm believer in advertising, both for your personal advancement as well as for your business success.

"When I became convinced the Rock Island properties ought to be paying dividends instead of rapidly deteriorating toward a receivership I was only a little stockholder with a few hundred dollars invested. The idea struck me of leaguering the small stockholders together. I asked the company for a list of stockholders, but was refused. I tried every way, but couldn't get the names.

"Then the thought of advertising for them came to me. I started a campaign in the newspapers.

"My success was instantaneous. Stories were published in all parts of the country telling of my fight. Gradually these small stockholders rallied to the cause I was advocating.

"With proxies from these people I opened my fight. Many times I was on the point of giving up, but printers' ink bridges the way between my thousands of dollars opposed to the millions of my opponents.

"When the road was finally thrown into the hands of receivers my opponents were gradually eliminated. Then I was chosen to head the new executive committee and my advertising campaign was triumphant."

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.

### "Vi-o-linists"

"It's a funny thing about these here vi-o-linists 'es they call 'em now-a-days," remarked the street corner sage as he read a window card announcing the appearance of a famous soloist.

"When I wuz a young feller we us-ter call 'em fiddlers an' if I'm enny judge a a-tall they cum a whole lot nearer furnishin' real musick than these here long haired furriners at has tu look at the musick all th' time they-er playin'. I recollect a feller named

Lias Smith in our neighborhood 'at could play enny piece you'd ask him fer an' hed play it on three strings most uv the way through. He wouldn't uf knowed a piece of musick if he'd a seen one 'cause he couldn't even read printin'.

"Why Uncle," reminded one of the little audience, "I thought I heard somebody say you had a grand-daughter who will graduate from a conservatory of music soon. Isn't she a prettry clever violinist?"

The old man's eyes brightened and he threw his shoulders back. "Is she?

Wall say! Jest put a piece up on that musick rack uv hern an' hand her that fiddle and bow and b'leve me you never heard enny better in your life, I'll bet this feller that's got his picter on this here card can't hold a candle tu her. But then I call her a fiddler even tho she says she's a vi-o-linest"

### To Drive Out Malaria

And Build Up The System Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents

## INSURANCE

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

J. E. Winkelman

Try a Want Ad in the News

## "STOP, LOOK, LISTEN!"



A LAWYER received \$10,000 for suggesting those words to a railroad. That sign, "Stop, Look, Listen!" saved the road many thousands of dollars in damages. It's a good sign. It's worth \$10,000. Wise people are often warned by a similar sign on the road of extravagance. They stop in time. How about yourself? Think this over seriously. A bank account is the BEST KIND OF SECURITY at any time.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK



**XMAS!**  
**XMAS!**  
**XMAS CANDY!**

We wish to inform the general public, as well as our friends and patrons, that we are manufacturing a fine pure mixed candy, specially for the Xmas trees, and Xmas parties, or any family use. There is none as good for the price. See our samples, get prices, and we assure you that you will give us your orders. We also make our firm chocolates. They are hand-dipped with great care and neatness, and we challenge the world for better ones. What is more appropriate for your mother, sister or sweetheart than a box of ZIMMERMAN'S fine chocolates for a Xmas Remembrance? Let us fill you a nifty box of these rare sweets. We will appreciate your trade and you will be delighted and pleased. We sure can interest you in all kinds of nuts, oranges and all kinds of fresh fruits and confections. Give us a trial please.

**ZIMMERMAN'S CANDY KITCHEN**

316 Polk St. AMARILLO, TEXAS Phone 410

**Ferguson For Re-election.**

Many Texas papers are coming forth with candidates to oppose Governor Jim Ferguson next year—principally on account of the part he took in Bell county local option election a few days ago. Some of those mentioned are Senator Warren of Kaufman, Cullen Thomas of Dallas, and William Poindexter of Cleburne. Of these the News favors the latter, but we have no idea of seeing any man beat Ferguson next time. And, indeed we see no good reason why he should not have a second term. He has made a capable Governor, as we view it, and we have never believed that the election of a Chief Executive for the State should hinge upon so narrow a basis as his attitude toward governing the liquor traffic. As a citizen and large taxpayer of Bell county, it seems to us quite natural that he should feel an interest in all affairs directly affecting his home and his people. That he made some blunders in his campaign we firmly believe—we know it. However, until a perfect man is brought forth, we have no

idea of fighting the re-election of the Governor. Ferguson is the first Governor we've had in several years who has the business ability and courage to recognize and face many difficult state problems, and he will finally work them out in a business-like manner if left in charge of affairs another term.—Clarendon News.

**Without Food for Three Days.**

Hereford Brand—On last Wednesday evening, H. H. Boardman, who lives just south of town, went to his ranch in the north part of the county, some twenty-five miles away, and when near his corrals was kicked by one of the horses he was driving and received a broken leg. He was so disabled that he could neither ride nor walk and lay till Saturday near noon, without food or much shelter, when he was found.

The men who can be induced to buy gold bricks are comparatively few in number. But a smart salesman can sell a dandruff cure to any customer.—Abilene (Texas) Reporter.

We have candies and fruits for the little ones' Christmas

We have a choice line of the best groceries for everybody



Give us a chance to help you with that Christmas dinner

We have laid in a special line of goods for the holiday trade

**CANYON GROCERY CO.**

**EDWARD BUGHMANN PEERLESS BAKERY**

Do you want bread like mother makes? Then try my home made White, Rye, Cream, or Graham bread. I bake every day, cakes, pies, rolls, doughnuts, cream puffs and everything in the Baker line.

Give me your order. My goods always please. Ask your merchant for my bread. South side of square. Canyon, Texas.

**Methodist Church Sunday.**

At 11 o'clock Sunday morning a Laymens Program will be held as follows:

- Rev. J. A. Wallace, Presiding
- Song 208; Prayer; Scripture; Offering; Announcements.
- Special music by Miss Kline
- "God's call to Men"—Rev. J. A. Wallace
- "The unused Talent of the Church"—Judge Buie
- Song No. 428
- "How to build up our Church"—W. J. Fleisher.
- "Regular Church Attendance"—Dr. F. M. Wilson
- Song No. 317; Benediction.
- Each speaker limited to 10 minutes.
- At 7 p.m.—"Young People's Rally" under auspices of Methodist League;
- Song No 1; Prayer; Scripture; Offering
- Special music by Miss Kline
- "What the League Stands for"—Mr. Taylor
- "The Social life of Young People"—W. C. Ferguson
- "The Spiritual Life and its Perils"—Andrew Jordan
- Song No. 633
- "The League as a Power in the Church"—Mrs. Baker
- "Christ's Call to Service"—Ira Sanford
- "Why We Want You"—Catholine Stewart
- Song No. 420; League Benediction.
- Each speaker is limited to 10 minutes. Everybody invited. We urge our members to attend both services.
- J. W. MAYNE, Pastor.

**A Soldier of Japan.**

The military training school at West Point is considered one of the finest in the world; that is why not only Americans are educated there but in many cases well-to-do men of other nationalities send their sons there also.

A young Japanese was fortunate enough to have received his education at West Point and afterwards returned to his country, there to become a captain of artillery. An intense desire to achieve something that would be a great benefit to his country, was the outgrowth of his military training and after fifteen years of patient toil, study and experimenting he succeeded in inventing two things which would tend to revolutionize modern warfare. The spy system of other countries learned of his inventions which made the safeguarding of the details a grave problem.

The story in connection with this is one of vital interest, especially his ultimate decision as to what constituted true success and patriotism. "A Soldier of Japan," Oscar Graham's new and inspiring comedy-drama tells this story in a play that is big with action, heart interest and clever comedy. It will be presented by this well known company at the Happy Hour Theatre, Thursday, Dec. 16.

**Judgment**

It is not wise to use the judgment throne, unless you have no blemish of your own. Are you free from every sin and vice, so pure in thought, so everlasting nice, that you dare judge the gents who misbehave, call one a chump, another one a knave? Is your own record like driven snow, that at a neighbor you the harpoon throw? This morn I heard old Jabez Weatherwax rip sundry fellows up their absent backs; one beats his wife, his home with anguish fills, one borrows cash, one doesn't pay his bills; all have their faults, as Weatherwax explained, licentiousness is in their nature grained. And so I said, "O Jabez Weatherwax, a man like you, who high in virtue stacks a man so wise so truly good, should not permit his wife to saw the wood, to pack in coal, since days are growing cool, to wash the clothes, and labor like a mule. I see her slaving as I pass your home, while you sit here, your whiskers white with foam, and roast your neighbors till the air is blue—and all of them are better men than you." This brought a round of rapturous applause and Jabez folded up his safety jaws.

Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure The worst cases, no matter of how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves Pain and Heals at the same time. 25c, 50c, \$1.00

**Mary's Animal Show.**

Mary had a little lamb— "Twas Persian—on her coat; She also had a mink or two About her dainty throat; A bird-of-paradise, a tern, And ermine made the hat That perched at jaunty angle. On her coiffure, largely "rat." Her tiny boots were sable topped, Her gloves were muskrat, too, Her muff the heads and tails of half The "critters" in the Zoo. And when she walked abroad, I ween, She feared no wintry wind; At keeping warm, 'twas plain to see, She had all Nature "skinned."

—Lippincott's



There Should Be **MUSIC** In Every Home On Christmas Morning

**If Christmas**

is a day on which life should be most pleasant a Player Piano

**Will Make 365 Holidays A Year**

for you. You open your doors to musical enjoyment and education, which forever after become a daily part of your home life. Encourage your children. The best piano is not worth more than the happiness of your child.

And they can all play it. Every kiddie of the lot. They may not play it so well as the grown-ups; but they will get more joy out of that player than from all the balance of their presents combined.

Do you think of any other possible way in which you could make them so happy? The joy of it will not die with the Holidays.

A small amount cash and a smaller amount monthly will send it home. Call or write us.

**J. L. Henderson Piano Co.**

609 Polk Street

Amarillo, Texas

**A Wayward Tongue.**

The chairman of the committee was addressing a meeting at a teachers' institute. "My friends, the schoolwork is the bulwark of civilization. I mean—er—" He began to feel frightened. "The bulwark is the schoolwork of civilization." A smile could be felt. "The work house is the bulwark of civilization." He was evidently twisted. "The schoolbul is the workhouse—" An audible snigger spread over the

**audience.**

"The bulschool—" He was getting wild. So were his hearers. He mopped his perspiration, gritted his teeth, and made a fresh start. "The schoolhouse, my friends—" A sigh of relief went up. Hamlet was himself again. He gazed serenely around. The light of triumphant self-confidence was enthroned upon his brow. "Is the woolbark—" And that is when he lost consciousness. COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

**Doomsday Book.**

This was the name given to an old record, still in existence, which describes all of the land in England at the time of William the Conqueror. It gives a complete list of the owners and tenants and all the buildings and wealth on each estate. Today it is a valuable record in the study of early English history.

**Old Songs Re-Twisted.**

Hush little-suffragette, Don't you cry, You'll be an alderman Bye and bye.



Will there be a Victrola in your home this Christmas?

If there is you will do well to place your order early, as there will not be nearly enough Victrolas to go round. In fact it is next to impossible to buy them now.

We were fortunate enough to have bought an immense stock during the summer months and we are prepared for this shortage. Up to date we are able to supply you with any size Victrola that you may want, from the \$15.00 size up to the \$300.00.

Send in your order now and avoid dissapointment later. We will accept your order now for the Victrola you want and guarantee delivery anytime between December 1st and December 24th, 1915. Terms may be arranged if desired.

609 Polk St. **W. J. Satterwhite** Amarillo, Tex. "The Victor Man"

# TEN DAYS SALE

Regardless of the fact that our increase in business this season has been beyond our expectations, and has smashed all previous records, we find that in some departments we still have too many goods. Invoicing time will be here in three weeks and we can count cash easier than take inventory of merchandise. We have therefore decided to put on a ten days special sale on the following items For CASH. For the increase in business this season we want to thank our friends and customers very kindly, and assure you that we sincerely appreciate your patronage. Sale starts, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, and closes SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18. CASH AT THESE PRICES.

**:-: CASH AT SALE PRICE. CHARGED AT REGULAR PRICE :-:**

 <p><b>MENS CLOTHING</b></p> <p>We have exclusive agency for Hart Schaffner and Marx Clothes. Have a large stock on hand and are willing to make a sacrifice rather than carry them over. We also have Curlee Clothes for less money. Come in and look them over during sale.</p> <p>30.00 suits for - - 22.50 25.00 - - 17.50 22.50 - - 16.00 20.00 - - 14.00 17.50 - - 12.50 15.00 - - 10.50 12.50 - - 8.50</p> <p>Same discount applies on overcoats. We have a large stock in all sizes, 34 to 46. All prices from \$7.50 up. Let us fit you up.</p> <p><small>Copyright Hart Schaffner &amp; Marx</small></p>	 <p><b>Millinery Department</b></p> <p>Our entire stock of millinery will go in this sale at exactly</p> <p><b>1/2 Price</b></p>	<p><b>Ladies Ready-to-Wear</b></p> <p>Ladies Suits Ladies Coats Ladies 1-piece dresses that will go in this sale at a discount of</p> <p><b>33 1-3 per cent</b></p> <p>In this department you will find several dozen of the newest fur-trimmed coats and suits, the SUNSHINE line. Rather than carry them over we are willing to suffer the loss.</p> <p>Same discount on misses and Childrens coats.</p> 
	<p><b>EAGLE SHIRTS</b></p> <p>We have a beautiful selection of these guaranteed shirts in all the new patterns from \$1 to \$3.00. Lay in a supply during the sale.</p> <p>All \$3.00 shirts - \$2.25 " 2.50 " - 1.95 " 2.00 " - 1.60 " 1.50 " - 1.20 " 1.25 " - .95 " 1.00 " - .80</p>	<p><b>MENS ODD PANTS</b></p> <p>Dutchess, Hart Schaffner &amp; Marx. Large stock SIZE 29 to 48</p> <p>Entire stock at 20 per cent discount during the sale</p> <p>Boys knee pants-- <b>20 PER CENT DISCOUNT</b></p>
<p><b>:-: Sale Price is Spot cash :-:</b></p> <p><b>Charged at regular price.</b></p>	<p><b>Boys Suits</b></p> <p>20 BOYS SUITS RANGING IN PRICE FROM \$3.00 to \$10.00. WILL GO IN THIS SALE AT <b>25 PER CENT OFF</b></p>	<p><b>Wool Shirts all go at discount of 20 per cent.</b></p>
<p><i>The Canyon City Supply Co.</i></p> <p><b>DRY-GOODS, CLOTHING &amp; GROCERIES</b></p> <p>CANYON, TEXAS</p>		
<p><b>The home of Hart Schaffner &amp; Marx Clothes</b></p>		

**Dog Notice.**

Notice is hereby given that many owners of dogs have not paid the dog tax this year. It is long past due. On Dec. 10th I will begin to kill all dogs in town which do not have collars and 1915 tags.

J. H. JOWELL, Marshal.

**BE PREPARED**



**POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE**

300 ARTICLES - 300 ILLUSTRATIONS

KEEP informed of the World's Progress in Engineering, Mechanics and Invention. For Father and Son and All the Family. It appeals to all classes - Old and Young - Men and Women. It is the favorite reading in thousands of homes throughout the world. Our Foreign Correspondents are constantly on the watch for things new and interesting and it is written so you can understand it.

The Shop Notes Department (20 Pages) contains practical hints for doing work and saving time for the man in so many ways around the home.

Special Illustrations (17 Pages) for the Boys and Girls who like to make things, tells how to make Wire-cages and Telegraph Outfits, Engines, Boats, Sewing-machines, Jewels, Wood Furniture, etc. Contains instructions for the Mechanic, Carpenter and Sportsman.

12.00 PER YEAR

Single Copies, 15c

Write for your subscription or about the publisher.

Sample copy will be sent on request.

**POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE**

310 North Washington, Chicago, Ill.

**Short Snatches from Everywhere.**

Considering his experience with interned sailors, Uncle Sam is not to be blamed if he regards a German's bond as better than his word.—Knoxville Sentinel.

The United States army has a gun that weighs 600 tons. All it needs now is railroads with cars, rails and roadbeds strong enough to carry the gun.—Bisbee Review.

Most of us are willing to admit a weakness, if it belongs to someone else.—Philadelphia Record.

Occasionally there is a man who tries to disguise his shiftlessness with the theory that he is a Deep Thinker.—Atchison (Kans.) Globe.

Old Gen. Huerta is getting a strong dose of watchful waiting. He is still in custody at El Paso, waiting for his case to come to trial before an American court.—Oshkosh (Wis.) Northwestern.

A Philadelphia girl has achieved distinction in curing horses of vicious tempers. It might be possible with a noble animal like the horse, but it would be an impossibility in human brutes that haven't got horse sense.—Milwaukee News.

In our position of watching from a distance and listening to the confusion of voices, it seems as though somebody in this great conflict were getting weary, if not worn out, and anxious for some way out without humiliation.—New York Journal of Commerce.

Gen. Carranza has announced a plan of campaign for the improvement of

Mexico City. It used to be a very charming place but we presume that after its experiences of the last four or five years there is now considera-

**SEVERE PUNISHMENT**

**Of Mrs. Chappell, of Five Years' Standing, Relieved by Cardui.**

Mt. Airy, N. C.—Mrs. Sarah M. Chappell of this town, says: "I suffered for five years with womanly troubles, also stomach troubles, and my punishment was more than any one could tell."

I tried most every kind of medicine, but none did me any good.

I read one day about Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I decided to try it. I had not taken but about six bottles until I was almost cured. It did me more good than all the other medicines I had tried, put together.

My friends began asking me why I looked so well, and I told them about Cardui. Several are now taking it.

Do you, lady reader, suffer from any of the ailments due to womanly trouble, such as headache, backache, sideache, sleeplessness, and that everlasting tired feeling?

If so, let us urge you to give Cardui a trial. We feel confident it will help you, just as it has a million other women in the past half century.

Begin taking Cardui to-day. You won't regret it. All druggists.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," in plain wrapper. R.C. 124

ble room for improvement.—Dallas Times Herald.

Mexico's government has a "department of fomento." Which, considering the strife that has been fomented in Mexico within the past few years, strikes us as being about the niftiest and most accurate designation imaginable, incapable of being improved upon.—Oklahoma City Oklahoma.

**Other Brains than Ours**

"The Lord hates a quitter, But he doesn't hate him, son, When the quitter's quitting something That he shouldn't have begun."

—Blousser Brevities

"None preaches better than the ant; and she says nothing."—Franklin.

Dentist. Open wider, please—wider!

Patient. A—A—A—Ahl!

Dentist. (Inserting gag, towel and sponge) How's your family?

**The Six Best Shellers.**

- Germany
- France
- England
- Russia
- Italy
- Turkey.

Invigorating to the Pale and Sickly  
The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, Dr. J. C. YASTEL'S CHINA TONIC, gives you strength, purifies the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 50c

**MONEY to LOAN**

on improved farms and ranch lands. For further information, call on L. G. Conner, Canyon "City", Texas.

**B. Frank Buie**

Attorney at Law Canyon, Tex.

Practice in all courts. Careful attention to non-residents' business, same as residents.

**DR. WOLCOTT. OCULIST**

Catarh of Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat Glasses Fitted. AMARILLO, TEX

DR. M. B. HARRIS  
DR. L. T. HULL

Osteopaths, M. D. and Surgeons  
168 East Sixth St., Amarillo, Tex.  
Dr. Hull recently of the Faculty of the Los Angeles College of Osteopathic Physicians and Surgeons, will be in Canyon Monday and Thursday of each week. For appointment, phone 239, Canyon.

**The PALACE Hotel**

- of Canyon is the only Hotel in
- the city with running hot and
- cold water upstairs. Free bath to
- all guests. A big sample room
- free to commercial travelers. El-
- ther American or European plan.
- Fine Cafe in connection, furnish-
- ing the best service. We invite
- the people of Canyon to make our
- hotel your hotel. Special atten-
- tion given to the Commercial
- trade. Once you try our house
- you will be convinced that it is
- the best.

J. W. Webb  
Proprietor

**Dr. S. L. Ingham**

DENTIST  
• The Careful and Conservative •  
• Preservation of the Natural •  
• Teeth a Specialty. •

**Flesher & Flesher**

LAWYERS  
• Complete Abstract of all Randall •  
• county lands. •  
• All kinds of insurance. •

The very best grade of carbon paper—both typewriter and pencil—at the News office. The price is lower and the quality as good as any mail order printing house will furnish you.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.