

REPUBLICANS NOT TO FIGHT DEFENSE PLANS

Will Support Administration Measures if not Framed by Democratic Caucus.

Washington, Dec. 8.—Senate Republicans will make no partisan fight on the national defense program if it is not framed by the Democrats in caucus.

Senator Gallinger, the Republican leader, told President Wilson today that the Republicans want the army and navy strengthened and are willing to co-operate with the Democrats. Later Mr. Gallinger said President Wilson had told him that he would not approve of the plans party measures.

"I agree with the thought in the minds of the President and Secretary Garrison in the preparation of the administration plans," said Senator Gallinger, at the White House, "but I have not studied all the details yet. The Republicans will not treat this matter in a partisan manner, and I so told the President. We will honestly co-operate in working out defense plans which will be adequate and sane. But we will not agree to have the Democrats frame their plans in caucus and then ask us to approve them. The Republicans are ready to meet the Democrats half way, if the majority party is really willing to discuss this question on non-partisan basis."

Senator Gallinger disagreed with the President on his plan for a merchant marine and for raising the money necessary for preparedness. When the administration shipping bill is introduced, Senator Gallinger said, he will offer a substitute. The Republicans, however, he added, favored using the merchant marine as naval auxiliaries.

Senator Gallinger advocated a bond issue and opposed President Wilson's program of internal taxation. He particularly objected to a tax on automobiles and gasoline. He said, however, that he favored lowering the income tax minimum and he believed a tax on bank checks would do no harm. He opposed a tax on iron and steel.

Christmas Show Windows.

Judging from the way the show windows of Canyon are fixed up, should Santa run out of presents while on his rounds, he can replenish his stock in this city with the most beautiful things the market affords, unless the good people of Randall county buy everything in town before our faithful friend arrives, and they are buying in greater quantities this year. The drug stores have fine displays in their show windows; the dry goods stores have filled the show windows with tempting Christmas bargains; the grocery stores are displaying the finest the market affords for the Xmas table; the Canyon Power Co. has an unequal window decoration of electrical appliances. Truly this will be a great Christmas for Randall county people.

At The Presbyterian Church.

The usual services will be held, Sunday, December 19, at 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m., preaching by the pastor.

Morning subject: Christmas Preparation.

Evening subject: The Spirit of Giving.

Sunday school, 9:45.

Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening at 7:00.

Choir Practice, Friday evening, at 8:00.

Special Christmas exercises will be held at the church Friday evening, December 24.

A hearty welcome is extended to all who attend these services.

DAVID H. TEMPLETON, Minister.

Christian Science Lecture.

The lecture Sunday afternoon at the Photo Playhouse by Clarence A. Buskirk on Christian Science was well attended, not only by Canyon people, but also by large numbers from adjoining cities. The speaker was introduced by A. W. Blough.

Some of the out-of-town people present were:

Judge and Mrs. J. M. Boren of Post; N. C. Vogele and Mrs. Vogele, Mrs. Grigs of Hereford; Mr. and Mrs. Storey of Summerfield.

Buys Land at \$50.

Joseph Tuck of Mitchell, S. D., was in the city this week and bought of C. O. Keiser, 400 acres of land at \$50 per acre.

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

(By Rev. David H. Templeton)

It's coming. Store windows show it. Holiday goods on display proclaim it. Railways have announced their special rates. Magazines have issued their Christmas numbers. Student bodies tire of books and talk of the trip home. Santa Claus is deluged with Christmas letters. Mother and Aunt Mary and Sister Sue are busy making dew-dads and thing-umbobs. Jonny has sprouted wings and puts saints to shame for goodness, and Pater Familias is mobilizing his securities to foot the Christmas bills. Every turkey that survived Thanksgiving has made his last will and testament, knowing this time the end is sure. Yes, it's coming.

Christmas is our greatest holiday. In truth it is a holiday. How else shall we think of it? A holiday is more than a day merely for the closing of banks and post offices and business houses, and taking a rest from every-day tasks. It stands for something peculiar and great in a people's life. It has a meaning and a spirit all its own. July 4 is an American holiday, for all its foam and forth of fireworks and pleasure jaunts, standing for civil liberty and self government and free institutions. Thanksgiving is a holiday meaning more than football games and hunting trips, a day whereon a great people acknowledges its debt and its gratitude for the bounty of a sovereign and merciful God. Christmas makes the third of the trio of holidays dearest to American heart. There is this difference. Our holidays are significant only in our country; Christmas belongs to many nations. As the heritage of all the Christian world, the human brotherhood for which Christmas stands asserted itself a year ago in Europe's battle lines, and in the face of orders men refuse to fight on that day. The peculiar significance of this holiday would seem to be that for all the struggle and rivalry and suffering and cruelty in human relations, there is none the less a brotherliness and an unselfishness the world is determined not to lose, and which it makes typical of its greatest holiday.

Since the world does not like to think in abstractions, but in terms of persons and things, a Christmas personality has been evolved, endowed with the picturesqueness and generosity and mystery of the season. He goes by different names, Kris Kringle, and Saint Nicholas, and in the English speaking world, by that name we learned to lip in our baby days, Santa Claus.

A gift is the sign, not alone of generosity, but of affection also. From parent to child, from lover to sweetheart, from friend to friend, a gift, acceptable thru its own value and charm, is prized the more for the esteem and affection that goes with it. Since Christmas preeminently is the season of good will and brotherly love, so its representative personality, Santa Claus, must be the giver of gifts. Human nature revels in surprises, if they be pleasant, and the mystery of something hoped for and expected, but uncertain; hence Santa Claus must needs live at the end of the earth, far removed and mysterious, so that we may wish, but may not know, what he will bring. In his ideal state, Santa Claus gives unselfishly, coming in the dead of night, waiting to receive no gift from us, not even thanks for what he himself has left. That he is picturesque is as natural as the shining of the sun. Reindeer and sleigh bells and trips down the chimney are quite suitable to this rotund and smiling and very active gentleman, the product of the winter-time fancy of Northern Europe. Childhood's disillusionment may dispose of him as a living personality, but it need not destroy for us the spirit of fellowship and affection and unselfish regard for others which in essence he is.

For all that it has come to be invested with a somewhat worldly spirit, Christmas is definitely a religious occasion. It is built around the great central personality of the Christ. The custom of giving is but the reflection of God's gift of His Son as a Savior of the world. The Christmas spirit is that of Jesus, who thought of others more than of himself. Christmas fellowship between human beings is the imperfect counterpart of that holier fellowship of a living soul with its God. As the Master was the living fact of labor and sacrifice and suffering for the world's redemption, so the Christmas joy may be tempered and sweetened by a reali-

CHRISTMAS

On His Way



Photo by Frank Poursion

tation of human need as it exists today, and by a re-dedication of ourselves to the cause of human service. As Christ lifted the weight of humanity's sin and sorrow, and brought faith and hope and courage and inspira-

tion to an unbelieving and despairing world, so may we, this Christmas tide, under his leadership, turn our faces anew toward the morning, and continue to labor and be happy in the struggle for greater things to be.



1 OR 2 OR 5 OR 10 CENTS WILL ENTER YOUR BOY OR GIRL IN OUR CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB. THIS WILL BE THE BEST FINANCIAL EDUCATION YOU CAN GIVE YOUR CHILDREN. START WITH THIS AMOUNT AND INCREASE WITH THE SAME AMOUNT EACH WEEK.

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

CANYON HS. NOTES

The Junior class rendered an interesting program Saturday afternoon as follows:

Song by school—Massa's in the cold cold ground.

Squire Bray's Courtship—Dave Burnett.

The Importance of Electricity—Gray Dean Foster.

Courtin' the Widder—Berl Edwards.

Quartet—Lee Foster, Gray Dean Foster, Sherman Prichard, Mr. Taylor.

Will there be Prosperity or Poverty after the War?—Sherman Prichard.

Parody on Casey Jones—Class.

Reading—Anna Jones.

Violin Solo—Marie Fronabarger.

Jokes—Lee Foster.

Thinking of only Her—Mr. Taylor.

Song by school—Just before the Battle Mother.

Rev. D. H. Templeton gave an interesting talk in chapel Tuesday morning.

Friday, Dec. 17, is Patrons Day. It is hoped that all patrons will spend at least a part of the day viewing the work of the School.

The Freshman class will furnish a program Saturday afternoon.

Monday night the Hereford High School team played the Canyon High won the victory by a score of 23 to 34. The first half of the game was close but in the second half the local boys came in the lead.

Southwick Lecture Great.

The lecture and interpretation of Dr. Henry Lawrence Southwick Friday night at the Baptist church was very fine. The building was packed with attentive auditors and all were highly pleased with the interpretation of distinguished speaker. Mr. Southwick presented Shakespeare's Othello. He has spent a number of years on the stage, playing this part and was especially strong in these lines.

Union Cottage Meetings.

Mrs. Lambert called last week for all of the ladies in the city who wished to join in union prayer meetings one afternoon each week to meet at her home Thursday afternoon. Twenty-one responded at three o'clock, representing the four churches. The ladies decided to continue the prayer meetings together with bible study regularly. The meeting this afternoon will be at the Kleinschmidt home.

Shipping in Registered Cattle.

C. O. Keiser received yesterday from Iowa 113 head of fine registered Hereford cattle. He has bought more which will arrive within a few weeks. Mr. Keiser brought one of the first and largest herds of registered cattle to the Panhandle and will increase the size of his registered herd this fall.

The famous great wall of China was built by Emperor Chi-hoang-ti about 200 B. C.

The first man was a farmer and there wasn't a gold brick agent in all the universe.

ONLY TARIFF REMAINS FOR THE REPUBLICANS

President Tells Democratic Committee This is Only Campaign Issue.

Washington, Dec. 8.—President Wilson told members of the Democratic National Committee at a luncheon in the state dining rooms of the White House today that the Republicans had no issue for the next campaign except the tariff, and that Democracy was certain to win.

"Our constructive work has started an irresistible movement which can not be stopped," he declared. "Anyone who tells you otherwise is talking through his hat."

Mr. Wilson said nothing to indicate whether he would again be a candidate for the presidency.

Throughout his entire talk, which dealt with subjects ranging from Democracy of the "isolated" life of a Chief Executive the President was informal. Taking his place at the head of the table, he thrust his hands into his pockets cast aside what he termed his "dress parade" language, and talked freely and confidentially.

Committeemen are Inspired.

Democrats of all factions greeted his remarks enthusiastically. They left the White House in buoyant spirits, declaring that his optimism had inspired them with new confidence. It was the first time, committeemen said, that their body had been received as a whole in the White House. They expressed regret that the text of the President's speech would not be given out, as they regarded it as a vigorous campaign document.

At the outset the President said he wanted the members to feel that they were a part of a big family, of which he was a member. He asked whether anyone presents could suggest any campaign argument other than the tariff which the opposition could advance, and the committeemen shook their heads. Nobody knew at this time, he added, what sort of a tariff measure must be framed to meet changing conditions resulting from the war.

Discussing parties and policies generally, the President insisted that the Democratic view was that the majority should rule, while that of their opponents was that "a board of trustees" should act for the people.

Touching upon the Mexican problem he said this same majority rule should apply in Mexico, as well as in this country, without regard to the wishes of persons residing in other countries who hold Mexican property. He expressed the belief that in due time peace would come in Mexico, when the people were thoroughly tired of raising disturbances.

The President faced a united committee, leaders declared tonight, rumors of threatened breaks between friends of Fred B. Lynch, the Minnesota committeeman and chairman William F. McCombs having been promptly disposed of.

Mr. McCombs and most of the other committeemen left for their homes tonight. The chairman will name the convention committee on arrangements this week and within a month it will hold its first meeting in St. Louis.

When a man has so lived that the residents of his town are suspicious of him every time one poisons a dog, it is safe to assume that he has lived in vain.

PHOTO PLAYHOUSE Saturday Dec. 18

The Season's Screen Sensation

THEDA BARA

IN

THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER

A MODERN SOCIETY DRAMA

Inspired by La Gioconda by Gabriele D'Annunzio

The Author of Cabiria

A Photoplay that Amazes and Enthralls

Saturday December 18 3-Complete Shows-3

Shows Start 7:00, 8:30 and 10:00 p. m.

ADMISSION 10 & 20 CENTS

GREAT HOLIDAY SALE

Owing to the fact that the Fall and Winter has been unusually warm we find ourselves overstocked in winter wear. Beginning

DECEMBER 15TH AT 7 o'clock a. m. AND CONTINUING UNTIL DECEMBER 24TH AT 10 p. m.

we are going to offer some unheard of bargains in seasonable merchandise. Our stock is chuck full of up to date merchandise, as good as money can buy, and now is your opportunity to lay in your winter supply of dry goods, clothing and shoes at a great saving to you. Space will not permit us to list everything that will be on sale. Come and be convinced.



Ladies Suits and Coats.

We have a choice line of suits and coats of the famous "PALMER" make—linings guaranteed.

\$25.00 grades at 17.50
22.50 grades at 15.45
20.00 grades at 12.75
17.50 grades at 11.25
15.00 grades at 10.25

Boys and Youths Suits.

We are headquarters for boys & youths suits. Have them in casmeres, serges and worsteds, from 5 yrs. to 17 yrs.

\$12.50 grades at 10.25
10.00 " " 8.98
8.50 " " 6.75
5.00 " " 3.98
2.50 " " 1.98

HATS AND CAPS

Just received a big shipment of Hats and caps, of the latest styles and patterns, that will also be included in this sale at a great reduction. Why not get a new lid for Xmas?



MENS WOOL SHIRTS

In black, blue, gray, red and brown, of the E. & W. Brand.

\$2.50 Wool shirts now going at \$2.14
2.00 " " " " 1.58
1.50 " " " " 1.39
1.00 " " " " .89

TRUNKS AND SUIT CASES

All grades—Sale price, 20 per cent off regular price

Rain Coats

Men's, womens, and Childrens, going at 1-3 off.

Underwear

This department is greatly overstocked in Ma-line for ladies and children, and Chalmers for men and boys. All new goods, at prices that will interest you.

See our line of wool Sweater coats.

Wool Dress Goods.

\$1.75 all-wool poplin at \$1.47 1-2
1.50 Gabardines Broad cloth 1.27 1-2
1.25 All wool serge .98
1.00 suitings .87 1-2
.75 Granite cloth .47 1-2
.50 mixtures .39
.25 mixtures .19

Laces and Embroideries.

One lot Valenciennes and Torchon laces from 5 to 12 1-2 cent grades during this sale at 4 1-2c. One lot 15 to 25 cents grades going at 11 cents.

Misses Coats

\$15.00 grades at 10.45. 12.50 grades at 9.45
10.00 " " 8.25. 7.50 " " 5.00
5.00 grades at 3.98

One lot of childrens coats going at cost during this sale.

Hose.

Our line of childrens hosiery is complete, consisting of the well known brands of Cadet and Armor plate. Going at a sacrifice.

OUTING FLANNELS

20 pieces Standard outing flannels. All colors. Regular 10 and 12 1-2 cent grades, going at 8 1-2 and 11 cents.

GINGHAMS

Red Seal gingham--None better. Going at 8 1-3 and 11 cents.

Towels--Plain and Fancy.

75c grades going at 62 1-2c
60c " " " " 48c
50c " " " " 39c
35c " " " " 27c
25c " " " " 19c

Corsets.

The well known brand of "Kabo" latest models.
\$3.50 grades now at 2.98
3.00 " " " " 2.48
2.50 " " " " 1.98
2.00 " " " " 1.68
1.50 " " " " 1.28
1.25 " " " " .98

New line of Mackinaws

Sale Prices Absolutely Spot Cash

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Charged at the Regular Prices

DON'T FORGET THE DATE

REDFEARN & COMPANY

Canyon

Texas

C. O. Long B... ed by t... Keiser... pany hi... Mr. Ke... you wi... taken f... Mrs. W...
We ha... gon to... busines... J. A. H...
I am... kinds of... fit. Pt... son.
The... of F... I ma... sec... Ser... I bri... and... frie... cur... hel... the... for... The S... Teleg... Teleg...
Th...
T...
And... do r... TO T...
Place... wint... and l... the r...
Ever... of co... none... keep...
We'v... you t... for b...
S.

DR.
PRICES
CREAM
Baking Powder
Sixty Years the Standard
NO ALUM

LOCAL NOTES.

C. O. Keiser returned Tuesday from Long Beach, Calif., where he was called by the death of his brother, W. S. Keiser. Mrs. Keiser did not accompany him on the trip to California. Mr. Keiser returned as far as Canyon with the body, which is being taken for burial to South Dakota by Mrs. Will Keiser and her son.

We have added another delivery wagon to take care of your Christmas business. City Dray & Transfer Co. J. A. Harbison, Prop. 2t

I am in a position to handle all kinds of custom work with gas outfit. Phone 70-R-13. Elmer R. Wilson. 3914

LOCAL NEWS.

C. R. McAfee, M. P. Garner and Geo. Reynolds have returned from their weeks hunting trip to the south plains. They report a very pleasant trip and bagged a good amount of game.

Theda Bara, who is given up to be the most beautifully wicked woman in the world will appear in the season's screen sensation, "The Devil's Daughter" at Photo Playhouse, Saturday, Dec. 18.

Mrs. F. P. Luke and son left Friday for Weatherford where they will spend the Holidays with Mrs. Luke's parents.

See the new Photo Studio for your Xmas photos. All work guaranteed and promptly delivered.

Dr. E. E. Robinson of Amarillo will preach Sunday night at the Methodist church and hold quarterly meeting Monday morning.

Announcement. The war is on, I have gained a great victory over standard prices, and now you can get all photos for less. But the quality is as high as ever. M. S. Lusby.

Samuel Ash has been pretty badly crippled up the past week as a result of falling over backward in his chair.

When your day's work is done, and you're ready for some fun, and Miranda with her bonnet on is waiting, Hitch "Old Dobbin" to the shay, and drive down Photo Playhouse way. You'll have all the fun you've been anticipating.

Miss Lamb announces the meeting of the Parent-Teachers association for Friday of this week at the Normal auditorium, at 3:30 o'clock. All parents of children in the training school and others interested in children are invited to be present.

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.

Mrs. Estella Tucker was visiting friends in Canyon on Sunday.

I am in a position to handle all kinds of custom work with gas outfit. Phone 70-R-13. Elmer R. Wilson. 3914

Moccasin snakes make life miserable for Photo Players.

The Company sent to St. Augustine Florida by William Fox to make the scenes of the latest production, starring Theda Bara, namely "The Devil's Daughter", inspired by Gabriele D'Annunzio's La Gioconda had some exciting experiences while working at Fort Matanzas with Moccasin snakes, which infest that region. St. Augustine is the oldest town in the United States and Fort Matanzas is an old ruinous structure dating back to the early days. Struck by its picturesque possibilities, Frank Powell the director of "The Devil's Daughter" decided to use it as a background for some effective scenes, by just as the camera man had got his instrument in place a native came popping up and exclaimed: "Don't try to make any pictures in there if you don't want to get snake bit." His warning was emphasized at the same moment by the appearance of the ugly flat black head of one of the reptiles. The director and company lost no time in leaving the location. In several outdoor scenes taken in the woods near St. Augustine, they had the same experience. This amazing, thrilling and sensational picture may be seen (like all good things) as usual at the Photo Playhouse, Saturday, Dec. 18.

LOCAL NEWS.

Intermittent shooting at the enemy on the plains has occurred for a year or two. The battle grows hotter. Boys I'm with you in the fight. Bang go the guns in the home fort, and the first line trenches are wrecked. A banner of victory worded "Photos for thirty-five cents per dozen at Lusby Studio" is planted where the old enemy, standard prices, fell. The new price holds good for three months.

The Y. W. C. A. wishes to thank the Commissioner's Court for the use of the Court House on Saturday and wishes also to thank the ladies who postponed their bazaar in our favor for their kindness.

We have added another delivery wagon to take care of your Christmas business. City Dray & Transfer Co. J. A. Harbison, Prop. 2t

The News has a letter from Rev. J. W. Mayne stating that he will be home for next Sunday's services. Mrs. Mayne's sister is recovering nicely and the point of danger seems to be passed.

For Sale—Young fat hogs, 10 cents per pound, dressed. Pure lard in 25 and 50 pound cans, 12 1-2 cents per pound, while it lasts. Beef, front quarter 11 cents, hind quarter 13 cents. Vetesk Market, phone 12.

Mrs. Judge Walthall of Crowell visited at the Henson home Sunday and attended the C. S. lecture.

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.

J. P. Anderson left Saturday morning with several cars of cattle which he is shipping to the ranch he recently leased near Big Springs. He is spending this week at the ranch.

We have added another delivery wagon to take care of your Christmas business. City Dray & Transfer Co. J. A. Harbison, Prop. 2t

Mrs. S. L. Ingham and Mr. and Mrs. Marquis were Amarillo visitors last Saturday.

Don't miss seeing HOBART BOSWORTH, that eminent actor in a gripping heart interest play of the great west "FATHERHOOD" at the HAPPY HOUR Saturday night. Admission 10 & 15c.

Henry Johnson and Henry Steinmann of Buckley, Ill., were in the city this week looking at the country and visiting at the Kleinschmidt home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Gamble, Mrs. R. A. Terrill and Miss Ada and Mrs. T. V. Reeves were in Amarillo Saturday.

The gasoline I sell is carefully filtered so that you will not be troubled with water or other foreign substances. Guthrie Garage. 1t

Henry Baker, who is suffering with typhoid fever, is slightly better at this time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Stinson were in Canyon Monday and Tuesday on business.

John A. Wilson has received a new Reeves separator which he has put to work threshing on his big row crop west of the city.

SAVES DAUGHTER

Advice of Mother no Doubt Prevents Daughter's Untimely End.

Ready, Ky.—"I was not able to do anything for nearly six months," writes Mrs. Laura Bratcher, of this place, "and was down in bed for three months."

I cannot tell you how I suffered with my head, and with nervousness and womanly troubles.

Our family doctor told my husband he could not do me any good, and he had to give it up. We tried another doctor, but he did not help me.

At last, my mother advised me to take Cardui, the woman's tonic. I thought it was no use for I was nearly dead and nothing seemed to do me any good. But I took eleven bottles, and now I am able to do all of my work and my own washing.

I think Cardui is the best medicine in the world. My weight has increased, and I look the picture of health.

If you suffer from any of the ailments peculiar to women, get a bottle of Cardui today. Delay is dangerous. We know it will help you, for it has helped so many thousands of other weak women in the past 50 years.

At all druggists.
Sells by Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Remedy Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn. See Cardui instructions on your case and 24-page book "Special Treatment for Women" in each wrapper. B. K.

LOCAL NEWS.

Miss C. Maude Wheaton left Tuesday for Minneapolis where she will spend the winter with friends and relatives.

Dorothy: "What are the wild waves saying?" Carmen dear. Carmen; They say why worry over "high cost of living" when we can get a dozen photos for thirty-five cents.

Mrs. Alfred McAfee of Ochiltree is visiting at the parental Mrs. Mary E. Terrell home.

Many from the local church and others attended the lecture on Christian Science in Amarillo, Tuesday the 14th at the Grand opera house, by Bicknell Young of Chicago.

Mrs. Stinson of near Wayside spent Monday and Monday night with her friends in Canyon.

Quinton Redfearn went to Amarillo Monday on business.

Allen Score of Amarillo spent Sunday in Canyon with his wife.

L. G. Conner has a new Dodge Bros. car.

The Study Class of the Methodist Missionary society met Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Bybee. The class is taking up Child Study for the winter and the first lesson was highly interesting. The class will not meet again until after Christmas.

Miss Brown spent Sunday in Amarillo.

The commissioners court has been in session this week doing the regular monthly business, and the remainder of the time being spent checking the delinquent tax lists, getting ready for suits to be filed on delinquent taxes in the February term of the district court.

John Battenhorst of Umbarger was a business caller in the city Tuesday. He says that his new large home is just about complete and that his family has arrived from Nebraska and that they have moved into their new home. Mr. Battenhorst recently bought the town site of Umbarger and moved here from Nebraska. He is a great booster for the Panhandle country.

John C. Hendrix of Sayre, Okla., was in the city this week visiting with his sister, Mrs. Mattie Sams. Grandpa Sams is in a very critical condition at the home of his daughter-in-law.

J. T. Burnett and B. T. Johnson attended the Laymans Meeting in Demmitt Friday and Saturday.

Rev. B. F. Fronabarger attended the Baptist State doard meeting in Dallas last week.

J. O. Turner went to Kansas City last week with some cattle.

R. McGee and wife, Mrs. Bently and Miss Nannie Johnson autoed to Amarillo Saturday afternoon.

Tom Cochran and wife went to Amarillo Tuesday shopping.

An 11 1-2 pound girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ricks Monday. Mother and baby are doing well.

Grandma Lester left Saturday for Plainview to spend the holidays with Mrs. Bettie Knight.

J. T. Burnett attended Pastors conference in Amarillo Tuesday.

You will have another chance to see one of those great western plays at the HAPPY HOUR Theatre Saturday, HOBART BOSWORTH in FATHERHOOD.

The Tierra Blanca Auxiliary sent to the orphans at Buckner's Orphans Home Wednesday \$135 raised by the B. W. B. M. workers.

Joe Garrison reports the sale of a section of land this week to Fred Benson of Newman Grove, Nebr.

The weather during the past week thing has been too much of a puzzle for all local weather prophets. Most everyone has been looking for a storm which so far, has not materialized. But indications are good for some bad weather before Christmas.

The Canyon Choral Club has been having some excellent practices at the county court room during the past few weeks getting ready for the presentation of "The Bohemian Girl" in the spring. The regular meetings will be held through the holidays and all of the members are urged to be present next Tuesday night at 7:30 sharp.

"From the quality angle—and the price angle, too—all other tires are taking Diamond dust. Put on Diamond Tires."
—Mr. Squeegee.

Diamond
Squeegee
Tread
Tires

are so much better that the tremendous quantities in which they are made and sold permit a substantially lower price to the buyer—in every size.

Put on
Diamond Squeegee
Tread **Tires**

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY

F. BUKOVINY'S GARAGE
Automobile Repairing, Painting and Tops.

John Purcell of Missouri arrived yesterday to visit at the home of his daughter, Mrs. William Ash.

A play that every man, woman and child will enjoy will be at the HAPPY HOUR Saturday night, HOBART BOSWORTH in FATHERHOOD Admission 10 & 15c.

Mrs. B. T. Johnson attended a B. W. M. W. meeting in Dimmitt Friday.

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.

A good number of the lesser postmasters seem to be Republicans by faith and Democrats by profession.—New York Press.

Bukoviny Making Improvements.

F. Bukoviny, the hustling garage man, has been making a number of improvements at his garage during the past week. He has changed the front of his building so that autos may drive into the front, instead of the side door. In general he is making his garage more attractive and more serviceable to his patrons. Mr. Bukoviny is an expert automobile painter and repair man. He carries a full line of accessories and is now adding tops and a number of time saving tools.

Henry Ford might have tried out his experiments first by going to Mexico.—Detroit Free Press.

Somebody's been deceived about the fighting qualities of Balkan warriors by the samples presented by our leading comic operas.—Houston Post.

"I See You Know Good Coffee"

You get an appreciative smile when you say "White Swan" to the grocer—he knows then that you know good things.

White Swan
Coffee
(Texas Roasted and Blended)

has a smile in every cup—a flavor and an aroma that would put cheer into a lonesome breakfast on a rainy morning. It ought to be good—we spare no pains in selection, cleaning, roasting and packing to deliver our best to you. Try it and see—

Make Your Next Coffee Order White Swan Coffee

Full weight, airtight, one, two and three-pound cans. Whole or ground.

WAPLES-PLATTER GROCER CO.
(Wholesale Only)

Dallas, Ft. Worth, Dallas, Amarillo, Santa Fe, Brownwood, Chillicothe, Dallas, Farwell, Gainesville, Greenville, Hamlin, Lubbock, Marshall, Stamford, Texas, and Ada, Oklahoma.

22-C

The Telephone Joy of Farm Life.

Life on the farm is made pleasanter and more secure by Bell Telephone Service.

Pleasanter, because it brings messages of cheer and companionship from friends far away, more secure because it brings help immediately when there is need.

Write our nearest office for information.

The Southwestern Telephone & Telegraph Company
8-2-14



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



Santa Claus Gets All His Candy Here

We sell the best and purest.

Also a choice line of groceries for the Christmas holidays.

Welcome to our store.

CANYON GROCERY CO.



NORMAL NOTES

The following is the Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A. Christmas program:

Song—I came upon a midnight clear.
Prayer—Mr. Cleavenger.
Scripture—Miss Lindsey.
Piano Solo—Miss Wright.
Talk—Meaning and Significance of Christmas—B. A. Stafford.
Christmas Story—Miss Davis.
Male Quartet—Arranged by Mr. Scott.
Solo—Miss Kline.
Song—Silent Night.
Closing Prayer—Mr. Fatheree.

Miss Myrtle Beal of Houston was a visitor at chapel Wednesday morning. The Floyd County club, at a recent meeting, elected the following officers: Mary Bumgardner, President; Oscar Huddleston, Vice President; Miss Wells, Secretary. This club consists of twenty-five members.

The Boy Scout organization of our institution is growing rapidly. There are now twelve members, four of whom were initiated last Wednesday night.

The following is the program for the Ellen H. Richard's Club, Dec. 18, 1915:

Recall call—Quotation from Mrs. Richards.
Lunches for the rural school—Mildie Bryson.
Good Luncheons for rural schools—

Celeste Ellis.
Music—Renna Craig.
The Box Luncheon—Maude Brooks.
What to put in the Lunch Basket—Maude Willet.

Governor's Mansion Burned for the Movies

"Let'er burn!" Click, click, click! "Jump! Jump! More life! Now for the heroine! Drag her out!" et. These and many other expressions of like nature may be heard tomorrow morning on the hill near the Capitol where the stately building known as the Governor's Mansion sits. Do not fear, however, that the State of Texas is to lose its "White House." It is only the "movie" people who would rob the State of its "pride," as it were.

The Paragon Photoplay Company, which for several days has been making a feature picture in Austin, is to make some of its final scenes at the Governor's Mansion tomorrow. The house will be masked in smoke and while it is seemingly on fire, the daring escape and rescue of the hero and heroine will be photographed. Jack Garrett, one of the familiar alumni around the University, will play the part of the hero, while his sister, Miss Velma Garrett, is to take the leading feminine role. — Daily Texan, Austin, University publication.

Inspections Postponed.
On account of the holiday rush, the inspection committee from the city federation will not inspect the stores during the holidays.

Turkey Day.

Saturday was turkey day in Canyon. The dealers advertised that a car would be shipped that day and urged the farmers to bring in their turkeys. The result was that Saturday afternoon the right-away near the depot was lined with teams bringing in turkeys. Farmers with from a dozen to a hundred and fifty brought in their birds. The country was pretty well cleaned out of turkeys during the day and the misers received the best prices offered this season.

Wayside Items.

The weather continues dry. Threshers are busy with maize crops. Wheat sowing still goes on. Little time will be lost by some during the holidays.

Miss Merle Gilham has been quite sick for a week. Dr. McFarling visits her daily. Mrs. Shelly, trained nurse from Tulia is attending her. Thought to be slight improvement in her condition.

Born to Ben and Lizzie Wesley on the 11th, a son. To Elmer and Ola Knight on the 13th, a daughter.

W. R. Franklin and wife with Roy took turkeys to Canyon Friday last. Mrs. Franklin and Roy will spend the week with Mrs. S. J. McGehee. Mr. Franklin returned Saturday night.

W. B. Walters sold his stationary engine to Mr. Shotwell of Canyon. Percy delivered it Monday.

Mrs. Della Walters and Dora returned Wednesday from their trip to Bellvue, Burkburnett and over into Okla.

The Man Who Fails.

The man who fails is the sort of chap Who is always looking around for a snap;

Who neglects his work to regard the clock,

Who never misses a chance to knock.

He is grouchy and slow when work begin,
When it's time to quit he jokes and grins;

He's always as busy as busy can be,
When he thinks the boss is around to see.

He believes that a "pull" is the only way
By which he can ever draw bigger pay;

And he sulks and growls when he sees his plan
Upset by the "punch" of another man.

He's on the job when he draws his pay;
That done, he soldiers his time away;

While the men who tackle their jobs with vim
Keep pushing and climbing ahead of him.

For the man who fails has himself to blame,

If he wastes his chances and misses his aim;

He'd win, if he used his hands and wits;

The man who fails is the man who quits.

—Pere Marquette Magazine.

Will Publish Magazine.

The student body and faculty of the Normal are busily engaged in putting the finishing touches on the first edition of "Llano Estacado," a new quarterly magazine which will be issued by the school. The News job department is printing the magazine, which will be delivered to the school next Tuesday. The first edition will be a very creditable magazine and has much matter of interest to the student body and the citizens of Canyon.

That Holy Thing.

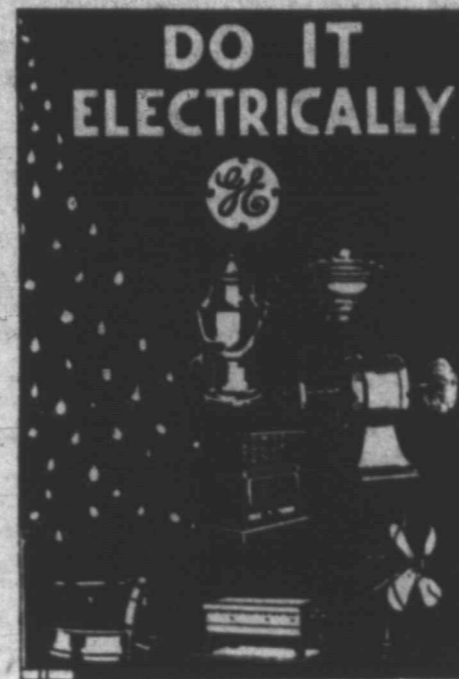
They all were looking for a king
To slay their foes and lift them high
Thou can't, a little baby thing
That made a woman cry.

O son of Man, to right my lot
Naught but Thy presence can avail;
Yet on the road Thy wheels are not,
Nor on the sea Thy sail.

My how or when Thou wilt not heed,
But come down Thine own secret stair,
That Thou mayst answer all my need,
Yea, every bygone prayer.

Gorden Holden to Wed.

The following announcement has been received concerning a former Normal student and nephew of Judge and Mrs. C. T. Word of this city: Mr. and Mrs. William Allison Campbell announces the marriage of their daughter, Sadie to Mr. John Gorden Holden, Dec. 29, 1915, Bushland, Texas. At home after Jan. 15, 1916, Happy, Texas.



ELECTRICAL SUGGESTIONS For CHRISTMAS

- Hotpoint 6 pound Irons - \$3.00
- Hotpoint Grillstoves - - - 3.35
- Hotpoint Ovenettes - - - 2.50
- Hotpoint Toasters - - - 3.00
- Flexable stem table lamps - 3.75
- Wallace Portables - - - 2.25
- Xmas tree lights, set of 8 - 3.00
- Electric Shower Fixtures - - - 2.00 and up
- Eveready Flashlight complete - - .75 to 2.50
- Glass and Tin, Light Shades - - .25 to 1.00
- Edison Mazda lamps .35 to 2.00

CANYON POWER COMPANY

Every woman should be on the look out for the wonderful gowns which the sinuous Theda Bara, the far-famed Vampire Woman of the Antoine Theatre, Paris, wears in the new screen drama "The Devil's Daughter," especially written for her by Gabriele D'Annunzio, the noted author of Cabiria, which is produced by William Fox who brought Mile Bara to this country; and under whose management she has appeared in the famous success A Fool There Was, The Clemenceau Case and the Two Orphans. D'Annunzio bases his film drama of The

Vampire upon his La Gioconda which when Eleanora Duse created the character, made a world-wide sensation and was the most talked about drama ever written.

Grace of line and a generally "Vampirish" effect has been sought for by the French actress in selecting her gowns for this character. The result is startling in its sensational art. Every woman who sees these wonderful creations is going to rave over them. Already Mile Bara has created a sensation at the Belmont Park race track and at the fashionable cafes

in "The Devil's Daughter" her garments outdo in amazing efforts anything she has yet worn. You may see this extraordinary photoplay at the Photo Playhouse Saturday, Dec. 18.

DR. M. B. HARRIS
DR. L. T. HULL
Osteopath, M. D. and Surgeons
Amarillo, Texas
Dr. Hull will establish an office in Canyon about Jan. 1, 1916. Osteopathic, nose and throat specialist.

Varsity Fifty Five Suits - have a college degree



Young men at college are especially strong for style; clothes that meet their stiff demands you can be sure are the real thing in lively --brisk fashion.

College men have adopted the Varsity Fifty Five variations and have given these suits an A. B. degree--A. B. is short for

"AMERICA'S BEST"

Only three more days of our Clothing Sale. Saturday is the last day. Better let us fit you up in a Hart Schaffner & Marx Suit or Over Coat while you get the reduction.

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

Home of HART SCHAFFNER & MARX Clothes.



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"



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



A Little Tragedy.

I jaunted in my motor car, and ran o'er Jimpson's shote, and from that creature knocked the tar; I surely got its goat. I offered payment for the pig--twas neither large nor fat--but Jimpson made the price too big; I wouldn't stand for that. "The rankiest graft I ever saw," I cried with rising ire; before I'll pay I'll go to law--a lawyer I shall hire." We

WORRY, DESPENDENCY.

Kidney Disease is suspected by medical men when patients complain of backache or suffer with irregular urination, disturbed, too frequent, scanty or painful passage. The general symptoms are rheumatic pains or neuralgia, headaches, lumbago, irritability, despondency, weakness and general misery. Worry is a frequent cause and sometimes a symptom of kidney disease. Many of your neighbors have testified to immediate relief from these symptoms after using Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets for kidneys and backache. Druggists in town are now supplied.

From personal observation in large hospital practice, Dr. Pierce knows "Anuric" will give you speedy help if you are suffering from uric acid trouble, and to show his faith send 10c. to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, and you'll receive a large trial pkg. of "Anuric." "Anuric" dissolves uric acid as hot water melts sugar and Dr. Pierce has thoroughly tested it in his hospital and found it 87 times more potent than lithia.

went to law; the case was tried by judges near and far; and now I see the lawyer ride in my nice motor car. I trudge alone on weary feet, all burdened with disgust; the lawyer scoots along the street, and covers me with dust. Old Jimpson had a hundred pigs, that fed on cockleburs; they've gone to purchase gowns and wigs for stately barristers. We stood last night my abode, to cuss the legal rich my lawyer motored down the road and shoved us in the ditch. For such a dark and dismal shame there's nothing can atone; the car that climbed my palsied frame was formerly my own Oh, Jimpson had a hundred hogs, and I a choo-choo cart; and he has nothing now but dogs and I a broken heart.

Walt Mason.

He Beats Retreat.

"I've played a lot of checkers in my time" remarked the sage the other afternoon as he sat watching two men moving the wooden disks across the red and black board.

"I ust'er be counted the best they wuz in this part of the country, an' I wuz jest thinkin' as I seen yew fellers making a lot of mistakes in that 'ere game that I erkon I'd be purty nigh able to hold my own yet.

"I recollect one feller that come tuh town one time 'at claimed to be champeen checker player of the state. Nothin'd do the boys 'sept fer me to play 'im. I beat him seventeen straight games an' it made him so al-fired mad he quit. Wus'nt but one game he even got a king."

A well dressed stranger who was watching the game with considerable interest glanced patronizingly at the speaker.

"I use to be somewhat of a checker player myself" he said "and I've heard a lot about you old timers. I'd like to play you a few games, Uncle, just for the sake of getting a few pointers and I'll guarantee you won't get angry if you beat me.

The Sage looked at his watch with a nervous expression.

"I gotta go homp now an' carry in the coal" he explained as he hurried toward the door.

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.

Around the Christmas Tree



Word from El Paso is that Villa authorities there are suffering from depression. But they have their eyes on the Rio Grande bridges, and they will be ready to beat it for the Star-Span-gled-Banner side when the hammer falls.—Dallas Times-Herald.

The barometer was invited in 1643 by Torricelli, an Italian.

The tusk of the African elephant often weighs as much as 100 pounds.

The Kansas and Arkansas tornadoes are doing their best to undecieve those who imagine that this land of peace and prosperity is the special favorite of Providence.—Austin States man.

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

T R E E S T R E E S

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.

PLAINVIEW NURSERY CO.
Plainview, Texas

HEREFORD

Thor-O-Bred

Trees & Plants

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

The fact that we will sell more trees this season than all other Nurseries on the Plains is significant.

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?

"Quality First"

Hereford Nursery Co.
Hereford, Texas

HAND MADE--MADE TO MAKE GOOD

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES AND TUBES

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

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 Advertised Article

to use in which the merchant himself has implicit faith—also 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.

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.

A Little of Everything.

Many who talk loudest of "efficiency" came to the United States to escape it.—Indianapolis Star.

One is not as proud of living in the twentieth century as one was a few years ago.—Chicago Daily News.

Anyway, those trenches should give Europe a wonderful subway system after the war.—Columbia State.

We imagine that Yuan Shi Kai is that big majority in China which is in favor of a monarchy.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

If the war keeps up the allies hope Italy and Germany may eventually get cross at each other.—Kansas City Star.

A small mind exaggerates everything that it can comprehend at all, and most of all the importance of its possessor.—Albany Journal.

The worst of it is that those "slackers" who prefer to leave their homes rather than fight intend coming to America.—Charleston News and Courier.

Along with professor Taft's declaration for Mr. Root, of course, is a tacit understanding that the support of Vermont and Utah goes with it.—Kansas City Star.

Englishmen are told that they can only escape conscription by enlisting at once. That is, they must choose of going willingly or just going.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Washington Herald thinks that a steam roller will be needed in the coming congress, but we still cling to the notion that horse sense power will be adequate.—Houston Post.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days

Four 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.

When a man is trying to go to sleep he can think up more things he doesn't want to remember than he could conjure up in six days of earnest mind rummaging.

No man ever has half as much fun with a butterfly after catching it as he did during the chase.

DEATH DREAM COMES TRUE

Wife in Her Sleep Sees Husband Dead—Almost at the Moment He Was Killed by Auto.

Henry Fuschius, a landscape gardener on the estate of Gen. Robert G. Smith at Bayville, Long Island, dismounted from his bicycle and put up his umbrella when he was caught in a pouring rain before daybreak in Lakeland avenue on his way home.

While on foot in the road, leading the bicycle with his right hand and holding the umbrella aloft in the left, a big seven-passenger car hit him. Fuschius was knocked 30 feet.

As soon as he could get the machine stopped, Henry Huntstein, who was driving it, got out with a party of friends and picked up the injured man.

A few minutes later John Swoesy of Patchogue came along in an automobile, and hurried with the Huntstein party and the injured man to a doctor's office. There Fuschius died in a few minutes of a fractured skull.

After word of the death had been telephoned to Mrs. Fuschius, she said she had had a dream in which it appeared to her that her husband was killed. She said she had stayed up late worrying because of her husband's failure to return early in the evening, and after she went to bed remained awake, troubled for some time. When she fell asleep she said her fears shaped her dreams, and after imagining her husband repeatedly in danger she saw him dead a second before she was startled from her sleep by the telephone bell.

INVISIBLE TO THE ENEMY

Naval Authorities Seeking Means by Which Ships May Escape Detection When on War Duty.

Owing to the enormous range and accuracy of modern naval guns it is highly important for small war craft which depend upon speed rather than armor plate to weather the attacks of the enemy, to render themselves invisible as possible. Heretofore, a dark gray paint has been considered the best color to supply to a war vessel. Now experiments are being made with varieties of colors. Ideas are being borrowed from the mimicry of nature. We find certain animals cloaked with spotted fur and others with stripes, depending upon the nature of their environment, and these colorings make them very difficult to discover in their natural habitat. In exactly the same way our naval authorities are trying to render torpedo boats invisible by painting wavy stripes on them, which at great distances can hardly be distinguished from the natural wave formations of the ocean's surface.—Scientific American.

This Cat Knew a Thing or Two.

A writer in the Spectator, London tells this interesting story of a cat who learned to know her way about and evidently had a curious power of sensing danger of any sort:

"When we were in the trenches in the front line a black cat came up from the support trench (I had seen her there previously) and wandered about in and among us. And the most extraordinary thing was that during the day she only wandered about below the parapet; it would have been fatal for her to have appeared above it, as it would have been for any man, for we were using periscopes by day.

"Well, directly it got dark and we were able to look over and fire, she would make no bones about running along the very top, where all day she never attempted to go, apparently because of the danger of being shot. This struck us as being very interesting. I think the old cat knew quite a lot about what was going on. She disappeared from our group, no one seemed to know where, but I dare say she still roams about somewhere in the trenches."

British Sex Equation.

There are more women than men in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Consequently, as a member of the house of lords pointed out in debate, to grant the parliamentary franchise to women in the British islands "would mean the handing over of the country and of the empire to a female electorate, which was a perilous step to take." Still, considering the fighting qualities of the militant sisters who want to vote, the empire might be in safe hands if it came to an armed encounter with a foreign foe. However, the argument was effective, for the lords defeated the woman suffrage bill which was before them by a vote of 104 to 60.

Female Night Watchman.

The town of Pribalaff, near Schivelheim, Germany, has a woman night "watchman." When the man holding this position was called to the colors, his wife promptly offered to perform his work. Every night the courageous woman, armed with a revolver and an old sword, makes her rounds through the village looking for marauders and guarding the houses against fire. She has already made four arrests, which is more than her husband had done in many years.

In Siberia.

During the first three centuries of Russian control of Siberia, Doctor Nansen observes, only 3,000,000 emigrants went to Siberia from Russia, but the great empire has at last awakened to a knowledge of the riches of its immense Asiatic possessions, and from 1906 to 1914 as many immigrants settled in Siberia as during the entire 300 years preceding.

PUT THE NEW HOOSIER CABINET IN YOUR KITCHEN



Roll Door Hoosier Cabinet

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

The West News says that "if notoriety will sicken, surely the President and Mrs. Galt must need a physician." Which surely is the truth. Our "metropolitan papers" poke all kinds of fun at us little fellows for saying "John Jones' cow has a brand new calf," then go right ahead and rave and tear hair, and slobber, every time one of "the higher-ups" goes to a ball game, or when some dude from across the pond decides to pollute our nation with his presence for a while.

Well, itch ka puddle.

Some Spicy Sparks.

The great man is a shining mark for scandal.

A fireman's hose is white but it is seldom drop-stitched.

A javelin sometimes misses its mark, but a boquet, never.

Straws and straw hats show which way the wind blows.

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

INSURANCE

Fire, Tornado, Hail, Automobile,

Burglar, Plate Glass, Bonds, Life,

Health, Accident.

None but the best companies represented.

J. E. Winkelman

ARE YOU ON A JOY RIDE TO THE POOR HOUSE?



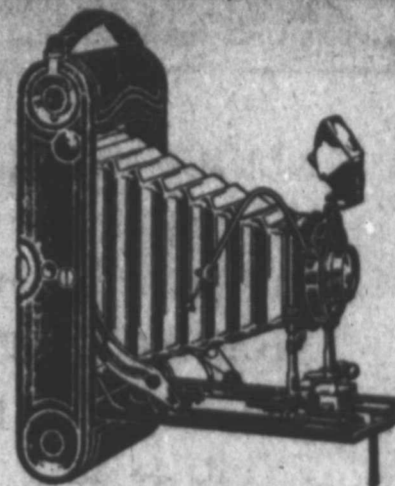
"A FOOL and his money are soon parted." Very true. Fathers and mothers, you want your children to become **MANLY MEN** and **WOMANLY WOMEN**, not **SQUANDERERS** of time and health and money. Young joy riders on life's journey never come to any good. Urge your children to be **FRUGAL**. Start them with a **SMALL SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNT**. See that they keep it going. Set them a good example **YOURSELF** in **YOUR OWN ACCOUNT**.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

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

CITY PHARMACY THE *Rexall* STORE



Santa Fe EXCURSIONS

Christmas and New Year Holiday rate, all parts of Texas. One and one-third fare for round trip. Tickets on sale December 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26 and January 1st, 1916, limit until January 5th, 1916.

Holiday rates to all points in New Mexico on A. T. & S. F. lines, fare and one-third, date of sale December 18, 23, 24, 25, 26 and January 1st, until January 5, 1916. Limit until January 5, 1916.

Holiday rates to points in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, 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.

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

Two Golden Days.

There are two days of the week upon which and about which I never worry, two care-free days kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension. One of these is Yesterday. Yesterday with all its cares and frets, with all its pain aches, all its faults, its mistakes and blunders, has passed beyond the reach of my recall. I cannot undo act that I wrought. I cannot unsay a word that I said on the hand of the Mighty Love that can bring sweet waters out of the bitterest desert—the love that can make the wrong things right, that can turn weeping into laughter, that can give beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, joy of the morning for the woe of night.

Save for the beautiful memories that linger, sweet and tender like the perfume of roses, in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday.

And the other day I do not worry about is Tomorrow. Tomorrow, with all its possible advertities, its burdens, its perils, its large promises and poor performances, its failures and mistakes, is as far beyond the reach of my mastery as its dead sister yesterday. Its sun will rise in roseate splendor, or beyond a mask of weeping clouds. But it will rise. Until then the same

love and patience that held yesterday and holds tomorrow, shines with tender promise into the hearts of today. I have no possession in that unborn day of grace. All else is in, the infinite keeping of that Infinite Love that holds for me the treasure of yesterday, the love that is higher than the stars, wider than the sky, deeper than the seas.

There is left for myself, then, but one day of the week—today. Any man can fight the battles of today. Any woman can carry the burdens of just one day.—Robert J. Burdette.

Learn a Little Every Day.

The alloy in United States gold coins is silver and copper, in the silver coins copper. Both are nine-tenths fine.

The English language is derived from Latin, Saxon, French and Greek. About eleven per cent of the deaths in the United States are the results of some form of nervous disease.

In the British Museum in London, there are over thirty-five miles of shelves filled with books.

Gold can be beaten 1200 times thinner than printing paper.

Of the twenty-six barons who signed Magna Charta, only three could write their names. The others made their marks.

Some Spicy Sparks by Simplicius.

A married man whose pocket is picked by a woman seldom has her arrested.

There are always a lot of fellows who would like to see the man at the top fall off.

It is better to die unknown in this world than to be known because of your mistakes.

There can be no such word as fail for the man who refuses to sell his honor for success.

There is one time in a woman's life when she likes to hear the right man talk business.

Sometimes a man will behave better if a wife keeps a nice baseball bat around the house.

They call it fiction because, according to it, all married couples live happily ever afterward.

Yes dear, that bib around the baseball catcher's neck is to keep the fowls from scratching him.

Greatness is the simplest thing in the world—simple and natural or else it would not be greatness.

The man who dies on the field of action escapes a lingering death from idleness and hot biscuit.

No dear, a taxidermist is not a man who collects the taxes. He is the man who taxes the collectors.

Some people are never so happy as when they are advising their friends to take some kind of medicine.

The fleeting scent of perfume is sweeter and more pleasant than the aromatic continuance of it.

It is better to have loved and lost than to have loved and won just enough to break into the divorce court.

Happy is the man who has a decent business who pursues it decently and who lives honestly off the profits it brings.

EDWARD BUCHMANN 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.

DR. WOLCOTT, OCUList
Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat and Catarrh
Eyes Tested; Glasses Fitted
Without Drugs. Amarillo, Texas

The births in the city of London last year averaged 350 per day.
Cattle were first introduced into North America by Cortez in 1525.
Sirius (the Dog Star) is more than twice as brilliant as any other star.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

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

GAZZELL 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

Send The NEWS Home For Christmas

Read Your Paper

To live as a member of the great white race of men, to share its thoughts and its aspirations, it is necessary that a man should read his newspaper," said U. S. Senator Sterling, of South Dakota, in an address to the students at the University of South Dakota. "The newspaper," he continued, "has come to be indispensable. It goes and penetrates everywhere. It has been said of the newspapers that they are to the whole civilized world what the daily house talk is to the household; they keep our daily interests in each other; they save us from the evils of isolation. "I like to go back to the splendid principle on which the fine structure rests. And that principle is the freedom of the press. Our forefathers must have had the gift of prophecy in regard to the press; they must have foreseen to what power and influence it would come. They had no dread of publicity of official acts or motives. They had faith in the ultimate triumph of truth. Jefferson was willing that error might be presented if truth could only be left free to combat it. He was opposed to a censorship of the press, and said that if he must choose between a government he would prefer to risk the newspapers and newspapers without a government he would prefer to risk the newspapers without the government. He believed that public opinion would measurably correct things if public opinion were left free, but that government without a free expression of public opinion would become a despotism."

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

Habitation Tax.

Victor Morawetz, a New York corporation lawyer, proposes a habitation tax as a means to force each citizen to contribute to the government in proportion to the luxury in which he lives, and to prevent tax-dodging. He would have every resident assessed on the basis of the value of the house and land occupied as a dwelling, and would also assess the resident on the number of servants employed. If the resident dwells in an apartment or

hotel, he would be required to pay tax upon his proportionate share of the valuation of the entire building and the ground on which it stands. Provision is made for having landlords and hotel keepers make returns for their tenants. Mr. Morawetz suggests that provision should be made in New York for a \$600 exemption. No one occupying a dwelling costing less than that sum would be required to pay anything. Mr. Morawetz takes the burden of taxation off the middle-class city dweller, and dumps it onto the shoulders of the rich and the farmer. Every farmer would be required to pay according to the valuation of his house and lot, while the festive city dwellers would find some easy means of getting within the exemption.

Get Into the Boosting Business.

Do you know there's lots of people. Sitting round most every town, Growling like a broody chicken, Knocking every thing down. Don't be that kind of cattle, 'Cause they ain't no use on earth, But be a Booster rooster, Crow and boost for all your worth. If your town needs boostin', boost her. Don't hold back and wait to see If some other fellow's willin' Sail right in, this country's free. No one's got a mortgage on it, It is just yours as much as his; If your town is shy of boosters, You get in the boostin' biz. If things don't seem to suit you An' the world seems kinder wrong, What's the matter with a boostin' Just to help the thing along? 'Cause if things should step again, We'd be in a sorrow plight, You just keep the horn a-blowin'! Boost her up with all your might. If you see some fellow tryin' For to make some project go, An' you can boost it up a trifle, That's your cue to let him know That you're not going to knock it, Just because it ain't your shout But that your going to boost a little 'Cause he's got the best thing out.

—World Out: E.

Chiffon veils are used for rough weather and motoring. There is no limit to the number of garments—coats and blouses—which affect the Russian side closing.

Invigorating to the Pale and Sickly
 The Old Standard general strengthener, GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC, drives out malaria, builds up the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 50

Notice===One Car Flour=One car POTATOES

Look What Cash Will Do!!
 I have decided to sell everything I have and buy more goods to sell at EXCURSION RATES.

I offer 289 sacks of Idaho potatoes at \$2.05 per hundred. Potatoes and Flour are advancing every day and I have made special effort to protect my customers from the high prices that are sure to come later.

EVERYTHING I sell is fully GUARANTEED

- | | |
|--|--|
| Mill run bran at \$1.35 per cwt. | 2 cans red Karo syrup 95c |
| Best flour at 3.25 per hundred | 1 can Mary Jane Syrup 50c |
| 500 pounds for \$16 | QUEENSWARE AND COFFEE SPECIAL |
| Rye flour, 24 pounds for 1.00 | 7 lbs of bushel coffee for \$1.00 |
| Real Eastern Corn meal, 24 lbs for 70c; 17 1-2 lbs., 45c; 9 lbs., for 30c. | 6 pure white cups and saucers for 50c. |
| Graham flour, 24 lbs., 90c; 9lbs for 35c. | 6 pure white plates 50c. |
| 2 cans Lassies syrup 90c | Other things, in proportion. |
| 2 cans blue Karo syrup 85c | |

Not over 75 Pounds of Coffee or 40 cans of syrup to a family
D. N. REDBURN
 Bananas 20c Dozen Apples Cheap



LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

GRAFT

Each Episode Suggested by a Prominent Author
 Serialization by HUGH WEIR and JOE BRANDT
 Produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company
 (Copyright, 1915, by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.)

SECOND EPISODE

The Tenement House Evil
 Suggested by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
 Author of "The Lone Wolf"
 And "Nobody"

SYNOPSIS

Dudley Larnigan, district attorney of New York, attacks the liquor and vice trusts. He is killed by an agent of a secret society, the committee of fifteen. His son, Bruce Larnigan, is elected district attorney and takes up the fight. Bruce is in love with Dorothy Maxwell, whose father is head of the insurance trust.

BRUCE LARNIGAN had won the first battle in his fight against the fifteen, a mysterious graft syndicate which, composed not of cheap politicians, but of great business men, had strangled New York in its nefarious grip and was planning to spread its activities to cover the whole country. But Bruce had no illusions. A final and despairing attempt to beat him on election day itself by attempting to prove that he had accepted a bribe from the liquor interests to secure lax enforcement of the law had failed, thanks partly to his own cleverness and partly to the help of Dorothy Maxwell, his fiancée.

But Bruce knew that the real fight was only just beginning. The graft syndicate was entrenched in power. It had warned his father, Dudley Larnigan, that death would be his reward if he did not desist from his efforts to expose its corruption. It had made good the warning, and Bruce had sworn not only to finish his father's uncompleted work, but to avenge his death as well.

To Bruce, Stanford Stone appeared to be a great capitalist, a distinguished financier, a man justly honored by the community and worthy of respect and confidence. Yet Stanford Stone was the head of the graft syndicate. It was Stanford Stone who had decreed Dudley Larnigan's death and Stanford Stone who had led the assault upon Bruce himself. Moreover—and this Bruce did not suspect, either—a personal motive lay behind Stone's enmity for him, for Stone was in love with Dorothy Maxwell.

Bruce had determined that his first move must be to strike at the evils of the tenement house district, which his father had been planning to take up. "I want the man higher up," he told his mother. "I know there is one, and



"Look at this," said Bruce, showing Dorothy the letter.

It is he that I must get. I don't know yet who he is, but I'm going to find out!"

He was at home when he said that, leaning over his mother's chair. And even as he spoke a tiny dart whistled by his ear and was buried in the back of his mother's chair. So faint was the sound, so tiny the missile, that his mother knew nothing of it. Bruce got it out and found that around the dart was wrapped a note. He read it. It was brief:

"Warning: Stop investigating the tenements. The Fifteen."

Bruce smiled rather grimly; there was a drawing of a skull on the note. He stepped to the window, hoping that whoever had thrown the dart might be within sight. But no suspicious character of any sort rewarded his searching glance; instead he saw Dorothy Maxwell and Stanford Stone approaching the house. They looked up and waved to him.

"I certainly didn't expect to see either of you!" said Bruce, laughing. "Have you seen any suspicious looking character around?"

"No one except you—you look pretty suspicious!" laughed Stone. "Why?"

"Nothing—no matter," said Bruce. "Come in and see my mother, won't you?"

"I'll tell you why I asked you that question, Mr. Stone," said Bruce when they were alone. "Look at this."

He handed him the note, first drawing a line through "The Fifteen."

"Only fourteen now," he said. "I got rid of Murphy! I'll run them down and get even with my father's murderers!"

Outside they separated. Bruce and Dorothy to go downtown, Stone to hurry to his office, his face set in lines of grim determination. He strode rapidly toward his office. And there he called a meeting of the fifteen. Anton Dow, head of the tenement house trust, appeared, angry because of newspaper stories about Bruce's determination to get the man higher up in the tenement evils. Dow knew, as Bruce did not, that he himself was the man higher up, and his nervousness was unceasing.

"We've got to strike at him before he can hit us!" said Stone angrily. "Our whole position is menaced by this one man. Dow, you are the one chiefly interested. You own some property in the tenement district of a—well, a questionable sort?"

"I suppose I do," said Dow. "I'm not responsible for my tenants."

"Well, trap Larnigan with a woman in one of your houses."

"Yes—that can be done," agreed Dow, after a moment's thought. "We'll plan the details later, Stone."

There was more talk, and then Dow had to hurry home to lunch. Dow was a model father and husband. He was devoted to his wife, and his love for his two children, Harold and Lillian, knew no bounds.

And meanwhile, even while Dow played with his own children in his luxurious home, Bruce and Dorothy were seeing other children in a house that was also owned by Dow. But this house was a tenement that disregarded law and decency alike. There were no fire escapes; the heating system was out of order, and there was running water from only one tap on each floor.

Dorothy and the woman's two children went to look over the building. Bruce, sickened, went to the street. Other children came to talk with him, and he sat down on the stoop and played with them. Across the street was a saloon, and from this emerged a burly, ill-favored man, at the sight of whom the children shuddered.

"Hey, youse! Beat it! We don't want no dude reformers down this way—see?" said the fellow, whom Bruce recognized as a cheap ward politician named Black.

Bruce smiled, took out a pad and made a note. Black shook his fist in his face and, turning, made a signal that set several roughs across the street in motion. Bruce started to rise; Black knocked him down, and the gang came tearing over.

"Kick him till he's a stiff!" yelled Black.

But a sudden and remarkable intervention came to Bruce's aid. As if by instinct the children flung themselves upon him, covering him with their soft bodies. The gang stopped; even their brutality shrank from attacking the children. Bruce had time to draw his revolver and rose, the weapon in his hand. Black turned and ran; the gangsters drew guns and looked for shelter. But the children's screams had brought the police, and Bruce was safe for the time.

From that moment Bruce went to work with redoubled energy. And Dorothy, painfully impressed by what she had seen, had helped by trying to do what she could for the tenement children. She knew she could not do much for the whole city, but in that one house she improved conditions vastly. One night she was visiting the Dows, old friends of her family, and described the class she had established for the children of the tenement house.

"And tonight," said Dorothy—"tonight we're going to have a Christmas tree for them down there. I'm going down now to give out the little presents."

"Mother, can't we go and see?" cried Lillian.

"Oh, yes—please!" echoed Harold.

Mrs. Dow hesitated. But they pleaded so eagerly that she gave in at last, and Dorothy took them with her. On the way she stopped and telephoned to tell Bruce and ask him to join her. His voice as he answered was excited.

"I'll come if I can—as soon as I can," he said. "Dorothy, I'm on the trail at last, I do believe! Tonight I've got a chance to get the evidence, I need."

What had happened was that that afternoon a woman had come to Bruce in his office, a woman whose profession no one could mistake.

"Say," she said, when she was with him alone. "You want to get the goods on all this tenement stuff, don't you?"

Well, you come down to my place tonight, and I'll see that you get it. You've got to come to the house."

Bruce laughed at her. "Do I look as easy as all that?" he said. "Do you suppose I can't recognize an obvious trap as that?"

"Aw, I knew it wasn't any use!" she said. "I told them you wouldn't come. But I'll get the devil—the main guy's goin' to be there!"

"What?" said Bruce sharply. "He is, eh? Well, that might make a difference!"

He hesitated, questioned her sharply. But in the end he decided to go—taking certain precautions.

The time came, and Bruce, still hesitating a little but determined to face the risk that he saw could not be avoided, went with the woman to her house. The whole thing filled him with disgust; the woman herself and the girls he saw in her house revolted him.

"You see, you can find out what's going on here," said the woman. "It's plain enough—my God, what's that?"

There was a thunderous knocking at the door. Heavy blows fell against it, and it came crashing in. A squad of police followed.

"They double crossed me—the joint's plucked!" screamed the woman.

Abruptly Bruce saw what had been planned and went white. But just as a policeman stepped up to him another man in plain clothes appeared.

"Officer, leave Mr. Larnigan alone," he said. "He's here to get evidence. Arrest the woman—no one else."

"Yes, Mr. Commissioner," said the man, saluting.

This was Bruce's counterstroke. He had arranged for the police commis-



"There's one of your houses—burning up!" he cried.

sioner to accompany any raiding party and had told him his plans in advance. His reputation was safe.

But now a new factor came into sight. Anton Dow, furious at the frustration of his plans, suddenly appeared. "Arrest both those men!" he cried. "I demand it!"

"Anton Dow!" cried Bruce. "So you are 'the main guy' here! You are one of the Fifteen—one of my father's murderers!"

Dow realized his mistake. But he tried desperately to secure Bruce's arrest. Only a sudden commotion outside the house checked him.

"Fire!" yelled some one at a window. "In the house across the street!"

Bruce tore over to look. Flames were pouring from the door and the lower windows of the house, which had no fire escapes! He understood the full horror of it in a moment. Dorothy was there! He turned frantically to Dow.

"There's one of your houses—burning up!" he cried. "No fire escapes! Dorothy Maxwell is there, trying to help the children you oppress! And with her are your own children!"

Dow, stricken, never doubting, collapsed. Bruce raced to the street. The policemen followed. Firemen were arriving. Ladders were going up. Bruce knew the window where Dorothy must be. He was up the first ladder and found her with the two Dow children. He brought them to safety and then helped in the work of rescue. Dow, stammering, incoherent, came to Bruce.

"I've been wrong—I've been a sinful man!" he said. "But I see my wickedness. I will reform every building I own. And tomorrow morning I will give you the evidence against the rest!"

"Come to my office at 9 o'clock," said Bruce.

Neither saw that Black, lurking near by, heard. Neither knew that Black got word to Stanford Stone.

Bruce was up all night. On Christmas morning, when he had done all he could for the fire sufferers, he went to his office to wait for Dow. He looked at the clock—8:30. His mother called him up. She begged him to come to her at once—said that she must see him. He hesitated, then scribbled a note. "Dow," it read, "I will be back at 9:30. Wait."

Outside his office he met Dorothy. "I was afraid," she said. "I wanted you to come home."

"Come with me," he said with a laugh. "I must hurry back, but I'll have breakfast at home with you and mother."

Dow came, found the note and sat down to wait. He had gone to pieces. The escape of his children had unnerved him. He glanced at the clock. Nine o'clock.

In his own office Stanford Stone, too, looked at his clock. He watched the minutes pass slowly till five had gone. And at the fifth minute, when, as Stone supposed, Dow would just be beginning his revelations to Bruce, an explosion shattered Bruce's room. A bomb connected with the clock was set off, and Dow was instantly killed. Only an accident had saved Bruce from sharing his fate.

Dispense with Christmas Tree.

The Methodist Church in Canyon will have no Christmas tree this year. Instead of the regular tree with its gifts receiving, the Sunday School has decided that the program will be devoted to the other phase of Christmas—that of worship of gift giving. The classes of the Sunday School will sit together and at a proper time in the program will bring gifts in white parcels to the altar, which will be sent to the orphan's home at Waco. The program will especially stress the joys of giving, rather than those of receiving, which it is found the child usually conceives to be the Christmas spirit. The program will be given Christmas even and will consist largely of Christmas music.

President R. B. Cousins spoke at the Sunday School last Sunday morning regarding the change in arrangements and highly approved the new plans.

Redburn's 12c Turkey Deal A Big Success.

It always pays to deal with Redburn. I promised a good market to my patrons and advised them to lay off of the 10c and 11c combinations. I bought over \$2000.00 worth of turkeys and did not cut back a single bird. Spot cash and every grower was fully satisfied. Don't forget I always am working for our mutual good. I pay more for your stuff and sell you more for your money. I need your business and you are all benefitted by good fast competition. Every dollar you leave at my place will help to build up a worthy business you can point to with pride as a home enterprise worthy of your support.

Thanking you for your business and wishing you another good year with every success, I am respectfully,
 D. N. REDBURN.

Short Snatches from Everywhere.

"Men more than 60 are either foolish or irritable," says Mr. Rogkefeller's adviser on quitting his job. But just whom is he referring to?—Cleveland Leader.

And it may be that Villa has merely run away so that he will be able to fight another day. That has ever been a rule among Mexico's military men.—Topeka (Kans.) Journal.

Just as a showing that prosperity is unanimous, reports come from San Angelo that the four banks of that city have larger deposits than ever before in their history.—Beaumont Enterprise.

General Villa says he is not afraid to fight the entire United States army. He must have been reading some of those numerous magazine articles regarding our unpreparedness.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

It is suggested that Villa cross the Rio Grande and enter the lecture field. It's our opinion, if he harbors any such ambition, that it would save cancellation of dates to go out of Mexico by the Vera Cruz route.—Austin American.

Andrew Carnegie alleges that millionaires who laugh are rare. He believes that poverty is a good thing for the human race, inspiring the poor to noble striving and the rich to considerate helping.—Temple (Texas) Telegram.

It always makes a girl suspicious when a fellow asks her to burn his letters.



Are you not often "caught" when company comes in? You won't be if you have ON HAND some of our delicious CANNED SOUPS.

You can serve them in three minutes. Think of the WORRY this will save you! Besides they COST LESS than the things you use in making soup. CANNED SOUPS WILL SAVE YOU TIME WORRY AND MONEY.

Give US your grocery trade.

Redfearn & Company

AUCTION SALE

I will sell at my farm, ten miles due west of Happy, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 21ST commencing at 10 o'clock sharp the following Property:-

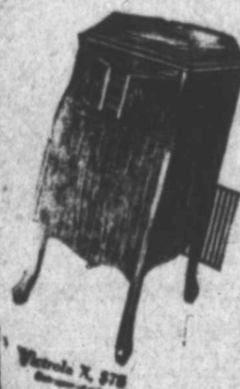
71 HOGS

- 19 gilts, all with pigs, some will farrow in few days.
- 12 barrows, weight, 150 to 200 pounds.
- 20 small shoats.
- 2 big sows, with 18 pigs,

TERMS:- Sixty days time, at 10 per cent interest with approved security.

5 PER CENT DISCOUNT FOR CASH

J. P. SIMS



We can still supply you with any style Victrola you want from \$15.00 to \$300.00.

Send us your order at once and avoid being disappointed later.

Sold on easy Payments if Desired.

W. J. Satterwhite

609 Polk St.

"THE VICTOR MAN"

Amarillo, Texas

HAVE YOU BEEN SICK?

Then you realize the utter weakness that robs ambition, destroys appetite, and makes work a burden.

To restore that strength and stamina that is so essential, nothing has ever equaled or compared with Scott's Emulsion, because its strength-sustaining nourishment invigorates the blood to distribute energy throughout the body while its tonic value sharpens the appetite and restores health in a natural, permanent way.

If you are run down, tired, nervous, overworked or lack strength, get Scott's Emulsion to-day. It is free from alcohol. Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

The Randall County News.

Incorporated under the laws of Texas

C. W. Warwick, Managing Editor

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

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 PER YEAR

The man rocks the boat, has received the compliments of the world during the ages past; the man who sticks his finger into the barrel of a gun—Editor J. M. Warren, of the Clarendon News—to see how hard it will shoot, has received the compliments of the Panhandle Press during the past two weeks. But the greatest fool of them all is the man who sticks his hash hook into a most dangerous place in a linotype and lets his mind run off to play hide-and-seek. In which case, when the seeking time comes around, a major part of said forgotten hand is liable to be mutilated. Such was the fate of the News man Saturday, who lost the index finger of his left hand while trying to cast a blank line on the linotype and set another line with his right hand. But the foolish ones must pay, and so we are enjoying a pleasurable week in one-handed action, with good prospects, so the doctor says, of being laid up for a couple of months.

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

When a man has reached the age of sixty-five and can eat mince pie with impunity from his life has been a success.

Look after the pennies and the dollars will buy a small piece of tenderloin steak.

Sin may pay as a one night engagement, but in the long run it closes the theatre.

Buying a house on the installment plan is O.K., if the house lasts long enough.

AVOID MISTAKES

No Need to Experiment With Canyon Evidence at Hand.

There are many well-advertised kidney remedies on the market today, but none so well-recommended—none so Canyon recommended as Doan's Kidney Pills.

Read this Canyon case: Samuel Ash, retired farmer, Evelyn and Ninth Sts., Canyon, says: "My back was weak and ached. The kidney secretions were too frequent in passage and I had to get up at night. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at the Holland Drug Co., helped me and I continued using them until cured. I have noticed but few symptoms since."

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

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The Shop Notes Department (20 Pages) contains Practical Hints for Shop Work and may save for the man in an attic around the home.
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POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE
500 North Dearborn, Chicago, Ill.

Tillman on Defense.

Washington, Dec. 15.—Declaring William J. Bryan as "simply obsessed" and Theodore Roosevelt as "the giant in Mother Goose," Chairman Tillman of the Naval Committee addressed the Senate today on national defense and assailed what he characterized as war materials.

"The question of preparedness requires grave consideration and prompt action," said Senator Tillman. "There are all sorts of opinions and advice from all quarters—good, bad, and not only unwise, but unthinkable of adoption, except by wild men from Barneo."

"Mr. Bryan, the evangel of peace at any price, is bitterly opposed to any and all increase. He seems to be simply obsessed on this subject and has lost his usual poise. Ex-President Roosevelt, on the other hand, who asserts and roars like a veritable bull of Bashan, poses as the god of war and clamors for a very large standing army and great reserves. He reminds one of the giant in Mother Goose.

"Fe, fi, fo, fum,
"I smell the blood of a German man.
"Be he alive, or be he dead,
"I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

The Senator said he realized the necessity for a greater army, but that the navy, "our first line of defense," should come first.

"The country ought to regard as a public enemy any Senator or member of Congress who tried to delay or thwart this purpose," Senator Tillman declared. "We have an armor trust now," said he, "just as we have had all along, and it is doing business at the same old stand—Bethlehem, Carnegie for pronged and Midvale."

Concluding, Senator Tillman made a plea for prompt action on his armor plant bill.

Nothing but brazen effrontery and unbridled greed, aided by official corruption in Washington, can delay the passage of this bill," he said.

Noted artist chooses Mile Theda Bara's face as model for "Sin".

"Don't be offended at what I'm going to say; but your face is the most beautifully wicked I have ever seen." The speaker was Roland Montaigne St. Cyr., the celebrated portrait painter and he was addressing Mile Theda Bara, the French "Vampire Woman" during a visit at the studio, where she was playing La Gioconda. The sinister and beautiful siren of "The Devil's Daughter", the latest photoplay production starring this week remarkable woman the Devil's Daughter was written by Gabriele D'Annunzio, Arthur of Cabiria. The above masterpiece will be shown at the Photoplayhouse Saturday night.

Big Personal Income Tax.

Washington, Dec. 12.—The personal income tax paid during the last fiscal year by 357,515 individuals totaled \$41,046,162, nearly \$13,000,000 more than the amount paid by 357,598 individuals the year before, according to the annual report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, made public tonight.

The greatest increase was in the amounts paid by 82,754 persons subject to the normal tax, a jump from about \$12,728,000 in 1914 to about \$16,559,000 in 1915.

Incomes exceeding \$500,000 numbered 174 and paid about \$6,439,000, compared with about \$3,437,000 last year. Under the corporation income tax 299,445 returns were made, a decrease of 17,464 ascribed to various conditions, including distributed business conditions incident to European and Mexican disturbances. The corporations paid \$38,986,952, or about \$6,627,000 less than in 1914.

The report says few corporations purposely falsified their returns or sought to evade the tax.

Recommendations are made for changes in the income tax law to broaden its scope and increase the revenue.

Frauds through artificially colored oleomargarine are said to have totaled \$17,692,410, of which only \$4,611,052 was within the assessable period. During the year \$751,000 was collected.

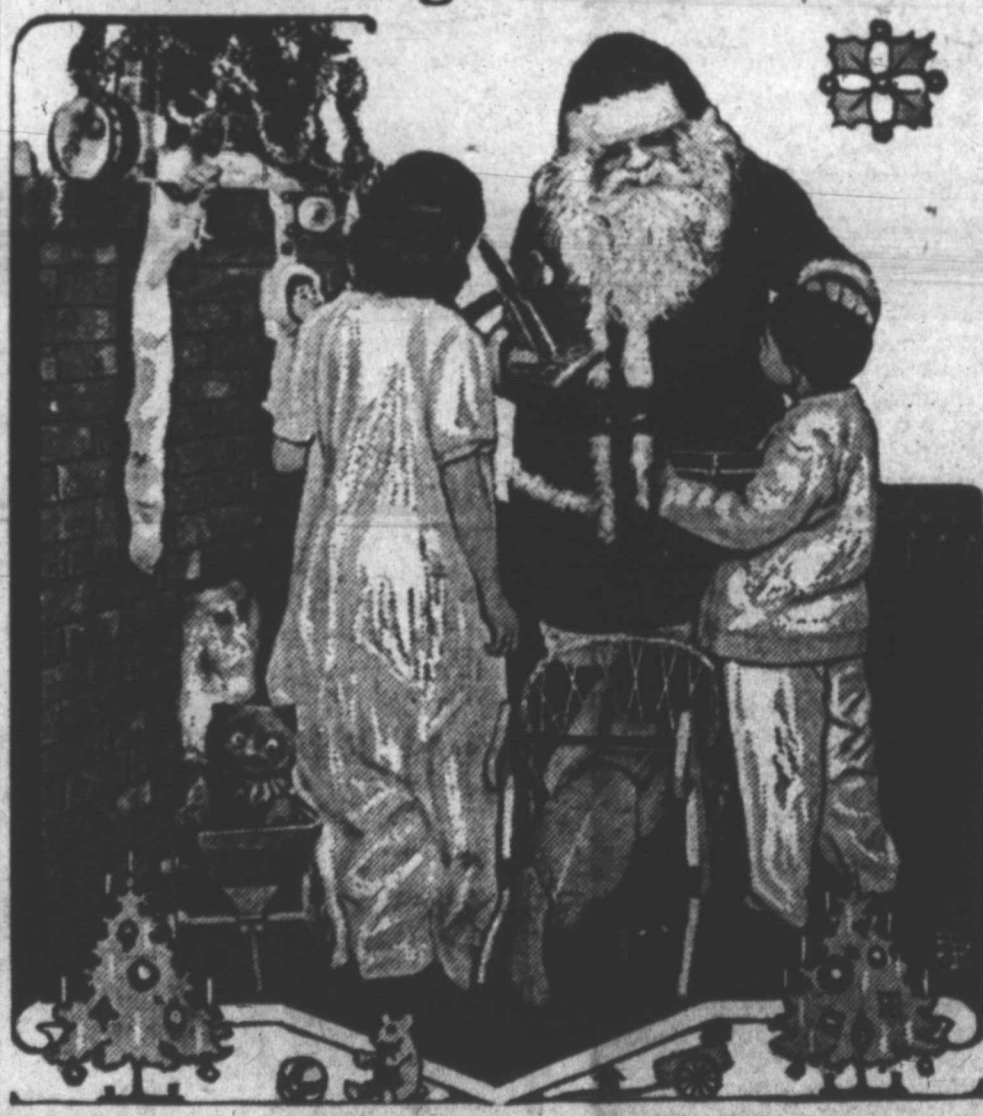
The emergency tax law brought in \$52,000,000, the tax on distilled spirits, other than those distilled from fruits, about \$133,803,000, compared with about \$150,000,000 in 1914, and the tax on fermented liquors increased from about \$67,000,000 paid in 1914 to about \$79,000,000, paid the last year.

It takes a wise man to pick a girl who is going to be good looking when she is forty-five.

A friend of mine has named his dog "Waiter" because he never comes when he calls him.

There are two good ways to judge a man—by what he doesn't pay and by what he doesn't say.

Distributing His Presents



Red Cross Christmas Seals.



Every package you send out during the holidays should have a Red Cross Seal. The seals are sold for the benefit of the public health of Texas. They are now on sale in Canyon. During the past week the sale has been large among the students of the Normal.

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

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. R. L. Greer. 38p2

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.

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.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE

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

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—One span of good work horses. J. A. Harbison. tf

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

For sale—Good surrey. Call the News office. tf

WANTED

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

Wanted—Few more head of cows to pasture on alfalfa. Running water, good grass. John Knight. 39t2

Wanted to Trade—Good pony for good milk cow. B. Frank Buie. tf

LOST

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

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. tf

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Cataract of Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat Glasses Fitted. AMARILLO, TEX.

Neal of the Navy

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Cats-paw," "Blue Backs," etc.

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathe Exchange, Inc.

Copyright, 1914, by William Hamilton Osborne

SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelée, 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 companion. 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. Ponto proves his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Ponto, Inez, a female accomplice, and the mindless 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 tries for admission to the Naval academy, but through the treachery of Joe Welcher is defeated by Joey and disgraced. Neal enlists in the navy. Inez sets a trap for Joey and the conspirators get him in their power. In a struggle for possession of the map Hernandez, Annette and Neal each secure a portion. Annette sails on the Coronado in search of her father. In the meantime 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 mines from the Albany. Landed in Tortuga, Annette and Neal are captured and exposed to yellow fever infection by 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 transformed men toward Chantillo, but is caught in a train wreck on the way. Hernandez and Inez present the false identification papers to Brother Anselmo at Santa Maria mission. Ponto is caught and killed in his own trap, set for Annette.

TWELFTH INSTALLMENT "BACKED BY THE U. S. N."

CHAPTER LII.

A Thorn in the Flesh.

It was late at night when Hernandez and his two companions, Senorita Inez Castro and the Brute, crept to the outskirts of the village of Santa Maria, and stealthily approached the ramshackle old hotel. For two days they had kept carefully out of sight. They had left the dead Ponto to his fate. He had now become a cipher. He was food for the jackals and they left him to the jackals. "Then," said Inez. "It shall be Ponto's share for mine." Hernandez leered at her. "What does it matter," he returned, "what is mine is yours, fair Inez—Inez, mine is yours." She crept to him, resting her shoulder against his breast. "You mean that, Hernandez?" she queried, a jealous note tinging her tone. "There is no one—there never shall be one—save Inez!" Hernandez leered again. "Time and time have I not told you so?" he answered. "We are one—as in the past—so in the present—so in the future." Hernandez brushed her gently to one side and rose to his feet. "War first—love afterwards," he said. "Business now—and later, happiness. A whirl of happiness—of world-wide happiness. When I am king of a principality—and you are queen. Come, let us on." Softly he crept to a secluded doorway of the hotel and knocked cautiously upon it. It was opened in due course. The frowled head of a servant thrust itself forth. "Ah," whispered Hernandez, "my good friend." He slipped a goodly coin into the hand of his good friend—and the good friend became at once a better friend. "The Americans?" queried Hernandez. "Have they gone?" "Gone," returned the servant; "today they went. Enter, señor." Hernandez, alert but satisfied of temporary safety, beckoned to his two companions and the three crowded into the dingy little closet of the porter. He turned back to the porter. "Tell me," he commanded, "the best route to San Pedro and Los Angeles. Our way lies north." Many hours later at Los Angeles, a coterie of Americans sat around a broad table in an unused courtroom in the post office building in Los Angeles. Spread upon the table were a number of documents—a trinket or two. Among them was a patched-together parchment map and a Spanish grant. The admiral leaned toward the United States district attorney—the latter had come down from San Francisco to place the seal of his department's approval upon the matter now in hand. "Are you satisfied?" queried the admiral. "Absolutely," said the district attorney, "the paper title is at present unassailable, and as much to be recognized as though"—he bowed to Annette—"as though our fair daughter here were a sister pupil. It remains for you, sir," his lance bent upon the commander of the battleship Missouri, "to find out who may be in possession—and to oust them in favor of this paper title." "I wonder whom we'll find," mused Annette, her eyes glowing. "Probably no one," returned the admiral.

He returned the documentary evidence and the trinkets to his portfolio. "These," he said to the district attorney, "I take with me." "Exactly," said the other, "we have photographs of all of them. The investigation has been of interest—a curious situation." The district attorney placed before Annette a bulky document. "You will be compensated for this Lost Island," he said, "and the government stands ready now to make you a substantial advance of money upon the signing of this paper." Annette signed—and sighed with relief. "That's done," she exclaimed. "The admiral bowed. All rose. "You are rendering our country a great service, Miss Ilington," he said, "and your country will do its level best to protect you. Can we do more?" "Neal saluted. "I understand, sir," he said that I am to command the expedition." "Yes," interposed the commander, "we've arranged all that with the captain of a steamer. He agrees that what you say shall go—and you'll say it, I feel sure." "I'll say anything and do anything," returned Neal. "For my country and my—and Miss Annette Ilington." He said a good deal to her on the way back to her Los Angeles hotel—and kept on saying it. "But," he added at parting, "careful now. Don't take risks. This man Hernandez is a wonder. I take my hat off to him. He never knows when he's beaten." "He's beaten now," returned Annette, "particularly if he knows all that has transpired." He left her—still gravely worried. He would have been more than worried had he known that within a quarter of a mile of Annette's hotel, in a secluded cafe, sat Hernandez, with his two companions, the Brute and Inez Castro. He would have been more than worried had he known that with them was another individual—Joe Welcher, his own foster brother and Annette's. Welcher was there—depressed, fearful, nervous—but drinking heavily. And he was still the model, shrinking tool, the cats-paw. "And what," queried Hernandez, "about the battleship—Missouri?" Joe produced an extra—its headlines devoted to the navy and the impending Alleanian war. "The Missouri," he announced, referring to the paper, "steams away tomorrow." "Where does she steam?" "To San Francisco." "Friend Welcher," went on Hernandez, "does this Neal—does he talk—do you get inside information?" "There's none to get," said Joe, "if there was any, I'd get it." Hernandez waved his hand. "When does the Missouri sail?" he queried. "This afternoon," said Joe. "When she sails," went on Hernandez, "we'll get this girl. We need her. We want her evidence—but we want her, too—until—until we have no further need of her. What we shall run into at Lost Isle no man knows. I want her with us there. Listen, Welcher. You must arrange it. Our paths must cross this afternoon." Welcher fumed. "I do all the dirty work," he said; "I'm through." Hernandez poured him another drink, and handed it to him with a glance that ate into Joe's soul. The drink had just the wrong effect. Joe became angry—noisy—unmanageable. "I'll be damned if I do your bidding any more," snarled Joe. Hernandez darted a glance toward Inez. She returned it. "Leave him with me," she said. Hernandez did as he was bid. He left her alone with Joe. And in the next fifteen minutes Inez Castro made love to Joe as she never had before. She overwhelmed him with enchantment. "Tonight," she whispered to him, "tonight, Americano. But breathe not a word to him—he will kill us both." Half an hour later Annette swung out of the hotel grounds, mounted on a wiry little pony. She spied Joe and drew in her steed. She noted that Joe was unduly excited. "Joe," she exclaimed, "tell mother I'll be safe." Under certain influences Joe's mind acted with unusual rapidity. Drink and the dark eyes of Inez Castro had set him well on edge. Without a moment's thought he stooped by the roadside and plucked a thorny burr. He straightened up again, with the thorny burr concealed within his hand. He did not answer Annette at first, but approached her and her steed. "Good cow pony!" he exclaimed. He stroked the horse's nose, its neck, its flanks. And then he did another thing. "Safe as they make 'em," he continued. And then he did the trick. His right hand still clutched up across the horse's back, behind Annette's steed to the saddle. Swiftly—and unnoted—he pushed

the thorny burr under the saddle, next to the pony's skin. Then he slouched away in the general direction of the bar. CHAPTER LIII. A Dangerous Connection. There are few drivers of a high-power car who permit themselves restraint upon an open road. But the machine that crept along the avenue in this sparsely settled portion of suburban Los Angeles seemed almost crippled. Everything passed it—even horse-drawn vehicles. And one horse in particular kept always on ahead. This horse was Annette Ilington's. There were four people in this car—and three of them were waiting for the inevitable to happen. They crept on and on—always two hundred yards behind. "Ah!" exclaimed Hernandez finally, "It sets in." He was quite right. Suddenly the horse ahead swerved sharply to one side, violently shook its head and neck—leaped frantically into the air, and then, with a violent burst of speed, tore down the road like fire. Hernandez increased his speed to twenty miles—to twenty-five—but the horse tore on before him. Annette was riding like the wind—but she had lost control. Joe, in the car behind, leaped to his feet and tried to force his way from the car. "Get me out," he cried, struggling; "I got her into this, and I'll get her out." Hernandez turned to the Brute. "Hold him," he commanded. And the Brute obeyed. Inez Castro now was on her feet. "Look—look—look," she cried, "the horse is mad—he'll kill her—look—ah—ah—"

It was all over. In one final burst of frenzy the horse had leaped high in the air, and come down on all fours, not on the solid road, but in the ditch. Annette was flung violently from her steed—and struck the ground with a thud. The horse, freed of his burden, sped on—up the road—sped on. Hernandez stopped his car. Joe leaped out and ran to Annette. "She's killed," he said. Hernandez followed him. "If so, we cannot help it," he returned calmly. "If she's killed, I did it, you black-guard," cried Joe, remorsefully. Inez bent over the girl. "She's not dead," she said, "she's very much alive. She's only stunned." Hernandez motioned to the Brute. "Carry her to the car," he commanded. And the Brute again obeyed. "Now, slowly," commanded Inez of Hernandez, "until I revive the girl." They were in open country now—the community was but sparsely settled. Hernandez glanced warily from side to side. "We must make haste," he mused, taking a grass-grown road to the right. He stopped the car before a house. It was an ordinary dwelling. There was no sign of life about it. The grass in the dooryard was a foot high. Everything appeared unkempt. But in the parlor window was a sign: To let, furnished. Hernandez stepped into the dooryard and peered into the windows. "We'll let it furnished—free—for a short time," he said. He forced the door and entered. "All the comforts of home," he said, smiling, "fetch in the girl." Back in the city, Neal, off duty once again, sought Annette at her hotel. "She's gone again—alone," said Mrs. Hardin, "she would go. She's so restless she couldn't sit still." Neal smiled. He was not worried. He got a saddle horse and started off in the direction taken by Annette.



He Seized a Chair and Whirled It About His Head. Back in the deserted furnished space about him on the floor, driving Inez and Hernandez before him into one corner after another. His chair whirling, touched a live wire—from which the insulation had been torn. The wire, recoiling from the blow, struck a piece of disjointed gas pipe still clinging to the ceiling. Then—fiz—a spark—a multitude of sparks. A pause—a second's pause. And then the whole room, with a mighty roar, burst itself out into the open air. A horseman, speeding down the straight road, heard the boom. He saw the explosion. He spurred his horse. He reached the wayside lane. Joe Welcher, his head out and bleeding, was the first to revive. His remorseful frenzy still lent him strength and energy. He sprang to his feet—looked for Annette. He noticed nothing else—save that the room was wrecked. He found Annette, picked her up and carried her without. She was stunned, but practically unhurt. But Joe didn't know all this. He had



"Up—Up," He Cried, Tugging at Her. Killed her—he must bring her to life again. With her in his arms he started up the lane—whither he knew not. Suddenly, in the distance, he saw Neal—on horseback. Welcher broke into a run toward his foster brother. "She—she lives," said Joe thickly, "at any rate—you can tell her—tell mother—tell yourself—that I brought her back—to life. That pays up—pays up—for—" He fell prone upon the ground. Neal knelt by his side. "Gone," he said, taking off his hat, "gone, Annette." "We'll forget everything," she answered sobbing, "except that he saved me—that he died a hero—a real hero—at the last!" CHAPTER LIV. A Piece of Steel. Neal's first duty was toward Annette—his second toward Joe. He carried Joe tenderly to the side of the road and left him there, covered with green boughs. Then he lifted Annette upon his steed and set off for help. It took time to find a surgeon—time to get a car. Meantime things happened at the furnished house—the house so swiftly and violently unfurnished by its interfering tenants. Inside the room nothing but a mass of wreckage was to be seen. But slowly, painfully, impelled by some unseen force, this mass of wreckage slowly rose. Beneath it some giant writhed and wriggled. Finally a head appeared—the Brute's head. He looked about the room. Nothing was to be seen. He peered into the depths from which he had just emerged. Then suddenly he saw something. Seeing—he worked away like mad. Inside of ten minutes, Inez, in a stupor, was staring at the Brute from one side of the room—Hernandez from the other. Hernandez shook the lethargy from him. He crawled to Inez. "Up—up," he cried, tugging at her, "we have no time to lose. Come on, you beast—come on." Seizing them both, tearing at them frantically, like mad, he sped with them toward a cluster of trees on the other side of the road. In the midst of this dense growth he had hidden his machine. Panting with frenzy, his glance ever over his shoulder, he forced them into the car, sprang to the wheel, threw in the clutch, and was off. It was three days later, on the high seas, that Hernandez—his other two companions well hidden in the hold—stole out of the companion way of a fruit steamer bound for the southern seas. He glanced cautiously around a corner. The first figure that met his sight was Neal Hardin—an ensign in the navy. "What's he doing here?" demanded Hernandez of himself. He watched warily. What he saw disturbed him. Neal was giving orders to the captain of the ship. Hernandez looked about him. Suddenly he darted forward, stooped, and picked up something from the floor. "What is it?" queried Inez. "A piece of steel," he said. That night, well muffled, he stole toward the compass, and concealed his piece of steel where it would do the most good—or most harm, as you prefer. No one saw him—no one knew. But on his return, turning a corner, he ran full tilt into Ensign Neal Hardin himself. Neal sprang upon the muffled figure and tore the enveloping cloak from Hernandez's grasp. "You," cried Neal, leaping for Hernandez, "I've got you now." They struggled like tigers, but Neal took no chances. This was no test bout. He wanted to make sure of his man. He called for help. Help came. A dozen men pounced upon Hernandez. When he was safely chained Neal rose to his feet. "We've got him," said Neal briefly. He gave an order. "Search the ship," he said. The ship was searched, and within the next quarter of an hour Inez and the Brute, each in the clutch of many powerful men, came into view on deck. "Lock the woman in a cabin," commanded Neal, "and keep guard upon her day and night." All night he lay, chained heavily, solitary, in the lazaretto, working out his own salvation—not eternal, but material. And he always came to one conclusion—"I'll beat them yet." All night the pilot puzzled his head over his compass. As dawn broke, in the crow's nest aloft, the lookout shaded his eyes with his hand—then with the same hand shaded his mouth. "Land ho!" he cried, "land ho!" Neal heard him and hurried to the pilot's side. "Can't be Lost Isle," he exclaimed. "Must be," said the pilot, "we're headed straight for her—straight as the crow flies, sir. But I can't understand it, either—blest if I—"

The sentence was unfinished. With a terrific shock the vessel crashed into an unseen reef—an unknown reef, for they had ventured into uncharted seas. Neal understood the danger. The shock was too terrific to be ignored. It meant a wreck—it would be a matter of minutes only before she died. "Man the boats," he cried, "order all on deck. Make haste." He rushed in person to Annette's door and threw it open. In person he lifted Annette and her mother into the first boat. Inez also was included. It was lowered safely. Neal turned to his crew. "Get the lasaretto prisoner," he commanded, "drag him into this boat here. Be about it now." Hernandez, in a frenzy of fear, had been beating with his chains upon the barred door of the lazaretto. They dragged him forth, his face working with fear and rage, and bundled him into the second boat—the Brute leaping in behind. Half way down the side something happened—the gear broke. The boat dropped—its one end still held to the tackle—and plunged its human burden into the sea beneath. Hernandez, heavy with his irons, clung to the Brute. The Brute was still a paragon of strength. With both Hernandez's hands upon his brawny shoulders—with the dragging weight of Hernandez's irons upon him, he swam, with even, steady strokes, toward the shore—swam for an hour, tirelessly, like some huge dog. Suddenly his feet touched sand. Neal and Annette stood upon a strip of beach, staring all about them. "This," said Annette, "must be Lost Isle—and the admiral was right—it is deserted. Unless we find a Robinson Crusoe here—possibly—my father." Neal shook his head. "I'm not sure it's Lost Isle," he commented, "and I'm not sure it's deserted. See that turn in the short line—let's round the corner and have a better look." Around the corner, some three-quarters of a mile away, a group of naked natives clustered greedily about a fire. Above the fire something—horribly gruesome—turned and turned upon a slowly-revolving spit. Scattered about upon the ground, were human skulls. One of the natives held up his arms, uttering guttural sounds and pointed off the shore. The whole crowd broke into a run—reached the shore and waited. Two men staggered from the water toward the beach. The group of natives set up a yell of triumph. . . . here, then, were two more human skulls—two more gruesome forms to be turned upon a spit over a hot fire. Yes. Mariners were quite right. These were indeed, uncharted seas—Hernandez and the Brute were pioneers. The Brute looked straight ahead. He placed his arm about his master's quivering shoulders and stepped up out of the sea, straight into that diabolical group of twentieth-century anthropophagi. The Brute knew no fear. The black brutes reached forth clutching hands and touched him—seized Hernandez. The Brute stretched forth a hand, seized a savage by the neck, and whirled him round and round about his head, striking the black men right and left. Then he tossed his captive into the sea, leaving him to struggle out as best he might. There was a wild cry among the natives—then suddenly, they prostrated themselves before the Brute. "He has a white face—white beard," they told each other, "down, down on your faces. He is a god—our god." (TO BE CONTINUED.)



COME IN ALSO FINE CHINAWARE 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

Ball for Acting Gov. Hobby.

Austin, Dec. 8.—Not in years has there been such a brilliant function given in Austin as the reception and inaugural ball tendered to Acting Governor W. P. Hobby of Jefferson county at the Driskill Hotel. It was one of the most elaborate social affairs ever staged in the historic hotel, the guests numbering in the hundreds, representing nearly every section of the state. These guests included many members of the state senate and house of representatives of the thirty-fourth legislature and the members of former legislatures, state officials and men prominent in business and social circles throughout the state, also the wives and daughters of scores of Texas' leading citizens. A large representation of the Texas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, now holding its annual session in this city, was present on special invitation of the executive committee in charge of the affair.

This was the second inaugural ball ever tendered an acting Governor of Texas. The first event of the kind occurred when former Senator Q. J. Watson of Lee county occupied the Chief Executive's chair during the absence from the State of Governor O. B. Colquitt in 1914.

Find Coins 500 Years Old.

Sullivan, Ind.—Frank Betnett, a blacksmith, digging at the former site of the Howe brickyard, near here, found a number of copper coins and white metal plates more than 500 years old. They were found five feet underground, below the old trail used by pioneers, between Terre Haute and Vincennes.

One of the copper coins contains a head with the date 1410, and another contains a raised head wearing a crown dated 1410. One coin is marked "Six pencey, Henry VIII."

The largest white metal plate is about 2 1/2 x 5 inches, and is inscribed: "On this 7th day of February, 1498, of Our Lord, I, E., demand all nu land: John Cabbot." Another plate reads: "Sebastian Cabot, Mary 5, 1496. Henry VII."

Odd Bits of News.

Madisonville, Ky.—"Uncle" Cy Carlisle has succeeded in raising a freak apple, although he has no name for it. Its upper half is a bright yellow in color, and the lower half a brilliant red.

Cape May Point, N. J.—Did she or didn't she? Mrs. Florence Lindsey, 49 declares she swallowed her husband's false teeth when she playfully put them in her mouth. X-rays fail to disclose them in her stomach and she is suffering no pain. The teeth are missing—that's sure.

New York, N. Y.—Henry Toller a chauffeur, was arrested on a charge of forgery. In order to make good the amount he obtained, he went to a hospital and sold a pint of his blood for \$15. The blood saved the life of Miss Sarah Wilson.

New York, N. Y.—Anthrax is a common disease among animals. When Sophia Rosen, 17, desiring to imitate her wealthy sisters, purchased a cheap fur collar and wore it, she contracted the disease from the fur. She died a few days later, the third victim this season of the same disease acquired in the same way.

Harlem, Ill.—Twenty two years ago P. L. Johnson lost a gold ring, when he was farming in Ogle county. Recently he told William Barber of Leaf Ridge about the ring. Mr. Barber's daughter had found it and returned it to the owner.

Bellevue, Ia.—Two years ago a man was killed on a railroad. A friend believed the body to be that of Matt McAllister. The body was exhumed and wife, friends and relatives identified it, even to physical defects. The Court of Honor paid his widow \$1,000 insurance, and she bought a home. The other day Matt McAllister turned up well and hearty. He had been working on a ranch in Canada and knew nothing of the report of his death.

York, Pa.—People have avoided the old "haunted" house of S. B. Manifold. Many times during 15 years a mysterious buzzing of ghosts has been heard there. Recently workmen wrecked the house, and after they had battled with the ghostly bees, those who were unstung returned to find 200 pounds of honey stored in the walls.

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

As for me, I don't care whether a man's grand father was on the bench as a judge or a cobbler, so long as the man himself is right.

All that a lover needs to make Heaven complete after the wedding ceremony is over to discover that his wife has warm feet.

The Week in History.

- Monday, Dec. 13.—Battle Fredericksburg, Va., 1862.
- Tuesday, Dec. 14.—Washington died, 1799.
- Wednesday, Dec. 15.—Hartford convention, 1814.
- Thursday, Dec. 16.—Boston Tea Party, 1773.
- Friday, Dec. 17.—General Goliath died 1830.
- Saturday, Dec. 18.—New Jersey admitted to Union, 1787.
- Sunday, Dec. 19.—Massacre of Narragansett, 1675.

Mrs. Post's Share \$6,000,000

Battle Creek, Mich.—Mrs. Charles W. Post, widow of the late cereal king has agreed to accept a cash settlement in lieu of her share of the Postum Cereal Company plant, thus terminating litigation among the heirs.

Mrs. Post receives \$6,000,000 and retains ownership of the Post Tavern, the seven-story Post office building, the Post residence at Santa Barbara, Cal., and the other lesser properties. She will withdraw from the Postum Cereal Company and Postum Company, a cotton manufacturing company at Post, Texas, the bulk of stock in these two properties going to Mrs. Marjorie Post Close, daughter of the food king, who asked for the accounting.

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

Retort Courteous.

E. Pluribus Jones reached the station platform just as the 5:15 was pulling out. A little burst of speed before the admiring onlookers netted him fifty feet in overcoming the train's handicap, but the best that his ample carcass could do thereafter was to run a losing race. He quit at the end of the freight yards and returned.

"Miss your train, sir?" inquired the porter cheerfully.

Jones flicked a speck of dust from his coat sleeve.

"No, my friend," he said earnestly. "Oh, no, I was just chasing it out of the yard. You oughtn't allow it around here. Don't you see the tracks it's left?"—New York Evening Herald.

Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure

The worst sores, 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.

At twenty-one a man starts in to reform the world. At thirty he has his doubts about it. At forty he decides the world can't be reformed. At fifty he is busy hanging on by his eyebrows and letting the world reform him.

Few young men who ask for kisses ever get them. The bee does not ask the flower for its honey. He simply sips from the petals before the flower can dodge.



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 prizes, 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.

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Gifts For The Dear Man

Does he Travel?

He needs a Trunk or a Suit Case, a Traveling Bag or a Shoe Bag, a Collar Box or a Toilet Roll.

Does he Drive an Auto?

He needs a rain coat, absolutely guaranteed rain-proof, and he wants a pair of Auto gloves or heavy mittens lined with lamb's wool or with fur. The best line of winter gloves we ever had. He surely needs a warm and beautiful Mackinaw coat. We have some exquisite ones.

Does he Hang Around Home Some?

He needs one of our lovely Bath Robes and slippers to match—or a pair of nice soft house slippers.

Does he get out Amongst 'Em Some?

He needs a neat pair of Dress Gloves. We carry the Fownes celebrated line. He must have one or a half a dozen of our elegant ties, 25c, 35c, 50c, \$1.00. Linen Handkerchiefs with choice colored or white initials.

WE HAVE JUST WHAT HE NEEDS AND WANTS

Saylor & Kendall Company

412 Polk St.

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If Christmas

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

Will Make 365 Holidays A Year

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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.

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