

NORMAL WINS THE FIRST GAME MONDAY

Clarendon Easily Outclassed in Football in Game Monday on the Local Grounds.

The Normal football team won the first game of the season Monday on the home grounds by a score of 7 to 0. Had it not been for unfortunate fumbles the score could easily have been run up to 20. However, in view of the fact that only three experienced men have placed on the Normal team the local fans have no regrets over the small score of the game.

The Clarendon team was strong and fast, but unable to stop the forward passes of the Normal, which were responsible for the only touchdown of the game. The Clarendon line was strong and withstood all attempts at line plunging of the Normal. Twice had the Normal boys carried the ball within a few yards of the opponent's goal, only to have the heavy line of the visitors hold like brick wall against all line bucks of the locals.

From the Normal standpoint, the game resolved into the open style of football with Shotwell throwing the ball accurately from 20 to 30 yards, time and again the receiving man on a forward pass would have an open field to the opponent's goal line, only to fumble and easy catch.

The Normal team easily succeeded in breaking up all attempted forward passes of the Clarendon team, thus causing the visitors to rely on line smashes, a few of which made telling gains through the lighter Normal line, and short end runs.

The following was the lineup of the teams:

Clarendon—Ends Cochran, Russell, tackles Thompson Rainey, guards Boehning Howell, center Hargrove, halves Cryer, Cole, full Parmer, quarter Wren

Normal—Center R. E. Carey; guard Hall, Graham; tackles Dowlen, Heizer Ragan; ends Stone, H. E. Gilbert, Younger, Ballard; quarter Shotwell, halves C. C. Gilbert, Glass, Wright; full Fred Carey, Crudgington.

NORMAL NOTES

President R. B. Cousins has gone to Ft. Worth this week on business.

The first football game of the season was played in this city on Monday between Clarendon and the Normal boys. The score was 7 to 0 in our favor.

Cecil Head, a Summer Normal student and assistant librarian left last week for his home at Coleman.

The Barrett Browning and Palo Duro literary societies gave a reception Saturday night for the new students. A very pleasant evening was spent. The new students now feel more at home with their many new-made friends.

PHOTO PLAYHOUSE EACH TUESDAY NIGHT, ONLY 10 CENTS.



"Aho, land-lubbers!"
"Avast, ye of the pale faces and the office anemia! Here's the zip of the flying spray and the tang of the salt breeze—a fresh breath of the great outdoors—the charm of wanderlust."
All crowded rippingly into the most splendid, thoroughly American serial of romance and adventure that has ever given life to a film.
Neal of the Navy
Pathe's latest and greatest motion picture production
is refreshing—that's the word for it. It satisfies all your innate desire for dash—excitement—and leaves no unpleasant aftermath. This splendid story was written by William Hamilton Osborne.
Lillian Lorraine is the Captain.
Wm. Courtleigh, Jr., is First Mate and the crew are all able seamen.
GET ABOARD!
Read it in the
RANDALL COUNTY NEWS

WHY NOT ELECTION ON CITY WATER PUMPING PROPOSITION

Last week a number of men were discussing the proposition of the Canyon Power Company made to the City Council a few weeks ago and which has never been acted upon by the council. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that the council did not intend to take up the proposition for some weeks. The men thought it advisable for some action to be taken at once.

Since the council is not likely to act until the members know pretty well what the people think of the proposal, it was stated that the best way to get at the public opinion on the subject would be with a public election. Some of the men stated that they would give a half day's time free to the city in order that the election might cost the city government no expense.

Those who were discussing the proposal thought the council should not vote against the proposition until the will of the people had been ascertained.

Proclamation.

Whereas the Governor of the state of Texas has proclaimed October 9th as fire prevention day and,

Whereas, Canyon is known throughout the Plains country to be one of the cleanest, if not the cleanest town in the state, having no typhoid fever originating within the town in the past four years, and few other cases of sickness that could be attributable to unsanitary premises, and

Whereas, it is the desire of the city administration to continue the favorable sanitary conditions of our town, and as far as possible eliminate all characters of disease that could be attributed to lack of diligence on the part of our citizenship,

Now, I, F. M. Wilson, Mayor by virtue of authority vested in me as such, do hereby proclaim Saturday, October 9th, 1915, as Fire Prevention Day and earnestly recommend that all our people observe it by examining their chimneys and stove pipes and by a general cleaning up and removal of trash, rubbish and waste from their premises.

Witness my official signature this 6th day of October, A. D., 1915
F. M. WILSON, Mayor.

County Court Monday.

The regular term of county court will begin next Monday. There is a light docket for the term.

The following jurors have been summoned for the second week of the court:

- E. A. Rusk.
- John Knight.
- J. B. Kleinschmidt.
- J. W. Nickson.
- C. C. Hughes.
- J. L. McReynolds.
- L. C. Johnson.
- Gustav Leseberg.
- S. B. Orton.
- C. R. Burrow.
- Henry Blazier.
- Herman Myers.
- S. B. McClure.
- J. M. Myers.
- Geo. Leyerton.
- R. L. Lewis.

B. Y. P. U. Program.

The following is the program for Sunday, Oct. 10:

Leader—E. Gatewood.
What I think a union should be—Douglas Johnson.

The kind of a union that will interest the young people—Miss Elva Fronabarger.

The difference in the spirit and methods of this union and the Y. M. C. A.—Ernest Atkins.

What the aims of this union should be—Miss Eula Woodward.

The place of the union in the education of young people—E. Gatewood.
How we may associate union work with our personal life and problems—Miss Opal Gray.

Cows at \$100 Per Head.

C. O. Keiser has sold to Talley & Morrison of Miami 625 head of cows to be delivered in November at \$100 per head.

WHY NOT?

Redfearn Sisters have a full line of Racket goods, candies, school supplies and as new and up to date line of dry goods and millinery as there is in town. They will treat you as courteous and give you as much for your dollar as any other house. So why not give them a part of your trade. They will appreciate it.

REDFEARN SISTERS.

Mrs. J. C. Compton and Miss Nanie Johnson were in Amarillo Friday.

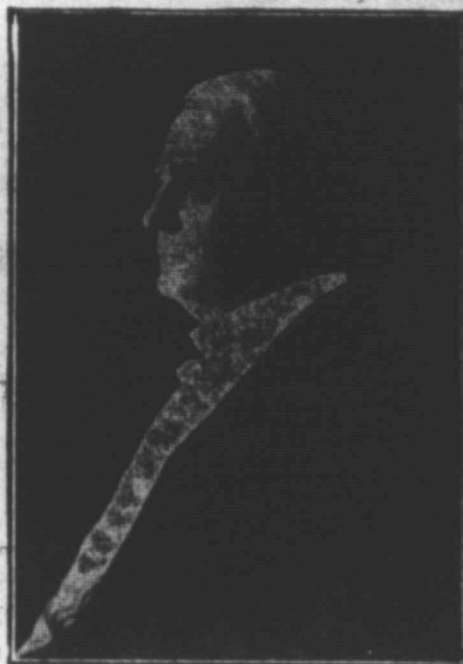
New Jail—Or Improvement of Old One

The Commissioners' Court wants to know what you think of building a new jail or remodeling the old one. The News wishes to help the court get this information. Please fill out the blank below and return to the Randall County News at once. We'll see that the court gets it

Name _____

Precinct _____ P.O. _____

Do you favor new jail _____ or improvement _____



SPEAKER CHAMP CLARK.

Another Football Game Monday.

A game has been scheduled by the Normal with the Amarillo high school for next Monday on the local grounds and a game to be played with them in Amarillo on Nov. 6. The game with the Amarillo Military Academy was cancelled for Nov. 6th, and will be set for a later date.

The team goes to Goodnight on the 16th as per previous schedule.

CHAMP CLARK IN AMARILLO ON NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT

Hon. Champ Clark, speaker of the national house of representatives, will be in Amarillo on Thursday to speak at the Grand Opera House. The coming of Mr. Clark has aroused great interest all over the Panhandle and the attendance will probably be very large. A large number of Canyon people are planning to go to the lecture.

The date was announced last week for the 11th but was changed Tuesday to Oct. 14th. The Daily Panhandle of Amarillo is guaranteeing the \$300 necessary to bring Mr. Clark to Amarillo. The price of admission will be \$1.00.

It is interesting to note that only last week Mr. Clark was designated by the governor to Missouri to be the greatest man in the state, and that Clark came very nearly being the democratic nominee in the last national campaign, which in that particular case was equivalent to election.

"EXPLOITS OF ELAINE"

Friday, for the last time in the last episode of The Clutching Hand. "The Reckoning." Photo Playhouse. First show begins promptly at 7:30 and continuous until 10:30 every night.

The careful man pays his bills with checks then he has a check on his bills



Let us keep your accounts straight

IT IS EASIER TO PAY YOUR BILLS WITH A CHECK. IT LOOKS BETTER—IT GIVES YOU STANDING IN YOUR COMMUNITY. IT IS CONVENIENT TO MAIL A CHECK FOR THE EXACT AMOUNT. THAT CHECK IS A RECEIPT. BESIDES THAT THE BANK IS HELPING YOU TO KEEP YOUR ACCOUNTS STRAIGHT. THE BEST FRIEND YOU HAVE IS YOUR MONEY, NEXT TO IT IS THE BANKER WHO CAN ADVISE YOU FREE OF CHARGE ABOUT MONEY MATTERS.

BANK WITH US.

The First State Bank

THE GUARANTY FUND BANK

MANY HAVE NOT VOTED ON THE NEW JAIL PROPOSITION.

Where are the members of the different grand juries during the past ten years, which have asked that a new jail be erected in Randall county? Judging from the number of votes that have been cast for the proposition, these men did not mean what they said when they asked the commissioners to do something.

The News has received a large number of votes on the proposition, but very few from men who have been on any of the grand juries during the past few years.

Randall county must have the jail fixed up in some manner. The commissioners realize that as well as any other person in the county, but they asked that the tax payers state the kind of improvements that would be made. A small percent of the tax payers have made known their wishes, but the large percent have been quiet on the subject. Where are the men who have been so insistent that the commissioners do something?

The commissioners court will meet next Monday, and at that time the News wishes to deliver to them the votes that have been cast on the proposition. Will you get your vote in by that time. The commissioners are anxious to know the will of the people and to respect their demands, but can hardly do so if the people will not say what they desire on the subject.

Send in your vote today. You will forget all about it by tomorrow.

Open Seasons.

H. L. Stewart of Amarillo, who was recently appointed deputy game warden for this district, under the State Fish and Game Commission, has prepared a schedule of the open seasons for game, effecting this territory. It will be noted that the season for ducks does not open until October 15. Many hunters are under the impression that the season started on Oct. 1st, but had better postpone their hunting for a few more days.

The Federal and State laws are at variance in some instances, but the Federal dates cover the situation, and the list appended here is both official, and so arranged that it may be kept for reference.

Ducks and geese—October 15, until February 1.

Doves—December 1, until March 1.

Quail—December 1, until February 1.

Deer (bucks only)—November 1, until January 1.

Turkey—December 1 until April 1.

Plover and snipe—November 1 to February 1.

There is no open season on Prairie Chickens until after June 12, 1916.

There is no open season on Cranes, Swan or Curlew until after September 1, 1915.

House sparrows, hawks, Crows, buzzards, blackbirds, crows, or owls not protected.

No license required to hunt in the county of residence or counties adjoining county of residence, but necessary to have license to hunt outside of these counties.

It is unlawful to hunt between sunset and sunrise.

The following is the bag limit:

Quail—15 in one day.

Doves—15 in one day.

Deer (Buck)—three each season.

Turkey—three each season.

Federation to Boost Clean Up Day.

At the meeting of the City Federation of women's clubs yesterday it was decided that the organization boost a big clean up day for Canyon and that a committee take the matter up with the city officials in order that the day be made a great success. The committee appointed by the president was Mesdames Stafford, Ingham, Winkelman, Terrill, Park.

The federation received a report from Harman Benton, government agricultural agent, who is employed by this county, pointing out a number of trees in the city which were diseased. According to the report, if the trees are not cut down and burned at once the disease will soon spread to other trees of the city, and if allowed to go long enough would kill many of Canyon's beautiful shade and fruit trees. The federation will ask the city council to condemn those infected trees at once.

TO FARMERS.

We have several hundred head of grown steers, good quality, that we want fed for the winter. Will give 8c per pound for all weight put on. Steers to be weighed to feeder in fall and back to us in spring. Address, Landerger Bros., Amarillo, Texas. 2922

C. E. McAfee drove to Tulla Tuesday.

CHORAL CLUB WILL SING BOHEMIAN GIRL

Opera Will be Given by the Canyon Club Next Spring—Guenther President.

The Canyon Choral Club met Tuesday night with Miss Kline for the purpose of organizing for the winter's work. Last season was so successful that all of the members entered enthusiastically into the club for this year, and are ready for hard practice.

Organization was perfected by the election of Miss Kline director, F. P. Guenther president and C. W. Warwick secretary-treasurer.

The club voted to meet on Tuesday nights at Miss Kline's rooms at 7:30 sharp.

After considerable discussion the club voted to sing "The Bohemian Girl" by Michael William Balfe. The opera is very popular and is a delightful work. It is staged in three acts and if the new Normal auditorium is not completed in time for the production, it will be given out-of-door, as it is composed from gypsy life.

In addition to this production, the club voted to take up a number of shorter numbers, which would be appropriate on different occasions when music is desired for public gatherings.

The club has thirty members but the number will be pushed to fifty within a few days. A membership committee is at work soliciting the people of the city who should be in the organization.

The club is looking forward with great pleasure to the winter's work.

Uses Kerosene on Seeds.

W. F. Heller was in the News office Saturday and stated that he used kerosene on the seeds he put away in order to keep the mice away. He says that he has noticed this year that the seed which was treated in this manner were not bothered after they had been planted, like those not treated, and that he lost much of the latter kind of seeds by the mice and squirrels and birds.

He stated that he put a very little oil on the seeds before putting in the sacks where they were stored for the winter. He also stated that a little sulphur in the sacks of seed would keep the mice away, but would not protect the seed after put in the ground.

He believes that kerosene will also kill smut on wheat, when the seed is treated, and says that he was not troubled with smut on the wheat he treated this year.

Has Ripe Strawberries.

J. R. Harter, the old Bull Mooser, may not have ripe strawberries for his Christmas dinner, but he is going to have them up to near Thanksgiving time from all indications. Any way, you never know what to expect from a Mooser in this great democratic county of ours.

Mr. Harter has been experimenting with ever-bearing strawberries for the past few years, and finally has a plant which has made good. He says that it started to grow berries early and like perpetual motion has been continuously on the job ever since—with the exception that perpetual motion has never been able to perpetuate itself, while Harter's berries have been working on the job all summer. The News household can testify to the reality of the strawberries.

Mr. Harter has a very fine orchard and garden and takes great delight in showing people what can be raised with so much success in this country.

The New Story.

In this issue of the News will be found two installments of the great story "Neal of the Navy." If you are not in the habit of reading continued stories, break your past records and begin this story. The News is the only weekly newspaper in this section of the state which is running the serial. It is also running in the Dallas News.

The story is worth your while. It is being shown in motion pictures at the Photo Playhouse.

PERILS OF PAULINE

with a comedy and Pathe News on each Monday at Photohouse. First show promptly at 7:30 every night.

Walter Kleinschmidt arrived yesterday morning from Chicago to visit at the parental J. B. Kleinschmidt home. His family will arrive in a short time and they will probably make their future home in Canyon.

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

NEAL of the NAVY

By William Hamilton Osborne,

AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE," "RUNNING FIGHT," "CATSPAW," "BLUE BUCKLE," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

FIRST INSTALLMENT

PROLOGUE—THE SURVIVORS

CHAPTER I.

The Red Death.

Capt. John Hardin of the Princess regarded the fast-receding coast line with unusual alarm. He shouted to his mate.

"Welcher," he cried, pointing aft, "look at that. I've never seen old Pelee act that way before."

Welcher, the mate, a surly, sallow-faced, ill-conditioned fellow in unkempt uniform, followed with his eyes the captain's glance.

"See whiz," he said, "me neither."

"Ben," exclaimed the captain, "she's splitting fire. By Godfrey, that means death—death, I tell you, death."

This was back in 1902. The Princess, Captain Hardin's boat, was a tramp steamer bound to New York from the city of St. Pierre, in the Island of Martinique, with a cargo of cocoa, coffee, sugar cane and cotton, and had been under way probably an hour.

"You're right, captain," he returned. "Pelee means business this trip. Death is meant."

A feminine figure emerged from the shadow of the afterhouse and rushed forward toward the bridge. Behind her, following in her wake, raced two sturdy youngsters. One of these youngsters started past her, swarmed upon the bridge and confronted the captain and his mate.

He was Captain Hardin's boy, Neal—the only child.

The other boy was the mate's son, young Joey Welcher, sallow-faced and disagreeable like his father.

With the roar of a thousand thunders Pelee bellowed forth.

"What are we going to do, Jack?" cried the captain's young wife: "what are we going to do?"

"Do!" returned the mate, before the captain could reply. "Put on more steam; that's what we'll do. We're well out of that hell-hole yonder. An hour and we'd have been in the thick of it. We're well out of it, I tell you."

Captain Hardin applied his eye to his telescope once more. The boy upon his shoulder followed suit.

"Welcher," said the captain bravely, "we've got to go back."

CHAPTER II.

The Lost Isle.

On the same day—the day of the red death at Martinique—and but two short hours before the pilot put the helm of the tramp steamer Princess hard about, three men sat on the veranda of a low-roofed, white-walled building in St. Pierre.

One of these men was Ilington, a young American. He passed around a box of fragrant Martinique cheroots. He folded up some half-dozen slips of paper he had been examining and returned them to another individual who faced him from across the table.

"Senor Hernandez," exclaimed the young American, "for a week at least—half a hundred times—I have told you your credentials were satisfactory to me."

Hernandez nodded gravely. He thrust the papers back into a pocket and tapped them significantly.

"None could be better," he exclaimed grandiloquently. "I am Hernandez—that is all sufficient."

Suddenly the American turned and faced the third member of the coterie.

"And what," he exclaimed, "what of Ponto here?"

This third individual was the strangest creature of them all. He was a Mexican; dark, very dark; low-browed, low-statured—and—fat.

Hernandez nodded significantly. "Ponto, senor," he returned, "is as good as gold. He, too, is brave."

"Will he do as I tell him?" queried the American.

Hernandez bowed. "You tell me, senor, and I tell him. He will obey."

The American turned his back for a moment and Hernandez and Ponto exchanged significant glances.

Ilington turned back to them. "It is agreed," he said, "I will take you on. To have brave men one must take a chance."

Ilington crossed the veranda and entered the living room, from there disappearing through another door. In a moment he was back, apparently empty handed. Once more he seated himself and then drew from the hip pocket of his trousers a thin oilskin packet sealed with sealing wax. He laid it on the table before him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am the owner of the lost isle of Cinnabar. My forefathers held the grant direct from Spain. The lost isle of Cinnabar is a valuable isle. Tradition has it that upon it is located a quicksilver mine—an ancient mine—but little worked. My mission is to seek that island, to find it and to claim it for my own."

"Where is this lost island?" queried the Portuguese.

Ilington nodded. "The secret," he returned, "lies within this packet."

In a flash Ponto's hand darted like a black snake across the table to clutch the packet in its grasp. The American, for all his hugeness, was quite as agile as the fat Ponto. He snatched the packet away just as Ponto's fingers touched it.

Ponto's eyes reddened; his face flushed suddenly. He fingered the hilt of his knife and glanced toward Hernandez.

"I will be careful to take small chance with you, friend Ponto," said Ilington. He waved the packet toward Hernandez. "All in good time, senor," he said.

"The important question," went on Ilington, "is this: Who is in possession of the lost isle of Cinnabar? It belongs to me. I have the paper title—at any rate I can obtain it, but whom must we eject, when we arrive?"

"Leave that to me," said Hernandez. "We shall wipe them off the face of the earth—"

A screen door swung open and a native woman gaudily arrayed in green and yellow stripes, her head bound around with a strip of orange-colored linen, slipped through the door leading with her a tiny girl—a child three or four years old.

The child saw Ilington and ran tumultuously toward him, clasping his huge leg with her arms.

"My daughter, gentlemen," said Ilington. "She is all I have. Her mother died when she was born and when I die she will be the heiress to the lost isle of Cinnabar—perhaps the princess of a principality, who knows."

Manuela, her native nurse, carried her out into the narrow white and winding street, and together they half ran, half toddled down the hill.

Ilington resumed his own chair and once more exhibited the oilskin packet.

"The contents of this packet—possibly will indicate the whereabouts of the lost isle of Cinnabar," he said. "Suppose we take a chance."

"Break the seal, senor," said Hernandez.

Ilington started to obey—but something happened.

With the suddenness of a jaguar leaping from the hunters, a man—half

naked—bounced upon the veranda. "For the love of God," he said, in broken French, "fee for your lives. Pelee has broken loose."

Ilington, with the oilskin packet still in hand, sprang to the edge of the veranda and from there into the street. He gave one look and then fell back.

"By George, he's right," he shouted. "Look—look!"

Anxiously he turned his gaze down the hill. Then with a bound he was off. In three minutes he was back clutching his little daughter, Annette, to his breast and dragging the frenzied Manuela after him.

Shrieks from a thousand throats rent the air without. Ilington glanced into the street. His face went white. Ashes, red-hot pieces of molten lava were dropping in a shower.

Ilington, who had been holding Annette, surrendered her in an instant to Manuela. He darted into an inner room and opened the safe. From this safe he took a canvas bag that glistened with the gold pieces it contained. He thrust this bag into one hip pocket of his trousers, having already secreted the oilskin packet in the other.

"Come on," he shouted to the group behind him. "It's death to stay here. Come on down the hill."

CHAPTER III.

Terror-Driven.

All down that long steep hill—that swarming street filled with its rushing, frantic mob—Ilington fought his way with his back and brawny shoulders.

Once, twice, he felt a stealthy hand at his hip pockets. Each time he turned swiftly to find Ponto and Hernandez close at his heels. Without

warning he slipped aside into a blind alley, and let the crowd slide by like a huge many-colored avalanche. When he joined the crowd again, Hernandez and his Astec ally were ahead of him and not behind.

"To the sea—to the sea!"—the voice of the multitude raised itself in agony. There was but one cry—"to the sea—let me past—make room for me—to the sea—to the sea."

At a crazy little wharf Ilington twitched himself and Manuela and the child deftly to one side and let the crowd plunge on.

He scanned the surface of the bay, the fringe of shore. The bay was dotted with small boats, laden to the gun-wales. The water was alive with swimmers.

Ilington turned suddenly—at his side stood Hernandez. Ilington shook his head.

"There's not a chance," he said. "Senor Ilington," said Hernandez, "you are indeed fortunate to have tied yourself to me. Always I have something up my sleeve." He jerked his head. "Follow me," he added.

Ilington, wondering, followed, dragging Manuela with him.

Swiftly the group moved along the water front—they fought their way inch by inch. Suddenly Hernandez darted out upon another wharf.

"Stand in a circle," he commanded, "and when I say the word—quick action, senor."

Then Hernandez stooped quickly and jerked back a trap door that had been fitted into the planking.

"Quick," he whispered, "drop."

He seized Manuela and dropped her through the opening. She screamed—this scream rose to a shriek when she struck the water. But her alarm was unwarranted. There was no danger—she stood waist-deep in water. Ponto followed with a leap—he knew his ground. Ilington lowered himself warily, to save Annette from injury; clung for one instant to the edge of the opening with one brawny hand, and then dropped straight as a plummet.

Hernandez followed suit, closing the trap door behind him. The closing of this door left them almost in total darkness.

"Senor," whispered Hernandez, "I have a boat. One moment, please."

He groped about and caught a rope tied to a pile. He drew it in, hand over hand.

"In," said Hernandez—"everybody in."

The group obeyed. The boat was small.

"Senor," said Hernandez, "you are large—you are tall. See yonder ray of light—it is an opening, just wide enough to admit of this small craft. Leap out, senor—draw us thither—it is the sole way to the sea."

Ilington dragged the boat through the narrow opening and swung back into his place.

"I'll row," he said.

Suddenly Hernandez pointed toward the north. "Look, senor," he exclaimed, "succor—yonder is salvation."

Ilington followed his glance. His face lighted.

"Salvation is right," he returned in tones of relief, "a steamer—and what's more, she flies the American flag. Good luck!"

Under the command of her captain, Hardin, the Princess had steamed back into the rain of living fire to rescue whom she might.

On the forward deck of the steamer stood Captain Hardin—and beside him his small son—to welcome refugees. And there were many refugees to welcome. Captain Hardin soon saw he must discriminate.

Finally he shook his head. "Ben," he told his mate, "we're filling up. Pick your crowd from now on—only the helpless—children, women, old men. Reject all others."

Welcher, with two of the crew behind him—both scared into a frenzy—al armed with capstan bars—raised aloft his bludgeon.

"No more—no more!" he cried. "I'll brain the first man who tries to get aboard."

Suddenly above the din, a powerful voice was heard.

"Aho, there, Princess," cried this voice.

Welcher followed the sound. It came from the lungs of a powerfully built man rowing a leaky boat.

"Make way there," bellowed the oarsman, Ilington; "one moment, Princess. Where's the captain?"

Ilington seized his little daughter Annette and uncovered her head.

"Never mind me," he said. "I want refuge for this woman and the child."

Welcher was adamant. "Not another ounce of human flesh aboard this boat," he said.

There was a tug upon his arm. He turned. Little Neal—Hardin, the captain's son, stood at attention and touched his cap. He pointed with one hand toward little Annette Ilington.

"Please, Mr. Welcher," he pleaded, "let her come aboard. She don't weigh an ounce."

The mate turned savagely upon the boy. "You mind your own business, brat," he cried. The boy stared at him a moment, then saluted and started off.

"Yes, sir," he returned, "that's what I'm going to do."

He darted off on the run, and sought his father, Captain Hardin.



Ponto's Eyes Reddened; His Face Flushed Suddenly. He Fingered the Hilt of His Knife and Glanced Toward Hernandez.

native woman out upon the ladder. "Courage, Manuela," he kept whispering; "courage, Annette. They've got to help you out."

Captain Hardin leaned over the side. "Let the woman and child come aboard," he shouted; "back there, men back. Welcher, let them come aboard."

"Ah-h-h," cried Ilington in a tone of relief. With a final almost superhuman effort he lifted Manuela to the rail of the Princess, safely aboard. He was about to pass the child to her, but young Neal Hardin was holding out his arms.

"I'm a good catch," said young Neal; "put it there."

Ilington glanced for one instant into the frank face of Neal Hardin and the captain of the ship. He drew a sigh of relief. He nodded swiftly.

"Whatever happens, thank God she is in good hands," he said.

Captain Hardin put his lips to his megaphone.

"Put her about there," he shouted out; "full steam ahead."

Even as he said it there was a fresh shower of huge red cinders; some ash—some in molten state. There was an added cry of agony from shore and sea. Even the refugees aboard the ship covered under the hail of fire in terror. Suddenly at the captain's side Manuela, the native woman, uttered a gasp. A red-hot cinder of unusual size had smitten her upon the temple as she crouched low over little Annette Ilington. Clutching the captain by the arm she fell prone upon the deck.

Young Neal Hardin sprang forward and caught the child before she fell.

Manuela's breath came fast—the thinnest portion of her skull had been pierced by the jagged edges of the cinder. Wild-eyed and frantic, but well realizing that she was upon the point of death, she caught young Neal by the blouse.

"I die—you take baby—some day papa come—very rich—"

She said no more. The captain bent over her, rose and glanced at Welcher significantly. Then he turned to his young son Neal.

"Take the little girl into our cabin, Neal," he said. "Give her to your mother."

Neal clutched the warm bundle in his arms and staggered with it aft.

As Mrs. Hardin unwound the shawl something dropped clinking to the cabin floor. Neal seized it and handed it to his mother.

"It's a bag of gold," he said.

Nogooner had he said it than another object fluttered to the floor—an oilskin packet sealed with sealing wax. Mrs. Hardin placed the two upon a small stand set into the side wall of the cabin. She continued to unwind the shawl. Again they started. Pinned to the child's dress was a crumpled piece of paper, and upon the piece of paper was a hastily pencilled scrawl. Mrs. Hardin read it. This is what it said:

"I am Annette Ilington, heiress of the lost isle of Cinnabar. I will be very rich some day. Save my clothes and the oilskin packet until my father comes for me or until I am eighteen. I must look out for a man with a saber cut upon his face. For God's sake keep me safe."

CHAPTER IV.

After a Night of Fear.

The three men—Ilington and his two companions—sat dejected in their badly leaking boat and watched Captain Hardin's vessel fade away into the distance. Hernandez watched her keenly as she disappeared. Into the innermost recesses of his mind he tucked away the fact that she was the steamer Princess of New York. Some day that knowledge would be of use to him. Hot ashes brushed against Ilington's cheek; some rested on his shoulders. He shook himself like some huge mastiff. He seized the oars.

"Come," he said, "we've got to get out of this—and right away. This boat is filling fast."

"Go to it, senor," said Hernandez. "Row."

It was not a request; it was a command. It was a strange thing that as long as Ilington had borne the child in his arms, Ilington had been the leader of the three. Now his independence seemed to leave him.

For hours he rowed—he forgot he was a human being. His oars rose and fell with the regularity of machine-

like movement. Suddenly Hernandez spoke.

"Careful, senor," he commanded. "Behold the surf."

He was quite right. They were crossing some bar well off the shore. Before they knew it they were in the midst of a tumult of wind-driven angry waves. Ponto shrieked. A wave towered high above them and fell with thunderous thud upon the bottom of their boat. She went under.

"Come on," cried Ilington; "a hand on each of my shoulders—I'll take you safe ashore."

Half an hour later the three men staggered out of the battered surf and sank down exhausted upon a strip of beach.

Dawn broke with Ilington still sleeping heavily. Ponto was the first to wake. He shook Hernandez, placing his finger on his lips. Hernandez sprang up with the agility of a panther. He collected his faculties in an instant. He placed his hand upon the shoulder of the sleeping man and shook him.

"Wake, senor," he commanded; "it is day."

"Senor," went on Hernandez, "let us resume our conversation—our talk of yesterday. Where is this lost island?" He thrust his face into the face of Ilington. "And where," he demanded, "is the oil-silk packet?"

"Where, also," added Ponto, "is the bag of gold?"

Ilington smiled. "So you have searched me, have you?" he returned. "Well, you're welcome, gentlemen, to anything you find." He rose to his feet. "Come on," he commanded, "we're marooned. I'm hungry. Let us see what we can find."

Hernandez caught him by the arm. "Where is the packet?" he demanded. "And where the gold?" persisted Ponto.

Ilington smiled. "Both traveling north," he answered, "with Annette Ilington. They are confided to her care."

"And why?" asked Hernandez.

Ilington shrugged his shoulders. "I thought you and I and Ponto here were booked for death, that's why. Who knows—we may still be booked for death."

Hernandez glanced significantly at Ponto. "Some of us may," he said.

"Come on," said Ilington, "there are mussels on those rocks yonder. Follow me."

He strode into the water and waded toward a patch of rocky reef beyond.

Ponto seized a bit of jagged wood that lay upon the beach. He and Hernandez waded after Ilington. Once on the rocks Ilington stooped and tore huge shell fish from their moorings with his naked hands. As he did so Ponto in a sudden frenzy lifted high the billet in his hand and brought it with a crashing blow down upon the head of Ilington.

Ilington fell like a log. Hernandez sprang at Ponto and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat.

"You fool," he cried, "what do you gain by this?"

"Wait," exclaimed Ponto, clawing Ilington with his clutching talons; "let us search him thoroughly."

The search yielded nothing to them. "Fool," repeated Hernandez, "you have done a useless thing. There's always time I tell you."

Ponto shook his head. "Senor," he said, "this man stood between us and the packet. There is no one now to keep us from his child."

Hernandez slowly nodded. "True," he returned, "perhaps you are right. He was a menace—how he is dead. He is removed. Let us leave him to the mercy of the sea. Come on."

"To the mercy of the sea," these adventurers had said, and the sea was strangely merciful. With the tenderness of a mother it laved the limbs of the supine victim—it washed his wound—it laved his brow.

It did more—it brought him back to life. Uttering an inarticulate cry, the man rose, staggering to his feet. He put his hand to the back of his head. It came away covered with blood. He stared at his ruddy fingers vacantly.

"Red—red—" he babbled.

He stared about him in bewilderment.

Babbling and cackling he rose once more to his feet. Some instinct led him toward the shore. He waded across the narrow strip of water, breast high, toward the narrow strip of beach beyond.

He reached the beach and darted zig-zag hither and thither, always babbling, always cackling. There was reason for this. Somewhere in his skull there was a dent—a deep depression—made by the billet of wood that had struck him down. Ever and anon as he went he stroked the wound with the right hand and drew the hand away, covered with blood. "Red—red—" he babbled and went on.

CHAPTER V.

A Night With Flame.

Young Neal Hardin was proud of his father's boat, the Princess. He never ceased admiring her. There was no part of her he didn't love. He was well assured that she must hold the same fascination for other people as she did for him. He concluded that little Annette Ilington would fall desperately in love with his huge boat and he escorted that young lady to all parts of the vessel—in fact, he walked her little legs off.

They explored the lifeboats, the forward quarters of the crew; they visited the pilot; they climbed the bridge. Finally, they visited the hold. It was well they did.

Something had happened—and had happened on the day before while the Princess lay off Martinique. Cinders had fallen by the hundreds—a condition of affairs that the captain and his crew had well prepared for. It was impossible to be everywhere at once and a cinder—a live, red messenger of death—had taken advantage of this condition of affairs, had wormed its way unnoticed into the cotton cargo, and like a red-hot cancer had eaten its way to the surface.

With just the slightest trace of excitement Neal drew the little girl to the deck and with her at his side sought and found his father and whispered to him.

The captain stiffened as with shock; his face turned pale. He held up a hand and three members of the crew rushed to him. He gave hasty, whispered orders.

In ten minutes the fire hose was laid out—men were working at the pumps. But in ten minutes something else had happened—the hold was filled with smoke. Huge tongues of flame were leaping heavenward, and in that same ten minutes panic took command—pandemonium reigned.

"Abandon ship," Hardin cried. "All hands to the boats! Women and children first!"

Two days later a boatload of half-starved refugees parched with thirst, chilled by the cold night and baked by the heat of day, were sighted by a cruiser of the navy. Half an hour afterwards its exhausted passengers clambered wearily but gratefully up the cruiser's side.

The last of the refugees to leave the lifeboat and last of all save the lifeboat's crew to reach the cruiser's deck was young Neal Hardin. Clutched in his arms was the recumbent sleeping figure of little Annette Ilington.

Mrs. Hardin was offered the commander's cabin. She accepted with gratitude. She tucked Annette Ilington and Joey Welcher into their bertas, but when she came to look for Neal, her young son, she found him missing. She searched for him. A seaman touched her on the arm.

"You'll find him there, ma'am," said the sailor.

He pointed toward a group in a corner of the sleeping deck. The crew

were swinging hammocks ready for the night. Mrs. Hardin listened. She heard the clear tones of her young son Neal. She hastened to the group and caught her offspring by the hand.

"Mom," he pleaded, "don't." He pointed toward a hammock high above his head. "That's where I'm going to sleep—just once—tonight."

A seaman touched his cap and grinned. "He's a sailor from the ground up, ma'am," he said. "You can't make him anything else if you was to try a hundred years."

All through that long night a woman lay, wide-eyed, with dumb agony within her heart. She didn't know—she couldn't know—that Capt. John Hardin was exploring the depths unknown with a knife sunk between his shoulder blades by his mate, Welcher. But she knew that she would never lay eyes upon him more—never feel the clasp of his hand, nor his kiss upon her lips, nor his strong arms about her—never in this world again.

Read the 2nd installment in

NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Catspaw," "Blue Buckle," etc.

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

(Copyright, 1914, by William Hamilton Osborne)

SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescues three-year-old Annette Ilington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Ilington is assaulted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to the lost island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become a blank.

SECOND INSTALLMENT

THE YELLOW PACKET

CHAPTER VI.

The Whiplash.

Hernandez stepped out upon the porch of the low-roofed bungalow. He moved with lazy strides. He was prosperous apparently, this Portuguese, Hernandez. Here was no evidence of adversity nor of hard luck. Years before he had escaped from the eruption of Mount Pelee in Martinique.

Now it was the year 1915. It was January of that year. He was located—nay, comfortably established—on his own plantation in the southern waters. For months or years—who knows?—he had lived a life of ease upon this island just off the coast of Porto Rico.

Hernandez strode to the table and tapped a bell.

"Inez," he cried sharply, "bring me drink." He was a Portuguese, this Hernandez, tall, slender, dark. The expression on his face was sinister, and across his face was an old-time scar planted by a saber stroke.

Within a woman had been humming—humming little snatches of familiar Spanish songs. At his command the humming ceased. There was an exclamation of rage—of feminine rage. Inez Castro stepped out upon the veranda.

"I am no servant," she exclaimed angrily, "to be summoned by a bell."

"Drink," said Hernandez sharply, "give me drink."

She poured it out for him and handed him the glass. "May I hope it chokes you," she exclaimed, stamping her foot.

"Stop your snarling there, you Spanish cat," exclaimed Hernandez, "and listen to me. I have an order from Porto Rico that I must fill—and fill tonight."

Inez was all attention in a moment. "How much do they want?" she asked.

"Fifty pounds of gum opium," said her lord and master, "and twenty pounds of flake cocaine."

He strode into the bungalow and approached a rude fireplace at the farther end of the apartment. He stooped and threw back the corner of a many-colored rug that partially concealed the tiles. The tiles were loosely set. He removed a dozen of them—



"I Hope It Chokes You!" She Exclaimed.

then he threw back an opening—a trap door in the floor beneath. Inez watched him until he disappeared into this wide hole. Then she glided out to the veranda. She poured out a tiny drink and tossed it off. She lit a cigarette.

Before her lay a partially plowed field. She heard the jingle of an ox chain. She heard a quavering voice and then suddenly from the rear of the bungalow a strange trio entered the arena of events.

Ponto, a fat little Mexican—who boasted ever of his Aztec blood—glawed behind a primitive and ineffective plow.

And the team! A strangely assorted team was this. On the right, with its head thrust through a wooden yoke, was an ox. On the left hand side, also with its head thrust through a wooden yoke and with his brawny shoulders tugging, ever tugging, at the plow, there was hitched—a man.

Ponto, cursing, raised his whip and brought down his lash time after time with strict impartiality upon the shoulders of the ox and upon the bare back of the man.

Hernandez just then appeared on the veranda bearing with him a large wicker dress-suit case.

Hernandez, slowly smoking a panatela, scanned the horizon. Suddenly his eyes narrowed. He strode swiftly into the living room and as swiftly back again and in his hands he bore a pair of up-to-date binoculars. He held them to his eyes and carefully adjusted them—keeping them trained upon a speck, a mere speck, that had appeared upon the surface of the sea.

With a bound he was off, circling the bungalow in the opposite direction from that which Ponto and his ill-assorted team had taken. He met him half way.

"Ponto," he exclaimed, "we shall have visitors. Unhitch the brute. Get pickaxes—get spades."

Hernandez led the way to the fore-ground between the veranda end of the bungalow and the shore. He pointed to a well-plowed strip of ground.

"There," he cried, "at that spot. Dig—dig like the very devil."

CHAPTER VII.

The Clue.

Hernandez returned to the veranda and seized the glasses once again. He passed them to Inez. "Tell me what you see," he said.

The woman shuddered slightly. "Government vessel," she returned.

With the woman at his side he strode into the huge living room. A moment later he reappeared tugging with him a small steamer trunk. With her aid he carried it to the veranda; then they went back for another—and another—and still another.

"Senor," exclaimed Ponto, from the inner edge of a small pit that he and the brute had finished digging, "behold, the task is now complete."

"Come then," cried Hernandez sharply, "dump these in."

Half an hour later and half a mile from shore a revenue cutter stopped its engines and later dropped an anchor.

Another half an hour and Hernandez and his dark-haired Inez sauntered shoreward and stood bowing on the crazy little wharf. They waited calmly, the woman smoking a cigarette and Hernandez enjoying his panatela, until the ship's gig drew up to the wharf.

Hernandez deftly caught the rope as it was thrown to him.

"Mr. Hernandez," said the officer brusquely, "I've got a government search warrant."

"Do not produce it, sir," he said. "I take you at your word."

"Mr. Hernandez," went on the officer, "a Porto Rican fisherman reported to us yesterday that his kicker had been hired three times by a notorious negro smuggler—that three times he had watched the departure of his boat and its return. Each time it had come in this direction—each time returned from this direction."

"The point is," went on the officer, "just this: This is the only point south of Porto Rico within a given distance. The kicker owned by our informant, when it left its owner, sailed direct toward you and returned direct from you. Possibly I am on a fool's errand, but I've got to do my duty."

"Permit me to escort you, senor," said Hernandez.

An hour later the officer was seated on the veranda waiting for his men. One by one they filed in and reported. "No go, sir," they all said. "We've covered the whole place. There's not an ounce of gum nor a penny's worth of flake."

The officer shook his head and dismissed his men.

"You were speaking," he remarked, sipping his glass of ice-cold vichy, "you were speaking of the Martinique eruption."

"Of that," assented Hernandez, "and of something else—the steamship Princess of New York."

"Why," said the officer, "she was burned, that tramp—burned two days out from Martinique."

Hernandez's eyes narrowed. "How do you know, senor?" he queried.

"I know," returned the officer, "because I was a seaman on the gunboat Eaglet—and the gunboat Eaglet rescued the survivors of the Princess."

"Senor," said Hernandez gravely, "I would hear about this Princess of New York. She stood by, senor—I remember well, for I thought my last hour had come—she stood by to succor refugees and I with my man Ponto here—I was a refugee. I fled from the smoke and lava of Mount Pelee back in 1902—"

"Were you on the steamer Princess?" asked the officer.

"No," returned Hernandez, "they would not let us on; they beat us back. But a strange thing happened, senor. There were four of us, myself, my servant Ponto and an American named Ilington."

The officer leaned forward. His mind was at work. His memory traveled back over some thirteen years. He nodded.

"Ilington," he repeated. "A child—a baby girl. I remember now."

"That baby girl, senor, boarded the ship—they took her out of all her party—her and her native woman servant—"

The officer slapped his thigh. "I remember now," he said, "I remember all about it. Let me see. It was common talk aboard the Eaglet. This child came aboard with the wife of the Princess' captain. She had two boys with her and this little girl. I don't remember the girl, but she was young, say five years old. The captain's boy I remember well—he slept in my hammock the first night he came aboard. I remember him. But there was something about the girl—wait, I have it. A bag of gold—Spanish pieces most of them, I think—maybe French. A bag of gold—and something else. Some note or package—some mystery at any rate, as I recall."

Hernandez knocked the ashes from his panatela. "You don't say so, senor," he replied, with a show of interest. "A bag of gold and a mystery—I knew nothing of all that. I wonder what has become of Ilington. By the way, senor, what became of the survivors of the Princess?"

The officer nodded. "We land them at Brooklyn navy yard. They were people from the North, New York or thereabouts. Curious about this little girl. I had almost forgot all about her. I will have to look her up somehow some day and see what her history is and what the mystery was."

Hernandez shrugged his shoulders. "Like looking for a needle in a haystack, officer," he suggested.

"Oh, no," said the officer, "they've got the record in the Brooklyn navy yard. I can easily find out." He rose and held out his hand. "Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Hernandez. Duty is duty and the government is no respecter of persons."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Flash Flare.

Neal Hardin of the United States life-saving service at Seaport, N. J., swung down the narrow lane toward the beach. Before he reached the intervening railroad tracks a train pulled in—a shore train from New York. Its last two cars blocked Neal's progress toward the beach—and he was forced to wait until the train pulled out again. Meantime, while the train was stationary, a single passenger alighted—a smartly dressed young woman.

She stopped, once she had alighted—and glanced about her in uncertainty. She caught sight of Neal and started toward him.

"If you don't mind," said the young woman, in dulcet tones—and with just the trace of foreign accent in her voice—"if you do not mind, I should like to find the post office—if you have one here."

Neal nodded. "I go past there," answered Neal. "I'll take you to it. Come with me."

Neal liked her—but she didn't ring true.

"This is the post office," he exclaimed at length.

Neal passed on toward the beach. He had not gone far when he heard a woman's scream. He looked back. In front of the post office a crumpled heap turned out to be the pretty woman.

"I slipped—I stumbled—something," she exclaimed, "and, oh—the pain—the pain—"

"Where?" queried the postmaster. "My foot, my ankle," returned the young lady; "it is bad—bad."

She fell back, half fainting, in Neal's arms. The postmaster nodded to Neal. "She was going to your mother's, Neal," he said.

"My mother's," gasped Neal, "does she know my mother?"

The postmaster shook his head. "She wanted a quiet place—not a boarding house, nor nothing of the kind—a quiet place for her and her old father. I gave her your mother's name. I didn't know. I thought maybe your mother might take 'em in."

Neal clutched her in his strong arms and staggered to his feet.

"I'll take you to my mother's," he said aloud; "that's where you were bound—I'm Mrs. Hardin's son."

Neal's mother, Mrs. Captain Hardin, had spent a good part of the last hour in the attic of her cozy little house. She was delving into the depths of an old leather trunk—and that meant that she was delving into the past.

At the very bottom of the trunk where she had placed them years ago, was a newspaper package, carefully tied up. She opened it and spread its contents on the lid of the trunk. They consisted of the clothing—all the clothing—of a little girl—the dress and the linen articles had turned slightly yellow—even the thirteen years had left their mark upon them.

But this was not all—there was a bag of gold—the bag of gold that the little girl had brought aboard the Princess during that day of terror back at Martinique. And planned to the tiny dress was still the note—hastily pencilled by an unknown hand:

I am Annette Ilington, heiress of the lost Isle of Cinnabar. I will be very rich some day. Save my clothes and the oleikin packet until my father comes for me, or until I am eighteen. I must look out for a man with a saber cut upon his face. For God's sake, keep me safe.

She was startled by Annette's cry from below. Hastily she stowed away



"I Wonder What Has Become of Ilington?"

the contents of the newspaper package and shut and locked the trunk.

When she reached the living room, she started back. A young woman, her skirt dusty with the dirt of the road, was lying full length upon the lounge. Her eyes were closed. Neal was standing at her head, placing a wet cloth upon her forehead. Annette removed her shoe.

"Ah, the pain—the pain—" groaned the sufferer.

"Why, there's no swelling," said Annette.

The girl on the lounge opened her eyes. "It is always that way," she replied; "that is not the first time. It is the injury to what you call the—the synovial membrane—the covering of the bones. It has happened twice before."

The girl signaled for her leather handbag which was on the table. Neal fetched it for her, and she took from it a card. She handed it to Annette. Annette passed it to Mrs. Hardin. This is what it said.

Miss Irene Courtier, Nassau, The Bahamas Isles.

"I—I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal.

The girl dictated and Neal wrote as follows: Napoleon Courtier, Esq., Hotel Bermuda, New York City: Sprained my ankle. Don't worry. Have found friends in Seaport.

IRENE.

Over in the Hotel Bermuda in New York sat Mr. Napoleon Courtier—a foreign-looking gentleman of distinguished appearance. He was a striking-looking figure and had many peculiarities and eccentricities of manner. The most striking thing about him, however, was a livid scar cut across his cheek—a deep, deep cut—a bad scar. It is probable, however, that Mr. Courtier attracted no more attention than his companions did—one of them a fat little Mexican of most villainous appearance; the other a huge giant clad in ill-fitting clothes, who followed Mr. Courtier about like a dog—a faithful dog.

Mr. Napoleon Courtier sat within his room. He was not alone. With him were the Mexican and the giant. With him also was another personage, ill favored, low browed, treacherous.

This latter individual was a New York crook.

A telegraph boy entered with a telegram. Courtier signed for it with a gold pencil, gave the boy a quarter for a tip and opened the telegram.

"Ponto," exclaimed Mr. Napoleon Courtier, for the moment totally ignoring the presence of the crook; "look, friend Ponto. Read."

And Ponto read. It was the telegram of Miss Irene Courtier.

"At last—and after thirteen years," he said.

The crook once more seated himself and Mr. Courtier followed suit. He seized a piece of paper and wrote rapidly. He pushed the piece of paper toward the crook.

"Read that," he commanded; "it is intended for your principal."

The crook read:

Have 200 pounds best gum opium. Will land same tonight at Seaport, N. J. Be ready to receive it. Signal with flash flare.

The crook nodded. "Right, bo," he commented.

Half an hour later, on his way up Second avenue, New York, the crook was boisterously hailed by a crowd of boon companions. These boon companions were lounging in the doorway of the "Side Pocket."

"Come on, Shorty," cried one of them, catching the crook by the arm. "I'm just blowing. Come on in and have some steam."

A few minutes after they entered the place, One-Eyed Mulvaney and his gang entered the saloon. Followed a fight and a raid by the police. When it was over Shorty lay in a corner with his skull cracked.

"Hey, Tim," he cried; "take this to the captain right away. There ain't a second to lose. This here's a job for the federal authorities—ask the cap to send it down to 'em at once."

CHAPTER IX.

A Stern Chase.

Miss Irene Courtier, if such were her name, rose from her couch in an upper room in the Hardin cottage with an agility that gave no hint of a disabled ankle.

At last she spied a knot in one of the floor boards. She procured a nail file from her handbag and within a few moments had removed the knot from its containing hole. Then she treated herself to a view of the room below.

She perceived that a celebration was in progress. Upon the table was a birthday cake with eighteen candles in it, and about the table were four people. Annette, the center of attraction; Neal and his mother and his foster brother, Joe Welcher.

Mrs. Hardin stepped to a cupboard and drew forth a paper bundle. She placed it on the table and by the light of the eighteen candles she unwrapped it, exhibiting to Annette Ilington and to the boys a set of childish garments, a heavy leather bag, that clinked as she laid it down, and a mysterious-looking yellow packet, sealed with red sealing wax. She unpinned from a diminutive dress a piece of paper which she read aloud.

The listener above started as the note was read. It was a strange note—it contained both a promise and a warning.

"Look," said Annette suddenly, as she examined her possessions, "here is a locket."

In it there was a picture of a man. "My father," said Annette, "I am sure it is my father. Where is he—when will he come for me?"

Suddenly Welcher started forward. "Godfrey," he cried, did you hear that?"

"It's a shot from a small-bore gun," said Neal. "Come on, Joe Welcher, let's go out and see."

The shot was the indirect result of the raid upon the gangsters of the "Side Pocket."

For an hour at least a government destroyer with United States revenue officers aboard had patrolled the coast waiting for the signal arranged as per the unsigned bit of paper taken from the coat pocket of Shorty.

The signal was a flash flare. The destroyer waited for it. Suddenly an officer held up his hand.

"There, close in shore."

A light flashed forth into the night. "Now, we've got them where we want them," said the officer. "Man the launch and get away as quietly as possible."

Meantime Hernandez and his two companions, Ponto and the brute, waited with the patience of adventurers for the replying signal. They were anchored in a speedy motor boat in a small cove to the south of Seaport. Receiving no answer to their signal, they flashed another flare into the darkness. Once more they were disappointed. Suddenly Hernandez sprang to the engine and turned it over.

"Steer an even course down shore," Hernandez cried to Ponto. "Keep out of the open. If they press us we can land and make a getaway."

The commander of the destroyer glanced through his glasses.

"That's a bad crowd," he said, "a desperate bunch. Send up a gunner. I think I'll take a chance."

They sent up a gunner and he took a chance. The bow of the motor boat flew into space. Hernandez and his gang were plunged into sea.

With one accord Hernandez and his two companions struck out for the shore.

At the Hardin cottage, at the sound of the shot, Neal and Annette had rushed forth with Joe Welcher a close third.

"Come on, Joe," said Neal. "Stay where you are, Annette."

But Annette, always venturesome, insisted upon keeping them company. They had not gone twenty paces when something happened. There was a sudden rush from down the road and a man, his breath coming quick and fast, darted upon them, passed them, and was away in an instant. But in that instant he had accidentally or by

design brushed violently against Annette and knocked her down.

Neal raised her to her feet and then beside himself with anger dashed after this reckless individual up the road.

"Look, look," cried Annette, "what is this thing coming here?"

This thing, as Annette called it, came on by leaps and bounds, with hands that wildly waved about its body and above its head as it sped along. It was a figure, gigantic, fearful. Welcher shuddered.

The huge creature stopped short in his tracks and stared at Annette—stupefied and fascinated.

The sharp crack of revolver shots brought him to himself. He looked behind him. Annette following his gaze saw figures rushing up the roadway. The brute leaped up and with a huge bound rushed up the road and disappeared.

An officer followed by a handful of sailors from the launch followed the brute up the road.

CHAPTER X.

A General Jail Delivery.

Meantime Neal, incensed at the assault, either intended or accidental, upon Annette, was following his man across country. Hernandez was lean and agile and he kept well in the lead. At the railroad, obeying some sudden impulse, he turned and swung on down the tracks. Hege he was at a disadvantage. Neal was accustomed to leaping railroad ties, two at a leap.

By this time, however, they had reached the bridge—a bridge over the inlet to the north of the town. Hernandez started out upon it with Neal immediately behind him, but just as Neal was about to clutch him from behind, Hernandez twitched aside and leaped to the waters of the inlet far beneath.

Neal followed suit. Both men swam to shore and Hernandez, realizing for the first time that he was followed by one man and not two, now changed his tactics. He stood upon the shore and waited until Neal came up. Then with a sudden rush he darted forward and planted a murderous blow in the direction of Neal's chin.

When the blow was delivered Neal's chin was not there, nor was Neal, but he was not far away. He ducked and countered with his left, striking Hernandez full upon the throat.

At that instant something small and dark and fat leaped out of the darkness, drew a poniard, and before Neal could even turn, had cut a gash—a deep gash—in Neal's shoulder.

This new assailant was Ponto.

And then all three heard a sound upon the bridge. All three looked up. There in the moonlight, running full tilt toward them, was a squad of uniformed men.

Ponto and Hernandez took to their heels and ran, but Neal in that instant leaped upon them from behind, clutched each man with one hand.

"Come on, boys," he yelled, panting, "I've got them. Come."

Meantime Mrs. Hardin had succeeded in getting Annette back into the cottage. Annette had been somewhat injured by the violence of her fall.



The Brute Man Releases Hernandez and Ponto From Prison.

but it was not that shock that affected her the most.

"It was that big wild man," she kept exclaiming, with terror shining from her eyes. "It was his face—his face." She looked up suddenly. "His face," she kept repeating. "Where have I seen his face before?"

There was a tramp of feet without and in another instant a naval officer in uniform appeared in the doorway, removed his cap and entered.

Neal, pale-faced, but with flashing eyes, stalked in at his side. Annette uttered a cry of dismay. Neal's white shirt was drenched with blood.

Ten minutes later Hernandez and Ponto were safely under lock and key—the only prisoners in the town jail.

Three hours later, just as the moon went down, a huge figure cautiously crept up toward the barred window of the jail. It lifted its hands high above its head, grasped the bars and drew itself up until it could peer within.

"Break, brute," Hernandez commanded softly. "Tear them up by the roots. Get us out of this."

Five minutes later these three ill-assorted figures crept noiselessly, stealthily into the shadows of the night and disappeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A WORD FOR MOTHERS

It is a grave mistake for mothers to neglect their aches and pains and suffer in silence—this only leads to chronic sickness and often shortens life.

If your work is tiring; if your nerves are excitable; if you feel languid, weary or depressed, you should know that Scott's Emulsion overcomes just such conditions.

It possesses in concentrated form the very elements to invigorate the blood, strengthen the tissues, nourish the nerves and build strength.

Scott's is strengthening thousands of mothers—and will help you. No 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 opponents of Gov. Ferguson take every opportunity to say mean things about him over the high tax rate. Last week in praising Tom Campbell, Editor J. M. Adams of the Plainview News took the same opportunity to slam the present governor and stated that the state tax rate was only 6 cents under Campbell's administration. Such criticisms are unjust as the paper did not go on to state that Campbell had just collected a big Standard Oil fine, which he used to run the state government, and cut every state appropriation until the institutions suffered under his administration. Had such a man as Gov. Ferguson been in the state house during both the Campbell and Colquitt administrations the state institutions would have never become in such condition as to require a 55 cent tax rate to put them on their feet. The people of Texas should be proud to have a Governor with back bone sufficient to sign a large appropriation bill which was needed because his predecessors practiced false economy.

John D. Rockefeller has been investigations conditions in Colorado. Hearing of his coming he was threatened with an indictment for the murder of the miners who were in the strike last winter and were killed by the strike breakers. But John D. Jr. knows how to handle men. He donned overalls and went into the mines. He eat and slept with the miners. He attended their social affairs and dined with the wives and daughters of the miners. He promised improvements. He is a first class politician and now John D. Jr. is looked upon by the miners as a prince among men.

- * NORMAL BARBER SHOP
- * ONE OF THE BEST WAYS TO
- * JUDGE GOOD SERVICE IS
- * THE CONDITION OF YOUR
- * CUSTOMER'S FACE.
- * J. G. STEELE, Proprietor

MONEY to LOAN

on improved farms and ranch lands. For further information, call on L. G. Conner, Canyon "City", Texas.

Fortunate is the man who can go into the camp of his enemies and have them eating out of his hand within a week's time.

The cities are having dress up week for the men. A man usually takes his time about buying new clothes. He is not anxious, like the women, for changes in the season to come which will bring new styles and new clothes. The commercial organizations are behind the movement to get men to buy new clothing early in the season and act as dressed up as the ladies. It may work in some cities but on the whole the men are a little slow to jump at new styles in clothing and the average man looks with horror upon the extremes in styles that are presented.

The farmers are wishing for dry weather for the next few weeks—in fact no more rain will be needed in the Panhandle until all of the wheat is in the ground. The weather has been cold during the past week and the danger of frost has been eminent. However today warmer weather is looked for.

Villa is on his last legs of power. In fact Villa was never even a good outlaw.

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

TALKING ABOUT THE NEWS.

Hereford Brand—Mr. Warwick of the Randall County News came out just before the Panhandle Fair with a regular Fair Edition. It was well filled with nicely displayed ads and interesting reading matter. It was a boost both for the Panhandle Fair and Canyon and Randall county. It shows that Brother Warwick is a live wire in newspaperdom and Canyon should be proud of their newspaper.

Ochiltree Eagle Investigator: There seems to be a wave of prosperity over the ocean of journalism in latitude and longitude marking Texas, Oklahoma and Southern Kansas, from the many expensive improvements in the way of presses and linotype machines being installed by our exchanges. The Randall County News has just installed a new Model 15 linotype machine, which the News says is now being taught the ways of a strictly moral print shop, and the Liberal Democrat has just ordered a new Brower six-quarto press and a lot of new type, and are casting longing eyes at the pictures of the latest linotype machines, and even we have ordered a new cutting stick for our paper cutter, which will cost us about thirty cents, and last but not least—the Canadian Record says that the editor's last summer's trousers were sent to the renovator last week and one of the employes found a \$5 bill in them. Prosperity! Let'er come!

Lubbock Avalanche—The Randall County News last week installed a brand new Model 15 Linotype in its office. The Avalanche is glad to see improvements going on in the News office and wishes to congratulate Mr. Warwick in the success he is making in the newspaper business in Canyon.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect The Head because of its tonic and laxative effect. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of R. W. GROVE, 25c.

TESTED AND PROVEN.

There is a Heap of Solace in Being Able to Depend Upon a Well-Earned Reputation.

For months Canyon readers have seen the constant expression of praise for Doan's Kidney Pills, and read about the good work they have done in this locality. What other remedy ever produced such convincing proof of merit?

T. A. Ridgway, farmer, Canyon, says: "I suffered from frequent passages of the kidney secretions. Since using Doan's Kidney Pills, I have much better control over the kidney action. I can recommend this medicine highly for weak kidneys."

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

PANHANDLE PRESS COMMENT.

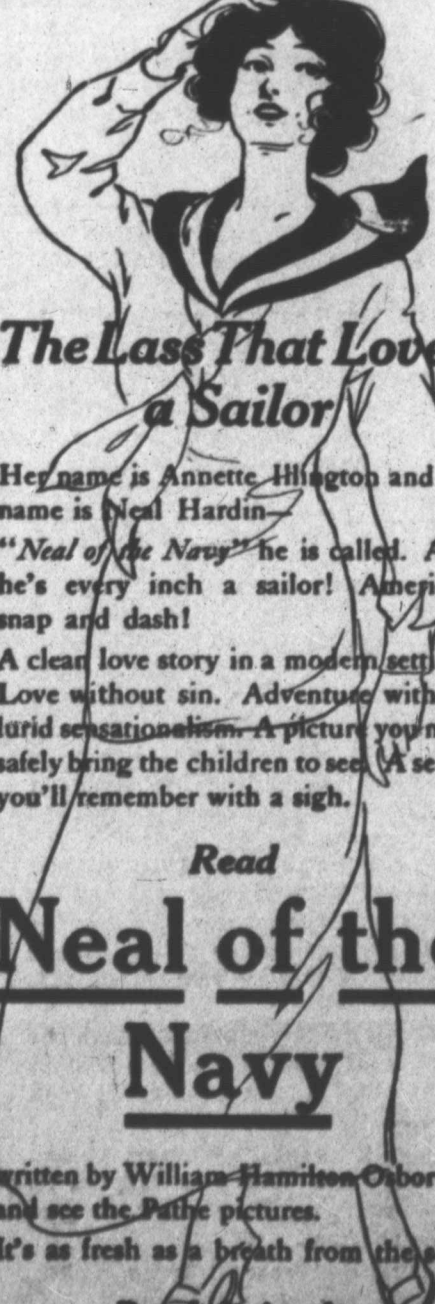
Glazier Review—Without the gentleman's knowledge or consent, the Review nominates Arthur Richardson of McLean for our next representative at Austin. Hon. R. L. Templeton of Wellington has announced himself as a candidate for re-election. So far, we know of no other aspirant. Let the country newspaper men get busy and boost Mr. Richardson, who in spite of his commanding presence, both mentally and physically, might be timid in announcing his candidacy. That he is a man qualified for the position, and one who will further the interests of this district, will be conceded by every honest man who knows him.

The News seconds the nomination, and while we haven't any more of a vote on the subject than the lady editor of the Glazier Review, who makes the above suggestion, yet we hope that Arthur's newspaper friends will see to it that he announces and makes the race in that district. Mr. Richardson is well known in Canyon, having worked a number of years on this paper when his mother, Mrs. Morgan started it.

A county superintendent in a neighboring county asked every teacher at the county institute who took their local paper to hold up their hands and only six responded. The superintendent expressed surprise and said: "You don't spend a dollar with those papers yet you expect them to print free of charge, notices of all institutes, insert long programs, expect them to advertise you, thus assisting you to climb the ladder to better positions and better salaries, without a cent in return."

Clarendon News—From advertisements in the daily papers, we notice that the cities are getting around the "Sunday Observance" laws by moving their places of amusement outside the city limits. Thus dances, swimming parties, boating, fishing and other stunts are pulled off the same as on any other day. The only material difference that we have noted is that it costs a little more money on Sunday than on week days—which does not strike us as being a very satisfactory difference. Texas is blessed (?) with many laws but there seems to be a way to dodge many of them.

PHOTO PLAYHOUSE EACH TUESDAY NIGHT, ADMISSION ONLY 10 CENTS.



The Last That Loved a Sailor

Her name is Annette Highton and his name is Neal Hardin.

"Neal of the Navy" he is called. And he's every inch a sailor! American snap and dash!

A clean love story in a modern setting. Love without sin. Adventure without lurid sensationalism. A picture you may safely bring the children to see. A serial you'll remember with a sigh.

Read **Neal of the Navy**

written by William Hamilton Osborne, and see the Pacific pictures. It's as fresh as a breath from the sea!

Read it in the **RANDALL COUNTY NEWS.**

The East End Grocery

NOW OPEN

Call and See Us



The Cosmos Club was entertained Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Luke. The evening was spent at the usual game of 500. Refreshments were served of creamed chicken on toast, olives, pickles, tomato and cheese salad, coffee, orange ice cream, cake and salted nuts.

Memphis Democrat—Over at Hereford the other day its citizens voted to fully equip a new school building. At the same election they voted to discontinue the Farm Demonstration work. The proper thing that they should have done would have been to vote bonds to equip the school building with an Agricultural Department and promote the Farm Demonstration work to its full worth. Perhaps the farmers of the Hereford section are expert farmers and do not necessarily need the assistance of a farm demonstrator. If that be the case then equip the school with agricultural tools and invite the farmers to come to the school and inject some of their knowledge into the young men that they may be better prepared for such work after their schooling has finished.

The Dallas News was 30 years old Saturday. It is the leading newspaper of the south.

Estate of F. M. Lester Deceased.

Whereas letters of administration with the will annexed upon the estate of F. M. Lester deceased were granted to the undersigned by the County Court of Randall, Texas on the 14th day of July, 1915 all persons holding claims against said estate are required to present the same duly verified within the time prescribed by law. My residence and postoffice address, Canyon, Texas. 2814

Mary Elizabeth Lester Executrix with the will annexed.

Does Your Car Need Repairing or Painting?

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

TREES TREES TREES

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

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

listen

If a man has the right kind of stuff in him, it does not matter whether he was born with a silver spoon or a wooden ladle in his mouth.

BUILD YOU A HOME

Canyon Lumber Co.

AUTOMOBILE HIRE

IN OR OUT OF CITY CALL

CHESTER SCOTT

PHONE 216

DR. PRICE'S
CREAM Baking Powder
 Sixty Years the Standard
NO ALUM

LOCAL NEWS.

Rev. David H. Templeton left Monday for Cincinnati where he will spend this month in the state wide prohibition campaign that is now on in Ohio.

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

Rev. J. M. Harder of Plainview was a business caller in the city last week.

Miss Elsa Guenther spent Sunday in Amarillo.

Roy Wright of Tulia was in the city Sunday to visit with friends.

Miss Pearl Jenkins of Amarillo has accepted a position with the Randall County Abstract Company, taking the place of Mrs. Reeves.

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

P. D. Hanna went to the Kansas City fat stock show yesterday, where he will spend this week.

W. J. Thomas writes the News that he received a bad fall in Amarillo a days ago and will not be able to come to Canyon this week on a contemplated business trip.

J. O. Turner has bought the Wm Willard property in the west end of the city also the alfalfa land near the city which Mr. Willard owned. The Willard family moved two weeks ago to property they have owned in Kansas for a few years. The Turner family has moved into their new home.

John T. Holland received a telegram last night that his older brother, J. H. Holland had died yesterday in Dallas. Owing to poor train connections he was unable to go to the funeral.

E. Burroughs has received his new Paige Car, which he ordered some weeks ago, and for which he is agent.

Miss Ida Cochran has gone to Big Springs, where she will teach this year.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Keiser will leave in the morning for California where they will attend the fairs and visit at the W. S. Keiser home.

Old Man Winter
:: Certainly Coming ::

It would be an excellent idea to get ready for him. Enjoy the long winter evenings at home, cozily arranged and furnished with some of our new stock. You will find in our store a lot of comfort-making furniture. Our stock of bed coverings is complete. We have some specially good bargains in woolen and cotton blankets and comforts. Get ready for winter.

Cash or Easy payments. Freight Paid to your depot.

606 Polk St. **Cazzell Bros.** Amarillo, Texas

LOCAL NEWS.

M. P. Garner was in Pampa Monday on business.

J. F. Caldwell was in Amarillo on Tuesday.

Piano students. Phone 75. Miss Swigert. 28p3

Mrs. C. M. Thomas and daughter left Tuesday for Louisville, Texas, where she was called by the serious illness of an aunt. Her daughter acclimated in an aunt. She was joined at Goodnight by her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Warwick left Tuesday for their home in Iowa after a visit at the home of their son, C. W. Warwick.

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

Pres. E. B. Cousins went to Ft. Worth Sunday on matters of business.

Misses McMillon, Nash and Baird were in Amarillo Monday.

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

Miss Minnie Brooks left Saturday for Shaddock, Okla., where she will teach school.

U. S. Gober left Sunday for Lone Oak on matters of business.

Fresh and oysters, home rendered lard. Vetsok Market. tf

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Word Friday.

W. F. Scott is a business caller at Dennison.

Piano students. Phone 75. Miss Swigert. 28p3

H. T. Shelnett was in Amarillo on Tuesday and Wednesday on matters of business.

Mrs. Kathryn Hutson and son were in Amarillo Saturday.

A new meat market, two doors east of the Post Office. Fresh and cured meats of all kind. I solicit your business. M. A. Stone. Phone 247. tf

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.

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

LOCAL NEWS.

Ben Williams of Post City was a business caller in the city Friday.

Miss Selma Dittberner was in Amarillo Friday.

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

Editor Ben F. Smith of Lockney passed through the city Tuesday on an official trip inspecting towns for the state fire board. He has the lino-type fever and says that he will probably install a machine about the first of the year. Mrs. Smith is getting out a mighty fine paper while Mr. Smith is out on his official duties.

Mrs. J. E. Gradel Pratt of Tulia visited over Sunday at the B. T. Johnson home.

RAGS WANTED AT THE NEWS OFFICE AT ONCE. Good clean cotton rags.

Miss C. Maud Wheaton was in Amarillo Friday.

H. B. Herd of Ft. Worth was a business caller in the city a few days this week.

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.

A large number of Canyon people attended the circus at Amarillo on Saturday.

Mrs. Kathryn Hutson has a new Buick car.

Mrs. W. E. Laughery and children left Thursday for Edgar, Montana, where they will join Mr. Laughery and make their future home.

Geo. A. Brandon was in Lubbock Thursday on business.

Have you read AD-EM-NEL-LA?

Miss Ira Cochran left Friday for Big Springs where she will teach this winter.

Miss Lila Ralston of Houston left Friday for California after a visit at the J. M. Van Sant home.

S. M. Downing and Cass Brooks shipped four cars of cattle to the Kansas City market Friday, both gentlemen accompanying the shipment.

Dr. A. W. Thompson and family left Saturday in their car for Mineral Wells.

Mrs. J. T. Holland and daughter, Mrs. Rogers of Hereford, returned on Friday from Mineral Wells where they have been spending a month.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE

For Sale—A very fine Malcolm Love piano, at a bargain. Call the News office. tf

For Sale—6 large rooms and bath, 2 blocks from square west of square. One-third cash and balance one and two years time. M. P. Garner, Canyon, Texas. 22tf

For Sale—E. M. F. 30 touring car \$300. Fine condition. Call Guthrie's Garage. Will demonstrate. Canyon, Texas. 27p3

For sale—Fresh, ripe strawberries, 25 cents per pint. Also a few plants, \$1 per dozen. J. R. Harter. tf

For sale or rent—105 acres good land close to town and Normal. Sell all or 5 and 10 acre blocks. Might consider residence part pay or will rent at \$3.00 acre cash. J. T. Berry, Canyon, Texas. pl

For sale—Fine Jersey cow, 4 years old. Call J. E. Rowe at Star Barber Shop. tf

Now is the time to plant winter barley. Seed for sale by E. S. Saunders, Happy, Texas. 22tf

To trade for property just outside the corporate limits at Canyon, 106 acres joining the townsite of McLean, Gray county, six room house, well wind mill, some out buildings. For further information write B. F. Newton, owner, McLean. 29p3

FOR RENT

For rent—Nice comfortable rooms adjoining Normal campus. Phone 124. tl

For rent—2 well furnished rooms for girls. Call 245. Board. tf

FOUND

Found—Roll of auto tools. Owner may have same by describing and paying for this ad. Dr. D. M. Stewart. tl

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

Wanted—A girl for general house work. tf

Mrs. S. R. Griffin. DR. WOLCOTT, OCUList Catarrh of Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat Glasses Fitted. AMARILLO, TEX.

Now is the time to plant winter barley. Seed for sale by E. S. Saunders, Happy, Texas. 22tf

PHOTO PLAYHOUSE

Announces a mighty good picture for Saturday night. It's one featuring John Bunny.....as the "Parent" Willie Van.....as "Cutie" Lillian Walker...as Miss "Tomboy" This screaming comedy takes place in fast steam yachts, high-powered racing hydroplanes and latest of all speed creations. The "amphibious" flying boat; Cutie and Miss Tomboy make a clean getaway to Hymen's altar, Bunny the pursuing parent falls from a biplane into the sea and finally gives them his blessing.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

:: WINTER ::
Coming Fast

The last few mornings has been making us think about the Cloaks, and overcoats, for the LITTLE ONES as well as for ourselves, and in anticipation of these cold days that we knew were sure to come sooner or later, we have received a complete stock of the following:

LADIES' COATS CHILDREN'S COATS MEN'S SHEEP LINE
 MISSES' COATS MEN'S DUCK COATS Men's Dress Overcoats

If you think of buying any of the above soon, it will certainly pay you to come in and inspect our line before buying. We have a few ladies nice suits in stock and will receive our second shipment of same this week. If you haven't bought as yet don't delay same any further but come in and let us fit you up.

Groceries

Our grocery department is always complete, and you will find that we handle the most complete line of fresh vegetables and fruits of any one in town, it is our aim to carry at all times all the market will afford in fresh fruits and vegetables. If you wish anything special that we are not carrying, please let us know and we will try and get same for you, as we order by wire every day. If you are not a customer of ours, start today, it is the aim of this firm to sell nothing but the best, and if quality, price and courteous treatment will hold your business, you will always be a customer.

Yours to Please,

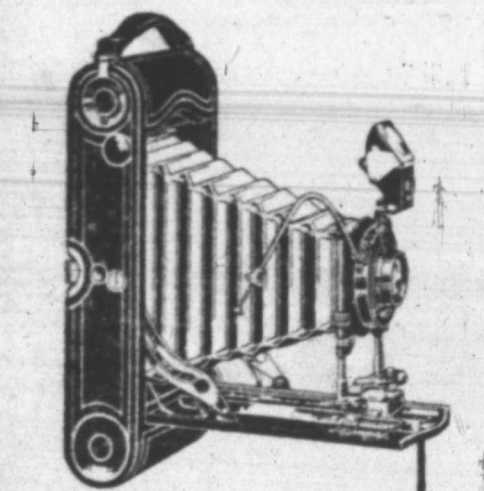
Redfearn & Co.

Photo Playhouse
 WHERE YOU SEE
NEW PHOTOPLAYS
 SIX DAYS OUT OF THE WEEK FROM
 7:30 to 10:30
 ALL OVER SIX YEARS OF AGE 10c



Cheap and big can Baking Powders do not save you money. Calumet does — it's Pure and far superior to sour milk and soda.

KODAKS!
KODAKS!



Nothing is more pleasant these fine fall days than to take a **KODAK** and spend a day with nature along the canyons. Let us show you the latest in **KODAKS**. We have a line which will fit the size of any pocketbook. See the new **Autographic Kodak**. It is just what you have been looking for.

CITY PHARMACY
The Rexall Store

The PALACE Hotel
* of Canyon is the only Hotel in the city with running hot and cold water upstairs. Free bath to all guests. A big sample room free to commercial travelers. Either American or European plan. Fine Cafe in connection, furnishing the best service. We invite the people of Canyon to make our hotel your hotel. Special attention given to the Commercial trade. Once you try our house you will be convinced that it is the best.

J. W. Webb
Proprietor

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

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

LETTER FROM CHINESE STUDENT TO A NORMAL STUDENT

Miss Rita of the Normal faculty has the members of her freshmen English class correspond with members of the English classes in the Japanese and Chinese college, not only to acquaint her students with the customs of the Asiatics, but also to train them in correct letter writing. Her class has received a number of very interesting letters, which she has kindly given the News for publication as they contain information that will be worth while for all our readers. The letters will be published from time to time, using the exact forms used by these students, some of which are queer, but imagine what you would do trying to handle these foreign languages, before laughing at the little mistakes.

Tsing Hua College, Peking, China, December 10th, 1914
Mr. Ray Daniel, Canyon, Texas, United States.

Dear My Friend:
I had a great pleasure to read your letter and was very much interested in knowing what a cowboy is like from your description of a cowboy.

First thing I want to tell you is the location of our college. It sits in the North West of the city of Peking, the capital of our country. Our college has about 400 students and 33 teachers of which 18 are Americans. Our lessons are even heavier than those of the schools in your country because we have to study both Chinese and English.

The present war effects China more than any other country else. The price of the European goods is raised very high. The most serious thing is that our country is greatly troubled by Japan which is a small country in area and yet she has tried many times to bring China into war. But we shall never go into the war at least I hope not. On account of our country being troubled by Japan, I hope that the Germans will succeed in this war, because if otherwise Japan will certainly use her fiercest hand to treat China. What's your idea about this?

Our people are not so tall as yours in average. We have a whitest-yellow skin, black hair and eyes and a nose not so high as yours. Our girls are very beautiful. They wear long coats made of silk and they have very black hair. Some years ago they have small feet but not now. Our government is going to educate our girls as well as our boys. Chinese are very obedient to their parents, teachers and relatives.

I think it is interesting to tell you the way the low Chinese people eat their meals. We have a table around it there are eight chairs. 8 persons make a full table (of course there are some exceptions) and each one has a bowl, a spoon, a small dish and two sticks which are used to pick the meat and vegetables. We have various things in the table and the principal one is rice, which most of our people eat. Have you ever seen any Chinese?

Do you play games in your school? We have football, basket-ball, volley ball, tennis and some others. I am interested in basket which I play every day during the winter season. In summer I play tennis and some track events. We have foot-ball and other games to be played between other colleges. Our college has the strongest track squad in China. We have won many meet.

The principal occupations of China are farming, fishing and cattle raising. We have a little manufacturing. Rice is mostly raised in the southern part of China and wheat in the northern part. A good deal of potato is also produced in China. The principal exports of China are tea, silk and wool.

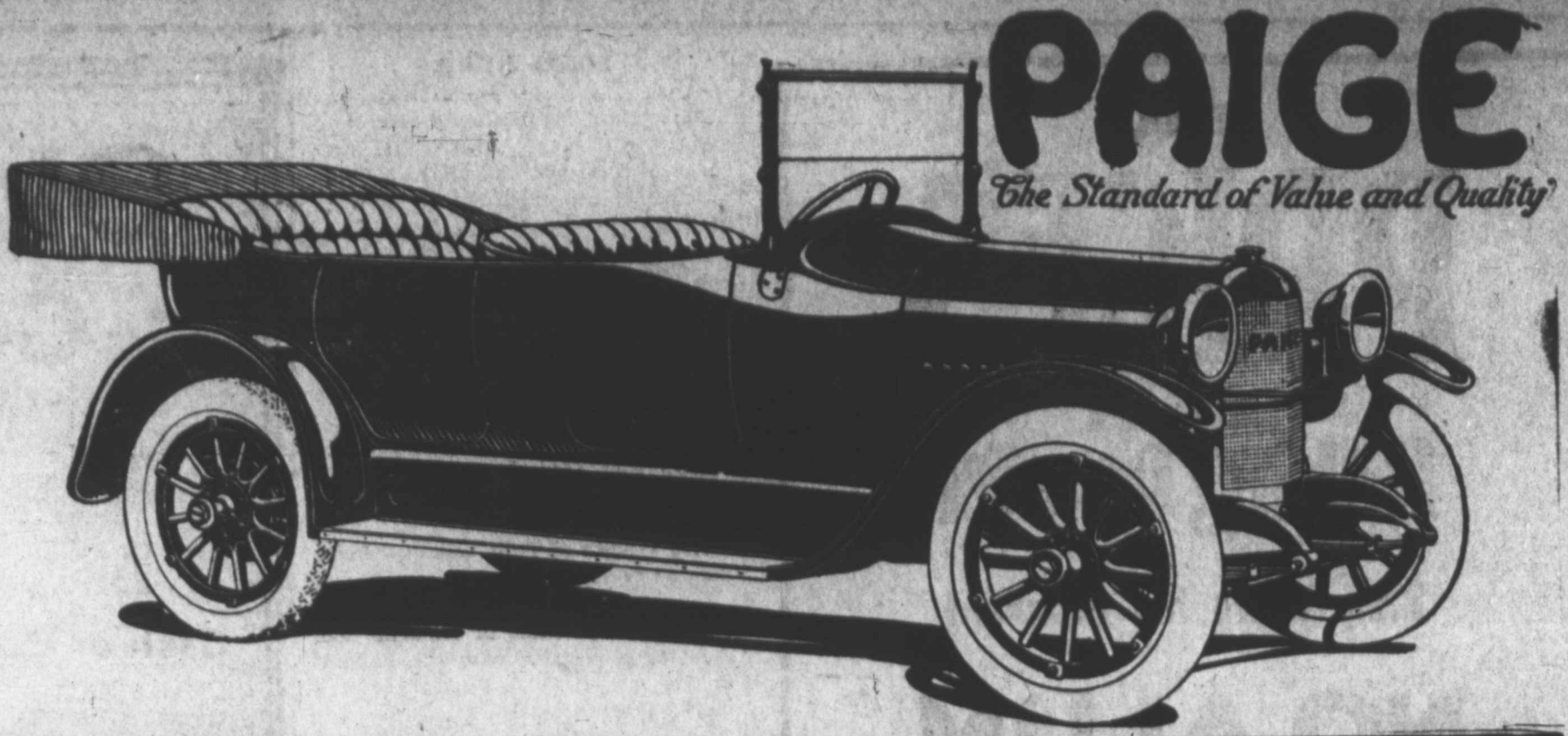
I come from the south. My home is in a country village which is surrounded by beautiful hills and rivers. The thermometer never goes up to 100 degrees and down to 30 F. The air is always pure. We have a little snow in our home. But in Peking we have a colder climate, sometimes it is 2 or 3 degrees below zero.

I am 18 years old and now in Freshman class. My height is 5 ft. and 6 inches. What's your class? Will you tell me some of the habits of American boys? May I hear from you soon.
Your Chinese Friend,
Chen Lee.

(Below he writes his name in Chinese)
\$50 for Calves.

Last winter Rev. J. M. Harter, of Plainview, bought from the C. O. Keiser herd of Herefords, at Canyon, a number of cows and calves, paying \$125 per head for the cows, and the calves were included at this price. He has an offer from a New Mexico party for \$50 per head for the calves. —Plainview Evening Herald.

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



A NEW LIGHT SIX \$1095
Every Inch a PAIGE

HERE you see illustrated the new *Paige Six "36."* Here you see the latest addition to a distinguished line of cars—a true Paige every inch of it—a car built to realize an ideal—a car that must not and *cannot* be judged from the standpoint of its astounding price alone.

When we say that this new *Paige Six "36,"* has been built to realize an ideal we are speaking accurate, literal truth.

From the very beginning it has been the unfaltering purpose and policy of the Paige Company to build high class, dependable motor cars.

It has been the purpose and policy of the Paige Company to achieve a Standard of Quality and Value—not merely a standard of *Price*.

If you happen to know an owner of our larger, seven-passenger *Six "46,"* you know precisely what we mean when we speak of Value and Quality.

All of the careful manufacturing, all of the painstaking attention to detail, all of the sturdy, reliable qualities which characterize the larger *Six* and have made it a pre-eminent *Six* of the year will be found in this newer and smaller five-passenger *Paige Six "36."*

The New Paige Six "36" Is Here

We realize that there are a vast number of people who do not require a large seven-passenger car.

But all of these people want a "Six," for they know that this is the day of the "Six" in quality cars.

Furthermore, they want a "roomy" car—a luxurious car—a "smart" car—an economical car.

In a word, there is an enormous demand for just such a car as the new *Paige Six "36"*

Glance at the illustration on this page and you will see that—from the radiator to tire carrier—this car is a five-passenger reproduction of the larger *Six "46."*

This body design has proved to be a sensation of the year. No amount of money could buy more graceful lines or smarter appearance.

Inside the car you will find a great, big, comfortable tonneau and a broad driver's seat with upholstery of genuine leather which means ease and freedom from crowding for all of the five passengers.

Like the larger *Six "46"* you will find this car equipped with the world-famous Gray & Davis starting and lighting system.

Like the larger *Six "46"* you will find this car equipped with cantilever springs which insure easy, comfortable riding no matter what the road conditions may be—a velvety acting cork insert multiple disc clutch—forced feed lubrication system and the associated Rayfield carburetor.

If You are interested in a Real Automobile, make a date for demonstration. Immediate Delivery.

E. BURROUGHS, Distributor

—DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

Presbyterian Services.

The regular activities of the Presbyterian church will go forward without interruption during the pastor's absence for the month of October, excepting the midweek prayer meeting which will not be held during this period.

Prof. R. L. Marquis will speak at the morning hour next Sunday, October 10.

Rev. A. B. Haynes will preach at the evening services.

Sunday School at 9:45.

Choir practice Friday night at 8:00. The pastor wishes to go on record as being deeply appreciative, on behalf of the church and himself, of the efforts of those who will carry on the work during the month.

A hearty invitation is extended to these services to all who are not regular worshippers elsewhere.

David H. Templeton.

The Golden Rule.

Do as you would be done by—Persian.
Do not that to a neighbor which

Try the Want Ads

INSURANCE

Fire, Tornado, Hail, Automobile, Burglar, Plate Glass, Bonds, Life, Health, Accident.

None but the best companies, represented.

J. E. Winkelman



Get Your School Supplies From Us

We carry a full line of tablets, notebooks, theme paper, textbooks, pencils, pens, ink erasers, bookstraps, schoolbags. :: :: ::

BURROUGHS & JARRETT

Notice of Sheriff's Sale
The State of Texas, County of Randall. Whereas by virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court of Randall County, Texas, on the 4th day of October, A. D. 1915, by T. V. Reeves, Clerk of said court, against E. Van Metre, Sam S. Wright, J. W. Wright, L. M. Todd, G. M. Peet and F. B. Peet, in cause No. 778, styled Chas. J. Seeds vs. E. Van Metre et al. for the sum of eight thousand dollars, with interest at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from date of judgment and costs of suit; and placed in my hands for service, I, Worth A. Jennings as sheriff of Randall County, Texas, did on the 4th day of October, A. D. 1915, levy on certain real estate situated in Randall county, Texas, described as follows to-wit: Survey No. 5, in Block 6, Certificate No. 1464, International and Great Northern R. R. Co. land containing 659 56-100 acres, more or less, and situated about five north and eleven miles east of the town of Canyon, county seat of said Randall County.

The judgment is against all the defendants on the foreclosure and against L. M. Todd, G. M. Peet and F. B. Peet for all costs of suit, no personal judgment is rendered against E. Van Metre, Sam S. Wright and J. W. Wright.

And levied upon as the property of

TO RESIST THE ATTACK—of the germs of Consumption, Scrofula, Grip, Malaria, and many other diseases—means a fight or die for all of us. These germs are everywhere in the air we breathe. The odds are in favor of the Blood Impure.

What is needed most is an increase in the germ-fighting strength. To do this successfully you need to put on healthy flesh, rouse the liver to vigorous action, so it will throw off these germs, and purify the blood so that there will be no "weak spot," or soil for germ-growth.

We claim for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery that it does all this in a way peculiar to itself.

It cures troubles caused by torpid liver or impure blood.

"The Common Sense Medical Advisor," latest edition, in French cloth binding, will be sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of wrapping and mailing only. Address Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



Edison Mazda

The most economical lamp made.

CANYON POWER COMPANY

E. Van Metre, Sam S. Wright, J. W. Wright, L. M. Todd, G. M. Peet and F. B. Peet, and on Tuesday the 2nd day of November, 1915, at the court house door of Randall county, in the city of Canyon, Texas, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., I will sell said real estate at public vendue, for cash to the highest bidder, as the property of E. Van Metre, Sam S. Wright, J. W. Wright, L. M. Todd, G. M. Peet and F. B. Peet, by virtue of said levy and said order of sale.

Witness my hand this 4th day of October, A. D. 1915.

WORTH A. JENNINGS,
29t Sheriff Randall County, Texas.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale.
State of Texas, County of Randall. Whereas by virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court of Randall County, Texas, on the 29th day of Sept., 1915, by T. V. Reeves, Clerk of said Court, and a personal judgment against J. H. Hall for the sum of \$11026.40, as principal, interest and attorney fees and \$101.40 costs, etc., in cause No. 787, Geo. L. Schoonover vs. Minnie L. Abbott et al in the September term, 1915, and a foreclosure of a deed of trust lien against all of the defendants: J. H. Hall, Anna Hall, Minnie L. Abbott, Frank Thraikill, Mrs. D. L. Thraikill, Fred Gerdes, K. E. Bain, Leo Abbott, Alton Abbott, Maurine Abbott, Alletta Abbott, Glenn Doris Abbott, and placed in my hands for service, I, Worth A. Jennings, as sheriff of Randall county, Texas, did on the 30th day of September, 1915, levy on certain real estate situated in Randall county, Texas, described as follows to-wit: All of survey 98 in block B-5, certificate 15-3588 H. & G. N. R. Co., except 19.41 acres of land heretofore deeded for railway right of way located about three miles southwest of the court house in Canyon, Randall county, Texas, and known as the Sam Shotwell place, containing 621 acres be same more or less.

And levied upon as the property of Mrs. D. L. Thraikill, Frank Thraikill, J. H. Hall, Anna Hall, Minnie L. Abbott, Fred Gerdes, Leo Abbott, Alton Abbott, Maurine Abbott, Alletta Abbott, Glenn Doris Abbott, K. E. Bain.

And on Tuesday the 2nd day of November, 1915, at the court house door of Randall County, in the city of Canyon, Texas, between the hours of ten A. M. and four P. M. I will sell said property at public vendue for cash to the highest bidder as the property of Mrs. D. L. Thraikill, Frank Thraikill, Fred Gerdes, K. E. Bain, Leo Abbott, Alton Abbott, Glen Doris Abbott, Alletta Abbott, Minnie L. Abbott, Maurine Abbott, J. H. Hall and Anna Hall.

Witness my hand this 30th day of September, 1915.

WORTH A. JENNINGS,
Sheriff of Randall County, Texas.

Notice of Sale of Real Estate.
By virtue of a certain alias execution issued out of the Honorable District Court of Randall County, Texas, on the 4th day of August, 1915, in the case of Dave Wallace vs. M. F. Slover et al. No. 780, and to me directed and delivered, I have levied upon this 1st day of October, 1915, and will proceed to sell at public outcry on the first Tuesday in November 1915, (same being the 2nd day of November, 1915) at the court house door of Randall county, Texas, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real estate situated in Randall county, Texas, to-wit: the east one-half of section No. 68, block B-6, certificate No. 15-3573, original grantee H. & G. N. Ry. Company, said land being situated about 1 1/2 miles southwest of the court house in the town of Canyon City, Randall county, Texas, levied upon as the property of I. L. Van Sant, one of the defendants in said judgment in the above entitled cause, said judgment being for the principal sum of \$745.80, with interest at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from its date, said judgment bearing date February 24th, 1915, together with all costs of suit, and the further cost of executing said writ.

Witness my hand this 1st day of October, 1915.

C. H. STRATTON,
Constable Prec. No. 1, Randall County, Texas.
29t3

INVESTIGATION OF THE POTASH WELLS MADE

Geologists employed by the United States government were in Amarillo investigating the possibility of mining potash. Since the European war the potash supply from Germany has been cut off, which has caused investigations to be made in all parts of the world, and it is now appears that the Panhandle has a large field, one of which has been located at the Will A. Miller well a few miles northwest of Canyon.

Potash was first noticed in Spur, Texas, in small quantities. "The Colonizer" a journal in London, England, says:

"Later investigations, however, leads to the belief that the source of potash is in the immediate vicinity of Amarillo, Texas, this being based on analysis of rock from borings at Glenrio, Boden and Miller. Potash-bearing salts were found in wells at these points at depths so much shallower than the discoveries at Spur that geologists are now convinced that they are now near the source."

The men here investigating are N. H. Darton, David White and H. S. Gale, all from Washington. They are members of the United States Geological Survey, and rank high in the service as experts in the knowledge of potash and salts.

Mr. White said that deposits had been found in Learles Lake, California, but the production was not yet open to the public, which has led to investigations elsewhere. "At the same time," he continued, "attention has been given to the red beds region in New Mexico Texas and Oklahoma, which at some points are known to contain much gypsum and nahydrite, and it is thought may contain deposits of potash."

While these geologists are together they will make thorough investigation of potash wells in the Panhandle and in the immediate vicinity. Wells on ranches belonging to Chas. Fisk and Will A. Miller, both of Amarillo, have been found to have deposits of potash.

When asked as to the possibilities of the potash industry in the Panhandle, one of the geologists stated that enough information had not yet been presented, so no definite statements could be made. Announcements of the results of their work will be made in a few days.

Press Comment.

At that, the pound isn't any worse off than a lot of other sovereigns.—Columbia State.

Mexican currency seems to have reached the "buy a bale" stage.—Chicago Daily News.

Bulgaria's king has a cool head," remarked an editor. To say nothing of his feet.—Columbia State.

The football rules are being revised. We hope the committee goes on record against poison gases.—New York Evening Sun.

The Czar wants it understood that if there is any more running to do he is going to do it himself.—Kansas City Times.

The Prince of Wales has sworn to never take a German bride. But even this terrible blow may fail to crush the German war spirit.—Kansas City Journal.

What has become of the man who used to be always telling us that we ought to train our diplomat like the Europeans?—Charleston News and Courier.

That fighting down on the Texas border shows that Mexicans can't fight as well on the road as they can do on the home ground.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

The announcement that Russia is raising another army of 3,000,000 men will be sad news to the commissary departments of the prison camps in Germany.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

Now that the Kaiser has agreed to the American point of view the hyphenated societies will have to remove his picture from their walls.—Philadelphia North American.

British gold shipped into this country is playing the very deuce with our finances, but as yet we haven't organized any Boston Tea Parties to chuck it into the sea.—New York American.

Japan has announced that she will send the Russian army all the shells they want. Just a few years ago she sent them more than they wanted.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

So much wheat that a dollar should purchase more of it than a year ago, and so much gold that the purchasing power of a dollar is less—where does the consumer get off?—Wall Street Journal.

France and England send over several hundred millions in gold to pay for war material and then offer to borrow this money to pay for still more supplies. Just like the poker player who borrows from the winner to stay in the game.—Philadelphia North American.

Walt Mason's Rhyme.

"When I was selling hooks and eyes I never failed to advertise. My stock was small, my joint obscure, but my announcements proved a lure, and people came from distant shores, and passed by all the other stores, they gladly came to patronize the man who boomed his hooks and eyes. My ads were small, but full of zip; they gripped you, and they held their grip; there was no weary waste of words, no language thrown at passing birds. I wrote them daily in my store; they were my most important chore. Each day I gave folks something new, to keep my little joint in view, and aunts and sisters, mas and dads, were always looking for my ads. All kinds of people, counts and cooks, came there to buy my eyes and hooks, to see the man whose daily spiel lent savor to the evening meal. And now you see my fine retreat, my modern home in Easy street." Thus spake to me, with balmy smile, a man who quickly made his pile; a few short years have seen him rise from that small joint of hooks and eyes, to clipping coupons at his ease, a heap of bonds upon his knees.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

Tax Collections Fine.

October first was the official time to begin collecting taxes and it is very doubtful whether there was a collector in the state who had more money on that day and it is certain that no collector wrote more receipts than did Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff and Tax Collector of Randall county. He received in all \$1139 and wrote 80 receipts on the first day the books were opened for tax payment.

Two poll taxes receipts were also issued on that date.

WORTH A. JENNINGS,
Sheriff of Randall County, Texas.

INVESTIGATION OF THE POTASH WELLS MADE

Geologists employed by the United States government were in Amarillo investigating the possibility of mining potash. Since the European war the potash supply from Germany has been cut off, which has caused investigations to be made in all parts of the world, and it is now appears that the Panhandle has a large field, one of which has been located at the Will A. Miller well a few miles northwest of Canyon.

Potash was first noticed in Spur, Texas, in small quantities. "The Colonizer" a journal in London, England, says:

"Later investigations, however, leads to the belief that the source of potash is in the immediate vicinity of Amarillo, Texas, this being based on analysis of rock from borings at Glenrio, Boden and Miller. Potash-bearing salts were found in wells at these points at depths so much shallower than the discoveries at Spur that geologists are now convinced that they are now near the source."

The men here investigating are N. H. Darton, David White and H. S. Gale, all from Washington. They are members of the United States Geological Survey, and rank high in the service as experts in the knowledge of potash and salts.

Mr. White said that deposits had been found in Learles Lake, California, but the production was not yet open to the public, which has led to investigations elsewhere. "At the same time," he continued, "attention has been given to the red beds region in New Mexico Texas and Oklahoma, which at some points are known to contain much gypsum and nahydrite, and it is thought may contain deposits of potash."

While these geologists are together they will make thorough investigation of potash wells in the Panhandle and in the immediate vicinity. Wells on ranches belonging to Chas. Fisk and Will A. Miller, both of Amarillo, have been found to have deposits of potash.

When asked as to the possibilities of the potash industry in the Panhandle, one of the geologists stated that enough information had not yet been presented, so no definite statements could be made. Announcements of the results of their work will be made in a few days.

Press Comment.

At that, the pound isn't any worse off than a lot of other sovereigns.—Columbia State.

Mexican currency seems to have reached the "buy a bale" stage.—Chicago Daily News.

Bulgaria's king has a cool head," remarked an editor. To say nothing of his feet.—Columbia State.

The football rules are being revised. We hope the committee goes on record against poison gases.—New York Evening Sun.

The Czar wants it understood that if there is any more running to do he is going to do it himself.—Kansas City Times.

The Prince of Wales has sworn to never take a German bride. But even this terrible blow may fail to crush the German war spirit.—Kansas City Journal.

What has become of the man who used to be always telling us that we ought to train our diplomat like the Europeans?—Charleston News and Courier.

That fighting down on the Texas border shows that Mexicans can't fight as well on the road as they can do on the home ground.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

The announcement that Russia is raising another army of 3,000,000 men will be sad news to the commissary departments of the prison camps in Germany.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

Now that the Kaiser has agreed to the American point of view the hyphenated societies will have to remove his picture from their walls.—Philadelphia North American.

British gold shipped into this country is playing the very deuce with our finances, but as yet we haven't organized any Boston Tea Parties to chuck it into the sea.—New York American.

Japan has announced that she will send the Russian army all the shells they want. Just a few years ago she sent them more than they wanted.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

So much wheat that a dollar should purchase more of it than a year ago, and so much gold that the purchasing power of a dollar is less—where does the consumer get off?—Wall Street Journal.

France and England send over several hundred millions in gold to pay for war material and then offer to borrow this money to pay for still more supplies. Just like the poker player who borrows from the winner to stay in the game.—Philadelphia North American.

Walt Mason's Rhyme.

"When I was selling hooks and eyes I never failed to advertise. My stock was small, my joint obscure, but my announcements proved a lure, and people came from distant shores, and passed by all the other stores, they gladly came to patronize the man who boomed his hooks and eyes. My ads were small, but full of zip; they gripped you, and they held their grip; there was no weary waste of words, no language thrown at passing birds. I wrote them daily in my store; they were my most important chore. Each day I gave folks something new, to keep my little joint in view, and aunts and sisters, mas and dads, were always looking for my ads. All kinds of people, counts and cooks, came there to buy my eyes and hooks, to see the man whose daily spiel lent savor to the evening meal. And now you see my fine retreat, my modern home in Easy street." Thus spake to me, with balmy smile, a man who quickly made his pile; a few short years have seen him rise from that small joint of hooks and eyes, to clipping coupons at his ease, a heap of bonds upon his knees.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

Tax Collections Fine.

October first was the official time to begin collecting taxes and it is very doubtful whether there was a collector in the state who had more money on that day and it is certain that no collector wrote more receipts than did Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff and Tax Collector of Randall county. He received in all \$1139 and wrote 80 receipts on the first day the books were opened for tax payment.

Two poll taxes receipts were also issued on that date.

WORTH A. JENNINGS,
Sheriff of Randall County, Texas.

Walt Mason's Rhyme.

"When I was selling hooks and eyes I never failed to advertise. My stock was small, my joint obscure, but my announcements proved a lure, and people came from distant shores, and passed by all the other stores, they gladly came to patronize the man who boomed his hooks and eyes. My ads were small, but full of zip; they gripped you, and they held their grip; there was no weary waste of words, no language thrown at passing birds. I wrote them daily in my store; they were my most important chore. Each day I gave folks something new, to keep my little joint in view, and aunts and sisters, mas and dads, were always looking for my ads. All kinds of people, counts and cooks, came there to buy my eyes and hooks, to see the man whose daily spiel lent savor to the evening meal. And now you see my fine retreat, my modern home in Easy street." Thus spake to me, with balmy smile, a man who quickly made his pile; a few short years have seen him rise from that small joint of hooks and eyes, to clipping coupons at his ease, a heap of bonds upon his knees.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

Tax Collections Fine.

October first was the official time to begin collecting taxes and it is very doubtful whether there was a collector in the state who had more money on that day and it is certain that no collector wrote more receipts than did Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff and Tax Collector of Randall county. He received in all \$1139 and wrote 80 receipts on the first day the books were opened for tax payment.

Two poll taxes receipts were also issued on that date.

Walt Mason's Rhyme.

"When I was selling hooks and eyes I never failed to advertise. My stock was small, my joint obscure, but my announcements proved a lure, and people came from distant shores, and passed by all the other stores, they gladly came to patronize the man who boomed his hooks and eyes. My ads were small, but full of zip; they gripped you, and they held their grip; there was no weary waste of words, no language thrown at passing birds. I wrote them daily in my store; they were my most important chore. Each day I gave folks something new, to keep my little joint in view, and aunts and sisters, mas and dads, were always looking for my ads. All kinds of people, counts and cooks, came there to buy my eyes and hooks, to see the man whose daily spiel lent savor to the evening meal. And now you see my fine retreat, my modern home in Easy street." Thus spake to me, with balmy smile, a man who quickly made his pile; a few short years have seen him rise from that small joint of hooks and eyes, to clipping coupons at his ease, a heap of bonds upon his knees.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

Tax Collections Fine.

October first was the official time to begin collecting taxes and it is very doubtful whether there was a collector in the state who had more money on that day and it is certain that no collector wrote more receipts than did Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff and Tax Collector of Randall county. He received in all \$1139 and wrote 80 receipts on the first day the books were opened for tax payment.

Two poll taxes receipts were also issued on that date.

Walt Mason's Rhyme.

"When I was selling hooks and eyes I never failed to advertise. My stock was small, my joint obscure, but my announcements proved a lure, and people came from distant shores, and passed by all the other stores, they gladly came to patronize the man who boomed his hooks and eyes. My ads were small, but full of zip; they gripped you, and they held their grip; there was no weary waste of words, no language thrown at passing birds. I wrote them daily in my store; they were my most important chore. Each day I gave folks something new, to keep my little joint in view, and aunts and sisters, mas and dads, were always looking for my ads. All kinds of people, counts and cooks, came there to buy my eyes and hooks, to see the man whose daily spiel lent savor to the evening meal. And now you see my fine retreat, my modern home in Easy street." Thus spake to me, with balmy smile, a man who quickly made his pile; a few short years have seen him rise from that small joint of hooks and eyes, to clipping coupons at his ease, a heap of bonds upon his knees.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

Tax Collections Fine.

October first was the official time to begin collecting taxes and it is very doubtful whether there was a collector in the state who had more money on that day and it is certain that no collector wrote more receipts than did Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff and Tax Collector of Randall county. He received in all \$1139 and wrote 80 receipts on the first day the books were opened for tax payment.

Two poll taxes receipts were also issued on that date.

Walt Mason's Rhyme.

"When I was selling hooks and eyes I never failed to advertise. My stock was small, my joint obscure, but my announcements proved a lure, and people came from distant shores, and passed by all the other stores, they gladly came to patronize the man who boomed his hooks and eyes. My ads were small, but full of zip; they gripped you, and they held their grip; there was no weary waste of words, no language thrown at passing birds. I wrote them daily in my store; they were my most important chore. Each day I gave folks something new, to keep my little joint in view, and aunts and sisters, mas and dads, were always looking for my ads. All kinds of people, counts and cooks, came there to buy my eyes and hooks, to see the man whose daily spiel lent savor to the evening meal. And now you see my fine retreat, my modern home in Easy street." Thus spake to me, with balmy smile, a man who quickly made his pile; a few short years have seen him rise from that small joint of hooks and eyes, to clipping coupons at his ease, a heap of bonds upon his knees.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

Tax Collections Fine.

October first was the official time to begin collecting taxes and it is very doubtful whether there was a collector in the state who had more money on that day and it is certain that no collector wrote more receipts than did Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff and Tax Collector of Randall county. He received in all \$1139 and wrote 80 receipts on the first day the books were opened for tax payment.

Two poll taxes receipts were also issued on that date.

Walt Mason's Rhyme.

"When I was selling hooks and eyes I never failed to advertise. My stock was small, my joint obscure, but my announcements proved a lure, and people came from distant shores, and passed by all the other stores, they gladly came to patronize the man who boomed his hooks and eyes. My ads were small, but full of zip; they gripped you, and they held their grip; there was no weary waste of words, no language thrown at passing birds. I wrote them daily in my store; they were my most important chore. Each day I gave folks something new, to keep my little joint in view, and aunts and sisters, mas and dads, were always looking for my ads. All kinds of people, counts and cooks, came there to buy my eyes and hooks, to see the man whose daily spiel lent savor to the evening meal. And now you see my fine retreat, my modern home in Easy street." Thus spake to me, with balmy smile, a man who quickly made his pile; a few short years have seen him rise from that small joint of hooks and eyes, to clipping coupons at his ease, a heap of bonds upon his knees.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

Tax Collections Fine.

October first was the official time to begin collecting taxes and it is very doubtful whether there was a collector in the state who had more money on that day and it is certain that no collector wrote more receipts than did Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff and Tax Collector of Randall county. He received in all \$1139 and wrote 80 receipts on the first day the books were opened for tax payment.

Two poll taxes receipts were also issued on that date.

Walt Mason's Rhyme.

"When I was selling hooks and eyes I never failed to advertise. My stock was small, my joint obscure, but my announcements proved a lure, and people came from distant shores, and passed by all the other stores, they gladly came to patronize the man who boomed his hooks and eyes. My ads were small, but full of zip; they gripped you, and they held their grip; there was no weary waste of words, no language thrown at passing birds. I wrote them daily in my store; they were my most important chore. Each day I gave folks something new, to keep my little joint in view, and aunts and sisters, mas and dads, were always looking for my ads. All kinds of people, counts and cooks, came there to buy my eyes and hooks, to see the man whose daily spiel lent savor to the evening meal. And now you see my fine retreat, my modern home in Easy street." Thus spake to me, with balmy smile, a man who quickly made his pile; a few short years have seen him rise from that small joint of hooks and eyes, to clipping coupons at his ease, a heap of bonds upon his knees.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

Tax Collections Fine.

October first was the official time to begin collecting taxes and it is very doubtful whether there was a collector in the state who had more money on that day and it is certain that no collector wrote more receipts than did Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff and Tax Collector of Randall county. He received in all \$1139 and wrote 80 receipts on the first day the books were opened for tax payment.

Two poll taxes receipts were also issued on that date.

Walt Mason's Rhyme.

"When I was selling hooks and eyes I never failed to advertise. My stock was small, my joint obscure, but my announcements proved a lure, and people came from distant shores, and passed by all the other stores, they gladly came to patronize the man who boomed his hooks and eyes. My ads were small, but full of zip; they gripped you, and they held their grip; there was no weary waste of words, no language thrown at passing birds. I wrote them daily in my store; they were my most important chore. Each day I gave folks something new, to keep my little joint in view, and aunts and sisters, mas and dads, were always looking for my ads. All kinds of people, counts and cooks, came there to buy my eyes and hooks, to see the man whose daily spiel lent savor to the evening meal. And now you see my fine retreat, my modern home in Easy street." Thus spake to me, with balmy smile, a man who quickly made his pile; a few short years have seen him rise from that small joint of hooks and eyes, to clipping coupons at his ease, a heap of bonds upon his knees.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

Tax Collections Fine.

October first was the official time to begin collecting taxes and it is very doubtful whether there was a collector in the state who had more money on that day and it is certain that no collector wrote more receipts than did Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff and Tax Collector of Randall county. He received in all \$1139 and wrote 80 receipts on the first day the books were opened for tax payment.

Two poll taxes receipts were also issued on that date.

Walt Mason's Rhyme.

"When I was selling hooks and eyes I never failed to advertise. My stock was small, my joint obscure, but my announcements proved a lure, and people came from distant shores, and passed by all the other stores, they gladly came to patronize the man who boomed his hooks and eyes. My ads were small, but full of zip; they gripped you, and they held their grip; there was no weary waste of words, no language thrown at passing birds. I wrote them daily in my store; they were my most important chore. Each day I gave folks something new, to keep my little joint in view, and aunts and sisters, mas and dads, were always looking for my ads. All kinds of people, counts and cooks, came there to buy my eyes and hooks, to see the man whose daily spiel lent savor to the evening meal. And now you see my fine retreat, my modern home in Easy street." Thus spake to me, with balmy smile, a man who quickly made his pile; a few short years have seen him rise from that small joint of hooks and eyes, to clipping coupons at his ease, a heap of bonds upon his knees.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

Tax Collections Fine.

October first was the official time to begin collecting taxes and it is very doubtful whether there was a collector in the state who had more money on that day and it is certain that no collector wrote more receipts than did Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff and Tax Collector of Randall county. He received in all \$1139 and wrote 80 receipts on the first day the books were opened for tax payment.

Two poll taxes receipts were also issued on that date.

Walt Mason's Rhyme.

"When I was selling hooks and eyes I never failed to advertise. My stock was small, my joint obscure, but my announcements proved a lure, and people came from distant shores, and passed by all the other stores, they gladly came to patronize the man who boomed his hooks and eyes. My ads were small, but full of zip; they gripped you, and they held their grip; there was no weary waste of words, no language thrown at passing birds. I wrote them daily in my store; they were my most important chore. Each day I gave folks something new, to keep my little joint in view, and aunts and sisters, mas and dads, were always looking for my ads. All kinds of people, counts and cooks, came there to buy my eyes and hooks, to see the man whose daily spiel lent savor to the evening meal. And now you see my fine retreat, my modern home in Easy street." Thus spake to me, with balmy smile, a man who quickly made his pile; a few short years have seen him rise from that small joint of hooks and eyes, to clipping coupons at his ease, a heap of bonds upon his knees.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

Tax Collections Fine.

October first was the official time to begin collecting taxes and it is very doubtful whether there was a collector in the state who had more money on that day and it is certain that no collector wrote more receipts than did Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff and Tax Collector of Randall county. He received in all \$1139 and wrote 80 receipts on the first day the books were opened for tax payment.

Two poll taxes receipts were also issued on that date.

Walt Mason's Rhyme.

"When I was selling hooks and eyes I never failed to advertise. My stock was small, my joint obscure, but my announcements proved a lure, and people came from distant shores, and passed by all the other stores, they gladly came to patronize the man who boomed his hooks and eyes. My ads were small, but full of zip; they gripped you, and they held their grip; there was no weary waste of words, no language thrown at passing birds. I wrote them daily in my store; they were my most important chore. Each day I gave folks something new, to keep my little joint in view, and aunts and sisters, mas and dads, were always looking for my ads. All kinds of people, counts and cooks, came there to buy my eyes and hooks, to see the man whose daily spiel lent savor to the evening meal. And now you see my fine retreat, my modern home in Easy street." Thus spake to me, with balmy smile, a man who quickly made his pile; a few short years have seen him rise from that small joint of hooks and eyes, to clipping coupons at his ease, a heap of bonds upon his knees.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

Tax Collections Fine.

October first was the official time to begin collecting taxes and it is very doubtful whether there was a collector in the state who had more money on that day and it is certain that no collector wrote more receipts than did Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff and Tax Collector of Randall county. He received in all \$1139 and wrote 80 receipts on the first day the books were opened for tax payment.

Two poll taxes receipts were also issued on that date.

Walt Mason's Rhyme.

"When I was selling hooks and eyes I never failed to advertise. My stock was small, my joint obscure, but my announcements proved a lure, and people came from distant shores, and passed by all the other stores, they gladly came to patronize the man who boomed his hooks and eyes. My ads were small, but full of zip; they gripped you, and they held their grip; there was no weary waste of words, no language thrown at passing birds. I wrote them daily in my store; they were my most important chore. Each day I gave folks something new, to keep my little joint in view, and aunts and sisters, mas and dads, were always looking for my ads. All kinds of people, counts and cooks, came there to buy my eyes and hooks, to see the man whose daily spiel lent savor to the evening meal. And now you see my fine retreat, my modern home in Easy street." Thus spake to me, with balmy smile, a man who quickly made his pile; a few short years have seen him rise from that small joint of hooks and eyes, to clipping coupons at his ease, a heap of bonds upon his knees.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

Tax Collections Fine.

October first was the official time to begin collecting taxes and it is very doubtful whether there was a collector in the state who had more money on that day and it is certain that no collector wrote more receipts than did Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff and Tax Collector of Randall county. He received in all \$1139 and wrote 80 receipts on the first day the books were opened for tax payment.

Two poll taxes receipts were also issued on that date.

Large Dairy Farmers Use Texaco Roofing

THAT in itself is one of the strongest recommendations for this particularly valuable Texaco Product.

Dairy farming, with its necessarily large investment and its costly live stock, has become a valuable and efficient industry.

The experienced business man engaged in it uses Texaco Roofing to protect his cows from rain and damp.

Texaco Roofing is a paying proposition for him. Not only for the protection afforded, but for the low cost of upkeep and the ease with which it is applied. These features make it doubly valuable on your house, barn or factory.

Lay it yourself and make a perfect roof. Get in touch with the Texaco agent in your town. Let him explain Texaco Roofing to you. It is a worthy representative of the whole line of Texaco Quality Products.



THE TEXAS COMPANY
General Offices: Houston, Texas. Agents: Everywhere.

Have a Smooth, Beautiful Skin

Science has now made it possible to eradicate the various skin diseases, and to have a clear, smooth, beautiful skin.

Meritol
FOR THE PUBLIC HEALTH
TRADE MARK
ECZEMA REMEDY

is the scientific preparation that removes the cause of eczema in its various forms and restores the skin to a normal, healthy condition. The itching and burning of Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Barber's Itch, Dandruff and other skin diseases are relieved by Meritol Eczema Remedy. We are authorized to positively guarantee this remedy. Two sizes 50c and \$1.00. For sale by

HOLLAND DRUG COMPANY
Exclusive Agency.

Try a Want Ad in the News

Fate Holds You in the Hollow of Her Hand

YOUNG people, this is meant for you. Don't laugh at fate. Prepare now for the "rainy day," when life is not all rosy sunshine. Save your pennies now. **WORK, WORK, WORK!** SAVE, SAVE, SAVE! This picture may change your whole life if you give it **EARNEST THOUGHT** for just five minutes. Concentrate your mind on it. Suppose you **RESOLVE** to be one of the few who will **REALLY DO THIS**. Then—

OPEN AN ACCOUNT WITH US.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

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. Pack-
 • ages called for and delivered. All
 • work fully guaranteed.

Dr. S. L. Ingham

DENTIST
 • The Careful and Conservative
 • Preservation of the Natural
 • Teeth a Specialty.

Flesher & Flesher

LAWYERS
 • Complete Abstract of all Randall
 • county lands.
 • All kinds of Insurance.

B. Frank Buie

Attorney at Law Canyon, Tex.
 Practice in all courts. Care-
 ful attention to non-resi-
 dents' business, same as
 residents.

Odd bits of News.

Davenport, Wash.—When Conaty
 Prosecutor David McCallum passed a
 horse hitched to a railing the animal
 nipped at him and begun to prance
 around. Struck by the strange action
 the prosecutor stopped and recogniz-
 ed a mare which he, as a farm lad,
 had raised but had not seen for eight
 years. Bystanders declared the horse's
 recognition of the man was unmistak-
 able.

S. Albans, Vt.—W. L. Pluley of
 North Clarendon has a pet dog which
 he declares climbs trees to the height
 of 32 feet. The dog's nail are slight-
 ly more pointed than those of an ordi-
 nary dog, and the padding on his
 feet is broader. Veterinarians are at
 a loss to understand how he accom-
 plishes his feat.

Bluefields, Nicaragua—Jose Aguido
 is an example of strange reversal to
 the savage. When his sister violated
 an edict regarding marriage to her
 cousin, Aguido cut out her heart, bak-
 ed it and ate part of it. He confessed
 and will be hanged.

Philadelphia—Mrs. R. C. Nuckles
 of Dallas has a six inch pet Chihu-
 hus with an appetite for diamonds. A
 recent meal consisted of a valuable
 stone from a handsome lavalliere. A
 veterinary performed a delicate op-
 eration before the gem was removed.

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.

News of the Day.

The Mexicans continue to shoot at
 the American soldiers along the bor-
 der.

The human voice was heard 2,500
 miles over the wireless telephone in a
 test made last Friday.

Russia gave the Bulgarians 24
 hours to decide what they were going
 to do about the war. The time limit
 expired with no answer.

The allies report victories against
 the Germans, but not so great as last
 week.

William J. Bryan has been telling
 the people of Dallas and Houston
 about his peace plans. He rebuked a
 reporter quite severely who asked
 about his political aspirations.

The Boston Americans and the
 Philadelphia Nationals won the pen-
 nants in their respective leagues.

Turks have been slaughtering Ar-
 menians, which leads public men to
 ask whether it will mean Turco-Amer-
 ican break.

Big slide in the Panama canal.
 Germany has disavowed the sinking
 of the Arabic.

The Greek Premier has quit his of-
 fice.

Dumba has left for home. He says
 he bears no ill will toward this coun-
 try for being asked to go home.

President Wilson has announced
 that he will vote for women suffrage
 in the state election of New Jersey.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days
 Your druggist will refund money if FAZO
 CURETMENT fails to cure any case of Piles,
 Hemorrhoids or Protruding Piles in 14 days.
 The first application gives ease and Rest. 50c.

**TALK BY WIRELESS
 TO HONOLULU, H. I.**

A CONVERSATION TRANSMITTED
 OVER DISTANCE OF FORTY-
 SIX HUNDRED MILES.

SECOND SUCCESSFUL TEST

Came After Talk Without Aid of
 Wires From the Atlantic to
 the Pacific.

New York—The human voice has
 bridged the North American conti-
 nent and without the use of wires.
 Intelligible sound has been projected
 through the ether and words spoken
 in an ordinary tone in New York have
 reached waiting ears at San Francisco.
 Beyond all this the official announce-
 ment has been made that the dis-
 tance between Washington and Hono-
 lulu, four thousand six hundred
 miles, has been annihilated by the
 wireless telephone as perfected by
 J. J. Carty, chief engineer for the
 American Telephone & Telegraph
 company. Telephone communication
 between New York and any of the
 great capitals of Europe and even
 across the Pacific ocean from Seattle
 to Tokio is now altogether possible,
 depending upon the installation of
 apparatus.

The same engineers to whom credit
 for this achievement in the art of
 communicating intelligence by elec-
 tricity, has been accorded, at the
 same time have announced another
 wonderful discovery. In the experi-
 ment by which the voice was carried
 between New York and San Fran-
 cisco, words passed by land wires be-
 tween New York and Arlington, Va.,
 and from there, as if projected from
 the loose ends of the copper strands,
 were sent into the air to be wafted
 across the plains and valleys, the
 towering peaks of giant mountain
 ranges and the deserts, to be picked
 up again by the slender antennae of
 the wireless tower at Mare Island
 navy yard and carried to the waiting
 ear at a telephone receiver.

This strongly indicates the possi-
 bility by which people living inland
 may call friends who happen to be
 passengers on ships at sea, as voices
 are carried over present land lines to
 some central station along the coast,
 and there automatically passed into
 a radio transmitter and projected out
 over the ocean to a moving object
 and finally to the one who may be
 designated to receive the message
 sent by such wonderful ways.

Considerable Time.

Engineers of the American Tele-
 phone & Telegraph company have
 been engaged, during a considerable
 time, in perfecting the wireless tele-
 phone. To make possible the accom-
 plishment recently recorded, it was
 necessary, it is stated, to apply radi-
 cally new ideas to the generally
 accepted theories of wireless tele-
 graphy. At first temporary towers at
 Montauk Point, L. I., and Wilming-
 ton, Del. served the purpose. After-
 wards the government loaned its
 wireless towers at Arlington, near
 Washington, and at Mare Island, near
 San Francisco, to the work. Panama
 and points in Cuba were also brought
 into the experiment. The wireless
 station at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, was
 also equipped with necessary tele-
 phone apparatus. Obstacle after ob-
 stacle was finally overcome.

Seated in his office in New York,
 President T. N. Vall of the American
 Telephone & Telegraph company,
 who authorized the experimental work
 spoke the first words to travel, part
 by wire and part by wireless, to San
 Francisco. He called J. J. Carty, un-
 der whose direction the work was
 done and who was waiting on the
 Pacific coast, to participate in the
 final test.

"Hello, Carty," the talk started.
 "This is Mr. Vall."

Even Mr. Carty was surprised, so
 clearly and distinctly did the words
 reach him.

"This is fine," he exclaimed. "This
 is wonderful."

Army and Navy Take Part.

Representatives of the United States
 government, of the army and the
 navy, joined in the demonstration,
 talking across the continent without
 the use of wires. Words spoken in
 this way were repeated back by the
 transcontinental land telephone lines,
 opened last January, and the proof
 was conclusive. Secretary of the
 Navy Daniels, who had loaned gov-
 ernment equipment to the prosecution
 of the experiment, issued a formal
 statement, announcing the achieve-
 ment and placing the government's
 stamp of appreciation upon the mar-
 velous accomplishment.

Talked to Panama Aug. 27.

Vallejo, Cal.—Wireless telephone
 communication between Washington,
 D. C., and the Panama canal, a dis-
 tance of 2,100 miles, was established
 Aug. 27, but public announcement was
 withheld until the greater goal—trans-
 continental communication—could be
 reached. This statement was made
 by Chief Engineer—John J. Carty
 after the conversation in the wire-
 less tower at the Mare Island
 navy yard with Theodore N. Vall
 president, who was speaking from
 New York.

Frost Coming

Don't run the chance of losing a valuable crop. Get a row
 binder today and cut your row crop before the frost catches
 it. You may save the price of a machine by getting one
 started today. We have them all set up ready for use.

McCormick and Deering

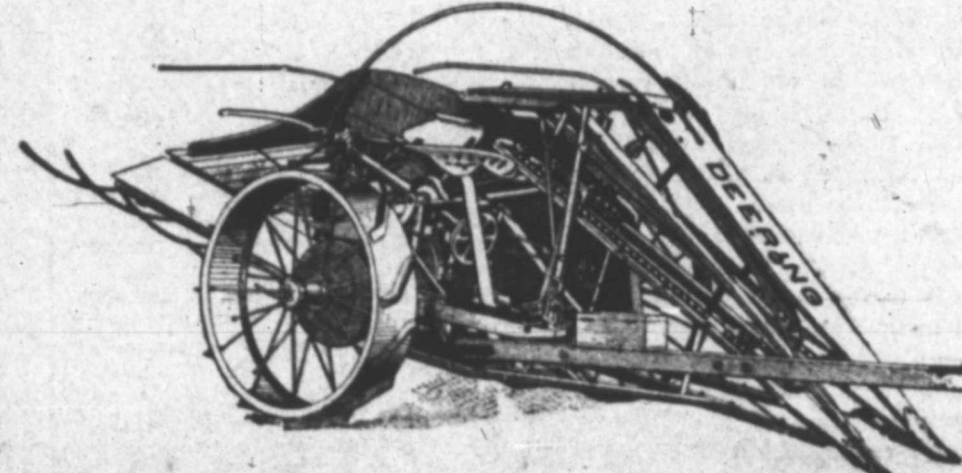
Corn Harvester



Corn harvester to handle.

Well known to every farmer to be
 the best Corn Harvesters on the
 market for saving all kinds of row
 crop. It matters not how high or
 heavy, it will harvest your crop
 when it is too low for any other

There are other Machines on the
 market that can be bought for
 \$5.00 to \$10.00 less money for
 reason they are worth less, and
 are cheaper machines and do not
 have the reputation. When you
 have a McCormick or a Deering
 machine you can always get any
 repair in a very few hours and be ready for work. When you have some
 new make of machine for which you do not know that you can always get
 repairs, you can lose many times the difference in price of machines so let
 us sell you one of the Old Reliable machines with all the latest improve-
 ments that you can depend on to get your crop harvested before frost, and
 take no chances.



**THOMPSON HARD-
 WARE CO.**



Hang Trouble!

"Hang trouble! Care killed a cat."
 This is the motto of the dusky
 band of thirty comprising Richards &
 Pringle's Famous Georgia Minstrels.
 No sooner is the curtain up on the
 palatial First Part, "Evening"
 (which) one critic has been kind en-
 ough to say is the most beautiful ev-
 er carried by a minstrel company),
 than the fun struts and continues in
 a veritable whirlwind for two and one-
 half hours.

The minstrels believe that is trou-
 ble, worry and care enough in the
 average person's daily life to leave it
 all behind when they enter the thea-
 tre; and the cleverest comedians and
 skilled producers vied with each other
 to make the program offered by this
 company an endless chain of mirth,
 music and song.

There will be a big street parade at
 noon and a band concert by the com-
 pany's band of 25 pieces at 7:30 p m
 in front of the theatre. The date of
 this company's appearance is Oct 14
 at the Happy Hour Theatre

Texas Holds Cattle.

Kansas Farmer—Cattle from the
 Panhandle region of Texas are not
 coming to market as freely as in form-
 er seasons. The small receipts from
 this section was a feature of the mark-
 et at Kansas City last week. The total
 receipts for the week were fifty-
 eight thousand as against seventy-
 four thousand a year ago, a large
 share of this decrease being due to
 falling off of shipments from the
 Panhandle district. Owners of cattle
 in Texas are well prepared to winter
 their stock, and if prices for feeders
 and stockers are not satisfactory they
 will not send them to market.

The men all over the corn belt who
 plan to handle a carload or two of cat-
 tle to consume their rough feed,
 might just as well begin to work out
 methods whereby they can grow the
 cattle themselves. With conditions as
 they exist now, the old way of hand-
 ling the cattle feeding proposition

must be superseded by a plan that
 makes the feeder less dependent on
 someone else to furnish the necessary
 stock. This will lead to a much strong-
 er demand for breeding cattle. In
 fact this demand is already making
 itself apparent. Breeders of beef cat-
 tle who continue their work even
 when the outlet for surplus stock was
 small, are now much encouraged.
 Farms must have the cattle, and not
 for several years has there been so
 much inquiry for breeding stock as at
 the present time.

Baptist Services.

All regular services will be held on
 next Sunday at the Baptist church.
 B. F. FRONABARGER, Pastor.

Storms along the Gulf of Mexico
 during the past week have done great
 damage to property and killed a num-
 ber of people. Ten were killed in New
 Orleans.

Earth quakes in Sacramento, Calif-
 ornia.

The big loan of American bankers
 to the allies has been oversubscribed.

Don't Overlook
 that subscription. If you
 are in arrears remember
 that we can always find
 good use for
the MONEY

Santa Fe EXCURSIONS

New Mexico State Fair, Albuquer-
 que, Oct. 11-16. Tickets on sale Oct.
 9-16, inclusive, limit Oct. 18. Round
 trip fare \$14.25.

Reunion Scottish Rites Bodies, Am-
 stin, Oct. 11-14. Tickets on sale Oct.
 10, limit Oct. 16. Fare and one-third
 for the round trip.

Champ Clark speech in Amarillo,
 Thursday, Oct. 14. Round trip rate
 of 70 cents, good for the one day.

Texas State Fair, Dallas, Oct. 16-31
 Tickets on sale Oct. 15-30, limit Nov.
 2. Fare on one-fifth for the round
 trip. On Oct. 22 a special train will
 be run, leaving Dallas on return Oct.
 25.

Grand Chapter Order of Eastern
 Star, Ft. Worth, Oct. 11-14. Fare
 and one-third for the round trip. Tick-
 ets on sale Oct. 9-10-11-12, limit
 Oct. 16th.

State Live Stock and Product Ex-
 position, Roswell, N. M., Oct. 4-9.
 Fare \$7.90 for the round trip. Tick-
 ets on sale Oct. 3-8, return limit
 Oct. 11th.

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