

CHURCH SERVICES FOR THE WEEK

Christmas Services Friday Night in Churches of the City—Special Musical Programs Sunday

The churches of Canyon will celebrate Christmas Friday night with Christmas trees and programs. The following announcements are made by the pastors.

Presbyterian Program.

The Presbyterian church choir will give a sacred concert Sunday night, Dec. 26th at 7:30 o'clock. Everybody invited. The following is the program

- Piano duett.
- Hymn.
- Prayer
- Anthem by the choir
- Vocal solo.
- Male quartet.
- Hymn.
- Violin duett
- Vocal solo
- Anthem
- Recitation
- Vocal duett
- Violin solo.
- Piano duett
- Hymn

Baptist Services.

- Friday, 7 p. m. Christmas tree.
- Sunday, 10 a. m. Sunday School.
- Sunday, 11 a. m. Preaching, subject, Jesus Our High Priest.
- Sunday 2:30 p. m. Sunbeams.
- Sunday, 4 p. m. B. Y. P. Y. Junior
- Sunday, 6:15 p. m. B. Y. P. U. senior.
- Sunday, 7 p. m. Preaching, subject, Jesus Our King

B. F. FRONABARGER, Pastor.

At the Presbyterian Church.

Special Christmas services will be held at the Presbyterian church on Friday evening, beginning at 7:30. A cordial invitation is extended to you to join with us in this celebration.

The usual services will be held on Sunday, December 26, at 11:00 a. m. preaching by the pastor.

Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.

Light Bearers, 2:00 p. m.

Special attention is called to the sacred concert to be given at the evening service. The time will be given over to a special musical program. The public is invited to attend.

DAVID H. TEMPLETON, Minister

Xmas Services at Methodist Church.

Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock a "Gift and Worship" programme by the Sunday School will be held at the Methodist church. Everybody is invited to come and bring something for our orphanage at Waco, either money or new garments.

Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m., your former pastor, Bro. Hawkins of Wellington will preach. Special Xmas music at both hours under direction of Miss Kline. Sunday School 9:45 a. m.

Lets make this Xmas Sunday a great day in our lives. Let all the membership of the church be present.

J. W. MAYNE, Pastor.

Will Celebrate Golden Wedding.

R. B. Rogers, (Uncle Ruben) of Wayside was in the city yesterday buying Christmas presents and while here made the News office a very pleasant call. He reports conditions about Wayside to be very fine. There was a great crop this year, which the farmers are still working to save and those who are through are sowing big acreages of wheat.

Uncle Ruben says that on Feb. 28 he and his good wife will have been married fifty years. The people of Wayside are preparing to give them a royal celebration in honor of event.

Mrs. Rogers was the second white child born in Dallas county. She is 72 years of age, while Mr. Rogers is two years her senior. Both are in excellent health and live alone of their farm.

The Rogers farm is well known all over this section of the plains. Uncle Ruben is a great hand to raise a big garden and has one of the finest fruit orchards on the plains. He says that he had so much fruit this year that he couldn't dispose of all of it.

The people of this community congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Rogers on their long wedded and useful life and many will attend the golden wedding.

The telephone girl isn't always a belle. A bell always rings as it is tolled.

CANYON H.S. NOTES

Friday was the annual mid-session Patrons Day at High School. From one hundred twenty-five to one hundred fifty patrons visited the school Friday and Saturday.

There were about one hundred seventy pieces on exhibit, one hundred fifty of which were useful articles. There was some unusually good work done by some of the pupils of the grammar grades. Dresses, kimonas, bathrobes, aprons and towels were some of the useful articles. This work was done outside the regular school work and no individual lesson was given. There was no regular domestic science teacher for this, but all of the lady teachers assisted in the work.

Chas. Harter Weds.

Chas. Harter of this city was married Tuesday evening to Miss Linnie Cowan at the home of the bride's parents near Tahoka. Miss Cowan is well known in the city. She attended the Normal for two years and was active in the student enterprises. She was captain of the girls' basketball team. Mr. Harter is the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Harter and has lived in the city for a number of years. He is one of the owners of the Star Barber Shop and through diligence and hard work has a fine business.

The friends of Mr. Harter in this city extend hearty congratulations while the citizens welcome back Mrs. Harter to the city to become one of our number.

The young couple are expected here within a short while.

Epworth League Program.

Program for Sunday, Dec. 26. Reference, Hebrews 12, 1-24.

Subject—Looking onward to the God of all the years.

Leader, Jessie DeGraffenreid.

Is there anything ahead — Ross Craig, Hazel Park, Effie Weller.

The chief obstruction to the onward look.—Grace Weller, Paul Foster, Jessie DeGraffenreid, Thelma McGee.

Marriage Licenses Issued.

The following marriage licenses were issued this week by County Clerk T. V. Reeves:

Frank Wilson and Mrs. Myrtle Grantham.

Arthur Dickson and Mrs. Myrtle Grantham.

L. F. Spicer and Miss Amelia Bauer.

Building New Home.

Commissioner R. H. Calor is building a new six room house on his ranch in the south part of the city. John Dison is doing the carpenter work.

The carpenter business of Randall county during the past year has been the greatest for three years. Every carpenter has been busy every day for week. The farmers especially have called upon them for services in the way of granary and barn building.

Normal Closes Yesterday.

The outgoing trains were loaded yesterday and this morning with students from the Normal going to their homes for the two weeks vacation.

Practically all of the 400 students will leave the city during the holidays. The Normal will open again January 3rd.

Squaring Herself.

A philanthropist lady visited a Michigan infirmary not long ago and displayed great interest in the inmates. One old man particularly gained her compassion. "And how long have you been here, my man?" she inquired.

"Twelve years," was the answer.

"Do they treat you well?"

"Yes."

"Do they feed you well?"

After addressing a few more questions to him the visitor passed on. She noticed a smile broadening on the face of her attendant, and of asking the cause heard with consternation that the old man was none other than the medical superintendent. She hurried back to make apologies. How successful she was may be gathered from these words: "I am sorry, doctor. I will never be governed by appearances again."

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

What Santa Claus Brought Them



NORMAL NOTES

Miss Goodwine spent Saturday afternoon visiting classes at the Normal.

Misses Mamie and Katherine Twitcheil of Amarillo visited their sister Miss Cleo Sunday and Monday.

The Y.W.C.A. girls gave a candy and calendar sale Tuesday.

The first publication of the Normal magazine, Llano Estacado, was received Tuesday. Many copies were sold among the students.

The officers of the Ellen H. Richard club for the quarter are: Miss Freda Griffen, president; Miss Pearl Stone, Sec-Treas.; Misses M., Barnett, Millie Branson, Devie Gibson, Program Committee.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Copeland opened their doors to the Floyd County club December 18.

The Cousins and Sesames gave a

unique entertainment at the college Monday evening. Mr. Stilwell starred in the role of Santa Claus. After a short program the presents were taken from the Christmas tree and distributed. All presents were inexpensive and appropriate.

Mr. Chriss Brown, a former student of the Normal was a visitor of our school Saturday.

Wayside Notes

Sunday school at the usual hour Sunday last led by W. R. Franklin.

School was suspended for two weeks for the Christmas holidays.

Prof. R. S. Kelly left Tuesday for his home in Dalhart, Miss Goodwine, for her home in Friona.

A Christmas tree at the auditorium Friday night with a short program by the young people of the community.

Fine weather for curing meat. Several have taken advantage of the cool weather and butchered hogs. A few beeves.

G. S. Ballard and Mr. Bagwell were at Wayside Monday on business.

E. M. Beasley was called to Burden, Kansas, Tuesday to his father who is very ill.

Rev. John A. Wallace, J. E. Rogers from Canyon and Mr. Hewitt from Dallas were prospecting in these parts Monday.

M. and Mrs. McDonald made a trip to Canyon Sunday.

Miss Merle Gilham is slowly improving.

Wm and Emma Payne with Miss Ruby Payne left Canyon Sunday for Goodnight, returning the same day.

Public School Closes.

Saturday evening the Canyon public schools closed for the annual vacation for two weeks. The pupils and teachers alike are glad for the vacation and will enjoy the holiday.

Come to Randall County This Year.

HOLIDAY TRADE BRISK IN CITY

Stores Crowded from Morning Until Night With Holiday Shoppers—Excellent Line of Presents.

The business houses of Canyon are enjoying the best holiday trade for the past number of years. All of the houses had bought heavy stocks in contemplation of the big rush and they were not disappointed. From morning to night the local stores have been crowded with shoppers and the sales have been heavy.

The class of Christmas presents bought this year is superior to other years. The excellent crops of the past two years have put the people on their feet financially until they are able to spend more money than ever and for better presents.

The people from all over Randall county have been coming to Canyon to do their shopping since they appreciate the large selections of goods offered and the reasonable prices of the Canyon business houses.

Torpedoing the President.

(By W. J. Bryan.)

Why not compel the ones who profit by militarism to pay the expense of such a system rather than shift the extra burden onto the farmers and wage-earners who are opposed to militarism and who are already paying more than their share of the expenses of the government?

The adoption of the army and navy programme would increase the profits of the sugar trust and also increase the cost of living for the masses.

Those opposed to an increase in the army and navy, an increase in the price of sugar, gasoline, automobiles, stamp taxes and an increased cost of living should immediately write their congressmen and senators, and to the President, and register an emphatic protest.

One of the greatest factors in demonstrating the uncertainty of life is the sure thing.

HAPPY HOUR

WILL PRESENT THE

CRADDOCK RULE STOCK CO.

3-Nights-3

COMMENCING DEC. 23RD.

--OPENING PLAY--

"BOUGHT AND PAID FOR"

AND FIVE REELS OF PICTURES--FIVE

2nd EPISODE OF "GRAFT"

The Tenement House Evil

--and--

The Kiss o' Dishonor

This will be the largest and best show that has ever been in Canyon for the Money.

ADMISSION-Children 15, adults 25

WISHING YOU ONE AND ALL A

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A

HAPPY NEW YEAR

\$127.50

If you want \$127.50 next Xmas join our Christmas Banking Club NOW

BY DEPOSITING 10 CENTS AND INCREASING YOUR WEEKLY DEPOSIT 10 CENTS EACH WEEK, YOU WILL HAVE \$127.50 NEXT CHRISTMAS. HELP YOUR CHILDREN TO JOIN. IT WILL TEACH THEM TO SAVE AND PROSPER.

IN 50 WEEKS:

- 1-CENT CLUB PAYS \$ 12.75
- 2-CENT CLUB PAYS 25.50
- 5-CENT CLUB PAYS 63.75
- 10-CENT CLUB PAYS 127.50

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

The First State Bank

THE GUARANTY FUND BANK

WITHIN THE REACH of every woman—health and strength. They're brought to you by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Take this medicine, and there's a safe and certain cure for all the chronic weaknesses, derangements, and diseases peculiar to the sex. It will build up, strengthen, and invigorate every "run-down" or delicate woman. It regulates and assists all the natural functions. At some period in her life, a woman requires a special tonic and nerve.

If you're a tired or afflicted woman turn to "Favorite Prescription," you will find it never fails to benefit.

Sold in tablet or liquid form.

Mrs. Lucy E. Yoakum, of 2322 Clinton Avenue, Fort Worth, Texas, says: "I was in such bad health and so dependent at times that I couldn't do my work. Tried everything I could hear of. Doctors treated me but I only got relief for a short time until I tried Dr. Pierce's wonderful medicine. Have been in much better health since using 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I weighed 107 at that time now I am well and hearty and weigh 130 pounds."

Santa Fe EXCURSIONS

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

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

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

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

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

MONEY to LOAN

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

B. Frank Buie

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

Dr. S. L. Ingham

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

Flesher & Flesher

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

The 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 their 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

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

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

Let the People Rule.

(Leslie's.)

A "joker" wrecked two trains on a Brooklyn, (N. Y.) trolley line by setting the emergency brake and twenty-five passengers suffered serious injuries.

In New York recently it was testified in court that a young man who had inherited a large estate was spending \$25 daily treating everybody he could find in bar rooms.

A cotton expert committed suicide in New York recently leaving an explanatory letter to his wife stating: "I have been kiting checks and losing money playing the races. Don't waste a teardrop over me. I am not worth it."

A husky iron worker was arrested in New York recently for beating his 8-year-old daughter with the buckle end of a leather belt until her body was covered with bruises and one of her eyebrows almost torn off. He said she was mischievous.

In Chicago, the second city of the United States, on a recent Sunday, 50,000 men and women, representing thirty nationalities and many of them in the strange costumes of foreign races, paraded in a demonstration against the mayor for strictly enforcing the Sunday closing law.

The state railroad commission of California has just ordered the Santa Fe railroad to rebuild a line through the Temecula canyon. It was washed out a quarter of a century ago and was never rebuilt because it was absolutely worthless. If the road is rebuilt it must be run at a heavy loss to the railroad stockholders, yet, the state commission insists on its being rebuilt.

Among a batch of letters received by the department of commerce, at Washington, one read as follows:

"Do you give away a book, 'Diseases of the Horse'. Any book on cats' disease. I had a male cat who died on the 10th. We thought a great deal of. And a horse who was sick and was taken away with 'fossy bud' a few months ago. If we would know what to help. Also what to do for bedbugs."

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

Is There A Santa Claus?

"Is there a Santa Claus?" an editorial printed a few years ago in the New York Sun, has become a classic. Every year there are many requests on the Sun for its reproduction. This year was no exception.

The letter to the New York Sun was written by Virginia O'Hanlon, and the answer was by the late Francis P. Church, an editorial writer on the Sun. The letter and answer follow:

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the Sun:

Dear Editor: I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says "If you see it in the Sun, it's so." Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

Virginia O'Hanlon.

115 West 9th Street,
Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible to their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or women's or children's are a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect,

FAMILY AVOIDS

SERIOUS SICKNESS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Your druggist sells and recommends Black-Draught. Price only 25c. Get a package to-day.
M. C. 128

To Our Friends and Customers:

May this be the Merriest Christmas you have ever had, and may the New Year be the Happiest and most Prosperous. We trust that the future holds in store for you a little more than your share of the good things of life, and in your prosperity we want you to keep constantly in mind that we shall continue to hold ourselves in readiness to serve you in any and every way within our power.

The First National Bank of Canyon

as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge. Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no child-like faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished. Not believe in Santa Claus? You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas-Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen in the world. You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this

world there is nothing else real and abiding! No Santa Claus! Thank God he lives, and he lives forever! A thousand years from now, Virginia—nay, ten times ten thousand years from now—he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

A Hint for Husbands.

The youngsters man had been complaining that he could not get his wife to mend his clothes.

"I asked her to sew a button on this vest last night and she hasn't touched it," he said. At this the older man amused the air of a patriarch.

"Never ask a woman to mend anything," he said. "You haven't been married very long and I think I can give you some serviceable suggestions. When I want a shirt mended I take it to my wife and flourish it around a little and say: 'Where's that rag-bag?'"

"What do you want of the rag-bag?" asks the wife. Her suspicions are aroused at once.

"I want to throw this shirt away. It's worn out," I say, with a few more flourishes.

"Let me see that shirt," my wife says, then, "Now, John, hand it over to me at once."

"Of course, I pass it over and she examines it."

"Why, it only needs—; and then she mends it."

—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.
No Success Without Loyalty.

Christmas Carol.

No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little Child-Pen might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him

"What means this glory round our
fee,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than
morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means that star," the Shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky
glen?"
And Angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, Good Will
to men;"

Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were
dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas, He seems so slow to come!

But it was said in words of gold,
TRY A WANT AD IN THE NEWS

All round about our feet shall shine.
A light like the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the Faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"
—James Russell Lowell.

Teacher: "My boys, be alive, be ambitious. Do you realize every lad in this country has a chance to be President some day?"

Billy Sykes: "Is that so? Say, I'd sell my chance for ten cents."

The Canyon Power Co.

Wishes You

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

NEAL of the NAVY

By William Hamilton Osborne,
AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE," "RUNNING FIGHT,"
"CATSPA," "BLUE BUCKLE," ETC.
NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME
NAME PRODUCED BY PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.
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SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelée Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescued five-year-old Annette Inington from an open boat, but he forced her to leave behind her father and her companions. Inington is assaulted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Inington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whereabouts of the lost island of Cinnabar. Inington's injury causes his mind to become blank. Thirteen years elapse. Hernandez, now an opium smuggler, with Ponto, Inez, a female accomplice, and the mindless brute that once was Inington, come to Seaport, where the widow of Captain Hardin is living with her son Neal and Annette Inington, and plot to steal the papers left to Annette by her father. Neal tries for admission to the Naval academy, but through the treachery of Joey Welcher is defeated by Joey and disgraced. Neal enlists in the navy. Inez sets a trap for Joey and the conspirators get him in their power. In a struggle for possession of the map Hernandez, Annette and Neal each secure a portion. Annette sails on the Coronado in search of her father. Inez, Martinique Annette and Neal are captured, but are rescued by a sponge diver. Inez forges identification papers for herself as Annette. In an insurrection Neal and Annette are again captured, carried to the Sun City and Annette is offered as a sacrifice to the sun god. They are rescued by marines from the Albany. Landed in Tortuga, Annette and Neal are captured and chained to yellow fever infection by Hernandez, but are rescued by sailors from the Albany. Inez tries to rob Annette and escapes. On her way to Chantillo Annette is captured. Neal is promoted to the false identification papers to Brother Anselmo at Santa Maria mission. Ponto is caught and killed in his own trap, set for Annette. Annette proves title and turns over Lost Island to the government. Welcher dies in a remorseful effort to save her from Hernandez. The brute is wrecked on their way to Lost Island, are wrecked on a cannibal island by Hernandez's trickery. The brute is accepted by the cannibals as their god.

THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT

WHITE GODS

CHAPTER LV.

Anthropophagi.

A white face—a white beard! Potent factors even with a savage tribe. The man-eaters of this South Pacific island, cringed in terror before the blank and staring eyes of the big brute.

His blank and staring eyes! They, too, had their weird effect.

"Look—see," whimpered this crowd of latter-day cannibals, the one to the other, "he sees across the world—he talks with spirits—he is a god!"

The brute, save for the slight weaving of his massive figure from side to side, stood quiet and impassive. He was wholly unafraid.

Behind him, however, crouched another figure that told another story. Hernandez, his hands still manacled, trembled with fear. But he was still resourceful—he knew his power.

"Beast," he whispered—and tremulous though it was, it still was a command, "Beast, you've got them down. Seize the foremost spike and run them through. Be quick."

The brute heard his master's voice, and immediately obeyed. He stooped, and stooping, wrenched from the foremost naked figure the deadly weapon that the latter held within his grasp. It was relinquished without a struggle. Its former possessor stretched himself full upon the ground, waiting the death thrust. His savage companions drew back upon their haunches, their eyes glowing with religious fervor.

"A sacrifice," they cried, "a sacrifice."

But there was no sacrifice. Instead, the brute merely held the spear aloft for a moment—held it in the air with both his hands. Then he brought it crushing down across his knee, and broke it clean in twain.

"Eye-yah!" There was an ejaculation of wonder—of brute applause for brute strength.

The erstwhile possessor of the spear—as ugly-faced an individual as ever ate a pound of human flesh—touched the brute upon the shoulder and pointed toward the jungle.

"Follow him, Beast," cried Hernandez a bit impatiently, "nothing can harm us now."

For the first time the brute seemed conscious of his master's presence. He turned and faced Hernandez. He grunted in uncertainty.

"Look—see," said the leader, in his guttural accents and primitive tongue, look—see. This man is his captive. The god is hungry. He would eat."

The leader pointed to the manacled hands of Hernandez. He made a sign—a sign immediately obeyed. A dozen blacks sprang forward, seized Hernandez and swung his body to their shoulders. Then at another word of command, they started off, jog trot toward the jungle. Hernandez struggled like a maniac, but to no purpose. Then he yelled:

"Follow, Beast, follow," he cried. "Save me. Come."

The brute followed, wondering. Not for one instant did he suspect the man-eaters had sinister designs upon his master.

Finally they entered a wide clearing. In the middle of this clearing was a village of straggling huts and tents. It was a ghastly village—an ill-smelling village. Scattered about it were skulls and bones enough to furnish Jolly Rogers to a hundred pi-

rate ships. It became clear then to Hernandez that the party on the beach—the small company of cannibals that had surrounded him and his companions, were merely a side issue. Here was a city—here a multitude. He had little time, however, for reflection. He was flung violently to the ground. The leader of the little band touched the brute upon the breast and made a sign.

"Look—see," he signed. The brute followed, staring, mildly wondering, possibly—perhaps not wondering at all.

The leader led the way to a rude hut, larger than the rest, and grotesquely daubed with clay. In front of this he paused and chanted some weird song. A figure, huge and unwieldy, appeared in the doorway. Huge and unwieldy as he was, he was a pygmy compared with the big brute.

He was a chief, this man, and he looked it, every inch. He was the greatest, the dirtiest, of all the greasy, dirty crew. In his right hand he held a bone. Now and then he gnawed upon it—now and then he used it as a scepter. He extended it and touched the approaching native on the forehead. The latter bowed—then turned and pointed at the brute.

"This," he jabbed in his native tongue, "is a god, and risen from the sea. He is hungry. He would eat."

The chief in turn threw himself upon his face. He called to all the multitude, and bade them do likewise. Then he remembered. He rose and signed to the brute.

"He is hungry," he repeated. "The god would eat."

Then he led the way to the lre. The brute stared at it contemptively. He smiled.

"The god is pleased," exclaimed the chief, "let us therefore eat."

He cast from him the bone he had been holding. He made another sign. The brute glanced to one side. There upon the ground, wild eyed with fright, lay three human beings.

Upon one of these miserable victims a dozen men now pounced. They lifted him, writhing, into the air, and started toward the flames. They were about to fling him across the flames when something happened.

The brute understood. With one bound he was upon them, and with wide sweeps of his powerful hands and arms he scattered them right and left.

There was a wild murmur against this outrage—a sudden handling of spears and stone heads, but the brute never heeded the outcry. Instead he calmly stooped over each victim, one by one, and tore the bonds of each apart, and set them free. He held back the angry mob while the three captives trotted nimbly off into the nearby jungle.

The chief stared at him astounded. He might, indeed, have brained the brute with his club had he not felt the terrific grip of the brute upon him. Then he realized—once more—that the brute was not a mere man, after all.

There was a wild clamor, but the chief stilled it with uplifted hand. Then the leader of the beach band stepped forward and saluted.

"He has his own captive," he whispered to the chief, "see, yonder. He brought him with him, out of the sea."

The chief understood. He gave an order. A dozen more braves sprang toward Hernandez and bore him to the chief. The chief pointed toward the poles and the green vines lying torn upon the ground. In an instant, Hernandez lay prostrate—in another instant half his clothes were torn from his back.

"Beast," he shrieked, "save me, Beast."

The brute saved him. He charged into their midst like a raging bull—he tore Hernandez from their grasp.

The brute snarled in his throat—he kicked and clutched and clawed at the little nucleus of savages. They fell back before him as before a whirlwind—they were stunned.

Again, murmurs. But again the murmurs were silenced by the chief himself.

"He is his own captive," said the chief to his followers, "let him do as he will."

Hernandez, once upon his feet, was not slow to act.

"Quick," he said to the brute, "get a stone—two stones. Knock these wristlets from my hands."

He held out his manacled wrists—the brute understood, and obeyed. With his two hands free, Hernandez's brain was working once again. Quick as a flash he stooped and picked up a short piece of twisted vine. Raising his hand high in air, he brought this piece of vine—a stinging, snake-like whip—swishing down upon the head and shoulders of the brute.

The brute cowered, cringed, whimpered. Hernandez folded his arms, stared sternly at the brute for one swift instant, and then turned and met the glances of the chief and all his tribe.

The chief was startled. He plucked his lieutenant by the arm.

"Look," said the chief, "the big man is a god, but this is his master."

CHAPTER LVI.

S. O. S. on Land and Sea.
Neal, from quite another portion of the beach, scanned the horizon with alarm.

He shook his head. The horizon line was clear—there was no hint of smoke.

He turned to the first mate of the wrecked fruit steamer that lay stranded on the reefs.

"We've got to get word to the Missouri, somehow," he said, "beside, we've left Annette and my mother starving back there. Let's return."

Neal found his mother and Annette where he had left them.

Cocoanuts and clams, hurriedly gathered, supplied them with a satisfactory meal.

Neal stretched his arms. "I never can think upon an empty stomach," he remarked, "so I'm just beginning to dope things out. Look at friend sea," he exclaimed, "she's like a millpond. The tide's out. There's not a wave splashes over the wreck. I'm off."

"Where to?" queried his mother in alarm.

"I'm going to row over to the wreck and help myself—to some S. O. S."

He strode to the water's edge. He beckoned to the first mate.

In another moment they were launched and pulling with even, steady strokes toward the wreck beyond.

They made fast the boat, shipped their oars and clambered up the side of the almost submerged fruit steamer.

"Good," said Neal, "the wireless room is intact."

He sent out his call—cast it to the four winds—his messenger, seeking everywhere for the Missouri.

On the Missouri the wireless operator got it—feebly at first.

"S. O. S." clamored Neal.

"Who are you?" queried the battleship.

Neal told him.

"All right," said the Missouri, "we'll be there in three shakes of a lamb's tail." Or words to that effect.

On shore, meantime, Annette, the wanderlust ever strong within her, had wandered up the beach and out of sight. The solitude was appalling, but not unpleasant.

Tripping along gaily, she had stumbled over something half hidden by the sand. Her firm step had loosened it—but it had nearly sent her sprawling. She drew back, regarding the

object in affright. Then she turned and darted back toward safety at full speed. Arrived at the little camp she clutched frantically at the arm of one of the crew.

"A human skull," she gasped, "back there. I saw it, buried in the sand."

CHAPTER LVII.

Safety First.

Not for one instant did Hernandez lose the advantage that he had already gained.

With audacity that belonged only to him, he led the brute to the chief's own throne—a rude affair composed of a rough seat under overhanging bowers.

"Go—sit," he exclaimed to the brute. He enforced the command with a shower of blows. The brute obeyed.

"Hungry," said the eye and hand of Hernandez, to the chief, "the god still hungry—and the master of god, very, very hungry, still."

The chief spread his hand. He pointed toward the jungle whence had sped the several captives unbound by the brute.

Hernandez smiled—a deadly, wicked smile.

"Beast," he exclaimed, "stay where you are." He beckoned to the chief.

"You come with me," he signed.

The chief nodded, beckoned to a number of his bodyguard, and followed Hernandez through the jungle. At a knoll on its outskirts Hernandez held his fingers to his lips. Then he pushed the chief's head through the bushes.

"Look," he said, enforcing the command.

The chief looked. He looked far out across the placid waters of the Pacific, and there he saw a wreck.

restrained him, keeping his finger on his lips.

"Me," signed Hernandez, "follow me. Do what I do."

For one instant he looked about him, getting his bearings. Then he started on. For many minutes the party skirted the edge of the jungle, never once showing itself, and moving always silently as the grave itself. At length Hernandez once more halted—this time on the edge of a grove of palms.

Holding his cannibal crew back, Hernandez beckoned to the chief to advance alone. The chief obeyed. With the swiftness of two savages, Hernandez and the chief darted between the trunks of two separate trees. Hernandez pointed toward the beach.

"White meat, you old gourmand," whispered Hernandez, "white meat. And very tender."

Down on the beach, buying themselves about their self-appointed tasks, were Annette and her foster mother. There were several members of the fruit steamer's crew—all white. There was Inez Castro—also white—but an outcast, sitting, brooding by herself.

Hernandez counted the men.

"We need four to one, at least," he said to himself. Then he nodded to the chief and held up the fingers of both hands several times. The chief understood. He was a warrior. He knew that much safety lay in numbers.

He beckoned to two of his men and gave them orders. They crept back, silently through the trail.

Hernandez and the chief wriggled back into the undergrowth and then sat down to wait.

Annette's party suddenly made up its mind to decamp. The discovery of the skull upon the beach was a disturbing fact.

"When Neal comes—" said Annette.

"Right," said a sailor, "we'll put it up to him."

He glanced casually toward the grove of palms, this sailor. Then with an oath he sprang to his feet.

"Boys," he cried aloud, feeling for a weapon, "we're in for it. Women in the shed. Look, here they come."

The other sailors, with the swiftness of seamen in a sudden squall, were upon their feet, each with a weapon in his hand. They forced the women into the hut and formed a circle, guarding it. And then broke the storm.

With the yell of a thousand demons, the black man-eaters were upon them. One warrior seized Inez in his grasp, and with a cry of triumph darted with



"Beast," he shrieked, "Save Me, Beast!"

her toward the jungle. A sailor who followed was stricken down. But it was Hernandez who stopped the captor. He darted after him and caught him by the arm.

"Back," he ordered, with a sign that spelled fury, "back here. This woman belongs to me."

"Senorita," said Hernandez suavely, bearing her to a place of comparative security, "let us be noncombatants for once. Get others working for you, is my motto. As for us, why—safety first."

Inez shivered. She dragged Hernandez toward an opening between the trees.

"Look, look," she cried, her face rigid with terror. "Its horrible, horrible, horrible."

A short time later, by the side of Hernandez, she stumbled blindly through the jungle—in the midst of a howling, panting mob of half-naked warriors. The warriors were the victors. And they bore with them the spoils—two women, still alive, a small squad of torn and battered sailors, and a few silent figures—silent forever.

"What are they going to do?" wailed Inez.

Hernandez shrugged his shoulders. "Its out of my hands," he said, "but I've got to see it through. I've got to know what happens. I've got to be there—or else they'll get me too. We'll be lucky to escape. But we'll escape, you and I, never fear. I've arranged for it. I've arranged for—safety first."

CHAPTER LVIII.

The Feast.

Because Annette Inington and her foster mother had ever lived in the vicinity of New York—because they had always been within the newspaper zone—because they had enjoyed the advantage of telephone, and motor car, and motion picture—because of all the luxury and civilization surrounding them, they never once supposed that man-eating savages still existed upon this

planet.

Struggling with her captors, Annette stumbled on blindly through the jungle. Behind her she heard the muttered oaths of the male members of her party. Just once she heard a whisper.

"Don't tell the women—for God's sake don't tell the women. They'll be knowing, soon enough."

At that moment there was a distant shout that grew stronger and stronger. The cannibal crew answered it—it rolled back and forth. Then in the near distance Annette heard the breaking of bodies through the undergrowth and a fresh crowd of savages appeared, yelling like mad. This new crowd seized Annette and swung her to their shoulders, and with her, ran through the undergrowth like deer.

And then—they dashed into the clearing. They darted across the open space, still with Annette in their clutches—and laid her down before the brute—who still sat on his crude dais, staring, always staring into space.

Annette struggled to her feet and looked wildly about her. Her foot touched something and she started back—looked down.

The object was a skull.

Annette shrieked in terror—she tried to hide her face but could not. She saw the fire—she looked into the eyes of her fellow captives. Upon their foreheads sweat stood out in beads—cold sweat, the sweat of fear.

She asked a question of them with her eyes, but they turned their heads away.

Then, understanding at last, Annette swooned—slumped into a heap at the feet of the brute.

The brute staring, always staring, rose to his feet. He stooped down. But before he could touch the girl, the chief intervened. The chief himself lifted her, and held her where the god man could look upon her. He mumbled and cracked his lips.

And the brute, recognizing Annette, nodded his head and smiled with that vacant smile of his.

"Eye-yah," yelled the multitude of savages, "the god is hungry—he will eat."

"All—all will eat," cried the chief in triumph. "This white girl first."

He made another sign, and a dozen savages broke away and came back with huge logs, which they swung into the dying fire, sending its sparks high into the air. They seized one of the long poles, and tied Annette to it—tied her with green, strong vines.

They waited for a moment to let the fire gain headway.

They clustered round her, danced about her—touched her.

Down on the beach, two merry men leaped out of a lifeboat, and drew her well upon the shore.

"The gang—" began the mate. Then he stopped. With a wild yell he darted up the beach, Neal by his side.

"What's happened?" stammered Neal, "where are—"

He said no more. By this time they were standing on the blackened members of a scattered fire—by the rude hut shattered and broken—and by two or three red splashes that stained the white sand and soaked it.

Neal, his face gone white with terror, clutched the mate by the arm.

"Blood," he gasped, "blood. Whose blood? You tell me that."

Then the two men—only two—still side by side, sped on toward the jungle. The footprints led that way. At the grove of palms they stopped. They glanced about uncertainly.

"Here," cried Neal, darting forward, "a bit of Annette's dress. Come on. It was easy now, following this trail. But ever and anon Neal glanced at his comrade.

"Whose blood?" he demanded, "tell me that."

And the two men—only two—went on.

At last, guided now by shouts and cries of triumph, they reached the clearing and peered across it.

"My God," cried Neal aloud, "look—look."

Two savages—two at first and then a dozen—had seized the long pole and had begun to swing it out across the fire. Upon it, limp, unconscious, tightly bound, lay the form of Annette.

Neal was across the clearing in a bound.

Like a maniac, Neal charged into the group of warriors who held one end of the long pole and stripped them from it. With the same fearful energy he charged into the gang at the other end and knocked them down. Then, bestriding the prostrate form of Annette—and he knew not whether she was alive or dead—he squared himself and howled defiance.

"Come on," he cried, "the whole bunch of you. Come on."

Over in a hut, crouched and cowering, was Inez Castro—watching with eyes wide with fear.

"Careful," he said, "we know not whom we may meet. Careful. Come. We're safe."

Back before the fire, two men fought, back to back. One was Neal—and one the mate. They fought like tigers—for a moment, but not more. Twenty to one the man-eaters hurled themselves upon two white men and bore them, senseless, to the ground.

The brute meanwhile, was gazing wildly all about him—looking for his master and looking in vain. Suddenly, he of all men, saw the exit of Hernandez—saw him steal away. At first he may have been impelled to follow—for he started off. But a close observer might have noted an expression of relief cross his countenance, for he sank back once more upon his seat and watched the fight.

He even laughed—to him it seemed like a new game. A fight was child's play to the brute. But when the unconscious forms of Neal and the mate were borne away, he seemed alarmed. He started once more to his feet.

"Eye-yah," cried the chief to his followers, "the white god hangs. On with the feast."

Once more the bearers seized Annette—still lashed firmly to the pole. Then for the first time the brute realized that something was wrong—that here was horror.

He darted into the midst of the warriors and swung his arms.

"No—no," he cried.

But the mere word of a god could never stop them now. They were hungry—they had fought for spoils and the spoils were theirs. They shouldered him aside, and went on.

They didn't get far. The brute was fresh—he had been resting. With one fell swoop he once more charged upon them, and tore them—broke them with his hands, broke their backs across his knees—cracked their skulls with a single blow. He swept them all before him, carrying the fight across the clearing. He seized one of the long poles and mowed them down like grain.

He was more than one man—he was ten. But he was only ten—no more.

Meantime, Neal's captors, determined on a little private vengeance, had trussed him up, or tried to. But that tough young man, having partially revived, permitted his captors—there were but two—to go just so far. Then he came to life, and applied the gentle art of jiu jitsu to each of them in turn. It was effective—and bone breaking.

Then Neal saw—and his heart leaped. Annette for the moment was deserted. The fight was centered on the brute. Neal sprang to Annette, and with deft fingers loosened her bonds. He lifted her gently to his shoulder and started off.

He was too late. For the fight with the brute was over. For one instant the brute had left open a vulnerable point—his defense had failed. With a mighty swing of a mighty war club, one of his antagonists dealt him a swinging, deadly blow upon the head. The brute fell like a log.

Then somebody saw Neal and Annette.

Like a tidal wave, the whole crowd surged back to their fair victim.

Neal, surrounded, dropped Annette to the ground and held his hands high in air.

"God help us—help us," he cried in desperate need.

At that moment there was a ringing volley of rifle shots. A dozen savages fell dead. The rest turned to face another foe—a new kind. Out of the bushes sprang a squad of marines from the Missouri. They had landed in response to Neal's wireless. They had struck the trail. They had arrived—just in the nick of time.

"Pick your man," cried Neal "fire—ah."

With a wild shout the savage crew turned and fled—fled in vain, each pursued by a man in uniform, each out-matched by one man.

And when the squad had finished, there was no village—and no villagers.

Neal saluted the officer in charge, and apologized. "Wasn't my business to give orders, sir," he smiled, "but if you'd been in my place."

The officer saluted in his turn. "Don't worry, son," he said, "you'll be in my place if you keep on fighting like that—you'll keep going up—and up."

Neal revived Annette—no very difficult task, for Annette Inington had inherited from some source remarkable strength and endurance and wonderful nerve. He found his mother still insensible, but suffering only from the shock.

"It's a good thing," Annette whispered to him, "that she didn't see it all."

Neal clenched his hands. "It's a bad thing any of us saw it," he exclaimed, "somebody's got to pay for this—somebody's got to pay."

With Annette clinging to him he strode over to a group of seamen who trusted about an object on the ground. The lieutenant was bending over the brute.

"He still lives," said the lieutenant. "he may pull through—but that's not saying much."

Annette knelt down by the figure of the brute. "He must live," she murmured, "he's saved my life—not once but many times."

In a small boat out at sea—a boat set with an improvised sail, Hernandez and Inez Castro glided over the surface of a placid ocean.

"On—to Lost Isle," cried Hernandez in glee.

Inez stared, motionless, expressionless, into space.

"Horrible," she moaned dully

The Randall County News.

Incorporated under the laws of Texas
C. W. Warwick, Managing Editor

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SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 PER YEAR

Congratulations to the latest publication in Canyon—The Llano Estacado—published by the students of the Normal. The magazine will be published quarterly and will be devoted to student activities. The first edition is a very creditable piece of journalism.

In spite of the fact that this has been the finest winter the country has ever had for years, a large per cent of the feed crop is yet in the fields. The farmers have been unable to take care of the big harvest on time, and many will be kept threshing a major part of the winter even though the weather continues open.

The News was asked several times if there would be a paper next week. Most certainly. Do the stores of Canyon close just because it's the week after Christmas? Why then the News?

Congressman-at-Large Jeff McLemore is on the job, judging from numerous packages of garden seed received at this office and by other citizens.

Villa showed poor judgment in fighting so long that even the motion picture makers will think twice before taking him on as a hero.

Randall county promises to raise a crop of candidates about the new year. Frost is likely to catch a good portion the last Saturday of July.

Editor Ben Smith of the Lockney Beacon has ordered a new Model 15 linotype.

If you are not in the habit of going to church, attend some services next Sunday. It will do you good.

Henry Ford, instead of being a national joke, has turned out to be sort of an international jackass.

Extra! The Turks captured the Garden of Eden, but nobody home.

Advice to candidates. The only way to win is to poll more voters than the other fellow.

Yes, 1915 is almost a thing of memory.

The victories of the Allies seem to be mostly theoretically.

The News wishes all its readers a Most Merry Christmas.

Don't forget to pay your poll tax.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

A Merry Christmas.

Christmas brings the remembrance of a gift so great and wonderful that all who realize what it meant to the world, feel the desire to give something more than the expression of a wish for a Merry Christmas. No one was anxious to receive the gift at first. People do not always know the value of what is given them. The only door opened to receive it led into a cattle stable. But now, whose door does not fly open at Christmas to send out some blessing, some word of good cheer?

The old carol, sung to a few shepherds, has gone around the world now and the message of peace and good will has been carried everywhere. Somehow, when you lay a new born babe in a man's arms, you are pretty sure to bring a smile to his face and softening to his heart as well. An infant is a great peace bringer. What has touched and softened the heart of this grim world more than anything else, is that Christmas brought a blessed child down to earth and laid him confidently in the arms of humanity, brought him from home, and left his outcast, that the opportunity might be given him the love and tenderness which is every child's birthright.

This it is which moves us to strive to make children happy at Christmas. They may be like those who float along with the river knowing nothing of its love source high up on the hills. But even if they do not know why, most of us want to make it a merry time for the children. It is emphatically the children's festival. No one ever regrets it who goes on the way to make some little ones happy at Christmas time. They are the special friends of the Christian child, and it is well to be able to entertain the king's friends if not the gink himself.

It does the world good to open its doors and take in the season's greetings. Business goes on all the happier because there is a warm, charitable feeling in a man's soul toward his employer or employees or acquaintances. We are all so busy we are apt to forget to be considerate, forgiving and kind. It is well to let the brain rest and allow the heart to rule sometimes, or men may lose the faculty of loving and being charitable.

Centuries of experience have proven that it is well to make a clearing house of the season, to square accounts by wiping off all the old grudges and settling old quarrels and listening once again to the message of peace and good will. Anger and malice never gave a man happiness; nothing but forgiveness and charity can do that.—Lubbock Avalanche.

The members of Henry Ford's peace party quarreled among themselves while enroute to Europe, and some of them have sulked and quit the ship. It was ever thus among reformers and cranks—they are eternally fighting among themselves. Many a needed reform movement has



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gone onto the rocks and been destroyed because of the scrapping between the reformers on the difference between "twiddle-de-de and twiddle-de-dum.—Plainview News.

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.

Labor Leaders Become Grafters.

From recent developments in Chicago it seems that Union Labor men in that city have been reaping a harvest of graft at the expense of contractors, and their own fellow members.

It is claimed that a bunch of grafters have been in a habit of calling the contractor asked for the cause of complaint they would allege that non-union material was being used, or some other flimsy reason and tell the contractor to call at a certain place and settle the matter. The contractors usually had to pay \$500 and could then go on with his work. If he refused his buildings were broken up and wrecked. The grand jury has taken the matter up and 54 union labor agitators have been indicted.

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Owens Section Long Time.

C. N. Harrison discovered Friday that one section of land in Randall county has been owned by one person since Aug. 12, 1875. The section is in the north part of the county and was patented by Clara L. Lieb, who lives in Greenfield, Ohio. She has owned the land continuously and paid the taxes regularly. She is now a married woman and in making an abstract for the property it was neces-

sary to send to Ohio for the marriage licenses. This property has probably been under the same ownership longer than any other section in the Panhandle.

Dr. Brooks Resigns.

Waco, Dec. 18.—Dr. S. P. Brooks, who has been president of Baylor University here for the past thirteen years, has resigned. The following letter from him was made public Saturday afternoon.

"Hon. Pat. M. Neff, president of the Board of trustees of Baylor University, Waco, Texas:

"Dear Sir and Brother: For thirteen years I have served Baylor University in my present position. It is my pleasure to acknowledge with grateful appreciation the constant and cordial assistance you and your colleagues of the board have rendered me. As is known to you through newspaper announcements, I am now a candidate for the United States senate. In consideration of this fact I hereby tender you my resignation as president of Baylor University to take effect Jan. 1, 1916, or at as early a date thereafter as is possible.

"Very sincerely, S. P. BROOKS."
According to Chairman Neff, a meeting of the board of trustees of Baylor will probably be held some time next week, when Dr. Brooks' resignation will be considered. At that time his successor may be elected.

Real Music.

"Are you fond of music?" asked Miss Oldgirl.
"Not very," replied Mr. Oldbach, "but I prefer it to popular songs,"—Cincinnati Inquirer.

Thomas-Auld Wedding.

Miss Mollie Thomas and Olin Auld were married Friday in Amarillo. Miss Thomas is the daughter of Mr.

and Mrs. A. G. Thomas and has lived in this city since childhood. She has been one of the efficient telephone operators until recently. Mr. Auld was born in this city, but removed with his parents to Mangum, Okla., a few years ago. For the past four years he has been in the navy. They are spending the holidays in the city before definitely locating in their future home. Their many friends in Canyon extend congratulations.

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Of two evils we are apt to choose the one we enjoy most.

Some people never even express an opinion without sending it collect.

A pessimist is a person who would look for splinters in a club sandwich. Some people are so unfortunate that they can't even tumble into luck without hurting themselves.

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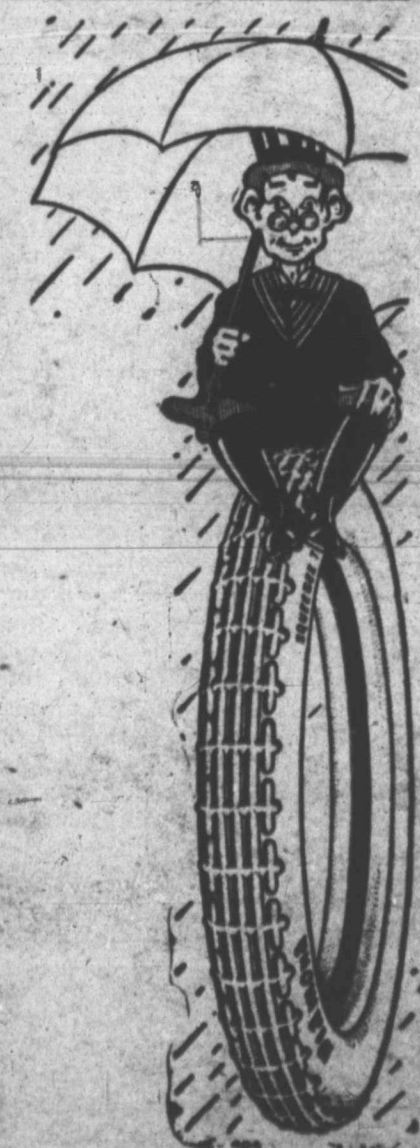
30 x 3 Non-Skid	\$ 9.45
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32 x 3 1-2 "	14.00
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DUG THE GRAVE FOR HIMSELF

Tragic Incident of the Battlefield Sent From the Front by a German Officer.

Capt. H. Rohrmeter of the One Hundred and Forty-first German reserve infantry regiment writes from the front in the Champagne:

"After a thunderstorm I took a walk behind our lines, to dry my uniform on my body. I visited a small cemetery where many of our soldiers are buried. In the little graveyard I found the chaplain of our regiment saying prayers over the body of a very young hussar. Four old landsturmern were silently digging a grave.

"After the hussar was buried the chaplain begged the landsturmern to dig a reserve grave, but only one of them consented and went to work again. He was a small farmer from Baden and the father of a large family. While he worked he told me that he had three sons at the front and two of them had already earned the iron cross. 'Some jolly young fellow will soon be in the ditch that I have made,' he said sadly, after he had finished his job.

"The next morning I came to the cemetery again. Ten or twelve soldiers were standing around the new grave in silent prayer while the chaplain pronounced a benediction. When I stepped nearer I saw that the body which had just been lowered into the earth was that of my landsturmern. The poor man had dug his own grave. During the night a French shell had torn him to pieces."

FIGHT WELL WITHOUT MEAT

Vegetarian Troops in the Armies of France Conceded to Have Made Splendid Record.

One of the best fighters in the French firing line is the Algerian, who is, practically speaking, a vegetarian.

His usual food consists of wheat and dates, oil and milk, and beyond that figs, oranges, eggs, cheese and vegetables of all kinds.

It is only twice a month at the most that France's North African troops at home eat meat, and that is when a goat or a lamb is killed, and then the whole village takes part.

Even now, while serving in France, the Algerians feed practically on nothing but dates and wheat porridge mixed with oil.

These troops are the finest of all African soldiers. They live in an extremely rocky country, and are accustomed to enduring long fatiguing climbs from the very earliest infancy. They are able, in fact, to outmarch any European troops, and to do it on much less food.

All able-bodied men in Algeria are compelled to serve three years in the French active army, and seven in the reserve. At war strength the Algerian troops number over a hundred thousand.

Gospel and Literature Lots.

An interesting memory of old New York, when church and state still had closer relations than now, is recalled by the supreme court's decision on the "gospel, school and literature lots" in the Adirondack forest preserve, the Springfield (Mass.) Republican states. These lots were set aside in various townships by act of the legislature in 1786 to be retained and devoted to promoting the gospel and literature. The lots were patents to the Sacketts Harbor & Saratoga Railway company in 1856, and returned to the state in 1891 by the Everton Lumber company. The supreme court's decision denies title to the land claimed by various squatter occupants and affirms the state's ownership of it.

Something to Do.

Senator Lodge was talking in Washington about a dull summer resort. "I know a man," he said, "who took a cottage there last summer to please his wife.

"This cottage," the agent said impressively, during the signing of the lease, "is just a stone's throw from the station."

"Good," said the man. "That will give us something to do on the long summer evenings."

"Yes?" said the agent with a puzzled smile. "Yes? How so?"

"It will give us something to do, I said, on summer evenings," the man explained. "We can sit on the front porch and throw stones at the train!"

The Nobel Fortune.

The decision of the Nobel company to quadruple their capital may recall how a lucky accident laid the foundation of the Nobel fortunes. Alfred Nobel was assisting in his father's factory at Stockholm in the manufacture of nitro-glycerin, when one fatal day in 1867 he discovered that a cask had leaked and some of the nitro-glycerin became mixed with the siliceous sand used as packing. The trivial mishap suggested to him a method of preparing a safe and manageable explosive, and the result was dynamite.

"Silver Bullets."

Mr. Lloyd-George, whom learned Germans accuse of plagiarizing the expression "silver bullets" from a seventeenth century codex in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, probably took it from some Welsh legend about witches. It was an old belief that witches sometimes assumed the forms of hares. It was another old belief that hares which were not hares, but witches in disguise, were never hurt by ordinary bullets, and could be killed only with silver bullets.

Evidence.

A Kansas farmer, returning home late at night, saw a light moving about the farmyard. When he investigated he found a neighbor's farmhand carrying a lantern.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the farmer.

"Courtin', sir."

"Courtin'? Courtin' with a lantern? Huh, you fool, I never used a lantern when I went courtin'!"

"No, sir," replied the farmhand as he moved off, "we can all see you didn't."

The "Divine Sarah."

Among the Nation's Christmas presents will be Sarah Bernhardt, who announces that she is to sail for America on that day. She comes with a carefully chosen repertory, a heavy insurance on her life, a cupboard full of artificial legs, and a sincere desire to please.

Just the Thing.

Earnestbut Prosy Corner Orator—I want land reform. I want housing reform. I want educational reform.

Bored Voice—Chloroform.—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

AVOID MISTAKES

No Need to Experiment With Canyon Evidence at Hand.

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

Read this Canyon case:

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

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



The First State Bank

of Canyon

Extend Greetings of the season to to their good friends and patrons and wish to express appreciation for the business they have entrusted to us during the past year. With best wishes for a Prosperous and Happy New Year.

Christmas 1915

New Year 1916

"Pay up Week" Failed to Work Both Ways.

Last week was "pay up week" at Charlotte, a fact which was extensively advertised with the hope that everybody in the community would be able to square their debts at that time. A half dozen citizens who had more money coming than they actually owed took a chance and started the money in circulation, expecting it to come back with interest, but it seemed to become lodged somewhere, and the experience of paying up proved disastrous.—Portland Record.

He Meant Business.

Mrs. Bennett arrived at the conclusion that the attachment of Teddy Nolan, the policeman, for her cook must be investigated lest it prove disastrous to domestic discipline.

One morning she took Annie, the cook, to task regarding the matter. Annie admitted his attentions.

"Do you think he means business, asked Mrs. Bennett.

"Yes, mum, Oi t'ink so," replied Annie. "Anyway, he's begun to complain about my cookin', mum."—Judge.

Let Us Fill the Cook's Christmas Stocking

YOUR CHRISTMAS DINNER WILL BE THE BEST EVER

Try our cranberries, oranges, grapefruit, Malaga grapes, lemons, olive oil, cheese, canned goods and fancy groceries.

The very best coffees and teas.



CANYON GROCERY CO.



YOU ARE INVITED TO LOOK US OVER

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

JEWELRY JEWELRY JEWELRY

SEE OUR STOCK BEFORE YOU BUY

BURROUGHS AND JARRETT
"QUALITY NOT LIMITED"

Try a Want Ad in the News

EDWARD BUCHMANN PEERLESS BAKERY

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

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



You can't fool me—that's

White Swan Coffee

(Texas Roasted and Blended)

There is something about even the aroma of this delicious coffee that tells its tale of goodness. And when you taste it—well, you'll set down your cup with a great big sigh of joy and say, "Ah-h-h—there's the best cup of coffee I ever drank."

No wonder—the quality is there—selection, treatment, roasting, packing and a sincere desire to give you your money's worth in coffee produce that quality. You won't regret it if you

Make Your Next Coffee Order White Swan Coffee

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

WAPLES-PLATTER GROCER CO. (Wholesale Only)

Denison, Ft. Worth, Dallas, Amarillo, Bowie, Brownwood, Childress, Dalhart, Farwell, Garrettsville, Greenville, Heald, Lubbock, Marshall, Stamford, Texas and Ada, Okla.



Merry Christmas

We wish all our friends and customers a Merry Christmas, and a Most Prosperous New Year.

Canyon Lumber Co.

For Scalded Fingers.

Make a solution of baking soda and water, placed in a glass or some receptacle in which the fingers may be dipped readily. This will alleviate pain very quickly.

A lot of people are perfectly contented when they find they haven't

been more foolish than a lot of other people.

Old Song Re-twisted

The melancholy days have come, The saddest of the year, But we may help conditions some By smiling—'twould appear.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

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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

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Suggests That Committee Investigate W. J. Bryan.

Washington, Dec. 17.—Speeches for and against extensive military preparedness programs were made in the House today by two Republicans, Representatives Augustus P. Gardner of Massachusetts and Frank Mondell of Wyoming.

Mr. Gardner said he had not decided which preparedness plan he would support, but that as a member of the Ways and Means Committee he would vote for an appropriation for one of them. He had heard he said, that certain Democrats on the committee would oppose bills to finance army and navy increases.

"If anybody thinks," he shouted, "that by taking these Democrats who are opposed to the increase and adding to them the Republican members they can say, 'We will not vote for anything except an increase in the tariff,' they have got to count without Augustus."

Referring to proposed investigations of organizations for and against preparedness, Mr. Gardner declared the Committee on Rules to do its full duty should investigate William Jennings Bryan, among others, to determine whether he was making money out of his peace propaganda.

Reading from President Wilson's recent address to Congress and one he made a year ago, Mr. Mondell remarked that the Executive's views had changed greatly regarding preparedness.

He argued that the country need not coast defenses, not battleships.

Villa Gives Up Struggle.

El Paso, Texas, Dec. 18.—General Francisco Villa has given up as hopeless his struggle against the de facto government of Mexico, according to authoritative advices today from Chihuahua. The followers who still remained faithful to the man once all-powerful in Northern Mexico have been warned to "take care of themselves" and are said to be scattering in all directions. Many, it is said, are preparing to make their peace with the Carranza Government.

Villa, in addressing the council of war at which his determination to abandon the struggle was made public, is said to have declared that he would no longer sacrifice men needlessly. He is said to have urged to abandon the revolutionary movement by his staff and advisers, and also by his wife.

Just what the plans of the insurgent leader are have not been made clear, although he is said to have declared he would come to the United States if permitted, and if not permitted would go to Europe.

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.

President Wilson Married.

Washington, Dec. 18.—President Wilson and Mrs. Edith Galt were married at 8:30 o'clock tonight and left afterward to spend their honeymoon at Hot Springs, Va. The President and his bride traveled in a private car attached to a special train leaving Alexandria, Va., at 11:10 o'clock, which is due to arrive in Hot Springs tomorrow at 8:15 a. m. They went to Alexandria in an automobile, taking the train there to avoid a crowd at the depot in Washington.

At Hot Springs Mr. and Mrs. Wilson will live at the Homestead until after New Year's Day unless some development should necessitate the President's earlier return to the capital. Two of the White House automobiles have been sent on ahead and the couple expect to spend their honeymoon motoring, golfing and walking over the mountain trails. Besides the service guard, the party was accompanied by one stenographer. The President will keep in touch with the White House over special wires.

Because the hour of the wedding was known to comparatively few persons there was not a large crowd in the vicinity of the bride's home, although a large police guard had been provided.

All arrangements for the wedding ceremony were carried out perfectly, the President arriving at his bride's home soon after 8 o'clock and the remainder of the wedding party, which numbered less than thirty, following soon after. The ceremony was begun, as had been arranged, at 8:30 o'clock and was followed by a buffet luncheon.

Mrs. Wilson was married in the traveling gown she wore to the train.

Flashes.

Flattery is the salt we sprinkle on the best years of a pessimist's life are always behind him.

How Long Your Nails Grow.

The growth of an average finger nail is about one thirty-second of an inch a week, or nearly one and one-half inches in a year, so those aristocratic Chinese who proudly exhibit nails six to inches in length must have refrained from cutting them at least four to six years. Finger nails grow faster in the summer than in the winter. The nail on the middle finger grows faster than any of the others, and that of the thumb is slowest in growth. The nails of the right hand grow faster than those of the left hand. A nail is supposed to reach its full growth in about four and a half months and at this rate a man seventy years old would have renewed his nails 262 times. On each finger he would have grown nine feet of nail, or on all his fingers and thumbs no less than 90 feet of nail.—St. Louis Republic.

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

Slaton, Slatonite—The commercial printing department of the country newspaper office is one of the most important sources of revenue, and without job printing there are many country newspapers which would have to go out of business. A local newspaper does advertising every year for its town and even for the business men individually for which the paper never receives a cent of pay. The paper doesn't expect any pay directly for this publicity expense item, but the patrons can reciprocate by giving the newspaper all the job work that their business requires. We have often thought that the last thing we would want to do for a living would be to solicit printing for a mail order printing house. The solicitor for a mail order printing house takes away the revenue that is the country shop's meal ticket; he never spends a cent in the town, while the editor of the home paper spends all his earnings in his home town. The pay roll of the home paper supports two, three or more families who spend their earnings in the town they live in. The solicitor of a mail order printing house thinks of a town only enough to speculate: "How much money can I get out of that burg to take away with me?"

The Week in History.

- Monday, Dec. 20.—South Carolina seceded, 1860.
- Tuesday, Dec. 21.—Savannah captured, 1864.
- Wednesday, Dec. 22.—Embargo on U. S. ships, 1807.
- Thursday, Dec. 23.—Washington resigned commission, 1783.
- Friday Dec. 24.—Fort Fisher Stormed, 1864.
- Saturday, Dec. 25.—The Children's Day Every year.
- Sunday, Dec. 26.—Major Anderson occupied Sumpter, 1860.

Elbert Bede Says.

Quite often friendship ceases at the hymenal altar.

There are liars, and liars, and liars, and political prognosticators.

There's no reason to be afraid of the devil. He can do nothing unaided.

It's funnier how much funnier a joke seems sometimes if it is on someone else.

Living at the foot of an active volcano would prove tame sport to some married men.

Quite often it turns out that in the long run things that are given you cost you the most.

It is unreasonable to expect women to listen to both sides of a proposition. She can't stop talking that long.

Many a man imagines that if he hadn't raised a family he would be wealthy—but usually he is mistaken.

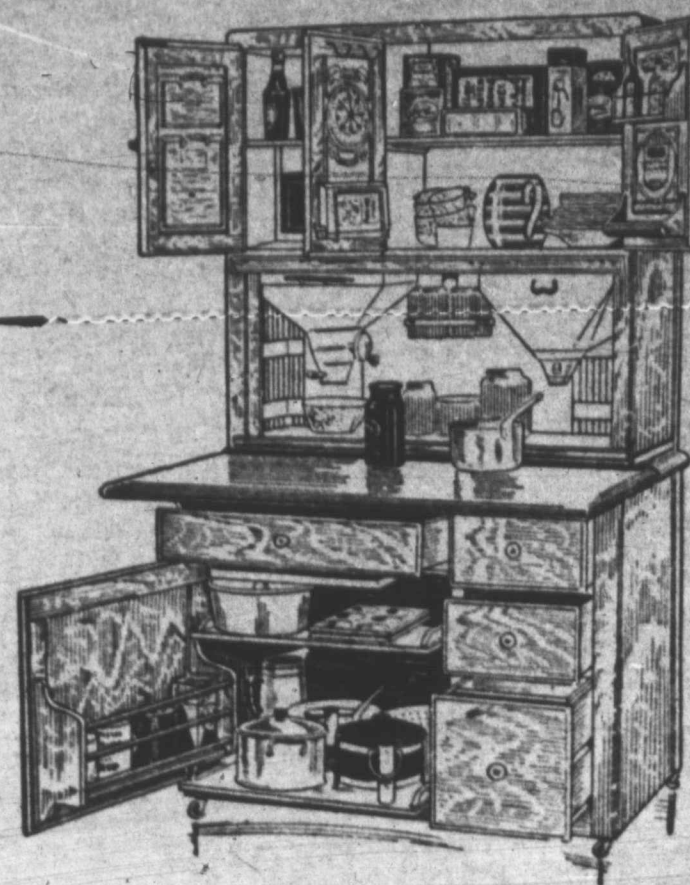
The most heroic deeds never become public property—and let it be used that the most heroic part of a heroic deed is not to brag about it. Some male devils desert angels of wives while other husbands live apparently contented with wives that would drive Satan out of purgatory.

If the Creator regulated things according to the rules of supply and demand, think of the number of other people who would have never been born.

The appendix is removed because it is useless. If all useless parts of the human anatomy were to be removed some folks would have nothing but a mouth and a gall bladder.

If you would not be a burden to others in old age, do not allow your brain to become inactive; for the moment you do that you begin to become helpless. The old person with the use of his mind is a joy to the children and never lacks for a whole-hearted welcome from them.

PUT THE NEW HOOSIER CABINET IN YOUR KITCHEN



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

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

L. T. DAVAULT

Learn a Little Every Day.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

The first newspaper was published in England in 1588, and the first advertisement appeared in 1652.

The Sahara desert contains twenty oases, inhabited by wandering tribes, who lived chiefly by plundering.

Ondia is larger than all the Pa-

cific states and contains about four times as many inhabitants as the United States.

The great fire in London commenced on Sept. 2, 1866 and burned three days, destroying 13,200 houses.

The longest verse in the Bible is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther, the shortest is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of John.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.

FOR PRIVATE SALE

Having decided to quit farming I will offer my entire herd of Norman mares for sale:

15 head of Norman mares, bred to Registered Norman stallions.

15 mules, coming 2 and 3 years.

10 head of weaning, 7 mules, 3 horses.

1 Percheron registered black, coming 5 year old stallion.

3 Jacks, coming 3 to 8 years.

2 Hereford bulls, 3 years old.

1 fresh Jersey cow, 6 years old.

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

J. P. ANDERSON

INSURANCE

Fire, Tornado, Hail, Automobile,

Burglar, Plate Glass, Bonds, Life,

Health, Accident.

None but the best companies, represented.

J. E. Winkelman

WHY YOU ARE NERVOUS

The nervous system is the alarm system of the human body. In perfect health we hardly realize that we have a network of nerves, but when health is ebbing, when strength is declining, the same nervous system gives the alarm in headaches, tiredness, dreamful sleep, irritability and unless corrected, leads straight to a breakdown. To correct nervousness, Scott's Emulsion is exactly what you should take; its rich nutrients gets into the blood and rich blood feeds the tiny nerve-cells while the whole system responds to its refreshing tonic force. It is free from alcohol. Scott & Bower, Bloomfield, N. J.

LOCAL NOTES.

HAPPY HOUR will have the Craddock Rule pictures the balance of the week dock Rule Stock Co. in connection with at popular prices, 15c and 25c.

"Red" Haney, a former student in the Normal, but now a teacher in the Miami schools is spending the vacation in the city.

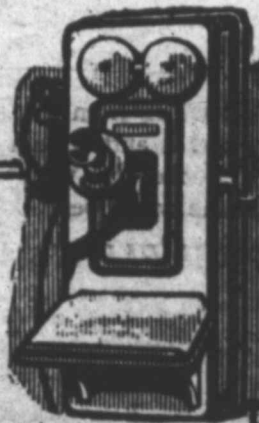
Too busy to write many photo ads. You can get photos at lowest rates for months. Lushy Studio.

Mrs. F. M. Wilson left yesterday for Maltavend, Mo., where she will spend the holidays with her mother and sisters.

CRADDOCK RULE STOCK CO., of eight people will show successful comedy dramas in connection with the regular pictures at the **HAPPY HOUR** the balance of the week, commencing Thursday, Dec. 23rd at Holiday prices 15c and 25c.

Tom Lowery spent Tuesday in the city with his friends. He was on his way home from Artisia, N. M., where he assisted Rev. F. M. Neal in a revival meeting. He reports 175 conversions in two weeks.

COME TO CANYON TO LIVE.



Your Bell Telephone and PARCELS POST

Constitutes a partnership that should work out uncommonly good results, since City shops are brought conveniently close to the country customer, and city people may obtain from the country the various products of the farm.

BELL TELEPHONE SERVICE

provides the means for placing the orders, and delivery can be made at your door by Parcels Post promptly, and at slight cost.



THE SOUTHWESTERN TELEGRAPH & TELEPHONE COMPANY.

The Coal Man is talking To You

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

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

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

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

S. A. Shotwell
Phone 4

LOCAL NEWS.

Miss Minnie Hutchings will give a demonstration of the Fletcher Music Method on Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 2:30 p. m. at the residence of Prof. E. F. King. Those interested are cordially invited to attend.

Our grain bins are bulging. Europe is buying our wheat, corn, provisions, horses, supplies, in fact everything as fast as it can be loaded on ships. Our Bank Vaults of this country hold one quarter of the gold of the World. Let us **WAKE UP—TAKE COURAGE. BUILD YOU A HOME** Canyon Lumber Co.

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Mayne returned Saturday from Wills Point where they had spent two weeks with Mrs. Mayne's sister, who is very ill.

Mrs. W. E. Bates left Saturday for Amarillo where she spent a few days with her daughter, Mrs. E. J. Witt. From there she goes to Collin and Hunt counties to make an extended visit with her children. She will also visit her brother in Fannin county and a sister in Grayson county.

The barber shops will be open until 10 o'clock Friday night and until 11 o'clock Christmas morning.

J. W. Reid left yesterday for Dallas where he will spend the holidays with his family.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Gentry arrived Sunday from Oklahoma and will live on the Wallace farm southeast of the city which he recently leased.

BOUGHT AND PAID FOR. A society drama in four acts will be presented at the **HAPPY HOUR** Theatre Thursday night in connection with the Great Feature Picture, **GRAFT.**

Mrs. Hearn and Miss Mary Grundy have gone to Kansas City to spend the holidays with Mr. Grundy.

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

Dr. E. E. Robinson preached at the Methodist church Sunday night and Monday morning held the first quarterly conference.

Mrs. Hutchinson fell at her home in the west end Friday and sustained very painful injuries.

For Christmas books and bibles, phone 57R2, or address P. O. box 133.

Mrs. A. D. Dooley is visiting in San Antonio.

Mrs. Ackley and children left Sunday for Waxahachie where they will spend the holidays.

Mr. Payne, manager of the **HAPPY HOUR** theatre will give the people of Canyon the best of amusements at the lowest prices possible, and believe him as his announcements are on the level. If quality and quantity counts he will win.

Miss Dehn closed her season's work in the millinery department of the Supply Saturday and left Sunday for her home at Walnut Springs.

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

Mrs. C. R. Burrow and Dorothy left Tuesday for Henrietta where they will spend the holidays. Mr. Burrow will join them for Christmas day.

The **PORTER** of the **HAPPY HOUR** Mr. Payne, is arranging special music treat for his show this week. Prof. Winans, the orchestra leader, and Mr. Ralph Smith, our notable trap drummer, are getting better as well as the pictures.

Miss Swigert left Wednesday for El Paso where she will spend the holidays.

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

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

LOCAL NEWS.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Shearer Friday.

Mrs. J. E. Winkelman was in Amarillo Friday.

Photos at thirty five cents per dozen and up. Lushy Studio.

Lysle Holland returned Sunday from Dallas where he has been attending school. He will spend the holidays in the city.

Amiel Albers left Monday for Nebraska where he will spend the holidays. He will be married Christmas, and with his bride will return to their home east of the city.

Fish and oysters, and dressed turkeys, at Vetesk Market, phone 12.

Miss Nash left Saturday for her home in Dennison to spend the holidays.

Miss Mc Gill left Saturday to spend the holidays at her home in Austin.

Don't fail to see **WILTON LACK-AYE** in the **MAN OF SHAME** and **CRADDOCK RULE STOCK CO.** in **TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE** Saturday night at prices that will suit you.

Messrs. Eldred, Charlie and Jack Smith accompanied by their sister, Mrs. Dauthit and her three children from Owensboro, Ky., passed through Canyon Friday and visited at the A. B. Ellis home. They were enroute to their future home in New Mexico and had made the 1500 mile trip in two weeks in the car.

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

Miss Iva M. Buie was the recipient this week of some beautiful flowering plants and cut flowers from a floral house in Kansas City, in appreciation of her assistance in adjusting business matters for the company—Contributed

See Harbison for moving van, draying, baggage, and house moving. Prompt and reliable service. 1t

Miss Thelma McGee is spending this week with relatives in Tulsa.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. King left yesterday for Pontotoc, Okla., where they will spend the holidays with Mrs. King's mother.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. M. Hess near Umbarger Friday.

I do all kinds of light hauling on quick notice. J. A. Harbison, phone 101. 1t

If you have Christmas visitors, be sure to tell the News about them.

The Canyon Choral Club will not meet next Tuesday night on account of so many of the members being out of the city.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Reid of Gerym will arrive this week to spend Christmas at the parental T. F. Reid home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Compton of Portales, N. M., arrived today to spend the holidays at the parental B. T. Johnson home.

I am in a position to handle all kinds of custom work with gas outfit. Phone 70-R-13. Elmer R. Wilson. 394

F. P. Guenther was in Lubbock the first of the week attending teachers institute.

Mrs. McVickers of Plainview is visiting at the Dooley home.

Mrs. W. P. Lamar is visiting at the parental Henson home.

Mr and Mrs. Hicks of Clarendon are visiting at the parental Knight home.

Carmen: What is the eighth wonder of the world?
Dorothy: It must be a dozen photos for only thirty five cents.

H. E. Taylor left Monday for his home near Lamesa where he will spend the holidays.

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

Miss Ritchie left today for Mineral Wells to spend the holidays.

Why be troubled with dirty gasoline when Guthrie has thoroughly filtered his before selling it to you. The price is right. 1t

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE

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

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

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

For Sale—One span of good work horses. J. A. Harbison. 1t

For Sale—All my house plants and one Jubilee Roller Canary. Mrs. S. B. Lofton. 1t

Good pasture adjoining town. Wheat grass and straw stacks. Phone 57, or P. O. box 133. 1t

For Sale—Few young White Holland turkey males. Very fine. Must be sold before Xmas. Mrs. R. L. Greer. 38p2

For trade—42 lots in an up-to-date town in Missouri for Canyon property. Parties interested call at Peerless Bakery, Canyon, Texas. dec. WANTED

Wanted—To buy kafir and maize heads. D. N. Redburn. 1t

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

Wanted to Trade—Good pony for good milk cow. B. Frank Buie. 1t

LOST

Stayed—Coming two year old male or steer, white faced, branded, half circle around the tail. G. K. Ward, Hereford. 1t

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

The very best grade of carbon paper—both typewriter and pencil—at the News office. The price is lower and the quality as good as any mail order printing house will furnish you.

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

Garrett-Secor Wedding.

Miss Anetia Garrett and H. A. Secor were married in Oklahoma City a month ago today, but their marriage was kept a secret until this week. Miss Garrett is the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Garrett and grew to young ladyhood in this city. She has a large circle of friends who are extending congratulations. She is one of the efficient operators in the telephone exchange in Canyon. Mr. Secor was employed as linesman in Canyon until recently when he was transferred to Amarillo.

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

Short Snatches from Everywhere.

Too late now to do your Christmas hinting early.—St Louis Globe Democrat.

Good roads are more to be desired than great riches.—Phoenix (Ariz.) Gazette.

Maybe you also have wondered whether the peace ship too toots or honk honks.—Dallas News.

Some men owe their success to their ability to pick out competent subordinates.—Albany Journal.

Efficiency is also done no-ceathed—Efficiency is also not making yourself so much work you can't get it done.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Some day we're going to write a scorching satire called: *Monkeys and some other human beings*—Los Angeles Tribune.

Some men are so used to being called liars that they do not mind it any more.—You probably know a few.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

TRY A WANT AD IN THE NEWS

Star Barber Shop

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



CHRISTMAS IS COMING FAST. IN ALMOST NO TIME IT WILL BE HERE. OUR FINE LINE OF GOODS AND OUR LOW PRICES WILL AGAIN MAKE A 'RUSH' OF BUYING IN OUR STORE.

LET US ADVISE YOU NOT TO PUL OFF YOUR CHRISTMAS BUYING ANY LONGER. COME THIS WEEK SO YOU CAN CHOOSE IN COMFORT WHAT YOU NEED.

IF YOUR MIND IS NOT MADE UP COME TO US; FOR WHAT YOU SEE WILL HELP YOU MAKE YOUR CHOICE. DON'T WAIT; BUY NOW.

WE WISH TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO THANK EACH BF OUR CUSTOMERS AND FRIENDS FOR THE BUSINESS GIVEN US FOR THIS PASSING YEAR. WE HOPE TO BE ABLE TO SERVE YOU BETTER FOR THE COMING YEAR THAN HERETOFORE. WE WILL CONTINUE THE SAME OLD POLICY. "THE BEST QUALITY FOR THE LEAST MONEY." WISHING YOR A MERRY XMAS. A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

REDFEARN & CO.



Miss Jane Lambe, leading lady of the Craddock Rule Stock Company, at the Happy Hour Theatre Thursday, Friday and Saturday this week

LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. H. W. Geller returned Monday from Philadelphia where she spend a number of weeks with Mr. Geller's brother who has been ill.

Any one wishing tractor work done see Roffey & McGahey. 1t

B. F. Fronabarger Jr. is visiting at the parental home, spending the holidays from his school work at Matador.

Miss Denman will spend the holidays in Kansas City.

Miss Sadie Winkelman is home from her school at Matador to spend the holidays.

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

Pres. E. B. Cousins left Friday for a trip over the south plains where he will attend a number of teachers institutes.

H. W. Stilwell left yesterday to join his wife at Dallas to spend the holidays.

The Canyon Chapter of the E. O. S. will meet at the Masonic hall tonight. All members are urged to be present.

Bob Stratton has a new Maxwell car.

I am in a position to handle all kinds of custom work with gas outfit. Phone 70-R-13. Elmer R. Wilson. 39t4

Mrs. Grady Holland returned Friday from a visit with her mother at Vernon.

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

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

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

From the Business Men of Canyon

<p>Smile! This advice is worth a pile— Beats ter blazes strikin' ile; When yer blood beginster bile, Jes' you smile! We wish you a Merry Christmas CITY PHARMACY The REXALL Store</p>	<p>A MAGIC CURE Are you awfully tired with play, little girl; Weary, discouraged and sick? I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world— Do something for somebody quick. STAR BARBER SHOP Shop opened until 10 o'clock Friday night and until 11 on Christmas morning.</p>	<p>DON'T GET SORRY FER YERSELF Don't you go and get sorry for yourself. That's one thing I can't stand in nobody. There's always lots of other folks you can be sorry for 'sted of yerself. Ain't you proud you ain't got a hairlip? Why, that one thought is enough to keep me from ever gittin' sorry fer myself. Mrs. Wiggs. O. A. MAY MERRY CHRISTMAS—With thanks and best wishes</p>	<p>"Come to us, Xmas, good old day, Soften us, cheer us, say your say." GUTHRIES GARAGE</p>
<p>Smile! Let the other feller cuss; I'aint your business to make a fuss; You can clear away the muss With a smile J. M. GIBSON Second Hand Store, South East Corn- er of the Square</p>	<p>"Let me live in my house by the side of the road, Where the race of men go by— They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong, Wise, foolish, So am I. Then why should I sit in the scorners seat, Or hurl the cynic's bow? Let me live in my house by the side of the road, And be a friend of man, PALACE HOTEL</p>	<p>And keep at eve the faith of morn, But they who do their souls no wrong, Shall daily hear the angel's song: "Today the Prince of Peace is born!" J. W. BATES The Tailor Phone 248</p>	<p>In assuring you of our appreciation for the business you have entrusted to us the past year, we extend our most hearty thanks. We wish you a Very Happy Christmas and may the New Year be one many bright and pros- perous years to follow. VARIETY STORE</p>
<p>Smile! When things go tarnation wrong Buck your courage with a song: Luck can't lose you very long Ef you smile. With compliments of the season NORMAL BARBER SHOP East Side of Square</p>	<p>"Now we'll raise the brimming glass on high And as the chimes are ringing Toast our friends tho far or nigh, While wintry winds are singing." CITY RESTAURANT, P. D. CASEY, Proprietor</p>	<p>"Since Eve ate apples much depends on dinner," also much depends upon a reliable transfer company. Phone 101 for HARBISON</p>	<p>"Deck the world from pole to pole And garland it and wreath it; Mistletoe above the whole— Then kiss the world beneath it!" J. D. GAMBLE TRANSFER</p>
<p>If you haven't a pull, Come up, We've got 'em. S. L. INGHAM Dentist</p>	<p>CHRISTMAS DINNER— "Unvexed with thoughts of want which may betide, Or for tomorrow's dinner provide, This night at least, with me forget your care." YATES CAFE</p>	<p>TO OUR CUSTOMERS— We take this opportunity to thank you all for the very nice business you have given us the past year, and hope that the 1916 business with you will show a substantial gain. With compliments of the Season, we beg to remain, Yours very truly, THE NEW SECOND HAND STORE S. H. Wright</p>	<p>Fish don't bite just for wishin'; Keep a pullin'! Change your bait and keep on fishin' Keep a pullin'! Luck ain't nailed to any spot; Men you envy, like as not, Envy you your job and lot! Keep a pullin'! J. E. WINKELMAN Insurance</p>
<p>Let the howlers' howl, And the growlers' growl, And the powlers' powl, And the gee-gaws go it; Behind the night there is plenty of light, And things are all right— And we know it. HUGHES TRANSFER</p>	<p>"Ring out, O bells, 'Tis Christmas Day, The Christ-child, comes adown this way, And when'er He comes 'tis a King's birthday." LUSBY PHOTO STUDIO</p>	<p>"Noah was six hundred years old before he knew how to build an ark—don't lose your grip." J. R. HARTER, THE OLD BULL MOOSER.</p>	<p>"Some have little, some have less, Some have not a cent to bless Their empty pockets, yet poses True riches in true happiness." I am still smiling. It does me good to see you enjoy one more Christmas. D. N. REDBURN.</p>
<p>With the best of all good wishes for Christmas and the coming year C. O. KEISER</p>	<p>A nice, easy exercise for Christmas day is that of counting the change you have left. It can generally be done with one hand. You'll have money left every time if you have purchased your Christmas candies from me. W. F. KING</p>	<p>MERRY CHRISTMAS, and a HAPPY NEW YEAR We appreciate the business you have given us during 1915 and trust that we may be able to fill your needs during 1916. S. A. SHOTWELL</p>	<p>CHRISTMAS GREETINGS— We are thankful for the patronage you have given us during the past year and trust that our work has been so satisfactory that we may count on you for 1916. BROWN'S REPAIR SHOP</p>
<p>The Baltimore Hotel will continue under the present management for the New Year. We thank you for your past patronage and trust that you will continue during 1916 to make our Hotel your Hotel. A Merry Christmas to one and all. BALTIMORE HOTEL</p>	<p>May your Christmas be very merry, your New Year very prosperous "Reflect upon your present blessings of which man has many; not on your past misfortunes of which men have some." We thank you for the business you have given us and trust you will call upon us whenever you need anything in our line. E. S. HANCOCK & SONS TIN SHOP</p>	<p>"Chris'mas is a kind iv gin'ral holiday that ivry wan seems apart iv."—Mr. Dooley. May your Christmas be very happy. FLESHER & FLESHER</p>	<p>With Sincere Good Wishes for a Very Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year. RANDALL COUNTY NEWS</p>

A Merry Christmas To One and All



GEORGE BRONSON HOWARD

GRAFT

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

THIRD EPISODE

The Traction Trust

Suggested by
 GEORGE BRONSON HOWARD,
 Author of "Snobs," "God's Man," Etc.

SYNOPSIS.

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

Bruce Larnigan is decoyed to an evil resort in an effort to frame him up. He beats the conspirators by having the police commissioner present. A fire starts in a tenement across the way. Larnigan saves the children of Dow, one of the conspirators. This man agrees to expose the trust. He is murdered by the gang.

BRUCE LARNIGAN'S crushing defeat of the tenement house trust, resulting in the murder by the graft syndicate itself of Anton Dow, who was about to give Bruce evidence against the fifteen, served to show Stanford Stone and the remaining members of the graft syndicate that in Bruce they faced a foe far more dangerous to them than his murdered father had ever been.

Stanford Stone, the secret head of the powerful graft syndicate, had despised Bruce in the beginning. Now he was beginning to fear him. And the fact that he was in love with Dorothy Maxwell, the girl who was Bruce's fiancée, only increased his determination to get rid of Bruce.

It was impossible for Stanford Stone to work in the open. It seemed to him vitally important to hold secret his own connection with the graft syndicate. Even Bruce Larnigan was so far from suspecting it that after the death of Anton Dow he confided many of his plans for the future to Stone.

"Dow's death is unfortunate," he told Stone. "He was a villain, but he was about to turn over a new leaf. He would have been a useful witness too. However, I have other irons in the fire. I am more and more convinced that all the graft in this city runs ultimately to a central spot; that one man dominates all the corrupt elements. I can't strike at any particular form of graft, no matter what it may be, without weakening that great central power."

"That sounds reasonable," said Stone sympathetically.

"Now, for instance," said Bruce, "I am planning to look into the opera-



Dorothy Picked Up the Dictaphone Receiver.

dions of the traction trust. I am convinced that whole organization is riddled with graft and that the city is being looted right and left in connection with the new subways. I haven't got all my evidence yet, but I'm going after it. And I may need your help."

"I am at your service," said Stone. "As I've told you before, I feel, as a public spirited citizen, that it is my duty to uphold you in the fight you have undertaken."

But no sooner was Stone alone than his face was transformed and twisted by hate and malice. Without delay he sent for Amos Black, one of his confidential agents. He told Black that Larnigan must be killed.

Black was one of a number of characters of the underworld through whom Stone worked at times.

Through men and women known to him he got into touch with Bruce Larnigan's chauffeur. This man, seemingly respectable and actually faithful enough to Bruce, had a dark spot in his life. Black managed to learn of this and so got the man Bonner into his grip. He arranged to have Bonner drive Larnigan through the park while gunmen were planted there.

Stanford Stone by means of a dictaphone was able to keep in close touch with Black's movements, since he never for a moment trusted Black. On the day after his conversation with Bruce, however, Stone, listening over the dictaphone, nodded with approval. Bruce he knew was coming to see him. Afterward Bonner should be able to take him through the park. And then the graft syndicate's most dangerous enemy would be removed!

Bruce arrived while Black was still discussing his plans. With him was Dorothy Maxwell.

"We're not really together, Mr. Stone," she said gayly. "I'm looking for papa. I thought he might be here."

"I'm sorry he isn't, Miss Dorothy," said Stone. "But if you'll call up Boyd Penrose's office I think you'll get him. I'll take Larnigan outside while you telephone."

Dorothy smiled her thanks. She was left alone and by pure accident picked up the dictaphone receiver. To her horror and amazement she heard Black giving the final orders for Bruce's murder. Her heart almost stopped, but she managed to control herself and heard enough to put her in possession of all the details of the plot. Then, schooling her features, she went out and joined Bruce and Stone.

"I think I'll go straight home. I can't reach papa," she said. "Coming, Bruce?"

He nodded a farewell to Stone and went down with her. At the curb she seized his arm.

"Bruce, where are you going?" she asked tensely.

"To see an old friend—Jim Stevens," he said. "He's a newspaper man, and we're going to pull off a stunt together."

"Let me take you there," she urged.

"Hence, Bruce! Send Bonner home alone. I want to show you how my new car runs."

He thought nothing of her request and was glad to yield. Bonner, startled and dismayed, saw what had happened, and at once, instead of going home as he was told to do, he hurried to Black.

"Damn!" said Black. "Well, we'll have to get those fellows and plant them near Larnigan's house. Come on; take me through the park. It's riskier, but that can't be helped."

Bonner obeyed. They hurried into the park, and at the fatal spot, as Black stood up, a volley rang out. The gun men had mistaken their employer for their victim. Black fell dead!

Meanwhile Dorothy had waited for Bruce during his talk with Stevens and had then driven him home. They found Mrs. Larnigan in tears. The holder of the mortgage on her house had arbitrarily refused to give her more time, and her lawyer had told her that he had found no one willing to take it up, good as was the security. Bruce saw in this a plot on the part of the fifteen to punish him. But Dorothy, without telling him of her intentions, determined to save him.

"Everything will come out all right," Dorothy assured Bruce.

She had some property of her own, and she went straight to her father and asked him to advance her a large sum on certain securities. He laughed as he did so, giving her the money in cash.

"What do you want it for?" he asked.

She told him, and, though she saw the startled look that came into his eyes, she did not know the reason nor that it was Roger Maxwell's insurance company that had threatened to foreclose on Mrs. Larnigan's house. Yet it was true—she had unwittingly deflected a plan concocted by her father and Stanford Stone.

Maxwell said nothing to Dorothy of the truth. Perhaps he dared not. Perhaps it was because just after he learned what she meant to do Bard Penrose, his old friend, and his daughter, Mabel, one of Dorothy's best girl friends, were announced. Penrose was head of the traction trust. He and Maxwell had many interests in common. And in the course of the talk the incident of the mortgage seemed to be forgotten.

It was the next day that Bruce and his friend, Jim Stevens, the reporter, went to work on the new subway, having decided that this was the best chance they had to secure first hand evidence of an incontrovertible sort against the trust. Nor were they wrong. In a very short time they discovered the truth of what they had suspected—that a city inspector was being bribed to pass an inferior grade of cement in the construction work.

"The graft in that might run to millions!" said Jim, appalled. "And the danger—my God! The whole thing might collapse at any minute."

"Get the facts down—and print them," said Bruce. "I'll stay here to get more evidence if I can. I don't think they suspect us yet."

Stevens obeyed. But at the office of his paper instead of being praised for his enterprise in securing a wonderful story he was bitterly attacked by his managing editor. Stevens had not known it hitherto, but his paper was a tool of the graft syndicate and was preparing at that moment to launch a bitter attack upon Bruce Larnigan. The story Stevens turned in was torn up. He himself was summarily discharged.

But that, as it turned out, was a false move. For it only aroused the fighting blood of Stevens. He went from newspaper to newspaper, until finally in the office of the Independent he found an editor with courage enough to face the consequences of defying the trust.

"They may smash us," he said, "but Larnigan is in the right, and we'll back him up. We'll begin by printing your story and putting you on our staff. Go out and get as much more stuff of this sort as you can."

A new danger threatened, however, for Stanford Stone had been in the office of Stevens' paper talking to the managing editor when the reporter made his report. Unseen by Stevens, he had heard everything and so knew that Bruce, in disguise, was working as a laborer in the subway. At once he saw a chance to crush his enemy. He went to Penrose, and the two concocted a new scheme for Bruce's destruction.

Bruce, suspecting nothing, was pleased by the praise that Kelly, ostensibly



"Everything will come out all right," said Dorothy.

the foreman of the work, but actually the personal representative and graft collector of Penrose, gave him for his work.

"Sure, an' you do well for a greenhorn," said Kelly. "I'll be after risin' your pay and givin' ye better work to do."

Bruce grinned his thanks. He was disposed to like Kelly and to believe that the man did not understand the rottenness of the work that was being done. Kelly, as was afterward to appear, was a good actor wasted on the job he held. He refused, in spite of Penrose's urgency, to be hurried.

"You'd be wantin' him to smell a rat," he said. "He's no fool, that lad. He takes careful handlin'—such as he gets from me. Leave it to me, Mister Penrose. I'll see that he goes to kingdom come. Leave it to Kelly!"

Day by day Kelly saw to it that Bruce got better work and more important to do. He praised him, encouraged him. And he did lull Bruce's suspicions, so that when at last he was ready to strike Bruce trusted him.

"It's time yez learned the blazin'! That's the work that pays!" said Kelly. "Take this dynamite cartridge, now, and carry it into the tunnel. The place to set it is marked wid a red cross. The hole the driller left is there. Ye see, ye carry the wire along. Then when yez come back ye report and make the contact—and blif! Aisy does it—see! Don't be droppin' that stick!"

Bruce obeyed, working his way into the tunnel. But above, when Kelly came out, Penrose was waiting by the electric switch.

"Aisy does it, sorr!" said Kelly. "Give him time to get the end and start back. Then I'll touch the switch—and good night Larnigan!"

"Splendid!" said Penrose. "Here, I must get my girls out. They're inspecting the work. I don't want them to take any chances."

Dorothy and Mabel, indeed, were near by. And Dorothy had recognized Bruce. She had an accomplishment that few of her friends suspected—she could read lips. And so, though out of hearing, she knew what Kelly and Penrose had said. At once she slipped into the tunnel after Bruce.

"Come quickly! There's a plot to kill you!" she screamed. "Drop that stick and run! Don't ask me how I know!"

Bruce obeyed. Together they ran for the street. And just as they got out of the tunnel there was a dull roar behind them. Bruce had escaped.

But the blast had unforeseen consequences. For the rotten cement gave way, the street fell in, and Bard Penrose, sitting in his automobile, was swept to his death.



There Should Be
MUSIC
 In Every Home On
 Christmas-Morning

If Christmas

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

Will Make 365 Holidays A Year

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

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

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

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

J. L. Henderson Piano Co.

609 Polk Street

Amarillo, Texas

Catching a Cold.

Anyone can catch a cold; even I, so fat and cold, that I can't, with all my power, go a pair of miles an hour—I can catch a cold with ease; just down and hear me sneeze. Stay a while, and hear me cough my old brindled whiskers off; take a chair upon the stoop, rest yourself and hear me whoop. I am always on my guard, in the house or in the yard, trying to prevent a cold from securing strange hold. I am muffled to the chin, to protect the works within; I avoid the slightest draft—for that means the doctor's graft. The thermometer I scan, on the every-minute plan. Some one leaves a door ajar, for a minute—there you are! I have caught another cold, and my anguish is untold. Some one's raised a window sash—someone thoughtless, fresh and brash, and the microbes of the

grip have your uncle on the hip! Seat yourself and hear me bark, like a bulldog in the park! Hear my bronchial tubes complain, like a windmill in the rain! Hear me whistle when I speak, mark me strangle when I shriek! Walt Mason.

Good and Bad Hyphens.

Keiser William has personally recalled Captain Boy-Ed and Captain Von Papen. Secretary Lansing has given Count Van Berstorff a clean bill of health in every particular and absolved him of any connection whatever with improper German activities in this country. David Lamar is known as the Gray Wolf of Wall street, and Lamar is said to have received between \$350,000 and \$400,000 of the German cash distributed by Captain Franz Rintelen. It was Captain Rintelen's duty to

divert shipments of munitions, to interfere with contracts, to embarrass manufacturers to interrupt the operations of huge plants, in short to hamper trade with the allies in every way possible.

The American agents of Rintelen, Boy-Ed and Von Papen, accepted their money and then double-crossed their employers.

There are hundreds of the agents of the allies in this country. These agents are not under secret service surveillance; they do as they please they go wherethey please and they invest money where they please. "Give the hyphenated hell!" appears to be the shibboleth of many of the neutral office holders of this nation. — Ft Worth Record.

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



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

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



Sold on easy Payments if Desired.

W. J. Satterwhite

609 Polk St.

"THE VICTOR MAN"

Amarillo, Texas



CONCERNING MY LANDS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

C. O. KEISER, CANYON, TEXAS