

CANYON CITY NEWS.

(THE STAYER.)

IF YOU ARE A PANHANDLER, HELP THE NEWS "PANHANDLE" FOR THE PANHANDLE OF TEXAS.

VOL VII.

CANYON CITY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1903.

NO. 7.

THE DEPARTMENT STORE.

The News had a chance to advertise one but refused, reserving our space for home institutions. The big department stores of Chicago and other cities, have very heavy expenses to meet and not the least among the items is the money spent in advertising alone, several of the big ones paying out hundreds of thousands of dollars, in this way. Relying almost wholly upon advertising, the business of these stores has grown until there is hardly a town or hamlet in Texas, but what can number among its citizens customers of some Chicago or New York house. They are even now a serious menace to the country merchant and will remain so until the country dealer gets onto and adopts to some extent the modus operandi of the catalogue concerns.

These big houses describe their wares in seductive language, giving prices and keep everlastingly at it, using barrels of printers ink, if need be to do it, thus attracting the very class of customers the country dealer most needs—those who pay cash.

This is not at all as it should be for the home merchant having none of the heavy expenses of the catalogue houses to meet, buying in many cases from the same sources, can sell, and no doubt will sell—he ought to—just as cheap as they do. Speaking from observation and experience we know, that in most instances, this is true.

Advertising generally, is well enough in its way; but it is a truthful description of goods and the giving of proper prices that get nearest to a wished-for customer's pocket book.

Since writing the above our attention has been called to the half page advertisement of a Hereford business house, which, after giving prices says:

"All we ask is a careful look through our stock and we will meet any legitimate competition—even down to Montgomery Ward & Co."

We feel sure they can do it and then make money and so can the business men of this town.

Stringfellow & Hume have closed out their business in this town, selling part of the goods to Donahoo-Ware Hardware Co. and shipping the balance to their Lubbock house. We still have two hardware houses in this city.—Plainview Herald.

An Aggravating Cough.

A customer of ours who had been suffering from a severe cough for six months, bought two bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy from us and was entirely cured by one and a half bottles of it. It gives satisfaction with our trade.—Haynes Parker & Co., Lineville, Ala. For sale by Thompson Drug Co.

THE PASSING OF THE PRETTY MAN.

(By Edith Sessions Tupper, in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.)

The pretty man is no longer the mode. The plain, even ugly, man is *comme il faut*. If you, sir, have a nose outrageously long or a mouth as deep and as wide as a church door, never despair. Some charming woman will murmur of you: "He is so adorably ugly."

Many of the famous gallants of history were hopelessly ugly—Montaigne, Dean Swift, Aaron Burr, Bothwell—none was handsome. Henry VIII, the most illustrious lady-killer of the world, was a big, fat man with gross face and revolting eyes. Every one who has read Hugo's "L'Homme Qui Rit" will recall the mad infatuation of the exquisite duchess for the mountebank who laughed with that appalling, eternal, blood curdling grin.

I know a man with a wooden leg, a nose like a tombstone and eyes the exact shade and expression of nice ripe gooseberries. But every woman who talks with him turns away saying: "Isn't he the most fascinating thing?"

A pretty man is very tiresome. He is inordinately conceited and self-satisfied. He expects all women to burn incense before him.

Do you fancy that sort of thing pleases the modern girl, who expects the sun to stand still at her bidding? She is so strong and self-poised herself, it must be a very strong man who compels her admiration. Strength and ugliness are likely to be joined in a man. The pretty man is, as a rule, weak and vacillating.

Then, too, the modern woman realizes the value of contrast. She knows her beauty is best enhanced when set off by the foil of ugliness. She understands she is never so radiant as when attended by an ugly cavalier. She loves to hear the murmur of "Beauty and the Beast" that follows her entrance into a crowded ballroom, escorted by a man with a face as hard as a spur of the Rocky mountains.

The Gibson man, with his bulldog jaw and wooden Indian face, was the pioneer of the ugly-man craze. Then Cyrano de Bergerac came along with his nose like a clothespin, and the day of the pretty man was over.

Beauty is woman's prerogative. When we see a beautiful man we resent his existence. What right has a man to a complexion of peaches and cream, I'd like to know? The impudence of him!

Hear what a famous belle says on this subject: "I have had love made to me by many men—tall men, short men, blonde men, dark men, delicate men, big, strong men. But never did I realize the possibilities of love-making until I met a certain frightfully ugly chap. His face

was dark and bore traces of smallpox and ravages of life. His eyes were ordinarily cold and insolent. His features were large and without the slightest pretense to Greek lines. But he was terribly in earnest and he possessed a heavenly voice.

"The handsome fellows who have made love to me have usually been preoccupied with their own attractions and their effect upon me. In the midst of a declamation I have seen them adjust a tie or steal a glance at the mirror.

"Not so my ugly man. He had no thought but me. I was the world, the universe, heaven to him. He realized his lack of physical charm and mingled with his deadly enthusiasm over me was a proud humility, infinitely touching and fascinating. He never bored me. He was always a man—strong, earnest, tender, terrible. He won me. I love him."

There, gentlemen, you see for yourselves. What the modern woman wants for a husband is a man—not a peacock.

FOR SALE.

Some good milch cows, 200 head of stock cattle, 5 registered Durham bulls, 6 grade bulls, cheap. Will sell for cash or on time, with good note. Also have some houses to rent at reduced rates. If you want to rent a house see me.

G. C. LONG.

The Editor Can't Fish.

While all nature is smiling in its new spring dress of verdant green and life in the lazy April days becomes irksome indoors, most all classes of trade can gratify the desire of getting out and can add to it the spice and attraction by taking their rod and reel and spending a few hours in the pleasant task of "going fishing" on some of our near by streams. But the editor, instead of being allowed the blessed privilege, must pore over his manuscript, and only takes time to hum the following:

Fishes in the brook,
Minnows on the hook;
Bacon good to cook,
Can't we just take a look
At the happy fisherman?

We've got no time to fish,
We've only time to wish
For a taste of his good dish,
And to hear his line say "swish"
When his cork a bobbin' goes.

Oh, happy fisherman:
Just take your fryin' pan,
And minners and worm can,
And trudge across the land
To a rippling water's edge.

We've got to write and sweat,
We'd like to go, you bet!
And on the bank to set
With boots and breeches wet,
But you are the only lucky dog!

This office has a 4x5 Cyclone Camera, tripod and general outfit—just the thing to take pictures of stock, to exchange for a wheel.

Vendor's Lien and other notes kept in stock.

PRICES THAT TALK

We have in our special cash sale of SHOES about 150 pairs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's shoes, also some very low prices in Gentlemen's BOOTS and SHOES.

Our Ladies' \$1.50 Slipper now	\$1.00.
Our Ladies' \$1.25 Slipper now	.75
Our Misses' \$1.00 Slipper now	.75
Our Misses' 75c Slipper now	.60

Come and let us show you the nicest line of Spring Hats in Canyon. While our sales have been beyond our expectation our line is still complete. Our stock of dry goods and Groceries will bear close inspection.

CANYON MER. COMPANY

Second Annual Commencement

OF THE

Canyon City High School,

Methodist Church, Monday Evening, May 4, 1903.

At 8:30 O'clock.

Commencement Sermon,

BY REV. J. E. STEPHENS,

C. P. Church, Sabbath Morning, May 3, 1903,

At 11 O'clock.

Program.

INVOCATION. Rev. J. D. Ballard.
MALE QUARTETTE, "Onward and Upward."
"DAY DREAMS," La Rose Christiana Bratton.
"UNWRITTEN BIOGRAPHIES," Leona A. Long.
PIANO SOLO, "Marche de Tambours," Mrs. M. J. Overhuls.
"The Value of Time," Deem B. McGue.
"School Life The Foundation of After Life," Mina Belle Shotwell.
MUSIC. String Band.
"THE SECRET OF SUCCESS," Mary Lou Wansley.
"ALL ARE ARCHITECTS OF FATE," Tom Frank Wilson.
ITALIAN CHORUS. High School.
"WHAT AN AMERICAN GIRL CAN DO" AND VALEDICTORY, Emma Columbia Redfern.
CLASS HISTORY AND PROPHECY.
PIANO SOLO, "Second Mazurka," Miss Pearl Gilliam.
CONFERRING DIPLOMAS. A. Ernberger.
CLASS SONG. Class.
BENEDICTION.

LA ROSE CHRISTIANA BRATTON,
EMMA COLUMBIA REDFERN,
LEONA ALBERTINE LONG,
MINA BELLE SHOTWELL,
MARY LOU WANSLEY,
TOM FRANK WILSON,
DEEM B. MCGUE.

CLASS COLORS: PINK AND WHITE.

CLASS MOTTO: DILIGENTIA OMNIA VINCI.

Admission.

ADULTS	25c
CHILDREN	15c